

A PRINCESS
OF ADVENTURE

MARIE CAROLINE DUCHESS OF BERRY

H. NOEL WILLIAMS

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Marie Caroline Duchesse de Berry.

Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, 1820.

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MARIE CAROLINE, DUCHESSE DE BERRY

BY

H. NOEL WILLIAMS

AUTHOR OF "FIVE FAIR SISTERS"

WITH SEVENTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO MY WIFE

PREFACE

THE nineteenth century, so fertile in interesting feminine personalities, contains no more romantic figure than that of Marie Caroline, Duchesse de Berry. Few princesses have experienced such strange vicissitudes, and few have faced misfortune and danger with so much courage and *sang-froid*. “*Dans la tête de cette héroïque princesse il y a de quoi à faire vingt rois!*” exclaimed the celebrated advocate Berryer during the insurrection of 1832 in la Vendée; and he was not far from the truth.

Born at the Palace of Caserta, near Naples, on November 5, 1798, Marie Caroline lived to within a few months of the fall of the Second Empire, dying at the Château of Brunnssee, in Styria, on April 16, 1870. But it is only with what may be termed her public career, which ended with her release from the citadel of Blaye and her final departure from France in June 1833, that this work is concerned. To have attempted to deal with the whole of her long and eventful life within the scope of a single volume would have involved the omission of much which serves to justify the title of “A Princess of Adventure.” Moreover, it is a task which has never yet been successfully undertaken.

In my endeavour to give a full and impartial account of the early life of the Duchesse de Berry, and of the historical events in which she was more or less directly concerned, I have consulted practically all the chief contemporary sources of information—some of which have only seen the light within recent years—and also a very large number of more modern works and review articles.

Among the former, may be mentioned the memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut, the Comtesse de Boigne, Chateaubriand, Castellane, Marmont, and Rochechouart: the *Mémoires historiques de S.A.R. Madame, duchesse Berri, depuis sa naissance*

jusqu'à ce jour, published by that fervent Legitimist, Alfred Nettement, in 1837, for which Marie Caroline herself is believed to have furnished much valuable material ; the *Journal militaire d'un chef de l'Ouest* of Charette ; the *Relation fidèle et détaillée de l'arrestation de S.A.R. Madame, duchesse de Berry*, by the advocate Achille Guibourg, who was arrested at the same time as the princess ; the *Journal de la Captivité de la duchesse de Berry à Blaye*, by Ferdinand Petit-Pierre, one of the officers of the fortress ; *la Captivité de la duchesse de Berry à Blaye*, by Dr. Prosper Ménière, who attended her during the last months of her imprisonment ; and the files of the leading journals of the period, such as the *Moniteur*, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Journal de Paris*.

Among the latter, I must acknowledge my indebtedness to the exhaustive studies of different phases of the princess's life by Imbert de Saint-Amand ; to the scholarly monographs of the Vicomte de Reiset, M. Thirria, and M. Charles Nauroy ; to the histories of Lamartine and Vieil-Castel ; to Crétineau-Joly's *Histoire de la Vendée militaire* ; to M. Henri Bouchot's *le Luxe français : la Restauration* ; to M. Charles Nauroy's *les Derniers Bourbons*, and *les Secrets des Bourbons* ; to the Vicomte de Reiset's *les Enfants du duc de Berry* ; to a remarkable article on the assassin Louvel, by Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 1830 ; and to another, on the Duchesse de Berry's mysterious journey to Rotterdam in 1832, by the Baron de Mesnard, in the *Revue Angevine*, May 1902.

H. NOEL WILLIAMS

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A PRINCESS OF ADVENTURE

“ Dans la tête de cette héroïque
princesse il y a de quoi à faire
vingt rois.”—BERRYER.

A PRINCESS OF ADVENTURE

MARIE CAROLINE, DUCHESSE DE BERRY

CHAPTER I

The Bourbons of the Two Sicilies—Charles VII.—Ferdinand IV.—His deplorable education—His singular character—His marriage with the Archduchess Maria Carolina, who acquires complete ascendancy over her husband and governs the kingdom in his name—Arrival of Acton at Naples—His reforms—Violent resistance of the Queen to the revolutionary movement both at home and abroad—Peace of Brescia—Matrimonial projects of Maria Carolina—Marriage of the Prince-Royal to the Archduchess Maria Clementina—Letter of the Princess-Royal describing her life at Naples—Birth of the Princess Caroline, the future Duchesse de Berry—Renewal of the war with France—The Neapolitan troops occupy Rome, but are soon obliged to evacuate the city and retreat—Anarchy at Naples—Flight of the Royal Family to Palermo—A terrible voyage—The French occupy Naples, and the Parthenopean Republic is proclaimed—Fall of the republic and restoration of Ferdinand, who wreaks savage vengeance upon the leading spirits of the revolutionary movement—Luisa di Sanfelice—The Princess-Royal endeavours to obtain a commutation of her sentence, but Ferdinand is inexorable—Illness and death of the Princess-Royal.

THE Bourbons of the Two Sicilies were a branch of the Bourbons of Spain. Among the possessions which comprised the vast inheritance bequeathed, in 1700, by Carlos II. to Philippe, Duc d'Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., was the Kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the largest of all the States of Italy, with about six million inhabitants. Obligated, at the close of the War of the Austrian Succession, to purchase his recognition as King of Spain and the Indies by the surrender of his Italian dominions,¹ Philip V. recovered the Two Sicilies

¹ By the Treaty of Utrecht, the Milanese, Naples, and Sardinia were given to Austria, and Sicily to Victor Amadeus II. of Savoy. In 1719, Victor Amadeus exchanged Sicily for Sardinia.

twenty years later, and in 1734 the new dynasty was implanted there, in the person of the Infant Don Carlos, Philip's eldest son by his second wife, Isabella Farnese.¹

Carlos reigned at Naples for a quarter of a century. He did little to ameliorate the miserable condition of the country, though Naples itself gained greatly in social brilliancy and in architectural splendour. The imposing theatre of San Carlo and the royal palaces of Capodimonte and Caserta date from this reign. The latter, situated sixteen miles from the capital, in the midst of an immense park, was an attempt to imitate the splendours of Versailles, and is said to have cost six million ducats.²

In 1759, in consequence of the death of his half-brother, Ferdinand VI., who had succeeded Philip V., Carlos was called to the throne of Spain, and transferred the Neapolitan States to his third son, Ferdinand, who became the fourth sovereign of that name at Naples and the third in Sicily.

As Ferdinand was but eight years old, the government was carried on by a Council of Regency with the Prime Minister, Bernardo Tanucci, at its head, while the education of the young King was entrusted to the old Prince of San Nicandro, a nobleman of most exalted lineage, but in other respects eminently unfitted to be the preceptor of royalty. Anxious to preserve his younger son from that melancholia bordering on insanity to which both his father and his eldest son had been victims, Carlos III. gave directions that the boy should lead a healthy, outdoor life, and that sedentary occupations should be so far as possible avoided. But Tanucci and San Nicandro, who desired to keep all authority in their own hands, interpreted these instructions in a sense which would have considerably astonished his Catholic Majesty, and Ferdinand grew up strong and healthy, an intrepid horseman, an excellent shot, and an experienced fisherman, but one of the most ignorant monarchs who have ever sat upon a throne. Not only was his knowledge of any foreign tongue confined to the barest smattering, but he could not even speak Italian correctly, and used habitually the jargon of the *lazzaroni*, with whom he loved to mix and with whom he was immensely popular. Literature, art, and science,

¹ Don Carlos assumed the titles of Charles VII. of Naples and Charles V. of Sicily.

² About £1,000,000.

were to him little more than names, while his Ministers took care that he should not be troubled with public affairs, and he was only too pleased to be left in ignorance.

His Majesty's manners were the reverse of kingly. He delighted in rough practical jokes. On one occasion, he caused a certain Abbate Mezzinghi to be tossed in a blanket by some of his boon companions, which so scandalised the worthy man that, though quite unhurt, he never recovered from the humiliation to which he had been subjected, but died of chagrin. On another, while strolling on the Chiaja, he perceived a sturdy and exceedingly dirty beggar, who would be obviously the better for a bath. Him he promptly seized by the legs and flung into the sea; then, seeing that the man was unable to swim, he plunged into the water and brought him laughing to the shore. One of his favourite amusements was to sell the proceeds of his fishing expeditions by auction on the quay, where, clad in the garb of an ordinary fisherman, he might have been seen bandying rough jests with the crowd of *lazzaroni* who surrounded him, and haggling over his wares as though his living depended upon them, for nothing delighted him more than to get the better of his humble customers.

Ignorant and boorish as he was, Ferdinand was far from being a fool, for under his rough exterior there lay a vein of natural good-sense, which corrected to some extent the defects of his deplorable education, and there were occasions when he showed, by some shrewd remark or sagacious action, that had he received the ordinary training of a prince, he would have made a very capable king.

If he showed himself cruel and vindictive in his later years, he was, until the fatal sequel of the French Revolution had aroused the latent cruelty in his nature, a good-humoured, kindly man, with a real sympathy for his poorer subjects, whose grievances he was always willing to redress when they were brought under his personal notice.

In 1768, Carlos III. obtained for Ferdinand the hand of the Archduchess Maria Carolina, eldest daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa and sister of Marie Antoinette. The young princess was only sixteen, a year younger than her husband, but the Empress had given her daughters an education which had prepared them at an early age for the *rôle* which they were to fill. Less beautiful than Marie Antoinette, the Queen of

Naples far surpassed her in intelligence. She had inherited the clear and vigorous mind and the indomitable will of her mother ; and, girl though she was, she came to Naples with the fixed determination of playing a prominent part in public affairs. From the first days of her marriage, she acquired a great ascendancy over Ferdinand, and had no difficulty in inducing him to abandon to her the authority hitherto left in the hands of his Ministers. Tanucci, who had vainly struggled against her influence, was disgraced in 1777, and from that time it was the Queen who governed in the name of her husband and who directed as sovereign mistress the affairs of the kingdom.

Maria Carolina surrounded herself with a brilliant throng of *savants*, politicians, and men of letters. The great economist and jurist, Gaetano Filangieri, author of that *Scienza della Legislazione* which exercised so great an influence on Neapolitan thinkers ; Mario Pagano, author of *I Saggi Politici* ; the scientists Palmieri and Galanti ; the historian Francesco Conforti ; the poetess Eleonora de Fonseca Pimentel—all these and many others were to be found in the Queen's salon. Her Majesty entered with enthusiasm into the schemes which they propounded for the regeneration of the human race, and under her auspices many useful reforms were set on foot. The administration of justice was purified, waste lands reclaimed, colonies planted on uninhabited islands, roads constructed, schools founded, agriculture encouraged, and the evils of tax-gathering mitigated.

But the great ambition of Maria Carolina was to play a prominent part in the politics of Europe—an ambition which necessitated the reorganisation of the Army and Navy, both of which had fallen into a deplorable condition. To effect this, she summoned to Naples that singular adventurer John Acton, then in his forty-third year. The son of an English physician, a Catholic and a Jacobite, who had emigrated to France and settled at Besançon, Acton had been for a time in the French Navy, which, however, he quitted for the naval service of the Queen's brother, Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, where he greatly distinguished himself by his bravery and skill in an expedition against the Moors. Acton speedily gained the complete confidence of Maria Carolina, and from Minister of Marine he became successively Minister of War and commander-

in-chief of the land and sea forces, Minister of Finance, and ultimately Prime Minister.

The shrewd, energetic, and masterful Englishman laboured strenuously to infuse vitality into the sluggish Neapolitan administration, but he did not succeed in appreciably bettering the existing state of things ; for, though in a few years he had created a powerful fleet and a formidable army, the increased taxation which this necessitated more than counterbalanced his efforts in other directions, and caused acute distress and great resentment. This was the more unfortunate, since with the advent of the French Revolution republican doctrines began to make rapid headway at Naples, particularly among the middle classes, where the influence of the French Encyclopædists had early made itself felt.

Maria Carolina had incontestably great qualities, but she joined to them very grave faults, which she had neither the will nor the desire to master. A good wife—in spite of what Jacobin pamphleteers and republican historians have asserted to the contrary—an affectionate mother, sincerely religious, generous and charitable towards all, she had never learned to control the violence of her passions. In evil as in good, in her hatred as in her affections, she knew no half measures, and when the progress of the revolutionary movement in France had rudely opened her eyes to the true meaning of the new ideas which she had formerly admired and protected, she combated them with a violence which bordered on frenzy.

Goaded to fury by the terrible fate of her brother-in-law and sister, and encouraged by Acton, and later by the too famous Lady Hamilton, who from the end of 1792 became her intimate friend and counsellor, she determined that no quarter should be given either to French assassins or Neapolitan republicans. An alliance was concluded with England and Austria against France ; warships were despatched to Toulon, troops to Corsica and the Tyrol ; a White Terror was established at Naples ; the fortresses and prisons were crowded with suspects, and more than sixty Jacobins were sent to the scaffold. The Neapolitan revolution was checked for the time being, though the repressive measures adopted, the grinding taxation which the expenses of the war entailed, and the shameful manipulation of the national banks by the necessitous Government, alienated numbers who had little sympathy with liberal opinions. But everywhere

save upon the sea the tricolour triumphed ; before its victorious march thrones and principalities tottered to their fall ; one after another the enemies of the Revolution were obliged to sue for peace, and in 1797, to the despair of the Queen, Naples—which alone of all the Italian states still defied Bonaparte—was forced to bend the knee to the conqueror and acknowledge the Cisalpine Republic at the Peace of Brescia.

One of the most cherished plans of Maria Carolina was to strengthen the ties which bound the Neapolitan Bourbons to the House of Hapsburg by marrying her elder children¹ to their Austrian cousins. Her motives in this matter were partly personal and partly political. She was warmly attached to her relatives at Vienna and Florence ; she disliked the feeble Carlos IV., and detested his intriguing consort, who had made proposals for alliances between their children and Ferdinand's and she resented the ascendancy which Spain exercised in Neapolitan affairs. Moreover, when the Revolution broke out, she believed—though she was soon to discover her mistake—that the only hope of preserving her husband's throne lay in the power of Austria to effect a coalition which should stem the epidemic of republicanism which must soon endanger it.

She had some difficulty in overcoming the reluctance of Ferdinand, who was naturally pro-Spanish in his views ; but Acton, anxious to undermine the influence of a Power which had been consistently hostile to Great Britain throughout the eighteenth century, used all his persuasions in the same direction ; and in 1791 her dream was realised, and at the family council at Vienna which followed the death of the Emperor Joseph II., three marriages were arranged : one that of her eldest daughter Maria to Leopold II.'s heir, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, soon to ascend the Imperial throne as Francis II. ; another between her second daughter, Luigia Amalia, and the Archduke Ferdinand ; and a third between Francesco, Duke of Calabria, Hereditary Prince of the Two Sicilies, and the Archduchess Maria Clementina.

The last of these marriages, which is the only one of the three with which we need concern ourselves here, was celebrated on June 15, 1797, at Foggia, the Prince-Royal being then in his

¹ Maria Carolina had borne her husband no fewer than eighteen children, of whom, however, only six lived to grow up.

twentieth year,¹ and his bride in her sixteenth. Their married life was of very brief duration, which was the more unfortunate, since it appears to have been a singularly happy one. The young prince, who reigned later under the name of Francis I. of the Two Sicilies, had received a very different education from that of his father; indeed, his teachers seem to have been animated by the desire to atone for the paternal deficiencies by making the son a kind of walking encyclopædia. He is said to have been able to converse in ancient and modern Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, English and German, and his knowledge was as solid as it was extensive. To his intellectual gifts he appears to have joined many others, for his wife declares in one of her letters that she "loved him tenderly and could not thank Providence enough for having given her one who united all the qualities of the heart to much intelligence, to a great fund of piety, and to a handsome face."²

As for Maria Clementina, she was, notwithstanding very delicate health, a lively and amiable girl, who speedily won the affection of her husband and all the Royal Family. In the letter already cited, she speaks in the warmest terms of the kindness with which she was treated by the King and Queen, and gives some interesting details of her life at Naples:

"The King and Queen overwhelm me with kindness and regard me as their own child; there is no little attention which mamma (Maria Carolina) does not show me, and it would seem as though her sole occupation, from morning until night, was to oblige me and to give me pleasure. . . . We are on extremely affectionate terms with my sisters-in-law and little brothers-in-law, and our greatest pleasure is to meet together to pass the evenings or afternoons. We dine every day *en famille*, and also take long drives into the environs, which are superb; the high roads, all bordered with trees, appear like parks and gardens; you see the vines filled with grapes, forming garlands which stretch from one tree to another, and the trees are so near together that they interfere with the view. One has no conception of the beauty of the country unless one has seen it, and every day it pleases me more. The Court is established on an even grander footing than the one I have left, which pleases

¹ He was born in August 1777, and not in 1779, as the Vicomte de Reiset states in his admirable monograph on the early life of the Duchesse de Berry.

² Published by the Vicomte de Reiset, *Marie-Caroline, Duchesse de Berry*.

me, since, in these times, it is more necessary than ever to impress the people. That is what their Majesties are continually saying, and my husband and I are of the same opinion. *Mesdames de France* are established at Caserta; they appear to be contented there. When we are there, we see them nearly every day; they are very amiable and extremely intelligent.”¹

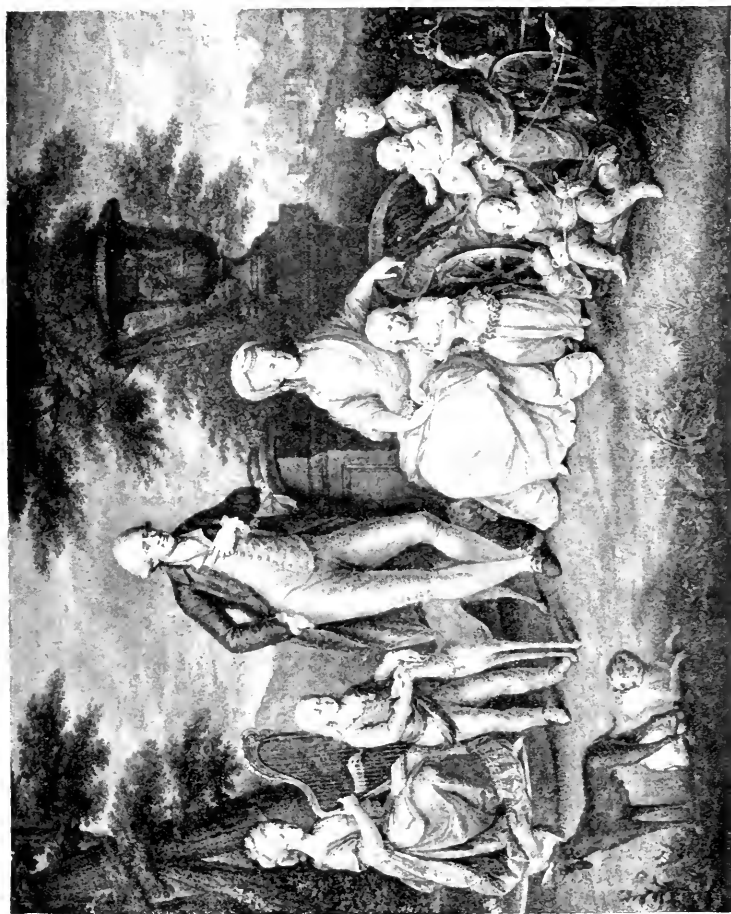
On November 5, 1798, at the Palace of Caserta, the princess gave birth to a daughter, who was baptized Maria Carolina Ferdinanda Luisa, although, as she is better known to history by the gallicized form of her name, it is by that that we propose to speak of her. This little girl was the future Duchesse de Berry, the subject of the present volume.

Caroline had a singular childhood. “Born in an epoch of trouble and revolution,” writes her earliest historian, “her first impressions were grave and serious. Her ears were early accustomed to the sounds of war, to the ominous pealing of the bells, to the thunder of cannon, to the clamour of the populace, as well as to the roaring of tempestuous seas. Thus, her infancy served an apprenticeship which was one day to be of service to her youth. Later, when she had to cross the ocean and the Mediterranean, when she was obliged to brave all dangers, endure all fatigues, and lead the life of battle-fields, that vigorous soul which her childhood had tempered for her came again to her support, and she recognised in danger the old companion of her earliest years.”²

At the moment of her birth, Maria Carolina, encouraged by Nelson's great victory over the French fleet at the Battle of the Nile, and urged on by Emma Hamilton, who acted as the British Admiral's mouthpiece, had persuaded Ferdinand to abandon the nominal neutrality to which the Peace of Brescia had condemned Naples, and to renew his alliance with England. At the end of October, 1798, the King and the Austrian general, Mack, whom, at his wife's instigation, he had summoned from Vienna to command the Neapolitan forces,

¹ *Mesdames Adélaïde and Victoire de France*, daughters of Louis XV., had emigrated after the days of October and eventually taken refuge at Naples, where they were very hospitably received. After the flight of the Royal Family to Palermo in December 1798, they made their way to Trieste, where they both died soon afterwards, within a few months of one another.

² Alfred Nettement, *Souvenirs sur S.A.R. Madame, la duchesse de Berri* (Brussels, 1837).



THE ROYAL FAMILY OF NAPLES, FERDINAND IV AND MARIA CAROLINA
AND THEIR CHILDREN

FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

advanced on Rome, with the intention of expelling the French and re-establishing the temporal supremacy of the unfortunate Pius VI. The French troops, of whom there were only a few in Rome, retired on their approach, and on November 27 the Neapolitans took possession of the city, and Ferdinand wrote to the Pope, begging him to return.

But this success was very short-lived. Championnet, having concentrated the French forces, assumed the offensive. Mack, though a brave man, was quite incompetent, and the raw levies of which his army was largely composed had no stomach for battle. By the second week in December, Rome had been re-taken, and the Neapolitans were in disorderly retreat. The Jacobins at Naples, overjoyed at the reverses of the royal troops, sent messages to Championnet, begging him to hasten to their assistance, and promising him an easy conquest. They no longer troubled to disguise their sentiments; continual conflicts took place between them and the *lazzaroni*, who, by a singular inversion of the usual order of things, were by far the most conservative element in the population, and the city became a prey to anarchy.

Perceiving the impossibility of resisting the victorious French and their partisans, and that, if the King and Queen remained at Naples, the fate which had befallen Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette would certainly overtake them, Nelson, who had arrived at the beginning of December, pressed upon them the urgent necessity of taking refuge in Sicily, whither the British squadron should escort them. The proud Queen resisted for some time, declaring that she preferred death to dishonour, but at length she yielded, and preparations for the exodus of the Royal Family were at once begun. A subterranean passage led from the palace to the Molesiglio, or little quay, and along this all the valuable property, both public and private, which could possibly be removed without exciting suspicion was, with infinite secrecy and caution, transported to the ships in the bay. By the night of December 21 all was in readiness for flight. The Royal Family, guided by Nelson himself, descended the secret passage to the Molesiglio, where boats from the British squadron awaited them, and were soon safely aboard the admiral's flagship, the *Vanguard*.

For two days the fugitives, detained by contrary winds, remained in the Bay of Naples, and scarcely had they gained

the open sea, when they were assailed by what Nelson declared to have been the most violent gale in his long recollection. The sails of the *Vanguard* were torn to ribbons; her masts bent like twigs before the hurricane, and the crew, expecting every moment to see them go by the board, stood waiting with axes to cut them away. All the unfortunate royalties were dreadfully ill, and the youngest of Maria Carolina's children, Prince Alberto, a delicate boy of seven, was attacked by convulsions; and when, on the evening of Christmas Day, the tempest-tossed vessel entered the harbour of Palermo, the poor child had ceased to live.

Sicily had been practically unaffected by the revolutionary propaganda which had worked so much mischief on the mainland, and the Royal Family were received with transports of enthusiasm by all classes in the island. They stood sadly in need of the consolation which the loyalty of the Sicilians afforded them, for three weeks after their departure from Naples, the French, in spite of the vigorous resistance of the *lazzaroni*, occupied the capital, and the Parthenopean Republic—so called from the ancient name of the city—was proclaimed.

But the republic was of very brief duration. The victories of the Austro-Russian army, commanded by Souvaroff, in Upper Italy compelled France to recall her troops from the rest of the peninsula. The republican governments established by the French were overthrown, and many prominent Italians who had compromised themselves by supporting the new ideas, were obliged to emigrate. Cardinal Fabrizio Ruffo, that warlike prelate who boasted of employing in turn the keys of St. Peter and the sword of St. Paul, at the head of a motley host of peasants, brigands, and liberated convicts, among whom was the notorious bandit chief Fra Diavolo, reconquered Naples for Ferdinand, and, on June 20, 1799, entered the capital in triumph.

A bloody reaction at once set in. The cardinal had promised the Neapolitan "patriots" a full amnesty; but the trials and humiliations he had undergone had aroused the dormant cruelty in Ferdinand's nature, and he absolutely refused to be bound by the terms of this capitulation,¹ and wreaked

¹ On the vexed question of the repudiation of the capitulation, and in particular of Nelson's share in it, see Mr. Walter Sichel's "Emma, Lady Hamilton" and an

savage vengeance upon the leading spirits of the republican movement. Both the Queen and Emma Hamilton, although French and Italian historians have usually depicted them as the chief instigators of these reprisals, endeavoured to moderate the King's vindictiveness, but without success, and the scaffold was glutted with victims. Neither age, sex, rank nor virtue was spared, and the physician, Dominico Cirillo, the historian Conforti, and the poetess Eleonora de Pimentel shared the fate of the most blood-stained Jacobins; while the treacherous Admiral Francesco Caracciolo was hanged from the yardarm of his old flagship, the *Minerva*, upon which he had fired.¹

Ferdinand had returned to Naples soon after the surrender of the city to Ruffo, but the Prince and Princess-Royal and their little daughter remained at Palermo until the summer of the following year, while the Queen, who, since the disastrous result of the renewal of the war with France, had lost her ascendancy over her husband, went with her younger children on a visit to Vienna, and did not reappear at Naples until the beginning of May 1802.

When the Princess-Royal returned to the Neapolitan capital, the trial and execution of the adherents of the Parthenopean Republic were still in progress. Among those awaiting their doom was a certain Luisa di Sanfelice, a young woman of great beauty and of considerable accomplishments, but of a very abandoned life. During the weeks which had preceded the surrender of Naples to Ruffo, several conspiracies had been set on foot by the royalists for the recovery of the city. One of the best organized of these had for its guiding spirits, a banker named Vincenzo Baccher and his four sons. Unhappily for the conspirators, one of the sons, Gerardo Baccher, had conceived a violent passion for the fascinating Luisa, and was so foolish as to disclose what was in contemplation to his mistress, in order that she might provide for her own safety. Luisa, who cared only for the Baccher money-bags, and nothing at all for their owner, showed her gratitude by promptly passing on the secret

article by Professor Villari, published in the *Nuova Antologia* of February 16, 1899.

¹ Much commiseration has been wasted by historians upon this personage, who appears to have been a double-dyed traitor and thoroughly to have merited death, if not the manner of it.

to her *amant de cœur*, a violent "patriot";¹ with the result that most of the conspirators were arrested and shot, the imprudent Gerardo and one of his brothers amongst them; while Luisa was lauded to the skies as the saviour of the republic.

When the republic ceased to exist, and Ferdinand, thirsting for revenge, returned, Luisa paid for the prominence which she had enjoyed by being brought to trial and condemned to death. Thereupon she declared that she was with child, and, though this appears to have been merely a ruse to save her life, her case excited the compassion of the tender-hearted Princess-Royal, who was herself in an interesting condition, and she determined to procure a commutation of the sentence. A few days before the date fixed for the execution, the princess gave birth to a son, who was baptized Ferdinand, after his grandfather. Now, there was a custom at the Neapolitan Court that, on the birth of a boy in the direct line of succession, the mother was entitled to ask three favours of the King. In order the better to ensure the success of her application, Maria Clementina asked only one—the life of Luisa di Sanfelice—and, as his Majesty had announced his intention of coming to pay his grandson a visit, she enclosed her petition in an envelope addressed to the King, which she laid upon the child's cradle.

This pathetic manœuvre, however, was of no avail, for Ferdinand, after reading the petition, curtly told his daughter-in-law that she had asked the one favour that he was unable to grant, and, though the princess entreated him to reconsider his decision, he remained inflexible, and the sentence passed upon Luisa di Sanfelice was duly carried out.²

The poor princess, who had never doubted that her appeal would be successful, took the tragic end of her *protégée* so much to heart that her convalescence was seriously retarded, and she was still in very feeble health when, some weeks later, she had the misfortune to lose her little son. From this blow she never

¹ Some writers assert that this lover was Vincenzo Coco, the Jacobin historian and renegade, who afterwards attached himself to the Bourbons; others that his name was Ferri, and that he was a lieutenant in the service of the Parthenopean Republic.

² In extenuation of Ferdinand's conduct, it should be pointed out that he appears to have promised the surviving members of the Baccher family that nothing should be allowed to interfere with the course of justice, and probably felt that it was impossible to break his word to these loyal subjects, who had made such cruel sacrifices for him.

recovered. A chill which she contracted not long afterwards, following upon an attack of fever, which had still further undermined her scanty reserve of strength, developed into rapid consumption, from which she died on November 16, 1801, to the inexpressible grief of all the Royal Family.

CHAPTER II

Respect of the Princess Caroline for her mother's memory—Second marriage of her father—Her early years—Ferdinand, at the instigation of the Queen, joins the Third Coalition—The French advance against Naples, and the Royal Family is again compelled to take refuge at Palermo—Second sojourn of the Court in Sicily—Girlhood of the Princess Caroline—Her education—Maria Carolina's affection for her—Arrival of the Duc d'Orléans at Palermo—His marriage with the Princess Amalia—Troubles in Sicily—Maria Carolina and Lord William Bentinck—Establishment of a constitution on the English model—Bentinck insists on the departure of the Queen from Sicily, and she is compelled to retire to Austria—Maria Carolina and the Empress Marie Louise at the Castle of Hetzendorf—Death of the Queen—Grief of the Princess Caroline—Her resentment against Bentinck, whom she regards as her grandmother's "murderer"—Second restoration of Ferdinand.

THE future Duchesse de Berry was only three years old at the time of her mother's death. "I was then too young to be able to remember her," she wrote afterwards in her journal; "but I have found ineffaceable souvenirs of her in the hearts of all the persons who have had the happiness to approach her and admire her virtues. May Heaven accord to her prayers the favour which I implore of labouring to deserve them, her virtues, her enlightened piety, her benevolence, in a word, all which sustains my regret for not having known her! How I would have cherished her! I judge of this from the sentiments I experience for the second and tender mother whom Heaven has given me in the person of H.R.H. the Infanta Maria Isabella of Spain, who overwhelms me with unfailling kindness."¹

The Infanta Maria Isabella, of whom the writer speaks in such high terms, was the daughter of Carlos IV. of Spain, and the sister of Ferdinand VII. She became the second wife of the Prince-Royal on July 6, 1802, only eight months after the death of poor Maria Clementina, the necessity of assuring the

¹ *Précis des évènements de ma vie depuis mon enfance jusque mon mariage avec le duc de Berry*, cited by Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Cour de Louis XVIII.*

succession in the direct line, having compelled Francis to curtail the usual period of widowhood. She bore her husband eleven children, among whom were Ferdinand Charles, Duke of Nolo, who succeeded his father as Ferdinand II. of the Two Sicilies, and Maria Christina, who became, in 1829, the fourth wife of Ferdinand VII. of Spain.

Fortunately for the little Caroline, she had not inherited her mother's delicate constitution, and, though she had her fair share of juvenile ailments, they left no permanent effect upon her health, and she grew up a strong, lively and intelligent child. Her education was conducted with great care, first under the superintendence of Madame de Dombasle, who had been *gouvernante* to her mother at Vienna, and afterwards under that of the Comtesse de la Tour,¹ of both of whom she speaks in her journal with great affection, as well as of two of her tutors, a bishop named Olivieri, and a certain Don Paolo Giovanini, "a worthy ecclesiastic, who also has claims on my remembrance and my gratitude, for the patience and zeal which he employed in my instruction."

In January 1806, when the little princess was seven years old, her family was for the second time obliged to fly from Naples and take refuge in Sicily. After Napoleon's victorious campaign of Marengo had laid Italy once more at his feet, Ferdinand was compelled to make peace with France, amnesty the Neapolitan Jacobins, and allow French troops to occupy his dominions, as a guarantee for his future good behaviour. Both the King and Maria Carolina chafed beneath the insolence of the conqueror, who in 1803 insisted on the dismissal of Acton, on the ground that, being an Englishman, he must necessarily be hostile to French interests. In 1805, at the instigation of the Queen, who had recovered much of her former influence over her husband, Ferdinand joined the Third Coalition and permitted 13,000 English and Russian troops to disembark at Naples. But Ulm and Austerlitz having left Napoleon free to deal with his enemies in Italy, a French army was despatched to Naples, "to cast from the throne that guilty woman who has so often and with so much effrontery profaned every law, human and divine"; the Royal Family fled to Palermo,

¹ Marie Louise Henriette d'Heillimer. She and her husband were among the many French aristocrats who had found an asylum at Naples. She died in that city in 1857, at the age of ninety-two.

and Joseph Bonaparte reigned in Ferdinand's stead at Naples until 1808, when the ill-fated Murat succeeded him.

By a singular coincidence, the elements were even less propitious than on the occasion of their former exodus in 1798; and though, after battling with wind and sea for five days, the *Archimede*, the vessel which bore the Royal Family, arrived safely at Palermo, many of her consorts were driven ashore on the Neapolitan coast, and most of the property of the unfortunate courtiers and of the costly furniture which had been removed from the Palazzo Reale at Naples, the artillery, and the archives of the Foreign Office fell into the hands of the French.

The second sojourn of the Court in Sicily, which lasted more than nine years, was a much more trying experience than the first. The loss of the furniture intended to transform the bare and dilapidated royal palace at Palermo into a habitable abode was a bitter disappointment; money was so scarce that the Royal Family were compelled to dismiss the greater number of their attendants; the burden of the war and the favour shown by the King and Queen to the Neapolitan loyalists who crowded to the island were strongly resented by the inhabitants and cost them much of their former popularity, and for some time they were in constant dread lest the French, not satisfied with the conquest of Naples, should invade Sicily also.

Maria Carolina, who had always disliked Sicily, was in despair, and wrote to the Empress of Germany that her daughters, the Princesses Christina and Amalia, "mingled their tears with hers." But Ferdinand, who preserved in the midst of the gravest crises his jovial and careless humour,¹ and was now able to lead a life free from all constraint and to enjoy much greater facilities for sport than he found at Naples, was happy enough with his gun, his fishing-rod, and his mistresses.

¹ "I hear from Palermo that the same day that the King arrived there he went to the theatre, and the following day to the chase, and that he has assisted regularly at all the public balls that have been given during the Carnival. The indifference and apathy of this prince are certainly very difficult to understand. On the day on which he was obliged to fly from Naples, he refused to embark until after he had been to the play, and the last word that he spoke, before all his Court, on leaving this palace, where he had reigned for forty-seven years and which he is never to enter again, was as follows: 'Let them not forget to bring my supper on board and to keep it hot.'" Despatch of Alquier, French Ambassador at Naples, to Talleyrand, February 26, 1806, in Imbert de Saint-Amand, *Marie-Amélie et la Cour de Palerme*.

The Prince-Royal and his placid, good-humoured Spanish wife seemed also quite resigned to their fate. The Prince, like his father, was fond of a country-life, and divided his time between two little estates which he had purchased at Monreale and Bocco di Falco, where he lived the unpretentious life of a small landed-proprietor, amusing himself with sport and farming and sending his butter and the game which he shot to the nearest market.

Among these healthy and unconventional surroundings, so widely different from those amidst which most royal children were reared, the little Princess Caroline passed her girlhood. The years went by happily enough, for in the numerous offspring of Francis's second marriage she found plenty of young companions, and, though, according to the Queen, the Princess-Royal often declared that she hated children, she seems to have been kind enough to her step-daughter, while the Prince was the best of fathers. Under the judicious guidance of Madame de la Tour, her education, at the same time, made satisfactory progress, for, notwithstanding that she was naturally somewhat indolent, and that the independence of character which she very early showed inclined her to rebel against such studies as required serious application, she was extremely intelligent, and her *gouvernante* happily possessed the rare faculty of combining amusement with instruction. The young princess was very fond of history, and loved to read of the glories and misfortunes of the House of Bourbon; she spoke and wrote French almost as fluently as she did Italian, though her accent left a good deal to be desired, and orthography always remained somewhat of a stumbling-block; she was a fair musician, possessed some skill in both drawing and painting, and had a genuine love for the arts, of which in later years she was to become a munificent patroness.

Occasionally, she accompanied her father and step-mother on visits to her grandparents at Palermo—or rather to Maria Carolina, since Ferdinand seldom honoured the Sicilian capital with his presence, unless summoned thither by State affairs. Here she was always assured of a cordial welcome, for the old Queen, so arrogant and haughty towards the world, and so violent in her political animosities, was in private life the kindest and most sympathetic of women, and the little motherless girl was very near to her heart. After the death of the first Princess-

Royal, she had promised Caroline "to love her and treat her always as her own daughter," and, down to the time of her own death, in 1813, she showed for the child the most affectionate solicitude. Here is an interesting letter which she wrote to her grand-daughter on the latter's twelfth birthday, an anniversary which she took care that nothing should ever cause her to forget:—

"MY VERY DEAR CAROLINE,

"Receive my sincere felicitations on the occasion of your fête-day, and the assurance of the good wishes that I cherish for your happiness and prosperity. Accept a real trifle, which the circumstances in which we are placed do not permit me to make what my heart would desire. You are now entering on an age which will determine the rest of your life. Strive, my dear child, to take advantage of this precious time to confirm yourself in the principles of our holy religion, to instruct yourself, to acquire useful and agreeable accomplishments, and to improve. My wishes will always be for your happiness, and to have the power of contributing to it will be the happiness of your very attached and affectionate grandmother." ¹

It was during one of her visits to Palermo—in the early summer of 1808—that the princess, who was then nine years old, saw for the first time a man who was to exercise a sinister influence on her life and deprive her children of their rightful heritage. She was sitting with the Queen in her cabinet, when the King, who happened to be making one of his rare sojourns in the capital, entered with an open letter in his hand and a frown on his usually good-humoured countenance.

"Here," said he, holding out the letter, "is an exile belonging to a great family whom misfortune pursues, for he has just lost his only surviving brother at Malta.² He has landed at Messina. Would you be displeased if I were to invite him to my Court?"

¹ Vicomte de Reiset, *Marie-Caroline, Duchesse de Berry*.

² Alphonse d'Orléans, Comte de Beaujolais. The previous year, his second brother, Antoine Philippe d'Orléans, Duc de Montpensier, had died in London. Both these princes, the elder aged thirty-one, the younger twenty-eight, died of consumption, the seeds of which they had contracted in the cold and unhealthy dungeons of Marseilles.

"What is his name?" inquired the Queen.

"The Duc d'Orléans," was the reply.

The princess afterwards declared that at the mention of the name of the future King of the French she experienced a painful emotion—a kind of presentiment of the part which Louis-Philippe was to play in her life. But this feeling soon passed away, and the impression which the prince made upon her when they met was not an unfavourable one.

Conscious of the prejudice which must exist in the most reactionary court in Europe against the son of the regicide "*Égalité*" and a man who had himself fought in the revolutionary armies at Valmy and Jemmapes, the Duc d'Orléans did not venture to present himself there without being authorised to do so, and accordingly wrote a very respectful letter to Ferdinand, in which he assured him that he deeply deplored his father's errors, and was sincerely desirous of proving how far he was from sharing them. In these circumstances, it was impossible for their Majesties to refuse to receive him, and he was very hospitably entertained, although the Queen afterwards owned to the prince that she had had the greatest horror of meeting him, and that the very mention of his name made her shudder.

This prejudice, however, Louis-Philippe soon succeeded in effacing. He appeared as a penitent, who had renounced the aberrations of his youth and become one of the most fervent champions of legitimacy, and, convinced of the sincerity of his contrition, the implacable Maria Carolina consented to accord him absolution. His insinuating manners, the charm of his conversation, the strange vicissitudes he had experienced, his touching devotion to his relatives, the courage and patience with which he had supported persecution, exile, and poverty—all contributed to impress his hosts in his favour. The Princess Amalia, now Maria Carolina's only unmarried daughter, felt for this proscribed prince the liveliest sympathy, and listened to the story of his wanderings with as much emotion as did Dido to those of Æneas. Sympathy was ere long succeeded by a warmer feeling, and when Louis-Philippe, deeply touched by her kindness, and aware that nothing would more effectually serve to rehabilitate him in the eyes of his relatives than his marriage with a niece of Marie Antoinette and a daughter of the most ardent champion of the *ancien régime*, demanded her hand in marriage, she was perfectly ready to accord it.

The course of true love, however, did not run altogether smoothly. The Queen, anxious to keep one of her daughters near her, approved of the match, and Ferdinand for a time also favoured it; but during Louis-Philippe's absence in Spain in the autumn of that year, the Marquis of Circello, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and other influential persons who shared the prejudices of the French *émigrés* against the duke, persuaded the King that his prospective son-in-law was "a prince of measureless ambition," whose object in coming to Sicily was to assist the English to excite a revolution there. In consequence, the projected marriage remained in suspense, and it was not until the Princess Amalia had declared that, if she were not permitted to wed the man of her choice, she would become the bride of Heaven, that Ferdinand finally consented to their union, which took place at Palermo on November 25, 1809.

When Ferdinand and Maria Carolina fled to Palermo for the second time, they appealed to Great Britain for protection in Sicily and assistance in recovering their lost kingdom of Naples. The British Government did not see its way to undertake the conquest of Naples, but it agreed to maintain Ferdinand in his possession of Sicily; and the island was accordingly occupied by some 12,000 English troops, and an annual subsidy of £300,000, afterwards increased to £400,000, granted to the King, for the support of his Court and army. The Queen, however, bitterly resented the interference of her protectors in the internal affairs of Sicily. Irritated by the favour shown by the Court to the Neapolitan emigrants, who filled all the most important posts in the island, and the heavy taxation which the expenses of the war necessitated, the Sicilian Parliament refused to grant the required subsidies. Ferdinand, at the Queen's instigation, retaliated by promulgating arbitrary decrees of taxation and causing five of the most recalcitrant nobles of the opposition to be arrested. The Prince-Royal and the Duc d'Orléans—rehearsing the part which he was to play during the reign of Charles X.—took the side of the nobles, while Maria Carolina's younger son, the Prince of Salerno, supported his parents; and the Royal Family was a household divided against itself.

In 1811, the British Government despatched Lord William Bentinck to Sicily, nominally as envoy, but practically as

governor. Bentinck, a haughty and masterful man, had an interview with the Queen, in which he demanded the immediate release of the imprisoned nobles and the repeal of the illegal edicts, and told her Majesty that, unless a constitution was granted the island, a revolution was inevitable. "Madame," said he, "*constitution ou révolution ?*"

As Maria Carolina refused to yield, Bentinck went back to England, and three months later returned to Sicily, armed with the fullest powers. Finding the Queen still deaf to reason, he had recourse to threats, and told her that he had authority to suspend the annual subsidy paid by Great Britain. Maria Carolina thereupon withdrew from Palermo to one of her country-houses, and Ferdinand, left to his own devices, took refuge in a compromise, and, under the pretence of illness, abdicated his authority in favour of the Prince-Royal, upon whom he conferred the title of Vicar-General (January 16, 1812). The Vicar-General, in conjunction with Bentinck, then proceeded to abolish feudal rights and establish a constitution on the English model, with an Upper and Lower House. But the Queen, extreme in all things, now hated the English as passionately as she had once admired them, and, with infatuated obstinacy, continued to struggle against the inevitable, intriguing perpetually with the enemies of the new constitution and urging the King to resume the government. At length, Bentinck, perceiving that there would be no rest in Sicily so long as she remained in the island, insisted on her withdrawal, and coerced the reluctant King, who, despite his continual infidelities, was sincerely attached to his consort, into signing the order for her departure.

On June 15, 1813, Maria Carolina quitted Sicily, "chased away like a play-actress," as she subsequently expressed it, and, accompanied by her younger son, the Prince of Salerno, journeyed to Austria to seek an asylum from the Emperor Francis I. The Emperor assigned her for a residence the Castle of Hetzendorf, not far from Schönbrunn, where, after the fall of Napoleon, she was joined by the Empress Marie Louise and the King of Rome, her grand-daughter and great-grandson. Napoleon's misfortunes and the intense hatred which the Queen now felt for the English had sensibly modified the sentiments she had once entertained for her old enemy, and she is said to have expressed herself very strongly to Marie Louise in regard to the latter's conduct towards her husband, declaring that "when

one is married, it is for life," and that, if she had been in her place, she would have made a rope of her bed-curtains and let herself down from her window to join him.

There was now no obstacle to Maria Carolina's return to Palermo, which she hoped would soon be followed by her return to Naples. But the Court of Vienna was still at this moment in favour of allowing Murat to remain in possession of Naples, and she demanded in vain the restitution of her husband's kingdom. The old Queen had long been in bad health, and the grief and indignation which this decision occasioned her is believed to have brought on the attack of apoplexy to which she succumbed in the night of September 7-8, 1814.

The Princess Caroline, who was warmly attached to her grandmother, learned of her death with profound sorrow. "The death of the Queen," she wrote afterward in her journal, "affected me keenly. In her I lost a support, a mother, and I have never ceased to regret that I was unable to be with her."

The young princess was greatly incensed against Bentinck, whom she regarded as responsible for the Queen's death. Some years later, in Paris, she happened to be visiting her aunt, the Duchess d'Orléans, at the Palais-Royal, when she perceived that Bentinck was amongst the company. Visibly embarrassed, she at once turned round and left the room, without a word of explanation. Next day, her aunt inquired the reason of this abrupt departure. To which she replied: "I could not look on with composure while so cordial a reception was being given to a man whom I regard as your mother's murderer!"

Eight months after the death of his consort, Ferdinand, thanks to Murat's ill-advised attack upon Austria during the Hundred Days, was once more reigning at Naples, where he now abandoned the title of Ferdinand IV. of Naples and Ferdinand III. of Sicily, and assumed that of Ferdinand I. of the Two Sicilies.

CHAPTER III

Portrait of the Princess Caroline at the age of seventeen—Her affection for Sicily—Arrival of the Comte de Blacas at Naples to propose a marriage between her and the Duc de Berry—Political considerations which induced Louis XVIII. to seek this alliance—The proposition favourably received by Ferdinand and the Prince-Royal, who, however, leave the princess free to decide for herself—Blacas comes to Palermo—The princess gives her consent—Portrait of her by Blacas—Letters of Louis XVIII. and the Duc de Berry to the princess, and of the princess to the Duc de Berry—The princess returns to Naples—The marriage-contract—The marriage by procuration—Letters of the princess and the Duc de Berry—Illness of the princess—She sails for Marseilles.

AT the time of the final restoration of her family to the throne of Naples, the Princess Caroline was in her eighteenth year. Only by the most unabashed of flatterers could she be called beautiful, but her appearance was, nevertheless, distinctly pleasing. The Vicomte de Reiset, grandfather of one of her most recent biographers, who saw her for the first time on his arrival in France in the spring of 1816, when he commanded the Gardes du Corps, who formed part of her escort, has left us the following interesting portrait of the young princess :

“It is certain that the princess is not regularly pretty, but her dazzling complexion, her blue eyes, and her fair hair lend her a great charm. She is slender, and her little figure is well made, although her bust is not much developed. Finally, her features would be charming, were it not that her mouth which pouts a little, and whose lips are too thick, rather tends to spoil the rest of her face. It appears to me, also, that she keeps it almost constantly open, but her lips are so red and her teeth so white, that one does not think of complaining of it. This dazzling freshness is what strikes one the most in her person, and her air of extreme youth is her greatest charm ; she is seventeen years old, and it is such that, on seeing her, one would scarcely take her for fifteen. Further, her interesting countenance betrays the sweetest of natures. I have heard it repeated

in several quarters that she has a cast in her right eye which causes her to squint ; but I have seen her for a long time very closely, and I confess that I have not observed anything of this kind ; she has one of the most agreeable glances and perfectly straight.”¹

From other contemporaries we learn that she had a singularly charming smile, extremely mobile features, and, though the awkwardness natural to her age had been intensified by the solitary life she had led in Sicily, it was believed that when she had mixed a little more in society, it would speedily disappear.

Attractive as Caroline undoubtedly was in person, in character she was still more pleasing. Simple and unaffected, amiable, joyous, kind-hearted and affectionate, she was sincerely beloved by her relatives and by all who knew her intimately. Somewhat timid and reserved with strangers of rank, she was fond of conversing with the peasants and fishermen she met in her walks and rides, having been accustomed to familiarity with them from childhood, and was very popular with the lower classes. Like her mother and grandmother, she was a devout Catholic, though without any leaning to asceticism, and there was in her a strong vein of romance, which had been encouraged by her study of history. This, joined to an obstinate and passionate nature and exceptional physical courage, was to lead her to dare and suffer many things in the troublous years which lay before her.

The young princess did not return to Naples with Ferdinand, but remained with her parents at Palermo, where, since his appointment as Vicar-General of Sicily, the Prince-Royal had been obliged to reside. To Maria Carolina that lovely and picturesque island had been a place of exile, associated with the bitterest humiliation of her stormy life ; to her grand-daughter, with her intense love of all that was beautiful in art and in Nature, and her romantic imagination, it was a land of enchantment ; and she never wearied of roaming through its

¹ *Souvenirs du Vicomte de Reiset*. It is interesting to compare this portrait with that given by the Comtesse d'Agoult (Daniel Stern) : “She was not regularly pretty ; her features offered nothing remarkable ; her glance was uncertain, her lips thick and almost always open. She carried herself badly, and the best-disposed observers could not call her bearing noble. But this blonde Neapolitan had a charm of her own : a marvellous splendour of colouring, silky fair hair, the prettiest arms imaginable, and feet which, although turned inwards, were pleasant to look at, so small and well-shaped were they.”

fragrant woods and gardens and exploring its ancient temples and ruined castles, which recalled so many memories of the undying past.

But the time was fast approaching when she must quit that land of sunshine and flowers not to return to Naples, but to journey to another country, where trials and misfortunes infinitely greater than those which she had hitherto experienced awaited her.

At the end of October, 1815, Louis XVIII.'s favourite, the Comte de Blacas, arrived at Naples, in the capacity of Ambassador Extraordinary, to felicitate Ferdinand on his restoration to the throne of the Two Sicilies. This mission, however, covered one of far greater importance, since he had received instructions to open negotiations for a marriage between the Princess Caroline and the Duc de Berry, second son of the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.), only brother of the King of France.

From the first days of the Restoration, the marriage of his younger nephew had engaged the attention of Louis XVIII., for both the King and *Monsieur's* elder son, the Duc d'Angoulême, were childless, and it was of urgent importance to assure the succession to the throne in the direct line. Considerations of foreign policy, however, made the selection of the princess who was to perpetuate the race of *le Grand Monarque* a difficult matter. For, at that moment, the great Powers, whom the fear of Napoleon had forced to forget their differences, were divided into two hostile camps. On the one side, were Russia and Prussia, on the other, Great Britain and Austria, both eager for the alliance of France, who, although she had lost the European supremacy which she had so long exercised, would certainly bring it to whichever alliance she preferred to enter. But Louis XVIII. and his Ministers, having already experienced, during the first Congress of Vienna, the inconveniences of a decided policy in circumstances where everything was vague and uncertain, were resolved to hold aloof, recognising that the supreme need of their country at this juncture was peace, and that peace could only be assured by the neutrality of France. For which reason, the King was unwilling to seek a wife for his nephew either at St. Petersburg or Vienna, since to approach Russia would be to alarm Austria and Great Britain, while to

incline towards Austria would be to sacrifice the advantages which France might be able to hope from the friendship of Russia. And so the project of the Duc de Berry's marriage with a Russian princess, which had been more than once mooted, was definitely abandoned, and it was determined to fall back upon a family alliance, which could give umbrage to no one.

Fearing to find himself forestalled by the Court of Vienna, which, not satisfied with the preponderating influence it had now acquired in Italy, was believed to be also seeking the Neapolitan alliance, Blacas, at his second interview, revealed to Ferdinand the true object of his mission. His overtures were very favourably received both by the King and the Prince-Royal, to whom his Majesty lost no time in communicating them. Save for the difference in age—Caroline's suitor was more than twenty years her senior—the match was one in every way to be desired. Not only was their pride flattered by the knowledge that, in the ordinary course of events, their descendants must occupy the throne of France ; but they perceived that an alliance with the French Bourbons would strengthen the position of the King of the Two Sicilies both at home and abroad, and enable him to maintain his independence in the face of the pretensions of Austria to dominate the peninsula.

Though highly pleased with the idea, neither Ferdinand nor his son were prepared to exercise any pressure upon the young princess, and they frankly told Blacas that he must submit his proposition to Caroline herself, and that, if she declined to entertain it, they should not attempt to influence her. The Ambassador accordingly proceeded to Sicily, but, owing to the quarantine regulations necessitated by an epidemic which was then ravaging the western coast of Naples, it was not until the beginning of February 1816 that he was able to land at Palermo. The princess had already been acquainted by her father with the demand which had been made for her hand, and, though she had been allowed full liberty to decide for herself, "she made no use of it, except to conform with pleasure and confidence to whatever her dear parents desired."¹

That Caroline was well satisfied with the arrangement, and that, in this instance, duty and inclination found themselves in complete harmony, can scarcely be doubted. To be the second

¹ Duchesse de Berry, *Précis des évènements de ma vie*, cited by Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la duchesse de Berry et la cour de Louis XVIII.*

lady, and eventually the first, in that Court which had once been the most brilliant in Europe and would probably become so again, and of whose former splendours she must have heard so much from her French *gouvernante*, Madame de la Tour ; to share one day the throne of that country which had been the cradle of her race, and before whose all-conquering armies the nations had lately bowed in abject submission, was a prospect calculated to make an irresistible appeal to the imagination of a young girl who, we are told, had always felt persuaded that a brilliant destiny awaited her. It was true that the prince who sought her hand was almost as old as her own father, and had once been the suitor of her aunt, the Duchesse d'Orléans. But he was still only on the threshold of middle age, handsome, brave, good-natured and—she may possibly have heard—a great favourite with the opposite sex ; while the trials and hardships which he, like all the other members of his family, had undergone inclined her to regard him with that sympathetic interest which is so often a prelude to a sincere attachment.

When therefore M. de Blacas was released from the lazaretto and permitted to wait upon the princess, the young lady, with many blushes, intimated to him that the object of his mission had been attained, upon which the gallant Frenchman lost no time in begging for a portrait of her Royal Highness, which might give the Duc de Berry some feeble idea of the charms of his future bride. His request was granted, but, as, according to the count, the painter, whose name he mercifully suppresses, “had not acquired the first principles of his art,” and his work was the very reverse of flattering, he felt it his duty to remove the unfavourable impression it might create, by accompanying it with a pen-portrait, which depicts the princess as possessing “a face which is agreeable, without being regularly pretty ; some talent and great taste for music ; a very sweet and very timid nature ; not so much grace as she might easily acquire—which he attributes to the fact that the Prince-Royal had refused to allow her to have a dancing master ; teeth which will be good when they have been properly attended to ; and a figure rather like that of Madame de la Ferronays.”¹

On hearing of the success of his Ambassador's overtures, Louis XVIII. hastened to address himself directly to Caroline, to intercede in his nephew's favour. Here is the letter :

¹ See page 33, *infra*.

“MADAME MY SISTER AND NIECE,

“It is under the auspices of the King, your grandfather, and of the Prince, your father, that I demand of your Royal Highness the happiness of a nephew who is very dear to me, and I shall dare to say my own. Your august parents consent to your marriage with the Duc de Berry, and I entreat you to give your consent also. My testimony in favour of him whom I regard as my son may seem open to suspicion; yet believe that I should have enough control over my dearest affections to renounce the hope which animates me, did I not have the certainty of assuring your happiness as much as that of the Duc de Berry. I have nothing to add to this profession of faith, and I conclude by praying your Royal Highness to count always on the very tender sentiments with which I am, Madame, my sister and niece, your Royal Highness's very affectionate brother and uncle,

“LOUIS

“Paris, 5 February 1816.”

The Duc de Berry also wrote to the young lady to plead his own cause:

“Paris, 18 February 1816.

“MADAME MY SISTER AND COUSIN,

“It has for a long time been my desire to obtain the consent of the King, your grandfather, and of the Prince, your father, to formulate a demand on which depends the happiness of my life; but, before obtaining their approval, I approach your Royal Highness to entreat that you will deign to confide to me the happiness of your life, by uniting it with mine. I venture to flatter myself that age, experience, and long adversity have disciplined me sufficiently to render me worthy to be your husband, guide, and friend. On leaving parents so worthy of your love, you will find here a family which will remind you of patriarchal times. What can I tell you of the King, of my father, of my brother, and, above all, of that angel, the Duchesse d'Angoulême,¹ that you have not already heard, unless it be that their virtues, their goodness,

¹ Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France (*Madame Royale*), daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. She had married the Duc d'Angoulême, eldest son of the Comte d'Artois, in 1799.

are above all praise. The most perfect union reigns among us, and it is never disturbed. All my relatives unanimously desire that your Royal Highness should crown my wishes and consent to augment the number of the children of our family. Consent, Madame, to yield to my prayers, and to hasten the moment when I can lay at your feet the homage of the respectful and tender sentiments, with which I am, Madame, my sister and cousin, your Royal Highness's very affectionate brother and cousin,

“CHARLES FERDINAND”¹

After the formal proposal for her hand had been made by Blacas to Ferdinand, and accepted by the King, the princess replied to this letter as follows :

“April 13.

“MONSIEUR MY BROTHER AND COUSIN,

“Encouraged by the permission of the King my grandfather and of my loving father, I venture to express to your Royal Highness how much my heart is penetrated by gratitude by the fact that you have wished to select me for your consort. The consent of my dear and adored parents to this union assures your Royal Highness of mine, since I have never had any other wish than theirs ; and their affection, their constant care for my happiness, have rendered this duty very easy to discharge. In the grief that I experience in separating from them, I find a great consolation in the certainty which your Royal Highness gives me of finding again in his family the same virtues, the same gentle ways, the same union, and in your Royal Highness a friend, a guide, who, deigning to charge himself with the happiness of my life, will proceed to teach me to employ all my feeble means to ensure his, and to render myself worthy of the protection of his Majesty the King, and of him whom I shall have the happiness of calling by the sweet

¹ Most of the letters which passed between the princess and the Duc de Berry, from this time until their meeting, at Fontainebleau, in the following June, will be found in Chateaubriand (*Mémoires lettres et pièces authentiques touchant la vie et la mort de S.A.R. Mgr. Charles Ferdinand d'Artois, fils de France, duc de Berry*, Paris, 1820), or in *Nettement*. The Vicomte de Reiset has, however, been able to add to this interesting collection several which had not been communicated to these writers, or which were considered too sacred for publication during the lifetime of the Duchesse de Berry.

name of father (the Comte d'Artois), and of imitating the virtues of their Royal Highnesses, the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême. I beg your Royal Highness to be persuaded that the occupation of my life will be to prevent him ever regretting having confided to me the care of his happiness. It is with these sentiments that I am, Monsieur my brother and cousin, Your Royal Highness's very affectionate sister and cousin,

“ MARIA CAROLINA ”

Caroline wrote from Naples, where she had arrived a week earlier. She had left Palermo on April 2, on board the frigate *Sirena*, escorted by thirteen other vessels of war, and had been greeted on her arrival by the ringing of church bells, the firing of the cannon of the forts, and a salute of one hundred guns from the British Mediterranean squadron, which was then lying in the bay. All Naples was *en fête*; the municipal authorities waited on the princess and presented her, in the name of the city, with a magnificent diadem, which is said to have cost 240,000 ducats; enthusiastic acclamations greeted her as she passed from the harbour to the Palazzo Reale; and the emotional Neapolitans, never doubting that the marriages of princesses are arranged in Heaven, flocked in crowds to the Cathedral of San Gennaro, to return thanks to that popular saint for his intercession.

As the young princess had quitted Naples when she was barely seven years old, she had, of course, but a very vague recollection of it, and she was anxious to take advantage of the short time which remained to her ere she left her native land to renew her acquaintance with those marvels of art and Nature which have made it the admiration of the whole world. In her journal she tells us how she visited the garden of the Villa Reale, the Palace of Capodimonte, Pausilippo, Pompeii, “which interested me infinitely,” and Pozzuoli and the Temple of Serapis. Everywhere she went her footsteps were dogged by crowds of people, and at Pompeii, whose inhabitants seem to have found as much to interest them in the princess as did the princess in the antiquities, the crowd was so dense and so determined to satisfy its curiosity, that it completely hemmed the royal party in, and it seemed that nothing short of a fresh eruption of the volcano would persuade it to make way.

However, they were at length permitted to proceed, and departed amid a tempest of "*vivas!*" This must have been a rather trying experience, particularly for M. de Blacas, who had accompanied the princess, and whose fastidious nostrils were unaccustomed to the odours of a perspiring Neapolitan mob.

On April 13, Blacas brought to the Prince-Royal the portrait of the Duc de Berry, in order that Caroline might have an opportunity of seeing it before he presented it in due form. Two days later, the marriage-contract, which, contrary to custom, had presented no difficulties, was signed. The principal articles, those relating to the princess's dowry and the provision to be made for her by Louis XVIII. in the event of her widowhood, were thus conceived :

"H.M. the King of the Two Sicilies gives as dowry to the Most Serene Princess, his grand-daughter, the sum of 120,000 Neapolitan ducats, or 500,000 francs, payable in eighteen months, which sum the said Princess may use and dispose of in conformity with the laws and customs of France. The said sum of 120,000 Neapolitan ducats, or 500,000 francs, is independent of that, also of 120,000 Neapolitan ducats, or 200,000 florins, which reverts to her from the dowry of the Princess Maria Clementina of Austria, her mother, of whom she is the sole and only heir, which sum, together with the interest due from H.M. the Emperor of Austria, not forming part of the dowry of the Most Serene spouse, she can enjoy and dispose of as her private property.

"In addition to the said dowry, H.M. the King of the Two Sicilies will make a present to the Most Serene Princess Caroline Ferdinande Louise of trinkets and jewels to the value of 500,000 Neapolitan ducats.

"H.M. the King of France, will, in the event of widowhood, settle, as jointure, upon the Most Serene Princess an annual income of 100,000 francs, with the privilege of enjoying it in such place as she may please, either in France, or in the States of her grandfather, or in any other States or country outside the States of his Most Christian Majesty."

Louis XVIII. also engaged to present the princess with jewels to the value of 300,000 francs.

On the following day, before dinner, Blacas formally

presented the portrait of the Duc de Berry to his future bride, accompanied by an appropriate oration. "I was sensibly touched," writes the princess in her journal, "by the nobility of his discourse and the sentiments which he knew so well how to express. Not being able to reply to it, I intend to show him my gratitude and my sensibility on the first opportunity I have of seeing him. From this moment France becomes more dear to me, and I promise myself to share my affections between my family and that which I have the happiness to enter."

On the 24th, the marriage by procuracy was celebrated, with great pomp, in the chapel of the Palazzo Reale, in the presence of the Royal Family, the Corps Diplomatique, the Ministers, and all the grandees of the realm. The bride's uncle, Leopold, Prince of Salerno, represented the Duc de Berry, and Cardinal Ruffo gave the nuptial blessing. Before the ceremony, Caroline had confessed and communicated with the Royal Family. In the evening, the whole city was brilliantly illuminated, and a gala performance was given at the Fondo Theatre. It terminated with a transparency representing Louis XVIII. bestowing his avuncular benediction on the bridal pair.

Immediately after the marriage ceremony, the Duchesse de Berry—as we may now call the young princess—wrote to the husband whom she had not yet seen the following affectionate and touching letter, to assure him of her sincerity in the engagement into which she had just entered :

" Naples, 24 April, 1816.

"I have just taken at the altar, Monseigneur, the solemn engagement to be your faithful and affectionate wife. This precious title imposes upon me duties which I most willingly commence to fulfil from this moment, by assuring you of the sentiments which my heart has already vowed to you for life ; its sole occupation shall be to seek means of pleasing you, conciliating your affection, and meriting your confidence. Yes, you will have all that is mine, all my affection ; you will be my guide, my friend ; you will teach me how to please your august family ; you will (I do not doubt) soothe the keen regret which I am about to experience in separating from my own. It is to you, in a word, that I entrust entirely the care of my conduct, that you may guide it towards all that may procure your happiness. I shall make it my constant study. May I succeed therein and

prove to you how highly I value the privilege of being your consort. It is in these sentiments that I am, for life,

“Your affectionate wife,
“CAROLINE”

On the same day, the duke, who had been much touched by Caroline's letter of the 13th, wrote to his young wife from Paris.

“April 24.

“Your amiable letter has given me a pleasure which I cannot express to you, Madame and dear wife, for to-day we have plighted our troth to one another. From this day, we are united by the sacred bonds of marriage—bonds which I shall ever seek to render easy to you. You deign to thank me for having chosen you as my life's companion! What thanks do I not owe to your Royal Highness for having acceded so promptly to the wishes of your august parents! I appreciate how much it must cost you to leave them, to come, almost alone, into a foreign country—though it is one which will soon be no longer foreign to you—to unite yourself to a man whom you do not know. I have composed your Household of ladies whose virtue and kindness are known to me; and the King has approved my choice. Your *dame d'honneur*, the Duchesse de Reggio,¹ is in despair at not being able to go to meet you. Madame de la Ferronnays, your *dame d'atours*, (mistress of the robes), sister of the Comtesse de Blacas, will be the first to have the honour of paying her court to you. She is a model of virtue and the sweetest amiability, and I recommend her particularly to you. She will present to you your ladies-in-waiting. The Duc de Lévis, your *chevalier d'honneur*, is a man as distinguished for his good qualities as for his talents. The Comte de Mesnard, your first equerry, is a loyal knight, who did not return to France until I did. In a

¹ Marie Charlotte Eugénie Julie de Coucy. She became in 1812, at the age of eighteen, the second wife of the celebrated soldier Charles Nicolas Oudinot, who had been created marshal of France and Duc de Reggio in 1809. During the disastrous retreat from Moscow, Oudinot was severely wounded, on learning which his young wife, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her friends, persisted in travelling six hundred leagues, in mid-winter, in order to nurse him. The touching devotion to her husband which she displayed on this occasion had no doubt largely influenced the Duc de Berry in selecting her for a post which would bring her into close intimacy with his young wife.

word, I hope that, when you know them, you will find them worthy of the honour of being attached to you. With what impatience do I await the news of your arrival in France! How happy shall I be, my dearest wife, when I shall be able to call you by that sweet name! All that I hear of your good qualities, your kindness, your intelligence, your graces, charms me and makes me burn with desire to see you and embrace you as I love you.

“CHARLES FERDINAND”

On the day after the wedding, the princess went to visit the Palace of Caserta, her birthplace, which she had not seen since her childhood. While sauntering in the beautiful gardens, she caught a chill, which developed into a rather sharp attack of fever. The doctors who were called in decided that their august patient must be blistered on the arm, but the princess, for obvious reasons, strongly objected to such a remedy. Finally, a compromise was effected, and the blister was applied to her Royal Highness's leg.

The illness of the Duchesse de Berry delayed her departure for France for some days, and it was not until May 14 that she sailed from Naples, on board the Neapolitan frigate *Christina*.

Her suite included the Prince of San Nicandro, son of the old gentleman who had so shockingly neglected Ferdinand's education, who was charged, in the capacity of Envoy Extraordinary, with the duty of finally delivering the precious person of the princess to Louis XVIII.'s representatives, and the Comte and Comtesse de la Tour, the one as gentleman-of-honour, the other as lady-of-honour. The *Christina* was escorted by two other Neapolitan vessels, the *San Ferdinando*, a ship-of-the-line of 80 guns, and the *Fama*, a corvette, and also by a French schooner, the *Momus*.¹ The *Sirena*—the vessel which had brought Caroline from Palermo—with the King, the Prince Royal, the Prince of Salerno, and the French Ambassador, the Comte de Narbonne-Pelet, on board, accompanied the squadron for some little distance, and then returned to Naples.

The weather when the Duchesse de Berry left Naples was perfect, but some hours afterwards a south-westerly gale sprang up, and “the princess paid to the sea the inevitable tribute of a

¹ The French frigates *Nélide* and *Fleur-de-lys* met the squadron off Hyères and escorted the princess to Marseilles.

passing indisposition.”¹ However, after blowing hard for two days and nearly driving the *Christina* on to the reefs of the Isle of Elba, the storm abated, and at half-past nine on the morning of May 21, the cannon of the Fort of Notre-Dame de la Garde, which dominates the beautiful harbour of Marseilles, announced to the expectant city the arrival of the young princess upon whom so many hopes were centred.

¹ *Moniteur*, June 13, 1816.

CHAPTER IV

Arrival of the Duchesse de Berry at Marseilles—She is subjected to ten days' quarantine in the lazaretto—Madame de la Ferronnays, her *dame d'atours*, joins her there—She is visited by her French Household, with whom she converses through a grating—Letters of Louis XVIII. and the Duc de Berry to the princess—Her diversions in the lazaretto—She makes her official entry into Marseilles—Ceremony of her delivery to the representative of Louis XVIII.—Her reception at Marseilles—Her visit to Toulon—Correspondence between her and the Duc de Berry—She leaves Marseilles on her journey to Fontainebleau—The Fête-Dieu at Aix—Her reception at Lyons—Her arrival at Nemours—Increasing ardour of the Duc de Berry's letters—Meeting between the princess and the Royal Family at the Croix de Saint-Hérem in the Forest of Fontainebleau—The Duchesse de Berry at Fontainebleau.

EVER since the appalling visitation of the plague which had swept away nearly half the population of Marseilles in 1720, the quarantine regulations of that port had been exceedingly rigorous, and were but little relaxed, even for the most august personages. As the Duchesse de Berry came from a country in which an epidemic was then prevalent, the sanitary committee had decided that she and her suite must not be allowed to enter the town until they had undergone ten days' quarantine in the lazaretto, and that no one should be allowed to approach nearer to the *Christina* than the regulations prescribed.

However, as soon as the frigate entered the roadstead, a swarm of light craft, adorned with flowers and white flags, put off from the shore and rowed out as far as they were permitted. This flotilla contained the Duc d'Havré, who had been chosen by Louis XVIII. to receive the precious person of his new niece from the Prince of San Nicandro, the Baron de Damas, commandant of Marseilles, the prefect, the mayor and the other municipal authorities, part of the Household of the princess, who had been sent to Marseilles to await the arrival of their future mistress,¹

¹ The members of the Duchesse de Berry's Household who had been sent to Marseilles were: the Duchesse de Reggio, *dame d'honneur*; the Comtesse de la Ferronnays, *dame d'atours*; the Duc de Lévis, *chevalier d'honneur*; the Comte de

and a great number of other persons, all eager to catch even a distant glimpse of the new arrival. The duke and the baron addressed their compliments to the princess through a speaking trumpet, and her Royal Highness bowed her acknowledgments of the acclamations which greeted her from the window of a cabin on the frigate's poop.

The Duchesse de Berry and her suite then proceeded to the lazaretto, the spectators "following her with eyes and hearts." Here she found her *dame d'atours*, the Comtesse de la Ferronays who, the moment the princess's arrival had been signalled, instead of embarking with the rest of the Household, had set out for the lazaretto, with the intention of sharing her mistress's quarantine. The Vicomtesse (afterwards the Duchesse de Gontaut) attributes Madame de la Ferronays's action to "the intention of seeking a natural occasion to acquaint the princess with the noble sentiments, the good heart, and the intelligence of Monseigneur [the Duc de Berry], and thus to teach her to love him in advance."¹ But, whatever the lady's motive may have been, her conduct was a grave breach of etiquette, since she had consulted neither the Duc de Berry nor the Duchesse de Reggio, the head of the princess's Household. Every one, we are told, was inexpressibly shocked, and the Duc de Reggio subsequently complained bitterly to the King of the affront which had been put upon his wife, to whom, as *dame d'honneur*, alone belonged the privilege which Madame de la Ferronays had so impudently usurped.

As soon as the Duchesse de Berry reached the lazaretto,

Mesnard, first equerry, and two of her six ladies-in-waiting, the Vicomtesse (afterwards the Duchesse) de Gontaut and the Vicomtesse de Bouillé. The other ladies-in-waiting, Mesdames d'Hautefort, de Béthisy, de Lauriston, and de Gournes, were to join their mistress *en route*. Madame de Gontaut, in her *Mémoires*, has left an amusing account of her journey to the South. She and Madame de Bouillé, a pretty and vivacious Creole, travelled in the same carriage that had brought Napoleon from Waterloo to Paris: "I was told that, by way of distraction, I might find the mysterious hiding-places in which the Emperor used to carry his despatches, treasures, and so forth. This search served to amuse me during the monotony of the journey; but, catching sight of one of the principal springs, I had the unfortunate notion of pressing it, and on the instant a board rose up and carried me with it. I found myself then lying on a hard, quilted, narrow mattress, and I rolled about, in despair, all one night on this poverty-stricken bed of the great Emperor, since for several hours I was unable to discover the secret spring which could deliver me from this perilous position, and I did not dare to call a halt to the column of travellers who accompanied us."

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

she sent to request her Household to come there. "We saw her," writes Madame de Gontaut, "through a grating, in a little parlour, where we presented ourselves every day. We thought Madame gracious, agreeable, good, kindly, and gay; in a word, we were charmed with her. The remarkable gentleness of the Duchesse de Reggio pleased her at once. Madame had learned, from the Duc d'Havré, the sacrifice I had made in leaving my children to come to her, and she was continually talking to me about it. Desiring to know what interested each of the persons who were to be in attendance on her, she encouraged them to talk about themselves, and, with a princely memory, forgot nothing. This we thought very amiable."¹

The Duchesse de Reggio had been charged with a letter from the Duc de Berry for his young wife. It was as follows :

" Paris, 10 May, 1816.

" I take advantage, Madame, of the departure of the Duchesse de Reggio, to tell you how deeply your second letter has touched me: that letter you wrote on the conclusion of the ceremony by which you confided your destiny into my hands. I am entrusted with your happiness, and it shall be the sweet and constant preoccupation of my life. I have seen with regret the delay in your departure from Naples; the quarantine to which you will be obliged to submit, although curtailed as far as possible, compels me to conclude that I shall not have the happiness of seeing you until the early days of next month. How much do I regret the impossibility of going myself to Naples to meet you! But we must submit to the wishes of our parents, and, as the first of subjects, we owe them an example of obedience. All France awaits you with the liveliest impatience, and I more than any one. I recommend to you the Duchesse de Reggio, who, notwithstanding her delicate health, insisted on going [to Marseilles]. She deems herself very happy at being able to begin her duties with you.

" Adieu, Madame, I am impatient to receive a letter from your Royal Highness dated in France. The wind, which is blowing violently, makes me tremble.

"CHARLES FERDINAND"

The princess also received a letter from Louis XVIII., who

¹ *Mémoires.*

seems to have thought it necessary to apologize for the inconvenience to which she was being subjected.

“You make your entry into France through a kind of prison,” he writes, “but it is very necessary to pay a tribute to the times in which we live, and I hope that this will be the only one. If my impatience has been opposed by the severity of the officers of health, and, if my heart murmurs against it, my reason imposes silence upon me and tells me that those who are raised above others must give an example of submission to the regulations. Adieu, my dear niece, in ten days’ time I shall love Fontainebleau well ; in the meanwhile, I embrace you most affectionately.”

Everything possible was done to relieve the tedium of the princess’s period of isolation. Regattas were organised for her amusement ; she was taken out fishing, and, when night fell, musicians rowed out to the lazaretto to serenade her. On May 23, she went for a sail in a magnificently-decorated yawl, which Admiral de Missiessy, who commanded at Toulon, had placed at her disposal. The yawl entered the harbour, care being taken not to approach any of the vessels at anchor there, and to keep at some distance from the shore, where a dense crowd of curious and enthusiastic people speedily assembled, clamouring for boats to enable them to obtain a nearer view of the princess. The young lady, the *Journal administratif de Marseille* informs us, “was dressed this day with the most elegant simplicity. She wore a gown of rose-coloured levantine, cut heart-shaped and trimmed with tulle ; a little cashmere shawl was thrown negligently about her shoulders ; and a large white straw hat trimmed with a wreath of lilies covered her beautiful hair, and was tied with a ribbon of the same colour. The princess, resting one hand on the gallery which separated her from the rowers, contemplated with emotion this people whom her charming appearance was transporting with joy. ‘Ah!’ she said to the members of her suite who were in the yawl, ‘I am not perhaps very easily moved to tears, but to-day I must let them flow.’”

The princess was so pleased with the enthusiasm which her appearance excited, that she asked that the excursion should be repeated the following day, “and the rays of the setting sun were just lighting the harbour when there rose and appeared

that young star so earnestly desired, dressed in blue with a toque of white taffeta crowned with three white feathers, and an amaranth shawl." The writer adds that the "young star" seemed to be greatly moved by the joy which her admirers manifested.¹

On the evening of the 25th, the orchestra of the Grand-Théâtre, reinforced by several distinguished amateurs, gave a concert to the princess in front of the lazaretto, in a large tent which had been erected there. This tent was divided by a partition, in which a grating had been made, the artistes and the public occupying one portion, and the Duchesse de Berry and her suite the other.

Her ten days' quarantine terminated, on May 30 the Duchesse de Berry made her official entry into Marseilles. At ten o'clock, she left the lazaretto, in a gilded boat belonging to the Royal Navy, rowed by four-and-twenty sailors, dressed in white satin with scarves of blue and gold. The princess sat beneath a canopy of crimson velvet surmounted by an immense crown, while above it the royal standard waved gently in the breeze. Through the midst of the vessels, gay with verdure and bunting, with which the port was filled, she was rowed to the landing-stage of the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. The quays and the adjoining streets, the windows, and the flat roofs of the houses were thronged with spectators; the bells rang out a joyful peal; the cannon of the forts and of the warships in the harbour thundered forth their welcome; the drums beat to quarters; "the acclamations rose to heaven." "All eyes," writes an enthusiastic Legitimist historian, "were fixed on the same point; all hearts echoed the same sentiment; all minds were filled with the same idea."²

Passing through a double line of troops, the princess reached the Hôtel de Ville, where the ceremony of her delivery to the representative of Louis XVIII. was to take place. On the threshold, the Duc de Lévis, her *chevalier d'honneur*, began to compliment in her mother-tongue. "Speak in French, Monsieur le Duc," said she, with a smile; "I no longer know any other language."³

¹ *Journal administratif de Marseille*, May 27, 1816, cited in *le Moniteur*, June 13, 1816.

² *Nettement*.

³ *Nettement*. Marie Antoinette had used almost identically the same words on her entry into Strasbourg, forty-six years before.



LOUIS XVIII, KING OF FRANCE

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY P. ANDOUIN, AFTER THE DRAWING BY F. BOULLON

In accordance with diplomatic usage, the Hôtel de Ville had, by a special act, been declared neutral territory. The apartments to the right of the great hall had been prepared for the reception of the princess, her Neapolitan suite, and the Prince of San Nicandro, Ambassador of the King of the Two Sicilies. The apartments on the left were considered French ground, and in these were assembled the Duc d'Havré, Ambassador of Louis XVIII. ; the Marquis de Rochemore, who was to fulfil the duties of Master of the Ceremonies ; the Duchesse de Reggio, the Comtesse de la Ferronays, Mesdames de Bouillé and de Gontaut, the Duc de Lévis, the Comte de Mesnard, and the municipal authorities of Marseilles. On the Neapolitan side of the hall, the flag of the Two Sicilies had been hoisted, and a detachment of Ferdinand I.'s guards, which had accompanied the princess from Naples, was drawn up beneath it. On the French side, a similar number of the Gardes du corps, in their brilliant uniforms, stood at attention beneath the lilies of France.

A table covered with a cloth of green velvet fringed with gold occupied the centre of the hall. The princess advanced and sat down at the middle of the table, on the Neapolitan side, with the Prince of San Nicandro on her right ; while the Comtesse de la Tour and the rest of her Neapolitan suite stood a little behind her on her left. At the same time, the Duc d'Havré, the princess's French Household, and the municipal authorities entered from the left, and ranged themselves on the opposite side of the table, under the direction of the Marquis de Rochemore.

The delivery of the princess then took place, in accordance with the protocol of royal alliances. After the official documents had been read and signed, and complimentary speeches exchanged, Caroline rose and bade farewell to her Neapolitan entourage, "all of whom threw themselves upon their knees and kissed with respect and emotion the hands which she extended to them."¹ Then the Duc d'Havré came forward, and the Prince of San Nicandro, taking the princess by the hand, consigned her to the care of the representative of his Most Christian Majesty, who informed her Royal Highness that France claimed her and conducted her to the other side of the table. In three steps Caroline had become a Frenchwoman,

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

and a simultaneous discharge of the cannon of the forts, the ramparts, and the warships in the harbour at once proclaimed the joyful fact to the expectant multitude outside.

Conducted by the Duchesse de Reggio and followed by the other ladies of her new Household, the Duchesse de Berry withdrew to the apartments which had been prepared for her, where Madame de la Ferronays, in her capacity as *dame d'atours*, presented her with the trousseau and the magnificent *corbeille* sent her by the King, which contained part of the jewels which his Majesty had engaged to provide in the marriage-contract. The princess made her selection from the gowns and trinkets spread out before her delighted eyes, and was then, in conformity with the rules of etiquette, divested of all her Neapolitan garments, even to her chemise and stockings, which were replaced by those of French manufacture. This complete change of attire was, of course, intended to be symbolical of her change of country.

The Duchesse de Berry, a radiant vision in a sumptuous toilette ablaze with diamonds, descended the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, and, having acknowledged the compliments of the Baron de Damas and the Prefect of the Department of the Bouches-du-Rhone, was escorted to the quay, where she embarked in a boat belonging to the merchant marine and commanded by the captain of the port. Gaily-attired oarsmen rowed her to the Quai de Monsieur, facing the Cannebière, where the mayor was waiting to receive her. As she stepped on shore, the church-bells broke out again, and another salute was fired.

The mayor, after haranguing the princess in that hyperbolical language in which civic dignitaries in all ages seem to have taken so much pleasure, conducted her to a carriage, which she entered with Mesdames de Reggio and de la Ferronays, and was driven, by way of the Cannebière and the Cours, to the cathedral. Here she was received by the clergy, who offered her holy water, and then escorted her in procession into the church, where, after the celebration of Mass, a *Te Deum* was sung. At the conclusion of the service, the duchess re-entered her carriage and drove to the Préfecture, by a route which enabled her to traverse the most popular streets of the town. At the Préfecture, thirty young girls belonging to the first families of Marseilles, dressed in white, were waiting

to present her with flowers. She dined *au grand couvert*, and then held a reception ; and the eventful day concluded with the illumination of the whole city, a grand display of fireworks, and a gala performance at the theatre, where the appearance of the princess was hailed with rapturous applause.

“Enjoy your triumphs, Madame !” exclaims an historian of the princess. “Look well at those shores where a magnificent reception awaits you, where every one swears devotion and fidelity, where you make your appearance like a queen, and almost like a kind of divinity ! Look well at those flag-bedecked shores ! You will return to them again in less than sixteen years. You will return, but in a very different fashion ! . . . How the bells, how the trumpets, how the acclamations resound to-day ! Why think of the future ? Young and radiant princess, be happy while you may !”¹

The princess was certainly resolved to be happy and to make others happy as well. Learning that Toulon had been much disappointed that Marseilles should have been preferred as the port which was to have the honour of welcoming her, she had gladly accepted an invitation to visit it. Accordingly, early on the following morning, notwithstanding the fatigue which the ceremonies of the previous day must have occasioned her, she drove thither, and was received with almost frenzied enthusiasm, the people insisting on taking the horses from her carriage and drawing it themselves. She reviewed the National Guard ; attended a splendid banquet given in her honour, by Admiral de Missiessy, on board the *Royal Louis*, the largest ship in the Mediterranean squadron ; witnessed a mimic naval combat, and visited the arsenals ; and in the evening of June 1 returned to Marseilles, very much delighted with her reception.

“I arrived yesterday evening from Toulon,” she writes to the Duc de Berry, “where every instant was employed in receiving homages and festivities both by land and sea. The whole town was decorated, adorned with emblems and allegorical inscriptions. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm of these good inhabitants of Provence ; they spoil me ; they deeply move my heart by their repeated expressions of love for the King and all his family. At the same time, they have the tact to join with them applause for my Neapolitan relatives. Is not

¹ Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Cour de Louis XVIII.*

that charming? . . . I was conducted through the arsenals. The land arsenal, which was not in existence four months ago, is now in a condition to arm thirty thousand men. This is due to the indefatigable energy of the colonel in charge of it, whose name is Laferrière. In every way, this little journey has interested me. Nowhere, I conceive, could one obtain a juster idea of the resources and greatness of France than in visiting this beautiful port. If it produces this effect upon me, who understand nothing about it, what must it produce upon well-informed persons? In thirteen days, Monseigneur, I shall see you and shall judge for myself all the good that I hear of your heart and mind, and shall repeat to you that I am for life your faithful and affectionate

“CAROLINE”

As the time for their meeting approached, the letters of the Duc de Berry grow more frequent and more tender.

“You have already,” he writes, “gained the hearts of those who have only caught a glimpse of you. Your intelligence, your graces, your charming animation, will have a great success with us French, who love you already before knowing you. With what impatience I await you! What pleasure I shall find in making you happy! I think with sorrow that I must still wait three weeks. I hunt every week in the Forest of Fontainebleau, in the place where I shall see you for the first time, and my heart beats as I pass it. Caroline, my friend, amiable child, whose happiness must be my work, rest assured that I shall do everything which will depend upon me! My heart is good, I am able to say, and I shall deserve thy confidence. Pardon, dear friend, if already I address thee in the second person singular. But the ‘you’ is too cold. Adieu, my dear little wife. I have only time to embrace thee most affectionately. Reply to me in the same terms.”

And again :

“I fear that the letter which I wrote you the day before yesterday, my very dear friend, has not appeared to you very sensible, but all that I was told has so intoxicated me that I only knew that I felt very deeply what I have perhaps expressed very badly. Your amiable letter has come to finish

turning my head, and, if you continue like this, it will be necessary for me to be placed under restraint. I count the days, and I find them still an enormous quantity."

And in a third letter :

"The 'you' always causes me pain ; with what pleasure shall I say : 'I love thee !' With what delight shall I await the answer ! I hope that it will be the same when you know me. I am always frightened by my thirty-eight years, and I know that at seventeen I thought those who were approaching forty very old. I do not flatter myself that I shall inspire thee with love, but with that sentiment so tender, stronger than friendship, that sweet confidence which I wish to see come spontaneously.

"Adieu, very dear friend ; still fifteen long days more. I embrace thee ; I kiss the hands of my wife, as I love her already with all my heart."

Far from being displeased by the increasing ardour of the duke's letters, the young princess was much moved by them, and hastened to assure the writer that he would find her only too ready to respond to the sentiments with which she appeared to have inspired him.

"I have just received thy letter of the 26th, my dear friend," she writes in answer to the epistle in which he had begged permission to address her in the second person singular. "It is already a great *rapprochement*, which I much enjoy, as well as the expressions which it contains. I reply to it in the same fashion, with the most complete abandon and confidence. Yes, my friend, be sure that on my side there will never be any coldness ; my object is, and always will be, to prove my tender affection. I hope to receive further pledges of thine before I reach Fontainebleau. In the meanwhile, I embrace thee and am for life,

"THY CAROLINE"

On June 2, the princess drove to the cathedral to hear Mass, and then proceeded to the Plain of Saint-Michel, where she reviewed the National Guard and the garrison of Marseilles. She returned to the Préfecture to dine, and, after dinner, was

driven through the principal streets of the town. In the evening, she held a reception, at which all the principal citizens and their wives and daughters had the honour of being presented to her.

The following day, after making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Notre-Dame de la Garde, the protectress of sailors, in fulfilment of a vow which she had made before leaving Naples,¹ the Duchesse de Berry quitted Marseilles, to begin her journey to Fontainebleau, where on the 15th she was to be met by Louis XVIII., her husband, and the Royal Family. Her entry into Paris was to take place on the following day, and the marriage ceremony at Notre-Dame on the 17th.

Aix, the old seat of the Parlement of Provence, was the first stage, where she assisted at the procession of the Fête-Dieu, founded by King René in 1448, of which the Duchesse de Gontaut has left us an interesting account in her *Mémoires* :

“This festival was intended to represent the triumph of the Christian religion over idolatry, by means of allegorical personages representing the gods of Paganism, whom the presence of the Saviour compels to return to hell. At the head of the procession, we saw Mercury, the goddess of the night; Pluto, surrounded by a multitude of demons; Diana, Cupid, Venus, Mars, walking one after another; then lepers, dancers, drummers. After the mythological divinities came biblical personages: the Queen of Sheba, on her way to visit the great Solomon; Moses, bearing the tables of the Law, and striving to bring back to the worship of the true God the Jews,

¹ “Relative to the voyage of the princess from Naples to Marseilles, here is an anecdote for the authenticity of which we are able to vouch :

“A few days before her departure, her Royal Highness received a stamped packet from Marseilles, in which she found a little image of Notre-Dame de la Garde. The letter which accompanied this singular present informed the princess that Notre-Dame de la Garde, object of the peculiar veneration of the Marseillaise mariners, and their protectress, would, owing to the intercession of the Provençaux, protect her Royal Highness from all harm during the voyage, provided that she carried the little image about her, which she did not fail to do. And it happened, owing to a very thick fog, in the channel between the Isle of Elba and the coast of Fiume, that the frigate was running under full sail upon the reefs which border that island, when, happily, it altered its course. Superior minds may find in this a subject for ill-timed pleasantry. For ourselves, we can only applaud the pious sentiments of the commander of the Neapolitan frigate [Captain Barone], who, penetrated by gratitude to the Holy Virgin, begged her Royal Highness, on their arrival, to give him the precious image. The princess deigned to accord the captain this signal favour, but she immediately procured another image, together with the little book of prayers.”—*Journal administratif de Marseille*, May 27, 1816.

who mock at him and dance round a paste-board golden calf. After the Jews came the Apostles, with the perfidious Judas at their head, holding in his hand a purse containing the thirty pieces of silver, the price of his treason. To punish his infamy, all the other Apostles were beating him over the head with pieces of wood. The Abbé of Youth, the King of the Basoche, and the Prince of Love preceded the canopy covering the Holy Sacrament, which was followed by an immense number of priests in different costumes. Death closed the *cortège*. All the bells of the city were ringing while the procession lasted."

From Aix the Duchesse de Berry proceeded to Orange, where she visited the Roman Theatre and the Arch of Marius ; thence by Montélimart, Vienne, and Valence, and early in the afternoon of June 8 arrived at Lyons.

The famous city, which had suffered so cruelly for its loyalty to the Bourbons during the Revolution, had prepared for the young princess a magnificent reception. Under a triumphal arch which had been erected in the Place de la Charité one hundred and thirty young girls were waiting to greet her ; the Chamber of Commerce presented her with a *corbeille* containing the most beautiful products of the silk manufactories ;¹ and the theatre gave a gala performance, at the conclusion of which a shower of lilies descended upon the spectators, and a dove came to place a crown on the duchess's head.

At Lyons, where she remained for three days, the Duchesse de Berry was joined by the Prince of Castelcicala, the Neapolitan Ambassador at the French Court, who was the bearer of a very charming letter from Louis XVIII. :

"I shall certainly not permit, my dear niece, the Prince Castelcicala, that good and excellent servant of all our family, to leave without giving him a line for you. If the happiness of seeing you before any of us was not so surely due to his tender and faithful attachment, I should be jealous of him ; but patience ! my turn will come. Meantime, I am not without pleasures. I have frequently that of hearing news of you, of learning of your

¹ "The princess in accepting this *corbeille*, with charming tact, removed the shawl which she was wearing and replaced it by one of those presented to her. She, at the same time, selected one of the stuffs, which she intended to have made into a gown for the play which she had consented to attend in the evening."—*Moniteur*, June 18, 1816.

successes, and of enjoying them. There are degrees in this enjoyment. When I am told that people consider that you have an agreeable face, I say so much the better, without being too much moved ; but when I learn that those who approach near to you find you amiable, kind, and affable, it is then that I experience a real joy. Exterior charms pass away very quickly ; but those which belong to the soul, to the mind, to the character, are lasting, and can only go on increasing. Such will be, I do more than hope, your portion. Adieu, my dear niece, I embrace you most affectionately.

“ LOUIS ”

Continuing her triumphal progress, through Moulins, the ancient capital of the Dukes of Bourbon ; through the muslin-draped streets of Tarare ;¹ through Montargis, where, one hundred and twenty years earlier, *le Grand Monarque* and his Court had come to welcome the little Marie Adélaïde of Savoy, the most charming of all the princesses whom Italy has given to France, on Friday, the 14th, Caroline reached Nemours, the last stage before Fontainebleau, her carriage overflowing with the flowers that had been presented to her on the way. At Moulins, her suite had been reinforced by Mesdames d'Hautefort and de Béthisy, and at Nemours she found her two remaining ladies-in-waiting, Mesdames de Lauriston and de Gourgues, so that her Household was now complete. The Duc de la Châtre, First Gentleman of the Chamber to Louis XVIII., and the Ducs de Maillé and de Damas were also awaiting her, and conducted her to the Hôtel de Ville, where she passed the night.

Before retiring, however, she had the satisfaction of receiving another and final letter from the Duc de Berry, who had been bombarding her with *billets-doux* all the way from Marseilles, their tone growing more and more inflammatory as the distance between the impatient prince and his “ *chère petite femme* ” diminished.

“ My heart is beating,” he writes, “ and it will beat much faster to-morrow when my lips will press thy pretty cheeks. . . . When I think that thou art to-day within four leagues of me and that I cannot go to see thee, it enrages me !

¹ The manufacture of muslin was then, as it is to-day, the principal industry of Tarare.

How I wish that Thursday were here and that I could be at last alone with thee! . . . No; do not delay in sending me an answer, I entreat thee. Till to-morrow, dear friend; while awaiting the end of this long day, receive the assurance of the tender attachment of

“THY CHARLES”

This ardent epistle was written from Fontainebleau, where the whole Royal Family were now assembled. *Monsieur* and the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême had left Paris on the 11th, the Duc de Berry at five o'clock on the following morning, and Louis XVIII. early in the afternoon of the same day. Talleyrand, the Duc de Mouchy, and the Duc de la Châtre, by virtue of their respective offices of Grand Chamberlain, Captain of the Guards, and First Gentleman of the Chamber on duty that year, occupied seats in the King's carriage; but, on arriving at Fontainebleau, the last-named nobleman had hurried on to Nemours to receive the Duchesse de Berry.¹ On the evening of the 14th, his Majesty dined *au grand couvert* in the Salle des Fêtes decorated by Primaticcio's matchless frescoes, while an endless procession of his loyal subjects defiled round the table, and the chapel band played *Vive Henri IV.* and *Charmante Gabrielle.*

The spot selected for the meeting of the Royal Family and the Duchesse de Berry was the cross-roads of the Croix de Saint-Hérem, situated in the middle of the forest, about a league from Fontainebleau. It was the same place at which, nearly twelve years before (November 25, 1804), Napoleon had received Pius VII., when that Pontiff had come to France to crown him Emperor; and, by a really remarkable coincidence, Talleyrand, who had then been in attendance on the Emperor as Grand Chamberlain, was now present in the same capacity to Louis XVIII. Whether Bonaparte or Bourbon occupied the throne of France, the star of the ex-Bishop of Autun was proof against all vicissitudes!

On the morning of the 15th, after hearing Mass, the Duchesse de Berry, dressed in white and wearing a diadem of pearls and diamonds, surmounted by a wreath of roses, entered her carriage, with the Duchesse de Reggio and Madame de la Ferronays, and set out for the rendezvous.

¹ *Journal des Débats*, June 13, 1816.

At mid-day the princess perceived in the distance the two tents adorned with the double escutcheons of France and the Two Sicilies, and the Duchesse de Reggio observed: "I must warn your Royal Highness that we are about to arrive at the Croix de Saint-Hérem. It is there that Madame la Duchesse de Berry will find the Royal Family." As the princess's carriage entered the glade from the South, that of Louis XVIII. entered it from the North, for etiquette required that both *cortèges* should reach the rendezvous at precisely the same moment, and, to ensure this, signals had been established along the roads, to hasten or delay the advance of the travellers.

The Duchesse de Berry's carriage stopped. "The King is advancing to meet your Royal Highness," observed the Duchesse de Reggio.

The step was let down; the Duc de Lévis, her *chevalier d'honneur*, came forward and offered his hand, and the princess alighted.

Etiquette met her at the carriage-door. It had been decided that the ceremonial observed on the arrival of Marie Leczinska at Moret ninety years before was to be scrupulously resuscitated. On the grass between the two tents a carpet had been spread. The princess, alone, was to advance half-way along the carpet; while the Royal Family, with the King at their head, crossed the other half, so that the meeting should take place exactly in the centre. But this tedious ceremonial was too much for the impulsive young lady, and, after inquiring in an undertone if the carpet were neutral ground like the Hôtel de Ville at Marseilles, she hastened forward and, before the gouty old King had advanced more than a few paces along the carpet, she knelt at his feet, lifted his hands to her lips, "and said some words of which he seemed to approve."¹ The King, raising her up and pressing her to his heart, embraced her several times, and then presented her to the members of the Royal Family. "Nephew," said he, addressing the Duc de Berry, "here is the princess who is destined for you. It is my daughter whom I give to you, for I love her already as a father. Endeavour to make her happy." And with that he joined their hands.

"They looked at one another," writes the Duchesse de Gontaut. "What a moment, when each sought to divine what their whole life was to be! She appeared to please him, and I

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

heard him say in a low tone to Madame de la Ferronnays : ' I shall love her.' "

The weather had been gloomy all the morning, but at the moment of the interview the sun broke through the clouds, and the brilliant toilettes of the ladies, the splendid uniforms of the princes and their suites, and of the troops of the *Maison du Roi*, who lined the open space around the cross, presented a dazzling spectacle.

The presentations concluded, the King offered his right hand to the princess, and the Duc de Berry his left, to conduct her to the royal coach, which was capable of containing the whole Royal Family. "The princes," writes the enthusiastic correspondent of the *Moniteur*, "appeared intoxicated with joy, and never had his Majesty's countenance worn a more kind or benevolent expression."

Amid shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" and "*Vivent les Bourbons!*" the royal *cortège* set out for Fontainebleau. It entered the château by the Cour du Cheval-Blanc, where three regiments of the Guard and several squadrons of lancers and hussars were drawn up. The perron of the Escalier du Fer-à-Cheval was hidden beneath a portico composed entirely of flowers, ingeniously arranged so as to form inscriptions. During the whole evening the courts of the château were filled by an immense crowd, eager to get a glimpse of the princess. "At six o'clock, the Royal Family dined in the Salle des Fêtes, and every one who desired was admitted to the honour of being present at the repast. The young Duchesse de Berry, who was placed on his Majesty's left, by the side of her august husband, was the centre of observation. After dinner, his Majesty showed himself at one of the windows of the Salle des Gardes, overlooking the Cour Ovale, and, having given signs of his affection and benevolence to the crowd, who made the air resound with cries of '*Vive la Roi!*' took the Duchesse de Berry by the hand, and presented her to the people. Her Royal Highness responded by a salutation full of grace to the signs of joy which were manifested at sight of her. The Duc de Berry, who was by her side, was received with equal enthusiasm."¹

The Royal Family retired early, for every one was very tired, and the morrow was to witness the Duchesse de Berry's solemn entry into the capital. The Duc de Berry took leave of his wife

¹ *Moniteur*, June 18, 1816.

and left the palace, for etiquette required that he should not pass the night under the same roof as the princess until after the ceremony at Notre-Dame. But, though the inmates of the château slept, in the town dancing and merrymaking continued until the dawn came creeping through the trees of the forest.

CHAPTER V

Departure of the Duchesse de Berry and the Royal Family from Fontainebleau—Entry of the princess into Paris—A magnificent reception—Enthusiasm of the inhabitants of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine—Arrival at the Tuileries—The marriage ceremony at Notre-Dame—The Royal Family dine *au grand couvert* at the Tuileries—The Duc and Duchesse de Berry depart for the Élysee-Bourbon—A singular ceremony.

DURING the night rain fell heavily, and, though it ceased before morning, the outlook was the reverse of promising. Every one was in despair, since immense preparations had been made for the reception of the princess in Paris, and a wet day would have been a real disaster. Happily, however, the weather cleared before noon, and when the Court left Fontainebleau, the sun was shining brilliantly once more.

As it was the Feast of Corpus Christi, and Louis XVIII. was unwilling to interfere with the solemn processions which took place on the morning of that day, it had been arranged that the Royal Family should not reach Paris until four o'clock in the afternoon.

More than twenty triumphal arches spanned the road between Fontainebleau and the capital, those at Melun being particularly magnificent. The one at the entrance to the town bore the words: "*À Louis XVIII. la ville de Melun ;*" that at the north gate was inscribed with the device: "*Non major causa lætitiæ.*"

The inscription on the arch erected by the inhabitants of Lieursaint, the village in which passes the third act of Collé's famous comedy, *la Partie de Chasse de Henri IV.*, was in allusion to the anecdote which formed the subject of that play: "*Les successeurs de Michau aux illustres rejetons de Henri IV.*"¹

At four o'clock, the cannon of Vincennes announced the approach of the Royal Family, and the troops who were to precede them were marshalled at the Barrière du Trône. A quarter of an hour later, the *cortège* arrived, and the King,

¹ *Moniteur*, June 18, 1816.

alighting from the royal coach, entered a calash which was in waiting. The Duchesse d'Angoulême sat on his left and the Duc and Duchesse de Berry opposite ; while *Monsieur* and the Duc d'Angoulême mounted on horseback and placed themselves on either side of the carriage. The procession then entered Paris. At its head marched the staff officers of the garrison ; then came successively a detachment of the National Guards of the adjacent departments, a regiment of dragoons, the staff officers of the Guard, led by the Duc de Reggio, the mounted National Guard, the first carriages of the Court, the Gardes du corps, and the King's calash ; while the splendid corps of the Grenadiers à cheval of the Guard, a detachment of gendarmes, and the remaining carriages of the Court closed the march.

On the Place du Trône the procession halted, while M. de Chabrol, the Prefect of the Seine, on behalf of the municipal authorities, harangued the King and the Duchesse de Berry, and a deputation of young girls, chosen from the twelve arrondissements of Paris, presented flowers to the princess—who must by this time have been growing a little tired of floral offerings—and sang a cantata composed for the occasion by Cherubini.

The procession then moved on through a double hedge of troops and under an arch of white flags and chains of evergreens, from which were suspended crowns of lilies and interlaced hearts of roses, along the Faubourg Saint-Antoine and the boulevards.

The Faubourg Saint-Antoine had a sinister reputation where the Bourbons were concerned. From its crowded courts and fetid alleys had come the greater part of the frenzied mob which had demolished the Bastille, dragged the Royal Family from Versailles, and stormed the Tuileries. Its ragged denizens had been among the most assiduous of Dame Guillotine's courtiers ; had shouted for joy when the heads of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette rolled in the sawdust, and had acclaimed Robespierre and his bloodstained satellites to the skies. But now their devotion to the relatives of those whom they had hounded to the scaffold appeared to know no bounds ; eight thousand workmen assessed themselves at twenty sous a head to provide garlands and cupids, and, in the excess of its loyalty, the faubourg actually went so far as to demand that it should

be rebaptized and given the name of the Faubourg-Royal.¹ "*Tout arrivé en France*," as La Rochefoucauld observed to Cardinal Mazarin on a memorable occasion.

The *cortège* moved slowly westward, the crowds becoming denser, the enthusiasm more unbounded, and the decorations more sumptuous, as it approached the Tuileries. "It is impossible, save for those who know Paris, to form an idea of the effect which the decorations produced. Each house, each window, vied with its neighbour in embellishment. One expression only can be admitted here: 'Paris was garbed in flags.'" ²

All kinds of ingenious and agreeable surprises had been contrived for the young princess. On the Boulevard du Temple, opposite the Café d'Apollon, a rope had been stretched across the road. On this the younger Saqui, a celebrated acrobat of the time, mounted and, as the royal carriage passed beneath him, let fall a shower of lilies and other flowers upon its occupants. A little further on, a dove descended and placed a crown on the Duchesse de Berry's head, and on the Boulevard Montmartre she was introduced to the physician Robertson's mechanical trumpet, a halt being made in order that she might listen to it.

At half-past six, the *cortège* reached the Tuileries, which was entered by the Porte du Louvre, and Louis XVIII. conducted the princess to the Pavillon Marsan, where she was to spend the night. The Royal Family again dined *au grand couvert*, and afterwards showed themselves at one of the windows of the château to the enthusiastic crowd who had assembled in the gardens. The King then again escorted the princess, dazzled and delighted by the magnificence of her reception, to her apartments, while the Duc de Berry repaired to the Elysée-Bourbon, which on the morrow would become the home of the young couple.

A sky as cloudless as that of Naples greeted Caroline when she rose on her wedding-morn. At eight o'clock, the troops detailed to keep the route of the procession assembled in the open space in front of the cathedral and marched off to line the

¹ "Not knowing how else to cleanse itself of its original sin," wrote the Baron de Férmyly to one of his friends.

² *Journal des Débats*, June 17, 1816.

streets from the Place Notre-Dame to the Tuileries, where dense crowds had already taken their stand, for all Paris had been *en fête* from early dawn. At the same hour the doors of the cathedral were thrown open, and a throng of ladies *en grande tenue* and of officers and public functionaries in uniform or court costume hastened to take the places assigned to them in the choir and in the vast galleries which dominate the choir and the nave.

The cathedral had been decorated with as much taste as magnificence. Outside, a portico of sixteen columns, supporting a tribune in which an orchestra was installed, prepared one for the pomp of the interior. The nave was draped with azure velvet sewn with golden fleurs-de-lis, and the arms of the principal towns of the kingdom, arranged three by three, were suspended from the pillars, while above them hung baskets filled with fruit and flowers. Four great columns, surmounted by rich banners charged with devices and ornamented on their shafts with emblems of Justice, Commerce, Navigation, War, the Sciences and the Arts, rose above the four pillars of the cross-aisle. The luxury of the choir was still more remarkable. Around its circumference, fourteen escutcheons of colossal size recalled the most important events of Louis XVIII.'s reign.

On the capitals of the columns supporting the galleries above were portraits of the patron saints of the bride and bridegroom and other holy personages, separated by angels in bronze on pedestals of white marble. The choir, like the nave, was draped with azure velvet sewn with golden fleurs-de-lis, and the pavement of the whole edifice was covered with rich Savonnerie carpets. A profusion of girandoles and lustres in rock-crystal illuminated this imposing scene.

The civil and military authorities, the members of the Corps Legislatif, the Ambassadors, the Diplomatic Corps, and the Academies arrived in succession and took their places, and by ten o'clock the cathedral was completely filled and presented a wonderful spectacle.

At half-past ten, the Duc de Berry, accompanied by the Comte Dambray, Chancellor of France, arrived at the Tuileries, and repaired to the King's cabinet, where the civil documents relating to the marriage were read and signed. The witnesses were the Duc de Bellune, the Comte de Barthélemy, François de Bellart, attorney-general of the Cour Royale, and Raymond

de Sèze, president of the Cour de Cassation, who had defended Louis XVI. before the Convention. All the Royal Family and the Princesses of the Blood were present, with the exception of the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans and the Duc de Bourbon, who were all three in England.

At half-past eleven, the wedding procession left the Tuileries and proceeded through the Place de Carrousel and along the quays to Notre-Dame, which was reached a few minutes after noon. The *cortège* was composed of the same troops as on the previous day and of thirty-six carriages, each drawn by eight horses.

In the first, which was preceded by the heralds-at-arms and escorted by the Hundred Swiss, sat the King with the Duc and Duchesse de Berry and the Duchesse d'Angoulême. At the doors of the cathedral Louis XVIII. was received by the Chapter, who moved in procession from the choir to meet him. The King, having replied to the compliments which they addressed to him, the procession entered the church, headed by the clergy. The Duc de Berry, holding the duchess by the hand, preceded the King, who advanced under a canopy borne by four canons of the cathedral. The Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, *Monsieur*, the aged Prince de Condé, and the Duchesse de Bourbon, the Dowager-Duchesse d'Orléans followed in the order mentioned.

The costumes of the Royal Family and the Princes and Princesses of the Blood were magnificent. Louis XVIII. wore a uniform of royal blue, heavily embroidered with gold lace and pearls, the Regent diamond sparkled in his hat and the Sancy was set in the pommel of his sword. *Monsieur* wore the silver-embroidered uniform of Colonel-General of the National Guard; the Duc d'Angoulême that of Grand Admiral of France; and the Prince de Condé the white and gold uniform of Colonel-General of French Infantry. The Duc de Berry was resplendent in the sumptuous costume which had been worn on gala occasions at the Court of the first Bourbon King: white-plumed hat, lace ruff, doublet of cloth of gold, silk breeches and stockings, and white satin mantle embroidered with gold.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême was dressed in white silk with a coiffure of diamonds and ostrich feathers; but it was not upon her, but upon her sister-in-law, that every feminine eye in the vast assembly was immediately directed. The young princess advanced, a dazzling vision, in a toilette of white satin,

embroidered with silver-foil. The most beautiful of the Crown jewels scintillated in her coiffure, covered her robe and her corsage, and bedecked her ears, her neck, and her arms. She seemed almost on fire.

Through a double line of the Hundred Swiss in their picturesque uniforms, the procession passed up the nave, the congregation, undeterred by the sanctity of the place, breaking forth into enthusiastic acclamations. The Duc and Duchesse de Berry stopped at the foot of the steps leading to the altar ; the King, *Monsieur*, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême went to the places reserved for them in the choir, and, after kneeling in prayer, rose and advanced to the altar steps, the King taking up his position between the bridal pair, *Monsieur* next his son, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême next the young princess. The Grand Almoner then delivered an eloquent address, in which he exhorted the bride "to join the amiability of Rachel to the prudence of Rebecca, and the sweetness of Esther to the fidelity of Sarah," and "to be fruitful in saints and heroes." After this he performed the ceremony, Mgr. de Latil, Bishop of Amydée, *Monsieur's* first almoner, and the Abbé de Bombelles, first almoner to the Duchesse de Berry, supporting the canopy, which was of silver brocade, the former on the bridegroom's side, the latter on that of the bride. The Duc de Berry bowed profoundly both to the King and to his father, to ask their consent, before answering, "I will," and the Duchesse de Berry did the same to the King.

After the Benediction, the King, *Monsieur*, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême returned to their places in the choir, the bridal pair remaining alone at the foot of the altar. The Mass was said by the Abbé de Villeneuve, almoner-in-ordinary to Louis XVIII., the musicians of the Chapel Royal accompanying him. The King kissed the paten, and the celebrant blessed thirteen gold pieces enchased in a wax candle, which had been presented in the name of the bridal pair, in accordance with ancient usage.

At the conclusion of the Mass, M. Valayer, curé of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, brought the register of his parish, for the marriage-deed to be signed. The Grand Almoner, taking the pen, presented it successively to the King, the Duc de Berry, the Duchesse de Berry, *Monsieur*, *Madame*, and the Duc d'Angoulême ; and an almoner-in-ordinary to the Dowager-Duchesse d'Orléans, the Prince de Condé, and the Duchesse de Bourbon,

and to the four witnesses who had signed the civil register. Finally, twelve orphan girls who had been dowered by the town of Paris and married on the previous Saturday,¹ were brought forward with their husbands, and presented a crown of orange-blossoms to the bride, who begged them "to pray for her, and never to forget her."

The procession then left the cathedral in the same order as it had entered, save that the Duc de Berry now took his accustomed place behind his elder brother, while his wife followed the Duchesse d'Angoulême.

The palace was reached at half-past three, and the Royal Family showed themselves on the balcony of the Galerie Vitrée, below which an immense crowd had gathered to acclaim them. In the evening, at seven o'clock, there was a card-party in the Galerie de Diane, where thirty tables had been set out. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Duchesse de Berry, and several other ladies had the honour of being invited in turn to play with the King.

At nine o'clock, the King dined *au grand couvert* in the theatre of the château, which had been specially prepared for the occasion and sumptuously decorated. All the minute ceremonial of the *ancien régime* was scrupulously observed, under the directions of Talleyrand, the Grand Chamberlain, who discharged for the nonce the functions of Grand Master of the King's Household, the Prince de Condé, the holder of that office, being excused his duties on account of his great age, while the Duc de Bourbon, who had the reversion of his post, was in England.

The Comte de Cossé-Brissac, first *maître d'hôtel* to the King, with his wand of office in his hand, preceded his Majesty and escorted him to table. The royal princes and princesses had the honour of dining with his Majesty, but the princes and princesses of the Blood were not invited.

The first *maître d'hôtel* served the King, and whenever his Majesty wished to drink, the Grand Cellarer, the Duc d'Escars, proclaimed the fact in a loud voice, in accordance with ancient custom. The Grand Officers of the Crown stood behind the King's chair; the Gentlemen of the Chamber, the aides-de-camp on duty, and the ladies in attendance on the princesses ranged

¹ The money for their dowries had been originally voted for a grand display of fireworks in honour of the King, but he had expressed a desire that it should be expended in a more useful manner, and one calculated to produce durable results.

themselves on either side of the table. The duchesses were supplied with stools, but the other ladies were compelled to remain standing the whole time, and, as they were all *en grand habit* and the weather was terribly hot, they were almost fainting with fatigue when they were at last released. Towards the end of the repast, during which an endless stream of spectators defiled behind the balustrade and the King's musicians executed several pieces composed for the occasion, his Majesty received the Ambassadors, who came to compliment him, and spoke a few words to each.

The old monarch, notwithstanding the fatigue he had undergone that day, was radiant with satisfaction, and people laughingly declared that "he looked as if he had just been married himself." "The Duc de Berry is in love with the princess," he observed to one of the Ambassadors; "but he is not the only one, and we are all his rivals."

The *grand couvert* lasted an hour, and soon afterwards the Duc and Duchesse de Berry started for the Elysée, accompanied by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Dowager-Duchesse d'Orléans, and the Duchesse de Reggio. The King ordered a calash and went to view the illuminations of the Tuileries, which had been carried out with such taste and splendour that, we are told, a visitor must have imagined himself in fairy-land. The chief attraction was a long avenue formed by multicoloured columns, linked together by a chain of lanterns and terminating in a temple of Hymen.

After admiring the illuminations, his Majesty proceeded to the Elysée, to assist at the last ceremony of the day: the public consummation of the marriage.

The Grand Almoner, having pronounced the benediction of the nuptial couch, the wedded pair entered it, in the presence of the King, the Royal Family, and their Household, who then defiled past the bed in order of precedence, bade them good-night, and withdrew.¹

But we must now leave the Duchesse de Berry for a while, in order to speak of the prince whose bride she has become and of other actors on that stage on which she will presently play so prominent a part.

¹ *Moniteur*, June 18, 1816; *Journal des Débats*, June 18, 1816; Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*; Alfred de Nettement, *Mémoires sur S.A.R. Madame, la duchesse de Berry*; Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Cour de Louis XVIII.*; Vicomte de Reiset, *Marie Caroline, Duchesse de Berry*.

CHAPTER VI

The Duc de Berry—His boyhood—A pretty story—He emigrates with his family in 1789—The School of Artillery at Turin—The duke joins the Army of Condé—A *mariage manqué*—The duke takes up his residence in London—His appearance and character—An incorrigible gallant—Amy Brown—Parentage of Amy Brown—Her four elder children : John and Robert Freeman, Emma Georgiana Marshall, and George Brown—Baptismal certificates of her two daughters by the Duc de Berry, Charlotte and Louise Brown—Mystery of the paternity of the elder children—Assertion of the Prince de Lucinge, husband of Charlotte Brown, that all the children of Amy Brown were the issue of a lawful marriage between her and the Duc de Berry which Louis XVIII. had refused to recognize—The legend of George Brown, the “child of mystery”—Article in the *Télégraphe* of April 14, 1877—Appearance of M. Charles Nauroy’s work, *les Secrets des Bourbons*—The brochure of M. Grave—Improbability of the supposed marriage having taken place at the time alleged by M. Nauroy, shown by the narrative of Madame de Gontaut and the letters of the Duc de Berry to the Comte de Clermont-Lodève—The tradition of the marriage very firmly established, notwithstanding that the balance of authoritative contemporary opinion is against it.

CHARLES FERDINAND, Duc de Berry, was born at Versailles on January 24, 1778. As a boy, he does not appear to have been remarkable for his intelligence—indeed, the Imperial Ambassador, Mercy-Argenteau, was unkind enough to describe both him and his elder brother, the Duc d’Angoulême, as “nullities, like their parents”—and he was certainly very idle. On the other hand, he was a merry, high-spirited lad and extremely generous and kind-hearted. Of his goodness of heart, Chateaubriand relates a pretty story :—

“A Monsieur Rochon, writing-master of the young princes, had experienced a considerable loss, caused by a fire. The Duc de Berry begged his *gouverneur*, the Duc de Sérent, to give him twenty-five louis for poor Rochon. The duke consented, but on condition that the prince gave satisfaction to his master for a fortnight, without saying anything to him about the twenty-five louis. And so Monseigneur set to work and traced big letters as little awry as he could. Rochon was astonished at this sudden change and did not cease to praise his pupil. The fortnight

passed ; the Duc de Berry received the twenty-five louis, and carried them in triumph to Rochon. The latter, not knowing whether the *gouverneur* approved of this generosity, declined to accept the money. The child insisted ; the master objected. The young prince lost patience, and, throwing the twenty-five louis on the table, exclaimed : ‘ Take them ; they have cost me dear enough ; it is for this that I have been writing so well for the last fortnight ! ’ ”¹

When the Comte and Comtesse d’Artois emigrated in 1789, the two young princes followed them, in charge of their *gouverneur*, the Duc de Sérent, and, after remaining a few weeks in the Netherlands, found an asylum with their uncle, the King of Sardinia, at Turin. Here they became pupils at the School of Artillery, where the Duc de Berry, who was keenly interested in military studies, made excellent progress. A cannon which the brothers had assisted in casting, and upon which their names had been engraved, fell into the hands of the French when they invaded Piedmont, and this singular monument of the freaks of Fortune was found in one of the artillery-depôts in France at the Restoration.

In 1792, the Duc de Berry joined the Army of the Princes, and received his “ baptism of fire ” at the siege of Thionville, where, boy though he was, he showed conspicuous courage. At the conclusion of the campaign, he returned to Turin, but rejoined the army of Condé in the summer of 1794 and served with it until the armistice of Leoben (June, 1794), when that gallant little force passed into the service of Russia. After spending some months with his father at Holyrood and visiting Louis XVIII. at Mittau, the young duke again rejoined his comrades, who were now quartered in Poland, and took part in the Swiss campaign of 1799, where he commanded a cavalry regiment of French *émigrés*, which he succeeded in bringing to a high state of efficiency.

Meanwhile, Louis XVIII., having married the Duc d’Angoulême to the “ Orphan of the Temple,” was endeavouring to find a wife for his younger nephew. His task was no easy one, for, in his present position, the Duc de Berry could scarcely be considered a suitable husband for a princess of any reigning House, and Bourbon pride forbade his condescending to a lady

¹ *Mémoires, lettres et pièces authentiques touchant la vie et la mort de S.A.R. Charles Ferdinand d’Artois, Duc de Berry.*

of inferior rank. However, in 1799, the King cast his eyes in the direction of the Royal Family of Naples, and the Comte de Chastellux, his envoy at Ferdinand's Court, was directed to open negotiations for a marriage between the Duc de Berry and the Princess Christina, afterwards Duchesse of Genoa. His overtures were well received and towards the end of that year the prince was invited to Palermo, where he was no doubt called upon to admire his Majesty's year-old grand-daughter. Little did he imagine that the infant princess was one day to become his wife!

The Duc de Berry succeeded in making a very favourable impression on the Neapolitan Court; his marriage with the Princess Christina was practically decided upon, and he was even accorded a pension of 25,000 ducats, though, owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the royal finances, it was soon revoked. Maria Carolina and her daughters left Sicily on a visit to Vienna, and the prince went to Rome and took service in the Neapolitan corps which was then occupying the papal city. Here he received a letter from his brother, informing him that he was with the Army of Condé, which was now in the pay of England, and formed part of the Austrian forces operating in Bavaria, and that a general engagement was confidently expected. The duke's warlike ardour easily triumphed over his sense of discipline, and, without waiting to demand Ferdinand's permission, he left Rome, hurried through Italy and across the Alps, joined his comrades on the Inn, and took part in the campaign of Hohenlinden, though he was not actually present at the battle.

This escapade proved fatal to his matrimonial prospects; for Acton, who regarded the proposed match with scant favour, being of opinion that Ferdinand might find a much more eligible *parti* for his daughter than a vagabond prince, who would be entirely dependent on his father-in-law's bounty and might involve him in serious political embarrassments, did not fail to represent to the King that the young man's conduct was not only a gross breach of military discipline, but a personal affront to his Majesty. Ferdinand's vanity was wounded, and, though the duke wrote several letters to endeavour to exonerate himself, they remained unanswered, and the marriage negotiations were broken off.

The Duc de Berry was in despair and wrote to Louis XVIII.

declaring that "he was not intended for happiness." He was now, indeed, in a most unfortunate position, for after the Treaty of Lunéville, which put an end to hostilities in Germany, Condé's army had been definitely disbanded, and he had been compelled to renounce the profession which had been his almost from boyhood, and which had afforded him an outlet for his superabundant energies. After wandering rather aimlessly about Europe for more than four years, during which several unsuccessful attempts were made by his royal uncle to provide him with a consort befitting his exalted rank,¹ towards the end of 1805 or the beginning of 1806, the Duc de Berry arrived in England and took up his residence in London.

He was now twenty-eight years of age, rather below the middle height and very strongly built, with a big head, a broad forehead, prominent eyes, a short neck, a high complexion, and rather a coarse mouth, and would have been accounted an ugly man had it not been for a singularly charming smile, which lighted up his plain features and made him appear almost handsome. He was a good musician, and familiar with a number of instruments; sang agreeably; was a connoisseur of pictures, and had some talent for drawing; and spoke several languages fluently.

His manners were not nearly so refined as his tastes, being, in fact, brusque to the point of boorishness; while he was

¹ One of the princesses whom his Majesty endeavoured to secure for his nephew was Beatrice of Savoy, daughter of Victor Emmanuel I., King of Sardinia. That monarch was anything but flattered by the proposal and wrote to his brother, the Duke of Genoa, husband of that Princess Christina of Naples, to whose hand the Duc de Berry had once aspired, to ask him how he was to get out of the difficulty, without wounding the susceptibilities of the exiled family. His letter, written in 1805, which has been published by the Vicomte de Reiset, in his interesting work, *les Enfants du duc de Berry*, shows with what little favour the idea of an alliance with the unfortunate Bourbons was regarded, even by the secondary princes of Europe, and how hopeless the chance of their restoration was considered to be. "I must take you into my confidence," he writes, "that for a long time past I have perceived from the expressions of Louis 18 (*sic*) in his complimentary letters and from those of M. d'Avarois [d'Avary], when he passed on his way to Naples, that they were desirous of opening negotiations for the marriage of Beatrice and Berry. For my part, I have always pretended not to understand them, because it would be to marry hunger and thirst and make my daughter become a perpetual Bohemian. Yesterday's courier brought me a note given by Louis XVIII. to Maistre, in which he tells him to sound me. . . . I confess that I do not care about it, and I shall defer giving any answer to Maistre. . . . Finally, I believe that Beatrice will always remain less poor, and less exposed to bad company, anywhere else, even with me, than with Berry, whose conduct must needs not be excellent. Pray give me your advice on the matter, for I fear that they will return to the charge."

obstinate and headstrong, afflicted with a most ungovernable temper, and accustomed "to express himself eloquently in his passions." These fits of anger once passed, however, remorse quickly followed, and he hastened to make reparation to those whom he had offended, and, on more than one occasion, he even had the moral courage to offer a public apology.¹

He was, moreover, as generous and warm-hearted as he had been as a boy, and ever ready to hold out a helping hand to a friend in distress; and his last act when the Army of Condé was disbanded was to distribute the money he had received from the sale of his horses among his needy comrades.

"A prince who no longer reigns, an exile without a country, a soldier who no more goes to war, is the most independent of men," writes Chateaubriand in his biography of the duke. "It often happens that he seeks in the affections of the heart the wherewithal to fill the void of his days. It would be useless to preserve silence about that which the Christian and heroic death of the prince has revealed. The Duc de Berry was weak like François I. and Bayard; Henri IV. and Crillon; Louis XIV. and Turenne. King John came to resume in England the fetters which he preferred to liberty. There are two kinds of faults which, grave as they ought to be in the eyes of religion, are treated with indulgence in the country of Agnès and Gabrielle.² In condemning too severely in our kings the frailties of love and the desire for glory, France would fear to condemn herself."

From this passage it will be gathered that the Duc de Berry

¹ Madame de la Ferronnays, daughter-in-law of the Duc de Berry's faithful friend and aide-de-camp, relates, in her *Mémoires*, the following story: "Violent scenes often occurred between the Duc de Berry and his devoted servant [the Comte Auguste de la Ferronnays]. While in England, they had been even out to fight a duel, and the King was obliged to interfere to prevent a scandal. Another day—it is due to the memory of the Duc de Berry to relate this anecdote, which does him great honour—after a violent discussion, M. de la Ferronnays, having been offended, left the house in which the prince lived. In the evening, the Duc de Berry, astonished at not seeing him, sent to ascertain whether he had gone, and inquired the cause of his sudden departure. 'Monsieur, you insulted me before your servants, and I should not know how to endure such treatment.' 'Name those who were present.' They were sent for, and the prince said to them: 'I failed yesterday in the respect that I owe to M. de la Ferronnays; I make him my excuses and I ask him to pardon me.' Then, turning towards my father-in-law: 'Are you satisfied?' One can imagine the reply."

² Agnès Sorel, mistress of Charles VII., and Gabrielle d'Estrées, mistress of Henry IV.

was very far from insensible to feminine charms. To be candid, he appears to have been as incorrigible a *coureur de dames* as his great ancestor the "*Vert-Galant*" himself.

With most of the prince's pre-nuptial attachments we have no concern here ; but there is one which it is impossible for us to ignore, since it has been confidently asserted that it was not a liaison but a marriage *à la Maintenon*, and, to establish or refute this theory, several erudite monographs and review and newspaper-articles without number have appeared. But let us listen to the Duchesse de Gontaut :

"Simple in his tastes, the Duc de Berry led a quiet life in London, dining daily with *Monsieur*, and spending with him frequent evenings at the houses of the Duchesse de Coigny and other emigrant friends. He cared little for the assemblies, where, however, he was much sought after ; his great pleasure was the Opera, 'which,' said he to me one evening, 'is rather an expensive taste for an exiled prince.' He made this admission with such grace, that I repeated it, and each of my friends hastened to pay him the homage of complimentary tickets for the boxes of Society. The Duc de Berry appreciated this attention, and often came to tell us of it ; it was so much the more agreeable that this year was that of the *début* of Madame. . . . Monseigneur, sharing the general enthusiasm, did not miss one of her evenings. From the Duke of Portland's box, where I often sat with my daughters, we enjoyed his admiration ; but, not far from there, we had remarked a woman of distinguished appearance, whom every one looked at, but whom no one knew. She was beautiful, although extremely pale, and well dressed, in a simple fashion. The curiosity with which she inspired our compatriots amused us the more that she appeared to be perfectly indifferent to it. A young La Chastre offered her one day a programme, which she refused. M de Clermont-Lodève, more bold, offered her a bouquet ; she cast on him a look of magnificent disdain. On this occasion, we remarked the rather cold gravity of the Duc de Berry, who did not consider it good taste to endeavour to torment this young woman. M. de Clermont, persisting in his attentions and his curiosity, told us that he had succeeded in ascertaining her history. 'In the quarter,' he told us, 'she is called Madame Brown. She resides near the Park, where every day she promenades her child, a



CHARLES FERDINAND D'ARTOIS, DUC DE BERRY

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY DELPECH

little boy from six to seven years old, on whom she appears to lavish maternal cares. She is said to be kind, charitable, and sweet, but always reserved.' We were unable to learn more of M. de Clermont, who appeared to become mysterious, and we forgot about it.

"This happened about the time of the wars of Russia and Spain. Some years later, I learned that Madame de Montsoreau and the Vicomte d'Agoult had held under the baptismal font a little girl, to whom they gave the name of Charlotte. Two years later, the Duchesse de Coigny was godmother to another little girl, of the name of Louise. The Duc de Berry appeared to be interested in these children. The two godmothers were discreet; the curious public was unable to draw any information from them. Society, as well as my daughters and myself, was accustomed to see them at the house of the Duchesse de Coigny and Madame de Montsoreau. They were carefully brought up, had a governess who taught them French, and spoke English with their mother."

The name of the lady of the Opera was Amy Brown—Mrs. Brown she called herself—daughter of the Rev. John Brown, rector of All Saints', Maidstone, in which parish she was born on April 8, 1784.

Although she was only twenty-four at the time when Madame de Gontaut first saw her, she was already the mother of four children—three boys and a girl—who shared between them three different patronymics :

(1) John Freeman, without doubt the little boy with whom she was in the habit of walking in Hyde Park, born in 1801 or 1802.

(2) Robert Freeman, born probably in 1803.

(3) Emma Georgiana Marshall, born January 10, 1804.

(4) George Thomas Granville Brown, born February 20, 1805.

The two daughters, Charlotte and Louise, of whom Madame de Gontaut speaks were born respectively on July 18, 1808, and December 19, 1809; and it will be seen from their baptismal certificates that the Duc de Berry had the very best of reasons for taking an interest in the little girls :

Here is Charlotte's—

*Extract from the Register of Baptisms of the Chapel of
His Catholic Majesty in London.*¹

“To-day, Saturday 30 November, year 1809, has been presented a girl named Charlotte Marie Augustine, daughter of *Charles Ferdinand* and of Amy Brown, who has been christened the 18 July year 1808, by the Abbé Chené, at the French Chapel in King Street, and I have attended to the other ceremonies of the baptism; the godfather, the Comte Auguste de la Ferronays, and the godmother, Marie Charlotte, Comtesse de Montsoreau, who have signed with us:—Comte Auguste de la Ferronays; M. C. F. de Nantouillet, Comtesse de Montsoreau; P. A. Massot, curé of Saint-Sylvain de Mortainville, diocese of Bayeux, and priest sacristan of the Chapel of His Catholic Majesty.

“Certified the present extract, taken word for word from the register of baptisms of the Chapel of H. C. M. in London, the 15 January year 1810—P. A. Massot, priest sacristan of the chapel of His Catholic Majesty.”²

And here is Louise's—

*Extract from the Register of Baptisms of the Chapel of
His Catholic Majesty in London.*

“To-day Saturday, thirtieth December eighteen hundred and nine, has been baptized by me, the undersigned, a girl named Louise Marie Charlotte, daughter of *Charles Ferdinand* and of Amy Brown, born on the nineteenth of December eighteen hundred and nine. The godfather, Louis, Baron de Roll, and the godmother, Marie Charlotte Albertine, Comtesse de la Ferronays, who have signed with us.—Louis, Baron de Roll; M. C. A. de Montsoreau, Comtesse de la Ferronays; P. A. Massot, curé of Saint-Sylvain de Mortainville, diocese of Bayeux, and priest sacristan of the Chapel of His Catholic Majesty.

“Certified the present extract taken word for word from the register of baptisms of the chapel of His Catholic Majesty in London, this 15 January year 1810.

“Pierre Alexis Massot, priest sacristan of the chapel of His Catholic Majesty.”³

¹ Now St. James's, Spanish Place.

² Charles Nauroy, *les Secrets des Bourbons*.

³ Vicomte de Reiset, *les Enfants du Duc de Berry*.

Charlotte and Louise were, of course, the daughters of the Duc de Berry; about that there has never been any question; but to whom ought the paternity of the first four children to be ascribed? The two elder boys, John and Robert, bore the patronymic of Freeman; the register of baptisms of the parish of St. George's Hanover Square informs us that the parents of the girl Emma Georgiana were George and Amy Marshall;¹ while the death-certificate of George Brown, who died at Mantes in 1882, declares him to have been the son of George and Amy Brown. Beyond this we are reduced to conjecture, for the early life of the fair Amy is wrapped in impenetrable mystery, and all attempts to establish the identity of these gentlemen, or to discover when or where either of the three marriages took place, have proved futile. That at the age of twenty-five a woman could already be the mother of children by three different husbands is extremely improbable, even allowing for the possibilities of divorce, and it would therefore appear that one at least of these unions must have been an illegitimate one; while the fact that the most diligent search of the registers of Maidstone and all the London parishes has been absolutely barren of result permits us to doubt if there ever was a marriage at all.

But the existence of three lovers previous to the appearance of the Duc de Berry upon the scene is very difficult to reconcile with the character of a woman whom all those who knew her agree in representing as modest, refined, and excessively reserved; and some writers actually assert that Freeman, Marshall, and Brown were one and the same person, and that that person was the Duc de Berry.

Extravagant as such an hypothesis appears, it has found advocates who might be supposed to speak with authority. John and Robert Freeman both obtained commissions in the British Navy. Robert died while still a midshipman, but his elder brother, who was sent to the West Indian station, quitted the Navy to engage in business, and amassed a comfortable fortune. Returning to Europe, after a residence of some twenty years in the West Indies, in 1841, John married, at Berne, a Mlle. Juliette de Blonay, a member of a noble French family residing in Switzerland. The Prince de Lucinge, husband of

¹ Nothing is known of Emma Georgiana Marshall, beyond the fact that she married a Mr. Joseph Haigh, a gentleman residing at Peckham. She died in 1900, at the great age of ninety-six.

Charlotte Brown, the elder of the two acknowledged daughters of the Duc de Berry, who after the death of the duke was created Comtesse d'Issoudun by Louis XVIII., had demanded the young lady's hand on behalf of John Freeman.

While engaged upon his singularly interesting work, *les Enfants du Duc de Berry*, the Vicomte de Reiset put himself into communication with the Baron William de Blonay, brother of Mrs. John Freeman, in the hope that he might be able to throw some light upon the mystery surrounding his brother-in-law's birth, and received from him the following remarkable letter :

"In this question of the marriage of the Duc de Berry with Amy Brown, what I can certify, is that when the Prince de Lucinge, an honourable and loyal man if there was one, came to demand of my parents, with whom he was on very intimate terms, my sister's hand for M. Freeman, he declared to them, on his honour, that the latter was the son of the lawful marriage of the Duc de Berry and Madame Brown, and, in consequence, the elder brother of his wife and Madame de Charette.¹

"He explained how, at the Restoration, the King [Louis XVIII.] had refused to recognise the marriage, on account of the boys, but that the marriage was a fact.

"I also heard my father say : 'If he were a bastard, I should have thought twice about it before giving my consent ; but it is clear that, however legal this marriage was, Louis XVIII. was unable to recognise it, which, however, does not prevent it from having certainly taken place.'"²

This letter raises two interesting questions : (1) Was the Duc de Berry the father of John Freeman, and therefore of the other three elder children of Amy Brown, since it has never been pretended that Amy had either husband or lover after her connection with the prince began ? (2) If he was, were the children lawful issue ?

The good faith of the Prince de Lucinge in this matter, as the Vicomte de Reiset admits, is above suspicion, and there can be no doubt that the impenetrable silence which Amy Brown

¹ Louise Brown. She was created Comtesse de Vierzon by Louis XVIII. in 1820, and married in 1827 Charles Athanase de Charette, Baron de la Contrie.

² Vicomte de Reiset, *les Enfants du Duc de Berry*.

always preserved about her past, and the mystery which surrounded it, had convinced him that John Freeman, like his wife, was the child of the Duc de Berry. It is very evident, however, that the Prince de Lucinge cannot have compared dates or have consulted the memoirs of the contemporaries of the Duc de Berry, for the most part then unpublished, or he would have seen that there was no evidence worthy of the name to justify the supposition that the duke had even so much as set eyes upon Amy Brown previous to 1807. Writers on both sides, indeed, generally reject the idea that the duke could have been the father of the Freemans and Emma Georgiana Marshall, but great efforts have been made, for reasons which will be sufficiently obvious, to persuade the world that George Brown was the elder brother of the Comte de Chambord¹ and the legitimate heir to the throne of France.

Let us see how this legend arose :

Little is known of the boyhood of George Brown, save that when, at the Restoration, his mother and his sisters Charlotte and Louise came to reside in Paris, he was confided to the care of a family named Beausejour, living at Ouchy, on Lac Léman. The date at which he rejoined his mother is uncertain, but it was probably between the death of the Duc de Berry, at the beginning of 1820, and the autumn of 1823, when he entered as a pupil the military school of Saint-Cyr. At Saint-Cyr, he made so little progress in his studies that, at the end of a year, Amy Brown decided to remove him, and, as it was then the rule at the school that pupils who had failed to qualify for commissions, or gave little hope of passing their examinations, might, if their parents desired, enter the Army as non-commissioned officers, he was appointed quartermaster in the 4th *Chasseurs à cheval*. George Brown joined his regiment in August 1825, but, five months later, he was discharged, the reason entered in the regimental register being that he was not a naturalised Frenchman. This entry was made in order to spare the feelings of his mother, for the true reason was that the young gentleman had taken French leave and eloped with a damsel of eighteen named Julie Lebeau, the daughter of a *couturier* in the Rue des Filles de Saint-Thomas in Paris. Julie was at this time

¹ Henri Charles Ferdinand Dieudonné, Duc de Bordeaux, afterwards Comte de Chambord, only son of the Duc and Duchesse de Berry, born in Paris, September 29, 1820 ; died at Frohsdorf, August 24, 1883.

employed in the London branch of her father's business, having been sent to England to get her out of the way of her military admirer, who carried her off to Italy, where he took service in the Neapolitan army, under the name of George Granville.

In Italy, the young couple remained twelve years; during which period five children were born to them, two of whom, both daughters, lived to grow up. They were certainly married, for, though no marriage certificate has been discovered, the Vicomte de Reiset has succeeded in tracing the baptismal certificate of the children, in all of which Julie is described as the wife of George Granville.

Early in 1838, after a severe attack of cholera, through which his wife nursed him with tender devotion, George Brown returned to France on furlough, on a visit to his mother, who had expressed a great desire to see him. Now, in the eyes of the French law, his marriage was, of course, null and void, since it had been contracted when both the parties were minors, and without the consent of their parents. Taking advantage of this circumstance, Amy Brown, who had never forgiven Julie for having, as she considered, entrapped her son into a marriage so far beneath that to which he might have aspired, used all her influence to persuade him to abandon the mother of his children, threatening, in the event of his refusal, to discontinue the allowance which she had hitherto been in the habit of making him, and upon which he and his family were chiefly dependent. George, though he appears to have been a well-meaning kind of man, had no strength of character, and, after some resistance, he mealy consented. Thereupon his mother, determined not to give him leisure to repent of his decision, promptly found him another wife, in the person of Charlotte Louise Brown, elder daughter of her uncle Joseph, an engineer in a very good position in England, the marriage taking place in London, at Marylebone Parish Church, on July 12, 1838.

Shortly after the marriage, the unfortunate Julie, alarmed by the long absence and silence of her husband, had followed him to Paris. When, on her arrival, she learned what had occurred, she was so overcome with grief that her mind gave way, and for two years she had to be confined in a *maison de santé*. Eventually, she recovered her reason, accepted the situation and a moderate pecuniary compensation from Amy Brown, and

went to live with her two daughters at Batignolles, where she kept a small pension.¹

In the meanwhile, the faithless George Brown and his new consort had taken up their residence at Mantes-la-Jolie, in a modest house in the Rue Saint-Pierre, now the Avenue de la République. They were exceedingly reserved and lived in very unpretentious style, only keeping one servant ; and their neighbours were therefore a good deal surprised to see arrive from time to time two handsome young women, whose elegant manners and exquisite toilettes proclaimed them to be members of the inner circle of the fashionable world. What was the more singular, was that these *grandes dames* seemed to be on the most familiar and affectionate terms with their host and sometimes stayed at his house for several days. The local gossips naturally did not rest until they had established the identity of the aristocratic strangers and their relationship to their fellow-citizens, and soon discovered, to their intense astonishment, that they were nothing more nor less than the daughters of the Duc de Berry—the Princesse de Lucinge and the Baronne de Charette—and that M. Brown was their brother ! From that moment, George Brown became the object of general curiosity, for, argued the worthy Mantais, if his sisters were the daughters of the Duc de Berry, then he must be of royal origin too ; and straightway they began to perceive in him a most striking resemblance to the Bourbons, both physical and moral.

It was not, however, until nearly forty years after its birth that this legend entered the domain of history. On April 14, 1877, there appeared in the *Télégraphe* an article entitled *le Frère du Roi* and signed "*Nullus*," which aroused considerable sensation. After informing his readers that the Duc de Berry had had a son as well as daughters by his supposed marriage with Amy Brown, the writer proceeds :

"Do you desire a final testimony? Come with me to Mantes-la-Jolie, Rue Saint-Pierre, No. 7. There, ending his days in obscurity, is the descendant of the Kings of France, third of the lamentable trilogy which begins with the Iron Mask and continues with Louis XVII. The Comte de Chambord will not long survive him, and the two brothers will be reconciled by death.

"In this little town there exists a very discreet house, into

¹ *Les Enfants du Duc de Berry.*

which the curious never penetrate ; and there, between an old man-servant and an old female servant, quite alone, receiving neither friends nor relatives, an old man passes his life in meditating on the history of the Restoration before a large ivory crucifix.

“ When he goes out, every one uncovers respectfully before him. He is a man still vigorous, with a haughty carriage. One would say that it was Louis XIV. descended from his frame. The old people of the country whisper when they perceive him : ‘ It is the brother of the Comte de Chambord ! ’ ”

In 1882, public interest in the “ child of mystery,” as George Brown had come to be called, was further stimulated by the publication of M. Charles Nauroy’s curious work *les Secrets des Bourbons*, of which the first part is entitled *la Première femme du Duc de Berry*. In this volume, the learned historian proceeded to prove, to his own entire satisfaction, that George Brown was the son of the Duc de Berry and that a marriage had been celebrated between the prince and Amy Brown. He did not, however, go so far as to assert that this marriage had taken place previous to George’s birth (February 20, 1805), but affirmed that it was celebrated in 1806 at the French Catholic Chapel in King’s Street, Portman Square,¹ Amy Brown having abjured the Protestant faith two years before.

In proof of his contention that George Brown was the son of the Duc de Berry, M. Nauroy was unable to adduce any evidence beyond local gossip and the “ *profil bourbonien* ” of the recluse of Mantes ; but that, in his opinion, was quite sufficient to justify his pronouncing him to be the elder brother of the Comte de Chambord.

George Brown was still alive at the time when *les Secrets des Bourbons* appeared, though he died a few weeks later (July 2, 1882). It is quite likely that the book was brought under his notice, but, if so, he ignored it, being very probably too ill at the time to care very much whose son he was, or whether he was legitimate or no. He died, taking his secret with him to the grave, for the papers which he left behind contained nothing which served in any way to elucidate the mystery of his birth.

Twenty years after George Brown’s death, interest in him was revived by the publication of a brochure entitled *Georges*

¹ Now the Chapel of Saint-Louis de France, Little George Street, Portman Square.

Brown, l'avant dernier Bourbon by M. Grave, archivist of Mantes, which contained some interesting details concerning the later years of his life. The author, as the title of his work indicates, was a firm believer in the Bourbon origin of his subject, but beyond declaring that "he bore an astonishing resemblance to Louis XVI.," he did not advance any reasons for this conviction. There is, in fact, no more reason for supposing George Brown to be the son of the Duc de Berry than there is for attributing that honour to the Freemans or Emma Georgiana Marshall, since, as we have already said, no evidence exists that the prince had ever seen Amy Brown prior to 1807, much less that there were tender relations between them, and the Comte Auguste de la Ferronnays, who enjoyed at this time his entire confidence, declares that the Duc de Berry did not make the lady's acquaintance until two years after the birth of George Brown.¹

It may, of course, be objected that La Ferronnays is not an impartial witness, and that his devotion to the Bourbons may have prevailed over his regard for the truth. But let us return for a moment to that scene at the Opera in London described by the Duchesse de Gontaut:

"A young La Chastre offered her [Amy Brown] one day a programme, which she refused. M. de Clermont-Lodève, more bold, offered her a bouquet; she cast on him a look of magnificent disdain. On this occasion, we remarked the rather cold gravity of the Duc de Berry, who did not consider it good taste to endeavour to torment this young woman."

Nothing appears to be known of this young La Chastre, but the Comte de Clermont-Lodève was one of the most intimate friends of the Duc de Berry, and it was to him that the prince subsequently addressed several confidential letters containing some very interesting references to Amy Brown and his little daughters, of which we shall have something to say presently. Such being the case, it is obvious that if at the time of which the Duchesse de Gontaut speaks the liaison had already begun, Clermont-Lodève would have known about it, since the prince was never celebrated for his discretion, and his various gallantries seem to have been common knowledge among those who were far less in his confidence than the count. Can

¹ Marquis de Costa de Beauregard, *En Émigration ; Souvenirs tirés des papiers du Comte Auguste de la Ferronnays*.

we then suppose it possible that Clermont-Lodève would have been so presumptuous as to endeavour to force his attentions upon a lady who was beloved or even admired by the Duc de Berry, or that the latter—one of the most violent-tempered of men—would have contemplated his and La Chastre's unsuccessful attempts to trespass upon his property merely "with a rather cold gravity"?

Notwithstanding the rebuff which he had received, the Duchesse de Gontaut tells us M. de Clermont persisted in his attentions and his curiosity, and at length succeeded in ascertaining the history of the fair *inconnue*. He communicated certain facts concerning the lady to Madame de Gontaut and her daughters, but they were unable to extract any further information from him, and "he appeared to them to become mysterious."

"It is evident," observes the Vicomte de Reiset, "that Madame de Gontaut's narrative gives us the precise moment of the meeting. The prince has remarked Amy; he has been struck by her beauty, attracted by her charm; and, in spite of himself, although he has never perhaps addressed to her a single word, he is jealous and annoyed at the attempts which he sees made. But his heart is only beginning to be captivated, and he has, in consequence, been unable to make Clermont the confidant of an inclination of which he is still in ignorance. The latter seeks information on his own account, ascertains the name and manner of life of the unknown lady, and informs people of his discoveries. Then, all of a sudden, he becomes mysterious; he is silent. . . . The Duc de Berry has confided to him the secret of his love, of which, perhaps, the episode of the bouquet has been the determinate cause."¹

Few, we imagine, will be inclined to quarrel with the writer's conclusions, which seem to dispose very effectually not only of the fiction concerning the paternity of George Brown, but also of the contention of M. Nauroy and other partisans of the marriage that this event took place in 1806.²

¹ *Les Enfants du Duc de Berry*.

² The hypothesis that the supposed marriage took place in 1806 is the more improbable, since we learn from the *Souvenirs* of La Ferronnays that at this date the Duc de Berry was enamoured of a certain Mlle. Victorine, "*une fille du plus bas étage*," and that one day, being apparently short of ready money, he ordered his *maitre d'hôtel* to pack up all his silver plate and send it to the lady. Is this, it may well be asked, the conduct of a man who has just married, or was about to marry, another woman?

But the futility of both these hypotheses is even more clearly demonstrated by the letters of the Duc de Berry to the Comte de Clermont-Lodève, of which we have already spoken. These letters—or rather certain passages from them—were communicated to the *Temps*, in August, 1902, by the Marquis de Luppé, in whose possession they then were, with the object of refuting the pretensions advanced by M. Grave, in his *Georges Brown, l'avant dernier Bourbon*, on behalf of that personage. Here is the marquis's letter :

“Chateau de Beaurepaire,
 “Pont-Saint-Maxence,
 “Oise,
 “August 27, 1902.

“MONSIEUR,

“From a correspondence of the Duc de Berry with the Comte de Clermont-Lodève, *correspondence which extends from 1805–1813* [the italics are ours], and which is to be found in my archives, I extract the following passages ; *the only ones which relate to his first marriage* [the italics are our own].

“London, April 14, 1809.

“I have just come from playing tennis, as badly as usual. It is my only pleasure, for I no longer have any horses ; the loss of the pension from Spain and *a little daughter who arrived last summer* [the italics are the Marquis de Luppé's] having deprived me of the means. I pass my life *with my good Emma*¹ [the italics are ours] whom I love dearly, and I am very happy. My little daughter is very pretty, and interests me greatly, as you can imagine.

“January 8, 1810.

“London is quite as gloomy as thou hast seen it, but, except when I go to Hart-Well (*sic*), I live in my little home. *Another daughter was born on the 19th of last month* [the italics are the Marquis de Luppé's]. So I have two of them.

“October 30, 1811.

“ . . My invasion of the (*sic*) Staffordshire passed off very well. I killed enough game and won a few pounds at quinzé ;

¹ Amy Brown.

but I have not been less pleased to find myself again in my little home, where thou knowest how happy I am.

“ November 28, 1812.

“ . . . But I have been very pleased to find myself once more in my dear little home and *to see again my dear little daughters* [the italics are the Marquis de Luppé's] and *their good mother* [the italics are ours]. It seems to be that I have only returned this morning, so quickly does the time pass.

“ January 8, 1813.

“ . . . They have been very unhappy, having lost one daughter, and having been anxious about the other for nearly two months, for it is only during the last three days that she is really better. Her father has sat up with her every night. I can appreciate what they have experienced *through the sentiments which I entertain for my dear little daughters* [the italics are the Marquis de Luppé's] as well as for *their good mother* [the italics are ours], who makes the happiness of my life.

“ June 1, 1813.

“ . . . I am better and the fine weather will quite re-establish my health. My children and *their mother*, are well [the italics are ours] and I am very happy, desiring nothing beyond my dear little house.”

“ According to the death-certificate of M. Brown which you have published, he was born in 1805 ; so he was living at the time when the prince wrote these lines.

“ Well, the Duc de Berry, who speaks with so much affection of his wife and his daughters, makes no allusion to the existence of a son. It appears to me reasonable to conclude that this was because he did not have one.

“ Believe me, Monsieur, etc.

“ MARQUIS DE LUPPÉ ”

There are two points to observe here, besides that upon which the marquis lays stress. The first is that, though the

Duc de Berry speaks of his children as "his dear little daughters" he calls Amy Brown "my good Emma" or "their good mother," never "my wife." We shall return to this presently. The second—which by the way, the Vicomte de Reiset, who has not published the Marquis de Luppé's letter, but merely the passages which he cites, has singularly enough overlooked—is that, in a correspondence extending from 1805-13, no reference to Amy Brown is to be found earlier than April 14, 1809. Is it conceivable that if the prince and Amy had been married in 1806, as M. Nauroy asserts, that the letters of that and the two following years should contain no reference whatever to the lady?

The hypothesis of a marriage in 1806 is clearly as untenable as that of the Bourbon origin of George Brown. However, it is, of course, quite possible that it may have been celebrated at a later date, and that Amy Brown did become the wife of the Duc de Berry and that, at the Restoration, Louis XVIII. persuaded Pius VII. to annul the marriage, on the ground that it had been contracted without his Majesty's consent, is a tradition which, thanks in a great measure to its acceptance by the compilers of encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries,¹ has become so firmly established that it will perhaps survive even the result of recent investigations.

It is worthy of remark, however, that the balance of authoritative contemporary opinion is against the marriage. Chateaubriand refers to the Duc de Berry's connection with Amy Brown as "one of those liaisons which religion reprobates and which human fragility excuses." *Nettement* calls it "a union which religion had not consecrated." The Baron Thiébault speaks of Amy Brown as the Duc de Berry's "*femme de la main gauche*." The Duc de Broglie calls the Princesse de Lucinge and Madame de Charette the prince's "two natural daughters." The Baron de Mesnard describes them as his "two natural children." Finally, the Comtesse de Boigne, whose long residence in England, where her father, the Marquis d'Osmond, was Ambassador, gave her exceptional facilities for learning all that was known there about the matter, and who was, besides, on intimate terms with many distinguished *émigrés*, including

¹ Among these works may be mentioned the *Encyclopédie des gens du monde* (1830), the *Nouvelle biographie générale* of Didot, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the *Grande Encyclopédie*, and the *New International Encyclopedia*.

several members of the Duc de Berry's entourage, declares, in a letter written in 1861 to Chancellor Pasquier, that she was "firmly convinced that the Duc de Berry had never presented himself at the altar with any other woman than the Princess Caroline of Naples."

CHAPTER VII

Evidence upon which the partisans of marriage rely to establish their claim—The death-certificate of Amy Brown—The letters of the Duc de Berry to the Comte de Clermont-Lodève—Inability of M. Nauroy and his supporters to produce any documentary evidence of the smallest value—Two wills of the Duc de Berry, executed in 1810 and 1817, held by the Vicomte de Reiset to be an unanswerable proof that the prince had never contracted a marriage with Amy Brown—His conclusions considered—Return of the Duc de Berry to France at the Restoration—Amy Brown and his little daughter follow him to Paris—Episode at the Opera—The Duc de Berry visits Amy incognito—The *danseuse* Virginie Oreille becomes the mistress of the prince—"The Amours of Paul and Virginie"—The violent language of the Duc de Berry towards the officers under his command contributes to alienate the Army from the Bourbons—The Duc de Berry and Virginie during the Hundred Days—Conduct of the prince after the Second Restoration.

BUT let us see what is the evidence upon which the partisans of the marriage chiefly rely to establish their case. Well, in the first place, there is the death-certificate of Amy Brown, with which M. Nauroy makes great play. Amy Brown died on May 7, 1876, at the Château of la Contrie, commune of Couffé, Loire-Inférieure, at the age of ninety-three, and her *acte de décès* was as follows:—

"Extract from the registers of the Commune of Couffé, Year 1876.

"The Year 1876, the 7th of May, at mid-day, before us, Henri Poupet, mayor, officer of the civil state of the commune of Couffé, canton of Ligné, department of the Loire-Inférieure, have appeared: Macé, Pierre, aged fifty-six years, servant at the Château of la Contrie, commune of Couffé, and Ouvrard, Louis, aged twenty-nine years, schoolmaster at Couffé, both neighbours of the defunct, who have declared to us that this morning, at five o'clock, Amy Brown, aged ninety-three years, born at Maidstone, county of Kent (England) life tenant of the said Château of la Contrie, daughter of the defunct Joseph Brown and Marie Anne Deacon, *widow of Charles Ferdinand*, is deceased in her house, as we have assured ourselves. The present certificate

having been read over to the witnesses, we have signed with them, the same day, month, and year.

Signed : P. Macé, L. Ouvrard, and Poupet.”¹

This deed is regarded by M. Nauroy, who is obviously very proud indeed of his discovery, as an irrefutable proof of the marriage.

“Widow of Charles-Ferdinand!” he exclaims. “What scruple, what secret prevision, has prevented the addition of Berry, of Bourbon, of Artois, or of France? What does it matter? Circumstance rare with a woman, she who is called Madame Brown has survived her marriage three-quarters of a century, her husband more than half a century, and the second wife of the latter six years, and never a complaint, a protest, from her during her lifetime. Only from a dull collection of the civil deeds of an obscure commune a posthumous protest emerges, the truth, so long concealed, disengages itself at last, and it is we, who have never seen this unhappy woman, who have discovered it and brought it to light.”²

In point of fact, it is no proof at all, for, though M. Nauroy evidently intends us to believe that, before her death, Amy Brown had given instructions that the words “widow of Charles Ferdinand” were to be inserted in the certificate, nothing authorises such a supposition. On the other hand, as the Vicomte de Reiset and M. La Resié,³ both point out, Amy Brown died in a place where her younger daughter, Madame de Charette, and her children possessed great influence, and the mayor no doubt inscribed on the registers what was dictated to him, without thinking for a single moment of disputing it. If the Charettes preferred, very naturally, to regard themselves as the descendants of a marriage rather than of a liaison, the worthy M. Poupet, who was very possibly one of their tenants, was certainly not prepared to argue the matter with them and risk their displeasure by denying to their relative—a lady whom all the neighbourhood had respected—the honour which they claimed for her. Hence, the only value of this document to which M.

¹ M. Charles Nauroy, *les Secrets des Bourbons* (1882). This deed had been published by the author two years earlier, in a little brochure, entitled *le Premier mariage du duc de Berry prouvé par document authentique*.

² *Le Premier mariage du duc de Berry prouvé par document authentique* (1880).

³ M. La Resié, *Demi-Bourbons, Carnet*, December, 1902.

Nauroy attaches so much importance is to show that the Charettes, like the Lucinges, believed in the marriage.

The letters of the Duc de Berry to the Comte de Clermont-Lodève, published, as we have seen, with the object of refuting the allegation that George Brown was the prince's son, have been claimed by the partisans of the marriage as fresh evidence of the truth of their contention. They point triumphantly to the tender and respectful manner in which the Duc de Berry speaks of Amy, to the fact that they were actually living under the same roof, and to the happiness which the prince seemed to find in his "*cher petit ménage*." They argue that the existence of this interesting establishment must have been well known to many persons besides his correspondent, and that Louis XVIII. and the Comte d'Artois could not have been ignorant of it,¹ and ask whether the prince would have ventured to live thus openly with a lady unless under the sanction of the Church.

Well, a good many men, even in exalted positions, have "kept house" with their inamoratas without its being regarded as a serious presumption in favour of marriage, and the conduct of the Duc de Berry after the Restoration, and even after his marriage with the Princess Caroline, when a good deal more discretion was expected of him than during his residence in England, certainly does not point to any great regard for *les convenances*, or for the susceptibilities of Louis XVIII. and his father, though the recollection of the latter's own "goings on" with Madame de Polastron² were still too fresh in people's minds to have made it very easy for him to remonstrate with his son. Nor, if his letters testify to a very warm attachment

¹ See a letter, *la Vérité sur le mariage du duc de Berry*, signed XXX. in the *Figaro*, September 15, 1902.

² Marie Louise Françoise d'Esparbès de Lussan. Having had the misfortune to marry the Comte de Polastron, "a nonentity who played the violin," she became the mistress of the Comte d'Artois, and, when the Revolution broke out, followed the prince to Turin, and afterwards lived with him in Scotland and England. She died of consumption in London on March 27, 1804. On her deathbed, she made *Monsieur*, who had loved her passionately to the last, take a solemn oath, in the presence of his almoner, the Abbé de Latil, that "after her, he would love no one but God." This oath he faithfully observed. A few weeks after his mistress's death, the prince wrote to his friend, the Comte de Vaudreuil: "I have no longer anything on earth, neither object, nor desire, nor hope, nor even any feeling. She used to reunite everything; she used to animate everything for me, and her death has broken all the links of my heart, my soul, and my mind." Unfortunately, the Duc de Berry was incapable of anything approaching such fidelity as this.

and regard for Amy, do they contain a single word which allows us to suppose that their connection was anything more than an ordinary liaison ; indeed, the fact that he never refers to the lady as his wife would appear to indicate the contrary.

There is, however, another letter of the Duc de Berry to Clermont-Lodève, which, since it had no bearing on the question of George Brown, was not among those cited in the *Temps*, but was subsequently communicated by the Marquis de Luppé to the Vicomte de Reiset, and published by the latter in *les Enfants du duc de Berry*. This letter, which is dated August 26, 1810, is evidently in answer to one in which Clermont-Lodève had suggested to his royal friend a marriage between him and Mlle. d'Orléans, sister of Louis-Philippe.¹ "Thou dost send me word," writes the prince, "that thou wouldst wish that I was in love with *Mademoiselle* ; but, on thy conscience, dost thou believe that I could present as a sister to the daughter of Louis XVI.² that of his assassin ?" ³

This seems to be a pretty conclusive argument that, at any rate, so late as the summer of 1810, the connection between the Duc de Berry and Amy Brown had not been regularized, for no one can suppose that Clermont-Lodève would have suggested to the duke an alliance with Mlle. d'Orléans, if he had been already married.

The closer the so-called evidence in favour of the marriage is examined, the weaker does it become. It is perfectly futile for its partisans to cite the opinions of the Lucinges and the Charettes, who can hardly be supposed to view the matter from an impartial standpoint, or those of Ministers and officials of the July Monarchy, the Second Empire, and the Third Republic, who had the strongest possible reason for desiring to cast doubt upon the legitimacy of the Comte de Chambord, or to assert that "Madame Brown was received in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, not as if she had been the mistress of the prince, but as a legitimate spouse from whom reasons of State had obliged him to separate ;" ⁴ just as though the Faubourg Saint-Germain might have been expected to turn its aristocratic back

¹ Louise Marie Adélaïde Eugénie, Mlle. d'Orléans, better known under the name of Madame Adélaïde.

² The Duchesse d'Angoulême.

³ Philippe Egalité.

⁴ *Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et Curieux*, December 10, 1902.

upon the mother of the Princesse de Lucinge and the Baronne de Charette, two of its own acknowledged leaders!

What is required to establish a claim such as this, are not opinions, but documentary evidence, and, with the exception of the death-certificate of Amy Brown, of which the worthlessness has been shown, and the letters of the Duc de Berry to Clermont-Lodève, which the defenders of the marriage would have done better to ignore, there is none forthcoming.

Where is the certificate of the marriage which is declared to have taken place in the French Chapel in King Street, or, as some writers assert, in what is now St. James's, Spanish Place? It has "disappeared."¹

Where is the brief which, according to M. Nauroy, was issued by Pius VII. "annulling the marriage, but declaring the two daughters born from it legitimate?" It has "disappeared."²

Where is the correspondence which must have taken place between the Courts of France and Naples, on the one side, and between the former and the Vatican, on the other, when "the Neapolitan Government, before according the hand of Marie-Caroline, insisted on the proof of the annulment by the Pope of the first marriage?"³ It has "disappeared."

No effort has been spared to discover these documents, and

¹ In the celebrated action brought in 1861 by the son of Jérôme Bonaparte's marriage with Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, against his half-brother, the Prince Napoleon, Maître Alloa, counsel for the petitioner, who sought to assimilate the Bonaparte-Patterson union to the pretended marriage of the Duc de Berry with Amy Brown, declared that the registers of King Street had been tampered with and the certificate abstracted. The Abbé Tourzel, the chaplain, having been communicated with by the defence, denied that there was the slightest justification for such an assertion. His statement has, within recent years, been confirmed by his nephew, Monsignor Louis Tourzel, the present chaplain, who writes, under date April 11, 1904, to the Vicomte de Reiset: "Our registers of King Street do not bear any trace of mutilation, and the leaves are numbered. An abstraction appears to be improbable."

² Pius VII., it may be here observed, was the same Pontiff who had had the courage to resist Napoleon when at the height of his power and to refuse to annul his childless marriage with Joséphine. It is, therefore, in the highest degree improbable that he would have shown himself more complaisant in the case of a marriage from which children had been born.

Further, the Holy See had never recognised the right claimed by the Kings of France over the marriages of the princes of their House, and Louis XIII. had solicited in vain from Urban VIII. the annulment of the marriage of his brother Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, with Marguerite of Lorraine, which had been contracted without his consent.

³ *Les Secrets des Bourbons.*

every assistance has been rendered the partisans of the marriage by the French Government,¹ which, on at least one occasion, is believed to have instituted researches on its own account. But no trace of them is to be found, and the registers of the French Chapel in London, and of St. James's, Spanish Place, the archives of the French Foreign Office, the Vatican archives, and the diplomatic archives of Naples have all alike been drawn blank.

If, however, M. Nauroy and his supporters have no documentary evidence of any value to which they can point, this is not the case with those who deny the existence of the marriage. Shortly before the publication of *les Enfants du duc de Berry*, the Vicomte de Reiset received an invitation from the Duke of Parma to visit him at Scherzau, in Austria. This prince had, it appeared, been greatly annoyed by the publication of the letter in the *Figaro* of September 15, 1902, signed XXX., of which we have spoken elsewhere, and the appearance of a fantastic brochure entitled *le Premier mariage du duc de Berry à Londres*, by an author who wrote under the pseudonym of the Comte de Rorch' Yantel, and learning that the Vicomte de Reiset was engaged upon a work intended to clear the memory of the Duc de Berry from the reproach of bigamy, he had determined to communicate to him certain documents which, he believed, would destroy once and for all a legend which had been the cause of so much unpleasantness to the descendants of the Princess Caroline.

The documents in question which have been published, together with facsimiles, by the Vicomte de Reiset in an appendix to his work, were two oleograph wills made by the Duc de Berry, the first dated May 9, 1810, during his residence in England; the second, September 5, 1817, that is to say about a year after his marriage with the Princess Caroline.

The text of the first will was as follows :

¹ "At my request, supported by the Marquis de Noailles, our Ambassador to the King of Italy, Signor Cairoli, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has caused researches to be instituted in the diplomatic archives of Naples, and it results, from the answer which has been transmitted to me both by M. de Noailles and by the Italian consul, that the correspondence has disappeared. On the other hand, M. de Freycinet, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has caused researches to be made in the diplomatic archives of France, and it has been stated that the papers have disappeared. But the documents of which I signal the disappearance still exist, and history will certainly know them."—M. Charles Nauroy, *les Secrets des Bourbons*.

"In the event of sudden death, I declare the two daughters whose baptismal certificates are annexed,¹ to be my natural children. I nominate as their tutors the Baron de Roll and the Comte de la Ferronnays.

"London, May 9, 1810.

"CHARLES FERDINAND
"Duc de Berri, grandson of France"

The second was thus conceived :

"In the event of my dying without executing another deed, my will is that my private property, principally my pictures, be sold for the benefit of my natural daughters, Charlotte and Louise, daughters of Mme. Brown, and a fifth of the sum for the benefit of Charles, my natural son by Virginie Oreille.² The 70,000 francs in my portfolio will be divided between the two mothers of my said children.

"Elysée, September 5, 1817.

"CHARLES FERDINAND"

In the opinion of the Vicomte de Reiset, these two wills are "evident and unanswerable proof that the Duc de Berry had never been married before espousing the princess of the Two Sicilies." "The daughters whom he had by Amy Brown," he continues, "are *natural* children, like the son whom he had by Virginie Oreille; and, if he favours the two first from the pecuniary point of view, he does not the less place them on the same footing from the point of view of their origin, in giving them all three *the same qualification*. The advantage accorded to the two mothers is identical for each, and the sum which is bequeathed to them is equally divided.

"If it is sought to pretend, in regard to the will of 1817, that his marriage with Marie-Caroline compelled the Duc de Berry to dissimulate, even in a deed of this nature, the legitimate situation of his daughters, this is an argument which the testament of 1810, written at a time when he was not constrained to any discretion, would come to destroy. Poor exile in 1810, or prince all-powerful in 1817, he has employed the same terms in speaking of his daughters."

¹ Only one certificate, that of the future Baronne de Charette, was enclosed in the envelope which contained the two wills.

² See p. 93 and note.

There seems to us to be only one weak point in this argument—the possibility of a marriage between the date of the first will and the Restoration, or rather between the Duc de Berry's letter to Clermont-Lodève of August 26, 1810 and that event. If we exclude the time subsequent to the retreat of the Grand Army from Moscow, which struck a mortal blow at the power and prestige of Napoleon and made a Bourbon restoration a contingency which had once more to be taken into account—though it must be remembered that up to within a few weeks of the fall of the Empire the allies were still prepared to make peace with Napoleon on terms which would have left him in tranquil possession of the throne of France, and that no one but those most intimately acquainted with him could have foreseen that his insensate obstinacy would have impelled him to prolong the struggle to the bitter end—there still remains a period of two years. Well, the prospect of a restoration had never seemed so remote as in 1811, when the birth of the King of Rome placed the coping-stone upon the mighty fabric of Napoleon's fortunes and promised to assure the continuance of his dynasty. If then the chance of the re-establishment of his family had hitherto deterred the Duc de Berry from regularizing his connection with a woman to whom he was tenderly attached and who had borne him two children, this would have been the moment when he might well have decided that there was no longer any justification for such hopes, and have acted accordingly. However, the possibility of the marriage having taken place within the period mentioned is, it must be admitted, a very slight one, for we learn from the *Souvenirs* of La Ferronnays that in April 1813 he was charged with a mission to Russia to negotiate an alliance between the Duc de Berry and the Grand Duchess Anne, sister of Alexander I. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to assume that Louis XVIII. was already taking steps to get his nephew's marriage annulled—and, so far as we are aware, it has never been alleged that anything was done in this direction until the beginning of the following year—we must conclude that the prince was still unmarried up to within a twelvemonth of the Restoration.

The year 1814 opened a new career to the Duc de Berry. In January, he sailed for France, with the intention of landing on the Breton coast, where he was assured that a large force of

armed Royalists were only awaiting the arrival of one of the princes to march upon Paris. On reaching Jersey, however, he learned that the information which the credulous counsellors of Louis XVIII. had been so ready to accept emanated from the agents of the Imperial police, who had hoped by this means to lure one or more of the princes into their clutches. He therefore prudently remained in Jersey until the abdication of Napoleon and the break up of the Empire permitted him to return in peace; and it was not until April 16 that, accompanied by the Comtes de la Ferronnays, de Nantouillet, de Mesnard, and de Clermont-Lodève, he disembarked at Cherbourg, where he met with a very flattering reception. Journeying southwards by way of Caen and Rouen, he joined the Royal Family at Compiègne, and on May 3 made with Louis XVIII. his entry into Paris.

Scarcely had the Duc de Berry re-entered France, than he sent for Amy Brown and his daughters to follow him thither, which they did, under the escort of the Duc de Coigny, and proceeded straight to Paris. If we are to believe the Duchesse de Gontaut, Amy had up to this time been in entire ignorance of her lover's exalted station, and only learned the fact on the evening of her arrival in the French capital.

"Among the festivities which took place on the King's entry into Paris," she writes, "that of the Opera was the first, the most beautiful, the most brilliant, each box being illuminated by a lustre up to the highest tier. The King's box presented a dazzling appearance, as well as the three on either side of it, in which sat the ladies who had been invited, in full Court toilette. I was in one of these boxes. One box only on the second tier was empty, and my attention was drawn to it for this reason. I perceived a woman enter it, covered with a lace veil, which enveloped her, but permitted one to see her face—a pale, beautiful face, which instantly recalled that of the silent lady of the Opera in London. She remained standing, but, with the light falling upon her, she was very conspicuous. At the moment when the King's procession approached, every one rose, their eyes fixed on the royal box. A gentleman-in-ordinary of the King's Household advanced, and in a loud voice announced: 'The King!' The Duc de Berry appeared; all the princes followed him; each ranging himself so as to make way for the King. It was a moment of profound silence, which

allowed us to hear the sound of a heavy fall in the box on the second tier : the white lady had disappeared. Then the King entered, all looks were directed towards him, and the cries of '*Vive le Roi !*' were unanimous. I endeavoured to learn what could have happened to the lady, whom I had seen carried out fainting, and who did not re-appear. I saw that *Monseigneur* [the Duc de Berry] had noticed it ; he said a word to M. de Clermont, who disappeared. . . . During the *entr'acte* between the two pieces, M. de Clermont came to pay me a visit. He appeared to me to have been very much upset. He told me, in a very low tone, that Madame Brown had arrived from London an hour before the performance, and that *Monseigneur* had sent her the ticket for the box, recommending her to come as early as possible. The Duc de Berry, having been in Jersey, had not seen her for a long time, and the surprise that he wished to give her might have killed her. Madame Brown, having led a very retired life, was ignorant of the high position of *Monseigneur* ; and, learning it all of a sudden, its splendour, far from dazzling her, had only made her realize the immense gulf between herself and him, impossible for her ever to cross."

It would appear that, in the last phrases, Madame de Gontaut is not reporting the words of Clermont-Lodève, but merely giving us her own opinion on the matter, for we can scarcely suppose that the Duc de Berry would have been able, even if he had wished, to conceal from his mistress for nearly seven years his real position. To assume that such was the case, is not only to credit the prince with powers of dissimulation which he certainly never possessed, but to argue that the many friends and acquaintances whom Amy Brown is known to have had among the *émigrés* in London were all in a conspiracy to deceive her.

The appearance of her lover, no doubt in a splendid uniform blazing with orders, amid the pomp of the royal procession, may well have awakened in her a sudden presentiment that, now that he had resumed his rank, he was far removed from her, and that the happy family life which they had led together in England must come to an end. This, combined with the heat of the crowded theatre, the excitement, and the fatigue of her journey, are surely sufficient to account for her swoon, without seeking any further reason !

The Duc de Berry had purchased for Amy and his daughters a little hôtel in the middle of an extensive garden, situated between the Rue de Clichy and the Rue Blanche. Here he visited her nearly every day, generally in the evening, and always in the strictest incognito. It would appear, however, from the reports of the police preserved in the Archives Nationales, that he might just as well have spared himself these precautions, and that his visits to "the Duke of Wellington's niece," as they style Amy, was no secret, at least in official circles.

Notwithstanding the regularity of the visits, it must not be supposed that Amy still reigned supreme over the prince's heart, since the greater portion of that inflammatory organ had lately been transferred to a new charmer.

On the evening preceding the State entry of Louis XVIII. into Paris, the Duc de Berry, who was supposed to be watching over the precious person of his royal uncle at Saint-Ouen, as commandant of the King's Guard, had paid a surreptitious visit to Paris and the Opera, arriving just as the ballet was about to begin. For some moments the prince swept with his lorgnette the ranks of seductive damsels who evolved gracefully before his admiring gaze in a cloud of muslin and tulle, until, on a sudden, his attention was arrested by a ravishing creature, with sparkling dark eyes, an enchanting smile, and a shape which a nymph might have envied. Transported with admiration, his Royal Highness followed her every movement with his lorgnette until the fall of the curtain, when he hastened into the *coulisses*—it was never his habit to consider his dignity on such occasions as this—sought out one of the officials of the Opera, and demanded the name of the fair ballerina. He was told that it was Virginie Oreille—on the stage Virginie Letellier—and that she was the daughter of the coiffeur of the Opera. His informant may have added that the beauteous Virginie had not considered it incumbent upon her to live up to her name, having soon after her *début* accepted the "protection" of no less a person than the Duc d'Istrie, better known to fame as the Maréchal Bessières. A year ago, however, poor Bessières had met a soldier's death on the field of Lützen, and no one, so far as was known, had as yet replaced him in her affections. Perhaps Monseigneur would permit him to present Mlle. Letellier. Most certainly Monseigneur would.

The damsel came, blushing beneath her rouge, and more than confirmed the favourable impression which his Royal Highness had formed of her across the footlights. Under the old *régime* the wishes of princes had been as commands for the ladies of the theatre, and, though the Revolution had changed many things, it had not changed that. Mlle. Virginie was no more cruel to the Duc de Berry than Mlle. Contat and other queens of the footlights had been to his father in days gone by. The day was already beginning to break when the prince left Paris on his return to Saint-Ouen. Alas! poor Amy!

Soon the amours of Paul and Virginie, as a lampoon which was published against the Duc de Berry calls them, were the talk of Paris. Virginie rode about in an elegant *calash*, with "Paul" sitting by her side; she appeared in the Bois de Boulogne, escorted by the bodyguards of *Monsieur*; she showed herself with her father and mother in a box exactly opposite that of the King at a gala performance at the Théâtre-Feydeau, and "unheard-of sums" were reported to be expended for her gratification. Before the end of the year, all the town knew that the young lady might shortly be expected to present her royal admirer with a pledge of her affection. One would have imagined oneself back in the shameless days of the "Well-Beloved."

All this naturally did not tend to raise his Royal Highness in the public estimation, for the Bonapartists were quick to seize the opportunity thus afforded them of depreciating the only member of the Royal Family who possessed qualities in the least likely to appeal to the popular fancy, and represented the prince as a kind of satyr.

With the Army, in which Louis XVIII. had appointed him Colonel-general of Chasseurs and Lancers, the Duc de Berry succeeded no better than with the Parisians. The soldiers, it is true, were rather pleased with his free and easy manners, but his violent temper and deplorable want of dignity made him many enemies among the officers, particularly among the veterans of Napoleon's wars, who bitterly resented being reprimanded and abused by a prince whose military experience had been gained in the service of the enemies of France.

"The Duc de Berry," writes Castellane, "has been guilty of several ridiculous outbursts of temper, among others one at Metz, at the School of Engineering, another to a colonel at

Nancy. This prince is intoxicated with his authority, and resembles a student who has just left college and is quite astonished at having his liberty."

And again :

"There has been a little war at Monceaux. Some soldiers loaded their muskets with ball-cartridge ; a man has been killed, several wounded. M. Gabriel Delissert, who was present as an amateur, had his horse killed. The victors had at their head the Duc d'Angoulême ; the vanquished, the Duc de Berry. The latter deranged the manœuvres agreed upon and made them ridiculous. Chance decided that several balls should whistle past his ears. The Duc de Berry is said to have given Meyronnet, of the 1st Chasseurs, several blows with the flat of his sword. The major asserts that his horse received them, and that the prince placed the point of his sword against his breast. He called Colonel Robert and Major Villate . . . scoundrels, whom he would cause to die in prison, because he found them in a wrong position, and General Mensiau, a fat pig. Captain Morel, of the 1st Hussars, having wished to bring away some pieces of cannon which the Duc de Berry had caused to advance right up to the skirmishers, that prince said to him : ' I will have you placed in irons and shot ! ' " ¹

An accident such as Castellane describes might well have disturbed the equanimity of even the most patient of men ; but, at the same time, nothing can excuse the employment of opprobrious language to veteran officers who were apparently in no way responsible for the mishap ; and there can be no doubt that the prince's unfortunate explosions of temper, of which the above was by no means an isolated example, were not the least among the causes which contributed to disgust the Army with the Bourbons and to dispose it to welcome the returning Emperor with open arms.

When the news of Napoleon's landing reached Paris, the Duc de Berry was appointed to the command of the forces which were intended for the defence of the capital. His army, however, rapidly melted away, and at one o'clock in the morning of March 20, after bidding a tender farewell to Virginie, who had presented him with a son a fortnight before,² he began his

¹ *Journal du Maréchal de Castellane*, September 23 and October 20, 1814.

² Charles Louis Auguste Oreille de Carrière, called the Chevalier de Carrière. After the assassination of the Duc de Berry in February 1820, the Duc and Duchesse

retreat towards the Belgian frontier, at the head of the few troops who had remained faithful. At half-past eight on the evening of the same day, Napoleon entered Paris.

During the Hundred Days, the Duc de Berry was stationed with his little force at Alost. He was not without consolation in his exile, for Virginie had remained faithful to her prince; and, so soon as her health permitted, had followed him to Belgium¹ and established herself at Ghent, where, under the convenient pretext of paying his court to the King, her lover visited her daily.

When Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo had once more opened the gates of France to the Bourbons, the Duc de Berry returned to Paris. Having been sent by Louis XVIII. to Lille to preside over the Electoral College of the Nord, he contributed with all his power in this department to form that "*Chambre introuvable*" which was to prove more royalist than the King, and which the King was eventually obliged to dissolve. On his return to the capital, he showed himself one of the most violent partisans of the reaction, and the extravagance of his language was such that, if we are to believe Castellane, Louis XVIII. felt obliged to administer a severe reprimand, and even to threaten to exile him if he did not moderate it.²

d'Angoulême took charge of the boy and sent him to the college of the Lazarists at Montdidier, where the latter frequently came to visit him. From there he passed to the Lycée-Bourbon, and subsequently obtained a commission in the Austrian army. He married in 1842 an Austrian lady, Fraulein Jugan, and, a few years later, resigned his commission, returned to France, and took up his residence at Passy. He died there in August 1858, at the age of forty-four. By his marriage with Fraulein Jugan, Charles de Carrière had a son, Casimir Charles Oreille de Carrière, who was at one time on the French stage.

¹ Poor Virginie had been having a very bad time in Paris, for *père* Oreille, who appears to have been a gentleman of a somewhat mercenary disposition, was furious at the turn which events had taken, and overwhelmed his daughter with reproaches. "When the father of the belle," writes General Thiébault, "saw that the only result of the Restoration, so far as he was concerned, was the interesting condition of his daughter, he pretended to be afflicted with a veritable despair, and, in relating to all comers what he called, at the time, his misfortune, he never failed to conclude his jeremiad with these words: 'Finally, what crowns my dishonour, is that I am going to have a little Bourbon in my family.' Well, eighteen months after the second Restoration, he was gratified by another little Bourbon; but circumstances had modified his sentiments, and he no longer spoke of it except with pride."—*Mémoires du général baron Thiébault*.

² "The Duc de Berry distinguishes himself by the absurdity of his talk. 'The marshals are going to be hunted; we must kill at least eight of them,' said he to the *Maréchal* Marmont. The Duc de Raguse [Marmont], scandalised, went to find the

After a time, however, he ceased to take any active part in politics and confined himself to his military duties. Aware that his conduct after the first Restoration had been among the causes of the defection of the Army, he now treated his officers with much greater consideration; while the short addresses which he was accustomed to deliver at reviews and inspections were much appreciated by the troops, for he was an excellent speaker and knew how to reach the hearts of the soldiers. Nor was it forgotten that after Waterloo the Duc de Berry had shown great solicitude for the French prisoners at Ghent and other Belgian towns, and that a certain grenadier of the Imperial Guard treasured a handkerchief embroidered with his Royal Highness's monogram, which the prince had given him to bind up a wounded arm. Paris, too, began to alter its opinion of the prince, for, if his morals left a good deal to be desired, and if his manners were brusque and sadly lacking in that dignity which one is accustomed to associate with royalty, his generosity and kindness were undeniable. Thus, at the time of his marriage with the Princess Caroline, the Duc de Berry had become quite a popular personage.

Duc de Richelieu [President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs]. The Minister, indignant, asked him if he would sustain these words before the King, and put the same question to Lieutenant-General Maison, to whom the Duc de Berry had also repeated them. The marshal replied 'Yes.' They related to Louis XVIII. his nephew's pretty speech. The King fell into a great rage, and sent for the Duc de Berry. 'You will cause my dynasty to be driven from the throne,' said he to him. 'If you continue, I shall banish you from Paris.'—*Journal du Maréchal de Castellane*, December 1815.

CHAPTER VIII

The Duc and Duchesse de Berry at the Élysée-Bourbon—History of the palace—The duchess's apartments—A happy marriage—Simple habits of the young couple—Anecdotes of the ticket-collector of the Champs-Élysées and of the young man with the umbrella—Their love of the arts—Their musical tastes—Household of the Duchesse de Berry—The Duchesse de Reggio, *dame d'honneur*—The Comtesse de la Ferronnays, *dame d'atours*—Madame de Gontaut—Mesdames de Lauriston, de Hautefort, de Bouillé, and de Gourgues—Monseigneur de Bombelles, first almoner—The Duc de Lévis, first equestrian—The Comte de Mesnard, *chevalier d'honneur*—The Élysée and the Tuileries—Attachment of Louis XVIII. to the Duchesse de Berry—Affectionate relations between the young princess and *Madame*, the Duc d'Angoulême, and *Monsieur*—Visit of the Duchesse de Berry to the old Prince de Condé at Chantilly—The Élysée and the Palais-Royal—Louis XVIII.'s distrust of the Duc d'Orléans—The Duchesse de Berry endeavours to persuade the King to confer the title of "Royal Highness" upon Louis-Philippe, but without success.

IT will be remembered that, on the evening of her wedding-day, the Duchesse de Berry had been conducted by her husband to the Élysée—or the Élysée-Bourbon, as it was then called—which was to be their future home. Although of comparatively modern date, this beautiful palace, now the official residence of the President of the Third Republic, had already passed through many hands and sheltered beneath its roof a number of royal and other distinguished personages. Constructed in 1718, by the architect Molet for Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Comte d'Évreux, third son of the Duc de Bouillon, who had married the daughter of the wealthy banker Crozat, it bore until the death of its first owner the name of the Hôtel d'Évreux. It was then purchased by Madame de Pompadour, who partially rebuilt it and furnished it in the most extravagant fashion, the curtains in the grand salon costing, it is said, between five and six thousand livres a-piece. Finding that the trees in the Champs-Élysées obstructed her view from the windows, she had a number of them cut down, after which she actually proposed to annex part of the promenade itself, in order to turn it into a kitchen-garden; but, though she had no difficulty in obtaining Louis

XV.'s permission to do so, the indignation which such a proceeding aroused among the Parisians, decided her to abandon the idea.¹

In her will the favourite left the "Hôtel de Pompadour" to the King, at the same time expressing a desire that it should be converted into a palace for the Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.). The monarch, however, so far from respecting her last wishes, sold it, in 1773, to the financier Beaujon, whose residence there was signalised by *fêtes* which have remained famous. After Beaujon's death, it was purchased by the Duchesse de Bourbon, who baptized it the "Élysée-Bourbon;" but when the Revolution came, and the duchess left the country, it was confiscated with the rest of the property of the *émigrés* and leased to an *entrepreneur*, who transformed it into a restaurant and place of public amusement. It remained national property until the beginning of 1804, when Napoleon purchased it and presented it to his youngest sister, Caroline Murat, who resided there with her husband from 1805 to 1808, and, according to M. Frédéric Masson, expended no less than four million francs on its embellishment.² On Joachim Murat being created King of Naples, he and his wife relinquished the Élysée and the rest of their property in France to the Emperor, who conceived a great liking for the palace and frequently resided there. Joséphine lived there after her divorce, until the jealousy of the new Empress compelled her to vacate it. It was at the Élysée that Napoleon spent part of the Hundred Days, and it was from there that he started, at first for Waterloo, afterwards for St. Helena. In 1814, and again after Waterloo, it served as the residence of the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia. That singular *illuminée*, Madame de Krüdener, then the keeper of his Imperial Majesty's conscience, had accompanied him to Paris on his second visit and established herself at the Hôtel de Montchenu, in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré; and every alternate evening the Czar, accompanied only by a single attendant, used to walk across to the lady's house and remain there until a very late hour, the time being spent in prayer and the study of the Bible. On Sundays, Madame de Krüdener

¹ One fine morning, the marchioness discovered that during the night the inscription "*Hôtel de Pompadour*" had been removed from the portal of her door, and the words "*Regiæ meretricis Ædis*" substituted.

² *Napoléon et sa famille.*

had a place reserved for her in a room overlooking Alexander's private chapel in the Élysée, where, with her features concealed by a white veil, she remained throughout the service, in order that her soul might be united in prayer with that of her royal disciple.¹

At the Restoration, the Duchesse de Bourbon had successfully asserted her claim to the Élysée, but she was persuaded to accept in exchange the Hôtel de Monaco, in the Rue de Varennes, and Louis XVIII. decided that it should form part of the appanage of the Duc de Berry.

The Élysée was certainly suggestive of many reflections upon the vicissitudes of human affairs, but no foreboding of what the future might have in store for her was allowed to trouble the happiness of the young bride who entered it for the first time that beautiful June evening ; and we may imagine the naïve delight with which she must have beheld the elegance and luxury of her future home and inspected the preparations which had been made for her reception.

The apartment selected for the princess overlooked the gardens, which in 1816 were much more extensive than they are to-day ; indeed, their low walls, completely hidden by ivy, gave them the appearance of a spacious park. Her boudoir was the charming salon with the silver wainscoting which had been Marie-Louise's favourite room, and in which, twelve months before, Napoleon had signed his second abdication. Few changes appear to have been made in the decoration of this apartment since the ex-Empress had left it ; but the furniture of violet taffeta embroidered with silver which Marie-Louise had chosen had been removed and the room upholstered in blue silk spangled with silver *fleurs de lis*.

The days which followed her marriage were busy ones for the Duchesse de Berry. On June 18, after hearing Mass at the Tuileries, she received the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers and their wives. She then drove with her husband to Bagatelle, which had been given him as a country-residence, and in the evening dined with the King *en famille* at the Tuileries. On the 19th, she accompanied Louis XVIII. and the Royal Family to Saint Cloud,² where his Majesty gave an

¹ For a full account of the singular relations between Alexander I. and Madame de Krüdener, see the author's "Madame Récamier and her Friends" (Harpers), 1901.

² What might have been a serious accident occurred as the Duchesse de Berry

informal dinner-party, to which several of the Ambassadors and a number of distinguished persons of the Court had the honour of being invited. After a walk in the park, then in all the beauty of early summer, the royal party returned to the Tuileries in time for the State ball, which was to be one of the chief events of the marriage festivities. This was held in the theatre of the château, which had been magnificently decorated for the occasion, all the pillars being ornamented with garlands of choice flowers. The Duchesse de Berry, who had taken her first dancing-lesson on the preceding day, opened the ball with the Duc d'Angoulême.

On the 20th, the municipal authorities presented themselves at the Élysée to compliment the newly-married pair, and to offer the duchess the presents which from time immemorial the town of Paris had been in the habit of making to the brides of princes of the Royal House: perfumed tapers of white wax and boxes of dried fruits. The boxes—twelve in number—were of cardboard, decorated with silver paper, on which was inscribed the Arms of Paris, and covered with blue taffeta. "Monseigneur, Madame," said the Prefect of the Seine, who headed the deputation, "the municipality of Paris, in presenting its humble felicitations to your Royal Highnesses, offers you the same presents which our fathers offered to your ancestors. This modest homage, consecrated by the ancient usage of the Monarchy, attests the moderation and simplicity of our august masters. We have preserved its character with religious respect, assured that the offering which comes from the heart is the only one that would be worthy of you and that could be accepted."

In the afternoon of the same day, the Duc and Duchesse de Berry attended the ceremony of the benediction and distribution of colours to the Royal Guard in the Champ de Mars, the duchesse and *Madame* driving thither in the King's carriage, while *Monsieur* and his sons accompanied them on horseback. The troops, who were under the command of the Duc de Tarente, better known to history as Maréchal Macdonald, defiled past the King, who was seated upon a kind of throne,

was leaving the Tuileries. The horses attached to the calash in which she and the Duchesse d'Angoulême were riding took fright, and the carriage came into such violent collision with a post that it was all but overturned, and the pole was broken off short. As it was, the princesses escaped with nothing worse than a severe shaking.

after which the colonels of the various regiments advanced in turn to receive the new colours. The Duc de Feltre, Minister for War, offered the standards to Louis XVIII., who, aided by *Monsieur*, inclined the head of each staff, first to the Duchesse d'Angoulême and then to the Duchesse de Berry. The two princesses successively attached the tassels to the standards, which the King then presented to the colonels, who, escorted by detachments from their regiments, repaired to an altar which had been erected for the occasion in the middle of the Champ de Mars, where the new colours were solemnly blessed by the Grand Almoner.

On their way back to the Tuileries, the Royal Family stopped for some minutes on the Place Louis XV., to watch Mlle. Garnerin, the celebrated aëronaut, make an ascent in her balloon. "Mlle. Garnerin," says the *Journal des Débats*, "mounted the basket of flowers which served her for a car, and, on the signal being given, her balloon rose slowly and very majestically. The young and intrepid aëronaut saluted the château (of the Tuileries) by waving a white banner embroidered with the *fleurs de lis*, and scattered upon the crowd, whose eyes followed her with the liveliest interest, a great quantity of couplets and verses in celebration of the marriage of the Duc and Duchesse de Berry, which were eagerly contended for." It is satisfactory to learn that, after rising to a height of nearly seven thousand feet, the lady descended safely in the neighbouring plain of Vaugirard.

The day concluded with a performance in the theatre of the Tuileries.

On the 21st, there was a hunting-party in the Bois de Boulogne, and the Duc and Duchesse de Berry entertained the Royal Family and the whole Court to a fête and a dinner-party at Bagatelle. "It was a delightful day; and I enjoyed myself very much," writes the young princess in her journal.

On the 22nd, the Duchesse de Berry enjoyed a well-earned repose from fêtes and ceremonies, which she spent in writing long letters to her relatives at Naples, for despatch by the courier of the Neapolitan embassy, who was leaving that evening. Her impressions of the events of the last few days must have made very interesting reading, but, unfortunately, the letters do not appear to have been preserved.

In the forenoon of the 23rd, the Duchesse de Berry held a

reception at the Pavillon de Marsan at the Tuileries for the male members of the nobility, and in the evening received the ladies at the Élysée.

The principal event of the following day was a gala performance at the theatre of the Tuileries.

The 25th was devoted to a visit to Sèvres, Versailles, and Trianon. At Trianon, Louis XVIII. gave a dinner-party to the princes and princesses and certain members of the Court, and, on their return to Paris, the Royal Family attended a grand ball given by the Duke of Wellington in honour of the bridal pair. "His lordship," writes the *Moniteur*, "had caused every preparation to be made to respond to the honour which the Royal Family were doing him, and the apartments were magnificently decorated and lighted." The Duchesse de Berry, who had already become an enthusiastic devotee of Terpsichore, did not quit the ball-room until three o'clock in the morning.

On the evening of the 26th, a gala performance was given at the Théâtre des Variétés. The following morning, the Duchesse de Berry drove to Malmaison with *Madame*, and spent a quiet day in the beautiful gardens, which she greatly admired; and on the 28th, the series of official fêtes terminated with a gala performance at the Opéra-Italien, consisting of *la Primavera felice*, an *intermède* by Pair, composed for the marriage, followed by *l'Heureuse journée, ou le 17 Juin*, a vaudeville by Désangiers and Gentil, and concluding with a grand ballet.¹

The termination of the official festivities did not bring any repose to the Duchesse de Berry, who was as indefatigable in her pursuit of pleasure as was that other Italian princess whom in many respects she so closely resembles—Marie Adélaïde of Savoy, Duchesse de Bourgogne; and hunting-parties, balls, and visits to the play continued to occupy a considerable portion of her time. Nor was her activity confined to mere amusements. She visited hospitals and alms-houses, museums, picture-galleries, manufactories, and places of historic interest in and around Paris; took lessons in painting, music and dancing, and held receptions; in a word, her energy appears to have been boundless.

The Duc and Duchesse de Berry were very happy in their

¹ *Journal inédit de la Duchesse de Berry*; *Moniteur*, June 19-30, 1816; *Journal des Débats*, June 19-30, 1816.

married life. The latter was attracted from the first by her bluff, good-natured husband, with his ruddy complexion, his broad shoulders, his pleasant smile, and his hearty laugh, and soon conceived for him a sincere affection. As for the duke, his devotion to the opposite sex was such that it would have been difficult for him to have been much in the society of any woman who was in the least attractive without falling in love with her; and if his young wife failed to comply with any of the recognised standards of beauty, her lovely fair hair, her dazzling complexion, her pleasing expression, and her pretty hands and feet, joined to the freshness and vivacity of youth, made up a very charming personality, and won her a host of admirers wherever she went.

The Duc de Berry was not the least enthusiastic among them, and, though, as we shall presently see, his unfortunate sensibility to feminine charms rendered it impossible for him to give to his consort that whole-hearted devotion which she had the right to expect, there can be no question that he was very warmly attached to her. By a happy coincidence, there existed between husband and wife a resemblance in character and tastes very unusual in the case of royal personages; indeed, notwithstanding the difference of age which separated them, it would have been difficult to find a better-matched pair. Both had the same generous impulses, the same love of the arts, the same passion for pleasure. Both had the same dislike of the constraints of etiquette, and desired nothing so ardently as to be allowed to forget that they were Royal Highnesses. At the *Élysée*, free from the wearisome ceremonial which weighed so heavily upon the inmates of the *Tuileries*, the duke and duchess lived in the simplicity of an almost *bourgeois* existence. "They dance and amuse themselves, they promenade, they frequent the theatres, patronise the artists, visit studios, buy pictures, run the risks of the Opera-ball, and the young princess is never happier than when she can remember that she is young and forget that she is a princess."¹

Often they might be seen going out together, on foot and unattended, by the gate which opens on to the *Champs-Élysées*, and, descending the avenue, mingle familiarly with the promenaders. Sometimes they were to be met with in the shops,

¹ Portmartin, cited by Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Cour de Louis XVIII.*

where they made extensive purchases and allowed themselves to be shamefully imposed upon, in the museum and picture-galleries, or in the humble dwelling of one or other of their numerous pensioners.

Many were the amusing adventures which they encountered in the course of these expeditions. On one occasion, they had seated themselves on two chairs on the Champs-Élysées, but when the ticket-collector came, they found that they had no money upon them. They explained who they were, promising to send a servant to discharge their debt as soon as they returned to the Élysée; but the collector was angrily incredulous and bade them at once vacate the chairs, since they had not the money to pay for them.

Another time, while walking on the Boulevards, they were overtaken by a storm. A young man with an umbrella happening to pass by, the Duc de Berry begged the loan of it to shelter his companion. The young man, who evidently suspected them of harbouring designs upon his property, hesitated, but eventually consented, on condition that he should accompany them to their house. "That is only reasonable," replied the duke, and they set off. They were a long way from home, however, and the owner of the umbrella, with growing impatience, kept inquiring how much further they had to go. At length, they arrived before the Élysée, where, on their Royal Highnesses being recognised, the drums beat to quarters, and the guard turned out and presented arms. The young man, overwhelmed with confusion, stammered some words of apology, and the prince, laughing heartily, restored his umbrella, and thanked him warmly for the service he had rendered him.

One of the greatest bonds of sympathy between the Duc and Duchesse de Berry was their love of the arts. The duke was an excellent judge of pictures and an indefatigable collector, and nothing pleased him so much as to be admitted to the studio of some famous painter when the latter happened to be at work, and to watch a picture taking shape under the master's brush.

The young duchess shared her husband's enthusiasm and frequently accompanied him on these visits, while at the Élysée she surrounded herself with the best artists of the time, and took lessons in oil and water-colour painting, aquatint and modelling. At her suggestion, the duke, who had hitherto confined his

artistic efforts to drawing, for which, as we have said elsewhere, he possessed considerable talent, abandoned the pencil for the brush, and the two often spent long hours painting together. The prince's preference was for military subjects, and some of his water-colour sketches were not without merit.

The Duc de Berry had got together at the Élysée a very fine gallery of pictures, containing some admirable examples of the modern French and English schools, and to this he and his wife were continually adding. The collection contained evidence of its owners' goodness of heart, as well as of their artistic sense. Visitors were often surprised to see side by side with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters, canvasses which were obviously the work of prentice hands, and in some of which it was difficult to perceive the smallest promise. Questioned one day about this, the duchess replied with a smile, "Poor men! To whom do you suppose they would sell their pictures, if I did not buy them?"

The devotion of the royal couple to music was second only to their devotion to art. The Duc de Berry, as we have mentioned, sang agreeably and played upon several instruments. His favourite was the cornet, upon which he is said to have attained quite a high degree of proficiency. The duchess cultivated the piano¹ and the harp, her predilection for the latter instrument being perhaps not unconnected with the fact that it afforded her opportunities for displaying the beauty of her hands and the smallness of her foot.

The Duc and Duchesse de Berry lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the officers and ladies of their respective households. The entourage of the duke was composed almost entirely of old companions-in-arms who had shared his fortunes during the Emigration, and he had exercised a wise discretion in the selection of his wife's attendants, who were all ladies of unblemished reputation and of considerable personal charm.

The princess's *dame d'honneur*, the beautiful Duchesse de Reggio, wife of Maréchal Oudinot, was a woman of rare merit, who had succeeded by her amiability, dignity, and good-sense in establishing her position in an environment which was quite new and entirely hostile. It was a striking testimony to the universal

¹ Madame de Boigne (*Récits d'une tante*) speaks of the Duchesse de Berry "murdering pieces upon the piano," but the general opinion of her contemporaries appears to be that she had a real talent for music and played remarkably well.



MARIE CAROLINE, DUCHESSE DE BERRY
FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER THE PICTURE BY HESSE

esteem in which she was held that, though the bestowal of Court appointments upon representatives of the Imperial *régime* usually provoked the bitter resentment of the Royalist party, who regarded them as their exclusive property, no one had ventured to criticise the propriety of this nomination. In a post of such responsibility, in which she was often called upon to play a very difficult rôle, the Duchesse de Reggio acquitted herself of her task with an unflinching vigilance and tact, and there can be no question that her young mistress was very greatly indebted to her wise counsels. Profoundly attached to the Duchesse de Berry, who, on her side, felt for her the warmest regard, she was to remain faithful to the princess in both good and evil fortune, and to testify for her to the end of her life the most touching devotion.

Next in official rank to the Duchesse de Reggio came the *dame d'atours*, the little Comtesse de la Ferronays, wife of the Duc de Berry's faithful aide-de-camp; but, though an amiable and intelligent woman, she did not exercise nearly so much influence at the *Élysée* as the Vicomtesse, afterwards the Duchesse, de Gontaut, the author of the well-known *Mémoires*. Madame de Gontaut, who had resided during part of the Emigration at Holyrood, and afterwards in London, from which she paid frequent visits to Louis XVIII.'s little Court at Hartwell, was a great favourite with all the members of the Royal Family. But, though a devoted adherent of the Bourbons, she was far from sharing the prejudices of the *émigré* party. In consequence of the marriage of her cousin, the Vicomte de Valence, with the daughter of Madame de Genlis, she had shared the education of the children of "Philippe Egalité," and having lived much in English society and being a remarkably intelligent and clear-sighted woman, she recognised the necessity of reconciling the Restoration with liberal ideas. Madame de Gontaut enjoyed the special favour of the Duc de Berry, a fact which Madame de Boigne attributes to her unwearying efforts to conceal from his young wife the rumours of his Royal Highness's "indiscretions."

The handsome Comtesse de Béthisy was another lady who was high in favour at the *Élysée*. The countess was distinguished for her exquisite taste in dress, and her authority in such matters rendered her indispensable to the Duchesse de Berry.

Of the four remaining *dames du palais*—or *dames pour accompagner*, as they were generally styled—Mesdames de Lauriston, d'Hautefort, de Bouillé, and de Gourgues, the first-named had the advantage of considerable experience in her *métier*, having exercised the same functions with the two empresses; the second was a very pretty young woman, the elegance of whose toilettes almost rivalled those of Madame de Béthisy, while, like the Duchesse de Reggio, she was sincerely attached to her mistress; the third was noted for her vivacity and originality, and the last for her good-nature and *embonpoint*.

The number of the princess's *dames pour accompagner* was, a little later, increased to eight, by the addition of Madame de Castéja, daughter of her first almoner, and Madame de Rosambo, daughter of her first equerry. Each of the "*dames*" received a salary of 8,000 francs, but only two of them were on duty at a time, their term of service lasting a week.

The chief officers of the Duchesse de Berry's Household were all interesting personalities. The first almoner, the old Marquis de Bombelles, had had a singular career. Although at this time in his seventy-third year, he had only taken Holy Orders some ten years before. Beginning life as an officer in the Seven Years' War, the close of which found him a captain of hussars, he subsequently adopted the profession of diplomacy, without, however, renouncing that of arms, and, after serving as Secretary of Legation in several capitals, became Ambassador, first at Lisbon and then at Venice. In 1791 and 1792 he was charged by Louis XVI. with secret missions to Vienna, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, and Stockholm; and in the latter year fought in the army of Ferdinand of Brunswick at Valmy. On the retreat of the Allies from French soil, he withdrew to Switzerland, where he lived until 1800, when he emerged from his retirement to join the corps of Condé, in which he served until it was disbanded three years later. He then found an asylum in Austria, but, overwhelmed by grief at the death of his wife, he resolved to renounce the world, and in 1804 entered a Convent at Brünn, in Moravia. From that time he consecrated himself entirely to his religious duties, and was so much esteemed that he was appointed a canon of Breslau, and subsequently made Bishop of Ober-Glogau. At the Restoration, he resigned his episcopate and returned to France, and, after sharing the

fortunes of Louis XVIII. during the Hundred Days, received the reward of his fidelity to the Bourbons by being nominated Almoner to the Duchesse de Berry, while, in 1819, he received the bishopric of Amiens.

Although his piety was undoubted, he was a genial soul with nothing of the *dévo*t about him, and once, at the *Élysée*, when the Duchesse de Berry had suggested an impromptu dance, and no musician happened to be forthcoming, Bombelles seated himself at the piano and played right merrily. He had also a keen sense of humour, as the following story will show :

Soon after his appointment to the see of Amiens, he attended a reception, accompanied by his sons.¹ The groom of the chambers was about to announce "the Bishop of Amiens and his sons," when Bombelles, recognising that such an announcement might provoke some astonishment among those who were unaware that he had only embraced an ecclesiastical career very late in life, stopped him. "Say," said he, with a smile, "the Bishop of Amiens and the nephews of the Comte de Bombelles (his brother)."

The Duc de Lévis, the princess's *chevalier d'honneur*, was one of those nobles who had emigrated at the Revolution, but returned to France after Brumaire, without, however, in any way identifying themselves with the new *régime*. In the interval he had taken part in the ill-fated Quiberon expedition, in which, though wounded, he succeeded in making his way to one of the English ships, thus escaping the fate of his captured comrades, who were all shot in cold blood. The duke was a writer of considerable distinction, and was among those nominated members of the Académie-Française by the royal ordinance of March 1816. Louis XVIII. playfully said that "he intended him to represent philosophy with his niece."

The first equerry, the Comte de Mesnard, was a member of a Vendéen family devoted to the cause of the Bourbons. Born in the same year as Napoleon,² he had been a fellow-pupil of the future Emperor at Brienne, which he quitted to enter the Regiment of the Comte de Provence, as Louis XVIII. then was. He emigrated at the Revolution, followed his future sovereign

¹ His youngest son, Charles René, Comte de Bombelles, became Grand Master of the Household of Marie Louise at Parma, and in 1833 contracted a morganatic marriage with the ex-Empress, who had lost her beloved Neipperg three years before.

² And not in 1762, as the Vicomte de Reiset states.

to Coblenz, and served in the Army of the Princes in the invasion of 1792 and in several subsequent campaigns. In 1797 he withdrew to England, but in 1800 repaired to Mittau and joined Louis XVIII., with whom he remained two years, very honourably refusing the First Consul's offer of the restoration of his confiscated estates if he would forsake the Bourbons. Returning to England, he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Duc de Berry, who soon conceived for him a warm friendship, and in 1814 was one of those who accompanied the prince when he landed at Cherbourg.

Mesnard was a tall, distinguished-looking man, whose charming manners and witty and interesting conversation made him a great favourite in Society, notwithstanding that he was somewhat haughty and self-opinionated. Both the Duc and Duchesse de Berry held him in the highest esteem, and were accustomed to consult him in all matters of importance; indeed, he appears to have been regarded as the Mentor of the *Élysée*. After the tragic death of the duke, it will be Mesnard to whom the young princess will turn for counsel; and gossip, misinterpreting this intimacy, will find in it material for a most unpleasant scandal.¹

With the inmates of the Tuileries the Duchesse de Berry was on the most affectionate terms. In appearance, at least, no royal family was more united than that of France, and every evening with unfailing regularity its members assembled at the King's dinner-table. On these occasions, it was pleasant to see the smile which would light up his Majesty's heavy features when the young princess appeared, the gallant manner in which he would kiss her hand, the delicate attentions which he would pay her, and the interest with which he would listen while she prattled merrily away about her day's doings, of which, by his own desire, she never failed to render him a circumstantial account.

¹ In view of these reports, it is interesting to learn that, in the early days of the Duchesse de Berry's marriage, Mesnard came very near to losing his life at her hands. The little Court of the *Élysée* was one day diverting itself in the gardens by the time-honoured pastime of "touch," and Mesnard was pursuing the princess and had almost overtaken her, when the young lady snatched up a pistol which had been left upon a bench and levelled it straight at the count's head, without imagining for one moment that it was loaded. It happened to be so, however, and, had she accidentally pressed the trigger, the post of first equerry to her Royal Highness would have forthwith become vacant.

For, for the infirm, world-weary old monarch, who passed the greater part of his days in an arm-chair, nursing a gouty foot and cudgelling his brains to discover some means of reconciling the contending factions which distracted his realm, this joyous, impulsive little daughter of the South possessed very much the same attraction which the Duchesse de Bourgogne had had for Louis XIV.¹ From the first moment he had felt himself drawn to her, less by what physical attractions she possessed,² than by her gaiety and animation—by the good-humour which seemed, so to speak, to radiate from her little person and communicate itself to all about her. Soon he was completely captivated. When he heard her joyous laugh, while he listened to her merry prattle, he could forget for a moment his cares and his infirmities, and feel that, in spite of gout, "Ultras," and Jacobins, there was still some pleasure left for him in life.

Great stickler in matters of etiquette as he was, to the adorable caprices of the young princess all was forgiven. Even unpunctuality, usually an unpardonable offence in the eyes of the author of the phrase "*l'exactitude est la politesse des rois*," provoked but the mildest of protests. When, as not infrequently happened, she arrived at the Tuileries when all the Royal Family had already taken their places at the dinner-table, for his Majesty's meals were invariably served on the stroke of the hour, the old King would content himself with drawing from his fob his enormous watch and silently indicating with his finger the accusing minute-hand. Then the princess, in pretty confusion, would proceed to excuse herself and offer the most plausible explanations of her late arrival, and all the Royal Family would laugh heartily, for she had conquered them all.³

Yes; she had conquered them all! Even the austere Duchesse d'Angoulême, saddened and embittered by so many trials and humiliations, had not been proof against the charm of that frank, joyous nature. She seems, indeed, to have felt for the girl the affectionate interest which an elder sister might feel for a younger, and seldom a day passed without her visiting the

¹ See the author's "Rose of Savoy" (London, Methuen; New York, Scribner, 1909).

² "Eyes, nose, mouth, nothing is pretty," wrote the King to Decazes on the day of their meeting at the Croix de Saint-Hérem, "all is charming, made to paint, complexion of lilies and roses."

³ Henri Bouchet, *le Luxe français : la Restauration*.

princess at the Élysée, or accompanying her on some drive or excursion.¹

The timid and reserved Duc d'Angoulême shared the sentiments of his wife for the little princess, and, though he was so uncomfortable in a drawing-room that he never entered one without thinking how soon he could decently get out of it, made an exception in favour of that of the Élysée.

As for the Comte d'Artois, he was quite delighted with his new daughter-in-law. Since the death of Madame de Polastron, *Monsieur*, faithful to the oath of fidelity which he had sworn to her on her death-bed, had abandoned gallantry for a very rigid devotion. But this renunciation did not prevent him from appreciating a charming woman when one happened to cross his path, and, if he no longer aspired to the conquest of hearts, he still found pleasure in feminine society, and could pass a pretty compliment as well as any *petit-maitre* in France. A man of cultured tastes, even in the days of his unregenerate youth, when he had cast "benevolent glances" at Sophie Arnould² and

¹ Madame de Boigne, in her interesting but rather malicious *Mémoires*, declares that the Duchesse d'Angoulême tried to guide her sister-in-law "with the acerbity of a governess," with the result that the latter, after being at first afraid of her, soon came to detest her. It is probable that the accuracy of this statement is on a par with the countess's assertion that "the Duchesse de Berry arrived in France in a state of total and profound ignorance and could hardly read." Any way, it is strangely inconsistent with the tone of the following letter, written by *Madame* to her sister-in-law from Vichy, in the summer of 1816, which has certainly nothing of the acerbity of a governess about it:

"I received yesterday, my dear sister, your amiable letter. I am very sensible to the friendship which you show for me and to the interest which you take in my journey. It has passed off well, and so much the more agreeably that everywhere on my journey I have heard you spoken of and in a way which has given me pleasure. You have left there many souvenirs. People recollect and repeat how kind and amiable you have been to all the world. I know a thousand little details that your modesty has prevented you from making known and which do credit to your heart. Mine, I assure you, rejoices greatly at all the successes which you have had. I am very pleased at what you tell me, that you have conquered your timidity and spoken to nearly all the ladies who have paid their court to you. The more you understand the French, the more you will appreciate the necessity of taking pains for them, of seeking to please them, and of making yourself beloved by them. Since the Revolution, this is more necessary than ever, and I am very sure, if you desire it, you will continue to succeed. Adieu, my very dear sister, continue your friendship for me and count always on that very sincere friendship which I have vowed to you. With which I embrace you and am your very attached friend and sister,

"MARIE-THÉRÈSE"

² *Mémoires secrets de la république des lettres*, vol. viii.

settled Mlle. Contat's milliner's bills,¹ he had always looked for something more than beauty in the opposite sex, and the Duchesse de Berry pleased him infinitely. Many were the visits which the princess paid to the Pavillon de Marsan, and it was soon remarked that *Monsieur* seemed to regard her with as much affection as if she were his own daughter.

The Duchesse de Berry also appears to have made a very favourable impression upon the aged Prince de Condé. Since the judicial murder of his grandson, the Duc d'Enghien—the hope of his race—the gallant old general of the *émigrés* had fallen into a condition of profound melancholy, and, on his return to France at the Restoration, he had retired to a pavilion which had been left standing amid the ruins of Chantilly, where he lived a very secluded life, seldom appearing at Court. The burden of his years and his sorrows had to some extent affected his mind, and his memory often failed him.² Nevertheless, when the Duc de Berry, to whom he was much attached, brought his young wife to Chantilly, he roused himself from his ordinary lethargy and did the honours of that once magnificent residence with all the gallantry of the old *régime*; and the little princess's visit seemed to give him so much pleasure that it was several times repeated. Their friendship, however, was not of long duration, as the old warrior died on May 13, 1818, in his eighty-third year. Almost his last words are said to have been: "*Où est la guerre? En avant!*"

When, in the early spring of 1817, the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans, who, it will be remembered, had been in England at

¹ For an account of the relations between the Comte d'Artois and Mlle. Contat, see the author's "Later Queens of the French Stage" (London, Harper; New York, Scribner, 1906).

² *À propos* of the old prince's failing memory, *Nettement* relates an amusing anecdote. One day, soon after his return to France, he received a visit of ceremony from Talleyrand, a personage for whom he entertained the most profound aversion. Condé mistook, or pretended to mistake, the Grand Chamberlain for the latter's uncle, the Archbishop of Rheims, one of his oldest friends. Talleyrand, perhaps not altogether sorry for the misunderstanding, which had spared him a very embarrassing interview, did not attempt to undeceive him, and they conversed very pleasantly for some time. When his visitor rose to go, the prince observed: "M. l'Archevêque, come and see me as often as you will; I shall always be pleased to receive you; but please do not bring your nephew, the Prince de Bénévant (Talleyrand)." "Now that I am informed of the sentiments of your Most Serene Highness," replied the other, with his imperturbable *sang-froid*, "I can promise you that the Prince de Bénévant will never present himself before you."

the time of the princess's wedding, returned to the Palais-Royal, the Duchesse de Berry became a frequent visitor there, and often received her uncle and aunt at the Élysée. This intimacy met with the cordial approval of the Duc de Berry, who had always entertained the friendliest sentiments towards his cousin and had often defended him against the aspersions of the *émigrés*, but it was viewed with but little favour by the inmates of the Tuileries. Louis XVIII., indeed, regarded the head of the younger branch of his family with a profound distrust, which was certainly not without justification.

On the fall of the Empire, Louis-Philippe had returned to Paris, where the King reinstated him in his rank of lieutenant-general, nominated him colonel-general of hussars, conferred upon him the cross of Saint-Louis, and restored to him not only his appanages, but all the property of his father which had not been alienated. It is believed, however, that his Majesty, in thus reconstituting, almost by a stroke of the pen, the colossal fortune of the Orléans family, was actuated far less by affection for his nephew than by the hope of compromising him for ever in the eyes of the party of the Revolution.

If such were the case, he must have been very painfully disillusioned, for, though Louis-Philippe resumed possession of his inheritance, and was profuse in his professions of gratitude and loyalty, he caressed discreetly the Liberal party none the less; and it soon became apparent that, as the only member of his House who held enlightened opinions, he enjoyed a most dangerous popularity with those who were dissatisfied with the maladroit and reactionary government of the Restoration. In point of fact, at the moment of Napoleon's return from Elba, a conspiracy had actually been set on foot with the object of placing him upon the throne, though it is only fair to the prince to observe that he appears to have been unaware of its existence.

Charged, very much against his will, by Louis XVIII. with the mission of arresting the "Corsican ogre," he did not succeed in this task, and when sent to Lille to organise the defence of the departments of the North, he decided, on learning of the withdrawal of the King to Ghent, to retire to England. He was probably no stranger to the intrigues of Talleyrand and Fouché after Waterloo to induce the Congress of Vienna to substitute him for Louis XVIII. upon the throne of France, and, on his return to Paris, notwithstanding his protestations of

fidelity, the King held him more than ever in suspicion. A few weeks later, in consequence of a speech in the Chamber of Peers, which was generally interpreted as an encouragement to the Opposition, he received an order from his Majesty to leave Paris and rejoin the Duchesse d'Orléans, whom he had left at Twickenham, nor was it until February 1817 that, having publicly protested his loyalty in a proclamation issued in London, he obtained permission to return to France. His conduct was now marked by great circumspection, and nothing either in his words or acts accused him of ambition. Nevertheless, he did not renounce the principles which ensured his popularity with a large section of the nation, and it was observed that Laffitte, Casimir Périer, Manuel, Benjamin Constant, Louis Courier, Delavigne and other leaders of liberal opinion in the Chambers or in the Press were assiduous frequenters of the Palais-Royal.

A warm affection had always existed between the Duchesse d'Orléans and her niece, and the young princess was also much attached to Louis-Philippe, who had been very kind to her in the old days in Sicily. That prince, at this time, was extremely anxious that Louis XVIII. should confer upon him the title of "Royal Highness," in place of that of "Most Serene Highness," which he now bore, declaring that all the ambition which he was able to cherish would be satisfied on the day, when, by the kindness and courtesy of the elder branch of the Royal House, this coveted title should precede the name of the head of the younger. It was, indeed, extremely galling to the duke's pride that his wife, who, as the daughter of the King of the Two Sicilies, was, of course, a "Royal Highness," should take precedence of him at Court and enjoy prerogatives which he was denied. Thus, at the Tuileries, he had the mortification of seeing both leaves of the folding-doors open to admit the duchess, while he was obliged to wait until one of them had closed again before he was ushered into his sovereign's presence. Informed of her uncle's desire, the Duchesse de Berry readily promised him her good offices, and organised a kind of benevolent conspiracy in the Royal Family to obtain from the King the object of his ambition. But, in this matter, Louis XVIII. was deaf to all persuasion. "The Duc d'Orléans," said he, "is already sufficiently near the Throne; I owe it to my nephews not to bring him any nearer."¹

¹ Nettement, *Mémoires sur S.A.R. Madame, la Duchesse de Berri.*

CHAPTER IX

Dissensions in the Royal Family owing to the opposition between the liberal ideas of Louis XVIII. and the reactionary views of his brother and the Duchesse d'Angoulême—Indignation of the Comte d'Artois and *Madame* at the royal decree dissolving the "*Chambre introuvable*"—The action of the Duc de Berry in canvassing openly for votes against the Government leads to a violent scene at the Tuileries—Prudent conduct of the Duchesse de Berry, who holds studiously aloof from politics and makes no distinction between the members of the rival parties—Growing popularity of the young princess with the Parisians—Infidelity of the Duc de Berry, who resumes his pre-nuptial relations with Virginie Oreille—Indignation of the King on learning of his nephew's presence at a ball given by the *danseuse*—Liaison between the Duc de Berry and Mlle. Sophie de la Roche—Other amours of the prince—Jealousy of the duchess—Her conversation with the Neapolitan Ambassador, the Prince Castelcicala—The Duchesse de Berry gives birth to a daughter, who, however, dies on the following day—Humiliation inflicted by Louis XVIII. on the Duc d'Orléans at the signing of the *acte de naissance*—Affair of the *layette*: rupture between the Duc de Berry and the Comte de la Ferronnays—Premature birth of a son, who only survives two hours—Disappointment of the Duc de Berry—Enviably position of the duchess—Life at the *Élysée*—Birth of *Mademoiselle*—The etiquette of the royal nursery—Portrait of the Duchesse de Berry by Hesse.

THE King's dislike of the Duc d'Orléans was not the only cause of unpleasantness at the Court of the Tuileries.

The Royal Family, itself, so united in appearance, was in reality divided by very marked divergencies of opinion, and the deference and submission shown by the princes towards his Majesty in public concealed dissensions often of the most violent nature.

After the second Restoration, Louis XVIII., though very jealous of his "Divine Right," had had the good sense to recognise the necessity of reconciling his Government with the principles of 1789, and that a return to anything approaching the absolutism of the old *régime* was henceforth impossible. This, however, was just what his brother, the Comte d'Artois, who boasted of having forgotten nothing and learned nothing since the Revolution, was never able to comprehend, and his reactionary views were shared to a large extent by the

Duchesse d'Angoulême. Encouraged by them, the party of uncompromising Royalists—the "Ultras," as they were called—refused to pardon the King his liberal ideas, and in the tribune and in the Press bitterly denounced the policy of conciliation pursued by his Ministers. At the Pavillon de Marsan, *Monsieur* held a rival court to that of the King. Around him congregated those fanatical *émigrés*, whose blind passions had inspired the "*Chambre introuvable*" and who had applauded the White Terror, and, if the prince and his friends had been permitted a free hand, it is impossible to say to what lengths the Royalist reprisals which followed the Second Restoration might not have been carried. When, on the advice of the Duc de Richelieu, Lainé, and Decazes, Louis XVIII. suddenly dissolved the chamber whose violence was so gravely compromising him (September 5, 1816), the indignation of his brother and niece knew no bounds. The Comte d'Artois predicted the ruin of the Throne, and "the palace resounded with his anger and lamentations";¹ while the Duchesse d'Angoulême refused to receive the Ministers when they came to pay their court to her.

The elections ratified the action of the King by excluding the most violent deputies of the reactionary party, and strengthening that of moderation. But this reverse did nothing to abate the mischievous activity of *Monsieur* and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the relations between Louis XVIII. and his family were more strained than ever, and stormy scenes were of by no means uncommon occurrence. A particularly distressing one occurred in the winter of 1816-17.

The King, having learned that the Duc de Berry, who, though, with the Duc d'Angoulême, he had expressed his approval of the dissolution of the "*Chambre introuvable*," had now again veered round to the "Ultras," had been openly canvassing for votes against the Government, sent for him and rated him soundly. "The Duc de Berry," writes Madame de Boigne, "complained to his sister-in-law. They discussed their common grievances, and lashed themselves to fury in the process. Finally, after dinner that evening, *Monsieur* proceeded to expound their views to the King in no measured terms. The King replied with spirit. *Madame* and the Duc de Berry intervened, and the quarrel reached such a pitch that

¹ Lamartine, *Histoire de la Restauration*.

Monsieur declared he would quit the Court with his children. The King answered that there were fortresses for rebellious princes. *Monsieur* retorted that the Charter did not provide for State prisons—the unfortunate Charter being constantly invoked by those who hated it most bitterly—and on these amicable terms they parted.”

Madame de Boigne adds that, as the result of this scene, the King was unable to digest his dinner; an attack of gout in the stomach supervened, and he was ill for several days afterwards.¹

It was not the least merit of the Duchesse de Berry that, at this period, she held studiously aloof from politics. Neither with the King nor the princes did she even so much as refer to the questions which were agitating the Court and the nation. She was equally amiable to the “Ultras” and to the Ministers; she made no distinction between the *émigrés* and the quondam Bonapartists; she meddled with none of the Court intrigues. In consequence, she was respected by all parties without exception, and at a time of violent animosities, when scurrilous pamphlets and revolting caricatures were constantly being launched against other members of the Royal Family, she escaped unscathed.

Any attack upon her, indeed, would have certainly recoiled upon the party which had sanctioned it, for the princess was rapidly conquering the hearts of the Parisians, as she had already conquered those of her relatives. They liked this fresh young girl who seemed to enjoy life so thoroughly; who threw etiquette to the winds and entered with all the zest of a private individual into the amusements of the capital; who bowed and smiled so coquettishly when they saluted her; who kept her carriage standing for an hour at a time before their shops, while she flitted from one counter to another, to emerge, at length, with her footmen staggering beneath the weight of her purchases. Before the *Élysée*, at the hour when she usually drove out, the idlers gathered in crowds to see her pass; at the theatres, the audience greeted her with an enthusiasm which was never evoked by the presence of any of her relatives. She was the Marie Antoinette of the happy days, before intrigue and calumny had done their fatal work, the true Queen, the link between the Royal Family and the people.

¹ Madame de Boigne, *Récits d'une tante*.

The happiness of the Duchesse de Berry, during the first months of her married life, would have been without a cloud if only she had been so fortunate as to possess a monopoly of the ducal affections. But, the prince, though warmly attached to his wife and sincerely desirous of her happiness, was quite incapable of fidelity. The Royal Family had for a moment cherished the hope that, on marrying this young princess, the Duc de Berry would renounce the amorous adventures which had too often procured him a most undesirable notoriety, and the prince had just before his marriage assured the King that he had definitely discontinued his relations with the fair Virginie. So pleased was his Majesty at this, that, to console the *danseuse* for the loss of her royal admirer, he bestowed upon her a pension of 6000 livres; and his indignation was therefore intense when, during the winter of 1816-1817, he learned, from a report of the police, that, so far from having renounced the society of this siren, his nephew was as assiduous in his attentions as ever, and that the lady had just issued invitations for a ball, the expenses of which were to be defrayed by the Duc de Berry, and at which he had promised to be present.

"This report," wrote the angry monarch, "occasions me the more pain, since it makes me feel how greatly times have changed. Formerly, an order would have been given to M. Lenoir (the Prefect of Police). On receiving it, he would have sent for the damsel, and said to her: 'Mademoiselle, if your ball takes place, you will go and sleep at Sainte-Pélagie.' And there would have been no ball."¹

The Duc de Berry, though he could hardly have been unaware of the avuncular sentiments, thought proper to ignore them, and duly appeared at the ball. The King was furious, and, sending for the delinquent, proceeded to inform him of what he thought of his conduct with all the strength of an exceptionally powerful pair of lungs. On the rare occasions when his Majesty did let himself go, his wrath was a spectacle not easily forgotten, and, as he himself once laughingly declared, the sound of his "*voix de cloche*" might have been heard in the Place du Carrousel.

"When a man marries at thirty-eight and does not settle down," he wrote the same day, "it proves that he sees in his

¹ M. Ernest Daudet, *Une Fantaisie du duc de Berry, Gaulois*, September 10, 1902.

wife only a mistress the more. Then there remains little hope of a reformation in his morals.”¹

There certainly seemed to be very little hope of a reformation in the morals of the Duc de Berry, for his extra-conjugal attachments were by no means confined to Virginie.

There was a Mlle. Sophie de la Roche, of whom certain authors make an actress of the Comédie-Française, and others a sempstress employed at the Élysée, but who was, in point of fact, a young lady of a highly respectable family, which had been ruined by the Revolution, and in whose re-establishment the prince had interested himself. Mlle de la Roche's blue eyes and golden tresses so pleased the Duc de Berry that he continued his attentions to her from 1815 or 1816 down to the time of his death, and, in gratitude for the zeal which his Royal Highness had shown on behalf of her family, she presented him with two fine boys.²

There was also a Mlle. Deux de la Roserie, who lived in the Place-Vendôme; a Mlle. de Saint-Ange, who played saucy *soubrettes* at the Théâtre-Français; a Mlle. Résica Lebreton, also an actress; a Mlle. Grandjean; a Mlle. Caroline Brocard, like Virginie Oreille, a star of the Operatic firmament; a Madame Bellamy, a bewitching widow; and, it is to be feared, not a few others, whose names, however, history has not preserved.³

¹ M. Ernest Daudet, *Une Fantaisie du duc de Berry, Gaulois*, September 10, 1902. M. Daudet does not mention to whom this or the preceding letter was written.

² The elder son, Charles Ferdinand, born in 1817, was, after the death of the Duc de Berry, treated with great kindness by the Royal Family. As he grew up, he bore the most striking resemblance to his father, for which reason, perhaps, the Duchesse de Berry took a great interest in him. She procured him a commission first in an infantry and afterwards in a cavalry regiment in the Austrian army, and during the later years of the princess's life he frequently visited her at Brunsee. The Comte de la Roche was still alive a few years ago, at which time he was residing at Gratz.

His younger brother, also called Charles Ferdinand, was, like the Comte de Chambord, a posthumous son, being born in 1820, a few weeks after the Duc de Berry's assassination. He studied painting under Paul Delaroche, became himself a painter of some distinction, and exhibited portraits of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie at the Salon of 1857. He married a Mlle. Dolé, by whom he had two sons, who both followed their father's profession.—Vicomte de Reiset, *les Enfants du duc de Berry*.

³ More than one of the above-mentioned ladies left children who pretended to royal origin, but, as their claims were never acknowledged by the Bourbons, who were perfectly willing to recognise those of the Browns, the Oreilles, and the La Roches, they appear to be very doubtful.

The Duc de Berry took every precaution to conceal his "indiscretions" from his wife,¹ but, though she remained in blissful ignorance of most of them, it was impossible to hide all, and the young princess was very angry indeed. If we are to believe Madame de Boigne, the Neapolitan Ambassador, the Prince Castelcicala, who had known her from childhood, and whom she selected as the confidant of her wrongs, took upon himself the task of blunting the edge of jealousy, and, "in answer to her fury and lamentations," gravely assured her that all men had mistresses—the only honourable exception, to his knowledge, being the Duc d'Angoulême—that their wives knew and condoned it, and that, in short, it would be very foolish of her to rebel against conditions which were so universal.

The princess made particular inquiries concerning the Duc d'Orléans, and wished to know if he were as bad as the rest.

"Most certainly, Madame," answered the Ambassador, without hesitation. "For whom do you take him?"

"And my aunt is aware of it?"

"Undoubtedly, Madame, the Duchesse d'Orléans is too wise to take offence at such a thing."

¹ These precautions occasionally revealed to the prince little matters connected with his household of which he would otherwise have remained in ignorance. In the article entitled *les demi-Bourbons* which he contributed to the *Carnet* of November 1902, M. La Resié relates an amusing anecdote, which he had from the Marquis de Sassenay, whose functions of secretary of orders to the Duchesse de Berry obliged him to reside at the *Élysée* :

"Every evening, when he had dismissed his attendants, the duke quitted the palace, which he did not regain until an advanced hour of the night ; but, fearing the vigilance of the duchess, and careful of his own dignity, he took the precaution of returning sometimes by one door, sometimes by another. One morning, about three o'clock, as he was about to pass through the kitchens to reach his apartments, he was astounded to perceive an enormous fire blazing in the grate, by the side of which lay a scullion, wrapped in a profound slumber. Quick to anger, the duke struck the servant a heavy blow on the shoulder, exclaiming : 'What are you doing there, animal?' The man jumped up, aghast, and cried : 'Monseigneur, Monseigneur, I am making cinders!' At this period, cinders commanded a ready sale, and his Royal Highness's servants, finding their little perquisites insufficient, had arranged that every night one of their number should devote himself to this remunerative operation."

The prince, it appears, not only took no steps to punish the offenders, but did not even mention the matter, except to a few of his friends whose discretion could be relied upon ; and, presumably, the practice still continued. After all, it was better to lose a few cartloads of wood than to risk being called upon by his wife to explain his presence in the palace kitchens at three o'clock in the morning.

After this conversation, the princess became more disposed to accept the situation. Nevertheless, she was frequently seized with fits of jealousy, and, had it not been for the efforts of Madame de Gontaut, it is probable that the harmony of the Élysée would have been very seriously disturbed.

In the early days of July 1817, all Royalist France was on the tiptoe of expectation. "The Duchesse de Berry is near her time," writes Madame de Rémusat to her husband on July 7, "and we are expecting to learn of her delivery from one moment to another. It would be fortunate if the event took place to-morrow for the anniversary of the second entry of the King." And three days later: "We are all listening with cocked ears here to hear the cannon-shots which are to announce the delivery of the Duchesse de Berry. The horses for the King's carriage remain harnessed day and night, and the Ministers have been warned to be in readiness; for it seems to be their desire that the accouchement should take place in the presence of a numerous company."¹

At length, on July 13, at twenty-five minutes past eleven in the forenoon, in the presence of the whole Royal Family, the Chancellor, the Ministers, and the *grandees* of the Court, the Duchesse de Berry gave birth to a daughter, who was described in her *acte de naissance*, which the Chancellor immediately proceeded to draft, as the very high and puissant Princesse Louise Isabelle d'Artois, *Mademoiselle*,² granddaughter of France.

It had been arranged that the birth of a prince should be announced by the discharge of twenty-four guns, that of a princess by twelve. Anxiously were the discharges counted by the expectant public, and when no thirteenth gun came to rouse its enthusiasm, loud were the expressions of disappointment. Nevertheless, the city was illuminated in the evening, and verses composed for the occasion were sung at the theatres.

The rejoicings terminated abruptly, for, on the following morning, a bulletin posted up at the Élysée announced that the health of the infant princess was causing the doctors in

¹ *Correspondance de M. de Rémusat*, vol. iii.

² The little princess had been given the official title of *Mademoiselle*, which, under the old *régime*, had been borne by the eldest daughter of the Sovereign's eldest brother, because neither *Monsieur* nor his eldest son, the Duc d'Angoulême, had a daughter. Similarly, the Duchesse d'Angoulême was designated *Madame*, because *Monsieur* was a widower.

attendance grave anxiety, and at nine o'clock the same evening she died.

The mortal remains of the poor child were deposited, according to custom, in a double coffin of wood and lead covered with white satin, in the centre of which was a plaque inscribed with her name and titles. The coffin was exposed during the 16th at the Élysée, on a platform covered with white draperies embroidered with the Arms of France, and at nine o'clock in the evening transported to Saint-Denis, the Gardes du corps, carrying torches, forming the escort. Bombelles, the Duchesse de Lévis, and Madame de Gontaut accompanied the *cortège*, and, on its arrival at Saint-Denis, the Almoner "pronounced a sort of funeral oration, in which, not being able to bestow other praises on the deceased, he vaunted her beauty and freshness."¹

The ephemeral existence of the Duchesse de Berry's firstborn gave rise to two very unpleasant episodes.

One happened at the signing of the *acte de naissance*, when the King, who, since the Hundred Days, never lost an opportunity of reminding Louis-Phillipe of the impassable gulf which separated the elder branch of the Royal House from the younger, refused to allow the pen to be tendered to that prince either by the Chancellor, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, or even the Master, and kept his mortified kinsman standing before the table on which the document lay for some minutes, while an Assistant-Master was being fetched.

The other, which seriously disturbed the peace of the Élysée, and brought about a fresh and, this time, a final rupture between the Duc de Berry and the faithful La Ferronnays, occurred over the *layette*.

It was customary for the King to give the *layette* for the children of the Sons of France, and one of extreme magnificence had been sent to the Comtesse de Montsoreau, mother of Madame de la Ferronnays, who had been appointed *gouvernante* to the little princess.

Now, according to usage, the *layette*, in the event of the death of a child, became the property of the *gouvernante*, and, if the poor little princess had survived a few days, it is probable that Madame de Montsoreau's right to it would have remained unquestioned. But, in the present instance, the King, being of opinion that it only belonged to a *gouvernante* who had actually

¹ Vieil-Castel, *Histoire de la Restauration*.

performed her duties, sent Papillon de la Ferté, the Intendant of the Menus-Plaisirs, to the Élysée to demand its restoration.

“Madame de Montsoreau,” writes Madame de Gontaut, “not having received any direct orders from the Duc de Berry, refused to give it up ; and in the evening the same demand was met with the same refusal. Madame de Montsoreau, meeting Monseigneur and finding him very grieved at the loss of his child, did not dare to speak to him about the *layette*.”

“Madame de Montsoreau’s two refusals to obey the order of the King appeared to the Intendant of the Menus-Plaisirs almost a crime of *lèse-majesté*. He went to find Monseigneur to tell him about it, met him in the Champs-Élysées, returning from Bagatelle, and complained bitterly of the *gouverante*. Monseigneur, ignorant of the facts, but very angry, reached the Élysée in this condition of mind, and, as ill luck would have it, met M. de la Ferronays at that very moment. He accused his mother-in-law of an ignoble motive, and M. de la Ferronays, being unable to support this imputation, so far forgot himself as to fail in respect to the prince, who caught up two swords and offered one of them to him. M. de la Ferronays refused it and replied : ‘A gentleman does not fight with the heirs to the throne, but he leaves them.’ And he withdrew. The Duc de Berry threw himself into the carriage from which he had just alighted, and went in all haste to assure the King that a disobedience to his orders could only have arisen through a misunderstanding of which he was ignorant. On his return to the Élysée, he learned that M. and Madame de la Ferronays and their children, and M. and Madame de Montsoreau, had already left the palace.”¹

The prince was very sorry indeed next day for the violence into which his unfortunate temper had betrayed him ; but this time he had gone too far. And so he lost the faithful friend of twenty years, and his wife her *dame d’atours*, who was succeeded, a few months later, by Madame de Gontaut ; while Suzette de la Tour, daughter of the princess’s former *gouvernante*, who had followed the Duchesse de Berry from Naples and married the Comte de Meffray, took Madame de Gontaut’s place.

¹ Different accounts of this affair are given by Madame de Boigne, the Maréchal de Castellane, and other chroniclers ; but Madame de Gontaut, the confidante of both the Duc and Duchesse de Berry, must certainly have been in a position to know the facts.

The Duchesse de Berry possessed an excellent constitution, and, notwithstanding the grief which the loss of her little daughter occasioned her, her recovery was rapid. On August 6, she was able to walk in the Élysée gardens, leaning on her husband's arm, and before the end of the month she had resumed her habitual activity, her reappearance in public being hailed with great enthusiasm by the Parisians.

The autumn and winter were uneventful. The princess gave several balls and concerts at the Élysée, went frequently to the play, and held two receptions every Sunday, one for the ladies of the Court, the other for the gentlemen. Her mornings were occupied by painting and music-lessons, and after *déjeuner* she drove out, sometimes to visit a public institution or State manufactory, such as Sèvres, La Savonnerie, or the Gobelins.

In the spring, she was again pregnant, but this interesting fact was not made public until August 25, 1818—the day on which the new statue of Henri IV. was unveiled on the Pont-Neuf—when the *Moniteur* contained the following announcement :

“It is on the Feast of Saint-Louis, the day of the inauguration of the statue of Henri IV., that it is sweet to be permitted to announce that the condition of H.R.H. the Duchesse de Berry promises a new scion of the august Bourbon dynasty.”

Unhappily, this hope, like its predecessor, was not fulfilled, for, owing to some imprudence on the part of the young princess, the new scion, who had not been expected until the end of the year, arrived in the early morning of September 13, and only lived two hours.

Notwithstanding her sufferings, the Duchesse de Berry had the presence of mind to request Monseigneur de Bombelles to lose not a moment in baptizing her child, and the almoner did so, which was “a veritable consolation for her Royal Highness and the reward of the pious sentiments by which she is animated.”¹ No name, however, was given him, and he was described upon his coffin, which was transported to Saint-Denis the same evening and laid beside that of his sister, as the “Very high and very puissant Prince N of Artois, grandson of France.”

The loss of this little son was a sore disappointment to the Duc de Berry, who seems to have felt their common misfortune

¹ *Moniteur*, September 14, 1818.

far more keenly than the young mother, who soon recovered her health and was as indefatigable as ever in her pursuit of pleasure. Calling one day at the Palais-Royal and finding the little Duc de Chartres—a great favourite of his—with Louis-Philippe, he drew the boy to him, and observed, with a melancholy smile: “Here is a fine lad, who has perhaps a high fortune before him. My wife cannot give me any more children, or, at any rate, nothing but daughters, and then the Crown will pass to your son.” To which the Duc d’Orléans replied, with his usual tact: “At least, Monseigneur, if one day he should obtain the Crown, it will be you who will give it him, as a second father; for you are younger than I, and my son would receive all from your kindness.”¹

The Duc de Berry’s fears were groundless, since his wife duly bore him another son, though the prince did not live to see that happy day, nor was the boy ever to ascend the throne of his ancestors.

The year 1819 was probably the happiest in all the long and eventful life of the Duchesse de Berry. In spite of the loss of her two children, she was too young and of too buoyant a disposition to feel much discouragement on that score, and looked forward with confidence to a time when, thanks to her, the impoverished stalk of the lily would blossom abundantly again. She loved her husband, and knew that, notwithstanding his infidelities, in which, however, his senses were far more concerned than his heart, he loved her too. She enjoyed the affection of the King and the whole Royal Family; her Household was devoted to her; she was very popular with the Court and still more so with the people. In short, her lot seemed one which any princess might well envy.

The winter season was a very brilliant one, and the Duchesse de Berry passed her days in a whirl of gaiety. Her favourite pastime of dancing, was, however, speedily prohibited by her physicians, for in January she was again in a hopeful condition, and on March 12, Louis XVIII., in receiving a deputation from the city of Bordeaux, the first town in France to open its gates to the Bourbons in 1814, observed that, to perpetuate the memory of the event of which that day was the anniversary, “he had a name to give some one who had not yet arrived.”

¹ *Nettement, Memoires sur S.A.R. Madame, la Duchesse de Berri.*

A month later, the news was officially announced in the *Moniteur*.

To guard against the possibility of a repetition of the mishap of the preceding year, the doctors insisted on the most rigorous precautions. Not only was the slightest fatigue forbidden the princess, but carriage exercise as well, even the short drive to the Tuileries. When she dined there, she went on foot, leaning on her husband's arm, or, if the weather happened to be wet, made use of a wheel-chair.

When the spring came, the Duke and Duchess passed a good deal of their time in the beautiful gardens of the Élysée. "They made up games there," writes Madame de Gontaut, "which amused them very much; the wives, children, and husbands of their Households came there continually, especially on Sundays. Nothing could be gayer or more agreeable than was Monseigneur's behaviour to those about him. All amused themselves and were on good terms with one another; they were happy and perfectly at their ease."¹

The patience with which the Duchesse de Berry had resigned herself to the regimen imposed upon her by her physicians was duly rewarded, and, at a few minutes after half-past six on the morning of September 21, she brought into the world a fine and healthy child. But, alas! it was not the son so eagerly desired, but a daughter, the future Duchess of Parma, who, by a singular coincidence, was, like the Duchesse de Berry, to see her husband assassinated and her son exiled and despoiled of his throne.

When the sex of the new arrival was announced by the surgeons, the Royal Family and the princes assembled round the bed could not conceal their disappointment, but the young mother, smiling at their downcast looks, exclaimed gaily: "After the girl, the boy." The King, having in accordance with custom, communicated the news to the Ministers and the great dignitaries of the Court assembled in the adjoining salon, the Duc de Berry took the child from the surgeons and placed her for a moment in his wife's arms. Then Madame de Gontaut, who, to the disgust of the "Ultras," who had not forgiven that lady her former close connexion with the Orléans family, had been nominated to the exalted post of *gouvernante* of the children of France, received the little *Mademoiselle* from her mother, placed her on an immense cushion, and, preceded by

¹ *Mémoires.*

the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, bore her through a double line of the Gardes du corps to the apartments which had been prepared for her.

Arrived there, the Grand Master, with a profound salutation, retired, and Madame de Gontaut, herself a very fond mother, yielded to a very natural impulse, and, sitting down, began to hug "her precious treasure," when the cradle-maid advanced and intimated respectfully yet firmly that she was committing a grave breach of the etiquette of the royal nursery, which reserved to herself the exclusive right of holding the little princess, while the *gouvernante* could only give orders. Just then the Duc de Berry entered, and, smiling, advised Madame de Gontaut to establish herself as mistress forthwith, "so as to be able to enjoy with him and Madame¹ a domestic happiness, which might possibly be *bourgeois*, but which was the only real one." "Whereupon," continues the lady, "I told the elegant and pretentious attendants to go and lie down in the adjoining room, assuring them that I would summon them when I considered their services necessary. This being said in Monseigneur's presence, and evidently by his advice, produced an effect whose benefits I felt until the education of the princes was finished."²

The little princess was baptized the same day, and her certificate of birth was signed by the whole Royal Family, the Princes and Princesses of the Blood, the Ministers, the Grand Officers of the Crown, and a number of other distinguished persons. In all, thirty-eight signatures were attached to the document.

On the following evening, the Duc de Berry visited the Opera, where his appearance was the signal for enthusiastic applause, which was renewed when Dérivis sang a cantata, the words of which had been written by the celebrated *chansonnier* Desaugiers. It concluded thus:

" Lys éclatant de majesté,
Le sol sacré de la patrie
A tressailli de volupté,
Voyant sa tige refleurie.

¹ Although, throughout her *Mémoires*, Madame de Gontaut always speaks of the Duchesse de Berry as *Madame*, the princess did not assume that title until after the death of Louis XVIII., in 1824.

² Madame de Gontaut, *Mémoires*. By "princes" the writer intends us to understand *Mademoiselle* and the Duc de Bordeaux.

Ah ! ce premier de tes présents
 De plus d'une autre est l'assurance.
 Produis une fleur tous les ans,
 C'est pour le Roi. C'est pour la France !”

Making every allowance for poetic rhapsodies, the demand for a fresh blossom *every year* seems a little unreasonable !

The Duchesse de Berry soon recovered her health ; on October 27 she dined at the Tuileries, for the first time since her confinement, and, late in the afternoon of All Saints' Day, she and the duke paid an unofficial visit to the Salon. “The crowd was still rather large and pressed about them, restrained less by the guards of the Museum, who preceded them, than by the fear of inconveniencing the princess, who, taking her husband's arm and following the balustrade, stopped before not a few of those charming *genre* pictures which line the Salon. On the same day, their Royal Highnesses were to visit the studio of M. Girodet, to view in particular the picture of *Pygmalion et Galatie*.”¹

Mention of pictures recalls the fact that it was in this year 1819 that Hesse painted his charming portrait of the Duchesse de Berry. The princess had conceived the idea of being represented not *en grand habit*, for, as she herself declared, her little figure seemed to be crushed beneath the diadems and jewels of the magnificent Court toilette, but in the ordinary outdoor costume affected by fashionable Parisian ladies at this period. It cannot be called an altogether elegant style of dress, but then she had the ease which would render possible the worst monstrosities of feminine attire ; and the result is most happy. Her oval face, framed in blonde curls, is surmounted by a monumental hat of black velvet adorned with plumes ; her bust is confined within a very high-waisted redingote, which imprisons a fichu fallen from her shoulders. “Never will she be more the Duchesse de Berry than on this canvas, neither pretty nor very sovereign, but rather bewitching, in such a way that nothing determines the supreme seduction. . . . Look at this portrait.”² It is Marie-Caroline at her best—the Marie-Caroline

¹ *Moniteur*, November 4, 1819.

² The original is now at Frohsdorf ; there is an excellent engraving of it, and a miniature copy, executed by Madame Andouin, in the possession of the Baron de Mesnard.

of the happy days—she who trots along the boulevard; who frequents the shops, who rambles in the Beaujon mountains, and threatens her father-in-law to take a ride in the omnibus.”¹

¹ M. Henri Bouchot, *le Luxe Français : la Restauration*.

CHAPTER X

Brilliant winter season of 1819-20—Balls at the Élyseé—The Duchesse de Berry accompanies her husband's shooting-parties—Threatening political situation—Louis XVIII. and the Comte Decazes—Violent hostility of the "Ultras" to the King's favourite—Election of the Abbé Grégoire for Grenoble—Proposed alteration of the electoral system—Decazes becomes Prime Minister—Happy influence of married life upon the character of the Duc de Berry—His charity and kindness of heart—Anecdote of the boy with the basket—Anecdote of the charcoal-burner—Threatening anonymous letters received by the Duc de Berry—Gloomy presentiments of the prince—Ball at the Comte de Greffulhe's—A disturbing letter—Regret of the Duc de Berry for his loss of temper at a shooting-party: his atonement—The duchess again pregnant—Visit of the Duc and Duchesse de Berry to the Opera on the evening of Shrove-Sunday, February 13, 1820.

THE winter season of 1819-20 was a most brilliant one, and up to the end of the Carnival the fêtes succeeded one another almost without interruption.

The Duc and Duchesse de Berry gave two great balls, one in December, the other at the end of January. The last was a particularly splendid affair. It began at half-past ten; supper was served at half-past two, and dancing continued until nearly six o'clock in the morning. The Duchesse de Berry's toilette on this occasion was "*une robe de bal lamée d'argent, à bouquets bleus, parure de turquoises et diamants.*"¹

The princess did not confine her energies to balls, receptions, and other indoor amusements. Her husband had had a light gun with silver mountings made for her, and was teaching

¹ If we are to believe Castellane, much surprise was expressed that the ball had not been postponed, on account of the death of the Duke of Kent, which had occurred on the 23rd. "People have been generally astonished by this ball," he writes, "as the Duc de Berry was aware of the death of the Duke of Kent and had lived on intimate terms with the English Royal Family during the Emigration. He gave as a pretext that this death had not been officially notified; but no one has found this excuse sufficient. Some people pretend that the English Ambassador was asked to defer the notification. One does not forget how kind the Duke of Kent was to the princes in their misfortune. It shows, at least, want of tact."—*Journal du Maréchal de Castellane*, January 29, 1820.

her to shoot ; and sometimes, dressed in a coquettish *toilette de chasse* consisting of a "redingote of green velvet with lapels of amaranth velvet and gilt buttons, and a hat of black felt adorned with feathers," she accompanied him on his shooting expeditions. Thus, on January 17, 1820, we find her assisting at a shooting-party at La Muette, on which occasion she proudly records in her journal that "her Charles had killed four boars, seven roebuck, four pheasants and a rabbit."¹

If the social horizon was without a cloud, the political one, which for some months had been comparatively serene, was again overcast, and the King's speech at the opening of the session of the Chambers, on November 23, alluded in unmistakable terms to the political passions which were threatening to rend the country asunder : "I cannot conceal from myself that just motives of apprehension mingle with our hopes, and claim henceforward our most serious attention. A vague but positive anxiety preoccupies all minds. Every one demands of the present pledges of its stability. The nation but imperfectly enjoys the fruits of peace and good order ; it fears to see them snatched away by the violence of factions, it fears their thirst for domination ; it is alarmed by the too obvious expression of their designs."

Faction, indeed, at that moment reigned supreme, and Louis XVIII. found himself in a very embarrassing position. Compelled after Waterloo to part with his beloved Blacas, the King to whom a favourite, male or female, was a necessity of existence had replaced him by the Comte Decazes,² a comparatively young man of middle-class origin, who, after being judge of the

¹ Vicomte de Reiset, *Marie-Caroline, Duchesse de Berry*.

² "A favourite is a necessity to the King. . . . Before the Revolution and during a part of the Emigration, the Comtesse de Balby ruled him. She took it into her head to have twins by the Comte Archambaud de Périgord. The King, who had up till then been the best friend of the lovers, sent her by M. d'Hautefort, for a long time very much favoured by her, a note in which he wrote to her : 'The wife of Cæsar ought to be above suspicion.' Madame de Balby replied : '1. I am not your wife. 2. You are not Cæsar. 3. You are well aware that you are not in a condition to entertain or to cause any jealousy to a woman.' Louis XVIII. deprived her of all her pensions. He has restored them to her since the Restoration, but he refuses to see her, and has even forbidden her the Tuileries. . . . For a long time he declined to speak to the Comte Archambaud de Périgord. His Majesty said that he had destroyed all his happiness. The King, after the disgrace of Madame de Balby, took M. d'Avary for favourite. When he lost him, he consoled himself promptly with M. de Blacas, who was succeeded by M. Decazes."—*Journal du Maréchal de Castellane*, January 15, 1820.



ÉLIE, DUC DE CAZÈS

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY F. TOSCHI, AFTER THE PAINTING BY F. GÉRARD

Tribunal of the Seine and confidential counsellor to Louis Bonaparte at the Hague, had, from 1811 to the close of the Empire, filled the post of private secretary to *Madame Mère*, Napoleon's mother. Appointed, as the reward of his fidelity to the Bourbons during the Hundred Days, Prefect of Police, in which position he showed much firmness and tact in very difficult circumstances, Decazes was brought into personal contact with his Sovereign, upon whom his handsome face, insinuating manners, and powers of conversation made a most favourable impression. On the dismissal of Fouché, he entered the Cabinet as Minister of Police, and, having the art to persuade the old King that he was only his pupil in politics and that he owed all his success to him, speedily became the most powerful personage in France. Louis XVIII., indeed, regarded him as "his work," conceived for him an almost paternal affection,¹ loaded him with honours, and allowed himself to be guided almost entirely by his counsels. To the inspiration of Decazes was due the celebrated decree of September 5, 1816, by which the reactionary "*Chambre introuvable*" was dissolved. It was he who did most to put an end to the White Terror. It was he who was responsible for the Electoral Law of 1817,² the Press Law of 1819, and other measures designed to reconcile the government of Louis XVIII. with liberal ideas.

The moderate views of Decazes aroused the violent hostility of the "Ultras," who saw in the parvenu statesman only a dangerous revolutionary; and his policy produced the singular result that the friends of the Monarchy became the enemies of the Ministry, and that the Ministry was supported by the enemies of the Monarchy. Nevertheless, for a time, it seemed to answer well enough, although, in March 1819, the King was obliged to create a batch of new peers, in order to neutralise the systematic opposition of the "Ultras" in the Upper Chamber.

But the constant success of the advanced Liberals in the annual elections and the boldness of their demands began to alarm both the King and his Minister, and the climax was reached when, in the elections of 1819, the Abbé Grégoire, who was credited with having voted for the execution of Louis XVI.,

¹ In his letters the King invariably addressed the Minister as "my son."

² This law extended the franchise to all who paid 300 francs in direct taxes, and provided that one-fifth of the Chamber of Deputies should retire every year.

and who had declared in the Convention that "kings were morally what monsters were physically," was returned for Grenoble.

"Well, brother," observed *Monsieur* to the King when the news of Grégoire's election arrived, "you see at length whither they are leading you." "I know it, brother," was the reply. "I know it, and I shall guard against it." That same evening, Decazes received instructions from the King to prepare an alteration of the existing electoral system, and a bill was accordingly drafted by the latter which substituted a complete change in the Chamber of Deputies every seven years for a partial renewal each year, and divided the country into two electoral nations; the plebeian nation nominating half the deputies in the chief towns of their respective districts, and the nation of the aristocracy of wealth, composed of proprietors paying taxes to the amount of 1000 francs, nominating the other half in the capitals of the departments. Three members of the Cabinet, the Baron Louis, Minister of Finance, Gouvion Saint-Cyr, and Dessolles, refused to lend themselves to the alteration of the old law and resigned; and a new Ministry was formed, of which Decazes himself was the head as President of the Council and Minister of the Interior.

The proposals of the Government did not, as the King and Decazes had hoped, succeed in propitiating the "Ultras," who declined to rally to the support of the Ministry and continued their attacks on the favourite; while it alienated even the most moderate Liberals and excited a storm of indignation among the deputies of the extreme Left and their supporters in the country. "M. Decazes," says Lamartine, "was proceeding blindfold to the ruin of the throne which he wished to consolidate. He had made a *coup d'état* on September 5 [1816] against the Royalists; he was about to be compelled by the opposition of the Chamber to make a second against the Liberals. But the *coup d'état* against the Royalists only dethroned a party; that against the Liberals dethroned a public opinion which had become a popular passion with the mass of the nation."

However, before this unfortunate measure was formally introduced, a terrible catastrophe occurred, which horrified Europe, plunged the nation into mourning, ruined Decazes, and completely revolutionised the political situation.

The Duc de Berry was not favourable to Decazes, and for a time had united with his father and *Madame* in fomenting opposition to his policy. But of late, out of respect for the King, he had abstained from combating the favourite and, imitating the prudent tactics of his wife, had assumed an attitude of reserve and no longer took any part in the intrigues of the Pavillon de Marsan. If his predilection for gallantry remained as pronounced as ever, in other respects the character of the prince had certainly changed for the better since his marriage. Married life seemed to have softened that irascible temper which had once been so sore a trial to those about him; he was less impatient of contradiction, more disposed to make allowance for others, and more sympathetic; while his generosity was boundless. It has been calculated that in six years he dispensed in charity close upon 1,400,000 francs, an immense sum for a prince whose income was much smaller than those of many private individuals. "All these gifts," writes Chateaubriand, "were accompanied by attentions which doubled their value. The prince and princess, following the precept of the Gospel, visited the unfortunate to whom they rendered assistance. Sometimes they mutually concealed their good works. As they were going out one day together, a poor woman presented herself before them with her children. The youngest of the girls artlessly ran up to the princess. 'I have taken her under my care,' observed the Duchesse de Berry, blushing. 'Excellent!' replied the prince. 'I like you to increase the number of our family.'"¹

The same writer relates several pretty stories of the duke's goodness of heart.

On one occasion, as he was driving through the Bois de Boulogne, on his way to Bagatelle, he met a small boy staggering beneath the weight of an enormous basket. Stopping his cabriolet, he called out: "Little man, where are you going?" "To La Muette with this basket." "It is too heavy for you. Give it to me; I will leave it as I pass." The basket was willingly surrendered, and the prince, after inquiring the boy's name and address, drove on and delivered it at its destination. On his return to Paris, he went to find the lad's father. "I met your little boy," said he, in his blunt way; "you make him carry baskets that are too heavy for him; you will injure his health

¹ Chateaubriand, *la Vie et la mort du duc de Berry*.

and prevent him growing. Buy him a donkey to carry his basket." And he gave the man money to purchase the donkey.

Another time, he was walking with one of his gentlemen on the banks of the Seine, when he came upon an excited group of charcoal-burners, who were endeavouring to prevent one of their number from throwing himself into the river. The prince questioned the men, who were ignorant of his identity, and learned that it was the loss of four hundred francs which had driven their comrade to despair. Not without difficulty, he succeeded in persuading the poor fellow to postpone for half an hour any further attempt to end his life, and whispered a few words to the gentleman who was with him. The latter hurried back to the *Élysée*, and presently returned with twenty louis, which the prince handed to the would-be suicide. Great was the astonishment of the charcoal-burners to learn that the gentleman who had been talking so familiarly with them was the Duc de Berry!

Unhappily in France, political passions have never taken much account of private virtues, and the good qualities of the prince, which endeared him to so many, did not save him from the hatred of the fanatical enemies of the Restoration, who recognised that it was upon him that the continuance of the elder branch of the Bourbons depended.

For some time past, the Duc de Berry had been haunted by the most sinister presentiments. He was continually receiving anonymous letters containing threats against his life, and others which, when opened, diffused so overpowering an odour as to give rise to the belief that they had been impregnated with some poison. Brave to the point of recklessness, the prince was at first inclined to treat these epistles with contempt, but the frequency of their arrival ended by producing upon him a very unpleasant impression. Madame de Gontaut relates that, one day soon after she had succeeded Madame de la Ferronays as *dame d'atours* to the Duchesse de Berry, her mistress, in the presence of the duke, suggested that, as the apartments which had been allotted to her were very handsome and spacious,¹ she ought to give some balls, which would be

¹ They were the apartments which had been occupied by the little King of Rome, and showed everywhere signs of the care which had been bestowed on him. The

infinitely more amusing than the official ones which took place at the Élysée, since she need only invite whom she pleased, and all ceremony could be dispensed with. "Come," said the princess, "it is a promise, is it not? You will give some balls?"

"Being very disposed to do so," continues Madame de Gontaut, "I was about to reply to this order, when Monseigneur observed sadly: 'Caroline, you think of nothing but amusing yourselves.' 'Eh! why not?' replied she. 'I am so young.' And, stamping her foot, though she was smiling the while, she placed her pretty hand over his mouth, and said to him: 'Don't go and speak to me again about my being left a widow; it is the current jest, but I find it insupportable.' Monseigneur smiled sadly: 'I am wrong,' said he, 'but it is a fixed idea of mine; for some time past I have been thinking of thy widowhood.' 'A singular pleasantry' said Madame. And, taking me by the arm, she drew me out of the room. He followed us.

"I ought to observe here that Monseigneur had adopted the habit of foreign princes, who address their wives in the second person singular, even in public.

"The jest about widowhood had, for some time past, been often repeated, although Madame could not endure it. We talked about it sometimes without being able to understand it. M. de Nantouilles had remarked it, and feared that Monseigneur had received some anonymous letters.

"Some time afterwards, Monseigneur being alone in the salon, called me, took me into his cabinet, and showed me an opened letter. 'Look,' said he, 'I am sure that this paper is poisoned. Don't touch it; when I opened it, I experienced a horrible sensation. The letter amounts to nothing and can give no clue; it is an appeal for assistance, unsigned and without an address.' I begged him to warn M. Decazes. I do not know if he did so; but he charged me to keep the matter a secret, fearing to cause Madame uneasiness."¹

An incident which occurred at the beginning of 1820 served to strengthen the Duc de Berry's apprehensions. A glass panel in the grand gallery of the Élysée suddenly fell out and was shattered into a thousand pieces. The prince, who was decidedly

panels were padded as high as the head of a child six or seven years old, and the entire suite was hung with green silk, so as to preserve the eyes.

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

superstitious, regarded this accident as of evil augury, and from that moment he appears to have been as convinced that he was shortly to perish by a violent death as his great ancestor Henri IV. is said to have been before the crime of Ravallac.

However, the brilliant fêtes which filled the last days of the Carnival seemed to dissipate to some degree these gloomy forebodings, and the prince entered with all his accustomed zest into the gaieties of that merry season. On the night of Saturday, February 12, 1820, he and the duchess attended a magnificent costume-ball given in their honour by Comte Greffulhe, the banker. One of the features of this entertainment was the distribution to the ladies of little knives, in allusion to an opera, *les Petites Danaïdes*, which was just then drawing all Paris to the Porte Saint-Martin.¹ The ladies laughed gaily as the knives were handed round. Twenty-four hours later, they recalled the incident with a shudder!

Although, since the last ball at the Élysée, dancing was once more a prohibited pleasure for the Duchesse de Berry—for, to the great joy of her husband, signs of her again being in an interesting condition had begun to manifest themselves—she and the duke remained until a very late hour and appeared to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The duke, however, must have been not a little surprised by the conduct of his host, who had followed him about assiduously the whole evening, with a countenance more in keeping with a funeral than a fête. The worthy banker, in point of fact, had been suffering torments of anxiety on the prince's account, from the moment that the latter entered the ball-room until he saw him step into his carriage to return to the Élysée; and his ball, which had given so much pleasure to all his guests, had been for him nothing but one long purgatory. "He had received that morning," writes the Comte de Rochecouart, "a note warning him that the prince would be assassinated during the fête. We can understand the anguish of the master of the house, not daring to warn his august guest or to leave him any more than his shadow, and obliged to watch the movements of every person who approached him. Alas! the crime was only postponed."²

In the forenoon of that same Saturday, the Duc de Berry had gone shooting in the Bois de Boulogne. Everything,

¹ Nettement, *Mémoires sur Madame, la duchesse de Berri*.

² *Souvenirs du Comte de Rochecouart*.

however, had gone wrong ; a crowd of curious people who followed to witness the sport disturbed the game and distracted the dogs. The huntsman lost his head ; the duke his temper, and when one of the assistant huntsmen, named Soubriard, happened to approach his Royal Highness at a particularly irritating moment, the prince vented his ill-humour upon him, blamed him very unjustly for all the mishaps of the day, and abused him roundly.

As usual, he quickly repented of his violence, and returned to the Élysée looking so melancholy that, when he went to pay his afternoon visit to his little daughter, Madame de Gontaut remarked upon it. "Pity me," said he, with touching frankness, "I have just wounded the heart of a man, whom I love and who would give his life for me. I have behaved very badly, very wickedly!" At that moment, he took hold of the little princess, who was in Madame de Gontaut's arms, to give her a kiss. The child was frightened and began to cry. "She is right," said he, "to be afraid of a wicked man." Madame de Gontaut thought it incumbent upon her to refuse to believe that he could have left his unfortunate servant without any attempt to make amends for his injustice. "No," said he, "you have placed your finger on the wound. Poor, poor Soubriard ! I have left him sad and unhappy." Then he pressed her hand, and added : "But I shall not forget him ; the day is not yet over."

"The next morning, Shrove-Sunday, February 13," continues Madame de Gontaut, "the Duc de Berry came to visit his child before attending the King's Mass. He embraced her warmly, and, at the moment of taking his departure, observed to me : 'Don't scold me any more. On leaving you yesterday, I signed an order which will, I hope, secure Soubriard's happiness for the rest of his life. I am entrusting the service of my daughter to him ; he is to be her huntsman.' Then, although in haste to be gone, he stopped to tell me in confidence that he was certain that, in a few months, Madame would contribute to his happiness that of another child. 'I have reasons,' he repeated, 'which do not permit of any further doubt about it.' Then he gave me his hand and said '*Au revoir !*' so joyously that the tears came into my eyes, so much was I affected at the sight of the happiness which the news which he had just imparted to me afforded him. Poor prince ! Little did he think that it would become

the sole consolation which my heart was to experience on that fatal day!"¹

The 13th of the month was a sinister date in the life of the Duchesse de Berry. It was on July 13, 1817 that she had given birth to a daughter, who lived but a day; and it was on September 13 in the following year that she had brought into the world a son, who died at the end of two hours. The young princess, however, was not superstitious, and no premonition of the terrible tragedy with which the day was to close was permitted to cloud her happiness. At ten o'clock, she repaired to the Tuileries, where she held her usual Sunday "drawing-room" and gave several private audiences. Then she returned to the Élysée and spent the afternoon in *Mademoiselle's* apartments, playing with the child and discussing the ball of the previous evening with Madame de Gontaut; and at a quarter to six she and the duke drove to the Tuileries to dine with the King and the other members of the Royal Family.

Two splendid balls were to be given that evening; one by Maréchal Suchet, Duc d'Albuféra, in his magnificent hôtel in the Rue Faubourg Saint-Honoré; the other—a masquerade—by Madame de la Briche, in the Rue de la Ville l'Évêque. The Duc and Duchesse de Berry had originally intended to be present at both these functions; but, as the duchess had remained up very late the previous night, her husband did not think it advisable for her to undergo further fatigue in the delicate state she was then in; and they accordingly decided to spend the evening at the Opera, where there was to be an extraordinary representation, in place of the usual Monday performance, as on that day the *salle* would be required for a masked-ball.

The Opera-house was at this period in the Rue de Richelieu, opposite the Bibliothèque Royale, and occupied the site of what is now the Place Louvois. It had five tiers of boxes, including those on the *rez-de-chaussée*, and accommodation for over sixteen hundred spectators. Its exterior was far from imposing; but the interior was considered a masterpiece of elegance. A side-entrance in the Rue Rameau was reserved for the use of the princes.

The programme, which was an unusually long one, consisted of three pieces: *le Carnaval de Venise*, *le Rossignol*, and *les Noces de*

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

Gamache. About eight o'clock, the Duc and Duchesse de Berry entered their box, which was tastefully upholstered in blue silk and situated on the *rez-de-chaussée*, immediately below that of the King. The first piece was already over when they arrived, and the curtain was just rising on *le Rossignol*. The house was filled by a large and fashionable audience, and every box on the five tiers contained its complement of elegantly-dressed women covered with jewels and their attendant cavaliers. The Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans, with the duke's sister, Madame Adélaïde, and their children, were in a box near the prince and princess; and the two families, who were on the friendliest terms, saluted each other with smiles of recognition. Within the theatre that night all was life and gaiety.

But outside, in the Rue Rameau, Death waited!

CHAPTER XI

Louvel—His early life—His violent animosity against the Bourbons, whom he resolves “to exterminate”—He determines to commence operations with the assassination of the Duc de Berry, but his courage repeatedly fails him—His conduct on the night of February 13, 1820—The Duc and Duchesse de Berry at the Opera—The princess, having met with a slight accident, decides to return to the Élysée before the end of the performance—The duke conducts his wife to her carriage, and is stabbed by Louvel as he turns to re-enter the Opera-house—Pursuit and capture of the assassin—The wounded prince is carried into the salon behind his box—Courage and presence of mind of the Duchesse de Berry—An extraordinary scene—The Duc de Berry and the Bishop of Amyclée—Arrival of *Monsieur* and the Duc and Duchesse d’Angoulême—A futile operation—Administration of the last Sacraments—Madame de Gontaut brings *Mademoiselle* to the Opera-house—The Duchesse de Berry, at her husband’s request, sends for the duke’s daughters by Amy Brown—Arrival of Louis XVIII.—“*Sire, grâce grâce, pour la vie de l’homme!*”—The last moments—Death of the Duc de Berry.

DEATH waited in the shape of “a little, slender man, wasted by internal consumption, of a bilious complexion, pallid and wan, in a constant state of excitement, with a hard glance, compressed lips, and a suspicious face; an image of fanaticism revolving in a narrow brain some ill-comprehended idea, and suffering, until his fatal hand should have relieved him, by a crime, from its weight and its martyrdom.”¹ Louis Pierre Louvel was his name; he was a saddler by trade, and was at this time in his thirty-seventh year, having been born at Versailles on October 7, 1783.

Louvel’s parents had been small tradesmen at Versailles, but they had both died when he was very young, and the boy had been placed by an elder sister in one of those State institutes which had been established by the Convention to train the children of the country in republican ideas. The teaching he there received left a profound impression upon his mind, and he went forth into the world a fanatical devotee of the Revolution and a patriot of the most violent type.

¹ Lamartine, *Histoire de la Restauration*.

The glamour of Napoleon's victories, however, served to temper his revolutionary ardour, or rather to transform it into an equally passionate enthusiasm for the Emperor, who personified for him the greatness and glory of France; and, after serving his apprenticeship to a saddler at Monfort l'Amaury and plying his trade for a while, he entered, in 1806, a regiment of artillery, in which, however, his delicate health did not permit him to remain more than six months. He then returned to his trade, at which he bore the character of being a sober, industrious, and capable workman, but very taciturn and unsociable, and was living at Metz at the time of the fall of the Empire.

The sight of the invasion of 1814, and of the Royal Family returning under the protection of the enemies of his country, aroused in his already disordered mind the most violent exasperation, and from that moment the "extermination of the Bourbons" became with him a veritable monomania. Obsessed by this idea, he walked all the way from Metz to Calais, with the intention of assassinating Louis XVIII., at the moment of his landing upon French soil. But, either because no opportunity presented itself, or, more probably, because his resolution failed him, he made no attempt to execute his design. Leaving Calais, he proceeded to Fontainebleau, where he remained three months, and thence, by way of Marseilles, Bastia, and Leghorn, to the Isle of Elba. The chief saddler of the Imperial stables gave him employment; but at the end of the year 1814 Napoleon found himself obliged to curtail the expenses of his household, and Louvel was dismissed. He then returned to Leghorn, and from there to Chambéry, and it was while he was in the ancient capital of the Dukes of Savoy that he learned of Napoleon's landing. Without a word, he quitted his employer and hurried off to Lyons to rejoin the Emperor, in whose service he remained up to Waterloo.

After the Second Restoration, Louvel's animosity against the Bourbons became more violent than in 1814, and he was more than ever determined that his should be the hand to avenge the humiliation of his country. At the same time, he was cunning enough to dissimulate his feelings towards the Royal Family from all with whom he came in contact, and, as he himself subsequently declared, "so far from sharing his secret with any one, he did not even once suffer himself to speak against the Bourbons."

In order to facilitate his design, he obtained employment as a saddler in the royal stables at Versailles, and frequently followed the Court hunting-parties, always carrying a poniard about him. After long hesitation, he had decided to begin with the Duc de Berry, "because he was the stock of the family," after him to kill the Duc d'Angoulême, then *Monsieur*, and finally the King. For four years he lurked about the theatres, when he believed that his destined victim intended to be present, and followed him to the chase, the public promenades, and the churches. During this period, he was afforded several opportunities of executing his project ; but, when the crucial moment arrived, his courage invariably failed him.

One day, he had lain in wait for the Duc de Berry in the Bois de Boulogne, with the fullest intention of assassinating him. "I trembled with rage," he says, "when I thought of the Bourbons. I had witnessed them returning with the foreigner, and I was horrified by it. Then my thoughts took a different turn ; I believed myself unjust towards them, and reproached myself with my designs ; but my anger immediately returned. For more than an hour I remained in a condition of uncertainty, and had not yet come to a decision when the prince passed by and was saved for that day."

On the evening of February 13, 1820, Louvel was loitering outside the Opera-house at the hour fixed for the beginning of the performance, as he had done on many previous occasions, when he had reason to believe that the Duc de Berry would be there. Two or three days before, he had sought to fortify himself by a visit to Père Lachaise to contemplate the graves of Lannes, Masséna, and other heroes of the Empire ; but, despite the inspiration which he appears to have derived from this pilgrimage, the arrival of the prince found him still irresolute. But let us listen to his own account of that fatal evening, given on the morrow at his examination by the Prefect of Police:—

"I arrived at Dubois's cabaret at a few minutes after five, and dined there, as I have already explained. . . . At about half-past six, I left the cabaret, and went up to my room, where I armed myself with my second dagger, with the intention of going, as had been my almost daily custom for a long time past, to loiter about the theatre which I thought it most probable that the prince would visit. The prince and princess arrived

about eight o'clock. When the prince alighted from his carriage to enter the theatre, my courage failed me, as had been the case on many occasions. The order was given in a loud voice to the coachman to return at a quarter to eleven. I made a careful note of the time, and then went away. I went down to the Palais-Royal, where the first inspiration which came to me was to go to bed. I turned my steps homewards with that intention, but, recollecting that towards the end of the month I must return to the workshops at Versailles, which would render it difficult for me to realise my project, I felt myself again assailed by the ideas which for such a long time past had unceasingly occupied my thoughts, and I decided to persevere in my designs. I walked about the Palais-Royal for some time, and then returned to the Opera-house, where I saw the carriages again standing at the entrance leading to the Duc de Berry's box. I approached them. . . ."

Meanwhile, the Duc and Duchesse de Berry, little imagining that they were only separated by a wall from the man who was numbering the minutes of the prince's existence, were greatly enjoying the evening. During the second *entr'acte*, they paid a visit to their cousins' box, and the duke, who was devoted to children, began playing with the little Duc de Chartres, who was doomed like himself to be cut off in the flower of his age. He seemed full of gaiety and good-humour, and the audience, pleased by the sight of this family gathering, applauded him several times.

When the curtain rose on the first act of *les Noces de Gamache*, the prince and princess took leave of the Orléans to return to their places. As they were passing along the corridor, the Duchesse de Berry was struck with some force by the door of a box, which was suddenly thrown violently open; and, as she already seemed rather tired, her husband advised her to return to the *Élysée*. She declined, saying that she wished to stay for the ballet, but during the next *entr'acte* she exercised the privilege of her sex and announced that she had changed her mind.

The duke accordingly gave his wife his arm to escort her to her carriage, after which he intended to return to his box to witness the ballet, in which, by the way, Virginie Oreille was to take part. Followed by the Comte de Mesnard, the princess's

first equerry, Madame de Béthisy, her *dame pour accompagner* on duty that evening, and the Comtes de Clermont-Lodève and César de Choiseul, the aides-de-camp in attendance on the prince, they descended the private staircase and reached the entrance leading into the Rue Rameau.

The princess's carriage was at the door. A little way behind it was a cabriolet, opposite which, in the shadow of the Opera-house wall, stood a man wearing a green redingote. He appeared to be an inoffensive spectator, or a servant who was waiting for his master, and attracted nobody's attention.

This man was Louvel !

The Duc de Berry gave his right hand to the duchess to assist her into the carriage ; the Comte de Mesnard, his left ; Madame de Béthisy followed her mistress. The duke, who was wearing neither hat nor cloak, remained standing for a moment beneath the portico, and, waving his hand to his wife, cried gaily : " Adieu, Caroline ; we shall see each other again soon." The footman folded up the steps of the carriage, and the prince turned to re-enter the theatre.

At that instant, Louvel sprang forward, " passed like a bullet between the carriage and the sentry,"¹ who was in the act of presenting arms, seized the prince by the left shoulder with his left hand, and with the other drove his dagger deep into his right breast.

For a moment, as generally happens, the victim felt only the shock, and not the wound, and, imagining that he had received a blow from the shoulder, exclaimed : "*Voilà un fameux brutal !*" while the Comte César de Choiseul, believing also that the man had accidentally collided with the prince, while running, caught hold of his coat,² saying angrily : " Take care what you are doing ! "

Freeing himself from the count's grasp, the assassin fled in the direction of the Rue de Richelieu, leaving the weapon in the wound ; and the duke, putting his hand to the place where he had been struck, felt the hilt of the poniard. " I am assassinated ! " he cried. " I have got the dagger ! " And he plucked out the reeking weapon and handed it to the Comte de

¹ *Déposition du comte de Choiseul*, March 6, 1820, in Charles Nauroy, *les Derniers Bourbons : le Duc de Berry et Louvel*.

² Most writers state that he pushed Louvel away, but Choiseul, in the evidence which he gave on March 6, deposed that he caught him by the coat.

Mesnard,¹ into whose arms he then sank, murmuring : " I am a dead man ! "

The Duchesse de Berry, whose carriage had not yet started, heard her husband's cry of anguish, and immediately threw herself upon the door, which the footman had just closed, and endeavoured to open it. Madame de Béthisy, a strong young woman, seized her round the body with both arms, to prevent her, fearing that there might be more assassins about, or even an insurrection, and that her mistress might also be struck down.² But the little princess, struggling and screaming : " Let me alone ; I order you to let me alone ! " insisted on the door being opened, and, wrenching herself free from Madame de Béthisy, sprang out of the carriage, without waiting for the steps to be let down, fell at her husband's feet, and threw her arms round him. The wounded man was carried into the vestibule and placed upon a bench, with his head leaning against the wall. They took off his cravat and opened his shirt to look for the wound, which they found below the right breast. The blood spurted forth, and the gowns of the princess and Madame de Béthisy were covered with it. " I am dying," said the duke in a faint voice ; " send for a priest ; come, my wife, let me die in your arms ! " Then he lost consciousness.

Meanwhile, the Comtes de Choiseul and de Clermont-Lodève, the sentry, whose name was Desbiès, and a footman had started in pursuit of the assassin. Hearing the cries of the princess, however, Choiseul turned back and, on learning of the serious condition of the duke, ran to a neighbouring café to inquire the address of the nearest surgeon.³ The others continued the chase, in which several other persons, attracted by their shouts, also joined. Louvel, however, was fleet of foot and had secured a considerable start, and he was still some distance ahead of his pursuers, when, at the corner of the Arcade Colbert, he was stopped by a waiter employed at the Café Hardy, named Paulmier,⁴ who seized him by the collar, over-

¹ The dagger is described by one of the surgeons who attended the ill-fated prince as " formed of a blade clumsily made and of a hilt more clumsy still. The blade, which was six inches in length, was flat, very fine at the point, and sharpened on both sides. It thickened insensibly towards the hilt."—*Déposition du docteur Dupuytren.*

² " Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry."

³ *Déposition du comte de Choiseul.*

⁴ Imbert de Saint-Armand and M. de Reiset say that Paulmier was carrying a

powered him, and handed him over to the sentry Desbiès, who was the first to come up.

The assassin was conducted to the guard-house of the Opera, where Clermont-Lodève had great difficulty in preventing the infuriated soldiers from promptly running him through with their bayonets. "Monster!" said the count, addressing Louvel, "what could have induced you to commit such a crime?" "They are the most cruel enemies of France," was the reply. Clermont was for a moment under the impression that the man was about to make a confession, but he soon understood that the words were an allusion to the Bourbons.¹ Louvel was then searched, when a second dagger and the sheath of the one with which he had stabbed the prince were found upon him. Clermont took charge of these evidences of the crime, and hastened to the side of his injured master.

During this time, advantage had been taken of the Duc de Berry's swoon to carry him out of the vestibule and up the private staircase into the salon behind his box. It was a little low-ceilinged room, with green hangings. Two play-bills upon the wall formed its only decoration.² They laid the prince upon a sofa, the duchess supported his head, and Roulet, the librarian of the Opera, brought vinegar and began to bathe his temples. Three doctors were speedily in attendance: Lacroix, Drogard, and Blancheton. The last, who resided close to the Opera-house, had been fetched by the Comte de Choiseul. They probed the wound and bled the prince in the right arm, in order to prevent the obstruction of the lungs. The wounded man recovered consciousness, and murmured some indistinct words, which were understood to be a request for a priest. His sight was growing dim from failing strength, occasioned by the loss of blood, and he seemed unable to distinguish those

tray of ices to the Opera-house, that Louvel collided with him and upset the tray, and that, furious at this mishap, the waiter ran after him and caught him. But Paulmier, in the evidence which he gave on the morrow before the Commissary of Police Ferté, did not mention this incident, and merely stated that "seeing a man in a green redingote running, pursued by gendarmes with cries of 'Stop him! Stop him!' he seized him by the collar."

¹ Nettement, *Mémoires sur Madame, la duchesse de Berri*.

² It was in this little room that the prince had been accustomed to give audience to any nymph of the Opera upon whom he happened to have cast a favourable eye, and Mary Berry declares that, on recovering his senses, he is said to have exclaimed: "*Ah! c'est un jugement du ciel que cette chambre!*" But some of Miss Berry's French friends appear to have had very lively imaginations.

about him. "Caroline, are you there?" he exclaimed, stretching out his arms for his wife. "Yes," replied the princess, tenderly; "I am here and shall never leave thee."¹

Choiseul bears witness to the courage and presence of mind exhibited by the Duchesse de Berry on this terrible night. "Every one," he says, "was extremely agitated; the princess alone had not lost her head, and showed the most admirable energy, full of sensibility and strength of mind." When the surgeons wished to make a ligature and demanded a bandage, which no one had had the sense to prepare, she snatched off her garters, and when these were found to be useless, owing to their being made of elastic, gave them her sash.²

Clermont informed the duke of the arrest of the assassin. "Is he a foreigner?" he asked; and, on being told that he was not, exclaimed: "It is very cruel to die by the hand of a Frenchman!" He inquired of Blancheton if his wound were mortal, adding: "I have plenty of courage; I can endure anything, and I beg you to tell me the truth." The surgeon, however, did not venture to express an opinion.

The Duc d'Orléans was fetched, and, on learning of the serious condition of the prince, sent round for the duchess and his sister, desiring the children to be taken home. But "apprehensive of a tumult, which might cause numerous accidents, by accumulating frightened crowds at the doors, it was thought advisable not to apprise the public of the murder or to interrupt the performance";³ the ballet still went on, and from the room where the prince lay in agony people could hear the music and the applause, and, through a window which opened into the box, catch glimpses of the groups of gaily-clad *danseuses* moving gracefully about the stage. Truly, a gruesome contrast between death and pleasure!⁴

¹ Madame de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

² *Déposition du comte de Choiseul*.

³ Lamartine, *Histoire de la Restauration*.

⁴ "It is to be remembered, in addition to the horror of the scene, that, as the audience in the theatre knew nothing of the accident, the last act of the ballet was going on, and that every time the door opened of the room where the Duc de Berry lay (which must have been almost every instant), the applause of the pit and the steps of the dancers struck the ears of the spectators of the horrors within. The effect was so terrible that Mlle. d'Orléans, less occupied than the rest with any services to the poor victim, fainted away, from the mere incongruous horror of the scene, on which she had a sort of leisure to look."—"Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry."

The duke repeatedly asked for a priest, and presently Clermont-Lodève, who had hurried off in search of one, returned, bringing with him the prince's chief almoner, Mgr. de Latil, Bishop of Amyclée. This prelate was a great favourite with *Monsieur*, but the Duc de Berry had long felt for him a profound aversion, which, according to Madame de Gontaut, he was never able to explain. On perceiving him enter, he was unable to restrain a gesture of annoyance; but, a moment later, observed to Clermont-Lodève: "God is giving me a trial for which I render Him thanks; I must make painful avowals to him, and receive from him hope and consolation." He then motioned the bishop to approach, and they conferred together, in low tones, for some minutes. From that moment the agitation of the prince appeared to subside.¹

The outward flow of blood had now ceased, but the doctors feared the internal hemorrhage, and, in order to diminish the danger of this, it was decided to bleed the prince in the other arm. As this failed to afford him any relief, leeches were applied, and then the duke's own surgeon, Bougon, who had just arrived, proposed suction. "The prince, moved by so noble a devotion, wished to dissuade Dr. Bougon, saying to him: 'What are you doing, my friend? The wound is perhaps poisoned.' Devotion, however, knows no danger; and that of Dr. Bougon could not be hindered by such a fear."²

A little after midnight, *Monsieur* arrived. On learning the terrible news, the prince had rushed, half-dressed, from his apartments, sprung into the carriage of the Prince Charles de Polignac, which was waiting for that nobleman near the Pavillon de Marsan, and ordered the coachman to drive him at full speed to the Tuileries. So great was his haste that he shut the door without waiting for the Duc de Maillé, who accompanied him, to take his place by his side, and the duke had to clamber up behind and ride with the footmen.

Monsieur was closely followed by the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême. The grief of the former, who was deeply attached to his brother, was heartrending; weeping bitterly, he flung

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

² *Déposition du docteur Dupuytren*, in Nauroy, *les Derniers Bourbons: le Duc de Berry et Louvel*.

himself on his knees beside him, and "bathed the wound with his tears."¹

After the successive remedies of which we have spoken, the Duc de Berry appeared to breathe with less difficulty and, on the advice of the doctors, of whom there were now six present, advantage was taken of this trifling improvement to remove him from the little salon, where both air and space were wanting, into an adjoining room, which was used by the administration of the Opera. A truckle-bed was brought in, and on this the prince was laid, a chair being placed under one end of the mattress to raise his head, as no bolster was forthcoming.

By this time the news of the tragedy had spread, and the *foyer* and corridors of the Opera-house were filled by an excited crowd of people connected with the Court, some of whom had come straight from Madame de la Briche's masquerade and were still in fancy dress, their pale and tear-stained faces contrasting oddly with the gay and occasionally ludicrous costumes which they were wearing. Every one who came out of the room where the prince lay was besieged for news, and all kinds of contradictory rumours were in circulation.

Although the surgeons refused to abandon hope, the Duc de Berry himself was under no illusion. "My wound," said he to Blancheton, "is a mortal one; the dagger was driven in up to the hilt; it has penetrated to the heart!"

A few minutes later, Dupuytren, at this time the most celebrated surgeon in Paris, arrived with the Duc de Maillé, who had been sent to find him. Much had been expected from his coming, and, after a consultation with his colleagues, he decided that an incision should be made in the prince's chest, following the course of the wound. The object of this, he tells us, was to ascertain if the internal hemorrhage proceeded from an intercostal artery. In that case, they would have been able to check it; while, in the contrary event, the operation would at any rate serve to draw off some of the blood which was flooding the unfortunate man's chest and threatening to suffocate him.

"The necessity of operating," continues Dupuytren, "was communicated to the prince, who bravely consented to it. It

¹ *Souvenirs du lieutenant-général Vicomte de Reiset, par son petit-fils le Vicomte de Reiset.*

was thought advisable to spare his young wife the sight of a new anguish, and we begged her to withdraw for a moment. *Monsieur* and the prince joined their entreaties to ours to persuade her to do so.¹ All was useless, for she was unwilling to leave the duke at a moment when he might be in need of consolation. 'I will be brave!' cried she, throwing herself on her knees by the bedside and flinging her arms around the Duc de Berry. At that moment, her features, her voice, her gestures, seemed animated by a divine fire; a great woman appeared all at once to have taken the place of the young and timid princess. We were compelled to yield.

"This operation could not be carried out without occasioning pain, and this pain drew from the prince some cries and caused him to make some involuntary movements. Then the princess, restraining her husband's hand, which was about to seize the instrument, cried in an accent which it was impossible to resist: 'Charles, Charles, it is to relieve you; if you love me, you will allow it to be done!' And the prince permitted the operation to be finished."²

The operation afforded the Duc de Berry momentary relief, and his breathing became somewhat easier; but it showed that the cause of the internal hemorrhage was not a lesion in the intercostal arteries, but a deeper and more dangerous one. In point of fact, as the autopsy presently revealed, the dagger, entering between the fifth and sixth ribs, and traversing the upper part of the right lung, had penetrated the pericardium.

The despairing surgeons, who had just been reinforced by three new arrivals, bringing their number up to ten, held a further consultation, and decided that the only thing to be done was to turn the duke over on his right side, so as to promote the outflow of blood, and "to observe with attention the symptoms of the malady." They then drew up a bulletin, in which they stated that the Duc de Berry was in the gravest danger, and that they entertained scarcely any hope of saving him. This they gave to Decazes, for transmission to the King.³

The Duc de Berry, feeling that he was sinking, desired to receive the Last Sacraments, and called the Bishop of Amyclée.

¹ It was at this moment, and not, as some writers state, just before he expired, that the duke said to his wife: "Caroline, spare yourself, for the sake of the child you bear."

² *Déposition du docteur Dupuytren.*

³ *Ibid.*

The prelate approached and, kneeling at the bedside, heard the prince's confession and gave him absolution, after which Extreme Unction was administered by the curé of Saint-Roch. The prince then again asked for the bishop, and begged him to continue his exhortations. "Ah!" said he to the Duc d'Angoulême, "I am very culpable; will Heaven pardon me?" "Yes, brother," was the reply, "your sufferings and your sentiments at this moment would suffice to obtain from Heaven the mercy you implore."¹

Reassured by the Sacraments and the words of his brother, the dying man expressed a wish to bid farewell to his little daughter, and the Duchesse de Berry sent orders to Madame de Gontaut to bring her charge to the Opera-house.² Madame de Gontaut, with the sleeping *Mademoiselle* in her arms, entered a carriage, in the presence of an immense crowd, which had flocked to the Tuileries in the belief that the duke would be brought thither, and which testified its sympathy by maintaining "an almost religious silence." In the Faubourg Saint-Honoré her carriage was stopped by a block in the traffic, caused by the crowd of carriages going and returning from Maréchal Suchet's ball, and she trembled lest the delay might deprive the infant princess of her father's dying benediction. However, way was at length made for her.

On reaching the Opera-house, Madame de Gontaut at once carried the little girl to the sick-room. "Madame came to me, took her child, and presented her to Monseigneur. He made an effort to embrace her. 'Poor child!' said he; 'may you be less unhappy than your father!'"³ He stretched out his arms and sought to bless her. Madame gave her back to me. She was asleep; and I placed her behind the pillow on which Monseigneur's head was reposing."⁴

¹ Dupuytren. Lamartine, who was doubtless well informed, says that the Duc d'Angoulême's answer was: "Oh! my dear brother, what further pledge of mercy do you require? He has made you a martyr."

² The Vicomte de Reiset, in the *Souvenirs* of his grandfather, places the arrival of *Mademoiselle* a few minutes before that of Dupuytren; but Dupuytren himself states that she was not sent for until after the last Sacraments had been administered to the Duc de Berry, that is to say, after all hope had been abandoned. As the surgeon gave his evidence with the events of that terrible night fresh in his mind, we see no reason to doubt his accuracy.

³ But most historians say that the duke's words were: "May you be less unhappy than all those of my family!"

⁴ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

The Duc de Berry then turned to the duchess and said: "Wife, I ought to confess to you that I had two children before I knew you. Permit me to see them." "Let them be brought," replied the princess, without a moment's hesitation. "Why did you not tell me of this before, Charles? I would have adopted them."¹ And she called the Duc de Coigny and requested him to fetch the children.

Coigny at once drove to the Rue Neuve-des-Mathurins, where Amy Brown and her children were now residing. At that hour of the night, or rather morning, all the household were asleep, and the duke had the greatest difficulty in procuring admission. He told the servant not to disturb her mistress, as he only wanted the two children and their maid, who must instantly accompany him; but he was informed that the elder girl slept with her mother, so that concealment was impossible; and he had to break the terrible news as gently as he could to Amy Brown.

"On M. de Coigny," writes Mary Berry, "being obliged to tell her that she must allow her children to go without her, that she could not be admitted, she made no reply, but gently pressed his arm in silence, put on a large bonnet with a deep veil, and placed herself in the coach with the children, their maid, and M. de Coigny. On his again repeating that she *could not* be allowed to go in, she again, without uttering a word, squeezed his arm, as if to assure him of the propriety of her conduct, and actually remained in the carriage at the door of the Opera-house, while the children, accompanied by their maid, were carried up to their dying father."²

Nearly three-quarters of an hour elapsed before Coigny returned with the little girls, during which time the Duc de Berry more than once expressed his fear that they would arrive too late. On being brought into the room, the children, who were both dressed alike in little redingotes of yellow cashmere and hats with white ribbons, hastened to their father, knelt

¹ *Souvenirs du lieutenant-général Vicomte de Reiset, par son petit-fils le Vicomte de Reiset.* Dupuytren gives a different version of this conversation, from which it would appear that the Duchesse de Berry was already aware of the children's existence: "My dear Caroline, I have a very earnest desire. Will you be so kind as to acquiesce?" "Speak, what is it you wish?" "I should like to see my little Charlotte and Louise. Do you consent?" "Yes, to everything that will please you. I will go and give orders for them to be fetched."

² "Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry."

down at the foot of the bed, and kissed the hand which he extended to them. The prince spoke a few words to them, in English, in a low tone, gave them his blessing, and embraced them, saying to the younger in French. "Poor Louise! Thou wilt never see thy unhappy father again!" Then, calling the Duchesse de Berry, who, during this touching interview, had moved a few steps away, he pointed to the kneeling children, and, raising his voice, said: "Wife, here are two orphans; I beg you to take care of them." The princess replied by holding out her arms to the children, who rose and went to her. She kissed them affectionately and said: "Yes, my dear little ones; I will take care of you; I will behave as a mother towards you; you shall never have a better one than I." Then, taking them by the hand, she led them to the little *Mademoiselle*, who was in her nurse's arms. "Embrace your sister," said she, simply. And, turning towards her husband, she exclaimed: "You see, Charles; I have now three children!"¹

The prince, who, even in the midst of his cruel sufferings, showed thought for others, had refrained from wounding the feelings of his wife by speaking of the son, whom he had by Virginie Oreille, since he was the fruit of a post-marital attachment; but he now summoned his brother to his side, and recommended the boy to his protection. The Duc d'Angoulême readily gave the required promise, and, as we have mentioned elsewhere, both he and the duchess subsequently took a great interest in Charles de Carrière.

The poor prince had, however, one last anxiety; it was to obtain the King's clemency for Louvel. "A score of times in the course of that fatal night," says Dupuytren, "he exclaimed: 'Have I not injured this man? Had he not some personal wrong to avenge upon me?' In vain *Monsieur* repeated to him, with tears in his eyes: 'No, my son, you have never seen, you have never injured, this man; he had no personal animosity against you.' The prince reverted incessantly to this importunate idea, to which he joined another: that of obtaining mercy for the assassin." His eagerness for the arrival of the King, which increased as he felt his end drawing nearer, was pitiable. "Ah! the King will not come!" he cried. "I shall be unable to demand of him the life of the man!" And then, addressing,

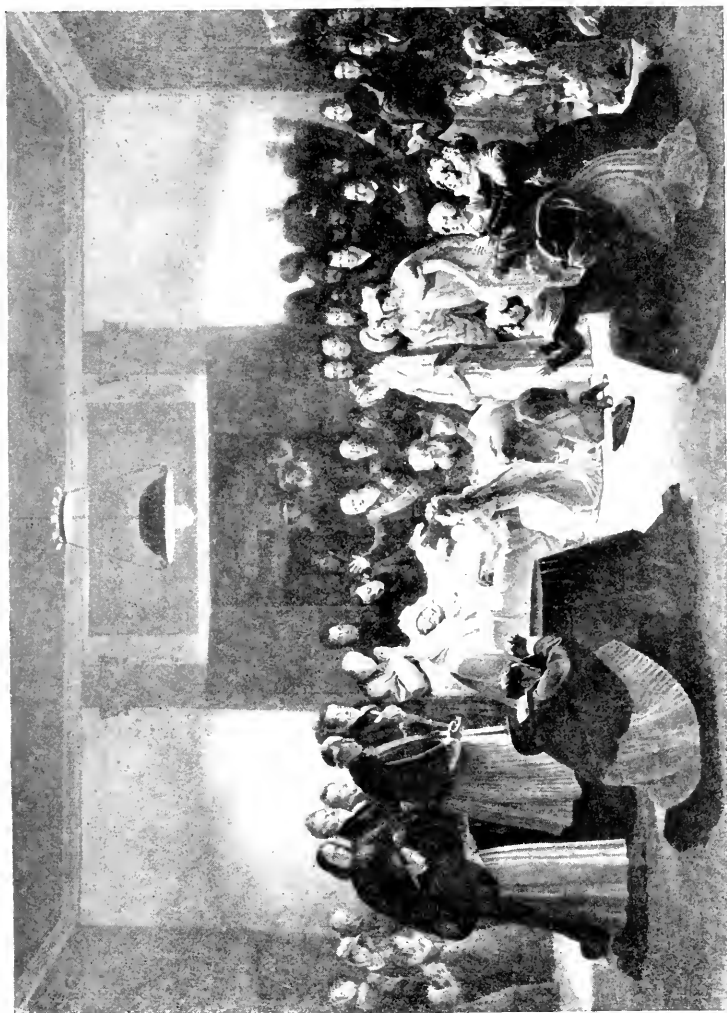
¹ *Déposition du docteur Dupuytren; Souvenirs du lieutenant-général vicomte de Reiset.*

in turn, *Monsieur* and the Duc d'Angoulême, he cried: "Promise me, father, to implore the King to spare the man's life!"

Louis XVIII., who usually retired to rest at an early hour, was in bed and asleep when Decazes came to the Tuileries to inform him of the crime of which his nephew had just been the victim. Acting in accordance with the instructions of the Comte d'Artois, who wished to spare his brother as much as possible, and feared that Louvel's crime was only part of a formidable conspiracy, and that an attempt might be made upon the King himself, the Minister concealed from him the gravity of the prince's condition; and, though his Majesty wished to start at once for the Opera, persuaded him to defer his departure, saying that *Monsieur* would send him warning if the situation became worse. However, the first bulletin, the contents of which Decazes had not dared to communicate to his master, was followed by others so alarming that at length it was no longer possible to dissimulate the danger; and, the precaution having been taken to line the road from the Tuileries with troops, the King entered his carriage and set off for the Opera.

It was nearly five o'clock, and the day was beginning to break, when the Duc de Berry heard the clattering of the horses of the King's escort in the Rue Rameau. "Here is the King at last!" he cried. "Oh! that he may come quickly! . . . I am dying!" Some minutes, however, passed before his Majesty appeared, for the infirm old monarch had to be got out of his carriage and carried up the stairs in an armchair; and, as the stairs were steep and narrow, his progress was necessarily slow.

Louis XVIII. had seen many strange sights in his adventurous life, but none more singular than that upon which his eyes rested when the stairs had at length been surmounted and he entered the room in which his dying nephew lay. There, in that shabby little apartment, with its walls lined with gaudy playbills and portraits and busts of operatic celebrities, were congregated the greatest personages in France: princes and princesses, ministers, marshals, and nobles. Some were in full evening toilette, others in carnival attire, and others, like *Monsieur*, only half-dressed. The Duchesse de Berry wearing a white *peignoir*, which some one had brought her to replace her evening-gown, but which had also become stained with blood, was kneeling by a truckle-bed; near her was the Duchesse



THE DEATH OF THE DUC DE BERRY
FROM THE PAINTING BY MAYAUD AT VERSAILLES



d'Orléans, in a magnificent toilette sparkling with diamonds, and with white plumes on her head ; and not far off a *figurante* of the Opera, in rose tights and gauze skirt, who had been called in to help.¹

And there, gasping out his life on the bed by which the princess knelt, lay the hope of his race—the nephew whom the King had last seen at the Tuileries, a few short hours before, in all the vigour of health and manhood ! The pale light of the wintry dawn creeping into the room added to the weirdness of the scene.

The moment the dying prince caught sight of the King, he cried in a voice of entreaty : “ *Sire, grâce, grâce pour la vie de l'homme.*” The King stooped down and kissed him, and replied : “ My nephew, you are not so ill as you think ; we shall have time to consider this request when you are cured.”² The Duc de Berry repeated his demand, but Louis XVIII. again returned an evasive answer. “ Ah ! Sire, you do not say yes,” cried the prince, and, according to General de Reiset, the Duc d'Angoulême joined his entreaties to those of his brother. “ Sire,” said he, “ be pleased to accede to his request ; for more than two hours this desire has been tormenting him.” “ All this requires reflection,” answered the King, and, turning to the Duc de Berry, said : “ Speak of yourself, my son ; that would be better.”³

The prince was silent for some minutes. Then he exclaimed : “ The favour of the man's life would, however, have sweetened the bitterness of my last moments ” ; and, some time afterwards, still pursuing the same train of thought, he murmured in a voice broken by the agony he was suffering : “ Ah ! . . . at least if . . . I was carrying away the thought . . . that a man's blood . . . would not be shed on my account . . . after my death . . . ”⁴

Meanwhile, Louis XVIII., who had seated himself at the foot of the bed, had perceived the two little daughters of Amy

¹ Some writers assert that this *figurante* was none other than Virginie Oreille.

² *Déposition du docteur Dupuytren.* Dupuytren lays emphasis on the fact that the Duc de Berry asked for the *life* of “ the man ” and not for his *pardon*, as so many writers state. The King might have commuted the capital sentence, but it would, of course, have been impossible for him to accord him a free pardon.

³ *Souvenirs du lieutenant-général vicomte de Reiset.* Dupuytren says nothing about the intervention of the Duc d'Angoulême.

⁴ *Déposition du docteur Dupuytren.*

Brown. He inquired who they were, and the Duchesse de Berry said a few words to him in an undertone. Then she presented them to him, adding: "I have promised to adopt these children, and I ask the King, in the name of him whom we love, to deign to bestow his bounties on them." His Majesty reflected for a moment, then, recollecting what had been done in previous reigns, he said: "I will give the names of Comtesse de Vierzon to the one, and of Comtesse d'Issoudun to the other."¹

The doctors continued their attentions to the prince, less from any hope of saving him than of alleviating his sufferings, for it was obvious that he was sinking fast. Turning to Dupuytren, Louis XVIII. inquired, in Latin, if he still retained any hope ("*Superstes ne spes aliqua salutis?*"), and, on receiving the answer he feared, raised his eyes to Heaven and exclaimed: "God's will be done!"²

In a momentary respite from pain, the Duc de Berry called to his tutor in arms and faithful companion in exile, the venerable Comte de Nantouillet, to come and embrace him for the last time, and thanked Dupuytren for his attentions. He also spoke affectionately to several of his personal friends, and recommended his servants to the protection of *Monsieur* and the Duc d'Angoulême.

The last moment was now approaching; and the Duchesse de Berry, whose fortitude had at last given way, was sobbing hysterically. At the earnest entreaty of her husband, she consented to retire with the Duchesse de Reggio and Madame de Béthisy into an adjoining room; but, hearing the prince cry out, she broke from their detaining hands, rushed back, and threw herself at the foot of the bed, making the room resound with the name of "Charles! Charles! Oh! my Charles!"³ The prince, murmuring some indistinct words, which most writers allege were a last appeal for the life of Louvel, though Dupuytren declares that he caught those of "*France*" and "*Patrie*," sank into unconsciousness; and soon, in spite of the efforts of the surgeons, his breathing was no longer perceptible. Dupuytren asked for a mirror, and the King passed him his

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

² According to General de Reiset, Dupuytren was not sufficiently well acquainted with Latin to understand his Majesty's question, and one of his colleagues had to answer for him.

³ *Déposition du docteur Dupuytren*.

snuff-box, which had a glass lid. The surgeon held it to the lips and nostrils of the prince. No vapour tarnished it.

The Duc de Berry was dead!¹

Louis XVIII., who was anxiously watching Dupuytren, asked him: "Is it all over?" The surgeon replied in the affirmative, and inquired if his Majesty desired to show the prince the "last respects." "The last attentions," corrected the King, who, though the tears were coursing down his cheeks, did not, even at such a moment as this, forget the exigencies of etiquette.² "Yes; assist me." And, taking Dupuytren's arm, he approached the bed. "A religious curiosity suspended our tears," writes the surgeon; "all eyes were turned upon the King; we waited anxiously. Then, extending a hand trembling with grief over the face of the royal victim, the King closed his eyelids, and, in a voice broken by sobs, murmured: 'Sleep in peace, my child!' Then he kissed him on the forehead, and, taking the prince's hand, raised it to his lips. At this patriarchal scene, the expressions of grief, momentarily restrained, burst forth violently on all sides."³

The Duchesse de Berry, in the adjoining room, heard the sounds which announced that the prince was no more, and breaking away from her ladies, who vainly endeavoured to restrain her, rushed frantically towards the door. *Monsieur* stood there to keep her out; but she gave him so violent a push that they both fell to the ground.⁴ Springing up, the princess ran to the bed, threw herself upon the inanimate body of her husband, and bathed his face with her tears. The King sought to calm her, but she, rising from the bed and casting herself at his feet, cried: "Sire, I have one favour to ask your Majesty. You will not refuse me. It is permission to return to Sicily with my child. I cannot live here after my husband's death!" "You are distracted by grief, my child," replied the King, kindly, and, as the princess sank fainting to the floor, he made a sign to the Vicomte Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld, who raised her up and carried her from the room and down the stairs, followed by the Duchesse d'Angoulême and Madame de Gontaut, who held the little *Mademoiselle* in her arms. The

¹ *Déposition du docteur Dupuytren.*

² Baron de Barante, *Souvenirs.*

³ *Déposition du docteur Dupuytren.*

⁴ Charles de Rémusat to Madame de Rémusat, February, 1820.

carriages were summoned, and La Rochefoucauld placed the Duchesse de Berry, still unconscious, in hers. Madame de Gontaut has left us a touching account of the return to the *Élysée* :

“ I sat down beside her ; her head fell on my shoulder. The Duchesse d'Angoulême was on the front-seat and supported us both. As we entered the courtyard of the *Élysée*, Madame recovered consciousness, and groped about with her icy hands for him who had just been taken from her. The discovery that she was parted from him gave her a moment of terrible despair. We endeavoured to take her to her own apartment, but she refused and went straight to that of Monseigneur. This was another agony for her. Everything was in readiness to receive him who was no more ; his armchair drawn up, his dressing-gown spread out—all except himself, except life ! She clung to me convulsively, and pressed her daughter to her heart ; the poor little thing was frightened and cried. I entrusted her to Madame Lemoine, Madame having told me to remain with her. She wept passionately over everything that belonged to him ; and, as she no longer restrained the violence of her grief, her cries were heartrending ! She desired to remain in this room, kneeling beside the bed, to which she clung with clenched hands. She, so calm, so courageous, during the dreadful night, now gave way to the very excess of despair. She had expressed a wish to be left alone with me, and I persuaded her gently to undress, for her clothes were still wet with blood. They brought me her night-clothes, and I was able to prevail upon her to take some repose. She told me to close the doors, and I promised not to leave her. It was then, I think, six o'clock. I took care that she should have perfect quiet, and I seated myself on the steps of the bed, while she slept for several hours, the sleep of weariness and youth.”

When the poor princess awoke, grief resumed its sway, and Madame de Gontaut in vain endeavoured to soothe her. While she was sleeping, her women had hurriedly prepared her widow's weeds, and the dress had been laid out. No one ventured to propose that she should put this lugubrious costume on, but, when she saw it, she immediately assumed it. At Madame de Gontaut's suggestion, she then went into a little oratory to hear the Mass which her almoner was saying for the repose of her husband's soul, and it was on this occasion, the writer tells us,

that a lady who had some talent for drawing made a portrait of the princess which she gave to her.

After several hours, "passed partly in prayer and always in tears and sobs," Madame de Gontaut spoke to her mistress of her unborn child, for whose sake she besought her to make an effort to master her grief. The princess promised to do so, and was at length persuaded to take a little nourishment.

In the course of the day, *Monsieur* came to the *Élysée*, so changed that he was scarcely recognisable. His face was deadly pale, his eyes swollen by weeping, and his hair, in a single night, had become quite white. He endeavoured to sustain his daughter-in-law's courage, but, at the sight of him, her tears broke forth afresh, and, in her despair, she declared that her only wish was to leave France and return to Sicily, so as to put as great a distance as possible between herself and the place where the only one who could make her happy had been done to death. *Monsieur* reasoned with her, and eventually succeeded in making her understand the impossibility of executing such a project. He then told her that the King, aware of how painful it would be for her to remain at the *Élysée*, had placed at her disposal whichever of the royal residences she might prefer. She chose Saint-Cloud and asked that she might be permitted to go thither at once with her little daughter; and that very evening she quitted the home where she had once been so happy, and to which she was never to return, and set out for Saint-Cloud, where she installed herself in the apartments of the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême.

CHAPTER XII

The body of the Duc de Berry transported to the Louvre—Consternation in Paris—Decazes tenders his resignation to the King, who refuses to accept it—An unfortunate incident—Meeting of the Chambers—Clausel de Coussergues demands the impeachment of Decazes, “as an accomplice of the assassination of the Duc de Berry”—Furious outcry against the Minister—The resistance of Louis XVIII. eventually overcome by the representation of *Monsieur* and the Duchesse d’Angoulême—Fall of Decazes—Grief of the King—Lying-in-state of the Duc de Berry—His obsequies at Saint-Denis—Monuments erected to his memory.

AN hour after the ill-fated Duc de Berry had expired, his body, covered by a flag, was transported to the Louvre, in the same carriage which had brought him to the Opera the evening before, full of life and health. No one had thought of warning the governor, the Marquis d’Autichamp, until the carriage had actually entered the courtyard of the château, and the poor man, who was even unaware of the crime, was so overcome at the sight that for some time he was incapable of giving orders. The body was accordingly taken into his own apartments and laid upon a table, where it remained while the *chapelle ardente* was being prepared, the clergy of Saint-Germain l’Auxerrois praying beside it.

In the meanwhile, the news of the prince’s death had spread through Paris, and the utmost consternation prevailed. All sorts of absurd rumours were in circulation. Some declared that the assassin was a man whose wife the Duc de Berry had seduced ; others, that he was a soldier to whom Napoleon had given the Cross of the Legion of Honour during the Hundred Days, and from whose breast the prince had torn it, in a moment of anger. When, however, it became known that the motive of the crime was a political one, grief was superseded by indignation, and the excited crowds which thronged the streets raised shouts of vengeance against the extreme Liberals, who had been so industrious of late in fomenting the worst passions, and against the Minister who passed for their protector.

Decazes, foreseeing the storm which was about to burst upon his head, and that no effort would be spared by the ultra-Royalists to induce the King to dismiss the object of their hatred, wished to spare his sorrowing master this new trial, and, on Louis XVIII.'s return to the Tuileries, he, with rare self-denial, at once offered his resignation. The King, however, refused to hear of it. "Policy and friendship," he said, "alike forbid me to surrender France to those who would speedily ruin her. I order you to remain in the Ministry. They shall not separate us."

At eight o'clock that morning, a council was held, at which it was decided that measures temporarily suspending personal liberty, subjecting the Press to rigorous supervision, and constituting the Chamber of Peers a State tribunal for the trial of the assassin and his accomplices, should be submitted that same day to the Chambers. By these concessions to the party of reaction the King fondly hoped that the fury of the "Ultras" might be appeased. The distribution of a handful of crumbs among a pack of ravening wolves would have been equally effective.

Unhappily for Decazes, an incident which had occurred shortly after the arrest of Louvel had provided his enemies with a weapon which they were not slow to turn to account.

Immediately on learning of the crime, Decazes had hastened to the Opera, and, with the Prefect of Police and two of his colleagues in the Ministry, Pasquier and Siméon, had proceeded to interrogate the assassin. Before, however, the official examination began, the Minister had demanded of Louvel, in an undertone, whether the dagger had been poisoned, in the belief that, if such were the case, the assassin might be induced to reveal it, and thus save the life of his victim. These few whispered words were interpreted by the malignity of some of those present into a recommendation of silence from Decazes to an accomplice, and, though the Duc de Fitz-James, who had overheard the conversation, protested against this monstrous calumny, it was soon circulating all over Paris. "Never, perhaps," observes Lamartine, "did political enmity observe less decency, in the regret for so sudden and calamitous a tragedy, or make more haste to turn to the profit of its party the blood which was, as it were, still flowing."

At one o'clock the Chamber of Deputies met. The most

intense excitement prevailed, and all the approaches to the Palais-Bourbon were blocked by seething crowds. The attendance was a very large one, but Decazes and the other Ministers were absent, as the examination of the assassin was then going on. The sitting began, as usual, with the reading by one of the clerks of the House of the report of the last debate, to which, however, no one paid the smallest attention. Scarcely had he finished, than Clausel de Coussergues, one of the most violent of the "Ultras," ascended the tribune. "Messieurs," cried he, "there is no law in existence to regulate the impeachment of Ministers, but the nature of such a proceeding demands that it should be made in a public sitting, and in the face of France. I propose to the Chamber, therefore, an act of accusation against M. Decazes, Minister of the Interior, as an accomplice of the assassination of the Duc de Berry!" His next sentence was drowned by the indignant shouts of the Centre and Left, and, perceiving that it was useless to proceed, he quitted the tribune, after demanding that he should be allowed to proceed with his accusation. The President of the Chamber at once declared his notice informal and inadmissible, and that he had only permitted him to address the House under the impression that he had had something to say relative to the report which had just been read. He then read to the Chamber the letter which the King had addressed to him in his official capacity, announcing the assassination and death of the Duc de Berry; and after the leaders of the different parties had expressed their horror at the crime, and their sympathy with the Royal Family, a committee was appointed to draw up an address of condolence to the King, and the House adjourned.

It was speedily apparent that the terrible accusation launched by Clausel de Coussergues from the tribune was echoed by a considerable portion of the nation. The Court, the Chambers, the salons, the streets, the journals, resounded with the most furious invectives against the Minister whom the whole ultra-Royalist party unanimously regarded as the moral, if not the actual, accomplice of the assassination.

The *Drapeau blanc*, a journal noted for the extravagance of its reactionary views, declared that the real criminal was the man who had nourished, caressed, and unchained the Revolutionary tiger. "Yes, M. Decazes," the article continued, "it is you who have slain the Duc de Berry! Weep tears of blood, obtain the

pardon of Heaven, but the country will never forgive you." The other organs of the same party, the *Quotidienne*, the *Conservateur*, the *Journal des Débats*, and the *Gazette de France*, were scarcely less violent in their denunciations.

In the Chamber of Deputies, Clausel de Coussergues renewed his accusation, though in a modified form, and when stigmatised as a calumniator by Decazes's father-in-law, the Marquis de Sainte-Aulaire, replied, "France will judge." A motion that, in the official report of the previous day's proceedings, his motion should be qualified as having been received with indignation by the whole House was negatived without a division.

The salons were almost hysterical in their rage, and high-born ladies were heard regretting that torture had been abolished, as, otherwise, the assassin, who persisted in denying that he had any accomplices, might have been forced to disclose them. In the streets, people suspected of holding advanced opinions were insulted and ill-treated; and the general ferment communicated itself to the Army, where several duels were reported to have been forced upon officers who ventured to defend the Minister.

The more fiercely his favourite was assailed, the more determined was Louis XVIII. to defend him. Quite apart from his personal affection for Decazes, the King had identified himself so closely with the policy pursued by his Minister that he felt that to dismiss him would be tantamount to his own abdication. "The wolves," said he, sadly, "ask nothing of the shepherd but the sacrifice of the dog."

Here, however he had to reckon not only with public opinion, but with the members of his own family. On the evening following the tragedy, *Monsieur*, the Duc d'Angoulême, and *Madame* dined with the King without a single word being exchanged; on the 15th, it was the same; on the 16th, all three absented themselves from the royal table. On the evening of the 18th, Decazes, who had continued to present himself at the Tuileries, notwithstanding that he had received several warnings that the Gardes du corps were so exasperated against him that he went in danger of his life, came to wait upon the King. He found him in a terrible state of agitation, his face purple, his eyes bloodshot. Anxiously he inquired the reason. His Majesty, when he had succeeded in composing himself a little, replied that *Monsieur* and the Duc d'Angoulême had dined

with him again that evening ; that, as soon as the attendants had retired, his brother and *Madame* had thrown themselves on their knees before him and entreated him to dismiss Decazes ; that, when he had defended his Minister, *Monsieur* had invited him to choose between Decazes and himself, and announced his intention of leaving the Tuileries, "if M. Decazes, publicly accused by M. Clausel de Coussergues of complicity in the death of his son, appeared there again as Minister."¹

It was clearly impossible for the King to resist any longer, as Decazes himself did not hesitate to point out ; and three days later (February 21) an ordinance appeared in the *Moniteur*, announcing that the Duc de Richelieu had replaced the Comte Decazes as President of the Council, and had formed a new Cabinet. The latter was appointed Ambassador in London, and, to show that the dismissal of his favourite was not a disgrace, and that he was perfectly satisfied with his services, Louis XVIII. bestowed upon him the title of duke. The King, indeed, was almost as much afflicted by the departure of his favourite as he had been by the assassination of his nephew. "Farewell, my dear son," he wrote to him ; "I bless you a thousand times from the depths of a broken heart !"

Thus terminated the ministerial career of a man who had scarcely attained his fortieth year, and who was to live for over forty more without ever returning to power. For five years he had exercised in France an influence which few have equalled, and, if he had made mistakes, his policy as a whole undoubtedly added to the life of the Monarchy.²

The body of the Duc de Berry remained in the governor's apartments at the Louvre until February 16, when it was removed to the southern gallery of the palace, which had been hung with funeral draperies and sumptuously decorated, and placed on a catafalque, surrounded by lighted tapers ; the insignia of the prince's rank : the sword, the ducal crown, the royal mantle, and the collars of his various Orders being deposited beside it. On either side of the catafalque two altars had been erected, where masses were said all the morning, and the Office of the Dead recited at night. The officers of the

¹ Lamartine, *Histoire de la Restauration* ; Ernest Daudet, *Louis XVIII. et le duc Decazes*.

² Vieil-Castel, *Histoire de la Restauration*.

prince's Household and the heralds-at-arms watched beside the dead.

For a week the murdered prince lay in state, while an endless procession of people, from the Duc d'Orléans to the humblest workman, defiled before the catafalque. Then, on the morning of February 22, the coffin was transported, in great pomp, to the Abbey of Saint-Denis, in a funeral car surmounted by a silver urn. Here, it was again exposed in a *chapelle ardente* until March 14, on which day the obsequies took place with all the impressive ceremonial of the ancient Monarchy, in the presence of the King, the Royal Family, the Princes and Princesses of the Blood, the nobility, the clergy, deputations from the Chambers, and representatives of every profession and trade in the capital, places being reserved even for the charcoal-burners and market-porters. The old basilica, hung with black throughout its whole extent, resembled an immense tomb, and "such was the grandeur of the pageant that those present might have fancied themselves assisting at the obsequies of the Monarchy."¹ "The body having been lowered into the grave," says the *Journal de Paris*, "the King-at-arms of France and two heralds-at-arms approached the tomb. The King-at-arms remained at the entrance, and the two heralds descended into the vault. The King-at-arms then summoned in succession the principal officers of Mgr. le duc de Berry, who were carrying the insignia, and they presented themselves in the following order: the collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece, the grand cordon of the Order of the Legion of Honour, the grand cordon of the Order of Saint-Louis, the collar of the Order of the Holy Ghost, the mantle, and the crown. The crown was born by M. de Nantouillet,² who pronounced the following words, in addressing the officers of the prince's Household: 'Mgr. le duc de Berry, your master and mine is dead! Officers, provide for yourselves.' The King-at-arms then cried twice in a loud voice: 'Very high and very puissant Charles Ferdinand d'Artois, duc de Berry, is dead! Pray God for the repose of his soul!'"³

The Opera-house, at the door of which the Duc de Berry had received his mortal wound, and where he had breathed

¹ *Mémoires touchant la vie et la mort du duc de Berry.*

² The Comte Nantouillet had been first gentleman of the chamber to the Duc de Berry.

³ *Journal de Paris*, March 15, 1820.

his last, was never used again after the night of the crime. Regarded henceforth as an accursed place, its demolition was immediately voted by the Chambers, and it was decided to erect on the site an expiatory chapel. The monument, however, was still unfinished at the time of the fall of the legitimate monarchy, and, after hesitating for a year or two whether to proceed with it or no, Louis-Philippe caused it to be pulled down. A fountain now marks the spot where the Duc de Berry was assassinated.

Another attempt to perpetuate the memory of the unfortunate prince met with a happier fate. A few weeks after his death, the municipal council of Versailles—the town in which he had been born—started a public subscription, with the object of erecting a monument in the cathedral; and, on February 12, 1824, a marble statue by the sculptor Pradier was unveiled there. It represented the Duc de Berry expiring, supported by Religion, who was presenting to him the cross, while on the pedestal was the town of Versailles, represented by a woman weeping over a tomb, and the famous words :

“Grâce, grâce pour l'homme.”

After the July Revolution, this statue was removed from the cathedral, lest it should offend the susceptibilities of the supporters of the new *régime*, and it was not until 1852, when Napoleon III. had ascended the throne, that it was replaced.

CHAPTER XIII

The Duchesse de Berry installed at the Pavillon de Marsan at the Tuileries—A cruel contrast—First appearance of the princess in public since the death of her husband—Jacobin attempts against her and her unborn child—Courage of the princess—Singular dream—Her conviction that she is destined to bear a prince—Violent agitation against the Government—Riots in Paris—Trial of Louvel—His behaviour while in prison—His remarkable speech before the Chamber of Peers—He is sentenced to death—His last hours—His execution—Formidable conspiracy against the reigning dynasty discovered—The hopes of the Royalists are centred in the child which the Duchesse de Berry is to bear—Verses of Victor Hugo—Arrival of a deputation from the market-women of Bordeaux to present a cradle to the Duchesse de Berry—A present from Pau—The name of Henri chosen for the hoped-for prince—A rumour is circulated by the enemies of the Monarchy that the princess is not pregnant, and that there is to be a supposititious child—Precautions adopted by Louis XVIII. to refute this calumny.

THE Duchesse de Berry's stay at Saint-Cloud only lasted a few days. It had been decided that the Tuileries was to be her residence in future, and that she should occupy the apartments on the ground-floor of the Pavillon de Marsan, which had been those of her husband before his marriage; and, as soon as the necessary preparations had been completed, she returned to Paris and took possession of them.

These apartments were not entirely strange to the princess. She had slept there on the night of her triumphant entry into Paris in 1816, the eve of her marriage at Notre-Dame. Ah! how happy, how full of joyous anticipation, she had been then! How little did she imagine that in less than four years the prince whom she was to wed on the morrow would be snatched from her by one of the most terrible crimes in the blood-stained annals of French history! And all her surroundings had been in harmony with her feelings; everything had been made ready to welcome the happy bride. The apartments had been upholstered and decorated in the most cheerful of colours; choice flowers in exquisitely-carved silver bowls or porcelain vases had stood on every table; gilded mirrors had reflected her smiles. Now all was changed; that fairylike abode resembled

a mortuary chapel, for, in accordance with Court etiquette, the walls were draped in black ; the mirrors, the chairs, the foot-stools, were covered with crape, and, when evening came, none but candles of yellow wax were lighted. The only concession that Louis XVIII. had been persuaded to accord was that, in the duchess's bedchamber, the black should be replaced by grey. The poor princess, however, still entirely absorbed by her grief, only sighed and made no complaint.

For a month the Duchesse de Berry remained in her apartments, and it was only on March 20—exactly five weeks after the tragedy which had deprived her of her husband—that she showed herself in public again, when dressed in the deepest mourning, and accompanied by her little daughter, she took a walk along the Terrasse du Bord de l'Eau. Her pregnancy had now been officially announced, and her appearance was greeted with enthusiastic acclamations ; and every day crowds assembled in the gardens of the Tuileries and waited patiently for hours, on the chance of catching a glimpse of the young widow who bore within her the hope of all royalist France.

Louvel, as we have seen, had had no accomplices, but, in the disturbed condition of the country, there were, unhappily, only too many who secretly rejoiced at a crime which had removed the only prince of the reigning branch of the Bourbons likely to leave posterity, and some who were even prepared to consummate the work of the fanatic's dagger by the destruction of the Duchesse de Berry's unborn child.

A little before midnight on April 28, a petard was exploded near the windows of the Pavillon de Marsan, under one of the wickets of the Place du Carrousel, obviously in the hope of causing the duchess such a shock that a miscarriage would follow. The princess, however, showed the utmost *sang-froid*, and merely remarked : " They would evidently like to frighten me, but they will not succeed."

Some nights later, the attempt was renewed ; but, this time, the police were on the alert, and arrested the criminal, as he was in the act of laying a match to the train. He proved to be a former officer in the Army named Gravier, and it was subsequently ascertained that he had an accomplice of the name of Bouton. Both were brought to trial and, a little while after the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, condemned to death. The Duchesse de Berry, however, hastened to intercede for them,

and their sentence was commuted to one of imprisonment. "The angel whom I mourn," wrote she to the King, "demanded, when he was dying, mercy for his murderer; he will always be the arbiter of my life. Permit me, my dear uncle, to implore your Majesty to accord the favour of life to these two unhappy men."¹

This incident occasioned the Court general alarm, and the crowds which daily assembled to wait for the appearance of the Duchesse de Berry became a subject of perpetual anxiety. It was therefore suggested to her that, when she went to take her morning walk upon the terrace, she should make use of the underground passages which formed a means of communication between it and the terrace, instead of passing through the gardens. She indignantly refused, however, to take any such precaution. "I am delighted," said she, "to show myself to these worthy people, who share our joy and our hopes, and if they did not see me any more, they might imagine that I was afraid."

The natural courage of the princess had been fortified by a singular dream which she had lately had, and in which she had seen a certain proof of the divine protection; and, from that moment, she was firmly persuaded, not only that she would be safely delivered, but that her child would be a son.

"About the fourth month of my pregnancy," she writes, "while I was asleep, I beheld Saint-Louis enter my room, just as he is painted, his crown on his head, his great royal mantle sewn with the *fleurs-de-lis*, and his venerable face. I presented my little girl to him. He opened his mantle and presented me with the prettiest little boy. Then, taking off his crown, he placed it on his head.

"For my part, I kept pushing Louise forward. Nevertheless, he persisted in keeping the crown on the boy's head, though he sheltered my daughter under his mantle. Saint-Louis then disappeared with my two children, and I awoke persuaded that I should bear a son, and since then not a single doubt on that subject occurred to me during the whole time of my pregnancy."²

Louis XVIII., who did not share this blind confidence and feared that, if the princess's expectations were not realised, the

¹ *Nettement, Mémoires sur Madame, la duchesse de Berri.*

² Letter of the Duchesse de Berry to the Comte de Brissac, published by Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Cour de Louis XVIII.*

disappointment would be a cruel one and might have a prejudicial effect upon her health, warned her not to make so sure, but she only smiled and observed: "Saint-Louis knows more about it than you, father."¹ And she commissioned a very beautiful silver-gilt statue representing Louis IX. as he had appeared to her, procured several relics of the saintly monarch, which she placed upon the pedestal, and offered up a fervent prayer before the statue every day.

It might be said that France herself was in travail during the pregnancy of the Duchesse de Berry. The discussions on the vexed question of the modification of the Electoral Law roused party passions to so dangerous a height that the country seemed to be on the verge of civil war. Never since the Revolution had there been such turmoil in the streets of Paris. While inside the Palais-Bourbon the deputies were exchanging the bitterest recriminations, outside cavalry were charging the tumultuous crowds which had gathered to protest against the reactionary policy of the new Government. Every evening the troops and the rioters bivouacked in the public squares. "Paris," writes Lamartine, "resembled a camp in which two nations stood face to face, the one to impose, the other to refuse, submission to the ministerial law."²

In the midst of these commotions, Louvel was tried by the Chamber of Peers (June 5, 1820). That his trial had been deferred until then was due to the hope that he might be induced to reveal his accomplices, or that, failing such confession, the authorities might succeed in discovering them. But, since he persisted in asserting that he alone was guilty, and since the most rigorous investigation failed to show that he had held communication with any one save a few harmless persons of his own class for many months preceding the crime, the commissioners charged with the affair at length came to the conclusion that he spoke the truth. "This decision was received with disgust by the 'Ultras,' and M. de Bastard³ was almost regarded as his accomplice, because he refused to recognise accomplices in those whom party spirit marked as such."⁴

¹ *Souvenirs du lieutenant-général vicomte de Reiset.*

² *Histoire de la Restauration.*

³ Dominique François Marie, Comte de Bastard l'Estang. He was president of the commission.

⁴ Madame de Boigne, *Mémoires.*

During his confinement, first at the Luxembourg and afterwards at the Conciergerie, Louvel had shown himself a model prisoner, conforming willingly to the regulations, uttering no complaint, and being scrupulously clean in his person. For his crime he showed no vestige of repentance, but appeared to glory in it, declaring that posterity would hold him justified. In regard to his fate he evinced the most stoical indifference ; he had counted the cost and was fully prepared to pay it. When, on the day of his trial, it was suggested that if he expressed penitence before his judges, the royal clemency might possibly be extended to him, out of respect for the last wishes of his victim, he repulsed the idea with scorn. "Speak not to me of repentance or, above all, of clemency!" he exclaimed. "For I declare that, if the mercy demanded by the Duc de Berry were accorded me, it would be more painful than death." Then he turned away and began playing with a little dog belonging to one of the Conciergerie officials, which had attached itself to him.

Although quite unconcerned for himself, he was much distressed on account of his sisters—two very respectable women—fearing that people might now be prejudiced against them and would refuse to employ them, and he wrote, begging for their forgiveness. Before leaving the Conciergerie, he asked, as a favour, that the coarse sheets on his bed might be changed for finer ones, in order that he might sleep in comfort on the last night which he was to pass on earth.

"He appeared before the Chamber of Peers," writes Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, "dressed exactly as he had been on the night of the crime. His blue redingote was buttoned up to the chin, and he wore a black cravat. His face was pale and wan, like that of a man who comes forth from a long captivity, but his demeanour was calm and perfectly assured. He supported without emotion his entrance into a court where the most lively curiosity awaited him, and all present were astonished at his manner and his attitude ; they had not expected such dignity and propriety in a man of his profession."¹

His examination was a brief one, and he replied with assurance and good sense to all the questions addressed to him. He again denied that he had had any accomplices and declared that it was "*une intérieure commission*" with which he had

¹ *La psychologie criminelle ; Louvel, Revue des Deux Mondes, May 1830.*

charged himself. "Were you not well aware that your crime was a capital offence?" inquired the president of the court. "That was a matter of such little consequence," was the reply. "Nothing need be seen in me but a good Frenchman who sacrifices himself for his country. If I had escaped, I should have persevered against the Duc d'Angoulême and all the others who have borne arms against the country, and who have betrayed it."

Contrary to anticipation, it was found impossible to finish the case that day, and the court accordingly adjourned until the following morning. "It is a day gained," observed one of the gendarmes who guarded him to the prisoner. "Say rather that it is a day lost," replied Louvel. He was ably defended by Maître Bonnet, a brilliant advocate, who pleaded that his client was a monomaniac, who ought not to be held accountable for his actions, and made an eloquent appeal to the court to respect the dying entreaty of the Duc de Berry. His description of the ill-fated prince's anxiety to obtain the King's promise that the life of his assassin should be spared was so touching that every one was in tears, and it is just possible that, if Louvel had remained silent, his condemnation might have been followed by a recommendation to mercy. But any remote chance which the prisoner might have possessed he deliberately threw away, for, when asked if he had anything to say in his defence, disregarding the advice of his counsel, he rose and asked permission to read to the court a statement which he had prepared. This being accorded him, he drew a paper from his pocket, and, "in a tone of the coldest insensibility,"¹ proceeded to deliver the following bitter indictment of the Bourbons:

"Gentlemen, I have to blush for a crime which I alone committed. I have the consolation of believing, in dying, that I have dishonoured neither the nation nor my family. Nothing need be seen in me but a Frenchman who vowed to sacrifice himself, in order to destroy, in pursuit of his system, a part of the men who have taken up arms against his country. I am accused of having taken the life of a prince; I alone am guilty; but among the men who compose the Government there are

¹ *Journal des Débats*, June 7, 1820. "Horror and indignation" did not permit the *Débats* to transcribe this document, and its contemporaries were equally discreet. It was not, indeed, until 1830 that it was published by Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, in a remarkable article on Louvel, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

men more guilty than I am. . . . They have, in my view, recognised crimes as virtues. The worst governments France has had have punished the men who have betrayed her, and who have borne arms against the country."

Here the prisoner's voice began sensibly to falter; and he seemed to hesitate over certain sentences, of which he read the commencement without being able to finish them. However, he soon recovered his self-possession, though he continued to make occasional pauses:

"According to my system, when foreign armies threaten . . . internal factions ought to cease their strife, and to rally to combat them, to make common cause against the enemies of all France. The Frenchmen who do not rally are criminals. The Frenchman who is compelled, by the injustice of the Government, to leave France—if this same Frenchman proceeds to take up arms on behalf of foreign armies against France, he becomes a criminal, and is unable to resume his quality of French citizen.

"In my view . . . I cannot avoid believing that if the battle of Waterloo was so fatal to France, it is because there were Frenchmen at Ghent and Brussels who had sown treason in our army and had aided the foreigner.

"According to me and according to my system, the death of Louis XVI. was necessary, because the entire nation consented to it. If it had been a handful of intriguers who had gone to the King's palace and had taken his life in a moment . . . yes. I should believe it. . . . But, as Louis XVI. and his family remained under arrest for a long time, it is inconceivable that it should not have been by the consent of the nation. . . . So that if there had been only a few men, he would not have perished. The mass of the nation would have been opposed to it. To-day, the Bourbons claim to be masters of the nation; but, in my view, the Bourbons are criminals, and the nation would be dishonoured if it allowed itself to be governed by them."

The last part of this speech was pronounced in so low a voice that there were moments in which he was scarcely audible, notwithstanding the profound silence which reigned. At its conclusion he bowed to the court, and was conducted from the dock and back to the Conciergerie, while the Peers went through the form of deliberating upon his fate.

About an hour later—it was half-past two in the afternoon—Cauchy, secretary of the Chamber, came to his cell to read to him the sentence of the court, which condemned him to death and, according to custom, “mulcted him in the expenses of the trial”—the wretched man possessed nothing but his saddler’s tools and the clothes in which he stood—and to inform him that the execution was fixed for the following morning at eight o’clock.

The prisoner, sitting at the foot of his bed, heard him without the slightest sign of emotion. “Do you wish me to send for a priest?” inquired Cauchy. “No, I thank you, Monsieur. Of what use will a priest be to me? Will he make me go to Paradise? I should, however, be almost glad to do so, for I might perhaps find there the Prince de Condé, who has also borne arms against France!” Cauchy insisted. “Well, let it be so!” said Louvel. “Send me the priest; I will receive him with pleasure; he will keep me company.”

He passed the night in writing to his relatives and in conversation with the priest—the Abbé Montès, almoner of the Conciergerie—who remained with him until the morning, exhorting him to repentance and speaking of the infinite mercy of God. Louvel was sensibly touched by the good man’s kindness. “You have sent me an excellent man,” said he to Cauchy, who came early in the morning to inform him that the execution had been postponed until four o’clock in the afternoon. “I feared that my resistance caused him too much pain, and his kindness so affected me that I fell on my knees to confess to him some peccadilloes.”¹

When, at seven o’clock, the priest left him, he asked for some soup and wine, to restore him after his night’s vigil, and then threw himself upon his bed and slept for some hours. At two o’clock, he took some food and afterwards wrote several letters. He appeared quite calm and almost cheerful. “What a number of people there will be on the road!” said he to the prison officials. “I am sure that they will have paid very dearly for windows to see me. It is singular this eagerness of the multitude to assist at an execution.”²

The time fixed for his departure from the Conciergerie passed, and the tumbril which was to convey him to the Place

¹ Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire.

² Charles Nauroy, *les Derniers Bourbons : le duc de Berry et Louvel*.

de Grève did not arrive. Owing apparently to the disturbed condition of the streets, and their fear that a rescue might be attempted by the mob, the authorities were taking the precaution to strengthen the troops lining the route, and this had necessitated a further postponement of two hours.

Towards five o'clock Louvel showed some impatience. "My carriage is very slow in coming to fetch me," said he, "for I presume it will be a carriage. There are countries where the criminal makes the journey on foot. At Douai, for example." And he coolly related to the astonished warders particulars of an execution which he had witnessed in that town.¹

At length the tumbril arrived, and he set out for the Place de Grève, escorted by gendarmes and the cuirassiers of the Guard. The Abbé Montès was by his side, but the condemned man paid no attention to his exhortations. "His demeanour," writes Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, "was what it had always been—calm, cold, and, on that day, a little disdainful. He had obtained permission to keep his hat, which protected his head, which was bald in front. His eyes wandered calmly over the immense crowd gathered to gaze at him, and his countenance, during the transit, did not appear to change for a single instant. It is true, however, that for a long time past his complexion had been of a deadly pallor. At the foot of the scaffold the abbé said: 'My son, there is still time to disarm the Lord by a sincere repentance.' 'Let us make haste,' replied he. 'I am sorry about it; but I am not expected up there.' He mounted the scaffold with a step which he endeavoured to render firm, but his long imprisonment had exhausted all his strength, and the executioner's assistants were obliged to support him. While they were tying him to the fatal plank, his eyes wandered calmly over the people in all directions. Almost exactly at six o'clock his head fell."

The Electoral Bill was passed on June 12, and the Chambers prorogued, but the agitation in the country still continued. Abroad, the revolutionary spirit was alarmingly active, and the Bourbons of Spain and Naples were in even worse case than those of France. In Spain, Ferdinand VII. had been compelled to take the oath to the Constitution of 1812 and to open the revolutionary Cortes; at Naples, Ferdinand I. of the Two Sicilies

¹ Nauroy.

had been obliged temporarily to resign his authority to his eldest son Francis, father of the Duchesse de Berry.

The insurrectionary movements beyond the Alps and the Pyrenees were naturally not without their influence upon the course of events in France. Lafayette had declared to his friends that open force was henceforth the only efficacious weapon to overthrow a government which had declared war against the equality of classes, and in mid-August a formidable conspiracy against the reigning dynasty, in which Lafayette himself and several other deputies of the Left were implicated, was only discovered by an accident. The friends of the Restoration felt the ground trembling beneath their feet. No hope seemed to remain to them save the child which the Duchesse de Berry was about to bear, and Victor Hugo, at this time a fervent Royalist, apostrophised the young princess in the following verses :

“ Pourtant, ô frère appui de la tige royale,
 Si Dieu par ton secours signale son pouvoir,
 Tu peux sauver la France, et de l'hydre infernale
 Tromper encor l'affreux espoir.
 Ainsi, quand le serpent, autour de tous les crimes,
 Vouait d'avance aux noirs abîmes
 L'homme que son forfait perdit,
 Le Seigneur abaissa sa farouche arrogance ;
 Une femme apparut, qui, faible et sans défense,
 Brisa du pied son front maudit.”¹

Notwithstanding the terrible ordeal through which she had passed, the health of the Duchesse de Berry was excellent, and the nearer she approached her time, the more confident did she become that she was destined to bear a son.

The *Journal de Paris* of August 20 announced that the event upon which so much depended might be expected to take place between the 20th and 28th of the following month, and, as September drew towards its close, the excitement became indescribable, and the clergy in all parts of the country were besieged by persons who desired to have Masses said on the princess's behalf.

Louis XVIII., as we have mentioned elsewhere, had long since promised that, if the Duchesse de Berry gave birth to a son, he should bear the title of Duc de Bordeaux. Three times the hopes of the Bordelais had been deceived ; but, on this occasion,

¹ Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Cour de Louis XVIII.*

the confidence of the princess seems to have communicated itself to every one; and a deputation from the market-women of Bordeaux was despatched to Paris, to thank the King for the honour done to their city and to offer the duchess a sumptuous cradle for the reception of her expected child. The deputation was entertained to dinner by Chateaubriand and Clausel de Coussergues, and requested the former to present them and their cradle to the Duchesse de Berry. But his Majesty had not forgotten that, after the dismissal of Decazes, the author of *le Génie du Christianisme* had contributed an article to the *Conservateur*, in which, speaking of the fallen favourite, he had declared that "his feet had slipped in blood," and, says Chateaubriand, "I was not thought worthy to act as introducer of my humble ambassadresses."¹

The ambassadresses, however, were very graciously received at the Tuileries, and their leader, Madame Aniche, in presenting the cradle, entreated the Duchesse de Berry to lie in at Bordeaux, since it was only fitting that the little duke should be born in the city from which he was to take his title, and both he and his mother would be much safer there than in Paris. "This," said she, proudly pointing to the cradle, "is to lay our prince in. We women will wash his swaddling-clothes, and our men will take care that the Jacobins do not prevent him from sleeping."² The princess had considerable difficulty in making these worthy women understand that it was impossible for her to accede to their request.

About the same time, there arrived, from Pau, a box containing a bottle of Jurançon wine and a clove of garlic, accompanied by a letter, in which the writer, a certain Chevalier de Gré, expressed the hope that Louis XVIII. would make the same use of them at the Tuileries as Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, had done at the Château of Pau, on December 15, 1553, on the occasion of the birth of Henri IV.³ He also enclosed a copy of the petition to Notre-Dame du Bout du Pont which Jeanne d'Albret had chanted just before the birth of her son.⁴

¹ Mémoires d'outre-tombe.

² Nettement, *Mémoires sur Madame, la Duchesse de Berri*.

³ In accordance with an old Béarnese custom, Henri d'Albret is said to have moistened the boy's lips with the wine and rubbed them with the garlic.

⁴ The following is a French translation of the petition, which was in the Béarnese patois :

This pretty tradition, we are told, greatly pleased the Duchesse de Berry, and, in default of Notre-Dame du Bout du Pont, she at once vowed a pilgrimage to Notre-Dame de Liesse, if her prayers were answered.

It had been announced that, if the child so eagerly awaited were a boy, he should be named after the first Bourbon King, and this decision had been hailed by the Royalists with universal approval. "People returned to this idea of Henri IV.," observes *Nettement*, "with a pleasure about which there was something remarkable. It appeared that every one understood, some by instinct, others by intelligence, that the prince who was about to be born would have before him civil strife to appease, obstacles to overcome, perils to surmount, an epoch of trouble and political passions to close. The public imagination was providing for the needs of France. The birth of a Henri IV. appeared probable, because the genius of a Henri IV. appeared necessary."

Such was the violence of party spirit at this time that the enemies of the Restoration obstinately refused to believe in a pregnancy so opportune for the Monarchy, and pretended that there was to be a supposititious child. Absurd as this rumour was, Louis XVIII. recognised the importance of removing all possible ground for it, and every precaution was accordingly taken. As the official witnesses of the birth, he selected the *Maréchal Duc de Coigny*, a gallant old soldier who had gained his first laurels, under *Richelieu*, in the campaign of Hanover in 1757, and was respected even by the *Jacobins*, and *Maréchal Suchet, Duc d'Albuféra*. Both were men whose integrity was proverbial, and the testimony of the latter—a marshal of the Empire—would be quite above suspicion. By orders of the King, *Coigny* and *Suchet* were installed at the *Tuileries*, in the *Pavillon de Flore*, from the middle of September, and the *accoucheur Deneux* and the wet-nurse were also at their posts.

“ Notre-Dame du Pout du Bont,
 Secourez-moi à l'heure qu'il est ;
 Priez le Dieu qui est au ciel
 Qu'il veuille bien me délivrer tôt,
 Et que d'un fils qu'il me tasse don.
 Tout jusqu' à la cime des montagnes l'implorer.
 Notre-Dame du Bout du Pont,
 Secourez-moi à l'heure qu'il est.”

The latter, who had been selected from a great number of candidates, after a minute examination of her physical and moral qualities, was a splendid-looking young woman, who had just given birth to an exceptionally fine and healthy boy. She was the wife of a notary at Armentières called Bayard—a name which recalled one of the most heroic figures in French history—and this happy coincidence naturally gave rise to the jest that the Duc de Bordeaux would be the foster-brother of Bayard.

As the eventful moment approached, the young princess showed admirable coolness and courage. Recollecting that her first confinement had been a dangerous one, she impressed upon Deneux the necessity of saving the child at any cost to herself. "Remember," said she, "that you must not hesitate between us. My life is nothing, his is everything."¹ She had expressed a wish to be brought to bed in her salon. Above her head was to be Gérard's full-length portrait of the duke, and facing her a picture painted by Kinson, which represented her weeping, with her little daughter by her side, before the bust of her husband.

¹ *Souvenirs du lieutenant-général vicomte de Reiset.*

CHAPTER XIV

Birth of the Duc de Bordeaux—Singular circumstances attending this event—Madame de Gontaut's narrative—Remarkable courage and *sang-froid* of the Duchesse de Berry—Arrival of the King—The Jurançon wine and the clove of garlic—"That is for you, and this is for me!"—Indescribable enthusiasm of the Parisians—The Duc de Bordeaux and the soldiers—Speech of Louis XVIII. to the crowd at the Tuileries—The public admitted to see the little prince—Rejoicings in Paris—The "child of miracle" and the "child of Europe"—Hysterical jubilation of the Royalist journals—Adulation of the poets.

THE great day arrived with surprising suddenness. On September 28, the Duchesse de Berry took her customary walk on the Terrasse du Bord de l'Eau. On returning to the palace, she felt some pain, but Deneux attached no importance to these symptoms, and the King, on giving the countersign, said: "I do not believe that the Duchesse de Berry will be brought to bed for five or six days." However, at half-past two the following morning, two of the princess's waiting-women, Madame de Vathaire and Madame Bourgeois, who slept in an adjoining room, the door of which was always left open, were awakened by their mistress's voice crying: "Quick! Quick! there is not a moment to lose!" Both women sprang up at once; and, while Madame de Vathaire ran to warn Deneux, the Duchess de Reggio, and Madame de Gontaut, Madame Bourgeois hastened to the princess's bedside, only just in time to receive the child.

It was a son!

"God, what happiness!" cried the mother; "it is a boy! It is God who has sent him to us!"¹

But let us listen to Madame de Gontaut's account of that never-to-be-forgotten night:

"I spent nearly all my time with the Duchesse de Berry; but one evening [September 28] having had company in our little salon, I had not seen her, and, as she was suffering a little, she waited until my visitors had departed before coming

¹ Declaration of Madame Bourgeois, *Moniteur*, October 1, 1820.

to me. She then confessed to me that she had been in some pain during the evening. I informed her of all the precautions I had taken, and I wanted to stay with her; but she said: 'Rest easy; at the first indication I will send for you.' She left me, and before going to bed myself, I went softly to her room. All was quiet, and she was asleep. I was doing the same, when, in the middle of the night, Madame de Vathaire came to my door, and, finding it locked, knocked repeatedly, and called me in a loud voice, saying: 'Come, quick, quick! Madame is delivered! Send the nurse! Make haste!' I gave the order to go to Madame Lemoine [the *accoucheuse*],¹ whom I had warned the previous evening to be in readiness in case she was called. She ran there at once.

"As I was always prepared to rise at the least signal, I only waited to slip on a *peignoir*, and to give some orders to the waiting-woman and to *Mademoiselle's* nurse. I reached Madame's room. As soon as she saw me, she held out her arms to me, and cried: 'It is Henri!' We embraced each other with a joy that one experiences but once in a lifetime.

"The child was crying, and I examined it. It appeared to me to be strong and well. The nurse said to me: 'The child is doing well; he can remain as he is for a few moments.' Madame cried then: 'Quick! Quick! the witnesses!' My *valet de chambre* had followed me in the confusion, and I said: 'Here is one.' 'He is of no use to me,' replied Madame, 'as he is in your service.' But she ordered him to light up everything and everywhere.

"Madame de Vathaire had already set off to summon the *accoucheur* and the Faculty, and to awaken every one. I passed along a passage which led to the vestibule of the court. Two sentries were at the door, one belonging to the Royal Guard, the other to the National Guard. I called them, and told them to follow me. They hesitated, pleading their orders. 'Come,' said I, 'and save him who will one day be your King!' Although they did not understand me, they were impressed by the name of King, and, after some encouragement from a sergeant, they consented to follow me. The sergeant himself, whose name was Dauphinot, joined us. In order to make sure of them, I

¹ This Madame Lemoine was, by a singular coincidence, the daughter of the nurse who had attended the Empress Marie Louise at the time of the birth of the King of Rome.

clutched their arms tightly. At this moment, the Duchesse de Reggio, who had been sent for, was descending the stairs. She beheld me in a short petticoat and black stockings, with my *peignoir* flying open, dragging along these two men, astounded but submissive, and laughingly assured me that it was a sight she should never forget so long as she lived. I took them in by the little narrow corridor, which they got through with difficulty. When we entered Madame's chamber, they were the first witnesses. I placed them in a corner of the room, and kept my eye on them."¹

Deneux, the *accoucheur*, had just arrived, putting the finishing touches to his toilette as he hurried in. "M. Deneux," said the duchess, "we have a prince! I am very well. Do not trouble yourself about me, but take care of my child. Is there no danger in leaving him in this condition?" Deneux, after a brief examination of the new arrival, whom he pronounced to be an exceptionally healthy child, reassured her upon this point. "In that case," rejoined the courageous mother, "let him be. . . . I wish there to be no question about his being really mine." Then she directed that the Guards whom Madame de Gontaut had fetched, and two others who had also arrived, should be brought to her bedside. "Gentlemen," said she, "you are witnesses that this is a prince."²

To the Duc d'Albuféra, who arrived a few minutes later, she spoke in similar terms. "Come, Monsieur le Maréchal, and pay your respects to the Duc de Bordeaux; we are waiting for you to bear witness that he is my son." And it was not until Suchet had seen with his own eyes that it was as she said that she would suffer Deneux to remove the child.

The marshal could not refrain from expressing the admiration with which the princess's courage had inspired him. "The son of such a woman," he exclaimed, "cannot fail to be a great man."³

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

² Nettement, *Mémoires sur Madame, la duchesse de Berry*.

³ *Souvenirs du lieutenant-général vicomte de Reiset*. The conduct of the Duchesse de Berry, which aroused so much admiration in the opposite sex, was criticised by certain members of her own on the ground of modesty; and, in her *Mémoires*, Madame de Boigne, who had little love for the princess, even goes so far as to accuse her of "shamelessness," and declares that the reports upon her maternal heroism, combined with those upon the trial of Queen Charlotte, "made the newspapers so disgusting for some days that it was impossible to leave them lying about." Most people, however, will be inclined to agree with Marmont, who, referring to

Shortly afterwards, the King and the Royal Family arrived upon the scene. "God be praised!" cried Louis XVIII. "You have a son!" And he handed a magnificent cluster of diamonds to the mother. "That is for you, and this is for me," he added, taking the new-born child in his arms.¹ Then, calling for the clove of garlic and the Jurançon wine, he rubbed the boy's lips with the one and moistened them with a few drops of the other. The little prince endured this ordeal without flinching. "He will be as valiant as his ancestor Henri IV.," said the King; and the duchess exclaimed: "What a pity that I did not know the air of Jeanne d'Albret's chanson! I should have had the courage to sing it, and then everything would have been just as it was at the birth of Henri IV."

Meanwhile, the marshals, generals, and a number of other important persons had assembled in the salon, all impatience to see the little prince; and Madame de Gontaut, accompanied by the witnesses and the great dignitaries, carried her precious charge to them. While they were admiring him, the Duc d'Orléans, who had been summoned from the Palais-Royal, entered the room. The birth of the little prince, which seemed to destroy all hope of the younger branch of the Bourbons ascending the throne, must have been a bitter blow to Louis-Philippe, who could with difficulty dissemble his chagrin. For some moments, he regarded the Duc de Bordeaux attentively, and then, turning to Suchet, exclaimed: "Monsieur le Maréchal, I call upon you to declare what you have seen. Is this child really the son of the Duchesse de Berry?" "Speak, Monsieur le Maréchal, tell him all that you saw!" cried Madame de Gontaut, angrily. The marshal testified most energetically to the legitimacy of the child, and added: "I swear it on my honour! I am more certain that the Duc de Bordeaux, here present, is the child of the Duchesse de Berry than I am that my son is the child of his mother."² After such irrefragable

these criticisms, exclaims: "Miserable objection! before the interests of a dynasty and the repose of a nation such considerations should disappear; and the Duchesse de Berry rose to the level of circumstances. She was sublime."

¹ Louis XVIII. was here following the tradition concerning the birth of Henri IV., according to which the King of Navarre had passed round his daughter's neck a long gold chain, and, taking the boy in his arms, had said: "Aco quez ton, et aco quez me."

² According to *Nettement*, Suchet's answer was: "I am as certain he is the son of the Duchesse de Berry as I am that the Duc de Chartres is yours." To which Louis-Philippe replied: "That is quite sufficient for me, Monsieur le Maréchal."

testimony there was no more to be said, and, in the midst of a profound silence, Louis-Philippe departed to offer his congratulations to the Duchesse de Berry.¹

At four o'clock, Monseigneur de Bombelles, Bishop of Amiens, first almoner to the duchess, administered private baptism to the little prince, and, half an hour later, the King, after again taking the child in his arms, returned to his apartments, and it was announced that her Royal Highness would take a little repose.

The poor princess's repose was very speedily interrupted, for at five o'clock the cannon of the Invalides announced the glad tidings to the city, and at the discharge of the thirteenth gun thousands of persons rushed out into the streets and hurried towards the Tuileries. Soon an enormous crowd had collected before the Pavillon de Marsan, and the cheering was so deafening, that the King returned and, ordering the windows to be opened, took the little prince in his arms and presented him to the people.

The enthusiasm became indescribable. Notwithstanding the early hour, the streets were thronged with joyous crowds. People sang, shouted, and capered in their delight; total strangers might be seen embracing one another; flower-sellers gave away all the lilies in their baskets; market-gardeners—usually the hardest of bargainers—made haste to sell the contents of their carts for anything that they would fetch, in order that they might be free to drive away and carry the great news to the surrounding villages. All Paris seemed to be Royalist that day. Few unacquainted with the French character could have found it possible to believe that a few hours earlier the dynasty which could evoke such enthusiasm had seemed tottering to its fall.

At six o'clock, the Duchesse de Berry gave orders that all the military who desired to see her son should be admitted, without distinction of rank. More than five hundred officers and soldiers hastened to present themselves, and filed past the little duke, their naïve observations greatly diverting the princess, who talked familiarly with several of them. "Why am I so old?" remarked a sergeant, sadly. "I shall never serve under his orders." "Console yourself, my friend," replied the princess; "he will begin early." "I wish that he were eighteen

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

years old," cried another, "so that he might pass us in review." A third, a grey-moustached veteran who had fought for the Bourbons in the Vendéen wars, regarded the child in silence, and solemnly gave him his blessing.

At half-past ten, the marshals and the great dignitaries waited on the King in his cabinet to offer him their felicitations. At noon, a thanksgiving service, which was attended by Louis XVIII. and the Royal Family, was celebrated in the chapel of the Tuileries, and the *Te Deum* was sung. On his return, his Majesty and the princes stopped on the balcony of the Pavillon de l'Horloge, where their appearance was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm by the vast crowd assembled in the gardens. Stepping forward, Louis XVIII. made a sign that he wished to speak to the people. They understood, and in a strong and firm voice he addressed them as follows: "My children, your joy increases mine an hundredfold. A child is born to all of us. This child will one day be your father, and will love you as I love you, as all mine love you. We are all but one family, and you are all my children." Then, when the shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" which had greeted his words had somewhat subsided, he stretched out his hands, and the crowd, as if impelled by a single will, fell on their knees, to receive his paternal benediction.

In the afternoon, the Pavillon de Marsan was thrown open to the public, and many thousands of the good citizens, marshalled in a queue, passed through the apartments and admired the little prince, who was in the charge of his nurse. Afterwards, Louis XVIII., holding the Duc de Bordeaux in his arms, again appeared at one of the windows, and addressed a few words to the crowd.

With the evening, the enthusiasm reached its height. The illuminations, both at the Tuileries and in the city, were magnificent, and even the poorest dwellings had contrived to contribute a lamp or two or a few humble candles towards the general effect. Troops assembled before the Pavillon de Marsan, and, on behalf of the garrison of Paris, presented the Duchesse de Berry with a luminous bouquet, consisting of a great number of rockets, which were all discharged at a given signal. "The noise was deafening, and the effect magnificent."¹ The princess who, during the afternoon, had wished to get up in order to

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

appear at the window with her son and acknowledge the acclamations of the people, and had with difficulty been dissuaded by the doctors, insisted on her bed being moved close up to the open casement, so that she might watch the illuminations. She was delighted with the rockets and "clapped her hands with the enthusiasm of a child." She seemed so excited that one of the doctors who was in attendance became alarmed, and brought her a soothing draught. But she pushed it away, and pointing to the people below, who at sight of her had begun to cheer vociferously and wave their handkerchiefs, said, smiling: "That is the best restorative."

All the theatres were thronged. At the Comédie-Française, where the company was reinforced by that of the Opera, *Athalie* was performed with the choruses. The audience recognised in the little Joas, "*en qui tout Israël réside*," the image of the prince whose birth they were celebrating, and never had Racine's immortal work met with a more enthusiastic reception. At all the theatres couplets appropriate to the occasion were sung, the audience joining in the choruses. The cafés could not contain the crowds which flocked to them to drink to the health of the Duc de Bordeaux; and the demand for the wine of that name was so great that two hundred thousand bottles were reported to have been drunk in a single day. Many of the streets were converted into dancing-booths, in which dancing went on until the early hours of the following morning.

The rejoicings continued without interruption for days. Deputations from every public body and from every trade in Paris waited upon the King and the Duchesse de Berry to offer their felicitations, not forgetting the market-porters and the charcoal-burners, who performed dances for the diversion of the princess before the windows of the Pavillon de Marsan, and were afterwards admitted two by two to admire the "child of miracle," as the little prince had been named. For, although the birth of a posthumous son is in no wise a miraculous event, the Royalists persisted in regarding that of the Duc de Bordeaux as an intervention of Providence in the destiny of the nation, as "a certain pledge of the altogether special mercy which watches over France," and waxed almost hysterical in their jubilation. One journal declared that any one must be an atheist who refused to see the finger of God in the prince's

birth ; another termed the boy the "Messias of Legitimacy" ; a third—the *Quotidienne*—published a probably imaginary conversation between a lad and a priest, in which the latter is made to say that, as Our Lord had died on a Friday to save the world, He had chosen that day for the birth of the prince who was to save France ; and a fourth apostrophised his Royal Highness in these terms : "August child, whose presence dissipates so many sorrows and alarms, thy coming was revealed to thy mother. She alone, in the midst of the general anxiety, showed herself calm and confident. It is here that the protection of Heaven began to manifest itself," etc., etc.¹

Another name which the Duc de Bordeaux received was that of the "child of Europe," which was bestowed upon him by Monseigneur Macchi, the Papal Nuncio, when the Diplomatic Corps came to the Tuileries to tender its felicitations. "Sire," said he, "this child of sorrows, of memories, and of regrets, is also the child of Europe ; he is the presage and the guarantee of the peace and repose which must follow so many agitations." By which he meant that the birth of the little prince seemed to consolidate the throne of the Bourbons, and thus to put an end to the troubles and revolutions which had so long distracted Europe.

The poets and *chansonniers* hastened to swell the chorus of rejoicing, and Victor Hugo, Béranger, and Lamartine vied with one another in the extravagance of their adulation. They were, however, easily surpassed by another bard, who published a Latin ode, in which he compared the Duchesse de Berry to the Virgin Mary :

"Hæc cælo regina micat, micat altera terris."

Congratulatory addresses and deputations arrived from

¹ *Journal de Paris*, September 30, 1820. On the other hand, the principal organs of the Left, notably the *Constitutionnel*, made little effort to disguise their chagrin. The account of the auspicious event given by the journal in question on September 30 was very cold and laconic. It said not a word about the enthusiasm of the crowds at the Tuileries or of the rejoicings in the city, but criticised the arrangements made for the maintenance of order at the palace, and stated that "a company of the Swiss Guards had been stationed before the Pavillon de Marsan to ensure the repose [*i.e.* safety] of the princess." To atone for what it styled the "perfidious reticence" of its contemporary, the *Journal des Débats* of the following day consecrated the whole of its front page to a verbatim account of the official depositions made by the doctors, *accoucheuse*, and other witnesses of the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, which left very little to the imagination of its readers.

every corner of the kingdom.¹ Presents flowed in from all sides. Every town and village in France gave itself up to rejoicing, and the festivities at Bordeaux almost rivalled in magnificence those of the capital. The King, delighted by the public enthusiasm, bestowed honours, amnesties, and favours with a lavish hand. No less than thirty-four *cordons bleus* were distributed, the recipients including six of Napoleon's marshals, Macdonald, Marmont, Moncey, Oudinot, Suchet, and Victor; a number of persons undergoing imprisonment for debt were set at liberty; his Majesty gave a sum of 150,000 francs to discharge the debts owing by indigent fathers and mothers to the nursing bureau; charged himself with the expense of monthly nurses for all male children of poor parents born in Paris on the same day as the Duc de Bordeaux, and contributed the sum of two hundred francs towards the education of each of them.

¹ Among the provincial delegates was a patriarch of one hundred and sixteen, who had been a boy of ten at the time of the death of *le Grand Monarque*. "I have had the good fortune to see eight generations of the Bourbons," said he, as he gave the Duc de Bordeaux his blessing. The Duchesse de Berry offered him a glass of the Jurançon wine, and presented him with a commemorative medal.

CHAPTER XV

Appearance of a libel, under the name of the Duc d'Orléans, declaring the Duc de Bordeaux to be a supposititious child—The Duc d'Orléans hastens to disavow any connection with this publication—New popularity of the Monarchy—The Château of Chambord purchased by public subscription and presented to the little prince, in the name of the nation—The Duchesse de Berry, notwithstanding the birth of her son, continues to feel very keenly the loss of her husband—Baptism of the Duc de Bordeaux—An alarming incident—The baptismal fêtes—Pilgrimage of the Duchesse de Berry to Notre-Dame de Liesse.

THE birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, which seemed to assure for ever the Crown of France to the elder branch of the Bourbons, was too important an event for the passions which it wounded and the calculations which it disconcerted not to endeavour to throw doubts upon its legitimacy. "It is true," observes *Nettement*, "that this birth, which had taken place under the eyes of witnesses drawn from every class of society, is the most authentic fact of modern history. But passions are blind, and the blind deny the authenticity of the sun."¹

Evidence of this was very speedily forthcoming. A pamphlet was printed in England, in which the writer, who had the audacity to borrow the name of no less a person than the Duc d'Orléans, drew attention to the unusual, and, in his opinion, highly suspicious circumstances in which the event had taken place, and declared that they all pointed to a shameful conspiracy to foist upon the French nation a supposititious child.

An attempt to import copies of this pamphlet into France was frustrated by the vigilance of the police, who had received timely warning of its publication; but the *Morning Chronicle*, a journal which had a very pronounced weakness for sensational matter, hastened to reproduce it, and, through this medium, the libel succeeded in reaching Paris.

The Duc d'Orléans, highly indignant at the use which had

¹ *Mémoires sur Madame, la duchesse de Berri.*

been made of his name, lost not a moment in seeking an audience of the King, in order to exculpate himself. He met, as might be expected, with a most frigid reception; but he protested with so much energy against any suspicion of his complicity in this disgraceful publication that Louis XVIII. felt obliged to express his belief in his kinsman's sincerity. Nevertheless, the incident did not tend to increase the favour with which the duke was regarded in Court circles.

The appearance of this libel was not the only discordant note in the concert of adulations which was going on round the cradle of the Duc de Bordeaux. There were some, even among the supporters of the Restoration, who believed that its only chance of permanency lay in the extinction of the reigning branch of the Bourbons and the passing of the Crown to the Orléans family. Madame de Boigne tells us that Pozzo di Borgo, on hearing the joy-bells ringing, exclaimed that they were tolling the death-knell of the House of Bourbon;¹ a similar remark is attributed to the Duke of Wellington; and the Comte de Lally wrote to Decazes: "I am daily more inclined to doubt whether it (the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux) is the combination most desirable for France, for the Monarchy, and for this dynasty which is so dear to us; whether the birth of a princess, who might have been betrothed in her cradle to that admirably-trained prince (the Duc de Chartres), would not have been more advantageous to these great interests, more calculated to settle minds, to consolidate the Charter, to dissipate gloom, and to render conciliation necessary. The turn affairs are taking gives room for fear lest new discords may issue from this cradle which was to be the ark of the Covenant and the symbol of re-union."²

However, the forebodings of clear-sighted men such as these were shared by comparatively few. For the moment, the popular agitation had subsided as if by magic, the threatening clouds had disappeared, and the prospect seemed so fair that the Royalists might well have been excused their jubilation. Yet, had they paused to reflect, they might have recognised that this new-found popularity of the Bourbons—a popularity based on no surer foundation than sympathy for a young widow and a child who would never know a father's care—could not from

¹ Comtesse de Boigne, *Mémoires*.

² Cited by Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Cour de Louis XVIII.*

its very nature be permanent, unless it were nourished and sustained by a sincere effort to reconcile the Monarchy with the opinions held by the bulk of the nation ; and that, in default of such effort, the reaction which must surely follow would be the more violent now that the continuance of the reigning dynasty seemed assured.

While the popular enthusiasm was still almost at its height, a proposal was made that the Château of Chambord should be purchased by public subscription and presented to the Duc de Bordeaux, on behalf of the nation.

This superb residence—one of the glories of Renaissance architecture—where François I. had received Charles V. on the great Emperor's visit to France in 1539 ; which had witnessed the first representations of two of Molière's most delightful comedies, *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac* (1669), and *le Bourgeois gentilhomme* (1670) ; which had served as an asylum for the ex-King of Poland, Stanislaus Leczinski, and which had been the reward of Maurice de Saxe's victories in Flanders, had, at the Revolution, become national property, and had shared the fate of all the royal residences. The beautiful chapel which Stanislaus Leczinski had built was mutilated and defaced ; the sumptuous furniture sold to the second-hand dealers of the neighbourhood ; the magnificent Arras and Gobelin tapestries which decorated the apartments of François I. were burned, for the sake of the gold and silver they contained ; the very lead was stripped from the roof. In 1809, Napoleon made a present of Chambord to Maréchal Berthier, Prince de Wagram, who, however, had neither the will nor the means to undertake the cost of its restoration, and, in 1819, his widow obtained from Louis XVIII. a decree authorising her to sell it. Then that society of ruthless speculators known as the Black Band marked it as their prey, and the château was about to disappear under the pick of the demolisher, when the Comte Adrien de Calonne, who happened to visit it in the course of a journey to the West of France, conceived the idea of preventing this act of vandalism by acquiring it for the Duc de Bordeaux.

From the antiquarian point of view, the proposal had much to recommend it ; but, from that of the Duc de Bordeaux, it was not a little absurd, seeing that by the time the little prince was old enough to require a country-residence of his own, he would

very likely have ascended the throne, when all the Crown châteaux would be at his disposal. Moreover, Chambord was situated at a distance from the Court, and the cost of its restoration and maintenance would be very heavy. For which reasons Louis XVIII. received the proposition somewhat coldly, while it was severely criticised by the Opposition, and furnished Louis Courier with material for one of his most mordant pamphlets. However, it was taken up with enthusiasm by the Royalists, both in the capital and in the provinces, and, the King having been persuaded to yield to the wishes of the public, the money required was quickly subscribed; and on March 5, 1821, Chambord was purchased at auction for 1,542,000 francs, independent of costs, and presented "in the name of France" to the little prince, who was, many years later, to take from it the title by which he is known to history.

Notwithstanding the consolations which the birth of her little son had brought her, the Duchesse de Berry continued to feel most keenly the loss of her husband, and her journal, which stops abruptly on the day of the duke's assassination, and is not resumed until the beginning of the following year, contains abundant proof of the sincerity of her grief. Here, for instance, is one of several pathetic passages which have been published by the Vicomte de Reiset, in his admirable monograph on the princess:—

"1 January, 1821.—At half-past nine, I repair with Louise [*Mademoiselle*] in a carriage to the apartments of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, where Henri [the Duc de Bordeaux] arrives, in a sedan-chair, in the arms of Madame de Gontaut. At ten o'clock, we go up to the apartments of the King, who gives the children superb presents. After their departure, I remain to breakfast with the King. But how painful for me, and how different from other years, has this breakfast been! My Charles was no longer there, and, nevertheless, everything served to remind me of him. Every minute I imagined that I perceived him smiling kindly at me from the other end of the table. I kept turning my head, only to find that he was no longer in his place! My heart was breaking, the tears came into my eyes, and, in spite of myself, I burst out crying."

To perpetuate the memory of the Duc de Berry, she had, some time before the birth of the little prince, expressed a wish that, if she bore a son, his entourage should be composed of the

same persons who had formed that of his father. To this the King had readily consented, and on the very day on which the Duc de Bordeaux came into the world, *Monsieur* had sent for all these gentlemen, and announced to them that they were to resume about the person of the Duc de Bordeaux the functions which they had exercised in the deceased prince's Household. "And I am very sure," he added, "that you will be as tenderly attached to the son as you were to the father."

For many years to come, of course, these functions would be purely honorary, and both the little prince and his sister would remain under the control of Madame de Gontaut, *gouvernante* of the Children of France. In order to relieve that energetic lady of a part of the increased responsibility which the arrival of the Duc de Bordeaux had brought upon her, a *sous-gouvernante*, the Marquise de Foresta, was appointed. But, as the marchioness's sight was "so bad that neither eyeglass nor spectacles were of the least use to her," she proved more of a hindrance than an assistance. However, there she was, and there she evidently intended to remain; and Madame de Gontaut had accordingly to make the best of the situation.

The baptism of the Duc de Bordeaux took place at Notre-Dame, on May 1, 1821, with the greatest magnificence. At noon, the royal procession, which consisted of thirty carriages, set out from the Tuileries, and proceeded to the cathedral by way of the Place du Carrousel, the Quai du Louvre, the Quai de l'École, the Pont-Neuf, the Quai des Orfèvres, the Rue Marché-Neuf, and the Rue Neuve-Notre-Dame. The carriage of the Duc de Bordeaux, drawn by eight magnificent horses and escorted by the pages and the heralds-at-arms, headed the procession. The little prince was carried by Madame de Gontaut, while Madame de Foresta had charge of *Mademoiselle*. The Duchesse d'Angoulême and the Duchesse de Berry rode in the King's carriage. An immense and enthusiastic crowd thronged the streets and squares along the route, and all the windows were decorated with white banners spangled with the *fleurs-de-lis*.

At the door of the cathedral, the King was received by Mgr. de Quélen, coadjutor of the Cardinal de Périgord, the aged Archbishop of Paris, whose infirmities obliged him to remain in an armchair at the foot of the altar. The coadjutor harangued his Majesty, according to custom, and presented the

holy water. The procession then advanced up the nave. The Marquis de Dreux-Brézé, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, led the way ; next came Madame de Gontaut, holding the Duc de Bordeaux, so that every one might see him, and then the King, surrounded by the princes and princesses. The old monarch, now so crippled by the gout that he could only walk a few steps, occupied an armchair on wheels. The immense edifice presented a dazzling spectacle. All the pillars were draped with gold and silver gauze, and the tribunes were filled with ladies *en grande parure* and men in uniform. The King, having been conducted to his *prie-Dieu*, which had been placed in the middle of the choir, the Archbishop of Paris intoned the *Veni Creator*, after which a low Mass was celebrated by the coadjutor and the *Te Deum* sung. Then the princes and princesses of the Royal Family and of the Blood advanced to the steps of the altar, and the archbishop proceeded to baptize the little prince, who received the names of Henri Charles Ferdinand Dieudonné. *Monsieur* represented the King of the Two Sicilies, the godfather, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême replaced the Duchess of Calabria, Hereditary Princess of the Two Sicilies, as godmother.

The baptism concluded, Madame de Gontaut mounted the altar-steps, and laid the Duc de Bordeaux thereon for a moment. Then she raised him in her arms and presented him to the assembly, who greeted him with loud acclamations. On descending, she handed the child to his mother, who clasped him to her breast, "her countenance displaying the most lively emotion, which was shared by all present."¹

The Archbishop of Paris then addressed the King, declaring that "Religion confided this royal infant to his Majesty, to be taught, by his lessons and examples, what the Church had the right to expect from a Very Christian King." And the King, in his response, "begged the archbishop and all the clergy of France to pray that the little prince's life might be consecrated to the welfare of France and the glory of their holy religion."¹

At the conclusion of the religious ceremony, the baptismal certificate was drawn up, and signed by the King, the princes and princesses, the grand officers of the Crown, and the members of the *Corps municipal*, and at three o'clock the *cortège* returned to the Tuileries in the same order.

The return journey, however, did not pass off without a very

¹ *Journal de Paris*, May 2, 1821.

unpleasant incident, which showed that the passions which had sought to prevent the little prince's arrival in the world were still active.

As Madame de Gontaut and her charge were leaving the Tuileries for Notre-Dame, a man approached the carriage, handed the *gouvernante* a letter, and immediately disappeared. Madame de Gontaut opened it, and read as follows:—

“Urgent and important. *Be on your guard when you approach the Pont-Neuf, where there is to be a halt, and then take care of the prince.*”

Much alarmed, Madame de Gontaut called the officer of the Guards in command of the escort, and handed him the note, saying, “This concerns you.” The officer read it, and, laying his hand on his sword, replied confidently, “You need have no fear.”

Madame de Gontaut, however, was far from reassured, and the nearer the procession approached the Pont-Neuf, the more anxious did she become. The halt at the bridge was to allow the market-women to present a bouquet to the Duc de Bordeaux, and to deliver an address to the King, “during which,” says the *gouvernante*, “I held Monseigneur close to my heart, which was beating violently, and gave these ladies a view of my broad shoulders.” However, the critical moment passed without any occasion for alarm.

Nothing, in point of fact, happened until the end of the return journey, at the moment when the carriage containing the little prince was entering the courtyard of the Tuileries.

“As the officer of the Guards,” writes Madame de Gontaut, “was unable to pass under the wicket at the same time as the carriage without running the risk of being crushed, I had placed myself, as was my custom, in the middle of the carriage-window, in order to protect *Monseigneur*, when I received a blow on the shoulder which made me jump. I put up my hand, and when I withdrew it, there was a blood-stain on my glove. Delighted at having saved Monseigneur by my precautions, I said, loftily: ‘I am wounded; he is saved!’ And I added, laughing: ‘I shall have the cross of Saint-Louis; that is the object of my ambition.’”

“On alighting at the Pavillon de Marsan, I had a search made for the object that had struck me. They found an unsigned petition, written on parchment, rolled up into the form

of a horn, at the end of which was a small and very sharp piece of iron. The woman who threw it had been observed, but, as this method of presenting *placets* was customary, no attention had been paid to it."

Splendid fêtes followed the baptism of the little prince. At night, the whole city was illuminated; the display of fireworks was magnificent, and more than ten thousand packets of bonbons were distributed among the enthusiastic crowds. On the following day, the Municipal Council gave a grand fête at the Hôtel de Ville, which was attended by *Monsieur*, the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the Duchesse de Berry. It began with a banquet in the Salle Saint-Jean, which was followed by an *intermède*, the words of which were by Alissan de Chazet and the music by Berton and Boïeldieu; transparencies representing the Duc de Bordeaux lying as in a cradle in the vessel of the Arms of Paris, the triumphal arrival of the Duchesse de Berry at Marseilles, in 1816, and a view of Palermo, where her girlhood had been passed; cantatas executed by the combined forces of the Opera and the Opéra-Comique, and a ball, to which five thousand invitations had been issued and which did not terminate until seven o'clock in the morning.

On the following day, the Duchesse de Berry, with *Monsieur* and her children, made a sort of triumphal progress through the principal streets of the capital, in an open calash, being everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm. On the 4th and 5th, there were gala performances in the theatre of the Tuileries, and, on the 6th, the rejoicings terminated with a magnificent fête at the Odéon, given by the general officers of the garrison of Paris, which consisted of a play written for the occasion, a cantata entitled *Dieu l'a donné*, a ball, and "an excellent and abundant supper." The front of the boxes was hung with silver gauze, sewn with the crosses of Saint-Louis and the Legion of Honour, and weapons and flags were displayed on all sides. Every one of the four thousand guests present was loud in praise of the splendid hospitality of their hosts, but, as a matter of fact, the gallant officers scarcely deserved the congratulations which were so freely showered upon them. Their enthusiasm for the Royal Family, it would appear, stopped short of putting their hands in their pockets; and Maréchal Marmont, the military governor of Paris, who had conceived the idea of the fête, had experienced considerable difficulty in persuading them to

consent to it. Learning of this, the King had offered to bear half the expense, in his capacity as Colonel-General of the Guard, and the officers of his Household had also contributed, so that all that was required of the parsimonious generals was one day's pay.¹

It will be remembered that the Duchesse de Berry had vowed a pilgrimage to the shrine of Notre-Dame de Liesse in the event of her bearing a son, and on May 20, accompanied by her almoner, Mgr. de Bombelles, and a numerous suite, she left Paris to accomplish it. On the 22nd, she arrived at Laon, where all the population of the neighbourhood had congregated to welcome her. The whole city was draped with white flags, and the enthusiasm was tremendous. The prefect and the municipal authorities received her at the foot of the hill which crowns the town. The princess entered an open carriage, and having reviewed the cuirassiers of the Régiment de Berry, who were quartered at Laon, drove to the Préfecture, where she received several deputations, including one from Saint-Quentin, which came to present her with cambrics and other products of the industries of that town. After having visited the celebrated cathedral, the duchess continued her journey to Liesse, where she arrived at seven o'clock the same evening. "She went at once to the parish-church to hear Mass and receive Communion," writes one who was present. "Twenty young girls performed the same duty. The princess was dressed in a simple white gown, with a veil on her head. After communicating, she knelt down again at her *prie-Dieu*, which was placed in the middle of the choir. There she was again assailed by the memory of her eternal sorrow, and her tears flowed freely. All who were in the church were as deeply moved as she. The spectacle of a young princess, widowed by an atrocious crime, weeping at the foot of the altar for the object of her affection, returning thanks to Heaven for the consolation it had accorded her, and imploring for her son the protection of the Blessed Virgin, was the most striking and the most affecting that can be conceived."²

Before returning to Paris, the Duchesse de Berry visited several places of interest in the neighbourhood, including the

¹ *Mémoires du Maréchal Marmont.*

² Letter of the Marquis de Montretton to the Baron de Frémilly, in Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Cour de Louis XVIII.*

ruins of the ancient château of Courcy and the mirror manufactory at Saint-Gobain. It was in the course of her visit to the manufactory, where a mirror was made specially for her, that one of the workmen perpetrated a pun which had a great success. "*Tout est de glace ici, Madame,*" said he, "*tout excepté nos cœurs.*"¹

¹ The word *glace* is used to denote both mirror and ice.

CHAPTER XVI

The Duchesse de Berry resumes the habits of the early days of her married life—Kindness and generosity of the princess—Method which she adopts to extend her patronage as widely as possible among the tradespeople of the capital—Her visit to Mont Dore—She begins to entertain again at the Pavillon de Marsan—The Bourbons triumphant in Naples and Spain, as well as in France—Situation at the Tuileries—Louis XVIII. and his favourites—Madame du Cayla—Her history—Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld urges her “to essay the rôle of Esther to the Ahasuerus of Louis XVIII.”—Her first interview with the King—Infatuation of Louis XVIII. for her—He presents her with the Pavillon of Saint-Ouen—Influence which she exercises over the King—Her relations with the Duchesse de Berry—Visit of the duchess to Dieppe—Her reception—Her first “dip”—Illness of Louis XVIII.—Heroic fortitude of the King, who, despite his sufferings, continues to discharge his official duties—Madame du Cayla persuades him to send for his confessor—Administration of the Sacraments—Death of Louis XVIII.

THE time had now arrived for the Duchesse de Berry to resume the habits of the early days of her married life—the dinners with the King and the other members of the Royal Family, the evening parties in the Duchesse d’Angoulême’s apartments, her weekly receptions, and all her Court duties. Remembering how anxious her husband had been that she should cultivate a taste for serious occupation, she also re-engaged the masters and professors whom he had recommended to her, and a part of her mornings was always set apart for lessons in music, painting, drawing, or modern languages. Her talent for music, Madame de Gontaut tells us, was really remarkable, for, though she did not know a note, she possessed a wonderful ear, and an air once heard was never forgotten.¹

Under an appearance perhaps a little frivolous, the princess had concealed sterling qualities. These had been revealed in her by the sufferings which she had experienced. Knowing what sorrow was herself, she could feel for the misfortunes of others, and her kindness and generosity were beyond all praise. She dispensed very large sums in charity; she was accessible to

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

every one ; she read carefully every petition that was presented to her, and, if she deemed it worthy of her interest, did all in her power to assure its success. Aware of the immense importance attached by the tradesmen of Paris to the royal patronage, and that a visit from one of the princesses was often sufficient to confer a sort of brevet of elegance and *bon ton* upon even a comparatively humble establishment, she was at pains to distribute hers as widely as possible, and scarcely a day passed without her entering several shops and making numerous purchases. As, however, it was, of course, impossible for her to pay every establishment where her presence was solicited a personal visit, she found means to console the tradespeople whom she was compelled to neglect by sending her carriage to stand before their doors. The sight of the Duchesse de Berry's well-known blue liveries outside a shop often proved as valuable an advertisement for the proprietor as if her Royal Highness herself had been within, and many a worthy tradesman struggling to establish a fashionable connection had reason to bless the princess's thoughtfulness.

We can scarcely wonder that a young princess whose only object seemed to be to please should have enjoyed an immense popularity. This popularity was far from being confined to the Parisians. Wherever she appeared, indeed, her tact and affability seemed to have gained all hearts. When, early in September 1821, she went to Mont Dore, in Auvergne, to drink the waters, she delighted the people by assuming the dress of an Auvergnat peasant—flannel chemise, short skirt, worsted stockings, a long veil for the face, and a shawl to cover the head—and riding on horseback along the dangerous mountain-paths. Her ladies had perforce to follow her example, not a little to their disgust, for flannel chemises and abbreviated skirts were not a kind of attire to appeal very forcibly to a fashionable dame who patronised the *ateliers* of Leroy, nor were the very indifferent steeds provided for their use calculated to reassure an inexperienced horsewoman. When, in the course of an expedition to the Château de Murol, poor Madame de Bouillé found herself lying in the road for the third time that morning ; and when, on the following day, she and Madame de Castéja had the misfortune to encounter a swarm of wasps, and their steeds, resenting the attention of these vindictive insects, threatened to bolt with them into Lac de Guerri, it is to be feared that both ladies

must have felt that the coveted post of *dame pour accompagner* to the Duchesse de Berry had its drawbacks.

At the end of September, the princess returned to Paris, where, greatly to the satisfaction of Society, she reopened her salons and began to entertain again in a quiet way. The little parties she gave were greatly appreciated, for they presented a pleasing contrast to those of her sister-in-law, which always had about them a political flavour. The Duchesse de Berry very rightly considered that politics do not make for gaiety, and, at the Pavillon de Marsan, they were rigorously tabooed, and the conversation was all of Art, the theatre, or the toilette. The princess, indeed, had a gentle way of intimating that she had no room for bores in her salon, and, if by chance any of her guests were so ill-advised as to embark upon a political discussion, she would interrupt them by placing a finger to her lips.

In these closing years of Louis XVIII.'s reign, it seemed as though Fortune, repenting of having tried the young princess so cruelly, was reserving for her her choicest smiles. The mother of two healthy and charming children, beloved by her relatives, popular with the Court, adored by the people, everything contributed to console her for the irreparable loss she had sustained; nothing seemed to indicate that the future held for her yet further trials. Everywhere the Bourbons were triumphant. At Naples, her grandfather Ferdinand I. was, by the aid of an Austrian army, replaced upon the throne of the Two Sicilies. In France, the insurrection of the Carbonari in the West was suppressed without difficulty, and the Restoration seemed so firmly established that the Government was able to extend a helping hand to the Spanish Bourbons; and, as the result of the Duc d'Angoulême's military promenade across the Pyrenees, Ferdinand VII. returned from his virtual imprisonment at Cadiz to Madrid, and ruled for the rest of his worthless life as the most absolute of sovereigns.

Very singular was the situation at the Tuileries during this period. The dissensions, the stormy scenes, between Louis XVIII. and his relatives were things of the past. No longer did *Madame* sulk and *Monsieur* fume; no longer did the angry tones of his Majesty's sonorous voice resound through the palace. Harmony complete and permanent had been re-established in that august circle. Little by little, the old King,

who had once so jealously guarded his authority from any encroachment on the part of his family, was surrendering it to his brother ; little by little, a reactionary policy was succeeding the Liberalism of the Decazes *régime*. It was a woman who had brought this about—a woman, who, in the words of one of her admirers, had “despoiled the King of his own ideas, compelled him to surrender to her, so to speak, his intellect, his memory, all his faculties, and all his affections.”

A favourite, as we have said elsewhere, was a necessity of Louis XVIII.'s existence. Obligated by his infirmities to forgo all the pleasures of an active life, he found his chief solace in conversation ; and the need of some one who possessed the art of cheering his long hours of ennui and suffering, and who could be the recipient of all his confidences and secrets, was ever present with him. Upon such—whether man or woman—he was accustomed to bestow a wealth of affection which would have been highly ludicrous, if it had not been so pathetic. In his Majesty's eyes, the object of his attachment could do no wrong ; any attack upon him was almost tantamount to high treason, and the greater the jealousy he excited, the more precious did his friendship become, and the more did the King delight in overwhelming him with honours and benefits. It was thus that he had loved Madame de Balbi, until the discovery of her too intimate relations with Archambaud de Périgord had come to “destroy all his happiness” ; the Comte d'Avaray, until death had interrupted their friendship, and Blacas and his “dear son” Decazes, until political exigencies had compelled him to part with them. And it was thus that he loved the lady of whom we are now about to speak.

It would appear to have been some time during the year 1819, when the assassination of the Duc de Berry had not yet furnished the Ultra-Royalists with the pretext for the clamour which was to bring the political career of Decazes to an untimely end, that it occurred to Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld, son of the Duc de Doudeauville, and one of the most intriguing members of that party, that the surest means of ruining their enemy would be to have recourse to the method which had so often proved effective against King's favourites in former days, namely, to raise up a rival to him in the royal favour.

La Rochefoucauld had for mistress, according to some writers, for friend only, according to others, a certain Comtesse

du Cayla, *née* Zoé Talon, a member of an old family of the Parisian magistracy. Her father, Omer Talon, had been advocate and civil lieutenant to the Châtelet at the time of the Revolution, in which capacity he was concerned in the trial of the unfortunate Marquis de Favras, and was commonly believed to have rendered considerable service to Louis XVIII., then Comte de Provence, by the suppression of certain documents which would have gravely compromised his Royal Highness. Forced to emigrate during the Terror, Omer Talon returned on the establishment of the Directory, and for some time acted as a secret agent of the princes ; but, his intrigues having been discovered, he was arrested and thrown into prison. Here he spent three years, when he was set at liberty, thanks to the intercession of his daughter, who had been educated at Madame Campan's famous seminary at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and had there formed a close friendship with Napoleon's step-daughter, Hortense de Beauharnais, the future Queen of Holland, which she was now to turn to good account.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, the recollection of her father's services and her marriage with the Comte du Cayla, a nobleman of Tuscan origin attached to the Household of the old Prince de Condé, procured Zoé Talon admission to the Court, where she soon attained a certain prominence among the ladies of the ultra-Royalist party.

In her married life, however, Madame du Cayla was far from happy, and eventually a separation between her and her husband was arranged. The fault would appear to have been on the latter's side ; at any rate, the old Comtesse du Cayla, who had at one time been lady-in-waiting to the Comtesse de Provence, warmly espoused her daughter-in-law's cause, and, just before she died, gave her a letter to Louis XVIII., in which she besought his Majesty's protection for the countess and her two children, of whose custody her husband was threatening to deprive her.

Madame du Cayla was not strictly speaking beautiful, neither was she in her first youth, being in fact thirty-five ; but she was eminently seductive, tall and graceful, with jet black hair, which set off to advantage the ivory whiteness of her skin, expressive brown eyes, perfect teeth, and a very sweet voice. Moreover, she was intelligent, witty, and amiable ; in a word, quite irresistible when she wished to please.

A sort of instinctive prevision of Madame du Cayla's destiny came to her devoted friend Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld. "It seemed to me," he writes, "that Madame du Cayla was the only person who could succeed in dissipating the illusions with which Louis XVIII. was surrounded, and which it was necessary to destroy, for his honour, his happiness, and for that of his family and France."¹ He accordingly represented to the lady that religion and monarchy were both tottering to their fall, owing to the King's infatuation for a Minister who, through blindness, love of popularity, or ambition, was continually pushing him to fatal concessions to the revolutionary spirit; that his Majesty's heart constituted one half of his policy, and that he would suffer no one to advise him but those whom he loved, and that the only hope of averting the catastrophe with which France was threatened was that some noble and disinterested woman might be found to remove from the royal eyes the bandage which blinded them. Then, after citing several instances of the immense influence over royalty which had been exercised by women in past times, he ended by proposing to Madame du Cayla that she should essay the rôle of Esther to the Ahasuerus of Louis XVIII., and "insinuate herself by affection into his heart, and by good sense into his mind." The necessity of seeking his protection against her husband would furnish her with an admirable pretext for soliciting an audience, and occasions for further interviews would not be difficult to find.

Madame du Cayla, if we are to believe La Rochefoucauld, repulsed with indignation this proposition, reproached him with "having confounded her with those bold, ambitious, or hypocritical women who avail themselves of their vices, or even of their virtues, to seduce or govern the hearts of kings," and bade him, under pain of losing her friendship, never to speak of the matter again. However, a little reflection served to modify this first repugnance, and the audience upon which such great hopes were based was solicited and immediately accorded.

Madame du Cayla appeared before the King in the rôle of a persecuted woman—and, incidentally, in a toilette every detail of which had been the subject of the most careful consideration—handed him the letter which her mother-in-law had given her, and, throwing herself at his feet, implored him, with tears in her

¹ *Mémoires de la Rochefoucauld.*



ZOÉ TALON, COMTESSE DU CAYLA
FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUIS DAVID

eyes, to extend his protection to herself and her children. His Majesty was touched ; he raised her up, made her sit down by his side, and conversed with her with the utmost graciousness. The charms of her conversation pleased him as much as the attractions of her person ; and not only did he readily promise that her children should remain under her care and that her independence should be safeguarded, but he prolonged the audience far beyond the customary time, and, at its conclusion, informed her that he would always be willing to receive her whenever she had any request to make to him.

This interview was succeeded, at a discreet interval, by a second, which more than confirmed the favourable impression which Louis XVIII. had formed of the lady. Others followed, and gradually the King began to take so much pleasure in Madame du Cayla's society that he did not wait for her to solicit an audience, but suggested it himself.

Whether Madame du Cayla would ever have succeeded in accomplishing the mission which La Rochefoucauld had marked out for her, if the storm which followed the assassination of the Duc de Berry had not swept Decazes from her path, may be doubted. But the Minister's removal immensely facilitated her operations. Deprived of his favourite, the lonely old King naturally felt more than ever the need of congenial companionship, and surrendered himself entirely to the charms of his new friend. The interviews became more frequent and more prolonged. Then, every Wednesday afternoon was set apart for the reception of Madame du Cayla, on which occasions his Majesty gave strict order that he was on no account to be disturbed.¹ Finally, Louis XVIII.'s admiration for her was transformed into a veritable infatuation. She appeared at the Tuileries two or three times a week, and, in the intervals between these visits, an active correspondence was exchanged, the King often writing several times a day, and the lady, carefully "coached" by La Rochefoucauld, replying in terms which

¹ On Wednesday evening, the King, in giving the countersign, which consisted of the name of a person and the name of a place, invariably selected those which recalled his countess. We read in the *Journal* of the Maréchal de Castellane, under date April 6, 1823 : "I was on guard at the château ; the King gave for the countersign : Sainte-Zoé, La Rochelle. When the moment came for me to give the countersign to the officers on duty, they observed : 'That is correct ; it is Wednesday.' Zoé is the baptismal name of Madame du Cayla, who has an estate near La Rochelle ; Wednesday is the day on which the King sees her. Zoé is, in consequence, the countersign every Wednesday."

delighted the heart of her senile admirer.¹ "Madame d'Henin told me," writes the Duchesse Victor de Broglie, under date September 21, 1821, "that the King decidedly has a passion for Madame du Cayla; he receives her in private three hours at a time; when he drives along the quay, she is at the window of her house; he puts his head out of the carriage-window to look lovingly at her."²

It must not be supposed that there was anything immoral in this intimacy. The age and infirmities of Louis XVIII., as Lamartine expresses it, had "purified in him the inclinations of Nature,"³ and precluded all idea of gallantry; and the most austere members of the ultra-Royalist party, and even the Abbé Liautard, the director of the countess's conscience, regarded the progress of the affair with the warmest approval.

It was, of course, the rôle of Madame du Cayla to profess the utmost disinterestedness. In spite of the modesty of the lady's fortune, La Rochefoucauld assures us that the King had all the difficulty in the world to persuade her to accept anything at his hands. When, at the beginning of their relations, he offered her a roll of one hundred banknotes of one thousand francs each, she declined the gift almost with indignation. It was the same when he begged her acceptance of a magnificent parure of diamonds, which he had had made expressly for her. "Sire," said she, as she handed the casket back, "I am perhaps the only person in your kingdom who is unable to accept that from your Majesty."

The countess, needless to say, lost nothing by these refusals, for the old monarch, delighted by such an answer, had recourse to the most gallant subterfuges to prevent her from repulsing his gifts. "My child," said he one day, "I must give you a portfolio in which to lock up any of my letters which you may wish to keep. And the portfolio which he offered her was thickly encrusted with diamonds. Then, one evening, when she came to see him for a few moments on her way to a ball at the Pavillon de Marsan, his Majesty, on the pretence of readjusting a rebellious curl of her coiffure, surreptitiously attached

¹ The Baron de Vitrolles declares, in his *Mémoires*, that this correspondence, which would undoubtedly throw much light on the events of the last years of Louis XVIII.'s reign, had been religiously preserved by Madame du Cayla, and that she intended to publish it after her death; but no trace of it has ever been discovered.

² Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Cour de Louis XVIII.*

³ *Histoire de la Restauration.*

to her hair a magnificent diamond-spray, which is reported to have been worth two hundred thousand francs ; and it was not until she arrived at the ball, and all her friends crowded round to express their admiration of the jewel, that she learned of its presence. On another occasion, the King asked her acceptance of a Bible, a present which, of course, it was impossible for her to refuse. The sacred volume arrived, magnificently bound in morocco, with her Arms in gold on the cover, and embellished with one hundred and fifty superb illustrations. But each of these illustrations, instead of being protected by tissue paper, was covered by a banknote for one thousand francs.

The climax of the royal munificence was reached, however, when Louis XVIII. presented Madame du Cayla with the sumptuous pavilion which he had built at Saint-Ouen, on the site of the little château where he had promulgated the Declaration of May 2, 1814. The favourite for some time refused to accept so magnificent a gift, and her scruples were only overcome when the King said to her, pathetically : " My child, reflect that Saint-Denis is not far from Saint-Ouen ; you will go there to pray for me ! "

Nothing, we are told, could exceed the elegance and luxury of this abode. " Every detail showed minute care. The gutter spouts were of polished marble, and the banisters of the attic staircase of mahogany ; nothing had been overlooked, and it was obvious that artists and workmen had been employed regardless of expense. The cleverest painters had been commissioned to decorate the walls. But all this luxury was in good taste and harmonious, and produced the effect of noble simplicity." ¹

Madame du Cayla's reign at Saint-Ouen was inaugurated by a splendid fête, which was attended by the Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, and all fashionable Paris. Mgr. de Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermepolis, solemnly consecrated the chapel. To the sounds of a cantata executed by the chorus of the Opera, a portrait of Louis XVIII., by Gérard, in the act of signing the Declaration of Saint-Ouen, was unveiled in the library. A vaudeville was performed in the theatre of the château, after which the *châtelaine* emerged from a recess, crowned with a civic crown, and was proclaimed as the heroine of the Charter. And between four and five hundred guests sat down to a banquet,

¹ Comtesse de Boigne, *Mémoires*.

during which the Papal Nuncio, Monseigneur Macchi, and the austere Abbé Liautard, Madame du Cayla's confessor, "relieved one another in the task of praising the Christian virtues of their charming hostess."¹

Gradually, Madame du Cayla succeeded in establishing almost as complete an ascendancy over the mind of Louis XVIII. as she had over his heart, and used it without scruple in the interests of the ultra-Royalist party. "From the day," writes Pasquier, "when M. Decazes had been taken from him by proceedings which had wounded his heart, his self-esteem, and his regard for the royal dignity, the King had only occupied himself with business so that it should not be said that he had given it up."² Weighed down beneath the burden of his infirmities, he had begun to fall into a state of apathy which put him at the mercy of those who resolutely applied themselves to the task of governing him. Occasionally, a flicker of the old spirit would reveal itself, but it was speedily quenched; all he desired now was peace and quiet, and Madame du Cayla would give him none until he had surrendered to her will. To her influence may be traced the fall of the high-minded and patriotic Duc de Richelieu, who had refused to lend himself to the plans of *Monsieur* and his friends;³ the nomination of Villèle as Prime Minister; the ignominious dismissal of Chateaubriand from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the acceptance by the King of the Septennial Bill of 1824 and other reactionary measures.

The attitude of the different members of the Royal Family towards the favourite is interesting. *Monsieur*, although he does not appear to have been a party to the plot woven around his helpless brother, at any rate in its early stages, did not scruple to take advantage of it, and repeatedly urged Madame du Cayla to "ignore the things which spite and folly might say against her, and to enjoy in peace the noble use which she was making of the confidence and affection of the King."⁴ The Duchesse d'Angoulême, on the other hand, could not bring

¹ Comtesse de Boigne, *Mémoires*.

² Pasquier, *Mémoires*.

³ The King's anxiety to secure the resignation of the Richelieu Ministry was so great, that twice during the evening of December 14, 1821, he wrote to the duke requesting that the document announcing it should be sent for his signature. According to Madame de Boigne, it was afterwards known that he had promised Madame du Cayla that the resignation should be handed to her before she went to bed.

⁴ Lamartine, *Histoire de la Restauration*.

herself to countenance a lady to whom gossip had attributed in her youth at least one unorthodox connection, and not only treated her with coldness, but expressed her displeasure at the intimacy which existed between her *dame d'atours*, Madame de Choisy, and the favourite. At the same time, we may venture to doubt if, at heart, *Madame* altogether regretted an intrigue which, however unworthy it may have been, had put an end to the dissensions in the Royal Family and was doing so much to promote the interests of the party whom she honoured by her protection.

As for the Duchesse de Berry, less fastidious in her choice of friends than her sister-in-law, she appears to have been on very good terms with the favourite, though she did not at all approve of the King's habit of referring to Madame du Cayla, even in the presence of his family, as "his third daughter," which seemed to place that lady on a footing of equality with the Duchesse d'Angoulême and herself; and, on one occasion, she expressed her sentiments upon the matter rather pointedly. However, the relations between the two ladies were, on the whole, excellent; indeed, Madame du Cayla appears to have entertained a real affection for the princess, since she remained faithful to her cause after the Revolution of 1830, corresponded with her frequently, and even intrigued on her behalf.

Towards the end of July 1824, the Duchesse de Berry left Paris on a visit to Dieppe, a place with which her name was destined to be closely associated. This famous old Norman town had first been brought into prominence as a bathing resort by Queen Hortense, who for a number of years had been in the habit of spending part of every summer there. Up to that time, sea-bathing had found little favour with the French, except in the case of the mentally afflicted or persons threatened with hydrophobia. The latter were, of course, few in number, but in summer-time along the coast it was no uncommon thing to catch sight of some unfortunate lunatic spluttering and struggling in the arms of stalwart fishermen, who plunged him without mercy beneath the waves. The Queen of Holland, however, was too prominent a Society leader for her example not to be widely followed, and, even after the fall of the Empire, fashionable Paris continued to come to Dieppe, for the resort had become very popular with visitors from the other side of

the Channel, and under the Restoration English customs were the mode.

In the afternoon of July 22, the Duchesse de Berry arrived at Rouen, where she met with an enthusiastic reception, and was presented with a piece of wood mounted in silver, which had been taken from the foundations of the ancient bridge built by the Empress Mathilde, in 1150. She remained a week in the Norman capital, visiting with her usual indefatigable energy all the places of interest in the town and the environs, among them the Abbey of Jumièges, where she was shown the remains of the tombs of the sons of Clovis and of Saint-Philibert, the founder of the Abbey, and the spot where Agnès Sorel, mistress of Charles VII., had lain until the revolutionary mob had desecrated her grave.

On July 31, the princess made her entry into Dieppe, being received at the entrance to the town by a deputation of fish-wives in their picturesque costume; while, a little farther on, a party of young ladies presented themselves to beg her acceptance of the model of a ship exquisitely carved in ivory, which bore the name of Saint-Ferdinand, in memory of the vessel which had brought her to France in 1816. The mayor harangued the Duchesse de Berry, reminding her of the devotion that the town had shown for Henri IV. in 1589, and the affection which that monarch had always testified for the Dieppois; and the princess replied in a tactful little speech, in which she assured him that she should imitate her ancestor in his love for them. Then, after visiting the citadel, she was conducted to the Hôtel de Ville, where apartments had been prepared for her, her ladies being accommodated in a large house hard by, which had been connected with the Hôtel de Ville by a wooden gallery.

The princess's first "dip" was attended by great ceremony. The inspector of the baths, dressed as though he were about to proceed to a ball, offered her his white-gloved hand and conducted her several paces into the water; and her entry into the sea was proclaimed to all the country round by a discharge of cannon. The next day, however, her Royal Highness, much to her relief, was permitted to dispense with the services of this worthy gentleman and to disport herself in the waves like a simple mortal.

The Duchesse de Berry remained three weeks at Dieppe,

during which she became immensely popular with the inhabitants. She had intended to make a much longer stay, but alarming news concerning the health of the King obliged her to cut short her visit, and on August 23 she set out for Paris.

From the spring of 1824, it had been evident to all about him that Louis XVIII. had only a few months to live. Nevertheless, the brave old man, though perfectly aware of his desperate condition, continued to struggle against the progress of his malady, and refused to make any change in his official life. "A king," said he one day, in reply to the remonstrances of his physicians, "is permitted to die, but is forbidden to be ill"; and, on another occasion, he quoted the saying of Vespasian: "*Oportet imperatorem stantem mori.*"

He still continued to preside at the meetings of the Council and to give audiences, and, with the intention of concealing his condition from the public as long as possible, in order to minimise the chance of disturbances at the beginning of the new reign, took his accustomed drive every day, though so inanimate did he appear that people declared that it was not the King, but a lay figure, dressed to resemble him, which passed through the streets.

On August 25, notwithstanding the extreme heat, the King insisted on returning from Saint-Cloud to the Tuileries, to celebrate there the Feast of Saint-Louis. The usual reception and presentations took place, and the poor old man, seated in his armchair and wearing a uniform covered with gold lace and studded with Orders, forced himself to preserve for several hours the attitude and manner proper to these occasions. Every one present, however, was shocked at his appearance. "His once noble head," writes Madame de Boigne, "was so shrunken that it looked quite small. It drooped upon his chest so low that his shoulders rose above it; only with an effort could he raise his face, and then he showed features so changed and lifeless that there could be no doubt as to his condition." Nevertheless, he contrived to murmur a few words to those who defiled before him, and it was only at the end that pain and drowsiness prevailed over his resolution, and, with his head almost touching his knees, he fell into a slumber of exhaustion, and was carried back to his apartments, still sleeping.

On the 27th and 28th, the King, in the hope of dispelling the public alarm, which his obstinate firmness had only served to increase, went for his usual drive. On the following day, he announced his intention of returning to Saint-Cloud ; but, at the last moment, he found himself so ill that he was obliged to countermand the departure of the Court. From that day he never quitted his apartments, but he still gave audiences, and, pitiable as was his physical weakness, his mind was as clear and his memory as remarkable as it had been in perfect health. Villéle relates in his *Mémoires* that on September 2 he waited on the King to ask, on behalf of the Duc d'Orléans, that the Duc de Chartres, who would attain his fourteenth year on the following day, should be invested with the *cordons bleu*, as, according to Louis-Philippe, all the princes of the Blood had received it at that age, and notably the Duc d'Enghien. The Minister found his master scarcely able to hold up his head, and was obliged to beg him to allow a pillow to be placed beneath it, in order that he might catch what he said. Nevertheless, he answered without a moment's hesitation : " You will tell the Duc d'Orléans that he is mistaken—that what he asks for is not due until the fifteenth year, and that I shall never do more for him than what is due. The example he cites condemns his pretensions. The Duc d'Enghien was born the—" and he gave, with astonishing precision, the day, month, and year of his birth—" and only received the *cordons bleu* the—" and again he cited the precise date—" fifteen years after his birth. The Duc de Chartres will only receive it to-morrow year."

During the next few days, the malady made alarming progress, but he still struggled to perform his duties of Sovereign, presiding at the Council with his head supported by pillows. On the 10th, he appeared at table for the last time. " This was the first day," writes Marmont, who was present " that he suffered from moments of absent-mindedness. He did I know not what disagreeable thing to the Duchesse d'Angoulême. On recovering himself, he noticed it, and said to her, with admirable resignation and an angelic gentleness : ' Niece, you must pardon me ; when any one is dying, he does not know very well what he is about.' "

Meanwhile, the Royal Family were becoming increasingly anxious that the King's confessor, the Abbé Rocher, should be summoned, but none of them had as yet dared to propose it to the

dying man, who, unlike his brother, had always strongly resented the least attempt at priestly domination. At length, on the 11th, they decided to request Madame du Cayla, to whom the King intended to bid farewell that afternoon, to undertake this painful duty and persuade him to be reconciled with Heaven. The fair countess's mind was occupied just then by matters very different from the salvation of her royal admirer,¹ but the mission was one which, of course, it was impossible for her to refuse, and, after her departure, the Royal Family learned, to their intense relief, that his Majesty's confessor had been sent for.

It was none too soon, for, during the evening, the King became so much worse that it was decided to administer the Sacraments early on the following morning (Sunday, September 12). At eight o'clock, the Grand Almoner, the Cardinal de Croÿ, and the curé of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, followed by *Monsieur*, the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Duchesse de Berry, the Princes and Princesses of the Blood, the grand officers of the Crown, and the Ministers and Secretaries of State, brought the Holy Sacrament to the King's apartments. The clergy, the princes and princesses entered the royal bedchamber; the rest of the *cortège* remained in the adjoining cabinets. The King received the consecrated wafer from the hands of the Grand Almoner, and Extreme Unction was afterwards administered. The princes and princesses then knelt down to receive the royal blessing, and, advancing in turn to the bed, embraced the King for the last time.

Later in the day, Louis XVIII. asked to see the Duc de Bordeaux and *Mademoiselle*, who were brought from Saint-Cloud by their *gouvernante*. "He wished to embrace them," writes Madame de Gontaut: "I lifted up the Duc de Bordeaux, and I heard him say, in a very low voice: 'Poor child! May you be more happy than we have been!' Meanwhile, *Mademoiselle* took his hand and kissed it. I trembled lest she should touch his feet, which were in a frightful condition. I pitied him deeply,

¹ Madame du Cayla did not take leave of the King with empty hands. She presented for his signature an order to buy for her the Hôtel de Montmorency, in the Rue de Bourbon, which its present owner Maréchal Mortier, Duc de Trévisé, had recently announced for sale. Louis XVIII. made a formless scrawl at the bottom of the paper, which was accepted as a regular signature by the Duc de Doudeauville, Minister of the King's Household, and that same day the purchase money—700,000 francs—was paid to the marshal, and his hôtel became the property of Madame du Cayla.

and I felt so sad that I could scarcely restrain my tears. When I reached the door, I looked back once more, and felt that it was for the last time. On our way back to Saint-Cloud the children were very sad."

Until that morning, the King's condition had been carefully concealed from the public, but bulletins were now issued which effectually dispelled all illusions, and on the following day orders were given for the closing of the Bourse and the theatres.

On September 13, there was a trifling improvement, and the Duchesse de Berry was able to drive out to Saint-Cloud and spend some hours with her children. On the 14th, however, the King was much weaker, and the prayers for the dying were recited in his bedchamber, in the presence of the Royal Family. At that moment, Louis XVIII., who had sunk into a state of coma, recovered consciousness. "Sire," said the Grand Almoner, "unite yourself to the intention of my prayers." "I do not think I have got to that point yet," was the reply; "but no matter; go on."

On the 15th, it was seen that the King was rapidly sinking, and at three o'clock on the morning of Thursday, September 16, the end came. When the King's laboured breathing ceased, the Baron Portal, first surgeon to Louis XVIII., took a candle and held it close to his royal patient's mouth. Then, seeing that the flame remained upright, he turned to *Monsieur*, and exclaimed: "*Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!*"

The new King, overwhelmed with grief, for, notwithstanding their occasional quarrels, he had been tenderly attached to his brother, left the chamber of death with the tears streaming down his face. The Duchesse d'Angoulême prepared to follow him. Hitherto, as the daughter of a king, she had always taken precedence of her husband, but when she reached the door, she suddenly remembered that she enjoyed that right no longer, and, turning to the duke, said: "*Passez, Monsieur le Dauphin!*" Deeply affected as she was by the death of the man who had been a second father to her, she would not permit it to distract her attention from a matter of pure etiquette, in circumstances when no one would have noticed any breach of it.

CHAPTER XVII

The new King and the Royal Family at Saint-Cloud—Lying-in-state of Louis XVIII.—The procession to Saint-Denis—The funeral ceremony—Character of Charles X.—The new reign opens under the happiest auspices—Entry of the King into Paris—Review in the Champ de Mars—A colonel of four years of age—Opening of the Chambers: incident of the King's hat—Death of Ferdinand I. of the Two Sicilies—Charles X. decides to be crowned at Rheims—Arrival of the King at Rheims—The Duchesse de Berry and Jeanne d'Arc—The *Sacre*—The return to Paris.

IN accordance with the custom of the Kings of France, who never remained a moment longer than necessary in the palace where their predecessor had just passed away, Charles X. immediately despatched a mounted messenger to Saint-Cloud, with directions to Madame de Gontaut to have everything in readiness for the arrival of the Royal Family, who followed an hour or two later.

On his arrival, the new Sovereign, whose countenance plainly showed how deeply he felt the loss of his brother, inquired what apartments had been prepared for him. He was told that both his own and the late King's had been made ready. "He stopped," writes Madame de Gontaut, "clasped his hands in silence, and then, turning to the governor of the château, said: 'It must be so; let us go upstairs.' We followed him. He traversed the apartments and stopped at the door of the King's chamber. I came forward with Monseigneur [the Duc de Bordeaux] and *Mademoiselle*, and he embraced them. They, poor children! were quite upset by all this sadness. He said to them: 'As soon as I can, I will come to see you;' and then, turning round, he said to the persons who were following him: 'I desire to be alone.' They all silently withdrew. We accompanied the Duchesse de Berry to her apartment; Madame la Dauphine (for that was her title now) wept; the Dauphin had disappeared. It was all very dismal; nobody said a word. Thus passed the first day of the reign of Charles X."

On the morning of the 17th, the members of the Royal

Family, including the little Duc de Bordeaux and *Mademoiselle*, waited upon Charles X. to pay him homage, which ceremony concluded, they all repaired to the chapel, where a Requiem Mass for the soul of the late King was celebrated. After Mass, the King received the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans, Mlle. d'Orléans, and the Duc de Bourbon in his cabinet, and subsequently gave audience to the Ministers and grand officers of the Crown, who renewed the customary oath of allegiance, and to the Papal Nuncio, who pronounced a discourse in the name of the Diplomatic Corps.

The King spent the greater part of the following day in receiving deputations from various public bodies and municipalities. On the 19th, he drove to the Tuileries, where, with the princes and princesses, he sprinkled holy water upon the body of his brother, which, after being embalmed, had been laid upon a state bed in the throne-room, and then returned to Saint-Cloud. After his departure, the doors were opened and the public admitted to pay the last tribute of respect to their deceased sovereign. More than one hundred and fifty thousand persons are said to have defiled before the coffin.

The removal of the remains of the late King to Saint-Denis took place on the 23rd, with great solemnity. The gendarmerie of Paris and of the Department of the Seine opened the march, followed by the general-staff and detachments from various regiments. After them came the Polytechnic School and the School of Saint-Cyr, a great number of officers of different grades, and representatives of various corporations. Four hundred poor men, each holding in his hand, according to custom, a lighted taper, immediately preceded the Court carriages, in which were the princes, the grand dignitaries, and the officials of the Royal Household. In the last sat the Grand Almoner, the Cardinal de Croÿ, holding a silver-gilt box, which contained the heart of the late King. Finally, came the funeral-car, which was of the utmost magnificence, covered with embroidery, cyphers, and emblems. Four statues of silver representing Fame, supported at each angle the dome, on which appeared two angels, likewise of silver, bearing a colossal royal crown. The car was drawn by twelve magnificent horses, with tall black plumes on their heads, led by twenty-four grooms in mourning livery. Four of the late King's chaplains followed the hearse, and the pages, equerries, and heralds-at-arms, and a detachment

of the bodyguard closed the official part of the procession. On leaving the Tuileries, the *cortège* passed under the Arc de Triomphe and took the road to Saint-Denis, following the boulevards and the faubourg. Batteries of artillery, placed at regular intervals, fired salutes, and the regimental bands played in turn funeral marches. An immense crowd lined the route, whose profound silence increased the imposing effect of the long and majestic *cortège*, slowly defiling through its midst; all the shops in Paris were closed, and many of the houses draped in black. On arriving at Saint-Denis, the bier was lifted from the hearse and delivered into the care of the Chapter. Eight soldiers of the Gardes du corps then carried it into the *chapelle ardente* prepared for its reception, where it remained exposed until October 24. On that day it was transported to the catafalque raised in the middle of the basilica, and on the 25th the final obsequies were celebrated.

The Dauphin and Dauphine assisted at the ceremony, but, in conformity with etiquette, Charles X. was not present. He remained at the Tuileries, and attended a Requiem Mass in the chapel of the château, celebrated at the same hour as the service at Saint-Denis. The Duchesse de Berry remained with him, since it had been judged advisable to spare the young princess so painful a spectacle as the opening of the vault which was the burial-place of her assassinated husband and her two children who had died immediately after their birth.

At St. Denis, the Mass was said by the Grand Almoner, and the Bishop of Hermepolis pronounced the funeral oration. After the absolution, the coffin was lifted from the catafalque and borne to the royal tomb by twelve Gardes du corps; the Chancellor Dambray, representing the Chamber of Peers, Ravez, representing the Chamber of Deputies, the Comte de Sèze, representing the magistracy, and Maréchal Moncey, Duc de Congliano, representing the Army, supported the corners of the pall. After the coffin had been lowered into the vault, and the King-at-arms had thrown the deceased monarch's spurs, gauntlets, buckler, and helmet after it, the Duc d'Uzès, Grand Master of France, placed the end of his bâton in the vault, and cried: "*Le Roi est mort!*" The King-at-arms, stepping back three paces, repeated three times, in a loud voice: "*Le Roi est mort!*" Then, turning towards the congregation, he said: "Pray God for the repose of his soul!"

At these words, the clergy and every one present fell on their knees, and remained for a moment in silent prayer. The Grand Master drew back his bâton, and brandishing it cried ; “ *Vive le Roi !* ” The King-at-arms repeated : “ *Vive le Roi ! Vive le Roi. Vive le Roi* Charles, tenth of the name ! by the grace of God, King of France and Navarre, very Christian, very august, very puissant, our very honoured lord and good master, to whom may God accord a very long and very happy life ! Cry all : ‘ *Vive le Roi !* ’ ” Then the trumpets, drums, and fifes sounded a loud fanfare, and the vast basilica rang with deafening shouts of “ *Vive le Roi ! Vive Charles X.* ”

Born on October 9, 1757, Charles X. was just about to enter his sixty-eighth year at the moment of his accession to the throne. Save, however, for the colour of his hair, which was almost snow-white, he might well have passed for a man of fifty, since, thanks to regular habits and an exceptionally fine constitution, “ he had preserved, under the first frosts of age, the briskness, the erectness, the elasticity, and the beauty of his youth.”¹ A tall, lithe, handsome man, an indefatigable sportsman, a bold and accomplished rider, an agreeable talker, exquisitely courteous to women, gracious and affable towards all, he presented a striking contrast to his corpulent, infirm predecessor. Possessed in a remarkable degree of the art of pleasing, he charmed every one who approached him, and so perfectly did he succeed in setting people at their ease that they were sometimes in danger of forgetting that they were talking to the King.

Since the death of his beloved Madame de Polastron, in 1803, his private life had been altogether beyond reproach. None of the scandals which had disgraced the Court of almost all his predecessors was permitted to tarnish his, and even the most malicious gossips never ventured to couple his name with that of any woman. He was an affectionate father and grandfather, a loyal friend, a kind and indulgent master, and a sincerely religious man. In short, it would have been difficult to say whether his kingly qualities or his private virtues aroused the most admiration.

Unhappily, with his many good qualities, Charles combined grave faults—faults which were to prove his undoing. He did

¹ Lamartine.

not lack intelligence and was animated by the best motives, but he was utterly wanting in that gift, which is above all others essential for a king—the knowledge of men. From his youth upwards he had chosen his associates badly ; complaisant ladies and frivolous young men had been the companions of his youth ; bigoted priests and reactionary nobles were the familiars of his riper years. Since the return of his family to France, a little court, half ecclesiastical, half political, had grouped itself about him, composed, for the most part, of men grown old in exile and embittered against the Revolution by which they had been proscribed. This little court, ignorant, prejudiced, and greedy, which abhorred the Charter, detested popular institutions, and regarded the middle-classes with almost as much disdain as it did the masses, had been during the reign of Louis XVIII. a focus of aristocratic and episcopal opposition, and had thwarted at every turn the conciliatory policy of the King. Baneful, however, as had been its influence in the late reign, it was to be infinitely more disastrous in that of a King who had acquired the deplorable habit of viewing affairs with the eyes of those about him, and whose zeal for religion caused him to fall an easy prey to those who claimed to speak in its name. The sublime, it has been well said, is not so near the ridiculous as is superstition to immorality. Sincerely desirous of atoning for the follies of his youth, Charles's devotion perverted his judgment and influenced his policy to an extent of which he himself was perhaps only dimly aware. Often when he believed that he was obeying the dictates of his conscience, he was simply acting under the inspiration of his sacerdotal advisers. "He was destined," observed Lamartine, "to fall a victim to his faith. In him the Christian was destined to ruin the king."¹

Seldom, however, did a reign open under happier auspices. The conspiracies and agitations of which France had so long been the theatre had ceased ; Napoleon was dead, and his son, the young Duke of Reichstadt, regarded by most people as a simple Austrian prince, provoked no enthusiasm, save among a few of the most devoted Bonapartists. The Army, since the war in Spain, had given itself definitely to the Bourbons. The extreme Liberal party had been reduced to silence and impotence, and an immense majority in both Chambers supported the

¹ *Histoire de la Restauration.*

Monarchy. Nothing, either at home or abroad, seemed to indicate that the era of revolutions was not definitely closed, and that Charles X. might not look forward to a reign as tranquil as that of his predecessor had been stormy.

The conduct of the new King was certainly calculated to dispel any suspicions entertained by liberal opinion as to the policy which he would pursue on his accession to the throne. The deputations which came to felicitate him at Saint-Cloud were assured that it was his intention "to maintain the Charter and the institutions that they owed to the King whom Heaven had taken from them"; to obliterate every trace of past dissension between the two branches of the Royal House, the Duc d'Orléans was accorded the coveted title of Royal Highness, which, it will be remembered, Louis XVIII. had constantly refused him, and the marshals and generals who had taken up arms for Napoleon during the Hundred Days, and had until then remained in disgrace, were received with the utmost cordiality and informed that the past was forgotten.

In the midst of the enthusiasm aroused by these conciliatory acts, on September 27, 1824, Charles X. made his entry into Paris. Leaving Saint-Cloud at half-past eleven, the King passed through the Bois de Boulogne and arrived at the Porte-Maillot, where the procession was formed. It was composed of the King's staff, the National Guards of Paris, the Royal Guard, the Duc de Bourbon and his aides-de-camp, the Duc d'Orléans and his Household, the Dauphin and his staff, the Gardes du corps, the aides-de-camp of his Majesty, his pages, the King, his civil Household, the carriage of the Dauphine, with whom were the Duchesse de Berry, the Duchesse d'Orléans, and Mlle. d'Orléans, and the carriages containing the ladies of their suites. The King rode a magnificent white Arab charger, and, notwithstanding his white hair and his sixty-seven years, looked almost as sprightly as in the days of his youth.

At the Barrière de l'Étoile, a salvo of one hundred and one guns announced the arrival of the King in Paris. The Comte de Chabrol, the Prefect of the Seine, at the head of the members of the Municipal Council, harangued his Majesty and presented him with the keys of the town; and the procession then proceeded down the Champs Élysées and the Avenue de Marigny and entered the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. As the King was passing the Élysée, a voice was heard calling:

"*Bon-papa! Bon-papa!*" And, looking up, he perceived at a window of the palace the Duc de Bordeaux and *Mademoiselle*, who had obtained permission to witness the pageant. His Majesty's affection for his grandchildren prevailed over his regard for etiquette, and, notwithstanding the horrified protestations of the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, he wheeled his horse and rode up to the window. This unexpected movement threw the procession into disorder, and a *sergent-de-ville*, not recognising the King, seized his horse's bridle, upon which the animal began to plunge and rear so violently that Madame de Gontaut, who was with the children, feared that the royal rider would be thrown, and uttered a cry of alarm. Charles, however, was too good a horseman to allow himself to be unseated; he soon succeeded in quieting his frightened steed, and having spoken a few affectionate words to the children and bowed gracefully to the ladies who were with them, he resumed his place in the procession, while the crowd, delighted by this little incident, rent the air with shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*"¹

By way of the boulevards, the Rue Saint-Denis, and the Pont-au-Change, the *cortège* reached Notre-Dame, where the King was received by the Archbishop of Paris, at the head of his clergy. The *Domine, salvum fac regem* was intoned and repeated by the deputations and functionaries of all ranks who filled the basilica, and the *Te Deum* sung. On leaving the cathedral, Charles X. again mounted his horse and proceeded along the quays to the Tuileries in a pouring rain, which, however, neither diminished the number of the spectators nor damped their enthusiasm; while the King took his wetting with the best grace in the world and charmed the people by the graciousness with which he acknowledged their greetings. "From Saint-Cloud to Notre-Dame, from Notre-Dame to the Tuileries," wrote the Duchesse de Berry to Madame de Gontaut, "the King was escorted by acclamations, by marks of approbation and love."

Three days later (September 30), Charles X. held a grand review on the Champ de Mars. An immense crowd covered the plain, and the enthusiasm was, if possible, even greater than on the day of his entry, for that morning there had appeared in the journals a royal Ordinance which abolished the censorship and re-established the liberty of the Press. The Dauphine,

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

the Duchesse de Berry, and the Duc de Bordeaux accompanied the King, and the little prince shared with his grandfather the honours of the day. He was in the uniform of a colonel of cuirassiers, and took himself very seriously indeed; and the crowd was hugely delighted at seeing this colonel of four years old respond to its applause by a correct military salute.

The opening of the Chambers took place at the Louvre on December 22, 1824, in the presence of an immense crowd. The Duchesse de Berry with her children and the Dauphine and the Duchesse d'Orléans assisted at the ceremony. At the moment of the King's arrival, an incident occurred which, after the July Revolution, the superstitious did not fail to recall, though, at the time, they probably attached to it little significance. "The *estrade* prepared for the Royal Family," writes Madame de Gontaut, "was the same that had been made for the late King; and, by inadvertence, a little unevenness had been left, which escaped the King's notice and made him stumble. This movement caused his hat, which he was holding under his arm, to fall to the ground, and the Duc d'Orléans picked it up. The Duchesse d'Orléans said to me: 'The King would have fallen, but my husband saved him.' I replied: 'No, Madame, Monseigneur only picked up his Majesty's hat.' At this the Dauphine turned and looked at me. We did not speak of it until six years later; but we never forgot it, either of us."¹

At the end of February 1825, the Duchesse de Berry learned of the death of her grandfather, Ferdinand I. of the Two Sicilies, who had died on January 4, 1825, leaving the crown to the princess's father, who ascended the throne under the name of Francis I. The Duchesse de Berry had not seen the old King since her departure from Naples in the spring of 1816, but she had not forgotten the kindness with which he had always treated her, and she was sincerely grieved at his death. However, the preparations for the Sacre at Rheims served to divert the princess's thoughts into a different channel.

Half a century had passed since a King of France had been crowned in the cathedral of Saint-Rémi, for Louis XVII. had passed the few months of his royalty a prisoner in the Temple, and the excessive fatigue which the ceremony would have imposed upon him, and the enormous expense it would have

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

involved, had deterred Louis XVIII. from reviving it. Charles X., however, who enjoyed the best of health, and whose accession found the finances of France completely re-established, did not hesitate to revert to the custom of his ancestors, which, to his devout mind must have seemed an indispensable preliminary to the exercise of kingly authority; and at the opening of the Chambers, in the previous December, he had announced his intention of "renewing his oaths and returning thanks to the Divine Providence at the foot of the same altar where Clovis received the holy unction." His decision was hailed with enthusiasm by the Chambers, which voted a sum of six million francs to defray the expense of the ceremony.

May 29 was the date selected for the Sacre. On the 28th, the King made his entry into Rheims in a magnificent gilded coach, and passed under a long avenue of triumphal arches to the cathedral, where he was received by the Archbishop of Rheims and his suffragans, the Bishops of Soissons, Beauvais, Châlons, and Amiens. The archbishop presented holy water and incense to the King, and then a copy of the Gospels, which his Majesty, who knelt upon a velvet cushion, pressed to his lips. The King was then conducted into the cathedral, where he heard Vespers, at which the archbishop officiated, and an *éloge* of himself and the Royal Family from the Cardinal de la Fare, after which he proceeded to the archiepiscopal palace, where he was to pass the night. The Duchesse de Berry, with the Dauphine and the Princesses of the Blood, was present at the service, and, early the following morning, before the doors were opened to the public, she repaired alone to the cathedral, in the strictest incognito, and kneeling on the spot where Jeanne d'Arc had stood, holding the royal oriflamme at the coronation of Charles VII., offered up a fervent prayer to the saviour of France, who had long been the object of her particular veneration.

The Sacre began at seven o'clock, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage, which included Ambassadors Extraordinary from every sovereign in Europe. The ancient ceremonial had been somewhat abridged, and certain portions which were no longer compatible with modern ideas modified, the most notable instance being the substitution of an oath to govern in conformity with the Charter for that which the Kings of France formally took to exterminate heresy. The most interesting and impressive

details had, however, been retained, and Charles X. wore his mediæval and somewhat theatrical costume—the tunic, the mantle, the buskins, and the rest—with so much grace and dignity that his appearance excited general admiration. The Holy Ampulla itself was not, as several writers incorrectly state, used on this occasion; it was no longer in existence, having been broken to pieces, in 1793, by Ruhl, the deputy in mission to the department of the Marne.¹ But, before delivering it to the Conventionalist, the Abbé Seraine, curé of Saint-Rémi, had extracted a part of its contents, which was carefully preserved and used for the anointing of Charles X.

On June 6, the King returned to his capital, which was again favoured by a state entry. Charles X. occupied a magnificent coach with seven windows, and was accompanied by the Dauphin and the Ducs d'Orléans and de Bourbon. The Duchesse de Berry, the Dauphine, and the Orléans princes followed in another. The weather, on this occasion, was magnificent, but shrewd observers did not fail to note that his Majesty was much less cordially received than he had been in the previous September, amid the discouragement of pouring rain. The measures presented to the Chambers in the past session had not given satisfaction, and one of them—that which re-established the crime of sacrilege in the civil law and punished it by death—was bitterly resented by all shades of liberal opinion. Clouds were already beginning to darken the horizon which a few months before had appeared so serene.

The return of the Court was followed by an interminable series of fêtes : balls, banquets, receptions, and gala performances at the different theatres. In most of these gaieties the Duchesse de Berry naturally played a prominent part. On June 8, she accompanied the King to a magnificent fête offered him by the town of Paris at the Hôtel de Ville, to which no less than eight thousand guests had been bidden; and, a few days later, clad in a marvellous toilette and blazing with diamonds, opened a grand ball at the Tuileries with the Duke of Northumberland, who had been sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Sacre.

¹ For the legend of the Holy Ampulla and a full account of the Sacre of a King of France, see the author's "Henri II. : his Court and Times" (London, Methuen; New York, Scribner, 1910).

CHAPTER XVIII

The Duchesse de Berry assumes the title of *Madame*—The period between the coronation of Charles X. and the fall of the Monarchy that of her greatest social triumphs—The Château of Rosny—Her life there—Her kindness to the poor of the neighbourhood—The heart of the Duc de Berry deposited in the chapel of the hospital which she erects at Rosny—*Madame* at Dieppe—The royal yacht, *le Triton*—An intrepid sailor—Benevolence of *Madame*—Visit of *Mademoiselle* to Dieppe—A gallant mayor—Picnic in the valley of Arques—The Duc de Bordeaux and *Mademoiselle*—Anecdotes of their early years—Admirable educational system of Madame de Gontaut—Anxiety of the *gouvernante* to protect her charges from flatterers—An invaluable object-lesson—The Duc de Bordeaux leaves Madame de Gontaut's care for that of the Duc de Rivière, who has been appointed his *gouverneur*—The nomination of the duke and that of Mgr. Thalín, Bishop of Strasbourg, to the post of preceptor, severely criticised by the Opposition journals—Death of the Duc de Rivière, who is succeeded by the Baron de Damas.

WHEN, on the accession of Charles X., the Duchesse d'Angoulême became Dauphine, the Duchesse de Berry succeeded to her title of *Madame*; the Pavillon de Marsan became the château of *Madame*; the Théâtre-Gymnase, which she had taken under her special protection, assumed the name of the Théâtre de *Madame*; tradesmen whom she honoured with her patronage proudly styled themselves grocer, confectioner, or wine-merchant to *Madame*.¹ For *Madame* was Queen, in everything but the name. The five years between the coronation of Charles X. and the fall of the Monarchy were the period of her greatest triumphs, and her popularity seemed only to increase as that of her relatives declined. No balls or fêtes made so much stir as hers; none caused so much money to circulate. "Let her go to Dieppe or retire for a week to Rosny, the *couturiers* mark the days on the calendar as schoolboys the approach of the holidays. She returns; countenances change, the first representations are

¹ Madame de Boigne states that Charles X. refused to accord the title of *Madame* to the Duchesse de Berry, and that it was "used only by those attached to her Household, by some familiar friends, and by those who wished to curry favour." This, of course, is quite untrue.

announced, the new 'creations' are brought out. The Dauphine may remain at Vichy, if it please her; no one will raise any objection to that. Let them only see again the little carriage with the two light sorrels, the coachman and lackeys in the blue livery, and they will want work no more."¹

The princess, indeed, seems to have lived in a perpetual whirl of gaiety. Few were the evenings on which she was not herself due at some festive gathering that a long line of carriages did not enter the inner court of the Carrousel. Sometimes, it was a dinner-party, at others, a children's fête, or a concert, or a play, "commanded" at a few hours' notice and performed on a hastily-improvised stage, with a row of candles for footlights and a Chinese screen for decorations. But whatever form her hospitality might take, her unaffected gaiety and good-humour, her evident desire that every one of her guests should share to the full her own enjoyment, and the refreshing absence of ceremony which marked her entertainments, never failed to create the most favourable impression; and a person would have been indeed hard to please who, after a first visit to the Pavillon de Marsan, did not look forward with pleasure to a second invitation.

The princess's devotion to the pleasures of the capital did not prevent her from spending a great part of the summer and autumn in the country or at the seaside; indeed, accustomed as she had been in her girlhood to a simple, open-air life, free from all etiquette and constraint, she was much happier in such surroundings than amid the noise and bustle of Paris and the wearisome ceremonial of the Court. Some eighteen months before his tragic death, the Duc de Berry, who had shared his wife's taste for country-life, had acquired for her, for the sum of two million francs, the château and estate of Rosny, a few miles from Mantes. The château, picturesquely situated in the midst of a wooded park, was a fine example of the architecture of the Henri Quatre period. Built by Sully—"our good lord of Rosny"—the faithful friend and minister of the Béarnais, who had several times visited it, it had remained in possession of his descendants until early in the seventeenth century; but at the time when the Duc de Berry acquired it, it was the property of a M. Monrouet, a rich merchant of Paris.

The Duchesse de Berry was delighted with Rosny, and,

¹ Henri Bouchot, *le Luxe français : le Restauration*.

since it was only about five hours' journey from the capital for the light carriages and fine horses of the princess's stables, she visited it at frequent intervals. It was to her what the Petit-Trianon had been to Marie Antoinette—the place where she could lay aside all ceremony and live the life of a private person; to which she could invite painters and sculptors, singers, and men of letters, all those, in fact, whom the etiquette of the Tuileries did not permit her to treat as friends in Paris; where she could paint or sketch, hunt or fish, picnic in the adjoining forest, or romp with her children, and forget that she was the second lady in the land with all sorts of tiresome duties and obligations.

The princess spent considerable sums on her Norman home, which became one of the most tastefully furnished and decorated châteaux in France, full of valuable paintings, costly tapestries, and rare *objets d'art*. She also did much for the improvement of the estate, and particularly for the village of Rosny, which found itself completely transformed, airy, comfortable cottages replacing the mean, insanitary huts which had stood there for generations. To the poor she was a veritable Lady Bountiful, for not only did she personally investigate every case of distress that came under her notice, but arranged that all the children of necessitous parents should be brought up at her expense. But the most lasting monument to her goodness of heart was the erection of a building which combined the functions of a hospital and an orphanage, in memory of her husband. In March 1824, she caused the heart of the Duc de Berry, which had been provisionally deposited at the Abbey of Saint-Denis, to be transferred to the chapel attached to the hospital, and placed in a marble tomb. The blood-stained clothes which the prince had worn at the time of his assassination were also brought thither, and laid in an oaken chest in a vault beneath the altar.

Dieppe was second only to Rosny in the affections of the Duchesse de Berry. So delighted was she with her first visit to the old Norman town that she returned there the following year, and every year up to 1830, with the exception of the summer of 1828, when she made a tour through the West of France. During these visits she refused to allow the constraints of etiquette in any way to interfere with her enjoyment, and spent nearly the whole of the day in the open air, bathing,

boating, strolling along the beach and the jetty, and taking long walks or rides into the country; while in the evening she went to the theatre or attended a ball. An excellent sailor, much of her time was passed upon the sea, either in a sloop-of-war which the Admiralty had placed at her disposal, or in the royal yacht, *le Triton*, the most coquettish little vessel afloat, painted in white and gold, with a gilded triton at the prow, and a tiny château on the poop, which comprised three rooms: a salon, a dining-room, and a bedroom, sumptuously upholstered and decorated in crimson and gold. For these marine excursions *Madame* had had a special toilette designed; a blouse of black silk, a short skirt, high boots, and a tall hat of cerecloth adorned with a gold anchor.¹

No matter how stormy the weather might happen to be, she could seldom be induced to remain on shore; indeed, the higher the waves and the more boisterous the wind, the more she seemed to enjoy herself, and clapped her hands with glee as the yacht rose to the billows and showers of spray flew over the deck, drenching her and her ladies to the skin. The latter, who did not share their mistress's partiality for the sea, often suffered inexpressible anguish, and would have cheerfully given all they possessed in the world to find themselves on *terra firma* again. *Madame*, however, knew no fear, and nothing seemed able to ruffle her composure. Once, at the entrance to the harbour, the royal yacht was run down by another vessel, and for a few moments they were really in great danger. Her ladies gave themselves up for lost and shrieked with terror, but the princess only laughed at their despair, and seemed not one whit perturbed by the accident.

Madame enjoyed great popularity among the fishing-population of Dieppe, in whom she always took the kindest interest. One day, while the fishing-smacks were at sea, a terrible gale came on, which placed them in dire peril. The princess, accompanied by her ladies, hastened down to the jetty, and remained there, encouraging the rescuers, until the last of the little vessels had been brought into the harbour in safety. Learning that one of the crew had been washed overboard, she immediately sent a message of sympathy and a sum of money to the unfortunate man's widow, and countermanded a ball which she had proposed giving that evening.

¹ M. Henri Bouchot, *le Luxe français : la Restauration*.

The presence of the Duchesse de Berry at Dieppe not only attracted to the town a crowd of visitors and secured for it a popularity that it had never before known, but did much to revive the two industries for which it had once been noted, but which of recent years had been permitted to languish, carving in ivory and lace-making. Taking compassion upon the unfortunate lace-makers, who, owing to the decline of their trade, had been reduced to pitiful straits, the princess charged herself with the expense of building a small manufactory, where the industry was carried on under the supervision of some of the most skilful workers in France. To this manufactory she gave every year considerable orders, and exerted herself to such good purpose to bring the lace of Dieppe into fashion again, that it was soon quite a flourishing concern.

The poor of Dieppe had in the princess a faithful friend ; they spoke of her as "*la bonne duchesse*," and she certainly deserved the title. "I am very fond of amusing myself," said she, one day, "but the poor must also be considered" ; and she took care, whenever she gave a fête, that they should not be forgotten.

During her visit to Dieppe in 1827, the Duchesse de Berry sent for her little daughter, who arrived in charge of Madame de Gontaut. An enthusiastic reception awaited *Mademoiselle*, who entered the town amid salvos of artillery and the ringing of bells, and was harangued by the *sous-préfet*, whose compliments she acknowledged in a little speech. The adoration of the Dieppoise for the little princess knew no bounds, and the climax was reached when the mayor caused to be engraved on the threshold of his house the imprint of her foot, with an inscription recalling the visit she had condescended to pay him.¹

Mademoiselle was greatly delighted with her stay at Dieppe, for the Duchesse de Berry permitted her to play about the beach just like other children, and even to go for donkey rides. One day, with the idea of combining amusement and instruction, she arranged a picnic for her in the valley of Arques, where, in 1589, Henri IV. had repulsed the forces of the League. The party journeyed thither on donkey-back, and, as a compliment to Madame de Gontaut, the breakfast-table was laid out upon the same hill which Armand de Gontaut,

¹ Vicomte de Reiset, *Marie-Caroline, Duchesse de Berry*.

Maréchal de Biron, had so valiantly held against Mayenne's infantry. Afterwards, they visited the old château of Arques—now no longer in existence—the cannon of which had played no inconsiderable part in the victory.¹

The Duchesse de Berry was the most devoted of mothers, and the confidence which she reposed in Madame de Gontaut did not prevent her from supervising the smallest details connected with the royal nursery. Both *Mademoiselle* and the Duc de Bordeaux were charming children, high-spirited, intelligent, and amiable. In character, the former favoured the Bourbons, having an assurance and dignity about her which was infinitely diverting; while the little prince, like his mother, was affectionate and impulsive. One day, an old courtier, the Marquis de Bouillé, having been admitted to pay his homage, took *Mademoiselle's* hand and kissed the tips of her fingers. The little princess, under the impression that the marquis had taken a liberty, immediately began to wipe her fingers furiously on her pinafore. The Duc de Bordeaux, perceiving the consternation of their visitor, held out his own little hand to be kissed, and, turning to his sister, observed: "Thou seest that I do not wipe my fingers!"

The little prince showed from a very early age a marked taste for everything military. His greatest pleasure was to watch the soldiers on parade, and he looked forward eagerly to the time when he should be big enough to command a regiment. By the Duchesse de Berry's orders, everything was done to encourage this predilection; and in his apartments at the Tuileries he had a camp-bed, a sentry-box, trumpets, flags, and a whole arsenal of miniature weapons. At five years old, his favourite diversion was to bivouac in the most approved military fashion. Clad in the uniform of a grenadier of the Guard which had been made for him, with havresack, water-bottle, and other accoutrements, he would go out on to the lawn of the Élysée, light a fire, and proceed to make soup, which he would then send to his mother for her approval. His affectation of manly dignity was most amusing. Once, when playing at soldiers with some young companions, he accidentally scratched the face of one of them with his little sword. Madame de Gontaut wished to take it away from him, but he

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

refused to give it up. "Never," said he, "will I surrender my sword to a woman!" And, going up to the officer of the guard, he gravely handed the weapon to him.

The education of the children began in 1823, and was conducted upon the most liberal lines. Besides French, they learned English, German, and Italian. M. Collard, who had formerly been one of the best masters in the Institute of the Abbé Gaultier, was their French teacher; a Mlle. Vauchon, who had travelled a great deal in Germany, lived for a time in Italy, and spoke both German and Italian fluently, gave them instruction in these languages, and they were taught English by a Mlle. della Torre, the daughter of an Italian nobleman who had married an Englishwoman. As Madame de Foresta, the *sous-gouvernante*, had died towards the end of 1821, it was necessary to appoint a successor; and a Mlle. de Rivera, a Spanish lady of noble family, who had been educated in France, was selected. On her appointment, Charles X. created her Comtesse de Rivera.

The teachers were carefully supervised by Madame de Gontaut, who, of course, herself undertook the moral training of the children, a task which she performed with a zeal and sagacity beyond all praise. In a long letter which she wrote to the Duc de Rivière, *gouverneur* of the Duc de Bordeaux, on the day when the little prince passed from her charge into that of his *gouverneur*, this admirable woman describes in detail the system of education which she had followed with her royal pupils. Since the system is one which many mothers and teachers might do well to imitate, we will cite a few passages from her letter, which also contains some interesting reflections on the character of the Duc de Bordeaux:

"It has occurred to me that it might be of interest to you to know, in all its details, the plan of education pursued thus far.

"My only method has been constant watchfulness: profiting by every circumstance to improve and instruct, and never letting slip the occasion of a fault without encouraging reflection. I saw everything, I heard everything; nothing could possibly be concealed from me; the most minute details were arranged by me; the faults even of the instructors were watched, the slightest flattery checked, the truth *scrupulously* and *rigidly* observed.

“ Monseigneur and *Mademoiselle* believe in me blindly, because I have never deceived them, even in jest. A pleasantry which the mind of a child cannot comprehend embarrasses him, robs him of his confidence, humiliates and irritates him even, if he believes that he is being made sport of.

“ Monseigneur requires this kind of treatment even more than most children ; the uprightness and generosity of his character incline him to take everything seriously. Whenever he thinks that any one has injured another, the one who has suffered becomes at once the object of his liveliest interest ; he takes up his defence with ardour, and does not spare his reproaches ; he even displays on these occasions an energy which is in striking contrast to the natural timidity of his character. With such a child, I have been obliged to avoid even the shadow of an injustice.

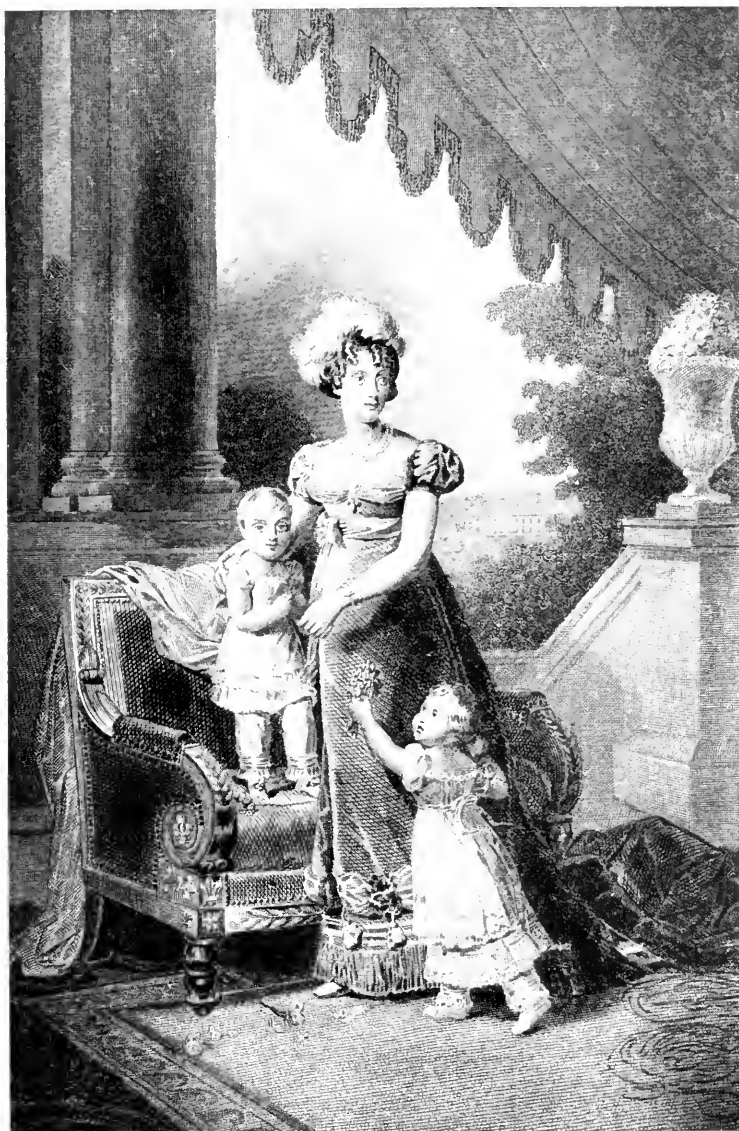
“ He is very tenderly attached to *Mademoiselle*, and is gentle, obliging, and attentive to her. I have always been careful to avoid little childish contests between their Royal Highnesses. However trifling these may appear, they are apt to give rise to disputes, which end by insensibly embittering the character.

“ I have striven to guard their Royal Highnesses as much as possible from the danger of caprice, not permitting them to alter a decision once made, and invariably keeping myself to those which I have given.

“ To obtain the confidence of Monseigneur will require time, tenderness, and friendship. To me, the expression of his face indicates what is passing in his mind ; he speaks little of his feelings ; he has great sensitiveness, but remarkable self-control for his age. I have seen him suffer without complaining.

“ I have been struck by the efforts which he has made to overcome a timidity which I have been at especial pains to conquer. I have succeeded in making him understand the necessity for a prince to be able to talk to strangers in a noble, gracious, and intelligent manner. I have always endeavoured to deprive him of all pretext for concealing his faults ; shyness leads imperceptibly to dissimulation and falsehood. I am glad to be able to affirm that Monseigneur is scrupulously truthful.

“ I have thought it necessary, on account of the quickness of his temper and the high position which awaits him, to teach him to think before acting. The word ‘ justice ’ has a veritable charm for him. I have never known a more upright character.



MARIE CAROLINE, DUCHESSE DE BERRY, WITH HER CHILDREN,
THE DUC DE BORDEAUX (AFTERWARDS THE COMTE DE CHAM-
BORD) AND *MADemoiselle*

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY DELANNOY, AFTER THE PAINTING BY L. GÉRARD

"The method of teaching by means of amusement is the fashion now ; but it appears to me to lead to an education altogether superficial, and that is not what I have striven for. The teacher ought to explain what is necessary, but he should allow the pupil to exert himself, for he must learn early the difficulties of life and accustom himself to overcome them.

"A little prince exposed to flattery runs a great risk of being considered an infant prodigy. To obviate this difficulty, Monseigneur and *Mademoiselle* have often shared their courses with children of nearly the same age. I have tried in this way to accustom them to see success in others without envy, and to obtain it without vanity. I have exercised particular care to admit to this intimacy in their studies and games only such children as were well and carefully brought up, and even those of whom I have felt the most sure were carefully watched.

"In order to create between the royal children a useful emulation and fix their attention, I made it a rule that, in their lessons, and particularly in their courses, counters should be given as a reward for correct answers, and should be taken away for faults of memory and judgment. At the end of each month, the King and *Madame* pay for the counters, and the money is devoted to charitable objects, such as clothing poor men, women, and children. These charities were always reserved for the festivals of Saint-Louis and Saint-Henri. On these two days, distributions were made to indigent people, selected by the Sisters of Charity. . . Last year, three hundred francs were wanting to make up to the sum for this charity. Monseigneur and *Mademoiselle* asked that they might do double lessons, and in a few days they had earned this small sum, so much zeal and ardour did these amiable children employ to obtain it.

"I have tried, at all times, to imbue Monseigneur's mind with the principles of religion ; I have made use of it as a check, I have presented it as a hope. Being of opinion that the prince's tender age did not yet permit of dogmatic instruction, I leave to more skilful hands a task which is more proper for them than for me."

Madame de Gontaut's greatest anxiety was to protect her charges from the snares of flattery, always so much to be dreaded in the case of royal children. "In accustoming them to the society of select and distinguished persons," she writes in

her *Mémoires*, "it was necessary not only to teach them to be courteous, but also to make them appreciate, at its true value, the worth of praise earned and deserved—a lesson so useful to princes ; and, above all, I desired to place them on their guard against flattery, which is so sweet to the ear, but so injurious to the heart. This difficult task was a source of great embarrassment to me, when chance offered me a precious opportunity of giving them the lesson which I had in mind."

She then relates how one day, during recreation-time, she was informed that some persons who had been recommended to her requested to be allowed to see their Royal Highnesses. The *gouvernante*, feeling that she could not refuse, sent for the children. The latter, cross at being obliged to leave their games, were not very communicative, but, nevertheless, received a perfect avalanche of compliments, their amiability, their beauty, their complexions, and even their hair, all being the subject of the most extravagant praise. These exaggerations embarrassed the children and greatly displeased Madame de Gontaut, who cut short the interview as quickly as possible. As the strangers were leaving, a half-open door gave the *gouvernante* and her charges an opportunity of hearing their conversation.

"It was really not worth while to come so far to see so little," remarked an old lady, in a dissatisfied tone. "I should think not," said a big boy ; "they had hardly two words to say to thank papa and mamma for all the compliments they showered upon them. You made me laugh, papa, when you said : 'What a lovely complexion and what beautiful hair !' She is as pale as an egg and cropped like a boy !" "That is quite true," rejoined the old lady who had first spoken. "Doctor, she would be the better for one of your medicines. And then, besides, they are very small for their age." "Did you see the governess ?" said the big boy again. "She was not pleased when you complimented her on the sweet disposition of her pupils ; and, all the time, I noticed that they were teasing one another. But they received compliments enough, any way."

The rest of the conversation was lost in the distance.

The poor children, who had heard every word, were petrified with astonishment. "Oh ! how wicked they are !" they cried. "They are simply flatterers," replied Madame de Gontaut. "But they kept praising us so, and they said over and over again that we were so pretty, for I heard them perfectly well !"

exclaimed *Mademoiselle*. "And then to wish to give me medicine, because they thought me pale and ugly! Oh! it is too much! Now I understand at last what flattery means: it means saying the exact opposite of the truth; but it is a wicked thing, and I shall always remember it."

"This lesson," concludes Madame de Gontaut, "was providential. I could never have made them understand as they both did now."¹

In accordance with the ancient custom of the Royal House of France, the Duc de Bordeaux remained under the care of Madame de Gontaut until the commencement of his seventh year, at which age he passed into the hands of his *gouverneur*, the Duc de Rivière, who was henceforth to superintend his education. On October 15, 1826, the little prince was formally delivered into the care of the duke by Charles X., in the Salle du Trône at Saint-Cloud, in the presence of all the members of the Royal Family and the grand officers of the Crown. After the boy had been examined by the Court doctors, who pronounced him to be in perfect health, the King called the new *gouverneur* and said to him: "Duc de Rivière, I give you a great proof of esteem and confidence in remitting to your care the education of the child whom Providence has given us, who is also the Child of France. You will bring, I am sure, to these important functions a zeal and a prudence which will give you a claim to my gratitude, to that of the family, and to that of France."

Then his Majesty turned towards Madame de Gontaut, who had just been raised to the rank of duchess, as a reward for her services, thanked her for the pains she had bestowed upon the education of the Duc de Bordeaux, and begged her to establish new claims to his gratitude, by continuing and completing that of *Mademoiselle*.

Simultaneously with the Duc de Rivière's nomination to the post of *gouverneur*, the King named as *sous-gouverneurs* the Marquis de Barbençois and the Comte de Maupas. Mgr. Thalín, Bishop of Strasbourg, was appointed preceptor, and the Abbé Martin d'Noirlieu, Almoner of the École Polytechnique, and M. de Barande assistant-preceptors. Though both the *gouverneur* and preceptor were loyal and worthy men, their selection, from a political point of view, was most unfortunate.

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

Rivière was regarded by the public as a servile associate of the Church party, while the Bishop of Strasbourg was an avowed friend of the Jesuits. "In their hands, the Duc de Bordeaux appeared like a hostage given by the Monarchy to the priesthood";¹ and the Opposition journals, in publishing the nominations, declared that they were "confounded by such imprudence and afflicted by such blindness."

Whatever opinion might be held of the wisdom of committing a future King of France to the care of a nobleman of such pronounced political views, the Duc de Rivière proved a most devoted guardian. He scarcely ever quitted his pupil's side, by day or night, slept in his chamber, and was only once known to accept an invitation to dinner. He did not, however, long survive his appointment, as he died in the early spring of 1828. During his illness, which lasted several weeks, the little Duc de Bordeaux, who had become much attached to his *gouverneur*, was very sad. One day, when he learned that the sick man had passed a bad night, he said to his sister: "Ah well! let us play to-day the games which do not amuse us!" Another day, when a trifling improvement in the duke's condition was announced, he declared his intention of celebrating it by an illumination, and, although it was the middle of the day, proceeded to light all the candles in the salon.²

The Duc de Rivière was succeeded by the Baron de Damas, who had distinguished himself in the Spanish expedition, and had been first Minister for War and afterwards for Foreign Affairs in the Villèle Government. The baron was a brave soldier and a worthy man, who fulfilled his duties with as much zeal and devotion as his predecessor; but his views were even more extreme, and during the Revolution and the Empire he had served in the ranks of the Russian army, a circumstance which did not tend to increase the popularity of the appointment, which was most severely criticised.

¹ Lamartine.

² Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Cour de Charles X.*

CHAPTER XIX

Tour of the Duchesse de Berry in the West of France—Visit to Chambord—Frenzied enthusiasm of the Vendéens at Saint-Florent—Sainte-Anne d'Auray—*Madame* in the Bocage—Reception at Bordeaux—Her stay in the Pyrenees—Her campaign of 1832 the natural consequence of the impressions concerning the loyalty of Western France which she had conceived during this tour—Decline of the popularity of Charles X.—The review of April 29, 1827—"À bas les jésuitesses!"—Disbanding of the National Guard—Fall of the Villèle Government—The Martignac Ministry—Incurable illusions of the King as to the true sentiments of the nation.

THE Duchesse de Berry had long desired to make a tour in the West of France; and in the summer of 1828 she determined to undertake it. On June 16, accompanied by the Duchesse de Reggio, the Marquise de Podenas, *dame pour accompagner*, and the Comte de Mesnard, she left Paris, and arrived two days later at Chambord, where she was received by the Comte Adrien de Calonne, who, it will be remembered, had first conceived the project of the national subscription, thanks to which this historic château had become the property of the Duc de Bordeaux. She entered the château by the Place d'Armes and the Porte-Royale. Above the gateway she read the following greeting:—

“Ce vieux séjour des rois pleurait le long outrage
Dont le temps a terni son antique splendeur,
Mais, comme un jour serein perce un sombre nuage,
Tu parais, tu lui rends l'espoir et le bonheur.”

The princess was enchanted with Chambord. She visited the apartments of François I. and Louis XIV.; admired the inlaid floors and the sculptured wainscots; mounted the famous double staircase to the platform of the lantern, the highest point of the château, which commands a magnificent view over the immense park, and, before descending, inscribed there with a gimlet her name and the date. Finally, in the presence of the Bishop of Blois, who had come to bestow his episcopal blessing upon the work of restoration, she laid the first stone of the new

works, with an auger and trowel which had been specially made for the occasion, and which the bishop solemnly presented to her.

On leaving Chambord, *Madame* proceeded to Blois, where she was shown the Salle des États, the room in which Henri de Lorraine, Duc de Guise, had been assassinated, and the tower where Catherine de' Medici used to consult the astrologers. On June 21, she arrived at Saumur, where she assisted at a military tournament which the School of Cavalry gave in her honour and presented the prizes. The next day saw her at Angers, passing through avenues of triumphal arches, and on the 22nd she reached Saint-Florent, the little town which, in 1793, had given the signal for the rising of la Vendée, and where the Vendéen army had operated its celebrated passage of the Loire.

Madame was escorted across the river by a flotilla of gaily-decorated boats, and, on disembarking, found herself in the midst of a camp of five thousand armed Vendéens, all of whom had taken part in the terrible war of 1793 or in the insurrection of 1815 against Napoleon. The most frenzied enthusiasm prevailed; the whole population of the town and of the surrounding villages seemed to have assembled to welcome her; and white banners waved from the houses, the belfries of the churches, the tallest trees, and even from the cemeteries where the heroic dead reposed, as though inviting them to rejoice that a princess of the House for which they had laid down their lives had come to render homage to their fidelity.

The duchess visited the church of Saint-Florent, where she heard Mass, made a pilgrimage to the tombs of the Vendéen leaders Cathelineau and Bonchamp, whose widow was presented to her, and then embarked on a steamer and proceeded down the Loire to Nantes. The inhabitants of the villages on either bank greeted her with loud acclamations and the waving of white banners as she passed; and such was their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the mother of the Duc de Bordeaux, that, wherever the river was too broad to permit them to distinguish her features, they had overcome the difficulty by building a sort of pier of boats, extending far out into the stream.

Nantes was reached at seven o'clock, and since the Préfecture, at which she was to stay, was but a short distance from the wharf, she proceeded thither on foot, followed by a cheering

crowd. The following day, she received the municipal authorities and several deputations, and then left for Savenay, where she saw the monument erected to the victims of the retreat of December 1793. On the 24th, she repaired to Sainte-Anne d'Auray, a spot venerated by every pious Breton, and presented a beautifully-chased silver lamp to the chapel. Naturally, she did not fail to visit the "Champ des Martyrs" where, thirty-three years before, the *émigrés* taken at Quiberon had been shot in cold blood. When the princess knelt to pray before the mausoleum erected to their memory, the crowd which had gathered to welcome her chanted the *De Profundis*.

After visiting Lorient and Rennes, on June 28 *Madame* returned to Nantes. She reviewed the troops of the garrison, made the round of the convents, factories, and hospitals, and attended a splendid ball which was given in her honour. Then, after a visit to the Comtesse de Charette, sister-in-law of the celebrated Vendéen chief, at la Trémicenière, she entered the Bocage, as the interior of la Vendée is called.

In this wild tract of country most of the roads were impracticable for carriages, and she had therefore to travel on horseback. The princess, however, was an admirable horsewoman, and, dressed in a green riding-habit—the colour of the Vendéen uniform—and a grey felt hat with a gauze veil, she rode from village to village, accepting with equal graciousness the hospitality of both noble and peasant; visiting the battle-fields; laying the foundation-stones of monuments intended to perpetuate the memory of the heroes of 1793 and 1815; assisting at rustic fêtes, and delighting great and humble alike by her affability, her good-humour, which made light of all the inconveniences to which she was obliged to submit, her genuine interest in their troublous but glorious past, and her naïve pleasure at their testimonies of loyalty and devotion.

At the beginning of the second week in July, she left la Vendée, and journeyed southwards by way of Luçon, la Rochelle, Rochefort and Blaye (Ah! how little did she imagine that its citadel, whose guns were now thundering in her honour, would one day serve for her prison!) to Bordeaux, where she arrived on October 14. The "faithful city" gave her, as might be expected, a magnificent reception. When, on the evening of her arrival, she attended a gala performance at the theatre, the applause was positively deafening; the statue

of the Duc de Bordeaux, crowned with laurels, was borne in triumph on to the stage, and a cantata in honour of mother and son was sung :—

“ Qu'un orgueil pur et légitime
 Brille sur ton front triomphant,
 Bordeaux ! C'est la mère sublime
 De ton miraculeux enfant ! etc., etc.”

On the 18th, she left Bordeaux, and on the following day arrived at Pau, where she visited the château, in which Henri IV. was born, and was shown his cradle. At Pau, she remained for several days, and then, having assumed the green and white beretta and red sash of the Bearnese peasantry, continued her journey to Bayonne, where another splendid welcome awaited her.

Madame remained several weeks in the Pyrenees, most of the time being passed at Bagnères-de-Luchon, from which she made frequent excursions, climbing the most difficult peaks with a courage which delighted the mountaineers. On September 19, she set out on her return journey, and travelled by way of Toulouse, Montauban, Cahors, Limoges, and Orléans to Paris, where she arrived on October 1.

Her tour which had lasted three and a half months had been one long ovation ; everywhere she had been welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm ; everywhere she had received the most prodigal assurances of loyalty and affection. Poor princess ! How could she know that those triumphal arches, those magnificent fêtes, those flattering odes, those thunderous cheers, were but the tribute which an emotional nation is always ready to pay to the idol of the hour ? How could she know that when, in her day of trial, she should call upon the same people who had welcomed her so rapturously to translate their protestations of fidelity into deeds, she should find all save the Vendéens, not only cold and indifferent, but positively hostile ? As it was, the magnificent reception she had received left upon her mind the most profound impression, and convinced her that, come what might, the loyalty of the western provinces was unshakable. Her campaign of 1832 was, in fact, the natural and logical consequence of the tour of 1828.

If in the western departments no sign of disaffection was as

yet apparent, in Paris the popularity of Charles X., so great at the beginning of his reign, was declining every day. The Opposition, it is true, did not as yet dare to assail the King personally, and confined the expression of its resentment at his Majesty's increasing subservience to the "priestly party" to bitter denunciations of his Ministers, but the public made no pretence of distinguishing between them. In the streets, no matter how amiably the King might smile upon his subjects, few acclamations greeted him, and he returned to the Tuileries deeply mortified by the coldness of his reception. At the theatres—where, to recall a remark of Napoleon, one felt the pulse of public opinion—any hostile allusion to royalty was always sure of a round of applause. In the salons, clear-sighted people shook their heads and observed that history was repeating itself, and that the Bourbons would end like the Stuarts.

But the King, in his fatal blindness, could not bring himself to recognise the danger of the course he was pursuing, and attributed his growing unpopularity to the intrigues of the Liberal party and the persistent misrepresentation of the journals. In the early spring of 1827, the Government submitted to the Chambers the famous "*loi d'amour*," a measure which was nothing less than the suppression of the liberty of the Press; but the outcry against it was so violent that they were compelled to withdraw it (April 17). A few days later (April 29), Charles X. held the annual review of the National Guard in the Champ de Mars. While riding along the ranks of the seventh legion, he was greeted with cries of "*Vive la Charte!*" The King, until that moment all smiles and good-humour, changed countenance and frowned angrily. "What!" cried a National Guard who was standing near him, "does your Majesty then consider the cry of '*Vive la Charte!*' an insult?" "Gentlemen," replied the King, sternly, "I have come here to receive homage, and not lessons." This answer produced a good effect; the troops shouted "*Vive le Roi!*" and the review passed off without further unpleasantness. But when the King and his staff had departed, and the Dauphine and the Duchesse de Berry, who were accused by the public of great complaisance for the clergy, were preparing to follow, they were assailed by angry shouts of "*À bas les ministres! à bas les jésuites! à bas les jésuitesses!*" And one of the legions on its way back to barracks indulged in hostile

demonstrations before the windows of the Ministries of Finance and Justice.

In consequence of these manifestations, Charles X., on the advice of Villèle and the majority of the Ministers, decided to disband the National Guard, by which step he not only proclaimed to all France the unpopularity of the Crown with the citizens of the capital, but inflicted a bitter humiliation upon a great force of armed and disciplined men, the vast majority of whom had up to this moment been at heart perfectly loyal. The re-establishment of the censorship of the Press further increased the unpopularity of the King and his advisers.

In the autumn, the King created a batch of seventy-six new peers,—all avowed reactionaries—and, in the delusive hope of obtaining in the Lower House a majority favourable to his policy, dissolved the Chambers. The elections, however, proved disastrous to the Government, and Villèle, faced with the alternative of a *coup d'État*, or resignation, had sufficient good sense to choose the latter course.

His Ministry was succeeded, in the first days of 1828, by a cabinet of moderate Royalists, equally loyal to the Crown and the Charter, under the leadership of the Vicomte de Martignac, a man of great probity and considerable ability, who had been initiated into affairs of State by the late Duc de Richelieu, and, like him, was sincerely desirous of reconciling the Monarchy and the people. The Duc de Berry's old friend, La Ferronnays, was Minister for Foreign Affairs.

By the removal of the censorship of the Press, the suppression of the Jesuit seminaries, and other concessions to Liberal opinion, the new Government did not a little to restore the waning popularity of the Crown, while abroad it upheld the honour of France by the occupation of the Morea, which assured the triumph of Greek independence. But it led a painful existence, forced as it was to combat the extremists on both sides; while the King disliked both Martignac and his policy, and gave him only a feeble and intermittent support. During the late summer of 1828, Charles X. paid a visit to Alsace and Lorraine, visiting Metz, Strasbourg, and other important towns. He met with a splendid reception, which served to aggravate the incurable illusions which he entertained as to the true sentiments of the nation, for he attributed the enthusiasm of the inhabitants to their personal attachment to himself, whereas it was largely

an expression of satisfaction at the more liberal policy which had lately been inaugurated. From that moment, he thought only of getting rid of the Ministry which stood between him and ruin, and replacing it by one which would be prepared to govern in conformity with his own ideas.

CHAPTER XX

The Carnival of 1829—The Mary Stuart ball—Calumny concerning the Duchesse de Berry and her first equerry, the Comte de Mesnard—Last visit of *Madame* to Dieppe—*Madame* and the Orléans family—Project of marriage between the Duc de Chartres and *Mademoiselle*—Journey of the Duchesse de Berry to the South of France to meet the King and Queen of the Two Sicilies—Critical condition of affairs—The Martignac Ministry is dismissed, and succeeded by one of avowed reactionaries under the leadership of the Prince Jules de Polignac—Widespread indignation and alarm—The “Address of the 221”—The King prorogues, and then dissolves the Chamber of Deputies—Visit of the King and Queen of the Two Sicilies to Paris—The ball at the Palais-Royal.

ALL unconscious of the terrible change which a little more than a year was to effect in her fortunes, the Duchesse de Berry plunged with renewed zest into the gaieties of the capital. The Carnival of 1829 was a most brilliant one; an unusual number of distinguished foreigners were visiting Paris, England being particularly well represented, and Society surpassed itself in the splendour and novelty of the fêtes which it offered them.

During the preceding winter, *Madame* had given two balls, each of which had been a great success. The first was a “*bal candide*,” at which all the ladies had appeared dressed entirely in white, with high, powdered coiffures; the second was a “*bal turc*,” at which the costumes of the Orient had been worn. Encouraged by these triumphs, she now determined to organise a fête which should altogether eclipse her previous efforts and be the talk of all fashionable Paris.

Early in 1829, the Duchesse de Berry had attended a costume-ball given by Madame de Gontaut, at which the guests had appeared as personages of the later Valois period. This ball had, it would appear, been in a great measure inspired by Dumas père's *Henri III. et sa cour*, which had been recently produced at the Théâtre-Français with costumes and accessories of unusual splendour. The history of France was at this time dethroning the Pompeys and Pharaohs of the First Empire; but it must not be supposed that all the ladies adopted the Valois

dress for the mere pleasure of displaying a national erudition. No ; it was because the lords and ladies of the sixteenth century had worn the leg-of-mutton sleeve, and the leg-of-mutton sleeve had made its appearance in the modes, and all the *merveilleuses* were in raptures over this novelty.¹

Much delighted by what she saw at Madame de Gontaut's, the Duchesse de Berry forthwith resolved to repeat the experiment, of course, on an infinitely grander scale, and to revive for a few hours the whole Court of the Valois, during the brief reign of Mary Stuart. The idea was received with enthusiasm, and the Cabinet des Estampes at the Bibliothèque-Royale was besieged all day long by fashionable ladies demanding prints and drawings which illustrated the costume of the period to be represented. Some of these fair dames were highly indignant when the harassed officials explained that an order from the Minister for the Fine Arts was required before they could be permitted to carry them off to show to their modistes and milliners, and argued that, however proper such a rule might be for the general public, it could not possibly be intended to apply to ladies of rank. Finding the officials inexorable, they departed in search of the Minister, who spent a busy time signing the orders that were demanded of him.

The event so eagerly anticipated took place on Shrove-Monday, March 2, in the apartments of the Children of France at the Pavillon de Marsan, the episode chosen being the arrival of Marie de Lorraine, widow of James V. of Scotland, at the Court of France, to visit her daughter, Mary Stuart. The interest which it aroused had been increased by the fact that the Duchesse de Berry had conceived the happy idea that, wherever possible, the nobles of the Courts of France and Scotland should be represented by their descendants. Thus, the Comtes de Brissac, de Cossé, and de Biron represented the three marshals whose names they bore ; the Comte Charles de Mornay appeared as Duplessis-Mornay, with a doublet and a sword which had actually been worn by his celebrated ancestor ; the Marquis of Douglas, afterwards Duke of Hamilton, as the Duke of Châtellerault-Hamilton, and so forth. The Duchesse de Berry herself, of course, personified Mary Stuart ; the Duc de Chartres, now a handsome youth in his nineteenth year, François II. ; Lady Stuart of Rothesay, wife of the British

¹ Henri Bouchet, *le Luxe Français : la Restauration*.

Ambassador in Paris, Marie de Lorraine; the Marquis de Podenas, Catherine de' Medici; the Comtesse de Juigné, Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre; the Comtesse Henri de Biron, Marguerite de Valois, Duchess of Savoy; the Comtesse de Noailles, the Princesse de Condé; the Duchesse de Caylus, Diane de Poitiers;¹ the Comte de Mesnard, Gaspard de Coligny; the Baron de Charette, François de Lorraine; the Comte de Rosambo, one of the handsomest men at Court, Henri *le Balafré*; while four young English ladies, Misses Baring, Caulfield, Acton, and Pole-Carew, represented the four Maries. The King, the Dauphin and Dauphine, and the Duchesse d'Orléans were present, though not in costume.

The entrance of the four queens, Mary Stuart, Marie de Lorraine, Catherine de' Medici, and Jeanne d'Albret, was announced by the band of the Gardes du corps, which preceded them. The *cortège* was magnificent, and the dresses of the princesses were simply blazing with gems, for they wore not only their own jewels, but a part of those of the Crown, which the Dauphine had lent for the occasion. The portrait of a lady in the Galerie d'Orléans at the Palais-Royal, for long believed to be Mary Stuart, but which the best modern authorities on the sixteenth century have identified with the Princesse de Condé, beloved by Henry III., had furnished the model for the Duchesse de Berry's costume, which consisted of a long robe of blue velvet trimmed with ermine, opening on to a petticoat of white satin. Her shoulders were framed by a high collarette of silver net, and a crown of diamonds scintillated upon her head.

Although, in point of beauty, the little princess could hardly be said to personify Mary Stuart, it was generally admitted that in grace and dignity she left little to be desired.² The Duc de Chartres, representing François II., met her at the entrance to the ball-room, on two sides of which seats had been placed for the ladies who had been invited to witness the fête. At the princess's desire, these had adopted a uniform costume of white satin and silver gauze, and when, on the arrival of the royal procession, they all rose spontaneously from their seats,

¹ To introduce Diane de Poitiers into the fête was, of course, to take a decided liberty with history, since the favourite of Henri II. had been banished from Court immediately after the death of her royal lover, nor was she ever permitted to return.

² Madame de Boigne, however, as usual, refuses to echo the chorus of praise, and declares that "no one was ever more successful in her efforts to look a fright."

this freshness of tone produced a charming effect. The Duc de Chartres, who wore a cap with a white plume and a doublet of blue velvet decorated with gold ornaments, advanced with *Madame* to a high estrade erected at the end of the ball-room, upon which the throne had been prepared, and gave her his hand to mount the steps. She motioned to him to sit beside her, but the youth, doffing his plumed cap and bowing low before the princess, exclaimed gallantly: "Madame, I know my place." And, amidst general applause, he took his stand behind the throne.

Among the British nobility then in Paris who had been invited to take part in the fête, was the old Marquis of Huntly. The marquis in his youth had been what was then considered a good dancer, and had had the honour of opening a similar ball with Marie Antoinette. Charles X., remembering this, asked him to open this ball with *Mademoiselle*; and the gallant nobleman and the little princess of nine danced a minuet together, to the great delight of the Court.

The ball was a brilliant success—a veritable resurrection of the sumptuous fêtes of the sixteenth century—and well deserved that Eugène Lamy, a young painter very much in vogue at this time, should have undertaken the task of perpetuating its splendours. This he did in a series of twenty-six water-colour drawings, which were lithographed and published in an album. Four of them represent different incidents at the ball, while the remainder are representations of the principal personages who took part in it.

The popularity of the Duchesse de Berry with all classes of society did not prevent her from being the victim of a good deal of malicious gossip. Nor is this altogether surprising. In the first place, she had lost her husband when she was barely twenty-one, and young widows are generally supposed to stand in need of consolation. Does not St. Jerome himself affirm it? In the second, she was a foreigner, and few foreign princesses who married into the Royal Family of France have not, at one time or another, been the object of unpleasant insinuations. They brought from the country of their origin customs and habits which were not French, and which the bulk of the nation regarded with disapproval; and this in itself was quite sufficient to set tongues wagging, as witness the case of

poor Marie Antoinette, who could never escape from the solemn pomps of Versailles to enjoy the "simple life" amid the groves of Trianon, without being suspected of some ulterior motive. Finally, *Madame* possessed unusual independence of character; she disliked the monotony and the constraint of Court life; she wanted freedom, she wanted variety; she liked to choose her friends from those who interested and amused her, without troubling much about the social position which they might happen to occupy; and not infrequently she both spoke and acted in a way which, though perfectly lawful, was certainly not expedient, and upon which maliciously-disposed persons did not fail to place the worst construction.

We have spoken in an early chapter of the confidence reposed by both the Duc and Duchesse de Berry in the Comte de Mesnard, first equerry to the princess, who was regarded as the Mentor of the little court of the *Élysée*. After the death of the duke, it was but natural that the young widow should turn to this sage counsellor for the advice she needed, and it appears to have been her practice to consult him in every difficulty. This entailed a degree of intimacy between them which was certainly somewhat unusual in the case of a princess and a gentleman of her Household, but which one might have supposed the count's age—he was born in the same year as Napoleon—and the well-known gravity of his character, would have sufficed to exempt from all suspicion of gallantry.

No reasonable doubt, indeed, now exists that their relations were simply such as might have existed between a father and daughter. "You have always been like a father to me," writes the princess to the count in 1833; while in another letter she thanks him for "having known how to tell her occasionally disagreeable truths, such as are not very often told to princes."¹ At the same time, it would appear, that *Madame's* manner towards her first equerry was hardly such as would have been adopted by a princess who was very solicitous for her reputation, and that the latter was very far from reticent as to the favour and confidence with which his royal mistress honoured him; and eventually it began to be whispered that Mesnard's official functions were not the only ones which he discharged at the Pavillon de Marsan and Rosny. If we are to believe *Madame de Boigne*, whose statements in regard to the Duchess de Berry must

¹ Vicomte de Reiset, *Marie-Caroline, Duchesse de Berry*.

always be accepted with extreme reserve, the rumour reached the ears of the Royal Family, who, though they did not doubt the princess's innocence, were "persuaded of the extreme indiscretion of her conduct," and "the King was often heard to reproach her with the utmost violence." Outside a small circle, however, the scandal would not seem to have found any credence, for most people had the sense to see in Mesnard merely a kind of Mentor; nor was it until *Madame's* imprisonment at Blaye that it assumed formidable dimensions.

The tour which the Duchesse de Berry had made in the West of France in the summer of 1828 had prevented her that year from visiting Dieppe, but she did not fail to return to the old Norman town in 1829. It was, though she little suspected it at the time, to be her last visit.

Madame arrived on August 6, accompanied by her little daughter, and was joined, on the 8th, by the Dauphine, who remained several days with her, which seems to be a singular commentary on the assertion of Madame de Boigne that "the mutual dislike of the two princesses was constantly increasing." The presence of three members of the Royal Family at Dieppe at the same time attracted a great number of visitors, and a correspondent of the *Moniteur* wrote that "our town at this moment resembles a little Paris, owing to the number of carriages and of elegant ladies who are to be seen on foot or on horseback."

Among the attractions which rendered a sojourn at Dieppe so pleasant for *Madame* was the neighbourhood of the Orléans family, whose custom it was to pass the summer months at their Norman home, the Château d'Eu. Nothing had as yet occurred to disturb the friendly relations which had existed since the princess's arrival in France between her and the younger branch of the Royal House, and, whenever she came to Dieppe, they never failed to exchange visits. In the summer of 1829 the Orléans were as usual at Eu, and, as they prided themselves on their democratic habits, they came over to Dieppe to visit Madame in a big *char-à-banc*, large enough to contain the whole family. It was remarked on this occasion that the young Duc de Chartres paid the most assiduous attentions to the Duchesse de Berry and *Mademoiselle*; and, in point of fact, a marriage between the prince and his little

cousin, though not officially announced, had long been decided upon.¹

The chief incidents of the Duchesse de Berry's last visit to Dieppe were a ball which the town gave in honour of *Made-moiselle*, and the inauguration, in the presence of their Royal Highnesses, of a monument commemorating Henri IV.'s victory at Arques. Detachments from the troops quartered at Dieppe and in the neighbourhood attended the ceremony, and *Madame* complimented them on the inscriptions which they had erected over their tents. On one was: "The young Henri will find again the arquebusiers of Henri IV." On another: "The 12th will always rally to the white plume." And on a third: "Two Henris, the same love, the same devotion."

How much were such expressions of loyalty worth twelve months later!

Madame returned from Dieppe in the middle of September, and, three weeks later, started on a journey to the South, to meet her father, Francis I. of the Two Sicilies, her stepmother, Queen Maria Isabella, and her half-sisters, Luisa and Christina. The King and Queen were conducting Christina to Spain, where she was to become the third wife of Ferdinand VII; and Luisa, who had married the Infant Don Francisco de Paula, younger brother of Ferdinand, was to await them with her husband at the French frontier. The Duchesse de Berry had seen none of her relatives since her departure from Naples thirteen years before, and she had, of course, joyfully embraced this opportunity of meeting them again.

Leaving Saint-Cloud on October 10, she arrived on the 18th at Valence, where she found her half-sister Luisa and Don Francisco. With them she proceeded to Lyons, in which city a splendid reception had been prepared for her, and thence to Grenoble, where they were to await their Sicilian Majesties, who arrived on October 31. The meeting between *Madame* and her relatives, after so long a separation, was a very touching one, and the princess did not take leave of them again until

¹ The project of a marriage between the Duc de Chartres and a daughter of the Duchesse de Berry had been discussed between the two families even before *Made-moiselle* had arrived upon the scene, and duly communicated to the prospective bridegroom, who graciously condescended to approve of it. When the little duke heard the first gun which announced the birth of the princess, he is said to have exclaimed: "It is my wife or my King who comes into the world."

Perthus, on the Spanish frontier, was reached. She then set out on her return journey to Paris, stopping at Perpignan, Montpellier, Tarascon, Arles, Orange, and several other towns on her way, being everywhere welcomed with great enthusiasm,¹ and reached the Tuileries on November 28. Her reception in the South had been scarcely less flattering than the one which had been accorded her in the West the previous year, and had tended to confirm the pleasing illusions which she entertained as to the loyalty of the people to the reigning dynasty. The idea of suspecting the sincerity of these demonstrations of fidelity never seems to have crossed her mind.

The sands of the Monarchy were, however, fast running out. At the beginning of August 1829, the defeat of the Martignac Ministry upon a local government bill furnished Charles X. with an excellent pretext for dismissing it, and entrusting the management of affairs to the Prince Jules de Polignac, a son of the lady who had exercised so unfortunate an influence over Marie Antoinette, and a Cabinet composed for the most part of men whose reactionary views were as notorious as those of their chief. Such a contemptuous defiance of public opinion by the Crown could only be interpreted as the prelude to a *coup d'État*, and aroused the most profound indignation and alarm. The attitude of the deputies, the language of the journals, the open preparations of the clubs

¹ We should perhaps say *nearly* everywhere, for Béziers seems to have been an exception. Castellane, who commanded the troops forming *Madame's* escort during this part of the journey, tells us that the inhabitants were very sore indeed, because, after they had gone to the expense of constructing a triumphal arch—"a hideous erection"—had sacrificed twelve beautiful trees in one of the streets, because the *sous-préfet* feared that they would be in the way of the royal *cortège*, and had paid considerable sums for the hire of windows to watch the procession, the King of the Two Sicilies, being in a hurry to reach the post-house, only passed through the outskirts of the town. In consequence, when the Duchesse de Berry visited Béziers on her homeward journey, they received her with marked coldness, although, to atone for the paternal want of consideration, she traversed a great part of the town on foot.

The same writer relates an amusing instance of the way in which royal personages were "fleece'd" in those days. *Madame* invited him to breakfast with her and her ladies at the inn at which they had alighted. Ten crowns would have been liberal payment for the food and wine consumed, but the innkeeper, without a blush, demanded six hundred francs. The Duchesse de Reggio handed the man two hundred and twenty, observing, "The Duchesse de Berry is quite willing to pay six times the value of things, but no more!"

and political societies, which were everywhere busily organising, might well have convinced the King and his advisers that the nation was in no humour to tolerate any invasion of its liberties. But they seemed incapable of perceiving the precipice, much less of judging its depth ; and the attitude they adopted, so far from reassuring the public as to their intentions, only confirmed its suspicions.

The King's speech at the opening of the session of 1830 announced his Majesty's firm resolution to surmount the obstacles which "culpable manœuvres" might succeed in raising up against his Government. To this premature and impolitic defiance the Chamber of Deputies responded by the "address of the 221," in which, while protesting its fidelity to the person of the King, it refused its support to the Ministry, although the Ministry had not as yet submitted any measure to which it could raise objection. The King retorted by proroguing the Chamber, a step which was immediately followed by a violent ferment throughout the whole country. Neither the old monarch nor his principal adviser, however, paid any heed to the popular indignation ; and, though the two most moderate members of the Cabinet, Chabrol and Courvoisier, resigned rather than share the odium of such a proceeding, at the end of a few weeks the prorogation was converted into a dissolution.

In the spring of 1830, the King and Queen of the Two Sicilies, in fulfilment of a promise which they had made *Madame* when they parted from her the previous autumn, came to visit Paris before returning to Naples. They were received, at Chambord, by the Duchesse de Berry and the little Duc de Bordeaux, whom his royal grandfather now saw for the first time ; and on May 20 they made their entry into Paris, where they were lodged at the Élysée. Francis I., who was in very bad health, and whose bowed head and stooping shoulders gave him more the appearance of a man of seventy than of fifty-three, spent most of his time with his sister, the Duchesse d'Orléans, at the Palais-Royal, and went out as little as possible ; but the Queen, a plump, merry little woman, visited all the sights of Paris under the guidance of the Duchesse de Berry, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the splendid festivities which were given in their Majesties' honour. There was a reception

at the Tuileries, a gala performance at the Opera, a grand shooting-party at Compiègne, fêtes at Saint-Cloud and Rosny, and a really magnificent ball given by *Madame* at the Pavillon de Marsan. "I have never seen an entertainment better organised," writes Madame de Boigne, from whom praise where the Duchesse de Berry is concerned is praise indeed! "The arrangement of the apartments necessitated the use of two stories, but the staircase, which was not the same by which the guests were admitted, had been beautifully decorated; the landings had been converted into comfortable drawing-rooms, and the few steps by which they were separated were so hidden by drapery and flowers that the staircase was as crowded as any other room, and seemed to form an integral portion of the apartments."¹

The most splendid of the fêtes, however, was that given by the Duc d'Orléans at the Palais-Royal, which was attended not only by the august visitors and their suite, but by Charles X., the princesses, and the whole Court, and must have cost the duke a small fortune. The galleries and spacious salons of the palace had been superbly decorated, and the gardens, illuminated throughout their whole extent by a multitude of different coloured lights, presented a wonderful sight.

The other arrangements were far less satisfactory, for the Duc d'Orléans, ever hungering for popularity, had directed that tickets should be sent to any one who cared to ask for them, and the crush was so great that it was only with the utmost difficulty that their Majesties were able to pass from room to room. Moreover, in view of the ill-feeling existing between Crown and people, the duke's conduct in throwing open the gardens to the public, and in making repeated appearances upon the terrace, in order to give the crowd an opportunity of testifying, by its acclamations, to his own popularity, was held to be in the worst possible taste. Many, indeed, were inclined to suspect that his proceedings were prompted by some deeper motive than mere popularity-hunting, and, any way, they did not fail to bear fruit.

While the gaiety within the palace was at its height, the crowd outside, excited by the exhortations of certain political agitators, had become so turbulent that orders were given to clear the gardens. In the tumult which ensued, some persons

¹ *Mémoires.*

set fire to a number of chairs, which they had piled up to the height of the first story ; and, a moment later, the dancers were startled by the cry of "fire," and saw flames shooting up to the windows. The panic was general, but, happily, assistance was soon at hand ; the flames were extinguished, and the fête continued. All life, however, had gone out of the proceedings, and people shook their heads and asked one another whether what had occurred that night did not depict only too well the alarming condition of the country.

CHAPTER XXI

The elections of 1830 disastrous for the Polignac Ministry—Charles X., encouraged by the taking of Algiers, resolves on a *coup d'État*—The Ordinances of July 25, 1830—Conversation between the King and Madame de Gontaut on the morning on which the Ordinances are published in the *Moniteur*—Reception of the Ordinances in Paris—Fatal optimism of the Government—The Revolution begins on the morning of July 27, 1830—Unpreparedness of the Government—Formidable outbreak on the morning of the 28th—Mistaken tactics of Marmont, who commands the troops—Desperate fighting in the streets—Alarm of the Court at Saint-Cloud—Anguish of the Duchesse de Berry, who entreats Charles X. to allow her to go with her son to Paris—Childish obstinacy of the King, who refuses to promise the withdrawal of the Ordinances—The evening of July 28 at Saint-Cloud—Renewal of the fighting on the 29th; the Tuileries stormed by the insurgents—"Ah, *mon Dieu!* I see the tricolour!"—The King still unable to realise the situation—The evening of July 29 at Saint-Cloud—The royal children and the wounded soldiers—Charles X. appoints Mortemart President of the Council, and sends him to Paris with the revocation of the Ordinances—But his belated concessions are received with derision—Arrival of the Duc d'Orléans in the capital.

EARLY in May 1830, Charles X. had made a bold bid for popularity by the despatch of an expedition against the Dey of Algiers, who had insulted the French consul and refused all reparation. It was hoped that the success of this undertaking would dazzle the pride of a nation always impassioned for military glory, and secure a majority for the Government. But the scheme was a little too transparent not to be seen through, and unforeseen accidents delayed the expected triumph until the elections were already half over.

The electoral colleges had been convoked for June 20 and July 3. In defiance of all parliamentary principles, the King issued a manifesto calling on the electors to support the Government. But this most ill-advised action had no other effect than to increase the exasperation which the arbitrary exercise of the royal prerogative had already aroused; the deputies who had voted for the address of the previous March were returned almost *en masse*, and the Opposition also wrested

a large number of seats from the Ministerialists, who found themselves in a minority of over 120!

In the presence of this formidable result, the majority of the Ministers wished to tender their resignations, but the old King, encouraged by the taking of Algiers, news of which had reached Paris on July 9, and which he regarded as a judgment of God in favour of the royal cause, would hear of no surrender. On the 11th, accompanied by the Dauphin, the Dauphine, and the Duchesse de Berry, he attended a thanksgiving service at Notre-Dame. The Archbishop of Paris, in celebrating the triumph, expressed the hope that he might soon be able to felicitate his Majesty on victories "not less sweet and not less dazzling"; acclamations to which, in Paris at least, Charles X. had long been a stranger, greeted him on his way to and from the cathedral, and, little thinking that he was traversing for the last time the streets of his capital, he quitted Paris to return to Saint-Cloud, resolved to achieve by force what he had failed to accomplish by constitutional means.

In common with most of the Bourbons, Charles X. possessed considerable powers of dissimulation, and, on the present occasion, convinced that secrecy was the one thing necessary to ensure success, he took every precaution that no inkling of his intentions should get about before the fateful moment arrived. "To those who spoke to him of a *coup d'État*, he said: "I am tired of these calumnious insinuations," and even the members of the Royal Family remained in profound ignorance. Preparations for the meeting of the Chambers, which were to assemble on August 3, were being made as usual; the writs summoning the Peers to assemble were being sent out; the journals were busily speculating as to the measures which would be introduced in the approaching session; the Dauphine was already established at Vichy; the Duchesse de Berry was about to start for Rosny, and had arranged that, during her absence, *Mademoiselle* should go to Dieppe for the sea-bathing, and that the Duchesse d'Orléans and her daughters should spend a few days there with the little princess on their way to Eu. For the moment, everything seemed perfectly tranquil; nothing indicated that in a few days Paris would be in the throes of another revolution.

But on Sunday, July 25, the Ministers assembled at Saint-Cloud, under the presidency of the King, and in the presence

of the Dauphin ; and Charles X. committed the crowning folly of his imprudent reign by signing the four fatal Ordinances. The first suspended the liberty of the Press, except where authorisation had been secured, such authorisation to be renewed every three months. The second dissolved the Chamber which had not yet met. The third created a new electoral system, which reduced the number of deputies to two hundred and fifty-eight, and provided for election in two stages. The fourth convoked the electoral colleges for September 6 and 18, and the Chambers for September 28.

When the document was presented for his signature, the King took up a pen ; but, instead of signing, he laid it down again, and resting his elbow on the table and covering his eyes with his hand, remained thus for a few moments, absorbed in thought. Then he resumed his pen. "The more I reflect," said he, "the more I am convinced that it is impossible to do otherwise." And he signed, and the Ministers signed after him.

The same evening, the Ordinances were sent by Chantelauze, the Minister for Justice, by whom they had been drafted, to the *Moniteur*, for publication in that journal on the following day. The editor, on reading them, was so astonished that he refused to print them before he had called upon the Minister, and received from his own lips an assurance of their authenticity. "I am fifty years old," said he to Chantelauze ; "I have witnessed the whole of the Revolution, and I am profoundly alarmed !"

No misgivings, however, troubled the mind of Charles X. If he had hesitated before signing the Ordinances, it was from reluctance to adopt such extreme measures, not because he entertained the smallest doubt as to the success of his *coup d'État*. He believed that the populace, taken by surprise and having neither arms nor ammunition, would be incapable of any resistance, and that, since the disbanding of the National Guard, nothing was to be feared from the *bourgeoisie*. So confident were he and the principal Ministers that the disturbances, if disturbances there were, would be confined to some noisy crowds which might easily be dispersed, that they had only some 12,000 troops to make head against the capital,¹ and

¹ But the Government believed that they had at least 18,000 men, Polignac, who was discharging the duties of Minister for War during the absence of Bourmont in Algeria, having mistaken the nominal strength of the garrison for the effective strength.

had selected for the chief command Maréchal Marmont, one of the most unpopular officers in the Army, who, moreover, was not even informed of his nomination until the Tuesday morning.

With the exception of Charles X. and the Dauphin, the occupants of the Château of Saint-Cloud rose on the morning of the 26th without the slightest suspicion of the Ordinances with which the *Moniteur* was speedily to acquaint them. The weather was superb, and it had been arranged that the Duc de Bordeaux and *Mademoiselle* were to visit a manufactory at Versailles and spend the rest of the day at the Petit-Trianon, where all the persons attached to their respective Households were to meet and dine together. The King, who intended to hunt with the Dauphin in the forest of Rambouillet, came to visit his grandchildren before setting out. He appeared pre-occupied, and presently, when the Baron de Damas, the Duc de Bordeaux's *gouverneur*, had left the room, turned to Madame de Gontaut and inquired if she had read the *Moniteur*. The duchess smilingly replied that she had not, as it was a journal which invariably bored her. "It will not bore you to-day," rejoined the King, "and may possibly surprise you. Read it; you will find there four Ordinances which I have just signed." And, counting on his fingers, he continued: "Modification of the Electoral Law; suspension of constitutional government; suppression of the liberty of the Press; dissolution of the Chamber." Madame de Gontaut turned pale, and the King remarked upon it. Then, after a moment's silence, he said, "Well, what do you think of it?"

The duchess, an old and privileged friend of the Royal Family, did not attempt to conceal her apprehensions. "You have a very good heart," replied his Majesty, impatiently; "I have told you so again and again; but you are too impulsive, and you allow yourself to get excited."

Madame de Gontaut begged permission to ask him one question, which might perhaps be indiscreet. "Speak," he said; "I insist upon it." "Has not the King, in signing the Ordinances, violated the Charter given by his august brother and adopted by himself?"

The King, who was pacing the room in great agitation, stopped, and, taking her by the hand, said, kindly, "No; I swear it on my word of honour! I do not think so; or, at any rate, they assured me that it was not so; since Article XIV. of



CHARLES X, KING OF FRANCE
FROM THE PAINTING BY F. GÉRARD

this same Charter gives me positive and sufficient authority to govern by Ordinance, in case of emergency."

"Emergency! Has the King come to that?"

"Can you doubt it? What do you think, for instance, of the periodical sheets, which tend only to justify or inspire acts of anarchy? Disorganisation has spread through the kingdom, and, you see, energetic measures must be taken to arrest its course. Calm yourself and enjoy this beautiful day; I am going to spend it at Rambouillet, so you can see that my mind is perfectly at ease in regard to the result of the measures of which I have just spoken to you." And he kissed the children, and left the room, saying, "Adieu; all will go well; set your mind at rest."¹

The *Moniteur* was a journal which, outside parliamentary and official circles, was but little read; and the announcement it contained that morning was not one the importance of which could be readily appreciated save by those with some knowledge of political matters. Hence, though the middle classes, and particularly the journalists, were filled with indignation and alarm, and on the Bourse the Funds fell four francs, there was, at first, little excitement among the mass of the people, and certainly nothing to foreshadow a popular rising. The fête of La Villette, one of the most popular of the time, attracted its usual crowds; the cafés were full; and altogether things appeared so tranquil that the Prefect of Police told the colonel of the Parisian gendarmerie that there was no necessity for him to break an engagement to dine in the suburbs which he had made for that evening. Late in the afternoon, a few groups began to form in the neighbourhood of the Palais-Royal; cries were raised against the Ministers, and some stones were thrown at the carriage of the Prince de Polignac as it was passing along the Boulevard des Capucines. But these gatherings were soon dispersed, and in the evening all was quiet again; the theatres played to excellent houses, and the salons of those Ministers whose reception-day it was were crowded.

Shortly before eleven o'clock that night, Charles X. and the Dauphin returned to Saint-Cloud. On alighting from his carriage, the King inquired of Marmont what was the news from Paris. The marshal replied there had been no disturbance of any importance, but that the Bourse had been much

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

depressed and the Funds had fallen four francs. This intelligence did not appear to ruffle the composure of either the King or his son. "They will rise again," observed the latter, cheerfully; and the Duchesse de Berry, who shared the illusions of the Royal Family, threw herself into her father-in-law's arms and congratulated him upon being King at last.

Most historians incline to the belief that if the Government had adopted energetic measures before the Parisians had had time to recover from the astonishment which the Ordinances had occasioned; if it had employed the night of July 26-27 in seizing the Opposition journals in the press and thus preventing them from inflaming the public mind, and in placing all the troops of the garrison under arms and occupying the principal strategic points of the capital, Charles X. would have secured an easy triumph. But the infatuated monarch and his advisers, in the fond belief that, since the day had passed off without any serious disturbance, resistance was no longer to be apprehended, did absolutely nothing; and it was not until a little before noon on the following day (July 27) that the King sent for Marmont, who, as the major-general of the Royal Guard on duty, had slept at Saint-Cloud, informed him that there was "some anxiety about the tranquillity of Paris," and ordered him to proceed thither and take the command.

In the capital, crowds had begun to assemble in the streets soon after daybreak. They did not, however, assume formidable proportions until about midday, when a commissary of police and a detachment of gendarmes visited the office of the *Temps*, in the Rue de Richelieu, in which a protest against the Ordinances, signed by over forty of the leading journalists of Paris, had appeared that morning, forced the doors of the printing-office, and seized the presses. During this operation an immense crowd gathered round the building, hooting and groaning, and soon afterwards a barricade was raised at the entrance of the Rue de Richelieu, opposite the portico of the Théâtre-Français; a man, said to have been an Englishman, fired upon the troops engaged in dispersing the people, from the window of his house in the Rue Saint-Honoré, and was answered by a volley which stretched him and two of his servants dead on the spot.

The Revolution had begun!

Marmont reached Paris about one o'clock, and proceeded to the headquarters of the Guard in the Place du Carrousel.

He found things in a deplorable state, from the military point of view. Polignac, as we have mentioned, had estimated the strength of the garrison at 18,000 men ; but several regiments had lately been withdrawn, and the troops in the capital did not exceed 12,000 men of all arms. No precautions whatever had been taken in view of an insurrection ; a number of officers were absent on furlough ; there was an insufficiency of ammunition and very little food or wine. Finally, no order had been issued confining the troops to barracks, and it was not until they assembled for the roll-call at four o'clock in the afternoon that the marshal was able to make his dispositions.

Nothing of much importance, however, occurred during the remainder of that day. Two or three barricades were erected by the people and destroyed by the troops ; some of the soldiers were injured by stones, a few shots were fired, and a man was killed near the Rue Feydeau. But when darkness fell, the crowds dispersed, and before eleven o'clock the streets had resumed their normal appearance, and the troops were marched back to barracks.

The night was peaceful, but very early in the morning of the 28th the crowds began forming anew, in much greater numbers and in a far more excited condition than on the previous day. Then the cry had been "*Vive la Charte ! À bas les ministres !*" ; now it was "*Vive la liberté ! À bas les Bourbons !*" By eight o'clock the inhabitants of the most populous quarters were in full revolt. The white flags at the *mairies* were torn down and trampled under foot ; the insurgents broke open the gunsmiths' shops and seized all the arms and ammunition that they contained ; thousands of muskets belonging to the disbanded National Guards were distributed among them ; barricades sprang up everywhere. At nine o'clock, Marmont wrote to the King : "It is no longer a riot ; it is a revolution ! It is of urgent importance that your Majesty should adopt means of pacification. The honour of the Crown may yet be saved. To-morrow it may be too late. I am taking measures to put down the revolt, but I impatiently await the orders of Your Majesty."

Marmont had decided to mass his troops at the Tuileries and in the Champs-Élysées ; to occupy the École Militaire, the Panthéon, the Palais de Justice, the interior Boulevards, the barracks, the Palais-Royal, the Louvre and the Hôtel

de Ville, and to keep open the principal thoroughfares, so that he might send reinforcements by them to any post where they happened to be needed. This plan, which would have been excellent with an army of sixty thousand men, was absolutely futile with the comparatively small force which he had at his disposal.¹

The insurgents, moreover, were already assembled in force at nearly all the posts which he wished to occupy, and no sooner did the troops appear, than they were greeted by a murderous fusillade from behind the barricades, while missiles of every description were rained upon them from the houses. In the Place de Grève, where the tocsin of Notre-Dame had brought together swarms of people, the struggle was of the most obstinate character, and it was only after the Royal Guard had poured grapeshot into the serried masses opposed to it that it was able to force its way into the Hôtel de Ville, leaving the ground over which it had passed strewn with the dead and dying.

The occupants of the Château of Saint-Cloud heard the dismal clang of the tocsin and the boom of the guns. Madame de Gontaut tells us that, with the aid of a powerful telescope, she could see from her salon "the whole of the second story of the Rue de Rivoli, from which in every house men and women were throwing out all sorts of projectiles—pianos, commodes, every piece of furniture, in short, that they could lay their hands on—in the hope of crushing the troops assembled in the street below." She could see, too (for the sun was shining full upon them), the towers of Notre-Dame, and particularly the left one, where a furious struggle was in progress between the insurgents, who were endeavouring to hoist the tricolour, and the soldiers, who were trying to haul it down. One of the combatants was precipitated from the top of the tower, and she uttered a shriek of horror as she saw him fall. Every few minutes messengers were arriving from Paris, but, though Marmont did not attempt to conceal the gravity of the situation, Charles X. preferred to believe the absurdly optimistic reports of his favourite Polignac; and Madame de Gontaut several times entreated him vainly to come up to her salon and see with his own eyes the desperate character of the resistance with which his troops were being called upon to

¹ Lamartine.

contend. He appeared to be quite unmoved by the sanguinary drama which was being enacted so near him, and to be confident that a few hours would see Paris at his feet.

The Duchesse de Berry, on the other hand, was in despair. To her courageous soul it was torture to be compelled to remain inactive at Saint-Cloud, while Paris was an inferno of riot and bloodshed, and every hour the chances of the Monarchy were slipping away. "What a misfortune to be a woman!" she cried. And, confident in the popularity of which she had had so many proofs, she entreated the King to allow her to go to Paris and show herself to the people, holding her son by the hand. But the only reply of Charles X. was to order her sternly to remain where she was and to compose herself.

Late in the afternoon, the King received a despatch from Marmont, informing him that he had been approached by Laffitte, Casimir Périer, and other Opposition leaders, who had offered to do everything in their power to induce the insurgents to lay down their arms, if the Ordinances were repealed. "I think it urgent," concluded the marshal, "that your Majesty should profit without delay by the overtures that have been made." But the old monarch, though the progress of the revolt during the last few hours was beginning to weaken his hitherto imperturbable confidence, refused, with childish obstinacy, to hear of any concessions.

Towards evening, the combat ceased from want of ammunition, and the King, no longer hearing the sound of firing, was persuaded that he was triumphing over the insurrection. In point of fact, the result of the day's fighting had been such as to afford every encouragement to the insurgents, since, though the troops had eventually succeeded in occupying the positions assigned to them, the losses they had sustained, scarcity of ammunition, and want of food—the populace had seized all the military bakeries, and the soldiers had eaten nothing since the morning—rendered it impossible to hold them. Accordingly, when night fell, Marmont ordered a retrograde movement, and the troops fell back to cover the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Palais-Royal, the Champs-Élysées, and the road to Saint-Cloud, leaving the rest of Paris in possession of the insurgents.

A stranger who had visited the royal apartments at Saint-Cloud that evening would have found it difficult to believe that a revolution was in progress. Charles X. regarded it as a point

of honour not to display any sign of uneasiness, and the courtiers, of course, followed his example. Everything went on as usual; dinner was served at the customary hour; afterwards the King took a walk upon the terrace, where his grandchildren played, and then sat down to his rubber of whist, which nothing was ever allowed to interrupt. "To see those four tranquil whist-players absorbed in their game scandalised me, I must admit," writes Madame de Gontaut; "but I was wrong, for the King confessed to me subsequently that he only wished to appear tranquil, because it was thought best."

Early on the following morning (June 29), the Duc de Mortemart, one of those loyal but enlightened nobles who would have saved the Monarchy if Charles X. had been content to repose his confidence in them, sought an audience of the King. He told him plainly that the situation was every hour becoming more critical, and besought him to dismiss his Ministers and revoke the Ordinances before it should be too late. But the King, who was confident that Marmont would be able to hold his ground until the troops from Lunéville and Saint-Omer, which had been ordered to reinforce him, reached Paris,¹ refused to yield; and the Marquis de Sémonville, Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers, the Comte d'Argout and the Baron de Vitrolles, who arrived, shortly afterwards, from Paris on a similar mission, met with no better success.

Meanwhile, hostilities had been resumed. Flushed with their success of the preceding day, the insurgents advanced in great force towards the Louvre and the Tuileries. The position which Marmont had taken up was a strong one, but the troops were worn out by hunger and fatigue, and disgusted with the fratricidal strife in which they were engaged, and, though the fidelity of the Guard was above suspicion, the Line regiments could not be relied upon. Moreover, the marshal, who tells us that he was expecting every moment to receive instructions from the King to promise the withdrawal of the Ordinances, hesitated, from motives of humanity or self-interest, to employ his artillery, a circumstance which greatly emboldened the populace.

About noon, an incident occurred which decided the fate of the day and the dynasty. The 5th and 53rd regiments of the

¹ Owing to some blunder of Polignac, these orders did not arrive until three days after they should have done.

Line, which occupied the Place-Vendôme, held a parley with the insurgents, and were about to permit them to pass on to the Tuileries. Informed of this defection, Marmont sent orders to the Comte de Salis, who with two Swiss battalions was posted at the Louvre, to despatch one of them to the Place-Vendôme. Of these battalions, one had been firing all the morning from the colonnade and windows of the palace, the other had remained inactive in the courtyard. Salis decided to send the first to the Place-Vendôme, and ordered the second to mount, in its turn, to the colonnade. But, by some misunderstanding, several minutes elapsed between the descent and departure of the first battalion and the appearance of the other; and the insurgents, believing that the cessation of the firing indicated a retreat, suddenly rushed the gates, poured into the courtyard, drove the astonished Swiss headlong before them, and while some opened a withering fire from the windows of the palace, upon Marmont's reserve, posted on the Carrousel, the rest pressed on into the Tuileries.

The marshal had now no alternative but to order a general retreat to the Champs-Élysées, and subsequently to Saint-Cloud, leaving the Tuileries in possession of the insurgents, who lost no time in mounting to the roof of the Pavillon de l'Horloge and hoisting the tricolour. It was at this moment that the Duchesse de Berry, who from a window on the second story at Saint-Cloud was turning a glass in the direction of Paris, perceived that the white flag had ceased to float over the Tuileries. "Ah! *mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed, "I see the tricolour!"

It was only now, when the last of his soldiers had been expelled from the capital and his palace was in possession of his rebellious subjects, that Charles X. could be persuaded to resign himself to the idea of revoking the Ordinances and changing his Ministers. So far, however, was he from realising the true situation of affairs that, though he gave permission to Sémonville, d'Argout, and Vitrolles to proceed to Paris and communicate his intentions to the provisional government which was established at the Hôtel de Ville, he declined to give them any written authority, nor would he allow the Duc de Mortemart, whom he had charged to form a new Cabinet, to accompany them. Never for a moment does he seem to have doubted that the mere informal announcement that he was

prepared to grant that for which so much blood had been shed would be sufficient to appease the indignation of his people and restore tranquillity.

In the château that evening all was again calm and serene. The King played whist, Polignac and Mortemart, the outgoing and incoming Prime Ministers, being, in turn, his partners ; while the Dauphin was absorbed in a game of chess. Outside, in the courtyard and in the gardens, where the faithful remnant of Marmont's army was stationed, the famished soldiers, many of them with bloodstained bandages round their heads or limbs, were clamouring for food and cursing the scandalous mismanagement which, while they were risking their lives in their Sovereign's service, denied them even a morsel of bread. The kind hearts of the Duc de Bordeaux and *Mademoiselle* were touched by the distress of their brave defenders, and, when their own dinner was brought in, they declared their intention of giving it to some wounded soldiers in the courtyard. Madame de Gontaut let them have their way, and the little prince, seizing a huge leg of mutton, rushed downstairs with it, while his sister followed with whatever she could lay her hands on. "Take this, friends," they cried to the astonished and grateful warriors ; "it is our dinner ; take it all, and the dishes too !"¹

About an hour after midnight, d'Argout and Vitrolles returned from Paris. The King had long ago retired to rest, but they discovered Mortemart asleep on a sofa. Much astonished to find him still at Saint-Cloud, they awoke him, told him that their mission had completely failed, and begged him to start without a moment's delay for Paris and make a last effort to save the Monarchy. The duke replied that he would have left long ago, but that, though he had been waiting all the evening for the King to sign the new Ordinances, which revoked those of the 25th, nominated him President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs, and re-established the National Guard, he had not yet done so.² The two nobles implored him to awaken the monarch, and, after the obstacles which etiquette interposed had been overcome, they were admitted to the royal

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

² According to Lamartine, the King's reluctance to sign the new Ordinances arose from the belief that, if he delayed, overtures would be made to him by the Opposition leaders, which would not only save his dignity, but enable him to limit his concessions.

bedchamber, and eventually contrived to obtain the King's signature.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 30th, Mortemart started for Paris; but he had great difficulty in gaining admission to the city, and, in order to avoid recognition, was compelled to traverse the greater part of the way on foot. As he was not yet fully recovered from a severe illness, he arrived in so exhausted a condition that he was unable personally to interview the Opposition leaders, and was obliged to send the new Ordinances to the Hôtel de Ville. They came too late. What would have been accepted with gratitude two days before, now excited nothing but derision. "The throne of Charles X."—to borrow the expression of Schonen—"had melted into blood," and all eyes were turning to the Duc d'Orléans, who had been prudently keeping out of the way during the last few days, but who that same night arrived in Paris, to assume the post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Kingdom, while awaiting the Crown.

CHAPTER XXII

The Duchesse de Berry, alarmed for the safety of her children, begs the Dauphin to persuade Charles X. to leave Saint-Cloud—Departure of the Court at daybreak on July 31—Arrival at the Grand-Trianon—Astonishment of the King at the costume assumed by *Madame*—The Court continues its retreat to Rambouillet—A frugal supper—The Dauphine joins her relatives—Charles X. and the Duc d'Orléans—Abdication of the King in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux—Efforts of the Duchesse de Berry to induce Charles X. to allow her to go to Paris—"Vive Henri V.!"—Duplicity of the Duc d'Orléans—A game of bluff—Charles X. decides to leave France—Departure of the Royal Family from Rambouillet—Arrival at the Château of Maintenon—The King takes leave of the troops—The journey to the coast—*Madame* urges the King not to abandon the struggle—The Royal Family at Valognes—Farewell to the Gardes du corps—Arrival at Cherbourg—The Royal Family sail for England.

ALL day long the occupants of Saint-Cloud anxiously awaited the result of Mortemart's negotiations, but no message from the duke reached the château—his agents had, in fact, been stopped by the insurgents—and they were in complete uncertainty as to what was happening in Paris. When evening came, the King, becoming seriously uneasy, ordered the Comte de la Bourdonnaye, one of the gentlemen of the Chamber, to go in search of Mortemart, and ascertain how he had fared; and, while awaiting his return, he went to bed.

Towards midnight, a rumour spread that the insurgents, who were assembled in force between Auteuil and Boulogne, intended to take advantage of the darkness to surprise the château. The report would appear to have been without foundation, but some of the courtiers persuaded the Duchesse de Berry that her children were in danger, and, though the courageous princess had no fears for herself, she was greatly alarmed on their account. She therefore went to the Dauphin, and implored him to persuade the King to leave Saint-Cloud.

The Dauphin was at first reluctant to disturb his father, but at length he yielded to her entreaties, and Charles X., on learning the news, reluctantly consented to give the order for

departure. The Gardes du corps, who were sleeping near their horses, with the bridles over their arms, mounted in silence, and were drawn up in line of battle opposite the château, and, as the day was beginning to break, the carriages containing the King and the Royal Family started for Versailles. Marmont rode beside the King's carriage; the Dauphin, who had superseded the marshal in command of the troops, remained behind at Saint-Cloud to cover the retreat.

After going a little way, Charles X. left his carriage and mounted a horse. "I saw a hand placed on the door of the carriage on my side," writes Madame de Gontaut, who was in charge of *Mademoiselle*; "I leaned forward and met the eyes of the King, sad, but not dejected. He did not speak, and in silence continued to escort the carriages of his grandchildren—all the treasure that was left to him on earth. I had not breathed a sigh on leaving Saint-Cloud, the Court and its grandeurs, but I wept when I looked on the sad, resigned countenance of the King."

On the outskirts of Versailles, the Marquis de Vêrac, governor of the town, presented himself to warn the King that the Place d'Armes was crowded with National Guards, who had hoisted the tricolour and were making bellicose speeches. Charles X. then gave orders to turn in the direction of the Grand-Trianon, where the *cortège* arrived at six o'clock. The Royal Family entered the great marble salon, where the King was astonished to perceive the costume which had been adopted by the Duchesse de Berry. The princess was dressed in a "green redingote with a velvet collar, wide pantaloons, and a man's hat,"¹ and in a belt round her waist were two pistols. "Why this singular costume, my daughter?" said he, tapping her on the shoulder, "and for what purpose are these weapons?" "To defend my children, Sire," was the reply, "in case any one should attack them." His Majesty smiled and shook his head, observing: "Take my advice, my child, and abandon this toilette, which would become one of Walter Scott's heroines." But it was not until they reached Saint-Lô that the princess was able to do so, as the departure from Saint-Cloud had been so hurried that she had nothing else to wear.

The old monarch would fain have lingered a little amid the scenes which recalled so many souvenirs of his youth; but,

¹ *Souvenirs du lieutenant-général vicomte de Reiset.*

shortly after one o'clock, the Dauphin arrived, and urged his father strongly to gain Rambouillet without further delay. The Revolution was spreading rapidly in the country around Paris, and he had had a sharp brush with the insurgents at the bridge of Sèvres, in which one of his officers, the Duc d'Esclignac, had been severely wounded.

An hour later, the royal *cortège* resumed its march. As it was passing Saint-Cyr, the cadets of the Military School, who had come, on the 28th, to Saint-Cloud with their field-guns to assist in protecting the Royal Family, and had only returned that morning, rushed out to cheer the King. They were eager to join his escort, but this Charles X., though he thanked the brave lads warmly for their devotion to his cause, would not permit.

Rambouillet was reached at ten o'clock at night. It was only on the previous Monday—the day on which the Ordinances had appeared—that Charles X. had visited the old château of François I., to enjoy a day's hunting. How little could he have foreseen then that ere a week had passed he would return there a fugitive recoiling before a revolution!

The unfortunate Sovereign had not been expected, and no preparations had been made for his reception. The château was closed, and neither lights, linen, nor food were to be found there; while the troops which had preceded the Royal Family had eaten up everything in the town. Madame de Gontaut hunted from cellar to attic to find something for poor *Mademoiselle*, who was faint with hunger, but the only result of her search was a piece of stale bread, which the little princess generously insisted on sharing with her *gouvernante*. Next day, matters were much better; the King authorised the officers of the Gardes du corps to kill the game in the surrounding coverts, and there was a mighty slaughter. Nevertheless, the difficulty of feeding the troops was still very great, while there was no money to pay them, and, though the greater part still remained faithful, numbers deserted.

In the course of the morning, the Duchesse d'Angoulême joined her relatives, to the great relief of Charles X., who, viewing the Revolution through the souvenirs of 1793, had been very uneasy about the fate of his niece. The Dauphine had left Vichy on July 25—the day on which the Ordinances had been signed—but she only learned of them when she reached

Maçon, on the afternoon of the 27th. During the first part of her journey, she was received with shouts of joy, white flags, and triumphal arches; during the last stages, force had to be employed to protect her from the insults of the populace, and she reached Rambouillet in the carriage of Comte Melchior de Polignac, governor of the Château of Fontainebleau, who passed her off as one of his relatives.

The King had not yet abandoned all hope of a change of fortune. General de Girardin, who came that day from Paris, informed them of the Duc d'Orléans's arrival in the capital and of his acceptance of the post of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. According to Marmont, he added that the duke had been offered the Crown and had refused it, declaring that he would never consent to be a usurper. However that may be, Charles X. could not bring himself to believe that a prince whom he had overwhelmed with benefits was capable of betraying him, and, with the idea of giving a legal appearance to what was happening, he himself invested the duke with the powers of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, and approved the re-assembling of the Chambers on August 3, the date fixed before the issue of the fatal Ordinances.

This communication reached the Duc d'Orléans late that night, at the moment when he was engaged with his most intimate counsellor, Dupin, in drafting the speech which he was to deliver at the opening of the Chambers. Dupin drew up a reply, "cold and cruel as the adverse decree of Fate,"¹ in which the duke merely acknowledged his Majesty's letter, and informed him that he was already Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, by choice of the provisional government. But it is generally believed that Louis-Philippe, unknown to his adviser, afterwards substituted for this epistle one which contained assurances of fidelity and devotion, and that these assurances determined Charles X., overwhelmed by his misfortunes, to abdicate, hoping, by this act of abnegation, to save the throne for his grandson.

On the morning of August 2, when Madame de Gontaut took the children to the King's room, Charles X. held out his arms to the Duc de Bordeaux, and pressed him for a moment to his heart. Then, setting him down, he took up a paper which he had apparently just finished writing, and said: "This is my abdication, but I am not quite satisfied with the manner in

¹ Lamartine.

which it is expressed." And he handed the lady a letter addressed to the Duc d'Orléans, in which he informed that prince that he had resolved to abdicate the throne in favour of his grandson, and that the Dauphin also renounced his rights in favour of his nephew ; and directed him to proclaim the Duc de Bordeaux King, under the title of Henri V., and take all the necessary measures to regulate the forms of government during the minority of the new Sovereign.

While Madame de Gontaut was reading the abdication, the Dauphine entered. The King presented it to her ; she read it, and expressed her entire approval. Her husband followed, and, merely glancing at the document, with the purport of which he was, of course, already acquainted, took up a pen and signed it. All three, as well as Madame de Gontaut, were in tears, and *Mademoiselle*, observing this, said, in an undertone, to the Duc de Bordeaux : "Some misfortune is going to happen to us, brother, for they all cry when they look at us. Let us go and pray to the good God." And she drew him out on to the balcony, where they knelt down. "I watched them," writes Madame de Gontaut ; "never was there a more touching scene ! I shall never forget it."

The abdication signed, the King said to the *gouvernante* : "Take the children away ; I cannot bear to see them so sad. Go and try and amuse them." Madame de Gontaut took the children to their own apartments, where they soon recovered their spirits, and were playing at horses with a team of chairs, when the Baron de Damas entered, bowed low to the Duc de Bordeaux, and said : "Sire !" Then, after a pause, he continued : "Sire, I am commissioned to inform you that the King, your august grandfather, having failed to give happiness to France, in spite of his heartfelt desire to do so, has just abdicated, and it is you, Monseigneur, who are to be King, under the name of Henri V. The little prince got down from the box, and, standing in front of the baron, said : "What ! *Bon-papa*, who is so good, could not make France happy ! And they want to make me King !" Then, shrugging his shoulders, he added : "Why, Monsieur le Baron, what you are telling me is impossible !" With which he gathered up his whip and reins, and said : "Come, sister, let us go on with our game."

Shortly afterwards, the King sent for Madame de Gontaut, and inquired how the Duc de Bordeaux had received the news

of his royalty. When he heard what the boy had said, he could not help laughing.

So little suspicion had Charles X. of the real designs of Louis-Philippe, that he requested Madame de Gontaut, who was on very affectionate terms with the Duchesse d'Orléans, to write to that princess, and tell her that "they were entrusting to her care all that they held most dear in the world." "I have just written to her," he added, "but I know that she is attached to you, and a letter from you will not be taken amiss."

Although the prospect of her son being King of France naturally appealed to the maternal pride of the Duchesse de Berry, she was in despair at the thought that he was to be snatched from her. She was convinced that it was her right to remain by his side, and that the regency ought to belong to her. Had not Blanche of Castile, Catherine de' Medici, Marie de' Medici, and Anne of Austria, exercised it during the minority of their sons, she argued, ignoring the fact that each of these princesses had been Queen of France? Why, then, should she be passed over—she who was a Bourbon by birth as well as by marriage? Recollecting, too, the immense popularity which she had enjoyed, and the enthusiastic and almost idolatrous protestations of devotion which had been addressed to her at the time of her marriage, at the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, and during her visits to the provinces, she believed that any chance that might exist of the nation refusing to accept her son as King, and herself as Regent, would be removed if she were to hasten to Paris and present the little prince in person to the Chambers, the people, and the Army.

In this persuasion, she despatched one of the gentlemen of her Household to the *sous-préfet* of Rambouillet, with an order to procure post-horses, and entreated Charles X.'s permission to set out with her son for Paris. But the King was inflexible in his refusal to allow his grandson to incur such a risk. The princess then announced her intention of going alone, but once more the King interposed his authority; and, though she returned again and again to the charge, and a post-chaise with six horses attached to it waited in the courtyard of the château the whole afternoon, nothing would move him, and, weeping bitterly, she was finally obliged to countermand the orders she had already given for her departure.

Several biographers of the Duchesse de Berry, including

Nettement and the Vicomte de Reiset, seem to be of opinion that, if the princess had been permitted to execute her project, she might have succeeded in saving the throne for the Duc de Bordeaux. Certainly, the appearance of *Madame* in Paris to plead the cause of her son, particularly if she had brought the little prince with her, could scarcely have failed to produce a more or less marked revulsion of feeling, which would have placed the Duc d'Orléans and his confederates in a very embarrassing position. But we are inclined to think that she would never have been allowed to show herself to the people, much less to appear before the Chambers; and that the moment she was recognised, she would have been arrested, and either held as a hostage or sent back under escort to Rambouillet.

After dinner, Charles X., who had substituted ordinary evening-dress for the splendid uniform decorated with Orders which it had been his invariable custom to wear, visited the bivouac of the Gardes du corps, accompanied by all the Royal Family. He announced to them his abdication in favour of his grandson, whom he presented to them as their King, and asked for him the same fidelity which they had shown for himself. When he had finished speaking, there was a great rattle of steel; every sword leaped from its scabbard, and was raised aloft; and officers and men rent the air with shouts of "*Vive Henri V.!*" The Dauphin, the Dauphine, and the Duchesse de Berry also addressed the troops, and the last-named "seemed to electrify them, for she spoke of glory and hope."¹

Meanwhile, the act of abdication had been printed, and, later in the evening, Marmont, who had resumed command of the troops, read it to each regiment in turn. At night, the counter-sign was given by the Baron de Damas in the name of Henri V.

Between three and four o'clock that afternoon, General de Foissac-Latour, who had been selected by Charles X. to deliver the act of abdication to the Duc d'Orléans, had started for Paris. On reaching the Palais-Royal, he was told that the duke was at Neuilly and ill, and eventually had to hand the abdication, together with Madame de Gontaut's letter, to the duchess. That lady read the letter addressed to her and said, with tears in her eyes: "Tell the Royal Family that my husband is an honest man, and repeat it to the Duchesse de Gontaut."

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

For an "honest man," Louis-Philippe, who, needless to say, was in the Palais-Royal all the while, was certainly acting in a very singular way. On the morning of August 2, he had announced that he had received a letter from Charles X., the previous night, in which the King informed him that he was on the point of leaving France, and asked for a convoy to his place of embarkation. Then he despatched to Rambouillet five commissioners, who arrived there between nine and ten o'clock that evening, explained their mission to Marmont, and asked to be presented to the King. His Majesty declined to receive them, and answered that he had not demanded a convoy and needed none, and that, surrounded by a faithful army, he intended to remain where he was and await the result of the communication he had ordered the Duc d'Orléans to make to the Chambers.

The commissioners, not a little astonished at the "strange blunder" which the Lieutenant-General had committed, returned immediately to Paris and reported the result of their journey to Louis-Philippe. That personage was becoming seriously uneasy at the presence of the royal army so near the capital, for, small as was its numbers at present, it might any day be reinforced, when it might advance upon Paris, or march to the Loire, and become the nucleus of another Vendéen rising. "Charles X. must go!" he said to the commissioners; "he must go immediately! and, in order to compel him, he must be frightened!"

He, accordingly, caused a report to be set on foot that Charles X. was about to march on Paris, and sent orders to Lafayette, who commanded the National Guard, to have the call to arms beaten in every quarter of the city. The fighting impulse was still in full force; the people flew to arms, and in three or four hours an army, the strength of which is variously estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000 men, had assembled in the Champs-Élysées.

It was a motley array, clad in every variety of costume and armed with every description of weapon; in fact, one might have taken it for a masquerade. But it was sufficient for the purpose for which it was intended. There was, indeed, no intention of allowing it to run the risk of a speedy and disastrous defeat, by encountering regular troops on open ground. The orders to General Pajol, who was in command, were to halt at some distance from Rambouillet; while three

of the commissioners, Maréchal Maison, Baron Schonen, and Odilon-Barrot, were to proceed to the château, and, by grossly exaggerating the strength of the Parisian rabble, endeavour to persuade Charles X. that he had no alternative between departure from France and a sanguinary conflict, which must inevitably be the signal for a general civil war.

This impudent bluff was completely successful. While the Duc d'Orléans was reading to the assembled Chambers the letter in which Charles X. abdicated his throne and the Dauphin renounced his right of succession, omitting all mention of the little prince in whose favour these renunciations had been made, Pajol's disorderly mob, having requisitioned every private carriage and public conveyance upon which it could lay its hands, started for Rambouillet. As dusk was falling, the Parisians reached Coignières, about three leagues from Rambouillet. Here they halted and proceeded to bivouac, an advance-guard being sent forward to the village of Trappes, for the purpose of frustrating any attempt on the part of the Royalists to ascertain the strength of the expeditionary force. The commissioners, having been accorded a safe-conduct by Marmont, repaired to the château, and were received by Charles X. With a skilful assumption of emotion, they informed the King that they had come in all haste to implore him to depart immediately and spare France the horrors of further bloodshed, as a great force of armed citizens was marching upon Rambouillet, and, if he persisted in remaining, a terrible conflict was inevitable; and Maréchal Maison, in answer to a question from his Majesty as to the numbers of the approaching force, is said to have assured him, on his word of honour as a soldier, that it must be from sixty to eighty thousand strong.

The King, who could not believe that a marshal of France who had received the bâton from his own hand, was capable of deceiving him, thereupon informed the commissioners that he would let them know his decision in a quarter of an hour, and retired to consult his generals. Some were in favour of giving battle to the insurgents; but Marmont, who had all along been but half-hearted in the royal cause, and was unwilling to compromise himself further with the Revolution, declared himself very dubious as to the result of an engagement, and advised an immediate departure. His advice coincided with

the King's own inclinations, for he shrank from exposing the lives of his faithful soldiers in what he imagined would be an unequal combat; and he believed that a renewal of the bloodshed of the previous week would ruin his grandson's prospects of ever securing the throne. Accordingly, he returned to the commissioners and informed them that he was prepared to accede to their wishes, and Odilon-Barrot joyfully wrote to Pajol: "General, you may arrest your movement; we have just determined the King to depart, by dint of frightening him. His forces were considerable . . . Maréchal Maison estimates that there were not less than ten thousand altogether."¹

Leaving the commissioners, Charles X. returned to the grand salon, and approached the Duc de Noailles.² "My dear duke," said he, "in order to avoid great misfortunes, I have decided to go away. Will you receive us at Maintenon?" The duke bowed respectfully, and, summoning a carriage, hastened off to prepare for the King's reception.

At nine o'clock that evening, the Court quitted Rambouillet, accompanied by the commissioners. The night was very dark, and the road encumbered by fugitives and deserters, and it was not until two o'clock on the morning of August 4 that Charles X., who was on horseback, entered the courtyard of the Château of Maintenon. The château was brilliantly lighted as though for a fête, and the Duc and Duchesse de Noailles awaited their royal guests at the foot of the steps. The King, who looked pale and worn, spoke for a few moments with his hosts, and, aware that the duchess was shortly expecting her confinement, courteously begged her not to exert herself further on his account. Then he was conducted to the apartments formerly occupied by Louis XIV., which had been prepared for his reception, while the Dauphin was lodged in those of Madame de Maintenon. The Duchesse de Berry and her children were accommodated on the *rez-de-chaussée*.

In the morning, the King rose early, and, to the despair of those who had cherished the hope that he would retire to the

¹ In point of fact, they numbered between eight and nine thousand, including seven batteries of horse-artillery; and Pajol afterwards admitted that his Parisians would "have scattered like frightened sparrows" at the first attack.

² Paul, Duc de Noailles (1802-1885). He was the author of an admirable and exhaustive history of Madame de Maintenon, and, in 1849, was elected a member of the Académie-Française, in succession to Chateaubriand. He married, in 1823, Alice de Rochechouart-Mortemart, a sister of the Duc de Mortemart.

Loire and make an attempt at government in the name of Henri V., it was announced that he had definitely decided to quit the shores of France, and that Cherbourg was his destination. Only the Gardes du corps and the *Gendarmerie d'élite* were to accompany him; the Foot Guard regiments and the Hundred Swiss were to march to Chartres or Châlons, to be there disbanded.

A few minutes before the hour fixed for his departure, Charles X., accompanied by the Royal Family, took leave of the troops who were to be left behind. As he thanked them for the fidelity which they had shown him, his voice trembled with emotion, while the Dauphine and the Duchesse de Berry could not restrain their tears. At the conclusion of his speech, the colonels advanced and presented the colours to the King, but the Dragoons of the Guard retained theirs, which they divided into tiny pieces and shared piously between them, as a souvenir of the prince whom they had served with such touching devotion.¹

The royal *cortège* took the road to Dreux, the carriage of the commissioners preceding those of the Royal Family. The peasants along the route manifested no hostility, but it was different at Dreux, where all the public buildings had hoisted the tricolour, and the inhabitants were in a very excited state; and the intervention of the commissioners was necessary to secure the Royal Family admission to the town.

The night of August 4-5 was passed at Dreux, and very early on the following morning the *cortège* resumed its march. Notwithstanding the dismissal of the troops and the departure of a great many of the courtiers, it was still of immense length, for to the long file of carriages which contained the princes and princesses, their Household, and their servants, was joined a prodigious number of waggons and carts loaded with plate, furniture, and luggage. The procession presented a singular mixture of pomp and shabbiness; and behind the magnificent royal coach were fastened several bundles of hay, to serve as fodder for the eight splendid horses which drew it.

The journey was made by short stages, much to the disgust of Louis-Philippe, who could not feel at ease so long as Charles X. was on French territory; and Guizot, who was now Minister of the Interior, wrote to the commissioners complaining

¹ Not a single man of this regiment had deserted.

bitterly of their slow progress. But the old monarch, either from some lingering hope that his grandson might yet be accepted in his stead, or from reluctance to leave the realm which he had lost and the desire to retire from it with all the majesty of a king, refused to accelerate his departure.

It was a melancholy and trying journey. The heat during the first few days was overpowering, and was rendered the more intolerable by the clouds of dust raised by the horses' feet. The accommodation and food at the inns at which they stopped were sometimes very indifferent, and, though the King and the Royal Family were fairly comfortably lodged, the members of their respective suites had sometimes to content themselves with garrets and mattresses or beds of straw. The tricolour flag seemed to be everywhere, and the attitude of the people, though they abstained from any hostile manifestations, and, indeed, occasionally raised their hats as the King passed, indicated very plainly that they endorsed the verdict of the capital.

The faithful General de Reiset, who, on learning of the Revolution, had hastened from Artois to Paris, and thence to Normandy, to offer his services to his Sovereign, came up with the *cortège* on August 10, at a little country-inn a few miles from Falaise, where the Royal Family had stopped to breakfast. In his *Souvenirs*, recently published by his grandson, he has left us an interesting account of his meeting with Charles X., whom he had last seen at Saint-Cloud, a day or two before the Ordinances were signed, surrounded by all the pomp of majesty. "I was admitted to a room on the ground-floor," he writes. "The King was there, seated on a straw chair, before a clumsy table, talking familiarly with several persons. The princes were grouped about him, having for seats only simple benches. It was in this room that his Majesty had just taken his repast with his family. I had difficulty in controlling my emotion, and, in kissing his Majesty's hand, I was only able to stammer a few words, to tell him that I had come to place myself at his orders. 'Ah! my poor Reiset,' said the King to me, sadly, 'who could have supposed, when I saw you at Saint-Cloud, a fortnight ago, that it would be in a place like this that we should meet again!' And, as I endeavoured to reply that all hope was not yet lost, and that many others were ready like myself to shed their blood for the cause of Monarchy, the King rejoined sadly, 'Oh! I know, I know, you are among the good,

and even among the best, my dear Reiset, but what can you do now? You see in what position we are; I have abdicated; I am no longer anything, nor is the Dauphin.' ”

The Court slept that night at Condé-sur-Noireau. This little town passed as very hostile to the royal cause, and the commissioners, who dreaded that a collision might occur between the escort and the inhabitants, had entreated the King to change his route and pass through Caen, where tranquillity was assured. His Majesty, however, declined, and events justified his refusal; for, though the National Guards abstained from rendering any military honour, there was no attempt at a hostile demonstration.¹ The King was lodged in one of the best houses in the town, which the owner, who was a Protestant, had placed at his disposal. This gentleman, fearing that he might not be agreeable to his Majesty on this account, said to him: “Sire, it is a great honour that you condescend to do me; but I ought not to leave you in ignorance that I belong to the Reformed religion.” “Do not excuse yourself, Monsieur,” answered the King, smiling; “it was the religion of Henri IV.”

On the 11th, Charles X. slept at Vire, at the Château of Cotin, where he was received with the greatest respect by the owner, M. Roger; but the tricolour waved above all the public buildings of the towns and created a painful impression. The following day, on arriving at the frontier of the Department of La Manche, the King was met, as much to his surprise as to his gratification, by the prefect, the Comte d'Estourmel, who begged permission to accompany his Majesty to Cherbourg, and offered him the hospitality of his official residence at Saint-Lô. It was here that, thanks to the kindness of Madame d'Estourmel, the Duchesse de Berry was at length able to replace the masculine costume in which she had travelled from Saint-Cloud by more suitable habiliments, and to obtain a change of underlinen.

Carentan was to have been the next stage, but a ridiculous report had been circulated among the inhabitants that Charles X. was advancing with a numerous army to Cherbourg, in order to seize that port and deliver it to Great Britain; and, though

¹ There was, however, great animosity against Marmont, who was advised to remove some of his decorations, so as to escape recognition. It was reported that he had been obliged to change his lodging in the middle of the night, as an attack upon him had been planned.



LOUIS-PHILIPPE I, KING OF THE FRENCH
FROM THE PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER IN THE MUSÉE DE VERSAILLES

the commissioners, who had hastened on in advance of the royal *cortège*, succeeded in reassuring them, it was deemed advisable to push on to Valognes.

In passing through Carentan, Charles X. was informed that the Duc d'Orléans had consummated his usurpation and assumed the title of King of the French. He refused to credit it and spoke of it simply as a rumour; but the news was, of course, only too true.

Between Carentan and Valognes, the country was strongly Royalist in its sympathies, and the peasants, who had gathered in numbers along the road, greeted the Royal Family with cries of "*Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!*" and pressed around the carriage of the little Duc de Bordeaux to kiss his hand. The Duchesse de Berry was greatly moved, and complained bitterly that Charles X. should have abandoned the struggle when he possessed such faithful subjects. "Let us stay here," she cried; "let us cling fast to a tree, to a post, but, for God's sake, let us go no further!" However, it was now too late for repentance, and that evening they reached Valognes, the last stage from Cherbourg, in the midst of pouring rain, which did not tend to raise their spirits.

The Royal Family was lodged at the house of a M. du Mesnildot, where the Empress Marie Louise had stayed in August 1813, when she was on her way to Cherbourg to open the great dock. The unfortunate troops of the escort had to bivouac in the open, for scarcely any shelter was to be obtained in this little town. No complaints, however, were heard from them, and the endurance and fidelity of the Gardes du corps, little accustomed as they were to such privations, were beyond all praise. "Never," writes Marmont, "had a corps displayed a more admirable spirit. Order, respect, and devotion reigned to the very end."¹

It was not until reaching Valognes that the question of Charles X.'s destination, after leaving France, was definitely settled. He had successively proposed to land at Ostend, Amsterdam, and Hamburg; but the French Government, which was determined to drive the dethroned Sovereign not only from France, but from the Continent, prohibited all three. He, therefore, decided to disembark at Portsmouth, and wrote to William IV. to ask for a temporary asylum in his dominions.

¹ *Mémoires.*

Another difficulty had arisen in regard to the vessels which were to transport the exiles across the Channel, since the King absolutely refused to embark in any ship which flew the tri-colour flag. It was finally surmounted by the Government chartering two American vessels lying at Le Havre, the *Great Britain* and the *Claude Carroll*.

The following day, August 14—the Festival of the Assumption—the Court remained at Valognes, and Charles X. sought consolation for his misfortunes in religious exercises. The other members of the Royal Family followed his example, the Dauphine and *Madame* communicating at six o'clock in the church of Valognes.

At midday, a touching ceremony took place. Before parting from his brave and devoted Gardes du corps, who would escort him on the morrow for the last time, the old King desired to take leave of them publicly. All the officers and the twenty-five oldest troopers of each company marched, in full-dress uniform, to the royal lodging, and the captains, in turn, advanced and laid their standards at the feet of the King, who was surrounded by all the Royal Family. His Majesty took the standards and embraced the officers who carried them, and, in a voice broken by emotion, said: "I shall never forget, gentlemen, the proofs of attachment which you have given me. I thank you for your devotion and your fidelity. I take back these standards, which are without stain, with the hope that one day my grandson will restore them to you." The other members of the Royal Family, including the Duc de Bordeaux and *Mademoiselle*, also spoke a word of farewell; and then, as Charles X., anxious to put an end to so painful a scene, was turning away, followed by his relatives, officers and men rushed forward and crowded round them to kiss their hands. In the evening each garde du corps received a copy of the order of the day, published after this touching ceremony, which stated that his Majesty had ordered the muster-rolls of each company to be sent to him, so that the Duc de Bordeaux might preserve the recollection of their devotion.

At nine o'clock the following morning, after taking a similarly affecting farewell of the *Gendarmerie d'élite*, the Royal Family set out on the last stage of its journey. Both Charles X. and the Dauphin had laid aside their uniforms and Orders for civilian dress, a change which announced that the moment of

their departure into exile was close at hand. At one o'clock, the *cortège*, escorted by the Gardes du corps, who still wore their white cockades, entered Cherbourg, where almost every house displayed the tricolour, in honour of the accession of Louis-Philippe, and proceeded, without stopping, through the faubourgs to gain the military port. The streets were crowded, but beyond a few cries of "*À bas la cocarde blanche ! Vive la liberté !*" there was nothing in the nature of a hostile demonstration. The National Guards did not render any military honour, but the officers of the 64th Regiment, detachments of which were stationed at intervals along the route, respectfully lowered their swords.

The port was reached shortly before two o'clock. The Gardes du corps drew up in line facing the sea ; the carriages advanced to a gangway covered with blue cloth, which led to the *Great Britain*, the vessel upon which the Royal Family was to embark, and then stopped. The step of the King's carriage was let down, and Charles X. alighted ; the Dauphin followed, holding the Duc de Bordeaux by the hand ; then came *Mademoiselle*, holding the hand of Madame de Gontaut ; the Dauphine, leaning on the arm of M. de la Rochejaquelein, and the Duchesse de Berry, escorted by another Vendéen noble, the Baron de Charette, "whose name was a prognostic."¹ The Dauphine was dressed entirely in black, and her eyes were red with weeping ; *Madame* had resumed the green redingote and masculine hat which she had worn during the first part of the journey, and carried a little pet dog under her arm.

The commissioners, the maritime prefect, and Captain Dumont-d'Urville, who was to command the *Great Britain*, were awaiting them. The last-named was not in uniform, as he desired to spare the King the sight of the tricolour cockade. The prefect presented him to Charles X., and he inquired to what port his Majesty desired to proceed. The King replied that he had decided to go to Portsmouth, and there await the reply to the letter which he had written to the King of England. In case any difficulty arose, he proposed to go to Palermo. He then had some conversation with the commissioners in regard to his private affairs, and gave them a few lines in his own hand testifying to the courtesy and consideration with which they had discharged their delicate mission.

¹ Lamartine.

The moment had now come for Charles X. to take leave of the faithful adherents—some sixty in all—who had followed him to Cherbourg, but who were not to accompany him into exile. It was a pathetic scene, as one by one they came forward to kiss the hand of the Sovereign who, with all his faults, had been one of the best and kindest of masters. The old King bore the ordeal bravely, as did the Dauphin and Dauphine, but the Duchesse de Berry gave free vent to her grief and sobbed bitterly. At length, it was over, and immediately the last of the courtiers of misfortune had stepped on shore, the gangway was raised, the Gardes du corps presented arms for the last time, and the *Great Britain* and the *Charles Carroll* were towed out into the roadstead, and were soon standing out to sea under a favouring breeze.

For the third time within forty years the Bourbons had passed into exile ; but, this time, there was to be no return !

CHAPTER XXIII

Arrival of the exiled family at Cowes—Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire, is placed at their disposal—Refusal of the British Government to treat them otherwise than as private persons of distinction—Ungenerous attitude of the Press—Sympathy of the Duke of Wellington—Kindness shown by the Marquis of Anglesey and his daughters to the Duchesse de Berry—The Royal Family at Lulworth Castle—Tour made by *Madame* through the West and Midlands—Charles X., persecuted by his old creditors, obtains permission to remove to Holyrood—The Duchesse de Berry in London—She rejoins her relatives in Scotland—Death of her father, Francis I. of the Two Sicilies—Determination of *Madame* to endeavour to recover the Crown for her son, and to play an active part in the projected expedition herself—Extraordinary influence of Sir Walter Scott's novels upon her imagination—Futile efforts of Charles X. to persuade her to renounce her bellicose projects—The title of Regent of France conferred upon her—*Madame* at Bath—She receives enthusiastic promises of support from all parts of France—She sails for Rotterdam *en route* for Italy.

SCARCELY had the *Great Britain* and the *Charles Carroll* passed the mouth of the port than two French ships of war, the *Seine*, a brig of twenty-six guns, and the *Rôdeur*, a cutter of six guns, which had been lying in the roadstead, weighed anchor and followed them. Instructions had been sent to the commander of these two vessels to keep the *Great Britain* in sight until she had reached Portsmouth, the Government of Louis-Philippe being apparently apprehensive lest the exiles should overpower the crew and make for the coast of la Vendée. This precautionary measure had been kept from the knowledge of Charles X., who would certainly have warmly protested against it; and it was not until he was out at sea that his attention was drawn to the presence of the escort.

The short voyage was uneventful, and about two o'clock in the afternoon of August 18 the *Great Britain* arrived at Spithead, whence she was towed to Cowes. Here the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Duchesse de Berry, and the children landed under assumed names, and took up their quarters at an inn; while the Duc de Luxembourg and the Comtes de Choiseul and de Mesnard were despatched to London, to interview the

Duke of Wellington on the subject of the future residence of the Royal Family.

Wellington did not disguise from the deputation that recent events in Paris had produced great excitement in England, and that public feeling was very antagonistic to the Bourbons. It was, he said, therefore, advisable that Charles X., instead of disembarking at Portsmouth, should remain on the *Great Britain* until some country-house near the coast could be found for him, to which he might proceed without the risk of encountering any hostile demonstration. The exiled sovereign had not long to wait, however, as on August 20 Mesnard returned, bringing a letter from William IV., in which he informed him that Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire, had been placed at his disposal, until such time as he should determine in what part of the country he preferred to reside. At the same time, Mesnard was charged by the British Government to intimate to his master that the hospitality of our shores was only extended to him on the understanding that he abandoned all claims to be received with the honours due to his rank.

Certain French historians have declaimed against what they are pleased to style the ungenerous reception accorded the fallen family by the British Government, which they contrast with that received by James II. on his arrival in France in 1688. Nothing could be more absurd. Except that both the Stuart and the Bourbon sovereigns owed the loss of their crowns to their contemptuous disregard of public opinion, the two cases present no parallel. By the France of 1688, James II. was regarded as a martyr in the cause of the religion which was that of the vast majority of Frenchmen, and the Revolution marked the triumph of those principles to which the Government of Louis XIV. was most diametrically opposed. To the England of 1830, Charles X. was a baffled tyrant, who had not scrupled to shed the blood of his subjects in an attempt to violate the Charter and re-establish a system of government which Englishmen had rejected a century and a half ago. In the chief towns throughout the kingdom public meetings were being held "to express satisfaction at the late glorious occurrences in France," that in Edinburgh being presided over by the Lord Provost; while all the leading journals were promoting subscriptions for the benefit of the widows and orphans

of those who had fallen on the three days of July. Again, the successor of James II. was William of Orange, the sworn enemy of France; the successor of Charles X. was Louis-Philippe, with whom England had no quarrel, and whose susceptibilities she was not unnaturally anxious to spare. In such circumstances, it would have surely been both impolitic and ridiculous had William IV. and his Ministers received the exiled Sovereign and his relatives other than as private persons of distinction.

At the same time, it must be admitted that the English journals might well have displayed more generosity towards the fallen family which had come to seek an asylum on our shores. Here, for instance, are the terms in which the *Times* of August 19 announces the arrival of the exiles:

“At length, the once Royal Family of France are arrived on our shores. The King, contrary to former reports, is described as putting on a cheerful aspect; in another journal, however, he is said to have appeared disconsolate. The Duchesse d’Angoulême is said to be absorbed in grief. The Duchesse de Berry and her ill-starred children complete the wretched group. Perhaps, she would have done better to retire to Naples, to her father’s Court: she has committed no crime. With regard to the Bourbons, the chiefs of the family, though the sight or near approach to misery is affecting, we cannot pity them. . . .

“It is an undoubted truth that they have been much more kindly treated than they deserve. We suppose they may be admitted here, so far as their convenience requires, if they wish it, on their passage to another country: their baseness cannot contaminate our soil. It is said that, when they arrived at Cowes, Charles X. did not wish to land till he should hear the determination of the English Government, and that he forwarded a letter to the King of England by some gentlemen of his suite. What the answer of the King or the Government may be we do not, of course, know, but we take it for granted that they can only be received as a private family. It is said that they do not mean to stay here. We are glad of it. But, stay or go, they have, we presume, nothing more to expect than mere strangers.”

And on the following day:

“Nothing we believe has yet transpired with respect to the self-invited guest at Portsmouth. . . We should rather

think that the coolness of his reception here may induce him to put to the test the old proverb which is quoted, about 'going farther.'"

Happily for the credit of the nation, English Society showed far more sympathy for the exiles than the tone of the Press would lead one to suppose. Before the arrival of the deputation which had been despatched to London, Wellington wrote, in his private capacity, a very kind letter to his old friend Madame de Gontaut, assuring her that Charles X. and his family would be at liberty to reside wherever they pleased; Lord and Lady Mornington, who brought the duke's letter to Portsmouth, sent a present of fruit to the royal children; and the Marquis of Anglesey, governor of the Isle of Wight, and his daughters, visited the princesses at Cowes, and showed them every attention, the ladies "going so far as to furnish the Duchesse de Berry with linen and even with dresses, as she had brought nothing away from Paris."¹

Early on the morning of August 23, Charles X. and the Dauphin left the *Great Britain* and embarked on a steamboat, which landed them at Weymouth, whence they proceeded to Lulworth Castle. The princesses and the children joined them there on the following day.

Lulworth Castle—the seat of the old Catholic family of Weld—is situated about three miles from Lulworth Cove, so well known to tourists on the south coast, in the midst of an immense wooded park, surrounded by a high wall, nearly five miles in circumference. On the estate is a Catholic chapel, which is said to have been the first erected in England after the Reformation, and is described by Fanny Burney as a "Pantheon in miniature, ornamented with immense wealth and richness." The old castle presents with its four sombre towers a most imposing appearance, but it was at this period far from a comfortable residence, as it had not been inhabited for years and was in a ruinous condition. Madame de Gontaut, indeed, declares that so bad was the state of some of the bedrooms that, in wet weather, their occupants had to put up umbrellas.

At Lulworth, Charles X. dispensed with all ceremony and lived the life of a simple country-gentleman. To have attempted to keep up even an appearance of royal state would indeed have been absurd, since his private fortune was only a moderate one,

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*.

and until the Duchesse de Berry's silver dinner-service arrived from Rosny he was compelled to make use of a plated one, like an ordinary mortal. Neither he, nor the Dauphin, nor the Duc de Bordeaux, wore any decorations. The King had assumed the name of the Comte de Ponthieu, the Dauphin and Dauphine that of the Comte and Comtesse de Marnes, and the Duchesse de Berry that of the Comtesse de Rosny.

Madame, though sincerely attached to her relatives, found time at Lulworth hang very heavily on her hands, and early in September, accompanied by the inevitable Mesnard and Madame de Bouillé, she set off on a tour through the West and Midlands. She visited Wells, Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Malvern, and Birmingham, and made short stays at several country houses, notably at Kedleston, with Lord Scarsdale, and at Chatsworth, with the Duke of Devonshire, where she heroically refused to dance on account of the misfortunes of her family.

Towards the end of the month, she returned to Lulworth, which the Royal Family shortly afterwards quitted for Holyrood. The reason for this somewhat abrupt departure was the threatening attitude assumed by Charles X.'s old creditors, the commissaries of the Army of Condé, who laid wait for him when he took his walks in the park, and menaced him with legal proceedings if their claims were not satisfied. These claims, it should be mentioned, had already been adjudicated upon by the Paris courts, who had decided in favour of Charles X., but it was possible that the English courts might take a different view of the matter; and, any way, it would be extremely humiliating for the old King to be obliged to appear before them. He accordingly requested permission of the Government to return to his old asylum at Holyrood, and, this being immediately granted, on October 15, 1830, he sailed for Scotland.

Charles X. was accompanied by the Dauphin and Dauphine and the Duc de Bordeaux, but *Mademoiselle*, under the charge of Madame de Gontaut, made the journey by land, as did the Duchesse de Berry, who spent some time in London before proceeding to the North.

In London, the duchess occupied a house adjoining the Neapolitan Legation, and the Ambassador, the Count di Rudolfi, gave a grand dinner-party in her honour, at which the

Duke of Wellington and other distinguished persons were present. This dinner-party gave great umbrage to Talleyrand, who had been appointed the representative of the July Monarchy in London, and who wrote to his Government that the Neapolitan Ambassador did not seem sufficiently to recollect that, if the Duchesse de Berry were the daughter of his Sovereign, the Queen of the French was his sister. He added that the princess "showed herself too much on the promenades and in places of public resort," and that people "found it difficult to understand her position."¹ And, in a subsequent despatch, he expressed his belief that she was in active communication with disaffected persons in Paris and la Vendée, and was probably meditating some attempt against the new dynasty.

In November, *Madame* rejoined her relatives at Holyrood, where, in the words of Victor Hugo, Charles X. had found

"Cette hospitalité melancholique et sombre
Qu'on reçoit et qu'on rend des Stuarts à Bourbons."

The sombre and melancholy hospitality of the old palace of the Scottish Kings, and the dull and monotonous existence which Charles X. lived there, were, as we may suppose, not at all to the taste of a young woman so full of life and energy as the Duchesse de Berry, and she was profoundly bored. The northern winter, too, naturally proved extremely trying to one born under the blue sky of Naples, and she suffered much from rheumatism; while, to make matters worse, the New Year brought the news of the death of her father, Francis I. of the Two Sicilies, to whom she was deeply attached.

"You cannot conceive my grief on learning of the death of my father," she writes, under date January 9, 1831, to her old friend the Comtesse de Meffray. "It is an angel the more in Heaven, and we are much better off there than here. . . . The climate here is not cold, but windy. For a week I have not been able to go out; it is very tedious."²

Tedious as her existence may have been, *Madame*, nevertheless, found plenty to occupy her mind those dreary winter months. For the astute Talleyrand was not deceived in his belief that the princess was meditating some bold project against the new dynasty. The Revolution of July had made of this young woman, hitherto so indifferent to politics, an intriguer,

¹ Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Vendée*.

² E. Thiria, *la Duchesse de Berry*.

a conspirator, of the most ardent kind, and had aroused in her all the passion, the courage, and the determination which she had inherited from her grandmother, Maria Carolina. If Charles X. and the Dauphin regarded the catastrophe which had overtaken them as a decree of Providence, and were indisposed to take any active steps to recover the Crown which they had permitted to slip so easily from them, she absolutely refused to allow the rights of her son to be sacrificed. How could any woman who possessed a spark of maternal pride, she asked, calmly resign herself to the idea that in three days the brilliant future of her child had been permanently changed; that, in place of sitting upon the throne of his ancestors and making for himself an honourable place in history, he must spend the rest of his life as a "pretender"—one of those unfortunate princes whose claims to kingly rank are a source of embarrassment and irritation to the sovereigns who extend to them a grudging hospitality, and of contemptuous amusement to the people over whom they aspire to rule?

"When one has secured the chance of succeeding to the Crown," the Duchesse du Maine had observed in 1714, in discussing the events which might happen after the death of Louis XIV., "one ought rather than suffer it to be snatched from one to set fire to the four corners of the kingdom." The Duchesse de Berry echoed the sentiments of that tempestuous little lady, and, almost from the day of her arrival in England, she had placed herself in communication with the most enterprising spirits of the Legitimist party, with a view to the promotion of a counter-revolution which should hurl the treacherous usurper from his throne and set the Crown upon her son's head.

And in this counter-revolution she herself intended to play an active part. The stories of Jeanne d'Arc, Mary Stuart, Henri IV., Maria Theresa, the Young Pretender, and other picturesque figures in history had always possessed for her a singular fascination, while she had greedily devoured the novels of Sir Walter Scott. At Holyrood she read these wonderful tales again, and the exploits of their Jacobite heroines, studied in so romantic an environment, inflamed her imagination to an extraordinary degree and inspired her with the determination to brave all dangers in her struggle against Fortune. "For her and for many of her partisans," writes Thureau Dangin, "it was

less a question of executing a political design carefully matured than of transporting into the midst of the bourgeois France of 1830 a chivalrous adventure, something resembling the action of one of Walter Scott's tales, which at this time exercised a supreme influence over all romantic minds."¹ A little later, when *Madame* made her appearance in la Vendée, one of her adherents from Nantes said to the members of the Royalist Committee in Paris, who were greatly embarrassed and alarmed by this escapade: "Gentlemen, cause Walter Scott to be hanged, for he is the real culprit."²

Charles X., who believed that where an old man of his experience had failed, a young woman with no knowledge of politics or the difficulties of government could not possibly succeed, was very far from approving of the bellicose projects of his daughter-in-law, and endeavoured to persuade her to renounce them, pointing out that her chance of success was extremely remote, and that she would be incurring the gravest risks to very little purpose. But to *Madame* the prospect of danger in France was infinitely preferable to that of ennui at Holyrood, and the more he sought to discourage her, the more resolute did she become.

Finally, the old King ended by giving a kind of half-consent. He could, indeed, do nothing else, for, since he and the Dauphin had renounced their rights in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux, it was to the mother of the little prince that the majority of Royalists looked for direction; and to refuse altogether to countenance the Duchesse de Berry's plans would have exposed him to the most bitter recriminations from the more ardent section of the party, already irritated by what it considered his pusillanimous withdrawal from France, when he might have fallen back on la Vendée, rallied his adherents around him, and prolonged the struggle indefinitely. Even in his little court at Holyrood, the party which favoured energetic action—that is to say the party of *Madame*—was much more numerous than his own, and, if his pessimistic views were shared by the Dauphin and Dauphine and his now favourite counsellor, the Duc de Blacas, the princess numbered among her supporters the Maréchal de Bourmont—the conqueror of Algiers—three other ex-Ministers in the Baron d'Haussez, the Comte de

¹ *Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet.*

² Chateaubriand, *Mémoires d'outre-tombe.*

Montbel, and the Baron Capelle ; the Duc Armand de Polignac, Damas, Mesnard, and Brissac.

And so he made a virtue of necessity, and on January 27, 1831 conferred conditionally on the princess the title of Regent, in the event of her re-entering France, and signed an order to the following effect :

“M. . . . chief of civil authority in the province of . . . will arrange with the principal leaders to draw up and publish a proclamation in favour of Henri V., in which it will be announced that *Madame*, Duchesse de Berry, will be Regent of the Kingdom during the minority of the King, her son, and that she will assume the title on her entry into France, for such is our will.”

Charles X., however, distrusting the adventurous character of the princess, firmly refused to allow either the Duc de Bordeaux or *Mademoiselle* to accompany their mother, and joined to her as counsellor the Duc de Blacas, with authority to oppose any enterprise which might seem to him too hazardous.

In the early spring, *Madame*, who felt that England would afford her much greater facilities for conspiracy than Scotland, left Holyrood, and, after spending a few days in London, established herself at Bath, in an unpretentious little two-storied house, with Madame de Bouillé, a waiting-woman, and two men-servants. “Such,” writes a correspondent of *la Mode*, “is the habitation of the greatest princess in Europe. Her meals are more frugal than those of the humblest Opposition journalist. She allows herself only a single lamp, and, at night, her staircase is luxuriously lighted by a tallow candle. This noble princess, owner of one of the finest collections of pictures in France,¹ can scarcely place on the walls of her apartment a few wretched engravings. But what does all that matter, provided that the poor of France are still in doubt as to her departure, provided that her hospital at Rosny is not closed, provided that her servants are not reduced to the sad condition of those of Mary Stuart! *Madame* used to give of her superfluities ; now she shares her necessaries. The love of letters, the protection of the arts, the sweet pleasures of an ingenious benevolence, were the occupations of her life in France. Here, she appears to us to

¹ At the end of the previous year, however, *Madame* had sold between thirty and forty of the most valuable pictures in her collection, and, just before coming to Bath, she had also sold her library and a portion of her jewels. All her private property had been scrupulously respected by the insurgents when they invaded the Tuileries.

be devoting herself to higher thoughts, to profound reflections. One might believe that she is preparing herself for the accomplishment of some great task."¹

That there was something of importance in the wind no one who kept their eyes open could entertain much doubt. Bath, during *Madame's* stay, became a kind of Legitimist Mecca ; the comings and goings were incessant ; and the princess spent hours every day in conference with her adherents. All hailed her as the one on whom the hopes of the party were centred ; all professed the most unalterable devotion ; all urged her to action, and assured her that the July Monarchy was already tottering to its fall, and that her reappearance on the scene would be the signal for its overthrow.

And from every part of France came letters, addresses, poetical effusions, the same passionate loyalty, the same boundless confidence. Who can wonder that, in this atmosphere of enthusiasm and of flattery, the head of the Duchesse de Berry should have been a little turned ; that sentiment should have prevailed over reason ; and that she should have been convinced that it was her destiny to raise the royal standard, and drive the criminal usurper from France, as Jeanne d'Arc had driven the English !

Towards the end of May, *Madame* returned to Holyrood to take leave of her relatives. Thence she repaired to London, and on June 18, accompanied by the Duc de Blacas, the Comtes de Mesnard and de Rosambo, and five servants, she sailed for Rotterdam, *en route* for Italy, where she had decided to organise the expedition from which she anticipated such great results.

¹ *La Mode*, May 16, 1831, cited by Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Vendée*.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Duchesse de Berry and her companions arrive at Sestri—The French Ambassador insists on their expulsion from the Sardinian States—*Madame* establishes herself at Massa, where she is treated *en souveraine*—Her letter to her friend the Comtesse de Meffray—She visits Florence, but her expulsion from Tuscany is immediately demanded, and she removes to Lucca—She sets out for Naples, on a visit to her half-brother, Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies—Her stay in Rome—The Count Ettore Lucchesi-Palli—His friendship with *Madame*—Arrival of the princess at Naples—A sad contrast—Second visit of *Madame* to Rome—Her court at Massa—Illusions of the princess and her partisans in regard to the situation of affairs in France—Attitude of *Madame* on the question of foreign intervention on behalf of her son—Her adherents in France urge her to action—She sends orders to the Legitimist leaders to prepare to rise in arms—And departs secretly for Marseilles, on board a Sardinian steamer, the *Carlo Alberto*.

THE Duchesse de Berry and her companions travelled leisurely through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Northern Italy, and in the second week in July arrived at Sestri, on the frontier of the Sardinian States and Tuscany. During their journey they had preserved the strictest incognito, and flattered themselves that their presence in Italy was quite unknown to the Government of Louis-Philippe. But at Genoa, Rosambo, while walking in the street, had been recognised by the French consul, and from that moment they had been kept under close surveillance.

From Sestri, *Madame* opened communications with some of the Legitimist leaders who had established themselves for that purpose at Nice, and everything was proceeding smoothly, when, one fine day, the Baron de Barante, French Ambassador at Turin, sought an audience of the King of Sardinia, informed him that his dominions were the centre of a formidable conspiracy against the French Government, and demanded, as a proof of his Majesty's friendly disposition towards France, the immediate expulsion of the Duchesse de Berry and her partisans from Sardinian territory. Charles Albert, although his sympathies were entirely with the exiled princess, did not care to risk a quarrel with his powerful neighbour, and therefore

intimated to the Duchesse de Berry that, much to his regret, he was unable to grant her an asylum.

Accordingly, on July 27, *Madame* left Sestri, and established herself at Massa. In this town, she was at liberty to conspire to her heart's content, since it was situated in the duchy of Modena, whose sovereign, Francis IV., had declared war to the knife on revolutionaries of every nationality, and was the only prince who still refused to recognise Louis-Philippe. He gave the princess a most cordial reception, placed at her disposal the ducal palace of Massa, and treated her *en souveraine*. A military guard was stationed before her door; she held a little court, and all the principal persons of the town hastened to pay their respects to her. *Madame*, on her side, was delighted to find herself once more in her native land, and treated with the consideration which was her due; and we find her writing to the Comtesse de Meffray:

“You will be astonished, my dear Susette, to learn that I am in our dear Italy. I am going to take the baths of Lucca for my rheumatism. You can conceive the pleasure I have derived from seeing again the beloved country, and hearing the dear mother-tongue, after sixteen years of vicissitudes. Notwithstanding that malicious persons seek to give my journey another destination, I am here to travel through beautiful Italy, to breathe the warm air, and to take the baths, of which I have great need, after breathing so much cold and humid air. We have twenty-three degrees of heat. Adieu, my dear friend, send me your news, and believe in the friendship of

“MADAME GUISEPPE SANNACONI¹

“Poste-restante, Bagni di Lucca.”

From *Madame's* repudiation of the reports which “malicious persons” were circulating as to the object of her journey to Italy, it would appear that she was apprehensive lest this letter might fall into other hands than those for which it was intended; but she might have spared herself this precaution, as, thanks to the indiscretions of her partisans and the vigilance of its own agents, the French Government never entertained the smallest doubt of her designs, and was determined to do everything possible to thwart them. Thus, when, after a course of the baths of Lucca, the princess paid a visit to Florence, she had

¹ Letter of July 31, 1831, in Thirria, *la Duchesse de Berry*.

not been there four days when the French *chargé-d'affaires*, the Comte de Ganay, demanded and obtained her expulsion from Tuscany. The Grand Duke Leopold, like Charles Albert, feared to offend the government of Louis-Philippe.

From Florence, the Duchesse de Berry returned to Massa, but at the beginning of September removed to Lucca. As no French diplomatic agent was accredited to that little Court, she was not molested, and the Duke—whose son Ferdinand was afterwards to marry *Mademoiselle*—and his Ministers showed her every attention.

While at Lucca, the princess wrote to her half-brother, Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies, expressing a wish to pay a brief visit to Naples, of course, incognito. His Majesty, though in reality much embarrassed by this letter—he subsequently took the precaution to assure the French Ambassador that not the slightest political significance need be attached to his sister's visit—answered that he would be delighted to receive her; and, at the end of October, she set out for Naples, accompanied by Mesnard and Brissac. On her way, *Madame* stopped for a fortnight in Rome, much to the alarm of the Papal officials, who hastened to assure the Ambassador of Louis-Philippe that every possible care should be taken to prevent the presence of the princess being made the occasion of any manifestations displeasing to the French Government. These precautions, however, were quite unnecessary, as the proscribed lady preserved the strictest incognito, and consented to receive very few visitors.

One of those in whose favour she made an exception was a young Neapolitan diplomatist, the Count Ettore Lucchesi-Palli. The count, who was at this time in his twenty-sixth year, was a member of one of the most distinguished families of Naples, which traced its descent from one of the Norman barons who had conquered the Two Sicilies in the eleventh century. His father, the Prince of Campo-Franco, had been First Gentleman of the Chamber to Francis I., and was now Grand-Chancellor of the Two Sicilies. He himself had been educated for the priesthood, with the intention, no doubt, of blossoming into an archbishop or a cardinal at no very distant date, but had eventually decided on a diplomatic career, and had been attached to the Sicilian Legations in Brazil and Spain.

The Count Lucchesi had a great deal to recommend him

besides his ancient lineage. He was a tall, handsome, distinguished-looking young man, with cultured tastes and most agreeable manners—"en tout point un charmant cavalier."¹ Nor did he lack solid qualities. He was an extremely promising diplomatist, and the following year received the appointment of *chargé-d'affaires* at The Hague, and a brave, chivalrous, and honourable gentleman.

The count and *Madame* were very old friends; they had been children together in Sicily, and appear to have met more than once subsequently in Paris. He came to wait upon her nearly every day, and was always admitted. What more natural? Had they not known each other as boy and girl, and might not a princess who was travelling incognito be permitted a little latitude? "He appeared very attached to *Madame*," writes Mesnard, "and the recollection of their relations in childhood rendered him equally dear to her." How dear, poor old Mesnard was to discover to his cost a little later on!

The Duchesse de Berry reached Naples on November 18, and received a very cordial welcome from Ferdinand II. and the Royal Family. She was lodged in the Palazzo Chiatamone, where she was visited by the Ministers and the principal persons of the Court; but, since she had come incognito, there were, of course, no official presentations. Great as was her delight to be once more in Naples and in the midst of her family, the sight of her native city can scarcely have failed to inspire sad reflections. She had left it, nearly sixteen years earlier, a happy young girl, with the most splendid of prospects before her. She returned the widow of a murdered prince, the mother of an exiled one, an outcast from the country whose queen she had expected one day to be, her footsteps dogged, her every movement watched, by the minions of a usurper, obliged even to forgo the consideration to which her rank entitled her in order to save her relatives from embarrassment and annoyance.

On December 4, *Madame* took an affectionate leave of her relatives, who were perhaps not quite so reluctant to see her depart as would have been the case in ordinary circumstances, and set out on her return-journey to Massa, where she was to complete the preparations for her expedition to France. On her way, she passed some days in Rome, where the charming Count Lucchesi-Palli was again much in evidence, and paid her

¹ *Souvenirs du Comte de Mesnard.*

Royal Highness the most assiduous attentions. But neither Mesnard, nor Brissac, nor the princess's *dame pour accompagner*, Madame de Podenas, who had joined her mistress at Naples, appears to have had the slightest suspicion how far this intimacy had progressed. On December 14—a date which, as we shall see hereafter, was a very important one in the princess's life—the Duchesse de Berry left Rome for Massa, where her partisans were impatiently awaiting her return.

During the next four months, *Madame* held at Massa a little court, "which resembled at once the Coblenz of the *émigrés* and the Paris of the Fronde."¹ Politicians of the Restoration, young men burning to repair the discreditable inaction of the Legitimists during the days of July, young women of the fashionable world, conspired there gaily and foolishly. There was the Duc de Blacas; the Maréchal de Bourmont and his two sons, Charles and Adolphe; the Comte and Vicomte de Kergorlay; the Vicomte de Saint-Priest, formerly Ambassador of Charles X. at Madrid, and his wife; the Comte de Rochefontenelles, a former officer of the Royal Guard; the Marquis and Marquise de Podenas; the Comte and Comtesse de Bouillé; Mesnard, Brissac, and Rosambo.

Blacas, who was at Massa less as a partisan of *Madame* than as the representative of Charles X., disapproved strongly of the princess's projects, and warned her that the inhabitants of the southern provinces were much too fickle in their political sympathies for any reliance to be placed in them, and that the la Vendée of 1832 was no longer the la Vendée of 1793. But the more enterprising spirits of the little court of Massa scouted the very idea of defeat, and represented the old diplomatist as a pusillanimous creature, who, if he were allowed to have his way, would paralyse her heroism and destroy every chance of another Restoration; and at the beginning of 1832 she sent him to Scotland, on the pretext of obtaining the official adhesion of Charles X. to her project.

Once delivered from the remonstrances of this prudent counsellor, *Madame* began active preparations for her expedition. Every day she took a walk of several miles, in order to accustom herself to the fatigues which she might be called upon to endure, while her nights were passed in writing or deciphering despatches. Her confidence passed all bounds; in imagination, she already

¹ Henri Martin, *Histoire de France*.

saw herself ruling at the Tuileries in the name of Henri V., and, in anticipation of this glorious moment, she proceeded to draft a number of Ordinances. One appointed a provisional government, which was to consist of Maréchal Victor, Duc de Bellune, the Marquis de Pastoret, Chateaubriand, and the Comte de Kergorlay; another convoked the States-General at Toulouse; a third re-established the old provinces, with extended local liberties; a fourth abolished part of the indirect taxes; and so forth. Nothing was forgotten, not even the minor nominations to the Household of the young King.¹

It must be admitted that the illusions entertained by *Madame* and her friends at Massa were not without excuse. Louis-Philippe had now definitely severed himself from the Republican party, and had thus succeeded in conciliating the legitimist States of Europe. But his reactionary policy was most unpopular with the working-classes in France, and their discontent had found expression in formidable insurrections at Lyons and Grenoble, which might at any moment be repeated on a much greater scale in the capital. The attitude of the Republicans had naturally afforded much encouragement to the Legitimists, and the reports which they despatched to Massa held out the most brilliant hopes. They represented that not only the South and West, but Paris itself, was ready to rise on behalf of the young King. In la Vendée, the fire-eating Baron de Charette—husband of the younger daughter of the Duc de Berry by Amy Brown—had organised a general levy of the peasants, and had divided all the country into military districts, at the head of which the nobles had placed themselves. At Nantes, at Angers, at Rennes, at Lyons, at Bordeaux, at Marseilles, and other towns, the Legitimist agents had distributed large sums of money, and had enrolled a great number of civil servants and military officers of the Restoration, adventurers, and unemployed working-men. The mass of the people, according to them, was so disgusted with the Government that, even if it did not render active assistance to the movement, it would not stir a finger to oppose it; while the Army was so full of disaffection that the first success of the Duchesse de Berry would probably be the signal for it to come over to her *en masse*. In a word, the throne of the usurper was ready to crumble at the slightest shock.

¹ Thureau-Dangin, *Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet*.



LOUIS AUGUSTE VICTOR DE BOURMONT, COMTE DE GHAINNE.
MARÉCHAL DE FRANCE
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY DELPECH

“The disaffection,” ran one of these reports, “is daily making fresh progress. The violent repression to which the Government has been obliged to have recourse, in order to resist so many attacks, has not failed to excite great indignation. At the same time, amid the generality of the population, disenchantment has succeeded to enthusiasm. None of the Utopias which the Opposition has cherished for the past fifteen years has been realised. So many promises culminating in so many lies, so many sacrifices without compensation, have produced in the minds of those who had at first welcomed the new *régime*, a sort of political atheism, accompanied by a profound indifference. In the midst of this general apathy, *Madame*, having on her side the ardent devotion of the southern provinces and the warlike sympathies of la Vendée, will be able to attempt everything, and to change everything in France, by a bold *coup de main*. The spirit of the Army is uncertain and wavering. A first success will bring about defections, and, once a regiment has passed under the banners of her Royal Highness, the question will be settled.”¹

It has been asserted that the hopes of the Duchesse de Berry did not rest entirely on the success of her intrigues in France; that she had endeavoured to procure the armed intervention of the Powers, and that she believed her appearance in the South would be the signal for a foreign invasion. This is quite untrue. As her letters to her friend the Comtesse de Meffray prove, the idea that her son should owe his crown to foreign armies was most repugnant to her. “To see my son re-established on the throne by the foreigner,” she writes, “is an idea which I cannot endure, and I do not know whether I should not prefer that he never returned.”

So far from desiring another invasion, she considered that a counter-revolution was the only means of averting it, for, very ill-informed in regard to the relations between the Government of Louis-Philippe and the Powers, she believed that it was impossible for the latter to tolerate such acts as the occupation of Ancona, and that war was only a question of months, or perhaps weeks: “There is nothing but my presence in France, at the head of the French, regulating, in accord with them, the rights of my son, which can preserve our country from this disaster.”

¹ Published by Nettement, *Mémoires sur Madame, la duchesse de Berri*.

At the same time, provided that a considerable proportion of the nation rallied to her standard, she considered that it would then be perfectly justifiable to accept the assistance of the Powers to terminate, in her son's favour, the civil war in which she was about to engage : and she was confident that such assistance would be forthcoming. "It is one thing," she continues, "to see the Powers come to my aid and assist in an enterprise which has been opened successfully ; it is another to summon the foreigner purely and simply to re-establish Legitimacy. All the monarchies are solid in support of each other, and, if the white banner is raised by me, and sustains and prolongs the struggle, is not it their duty to avenge Legitimacy against a criminal usurper ?"¹

As spring approached, the Duchesse de Berry's partisans in France grew more confident and more impatient. Charette wrote from la Vendée that "every day that she delayed was a day stolen from the heritage of her son" ; while the Royalists of Paris declared that, if she did not hasten, they would begin the movement without her. *Madame* decided that the time for action had come, and on April 20, 1832, the Maréchal de Bourmont, to whom the military command of the movement had been entrusted, despatched, in her name, orders to the Legitimist leaders in the towns of the West to be ready to rise in arms the moment they were informed of her arrival on French soil, adding that such news might be expected during the first three days in May.

Contrary to the advice of Charette and the Amazonian Comtesse de la Rochejaquelein, it had been decided to subordinate the movement in the West to the rising of the South. *Madame* had resolved to land near Marseilles ; and it was that city, which had been the first to welcome her on her arrival in France sixteen years before, which was to be given the honour of striking the first blow in the cause of her son.

On April 23, the Vicomte de Saint-Priest, posing as a Spanish nobleman, chartered, at Leghorn, a little Sardinian steamer, the *Carlo Alberto*, to convey him and his suite to Barcelona and Gibraltar. At ten o'clock on the night of the 24th, the Duchesse secretly quitted the palace at Massa, and accompanied by Brissac, Mesnard, her *femme d'atours* Mlle. Lebesch, and Madame de Saint-Priest, walked to a lonely spot on the

¹ E. Thirria, *la Duchesse de Berry*.

coast some four miles distant, whence a fisherman's boat conveyed the princess and the first three to the *Carlo Alberto*. Madame de Saint-Priest, charged with the task of concealing the princess's departure, returned to Massa, and, a few days later, relates the incidents of that eventful night in a letter to her father, the Duc de Caraman :

“ If you had seen her furtively quitting her residence, leaning on Brissac's arm, gain on foot the beach, four miles distant from the palace, and there await the boat with a calm and good conscience ; sleeping for three hours wrapped in her sable cloak, while awaiting the boat that was to come to fetch her ; then, in a fisherman's barque, gain the ship, where she was received with acclamations by all the French who were expecting her, you would have felt your heart beat with admiration, and, if you had wanted for courage, she would, by her example, have inspired the most timid, as I was. I kissed her hands and bathed them with my tears, and she said to me : ‘ I shall take great care of your husband ; we have God on our side. Look at the weather, it is superb ; we shall be there in forty-five hours.’ ”¹

Madame and her companions found awaiting them on the deck of the *Carlo Alberto* the Vicomte de Saint-Priest ; the Maréchal de Bourmont and his two sons, Adolphe and Charles ; the Comte and Vicomte de Kergorlay ; Adolphe Sala, a former officer of the Royal Guard, and two other adventurous spirits, Édouard Ledhuy and Alexis Sabatier. The captain of the steamer, a Genoese named Giorgio Zahra, who appears to have had no suspicion of the identity of his passengers, was considerably astonished when, as soon as Signora Rosa Itagliano—as *Madame* called herself—had come on board, he was directed to make, not for Barcelona, but for Marseilles. However, he obeyed, and the *Carlo Alberto* stood away for the coast of Provence.

¹ Published by Thirria, *la Duchesse de Berry*

CHAPTER XXV

Arrival of the *Carlo Alberto* off Marseilles—A perilous landing—The Duchesse de Berry and her companions take refuge in a gamekeeper's hut amidst the woods, to await the promised rising at Marseilles—A sleepless night—A comic-opera insurrection—"All has failed; you must leave France!"—*Madame* refuses to accept defeat, and insists on setting out for la Vendée—A night's journey on foot—A chivalrous Republican—*Madame* and her companions reach the Château of Bonrecueil—The Government, under the delusion that the princess is still on board the *Carlo Alberto*, despatches a cruiser in pursuit of that vessel—Capture of the *Carlo Alberto*—Mlle. Lebesch, *femme d'atours* to *Madame*, is mistaken for her mistress—Arrival of the *Carlo Alberto* at Toulon: absurd situation—The authorities order the supposed Duchesse de Berry to be conducted to Ajaccio, where the mistake is discovered—Total ignorance of the Government as to the whereabouts of the princess: letter of the Minister of the Interior to the Minister of the Marine.

THE voyage, much to the vexation of the adventurous princess and her companions, occupied nearly twice as long as she had anticipated; and it was not until the night of April 28-29 that they sighted the Planier lighthouse, near which they had decided to land. They had arranged that a fishing-boat should be in readiness at this spot to take them on shore; but the night was pitch dark, and a gale had sprung up, which threatened considerable danger to any light craft, and for some time they hesitated to signal to it. However, it was imperative to land before dawn, for not far off they perceived the lights of a cruiser, which had been ordered to watch the coast. Accordingly, after waiting until two o'clock in the morning, in the hope of an improvement in the weather, they displayed two lanterns at the masthead, as a signal to their friends on shore, and the boat immediately put off. The sea was running so high that she was dashed violently against the *Carlo Alberto's* side and very nearly swamped. Nevertheless, as soon as she had been baled out, the Duchesse de Berry sprang boldly into her, followed by the Maréchal de Bourmont and his son Charles, Brissac, Mesnard, and the Comte de Kergorlay; and, after a very unpleasant quarter of an hour, they found themselves safe upon French soil.

One of the leaders of the Marseilles Legitimists was await-

ing them, and conducted them along a narrow path, known to few save smugglers, to a gamekeeper's hut, hidden amidst the woods, where they were to await the result of the rising which was preparing in the city. The distance was not great, but the darkness was intense, and the road so rough that day was already beginning to break when, wet, bruised, and exhausted, the princess and her companions reached their destination.

Among all the singular instances of the vicissitudes of fortune which history affords, few are more striking than the contrast presented by the arrival of the Duchesse de Berry at Marseilles in May 1832, amid the ringing of church-bells, the firing of cannon, the waving of flags, and the acclamations of an immense multitude, and her arrival on that dark and stormy April night, sixteen years later. But the valiant princess hoped and believed that, ere many hours had passed, she would make another triumphal entry into the Phœcean city. All that day she remained in the hut, but with the evening there came a messenger with a note, which informed her that the rising of the Legitimists of Marseilles had been fixed for daybreak on the morrow.

Madame did not close her eyes the livelong night. "It seemed to her," writes *Nettement*, "that time was no longer passing, and the hands of her watch, which she consulted every minute, appeared motionless on the dial."¹ At length, the dawn came creeping through the trees—the dawn which was to witness the movement which, she confidently believed, would set the South on fire from the Alps to the Atlantic. Slowly the hours went by, but no news came from Marseilles. Could it be, the poor lady asked herself, that something had occurred which had rendered it necessary to postpone the rising? Could it be that, after all the confident predictions of success that she had received, it had failed? Why, in any case, did they not communicate with her, and spare her this horrible suspense? At length, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the long-expected messenger arrived, with a note from the Duc des Cars. Trembling with eagerness, she tore it open. It contained only a few words; but they seemed to leap up and strike her in the face—

"All has failed; you must leave France!"

¹ *Mémoires sur Madame, la duchesse de Berri.*

But let us see what had happened that morning at Marseilles.

For some time past, the French Government had observed at Marseilles and other towns in the South symptoms which foreshadowed a Legitimist rising; and it was also aware that persons known to be attached to this party had been constantly passing to and fro between Paris, these towns, and Italy. Finally, its agents at Leghorn had reported that the Duchesse de Berry was in treaty for the purchase of the *Carlo Alberto*, though it was not until the previous night that news reached the authorities of Marseilles that the vessel in question, with the Maréchal de Bourmont and other Legitimists on board, had quitted Leghorn. These circumstances pointed very plainly to a descent by the Massa exiles, with, in all probability, the Duchesse de Berry herself at their head, upon the Mediterranean coast, followed by a rising in one or other of the chief towns in the South, the authorities of which were, in consequence, fully prepared for such an emergency.

Thus, in any case, the partisans of *Madame* would have found the task before them one of exceptional difficulty, for secrecy is nearly always an important factor in a successful insurrection; but the utter lack of organisation and cohesion amongst them, to say nothing of personal courage, rendered it altogether hopeless.

Towards dawn, a number of Legitimists began assembling on the Esplanade de la Tourette, for, through some extraordinary misunderstanding, a rumour had been circulated that the Maréchal de Bourmont was to land there and assume command. A few of the bolder spirits carried muskets, but the greater part had preferred to arm themselves only with knives and pistols—weapons which could easily be concealed.

After waiting a considerable time, without seeing any sign of the marshal's approach, part of the crowd dispersed, under the impression that no rising would take place that day. Of the rest, one section proceeded along the quays, hauled down the tricolour from two or three public buildings, and tore it to shreds; while the other marched to the Church of Saint-Laurent, in the Old Town, with the intention of sounding the tocsin. The verger, however, refused to produce the key of the

belfry, so the conspirators had to content themselves with hoisting a white flag.

About eight o'clock, another band, which had apparently been waiting for the arrival of the gentlemen who were disporting themselves on the quays and in the Old Town, marched through the streets of the Quartier Saint-Jean, to occupy the Palais de Justice. The insurgents carried a white flag and raised shouts of "*Vive Henri V. ! Vive la religion ! Vive la croix !*" Their ranks were soon swelled by a crowd of idlers and women, but the majority of the population manifested no enthusiasm and made no attempt to join them. The fact was that the leaders of the conspiracy had been so fearful of a premature revelation of their plans that they had only admitted a comparatively small number of persons into the secret; and even the most violent antagonists of a government can scarcely be expected to take up arms against it at a few minutes' notice.

On reaching the Palais de Justice, they found a half-company of the 13th Regiment of the Line on guard there. The officer in command, a sub-lieutenant named Chazal, called upon the crowd to disperse, and, finding his summons unheeded, pounced upon a gentleman who, from the violence of his gesticulations, appeared to be the leader, seized him by the collar, and dragged him off to the guard-house, while his men arrested two or three others. Disconcerted by the fate of their leaders, the rest of the valiant band suddenly recollected important engagements elsewhere and dispersed.

While this little comedy was being played in front of the Palais de Justice, the commandant of Marseilles, with a few soldiers, marched into the Old Town, and restored the tricolour to its accustomed place on the Church of Saint-Laurent, the partisans of the opposition flag watching the operation from a safe distance, without attempting any interference. By nine o'clock, the troops of the garrison and the National Guards were all under arms and clamouring to be led against the insurgents. But there were no insurgents against whom to lead them. They had all gone home to breakfast!

And so ended the comic-opera insurrection of Marseilles.

"All has failed; you must leave France!" ran the note which had informed the Duchesse de Berry of the ignominious

collapse of the movement from which she had expected so much. It was sage advice, for, since the Legitimists of Marseilles had been unable to effect anything beyond covering themselves with ridicule, those of the other towns of the South were very unlikely to bestir themselves. *Madame*, however, repudiated it with indignation. What! Leave France within forty-eight hours of her return! Accept defeat because the first move in the game she was playing had gone against her! Never had she heard a more disgraceful proposition! Besides, how were they to leave France? The *Carlo Alberto* had sailed for Rosas, in Catalonia, to avoid the too pressing attentions of the French cruiser, and, now that the alarm had been given, the coast would be most vigilantly guarded, and, in all probability, the roads to the Italian frontier as well. There was, she declared, but one course to pursue, and honour and expediency both pointed to it: they must take refuge in the country of Charette and of Cathelineau, and start that very night. La Vendée remained to her; la Vendée was waiting to rise in arms the moment it received her orders; to la Vendée she must go!

Her companions endeavoured to persuade her to remain where she was, representing that they had neither horse, nor mule, nor carriage. She replied that she was an excellent walker, and, rather than fail in her engagements, would make the entire journey on foot. "If I abandon la Vendée to-day," she added, "it will be able to address to me the reproaches which it has had the right to address to more than one member of the family. I have promised it that it can count on me, and it is counting. Forward!" And, as soon as darkness had fallen, she took leave of her humble host and set out on her journey across France.

The princess was accompanied by Bourmont, Mesnard, Brissac, and two Provençal Legitimists, the Vicomte de Ville-neuve-Bargemont and Auguste de Bonrecueil, son of the Baron de Bonrecueil. The baron's château was situated near Lambesc, in the department of the Bouches-du-Rhône, and, if *Madame* could reach it without being recognised, the most perilous part of her journey would be over, as Bonrecueil was an important local personage, who would no doubt be able to procure her a passport under an assumed name. The way was rough and dangerous, and the night so dark that they could scarcely see

a yard in front of them. But it was of the utmost importance to get as far as possible from Marseilles before dawn, and accordingly they trudged on for five hours. Then the guide whom the gamekeeper had procured for them declared that he had lost his way, and, as the princess was by this time so tired that she could scarcely put one foot before the other, they decided to remain where they were until the morning. Her companions took off their cloaks and spread them on the ground; and *Madame* lay down, with a valise for her pillow, and was soon asleep.

She awoke in a little while and complained that she was perishing of cold. Her friends, greatly alarmed, began searching for some place where she could take shelter, and eventually discovered a deserted hut, used by the shepherds of the neighbourhood in bad weather. Here they lighted a fire of turf and furze, and *Madame* was able to pass the remainder of the night in comparative comfort.

In the morning, they succeeded in procuring a little cart, in which the princess continued her journey; but, when night fell, they were still many miles from the Château of Bonrecueil. After the hardships she had endured since her arrival in France, *Madame's* companions felt that it was impossible to expose her to another night in the open, and learning from their guide that there was a fervent Royalist living in an adjacent village, they determined to take shelter with him. When, however, they reached the house, they found that he was away from home.

The travellers were at a loss what to do, when the guide informed them that the absent Royalist had a brother living close at hand, who was, however, a confirmed Republican. *Madame* inquired if he were an honourable man, and, on being told that he had that reputation, at once announced her intention of going to him, disclosing her identity, and appealing to his chivalry. Her companions endeavoured to reason with her, but to no purpose, and, with many misgivings, they followed her to the house. "Monsieur," exclaimed the princess, as soon as the owner appeared, "you are a Republican, I know; but no political opinions can be applied to a proscribed woman. I am the Duchesse de Berry, and I am come to ask you for an asylum." Her host, after recovering from his first astonishment, bowed respectfully, and informed her that his house was at her disposal, and that she might count upon him as she

would have counted upon his brother. He, in fact, entertained them most hospitably, and obtained a carriage for *Madame*, in which, at five o'clock on the following afternoon, she arrived safely at the Château of Bonreueil.¹

Notwithstanding the assistance rendered her by this chivalrous Republican—whose name, by the way, was never permitted to transpire—the Duchesse de Berry might not have found it so easy to escape recognition during the first stage of her journey, if the Government had entertained the least suspicion as to her whereabouts. But so far from imagining that she was making for la Vendée, the Ministers and the authorities of Marseilles, as their correspondence proves, did not even know that she was in France. They believed, on the contrary, that she was still on the *Carlo Alberto*, and, by the direction of the Minister of Marine, a cruiser, the *Sphinx*, was despatched in pursuit of that interesting vessel.

The *Carlo Alberto*, after touching at Rosas, was on her way back to Marseilles, doubtless with the intention of landing the rest of her passengers whenever a favourable opportunity should present itself. On the evening of May 4, she had just anchored under the Île-Verte, in the bay of la Ciotat, to obtain coal and provisions, when the cruiser, which had been vainly searching for her for the last three days, made her appearance upon the scene, lowered a boat, and sent two officers on board.

The officers found Saint-Priest, the Vicomte de Kergorlay, Adolphe de Bourmont, Sala, and Mlle. Lebesch, *femme d'autours* to the Duchesse de Berry, at dinner on the bridge, all of whom, of course, gave the names which they had assumed for the occasion. They questioned the captain and the supercargo, and the answers returned were so unsatisfactory as to leave no doubt that this was the vessel of which they were in quest. Accordingly, the cruiser took her in tow and proceeded to Toulon.

And now began a most diverting little comedy.

Mlle. Lebesch, in both features and build, was not unlike her mistress, and the commander of the *Sphinx*, who had never seen *Madame*, was persuaded that the lady he had captured was none other than the Duchesse de Berry. He wrote to

¹ *Souvenirs du Comte de Mesnard*. General Dermancourt (*la Vendée et Madame*) says that *Madame* went alone to the house, but Mesnard's account is to be preferred.



MLLE. MATHILDE LEBESCHU

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY BAZIN, AFTER THE PAINTING BY E. FECHNER

that effect to the maritime prefect of Toulon, who, in his turn, sent the following telegraphic despatch to the Minister of Marine :—

“The woman who is on board occupies the principal cabin. She is the object of the greatest deference. The vessel is most luxuriously furnished ; its interior is covered with the Arms of the Duc de Bordeaux. The lady’s cabin is decorated with green and white curtains. The description which has been given me of her person inclines me to think that she may be the Duchesse de Berry.”

It is a little doubtful if Mlle. Lebeschu had received instructions from her mistress to impersonate her ; but, from the fact that she occupied the best cabin on the steamer, and was “the object of the greatest deference,” it would appear that she had. Any way, she was quick to appreciate the assistance she would be rendering *Madame* by confirming her captors in their illusion, and played her part so admirably that they were soon quite convinced that she was the princess.

A rumour that the Duchesse de Berry was on board the captured vessel soon spread through Toulon and created intense excitement. The authorities were accused of endeavouring to keep the presence of the princess a secret, in order to allow her to escape ; and a number of the National Guards announced their intention of boarding the *Carlo Alberto* and making her their prisoner. In great alarm, the maritime prefect ordered the *Sphinx* to proceed with her prize to Ajaccio, where the investigations could be conducted in a calmer atmosphere. There the mystery was at length solved, by the arrival of an officer who had been well acquainted with *Madame*, and who at once declared that the mysterious lady was not the princess.

This intelligence greatly embarrassed the Government, which had just despatched a frigate to Ajaccio to convey the supposed Duchesse de Berry to her anxious relatives in Scotland ; and was, in consequence, being unmercifully ridiculed by all the Opposition journals. If the lady at Ajaccio was not the Duchesse de Berry, what, in wonder’s name, had become of the princess ?

“General Damremont,” writes d’Argout, Minister of the Interior, to his “dear colleague” of the Marine, under date May 10, “announces as certain that it is not the Duchesse de Berry who was on board the Genoese steamer. It is urgent and

indispensable to ascertain what has become of her. Can she have remained at Massa? Can she have gone to Leghorn? Can she have secretly disembarked in the environs of la Ciotat? Can she be concealed on some other part of the [Spanish] frontier coast? Finally, can she have decided to gain Rosas or Barcelona, in order to get to the Atlantic and expose the shores of our western departments to the same disturbances and enterprises with which the South has just been menaced?"

And he expresses his opinion that not only the coasts of Provence, Hérault, and Catalonia, but the North of Spain and the Atlantic coast of France as far as la Vendée, should be patrolled by cruisers.

"It is possible," he continues, "that the appearance of the steamer before Marseilles and Toulon was merely a demonstration—a sort of ruse of war, and the real object of the authors of the conspiracy was to throw themselves on Brittany or la Vendée."¹

On the same day, Louis-Philippe, also much perturbed at the disappearance of the princess, wrote to the same Minister: "I believe it to be essential that you should establish cruisers and have the coast watched from Marseilles to Rosas, for I presume that the Duchesse de Berry is in Catalonia."

¹ Archives de la Marine, published by Charles Nauroy, *la Duchesse de Berry*.

CHAPTER XXVI

Journey of the Duchesse de Berry to la Vendée—A titled coachman—The princess arrives at the Château of Plassac, near Saintes—Incidents of the journey—Review of the situation in la Vendée since the July Revolution—Decision of the la Fétellière conference of September 1831—*Madame's* proclamation—She issues orders to her adherents to take up arms on May 24—She leaves Plassac for the Château of Preuille, near Montaigu, where she assumes masculine attire—Narrow escape of the princess from drowning in crossing the Moine—Arrival at Bellecour with Charette and Mesnard—Letter addressed to her by certain Vendéen chiefs entreating her to countermand her orders for May 24—Refusal of the princess—She is compelled to fly from Bellecour—A night in a stable—The Château of Louvardière—Le Magasin—*Madame* receives further protests against the rising from the Vendéen leaders, but they fail to shake her resolution—Arrival of the advocate Berryer, who has induced the Maréchal de Bourmont to issue a counter-order—And endeavours to persuade the princess to abandon the enterprise and leave France—*Madame* consents, but soon recalls her decision—Council of war at le Meslier—Issue of a new order fixing the rising for the night of June 3-4.

WHILE the Government were seeking the Duchesse de Berry along the Mediterranean coast, the object of its quest was making her way to la Vendée. On May 3, she left the Château of Bonrecueil, in a calash, accompanied by Villeneuve-Bargemont, Mesnard, and the Comte de Lorge, whom she had found there. *Madame* passed as the wife of Villeneuve-Bargemont, who was not unlike her, and for whom a passport had been procured; Mesnard wore a peruke, which rendered him quite unrecognisable; while Lorge was disguised as the coachman, in which character he showed a coolness and an address which extricated the party from more than one embarrassment. They travelled day and night, only stopping for meals or to change horses; passed through Tarascon, Nîmes, Montpellier, Narbonne, Carcassonne, Toulouse, Moissac, Agen, Bergerac, Sainte-Foy, Libourne, and Blaye, and arrived on the night of May 4 at the Château of Plassac, near Saintes, the seat of the Marquis Aymar de Dampierre, one of her most zealous partisans.

The journey had not been free from alarms. Soon after

leaving the Château of Bonrecueil, the travellers had aroused the suspicions of a gendarme, who had followed them for several hours and then suddenly disappeared ; and at an inn at Toulouse, where they had stopped to dine, a man had, greatly to *Madame's* consternation, recognised her. He proved, however, to be a fervent Royalist, and, on learning of her destination, told her that la Vendée was already full of troops, and begged of her to go no farther, offering her the shelter of his own house. But the princess replied that the troops would never fire upon her, and that, besides, she had burned her boats and would have difficulty in leaving France, even if she wished to do so.

It may be as well to say a few words here about the condition of affairs in la Vendée since the July Revolution ; and by la Vendée must be understood not only the department of that name, but the adjoining departments of Loire-Inférieure and Maine-et-Loire, on the North, and of Deux-Sèvres, on the East.

The la Vendée of that period, as Blacas had warned the Duchesse de Berry, was certainly not the la Vendée which had struggled so heroically against the armies of the Convention. Between the nobles and the peasants a new class had sprung up in the owners of national property, and there were few landed proprietors who had not left some shreds of their inheritance in the hands of the Revolution. Numbers of Vendéens, too, had served as conscripts in the wars of the Empire, and if they had gone reluctantly, they had fought bravely enough, and no longer regarded the tricolour with the hatred with which it had inspired their fathers ; while the spread of education, and the improved means of communication between the West and Paris, had contributed to the weakening of the old prejudices and to the development of the new ideas. Nevertheless, the great mass of the rural population was still profoundly Legitimist and Catholic, and if Charles X., in 1830, had followed the advice of some of his adherents and appealed to the loyalty of the Vendéens, they would have undoubtedly rallied in thousands to his standard.

Discouraged by the old King's decision to bow before the storm, the Vendéens had been quiet enough during the first weeks of the July Monarchy, and the majority of the people would probably have accepted the new *régime*, if the Government of Louis-Philippe had shown the least disposition to

conciliate them. But, so far from sparing their susceptibilities, it had the imprudence to embark upon a policy of petty persecution. The monuments erected to Cathelineau and Charette were destroyed ; the arms of honour given by Louis XVIII. to the survivors of '93 were seized ; and a number of persons were arrested on suspicion of conspiring against the new monarchy.

Such treatment naturally provoked the most intense resentment among this proud and high-spirited people. Great difficulty was experienced in collecting the taxes ; the young men refused to submit to the conscription, organised themselves into armed bands, and took to the woods, where they carried on a species of guerilla warfare with the troops sent in pursuit of them ; and the *curés*, whose indignation was intensified by the anti-religious tendencies of the Government, began to omit the prayers for Louis-Philippe from the Mass, and even to exhort their flocks to pray for Henri V.

Thus, months before the Duchesse de Berry returned to France, a considerable part of la Vendée was already ripe for insurrection. Nevertheless, the majority of its leaders, less enthusiastic or more prudent than those of former times, were not prepared to recommend a general rising, unless they saw in it a reasonable prospect of success ; and at a meeting held by them at la Fétellière, near Rémouillé, in the autumn of 1831, it had been decided, by a majority of votes, that this should not take place, except in the event of a successful movement in the South, the proclamation of a republic in Paris, or a foreign invasion. In May 1832, neither of these conditions had been fulfilled, and the first, as we have seen, was already out of the question. But *Madame*, with the incurable optimism of her character, had refused to abandon all hope of the South ; while advices from Paris warned her that a Republican insurrection was imminent. And, even in the absence of a diversion in either of these directions, she was confident that she had only to show herself in la Vendée for the decision of the la Fétellière conference to be ignored, and the whole country to rally to her standard.

The princess remained at the Château of Plassac until May 16, to await the arrival of the Maréchal de Bourmont, who had parted from her at Bonrecueil, and was journeying to la Vendée by way of the Bourbonnais, and conferring with the Legitimist leaders in the departments through which he passed. But, as

the days went by without any news of the marshal, she put herself into communication with Achille Guibourg, a young advocate of Nantes, whom she had appointed her civil commissioner in Brittany, and the Baron de Charette, and, apparently on their advice, decided to summon her partisans to take up arms forthwith.¹ Accordingly, on May 15, she issued the following proclamation:—

“Vendéens and Bretons, and all you inhabitants of the faithful provinces of the West, having disembarked in the South, I have not feared to traverse France, in the midst of dangers, to redeem a sacred promise, that of coming among my brave friends to share their perils and their labours. I am at length among this heroic people! Open to the fortune of France. I place myself at your head, sure of conquering with such soldiers. Henri V. calls you; his mother, Regent of France, consecrates herself to your happiness. Let us repeat our old and new cry: *Vive le Roi! Vive Henri V.!*

“MARIE-CAROLINE, REGENT OF FRANCE”

And in a letter which she sent to the Vendéen leaders, she informed them that it was her intention that they should take up arms on the 24th of that month.

On the following day, *Madame* quitted Plassac, in a post-chaise, accompanied by the Marquis and Marquise de Dampierre, Mesnard and the Comte de Lorge, the latter, still disguised as a coachman, occupying the box-seat. Charette had written begging her to avoid the high-road to Nantes, as it was patrolled by detachments of gendarmes, who had orders to stop travellers, examine their passports, and search their carriages, and to arrest any one whom they considered suspicious; and her hosts had added their persuasions to his. But she insisted that the boldest course was the safest, and, by what seemed to her companions little short of a miracle, they were only once stopped, when the gendarmes, having examined the passport which described the princess as the Comtesse de Villeneuve-Bargemont, expressed themselves satisfied.

¹ According to Charette (*Journal militaire d'un chef de l'Ouest*), the reason which determined her to this step was that the success of the movement depended upon surprise, and that, if it were delayed, her presence in the West might be discovered, and the Government have time to concentrate its troops, then scattered in small detachments.

At a little after nine o'clock on the morning of the 17th, they reached the Château of Preuille, near Montaigu, the residence of Colonel de Nacuart, who was to command the Legitimist forces of the district. Here they found Guibourg and Charette, with whom *Madame* had a short conference. Then the Dampierres, Lorge, and Guibourg—who had taken the place of Mesnard—drove on to Nantes; while *Madame* retired to change once more into masculine attire, and reappeared, dressed in the black waistcoat with metal buttons, blue-blouse, and wide breeches of a Vendéen peasant, her fair hair concealed beneath a brown wig and a woollen cap.

In this disguise, the Regent of France, who had baptized herself Petit-Pierre, left the château, and, escorted by a gentleman of the neighbourhood named Guignard, set off on foot for le Morlier, near Rémouillé, where she was to await Mesnard and Charette, who were so well known in that part of the country that they dared not travel by day. The count and the baron joined her when darkness fell, and, guided by a peasant named Le Normand, the three started for a lonely little house called Bellecour, about four leagues distant, which belonged to one of Charette's followers. Deeming it advisable to avoid the high-road, they struck off across country; but it was a very dark night, and their progress was slow and laborious. After they had gone a short distance, they came to a little river, the Moine, which they had to cross by a causeway of stones. The guide, who was holding *Madame's* hand, slipped and fell into the water, dragging the princess with him; and she would, in all probability, have been drowned, if Charette, who was a fine swimmer, had not promptly jumped in after her.

The intrepid little lady did not seem in the least disconcerted by the mishap, and smilingly remarked, "To-day I have been through the water; to-morrow, let us hope, it will be the fire." Notwithstanding the wetting she had received, she wished to continue her journey; but her companions thought that it would be dangerous for her to go further in this condition, and they returned to le Morlier. *Madame* obtained a change of linen and dried her outer garments; while the others, having decided that they must take their chance of being stopped upon the high-road, went in search of horses. They managed to procure two; the princess mounted behind Le Normand; Mesnard took the other horse, and Charette walked some

distance ahead, to give them timely warning of the approach of any gendarmes. None appeared, however, and, on nearing Montbert, they dismounted, and, while Le Normand returned with the two horses to le Morlier, the others made their way in safety to Bellecour.¹

Scarcely had *Madame*, worn out by the adventures of the night, retired to rest than she was awakened by the news that two gentlemen had arrived with a letter, which they insisted on her receiving immediately. This letter, which was signed by the Marquis de Coislin and several other Vendéen chiefs, expressed great astonishment that the princess should have issued a call to arms without consulting them, or even awaiting the arrival of Bourmont; pointed out that, in the absence of any diversion in the South, the prospect of a successful movement in the West was almost hopeless, and entreated her to countermand her orders for May 24.

This appeal to reason, however, had no effect upon the determination of *Madame*, who had listened too long to the voice of enthusiasm, and she replied in an indignant letter, in which she reminded them that she had come to la Vendée at their urgent entreaty, and in full reliance on their assurances of devotion, and that, having braved all dangers in order to keep her promise to them, she had never doubted for a moment their willingness to execute their engagements to her. The orders for the 24th must be executed, and she counted on their loyalty to facilitate them.

The princess and her companions had intended to remain at Bellecour until the morning of the 19th; but that evening they received intelligence which necessitated their abrupt departure. A messenger whom Charette had sent on the previous day to Nantes, to purchase a riding-habit, some linen, and other articles for *Madame*, and to carry several important letters to their partisans in that town, had been arrested on his return journey; and there could be no doubt that the police were now aware of the princess's presence in la Vendée, and perhaps even that she was at Bellecour.

They accordingly lost not a moment in leaving the house, *Madame* still disguised as a peasant, and trudged bravely along through a night of wind and rain to a little farmhouse near Généton, where, from fear of betraying her incognito, the

¹ Mesnard.



CHARLES ATHANASE DE CHARETTE. BARON DE LA CONTRIE

princess declined the bed which the farmer offered to surrender to her, and slept on a pile of straw in a vacant stall in the stable. In the course of the following day, one of her partisans arrived, bringing her a letter from the Maréchal de Bourmont, written on the 17th. The marshal informed her that he would be at Nantes on the 19th, and the princess wrote ordering him to join her as soon as possible.

When darkness fell, she and her companions resumed their journey, and made their way on foot to the Château of Louvardière, belonging to Hyacinthe de la Roberie, a Royalist who had distinguished himself during the Vendéen rising of 1815. They slept that night at Louvardière, and next day proceeded to le Magasin, a château situated near Saint-Etienne-Corcoué, *Madame* mounted on the crupper of La Roberie's horse. Here they remained until dusk, when they set forth once more, and, towards midnight, reached a little house called le Meslier, about a league from Légé, in the arrondissement of Nantes, belonging to a M. de la Roche Saint-André.

This little house, hidden amid the woods and never inhabited by its owner, except for a few days each year at the time of the vintage, had hitherto escaped the notice of the authorities and the police, who were keeping a very close watch on most of the country-houses in the neighbourhood of Nantes; and it had therefore been chosen by Charette as a rendezvous for the Vendéen leaders, and as a place where *Madame* might remain in comparative safety until the moment for action arrived.

On her arrival, the princess found several of the leaders awaiting her. All hastened to assure her of their personal devotion, but all expressed their conviction that the rising was foredoomed to complete failure. In the present circumstances, they feared that it would be useless to attempt anything.

"What, gentlemen!" cried the indignant princess. "I take no account of any obstacle; I come among you, and you can do nothing for me?" "Madame," rejoined one of them, "the time has come to speak the truth. We have received, in your name, repeated assurances that la Vendée would never be called upon to rise in arms, except in the event of your Royal Highness obtaining certain successes in the South, of a republic being installed in the capital, or of a foreign invasion menacing our frontiers. The movement is reduced to us Vendéens; there is not one of us who can effect anything now that Marseilles

has failed, and that we see your Royal Highness compelled to conceal herself from her pursuers; we cannot deceive our peasants. The inhabitants of this country are discouraged and disconcerted; they believe you to be a prisoner, all the journals having announced it. In a word, they will not rise, we are convinced."

The others declared themselves of the same opinion as the speaker, and entreated *Madame* to countermand her orders for the 24th.

The princess replied that it was now too late to do so. The counter-order could not possibly reach the more distant divisions in time to prevent them taking up arms, and, deprived of the support upon which they had counted, they would be destroyed.

On the morrow, these gentlemen and several others, all of whom were attached to the corps which Charette was to command, drew up and sent to the princess and the baron a protest embodying the arguments which had been used on the previous day. Charette despatched one of his friends to remonstrate with them, but, though one or two were perfectly willing to risk their own lives, they refused to expose those of their peasants in a hopeless struggle.

Towards midnight, a man in the dress of a Vendéen peasant and covered with mud presented himself at le Meslier and demanded to see the Duchesse de Berry. The stranger was none other than the celebrated advocate Berryer, who had been despatched by the Royalist committee in Paris to persuade the princess to abandon what her friends in the capital now considered a hopeless enterprise. He had reached Nantes that morning, had had an interview with Bourmont, and had induced the marshal to issue, in his capacity as commander-in-chief of the Vendéen forces, a counter-order, directing the various generals to "suspend the execution of the orders which they had received, and to take no overt action until further instructions." He had then disguised himself, and, guided by friendly peasants, set out for le Meslier. On his way, he had been obliged to wade through a marsh, which accounted for his disreputable appearance.

Berryer found the princess lying on a truckle-bed, wrapped in a Scotch shawl and with a peasant's cap on her head. On a table by her side lay her wig and four pistols. He informed

her of the counter-order which Bourmont had issued, and read to her a letter which the Paris committee had entrusted to him. This epistle, which had been drawn up by Chateaubriand, declared that *Madame* had been completely deceived if she had been led to expect a Royalist movement in the capital, as, after recent events, they would not be able to find twelve hundred men there to take up arms on her behalf; that a rising in la Vendée would have no other result than to bring ruin and misery upon the unfortunate peasants and to consolidate the present Government by an easy triumph; and that it, in consequence, now became her duty to order the Vendéen leaders to remain quiet and to hasten her departure from France. Thus, she would have "the twofold glory of accomplishing a courageous action, and of preventing the effusion of the blood of Frenchmen."

These pacific—or, as *Madame* considered them, pusillanimous—counsels were, as may be imagined, not at all to the liking of the bellicose princess, and she and Berryer argued the matter until four o'clock in the morning. At length, she yielded, or perhaps only pretended to yield, and directed him to proceed to le Magasin, where she would join him in the course of the day. From there she would make her way to Nantes, and so to the coast of Brittany, where she hoped to be able to find a ship.

The great advocate departed, convinced that he had won his case, and repaired to the rendezvous, accompanied by Charette, who joined him on the way. He had been much impressed by the courage and energy shown by *Madame*, and spoke of her in terms of the warmest admiration. "There is in that princess's heart and head," said he, "the stuff to make twenty kings."¹

Berryer and Charette waited all day for *Madame*, but she did not appear. At length, just as they had decided that she must have fallen into the hands of the enemy, the peasant who was to have acted as her guide arrived and handed the baron a letter, which ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR CHARETTE,

"I am remaining among you; I am writing to inform Berryer of my determination. The enclosed letter is

¹ Crétineau-Joly, *Histoire de la Vendée militaire*.

for the marshal. I am sending him orders to join me immediately.

"I am remaining, because my presence has compromised a great number of my faithful servants. It would be cowardly of me to abandon them. Besides, I hope that, despite the unfortunate counter-order, God will give us the victory.

"Adieu, my dear friend, do not send in your resignation, since Petit-Pierre does not send in hers!"¹

The cause of this sudden change in *Madame's* resolutions was a letter which she had received a few hours after Berryer's departure. It had been despatched from Toulon, under cover to one of her partisans at Nantes, and announced that the South was rising in insurrection. The news was absolutely without foundation, and the writer, whose identity was never established, was no doubt some fanatical Legitimist, who desired to see a rising at any cost; but before the truth was discovered, the princess was irrevocably committed to the enterprise which she had seemed on the point of abandoning.

On the night of May 24-25, Charette's aide-de-camp, the Comte Henri de Puyseux, who had conducted Berryer back to Nantes, returned to le Meslier, bringing with him the Maréchal de Bourmont. A council of war was at once summoned, and a very animated discussion followed. Most of those present were strongly opposed to a rising, declining to place any faith in the Toulon letter, and pointing out that a proclamation which *Madame* had issued three days before to the troops stationed in la Vendée, calling on them to rally to her side, appeared to have been entirely without effect.

"Monsieur le Maréchal," said one to Bourmont, "if you were sure of two regiments, we should not hesitate." "Two regiments!" replied the marshal. "If I had two battalions, I should not consult you." Then *Madame* and the enthusiasts declared that intelligence had been received from Paris that the long-expected Republican insurrection would certainly break out in the first days of June; that, if they took up arms simultaneously, the Government would be between two fires, and that, in any case, honour required them to rise, if only to protect those who had not received the counter-order in time and were by now hopelessly compromised. "Gentlemen," cried the gallant Puyseux,

¹ Imbert de Saint-Amand, *la Duchesse de Berry et la Vendée*.

“we have only two roads; one leads probably to death, the other leads certainly to dishonour. The choice cannot be doubtful.”

Finally, the war-party carried the day; the rising was fixed for the night of June 3-4, and *Madame* signed the following order:—

“Having formed the resolution not to quit the provinces of the West, and to entrust myself to their loyalty so long proved, I count on you, Monsieur, to take all the necessary measures for the rising in arms, which will take place on the night of the 3rd to 4th of June.¹ I summon to me all men of courage. God will aid us to save our country. No danger, no fatigue, will discourage me. You will see me appear at the first gathering.

“MARIE-CAROLINE, REGENT OF FRANCE”²

¹ This moment had been selected, on the advice of Bourmont, because June 3 was a Sunday, and it would be easy for the captains in the different parishes, without exciting any suspicion, to communicate the order for the rising to the peasants, when they assembled, as was their custom, at the church-doors, after Mass.

² Créteineau-Joly.

CHAPTER XXVII

Disastrous effects of the counter-order issued by Bourmont—Seizure of the conspirators' plan of campaign and other important paper at the Château of la Chaslière—*Madame* leaves le Meslier, and makes her way to la Mouchetière—The news that gendarmes are approaching obliges her to escape, in the middle of the night, across the fields to Moulin-Étienne—Anguish of *Madame* on learning of the disasters that have befallen her cause—She is escorted by a party of Vendéen gentlemen to la Brosse, near Montbert—Berryer writes to the princess imploring her to allow him to conduct her to Savoy; but she repulses with indignation all idea of flight—The Vendéens rise in arms in the night of June 3-4, but the insurrection is easily suppressed—Bravery of Charette's corps—Barbarities committed by Louis-Philippe's troops on the non-combatants—Butchery at la Mouchetière—The combat of le Chêne—Heroic defence of the Château of la Pénissière—Visit of a party of soldiers to la Brosse—*Madame* is compelled to hide for six hours in a ditch—She proceeds to Pont Saint-Martin, and decides to take refuge at Nantes—The princess and Mlle. Eulalie de Kersabiec set out for Nantes, disguised as peasant-women—An adventurous journey—*Madame* reads a proclamation offering a large reward for information which may lead to her arrest—She arrives safely at the Kersabiecs' house at Nantes.

IT is very doubtful whether, in any case, the movement in la Vendée would have had even a remote chance of ultimate success. At the same time, the Government and the military authorities were so far from suspecting that they were on the very eve of an insurrection that they had made few preparations for such a contingency. If, therefore, the Legitimists in the different departments had risen *en masse* on the date originally fixed, and made a simultaneous attack on the weak detachments scattered up and down the country, there is every probability that most of these would have been either captured or destroyed, and that, aided by the prestige of victory, *Madame* and her adherents would have succeeded in establishing themselves so firmly in certain parts of the West, that it would have necessitated a regular campaign to dislodge them.

However that may be, the unfortunate counter-order which Bourmont had issued ruined everything. Not only did it arouse uncertainty, distrust, and confusion in every direction, but it did not even reach the more remote districts in time. In consequence, those companies which had not received it rose in arms,

and, being, of course, left unsupported by those which had, were destroyed or dispersed. Several of the leaders were wounded or taken prisoners, and the gallant Jacques Cathelineau, son of the celebrated chief of '93, was shot in cold blood by an officer of the 29th Regiment to whom he had surrendered, and thus perished, like his father, a martyr of the Royalist cause. To crown all, information having reached General Dermoncourt, who commanded the troops at Nantes, that the Duchesse de Berry was concealed in the Château of la Chaslière, on the banks of the Erdre (Loire-Inférieure), he proceeded thither, and searched the house from cellar to attic. The princess was, of course, not forthcoming; nevertheless, the general was amply rewarded for his trouble, since he discovered, hidden in some empty wine-bottles, the plan of campaign, a number of letters signed by the leaders of the movement, and the key to their signatures.

Madame remained at le Meslier until the night of May 31–June 1, when she set out for the La Roberies' château at Louvardière, four leagues distant, partly because, although the seizure of the papers at la Chaslière was not yet known, she considered it advisable to change her asylum, and partly because she wished to be near the centre of operations. Notwithstanding the reverses for which the fatal counter-order had been responsible, and the fact that the military authorities must now be fully prepared for any emergency, she had refused to abandon hope, and believed that some brilliant success might atone for all.

Accompanied by Mlle. Eulalie de Kersabiec, a young Breton lady, who was henceforth to share her sufferings and dangers, Mesnard, a miller named Sorin, a servant from le Meslier, and a peasant, who acted as guide, *Madame* arrived, shortly before daybreak, at a mill not far from Louvardière, where, if the coast were clear, La Roberie and his son had arranged to meet her and conduct her to the château. The two gentlemen did not arrive, however; through some misunderstanding, they had been expecting the princess for two days, and, since she did not put in an appearance, they had left for a farm on a distant part of their estate, called la Mouchetière. As the day was close at hand, and it would have been dangerous to remain any longer in a neighbourhood in which several detachments of Louis-Philippe's troops were known to be encamped, the party decided

to make for le Magasin. Here *Madame* remained until evening, and then proceeded to la Mouchetière.

She found the household in great alarm. The gendarmerie had attempted to arrest one of their friends as he was leaving the farm that afternoon, and they feared that a domiciliary visit was imminent. Their apprehensions were well founded, for, in the middle of the night, *Madame* was awakened by the news that gendarmes were approaching the house. The La Roberies proposed to conceal the princess in a hole which had been made beneath the kitchen-floor; but this hiding-place wore so uninviting an appearance that she decided that flight would be infinitely preferable. Accompanied by her host and Mesnard, she made her way across the fields to le Moulin-Étienne, a house some miles distant, which belonged to a M. de la Haye, one of her most faithful partisans. Here she was visited by Henri de Puyseux and other leaders of the movement, and learned, to her anguish, that Cathelineau, who would have been a host in himself, was dead; that several Vendéen nobles had announced their intention of taking no part in the rising; that all the plans of the enterprise had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and that the troops of Louis-Philippe were rapidly concentrating.

Now, at last, the fortitude of the heroic little woman gave way, and she sobbed bitterly. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "it is the last blow to all my hopes. O my son! thou wilt never know the anguish and the tears of thy mother!" Gladly would she have despatched a new counter-order, but it was now, of course, too late; in less than twenty-four hours the peasants in every parish throughout the West would have received their instructions to take up arms.

That evening she left Moulin-Étienne, and was conducted by a party of Vendéen gentlemen to la Brosse, a lonely house not far from Montbert, belonging to one of her partisans at Nantes, where she was to await the rising of the following night. Determined not to allow her escort to suspect her despondency, she laughed and jested gaily. "Confess, gentlemen," said she, glancing at the men muffled in their long cloaks and armed to the teeth who surrounded her, "confess that we resemble a band of robbers rather than honest people."¹

Next morning, *Madame* received a letter from Berryer, who

¹ Charette, *Journal militaire d'un chef de l'Ouest*.



PIERRE ANTOINE BERRYER
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY DELPECH

was still at Nantes, in which he informed her that orders had come from Paris for her arrest, and implored her to allow him to conduct her to Savoy, for which he had obtained a passport for himself and a lady. "There is not a moment to lose," he wrote. "A domiciliary visit has been paid my house in Paris. Nothing suspicious was discovered, but the *procureur du roi* here has given orders for my arrest, if I do not leave this very day. I have requested permission to go, by way of Angoulême, into Auvergne, and thence to Savoy. I shall not start until Tuesday morning, between ten and eleven o'clock. My papers are in order, and the passport of which I am the bearer will permit of my taking *Madame* with me. If the persons with *Madame* wish to save her, they may take advantage of to-morrow night to conduct her, in disguise, to la Rochelle.

"We had news of *Madame's* family on May 25 ; all are well, but cruelly anxious. In the name of that august family, in the name of France, in the name of the young Henri V., in the name of all the Royalists, I implore *Madame* to retire. The way I have indicated is good, and, though there is barely time, there is sufficient."¹

This letter was quite without effect upon the princess, who repulsed with indignation all idea of flight. She was determined, she declared, to remain with her faithful Vendéens, and, if necessary, to die with them.

We shall not attempt more than a very brief account of that most hopeless of insurrections which began on the night of June 3-4, 1832. The Vendéens still had courage on their side, but they no longer had numbers, for, after the reverses which had followed the counter-order and the discovery of their plans by the enemy, even the most ignorant peasant must have recognised the folly of the undertaking, and the mass of the people did not move. Many of the nobles and gentry, mingling consideration for their tenants with their own devotion to the Bourbon cause, took up arms themselves, but advised the peasants who would have followed them to remain quiet ; and thus in some districts the insurgents were drawn almost entirely from the upper classes.

Of the three corps of which the Vendéen army was composed, those of Anjou and Brittany were so weak that they were quite

¹ *Archives Nationales*, published by Thirria.

unable to sustain the unequal struggle, and were speedily routed and dispersed. The third, commanded by Charette, which operated in the department of la Vendée and the southern portion of Loire-Inférieure, and numbered in its ranks many veterans of the old wars, fought with all the heroism of despair, and, if it effected nothing else, covered itself with glory.

The men under Charette's immediate command were particularly exasperated against the soldiers of Louis-Philippe, who conducted themselves towards the non-combatants with a ferocity worthy of the worst traditions of the Vendéen wars. A shocking example of this occurred in the early morning of June 6.

A company of the 17th Regiment visited la Mouchetière, where it was reported that the Duchesse de Berry had taken refuge. The inmates fled at the approach of the soldiers, whereupon the latter fired, killing at the first volley the farmer, his wife, his son, and one of their servants. Céline de la Roberie, a charming young girl of sixteen, was pursued by a sergeant, who deliberately shot her through the back, killing her on the spot, after which his comrades mutilated the body with their bayonets.

On learning of the terrible fate of his daughter, M. de la Roberie, who commanded a division under Charette, rushed like one distracted to his general's quarters to demand vengeance on the murderers, and all the peasants clamoured to be led against the enemy. Charette, against his better judgment, for he had sustained a reverse near Aigrefeuille on the 4th, and had only some six hundred men with him, consented and attacked the troops posted at the little village of le Chêne. After a furious hand-to-hand struggle, the Vendéens drove the enemy out of the village and pursued him for some distance; but reinforcements came up, and they were eventually compelled to retire, with considerable loss. Among the wounded was Auguste de Bonrecueil, who expired the following day.

About the same time as this engagement was taking place, the Château of la Pénissière-de-la-Cour, near Clisson (Vendée), was the scene of another stubborn conflict. A party of forty-two Vendéens, mostly gentlemen of the neighbourhood, which had halted there on its way to Cugan, was besieged by the 29th Regiment. For several hours they held the enemy at bay, two attempts to storm the place being repulsed with heavy loss.

At length, the soldiers succeeded in setting fire to the château, and the flames spread so rapidly that it seemed as though its garrison would have no choice between surrender and a terrible death. However, eight of the Vendéens volunteered to hold the burning building, while their comrades effected their escape by a door leading to the garden. This was accomplished with little loss; and, finally, just before the roof fell in with a terrible crash, the eight heroes succeeded in making their way into a cellar, where they remained until night, unmolested by the besiegers, who believed that they had perished in the flames.

But such heroic deeds were, of course, quite unavailing; and, after the action at le Chêne, Charette decided to disband the small force that remained to him, and, on June 7, went to la Brosse, to communicate his decision to the Duchesse de Berry. *Madame*, it should be mentioned, had been very anxious to follow the Vendéens on the previous day, but Charette had refused to allow her to expose herself, and the engagement had taken place without her being informed of it.

Scarcely had Charette reached la Brosse, where he found the princess, Eulalie de Kersabiec, Mesnard, Brissac, La Roberie, the Comte de la Chesnaverie, and a wounded Vendéen gentleman, Bruneau de la Souchais, than a breathless peasant hurried up with the news that a detachment of soldiers was approaching. They all, including the wounded man, at once quitted the house and concealed themselves in a ditch, half-filled with water, in a field at the bottom of the garden, flanked, on one side, by a tall hedge, and, on the other, by thick bushes, and covered with long grass. Here they remained for six hours, when the soldiers, having searched the house and the neighbourhood, and, on one occasion, approached to within a few paces of their hiding-place, finally retired. *Madame* and her friends did not, however, venture to return to la Brosse; and, since it would have been dangerous for them to keep together, they decided to separate; and the princess, accompanied only by Eulalie de Kersabiec, made her way to a house near the village of Pont-Saint-Martin.

But for *Madame* to remain in the Bocage was impossible, for the soldiers were searching for her everywhere, and any moment might bring them upon her. She therefore decided upon a plan of action which, however audacious it may appear, was really the wisest she could have adopted: to seek an

asylum in the very midst of her enemies—in Nantes itself. Once there, she told herself, she would be in comparative security, for a town which was swarming with police and soldiers, and the population of which was in great part hostile to her cause, was the very last place where the Government would think of seeking her.

She consulted with Mlle. de Kersabiec as to the best way of entering Nantes, and decided to go thither on the following Saturday (June 9), disguised as a peasant-woman. Saturday was the market-day at Nantes, and, amid the crowd of peasant-women who would be entering the town at the same time, there would be very little chance of her being recognised. Accordingly, at dawn on the day in question, she set off, accompanied by Eulalie de Kersabiec, similarly disguised, and two genuine peasants, Mariette Doré and Françoise Pouvreau.

In order that her disguise might be as complete as possible, *Madame* had discarded her boots for the clumsy shoes and coarse worsted stockings worn by the women of the country; but when she had been walking for about an hour—it was five leagues to Nantes—her feet became so sore that she could go no farther. She therefore seated herself upon a bank, took off her shoes and stockings, thrust them into the huge pockets of her dress, and continued her journey barefoot. But, before she had gone very far, the thought occurred to her that her feet, and that part of her leg which her short skirt revealed, were much too white for those of a peasant, and might very likely betray her. The application of a few handfuls of earth from an adjoining field served to remedy this defect, and just outside Nantes she resumed her shoes and stockings.

Madame passed safely through the custom-house, though not without occasioning her companions a moment of alarm. In pushing forward her basket to be examined, she revealed a slender white arm, which was certainly not in keeping with the character which she had assumed. Fortunately, the *douanier* was too busy to remark upon it.

The two peasants now took leave of the ladies, who continued their way alone. They had seated themselves for a moment on the Pont de la Madeleine, opposite the Bouffai, when *Madame* felt a hand upon her shoulder. She started up, in great consternation, to find herself confronted by an old country-woman, who, having deposited a big basket full of

apples on the ground, was vainly endeavouring to replace it on her head. "My good girls," said she, "help me to replace my basket, and I will give each of you an apple for your trouble."

Madame immediately seized one handle of the basket, made a sign to her companion to take the other, and, not without difficulty, for it was exceedingly heavy, they succeeded in poising it on its owner's head. The old woman thanked them, and was moving away, when the princess caught her arm, and exclaimed: "Why, mother, you are forgetting our apples!" The apples were duly handed over, and *Madame* was munching hers with an appetite sharpened by her long walk, when her eyes fell upon a placard on the opposite wall, headed by these three words in large letters:

"STATE OF SIEGE"

She crossed the road to read it, and found that it was a royal Ordinance proclaiming martial law throughout the four departments of la Vendée, Maine-et-Loire, Deux-Sèvres, and Loire-Inférieure, and offering a large reward for any information which might lead to the apprehension of the Duchesse de Berry, of whom the following description was appended:

"Duchesse de Berry, 35 years; height, 5 feet 2 inches; rather slender figure; blonde hair and eyebrows; clear blue eyes, with a slight squint; ordinary nose; medium-sized mouth; round chin; round face; pale complexion."

Mlle. de Kersabiec entreated her not to linger thus, for a number of people were already gathered round the placard; but she coolly replied that the document concerned her too nearly for her not to make herself acquainted with its contents. Just as she had finished reading it and was turning away, a detachment of infantry came marching by, and she recognised in the officer who commanded it one who had formerly held a commission in the Royal Guard, and whom she had often seen on duty at the Tuileries. The recognition seems to have been mutual, for the officer looked at the princess very hard indeed. However, he made no sign, and passed on with his men;¹ while *Madame* and her companion did likewise, and,

¹ *Madame* afterwards declared that she felt sure that this officer had recognised

a few minutes later, arrived safely at the Kersabiecs' house, in the Place Saint-Pierre, where they found Eulalie's elder sister, Stylite de Kersabiec, and Charette anxiously awaiting them, and where they were soon afterwards joined by Mesnard and Brissac, who had made their way into the town disguised as farmers.

her, but that he was too chivalrous to betray a woman, adding that, if ever the Bourbons were restored, "he should see that Caroline of France had not forgotten the debts of Caroline of la Vendée."

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Duchesse de Berry leaves the Kersabiecs', and takes refuge at the house of the Mlles. du Guigny in the Rue Haute-du-Château—Her apartments are two attics, one of which contains a mysterious hiding-place constructed during the Terror—Precautions adopted to guard against surprise—Charette urges the princess to allow him to conduct her from France, but she refuses—Explanation of her resolve to remain in France—Her ceaseless correspondence with the Legitimist leaders in France and her agents at foreign Courts—Futile efforts of the Government to ascertain her whereabouts—Thiers becomes Minister of the Interior, and determines to make the capture of *Madame* his personal affair—He receives an unsigned letter offering to impart to him important information in regard to an affair of State—Meeting between the Minister and the writer in the Champs-Élysées—Hyacinthe Simon Deutz—His strange career—He is recommended to *Madame* by Pope Gregory XVI., and is sent by her on a mission to Portugal—His determination to betray his employer—A shameful compact—Deutz at Nantes—His first interview with *Madame* leads to no result—He solicits a second audience, which, contrary to the advice of her friends, the princess accords—Soldiers are perceived approaching the house, and *Madame*, Mesnard, Guibourg, and Stylite de Kersabiec take refuge in the hiding-place—A terrible night—The princess and her friends are obliged to surrender to avoid being burned alive—They are conducted to the Château of Nantes.

THE Duchesse de Berry only remained with the Kersabiecs three days, as their Royalist sympathies were too well known for their house to be free from the danger of a domiciliary visit, and she therefore found another asylum with two maiden ladies, Marie Louise and Pauline du Guigny, members of an old Breton family, who, while equally devoted to her cause, had never done anything to arouse the suspicion of the authorities, and were respected by all parties for their piety and good works. Their house, which was to become so celebrated, was situated in the Rue Haute-du-Château (No. 3), in the highest part of the town. It was a modest three-storied dwelling, the rooms on the third floor being merely attics. Two of these attics were prepared for *Madame*, and the reason for their selection was as follows:—

Behind the open fire-place of the inner room, which was placed in an angle of the apartment, was a mysterious hiding-place, access to which was obtained by pressing a spring in the

iron plate which formed the back of the chimney-place. This hiding-place, which had been constructed during the Terror, and had doubtless on several occasions given shelter to proscribed Royalists in the days when the infamous Carrier was deluging Nantes with blood, was very small; "about 18 inches wide at one of the extremities, and 8 to 10 inches at the other, and from 3 feet to 3 feet 6 inches long." The height diminished also towards the narrower extremity, in such a way as scarcely to permit a man to stand upright, even by passing his head between the rafters."¹ However, at a pinch, it could give shelter to four persons.

Mesnard and Stylite de Kersabiec had accompanied *Madame* to the Rue Haute-du-Château, and the latter served her as *femme de chambre*. For breakfast and dinner, the princess descended to the second floor, and during meals one of the two maidservants kept by the Mlles. du Guigny, both of whom were devoted to their mistresses and to their royal guest, was always on guard below. If she caught sight of any soldiers or gendarmes approaching the house, she immediately rang a bell which communicated with the second story, and the princess returned in all haste to her attic.

From the laborious and active life which *Madame* had led since her return to France she passed on a sudden to one of the most complete inactivity. After the hardships and perils through which she had passed, the rest and comparative security which she now enjoyed were at first welcome enough, but, before long, the monotony of her existence, and, above all, the impossibility of obtaining any outdoor exercise, became almost unendurable, and there must have been moments when she was tempted to wish that she was still a fugitive in the Bocage.

Charette, who several times visited the house in disguise, urged her to allow him to arrange for her escape by sea, representing that she could do no good by remaining in France, and that her return to Italy or Scotland would be a powerful inducement to the Government to deal leniently with those of her adherents who had fallen into its hands. But nothing would induce the princess to budge. Notwithstanding the total failure of the Royalist rising in the West, and the suppression

¹ Achille Guibourg, *Relation fidèle et détaillée de l'arrestation de S.A.R. Madame, Duchesse de Berry* (Nantes, 1832).

of the infinitely more formidable Republican insurrection in the capital, which had broken out almost simultaneously, she was convinced that the July Monarchy was doomed to an early demise, and that, in consequence, her presence in France was of the most vital importance to the success of the Legitimist cause.

It was on the Belgian imbroglio that *Madame* based her hopes. The Treaty of Venice had united Holland and Belgium into a single kingdom under William I., who had previously been Stadtholder of Holland. But the differences which had divided the Netherlands into two halves in the sixteenth century had by no means been removed by the lapse of three hundred years, and the Belgians had always bitterly resented what they, with reason, regarded as an altogether one-sided arrangement. In August 1830, encouraged by the example of the July Revolution in France, they rose against the Dutch, expelled them from all the fortresses with the exception of Antwerp, Maestricht, and the citadel of Ghent, and proclaimed the independence of their country. William I. appealed for aid to the five Powers, but the sympathies of England and France were with the Belgians, while the members of the Holy Alliance were too much engaged elsewhere to favour coercive measures. A conference was, therefore, held in London, which, after imposing an armistice on the belligerents, proceeded to issue two protocols, the first of which was repudiated by the Belgians, and the second, which acknowledged Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the widower of the English Princess Charlotte, as King of the Belgians, by William I. In August 1831, the latter suddenly broke the armistice, invaded Belgium, and was carrying all before him, when an English fleet and a French army intervened and compelled the Dutch to retire and conclude an armistice. The London conference then drew up a third protocol, the terms of which were more favourable to William I. Nevertheless, that monarch obstinately refused to give way, and it was obvious that nothing but force would induce him to do so.

Now, the Duchesse de Berry had always held that the recognition of Louis-Philippe by the Eastern Powers had been merely a precautionary measure, forced upon them by the necessity of having their hands free to deal with the insurrectionary movements in Poland and Italy; and she believed that, now that these had been suppressed, they would seize the

pretext of a renewed French intervention in the Belgian imbroglio to invade France. She did not desire, as we have shown, to see France invaded, but she did desire to see a *threat* of invasion, which would cause the French Government to mass the bulk of its troops upon the frontier, and thus afford the Legitimists in France an opportunity for a successful rising, of which, she hoped, they would not be slow to avail themselves. Even if the Eastern Powers refused to move, she believed that Sardinia and Spain might be induced to make armed demonstrations on the side of the Alps and the Pyrenees; and that these, in conjunction with a fresh invasion of Belgium by the Dutch, would produce the same effect.¹

The princess had agents at nearly every Court in Europe; at St. Petersburg, at Vienna, at Madrid, at Lisbon, at Turin, and, in particular, at The Hague, where the Count Lucchesi-Palli, now Neapolitan Minister, was exceptionally well placed to aid her. With these agents, and with the Royalist leaders in different parts of France, she maintained a ceaseless correspondence, and during her residence at Nantes she is said to have despatched over nine hundred letters, nearly all written with her own hand. She wrote in white ink and in cipher, which necessitated so great a strain to her eyes that sometimes they "seemed ready to burst from their sockets."²

Meanwhile, the French Government was making every effort to discover the whereabouts of the elusive princess, but all to no purpose. The police had, it is true, intercepted and deciphered several despatches between *Madame* and her partisans, from which they learned that at some time or other she had been at Nantes, but without ascertaining what house had served her as a refuge, or whether she was still in hiding there.

At the beginning of October, a new Ministry came into office, with Thiers as Minister of the Interior. The cause of Legitimacy had no more determined enemy than this awkward, near-sighted little man, who, by sheer intellect and energy, was to rise to the highest position in the State. It was he who had organised the protest of the journalists against the Ordinances which had excited the populace to rise in arms; it was he who had been the first to offer the Crown to Louis-Philippe, and it was he who had overcome the last scruples of that prince and persuaded him to accept it. Thiers decided

¹ Thirria.

² General Dermoncourt, *la Vendée et Madame*.

that it was matter of urgent importance that the Duchesse de Berry should be laid by the heels without delay. So long as she remained at large, the Government could not feel secure against another Legitimist rising, and, besides, her arrest and imprisonment were necessary to placate the Republican party, who had accused the late Ministers of knowing where *Madame* was and of being unwilling to have her arrested.

Notwithstanding the name of his portfolio, Thiers was less Minister of the Interior than Minister of Police, for the administrative duties had been transferred from his department to that of Commerce and Public Works. He was therefore able to devote himself exclusively to the supervision of the police; and he determined to make this question his personal affair, to take none of his colleagues into his confidence, and to employ every possible means to discover the retreat of the princess.

A few days after Thiers had assumed his new duties, he received an unsigned letter, the writer of which offered to impart to him some important information in regard to an affair of State, if the Minister would come, alone, that night to a certain spot in the Champs-Élysées. Thiers kept the appointment, but since personal courage was not his strong point—he had kept carefully out of the way all through the fighting on the three days of July—and he feared an ambush, he came accompanied by several *agents*. No one addressed him, and, after waiting some time, he returned home.

Next morning, however, he received a second letter from the same person. It was as follows:

“I told you to come alone; you came accompanied; and I did not address you. If you wish to know what I have to tell you, return this evening, and come alone.”

At the hour mentioned, the Minister returned to the rendezvous, this time alone. He had not, however, neglected to take every precaution for the protection of his precious person. In each pocket of his coat he carried a pistol, and several policemen in plain clothes had preceded him, and concealed themselves in the vicinity, ready to rush to his assistance at the first alarm.

Presently, a man emerged from the shadow of the trees and approached the Minister, who inquired if he were the writer of the anonymous letters. The stranger replied in the affirmative, and said that he was prepared to render a great service to the Government, by giving Monsieur le Ministre the means to seize

the person of the Duchesse de Berry. He added that it was necessary for him to proceed with the utmost caution, since, as he had been initiated into all the secrets of the Legitimist party, the leaders of that party in Paris kept him under close surveillance, and, if it were even suspected that he was in communication with a member of the Government, all would be useless. Thiers thereupon suggested that they should continue their conversation at the Ministry of the Interior, to which the other consented, on the understanding that he should be admitted by a private door.

Thiers then returned to the Rue de Rivoli, where the stranger presently rejoined him. He was a man of thirty years of age, and of somewhat unprepossessing appearance, a German Jew, converted to Catholicism, Hyacinthe Simon Deutz by name. Born, in 1802, at Cologne, of very respectable parents, Deutz had come when a boy to Paris, where his father had just been appointed rabbi. He himself, a few years later, entered Didot's printing-house, and appears to have been employed there for some time. In his youth, he was a very strict Jew indeed, and when his brother-in-law, a M. Drach, abandoned the faith of his fathers for Catholicism, he was so enraged as to threaten him with personal violence. Not long after this, however, his attitude completely changed, and he announced his intention of entering the Catholic fold also. Mgr. de Quélen, Archbishop of Paris, to whom he addressed himself, thinking that his conversion might be more promptly and more efficaciously accomplished at Rome, advised him to proceed thither; and early in 1828 Deutz set out for Italy, furnished with the warmest recommendations from the archbishop to the Cardinal Capellari, then Prefect of the Propaganda, and afterwards Pope, under the name of Gregory XVI.

On his arrival in Rome, a pension of twenty-five piastres a month was allotted him from the funds of the Propaganda, and Leo XII. charged a distinguished ecclesiastic to instruct him in the Catholic faith. All who came in contact with the neophyte appear to have been much edified by his piety, and when he was received into the Church, he had the Baron Mortier, a Secretary of the French Embassy, for godfather, and an Italian princess for godmother. Shortly afterwards, he was presented to the Holy Father, who received him with great kindness and arranged for him to enter the Convent of the Holy Apostles.

Here he remained for two years, and was then despatched on a mission to the Jews of the United States, though we are not told whether he was successful in persuading any of them to follow his example. In the autumn of 1831, he returned to Europe, landed in England, and succeeded in insinuating himself into the confidence of the French Legitimists whom he found there. For there can be no manner of doubt that M. Hyacinthe Simon Deutz was an amazingly plausible person; and the exiles seem to have entertained as little suspicion of the sincerity of his political professions as did the ecclesiastics at Rome in regard to his religious convictions.

After a short stay in England, he set out for Italy, in charge of the two daughters of the Maréchal de Bourmont, whom he escorted as far as Genoa, where he left them with their mother, and proceeded to Rome. Pope Gregory XVI., as Cardinal Capellari had now become, received him very cordially, and when the Duchesse de Berry visited Rome at the beginning of December 1831, on her way from Naples to Massa, learning that his *protégé* desired to enter her service, he recommended him to her as a person in whom she might place implicit reliance. The princess intimated her willingness to employ him, and towards the end of the following March Deutz proceeded to Massa.

Madame, like every one else with whom this specious scoundrel seems to have come in contact, was easily persuaded of his sincerity; and, having provided him with ample funds, for her kind heart had been touched by his tale of poverty, sent him to Portugal, on a mission to Dom Miguel.

There can be very little doubt that Deutz was already meditating treason to his employer, and that he had entered *Madame's* service for no other purpose than to betray the plans of the Legitimists to the Government of Louis-Philippe. Indeed, he confesses as much in an apology for his conduct which he published in 1835, though he takes up a high moral ground and declares that he was actuated by the loftiest motives. "France was my love," he writes, "Louis-Philippe my Utopia. I resolved to sacrifice myself for the first, in strengthening as far as was in my power the throne of the second. I was under no illusion as to the consequences of my action, but I was prepared to die a martyr for the cause"; and so forth.¹

¹ Deutz, *Arrestation de Madame*.

Any way, as soon as Deutz learned of the failure of the la Vendée insurrection and the unsuccessful efforts of the Government to discover the hiding-place of the Duchesse de Berry, he wrote from Lisbon to Montalivet, then Minister of the Interior, offering his services. As he received no reply, at the beginning of October he came to Paris, and had an interview with the Minister, who declared that he had never received any letter from him. Whether this was the truth, and whether, if he had remained in office, Montalivet would have consented to sully his hands with this very dirty business, is difficult to say. But, a few days later, he was replaced by Thiers, and "it was with this honourable Minister," writes Deutz, "that I really treated of the affair of Nantes."

Deutz told Thiers that *Madame* was concealed somewhere in Nantes, though he did not know at present her actual hiding-place. He did not, however, anticipate the least difficulty in discovering that, as he was entrusted with letters to deliver to her. And at a subsequent interview between them, which took place at a house in the Rue Richepense, and at which the commissary of police Joly was present, he showed the Minister a number of letters written in white ink, which had been confided to him by Jauge, the banker of the Legitimists in Paris.¹

Thiers was satisfied that the Jew was really in a position to perform what he promised, and he decided to send him to Nantes, accompanied by Joly and twelve of his most experienced men, who were charged to keep a vigilant watch on all his movements, for he was not without suspicion that Deutz might be deceiving him. "You have letters," said he, "which are a sure means of reaching the duchess. You will carry them to her, and my agents will follow you. Here, for the rest, are my conditions: If you deliver up the princess, your fortune is made; and you shall receive 500,000 francs. In the contrary event, you are in our hands, and you are an agent of the conspiracy; and you will learn to your cost that people do not jest with impunity with the Government in so grave a matter."

Deutz and Joly arrived at Nantes on October 22, the latter bringing with him orders from Thiers which placed both the civil and military authorities of the department of the Loire-Inférieure at his disposal. With the exception of the prefect

¹ MS. of Joly, published by M. Charles Nauroy, *le Curieux*, January 1885.

of the department, Maurice Duval, no one, however, was admitted to the secret.

Deutz, who installed himself at the Hôtel de France, under the name of the Baron Hyacinthe de Gonzague, lost no time in calling upon Madame de la Ferronays, sister of the count of that name and superior of the Convent de la Visitation, who was one of the most fervent Legitimists in Nantes, and begged her to obtain for him an audience of *Madame*, as he desired to inform her of the result of an important mission with which she had charged him. Madame de la Ferronays, who had never set eyes on her visitor before, and whose convent had lately been subjected to a domiciliary visit, at first protested complete ignorance of *Madame's* whereabouts; but eventually she communicated with the princess, who requested her to inform Deutz that she would receive him at half-past seven o'clock in the evening of October 31, at a house to which she would send a gentleman to conduct him.

On the evening in question, M. du Guigny, a brother of the two ladies with whom *Madame* had taken refuge, presented himself at the Hôtel de France, inquired for the Baron de Gonzague, and, on that pseudo-nobleman making his appearance, showed him the half of a cut card and asked him to produce the corresponding half, which *Madame* had given him on his departure for Portugal. Deutz did so, and Du Guigny, satisfied as to his identity, thereupon conducted him to the Rue Haute-du-Château.

As they were starting, Deutz inquired at what house he was to be received, to which his companion replied that it was "one to which *Madame* would only come to give him an audience, and which she would leave immediately afterwards."

Four of Joly's men, whom Deutz had warned to be in readiness, were waiting outside the Hôtel de France. They followed the traitor and Du Guigny, but at some little distance, walking in the shadow of the houses. On arriving at the house, Deutz found the Milles du Guigny, Stylite de Kersabiec, and Guibourg¹ awaiting him. He inquired if *Madame* had arrived, and they told him that they believed that she had, as they had heard a sound in the next room. Then Mesnard entered, and,

¹ Guibourg had been arrested after the discovery of the incriminating documents at la Chaslière, and lodged in the prison at Nantes. At the beginning of August, however, he contrived to effect his escape, and, shortly before this, had taken refuge with the Du Guignys.

a moment later, the princess herself appeared from behind a partition, exclaiming: "Here I am, my dear Deutz!"

"At these words, pronounced so kindly," writes the traitor, "I began to tremble; a mist rose before my eyes, and I felt ill. Then, with that kindness which was natural to her, *Madame* herself pushed forward a chair, adding: 'Recover thyself, my friend.'" ¹

As it had not been thought advisable to allow any one but a few of her most trusted adherents to know the house in which she was concealed, the princess was in walking costume, and her hat, her shawl, and her shoes had been sprinkled with dust, as if she had just come some distance.² She and Deutz had a long conversation in regard to the latter's mission to Portugal; and the Jew, to lull any suspicion which she might entertain, agreed to set out on a mission to Madrid, and begged the princess to name him her plenipotentiary and to confer upon him the title of Baron de Gonzague, which he had already assumed, "since titles were indispensable at foreign Courts, and the name of Deutz was very short and little sonorous for a man who had to fulfil a mission in a foreign country." During the interview, which lasted more than an hour, he wept copiously, "the better to prove to *Madame* his zeal and also his great desire to be a baron in good earnest!" ³

While he was talking to *Madame*, Deutz had been expecting every moment to hear the police and the soldiers thundering at the door; but, to his profound astonishment, their conversation was not interrupted, and at last he was obliged to take his leave. On his return to the Hôtel de France, he learned that the four *agents* who had followed him and Du Guigny, fearful of arousing the suspicions of the latter, had kept so far behind that eventually they had lost trace of the pair altogether.

The chagrin of Joly and the prefect Duval at this fiasco was intense; for Deutz could not be sure of identifying the house to which he had been taken, and, even if he had been able to do so, it was uncertain whether *Madame* was concealed there; while they considered it extremely improbable that he would succeed in obtaining another interview with the princess.

However, Deutz refused to despair of success. On the plea that he had forgotten several very important matters which he had intended to discuss with the princess, and had some letters

¹ *Arrestation de Madame.*

² Mesnard.

³ Mesnard.

to deliver to her, he solicited another audience. Mesnard and Guibourg, upon whom the Jew had made a far from favourable impression, strongly advised the princess not to accord it. But *Madame*, who was the soul of honour herself, utterly refused to believe that he was capable of such infamy as her friends suggested. "Why!" cried she, in astonishment. "He was recommended to me by the cardinals, by the Pope himself. He has served me very well. He is very devoted to me!" And, when they persisted, she closed the conversation by exclaiming impatiently: "I have as much confidence in him as in you yourselves!" And so, to the traitor's exultation, a second audience was granted him, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, November 6, he was again conducted to the Rue Haut-du-Château. This time, Joly and Duval took very good care that there should be no chance of a second fiasco.

On being introduced into the room where *Madame* was, Deutz immediately began to speak of the intense desire which he had to serve her. He was interrupted by the arrival of a letter, which the princess opened and handed to Mesnard. It was from the banker Jauge, and written in white ink. Mesnard moistened it with some liquid which he had prepared, and returned it to the duchess, who read its contents aloud:

"It is advisable to neglect no precaution, since we are warned that *Madame* will be betrayed by a person in whom she has every confidence."

"You hear that, Deutz," said she, smiling; "perhaps it refers to you." And Deutz replied in the same tone: "It is possible."

Then the scoundrel, not content with the money which he was to receive as the price of his treason, made an attempt to enrich himself at the expense of his victim, and demanded a large sum to defray the cost of his mission to Spain. *Madame*, however, replied that she had very little cash with her, and that he must be content with twenty-five louis and a letter of credit on a banking-house.

Soon afterwards, Deutz left the house. On his way out, he passed the door of the dining-room and saw a table laid for eight persons. Evidently, whether *Madame* lodged in this house or not, she intended to dine there. And he hurried off to inform his accomplices.

At half-past five, Madame de Charette and Mlle. Céleste de Kersabiec, a younger sister of Eulalie and Stylite, whom

Madame had invited to dinner, arrived ; and, while waiting for the meal to be served, they all assembled in Pauline du Guigny's room on the second floor, which looked on to the street. It was a beautiful night, and the moon, shining in a cloudless sky, made it possible to distinguish objects at a considerable distance. Suddenly Guibourg, who was standing at the window, perceived a battalion of soldiers advancing towards the house. "Save yourself, *Madame!*" he cried. "Save yourself!" And the princess, followed by Mesnard, Guibourg, and Stylite de Kersabiec, all three proscribed like herself, rushed up to her bedroom on the floor above, where, by chance, they found the plate at the back of the fire-place, which gave admission to the hiding-place, already open.

The order of entering and leaving it, in case of emergency, had been long arranged. As it would have been impossible for two tall men to make their way in the last, *Madame* had decided that Mesnard and Guibourg should enter first, and that she and Stylite de Kersabiec should follow. This arrangement was adhered to ; Mesnard threw himself flat on the ground and crawled in ; Guibourg followed ; then came Stylite de Kersabiec, and *Madame* brought up the rear. Mlle. de Kersabiec had entreated the princess to precede her, to which she replied, with her usual *sang-froid*, that "in good strategy, when a retreat took place, it was the commanding officer who marched last." Scarcely had the plate closed behind her, when the room she had just quitted was filled with soldiers and police.

The other occupants of the house behaved with admirable presence of mind. Before the invaders entered, the Mlles. du Guigny, Madame de Charette, and Céleste de Kersabiec had gone into the dining-room and taken their seats at the table, which the servants hastily rearranged for four persons only ; the first course had been served, and they were all eating with apparent appetite. When questioned, they emphatically protested that there was no one in the house, and the servants confirmed what they said. Madame de Charette, who had passed herself off as a Mlle. de Kersabiec, was conducted, with her supposed sister, to the latter's house ; a guard was posted over the Mlles. du Guigny and their *femme de chambre*, Charlotte Moreau ; while the cook, Marie Bossy, who had nobly resisted an attempt to bribe her to betray her mistresses' secrets, was taken to the château.

Then began a systematic search of the house and of the two adjoining ones, with which the police believed that there might be some secret means of communication. Wardrobes and cupboards were forced open, boards and walls sounded, and chimneys explored. Joly mounted to the room where *Madame* had received Deutz, and the fugitives heard him call out: "Here is the audience chamber!" Then they knew that it was the Jew who had betrayed them.

As no trace of the princess or her companions could be found, architects were sent for and questioned as to the likelihood of the house containing some secret hiding-place. After examining each of the rooms in turn, they declared that, having regard to the conformation of the walls, it was impossible for the house to contain one large enough to shelter even a single person, and particularly so in the attics. Nevertheless, the masons whom the police had brought with them were ordered to demolish the walls, and soon the proscribed heard the sound of the picks coming nearer and nearer. Just, however, when discovery seemed to be only a question of a few minutes, orders were given to suspend further operations until the morning; and every one quitted the room, with the exception of two gendarmes, who were left there on guard. It was then past midnight, and the search had been in progress for nearly seven hours.

But let us allow one of the captives—Guibourg—to describe in his own words what followed:

"The night was damp, and the cold penetrated through the roof. To remedy this inconvenience, which they experienced also, the two gendarmes on guard in the room began to light a great fire. At first, it benefited six persons, but soon the heat became more insupportable than the cold. The plate of the fireplace became red-hot on both sides, and more than one of the prisoners still bears the marks which were made by the least contact with that fatal door. However, the day was still far off, and one did not foresee the end of this frightful situation. The captives, obliged to change their positions, turned with incredible difficulty, and *Madame* found herself in front of the plate. Soon her clothes became so hot that the hand was no longer able to clasp them. . . .

"Thus the night passed in the midst of tortures that a thousand devices scarcely served to mitigate. The workmen

did not await the return of the light to recommence their labours. It seemed as though they intended to pull down the Hôtel Duguigny and the adjoining houses. The walls resounded beneath their blows, and one did not know whether, after resisting the flames, *Madame* would not be crushed beneath the stone. . . .

“Meanwhile, the gendarmes on guard had ceased to keep up the fire ; gradually, the air became fresher, and the plate cooled. On the other hand, the investigations appeared to be concentrating around the hiding-place. Returning to this place for the twentieth time, they broke a panel and examined the displaced slate, which allowed a little air to pass to the captives. They sounded the wall which sheltered them again, and the hiding-place resounded with the blows of the hammers which were striking the wall about the plate. The plaster was becoming loose, the hiding-place was almost revealed, when the workmen abandoned this spot which they had so minutely explored. . . . The workmen left the house a second time, as did the authorities. The guards were withdrawn to the *rez-de-chaussée*, and the third floor was guarded only by the two gendarmes who had remained in the room where the hiding-place was.

“But this hope was not of long duration. The gendarmes had relighted the fire ; the plate, which had not had time to cool, became burning hot a second time ; the cracked wall let in the smoke ; the air of the hiding-place was no longer breathable ; it was necessary to put one’s mouth against the slates to exchange a breath of fire for a breath of outside air. Nor was this all. To the danger of being asphyxiated had just been joined the fear of being burned alive. The bottom of their garments threatened to catch fire ; already this accident had happened to *Madame’s* dress, and they trembled at the sight of a danger so imminent. Hope became impossible, and was replaced by the conviction that they could not remain an hour longer in this furnace without endangering *Madame’s* life. She recognised it also. . . . She gave orders to open very quietly the door of the hiding-place ; but the iron, dilated by the heat, resisted the efforts of Mlle. Stylite de Kersabiec, and only yielded to repeated kicks from the men.

“At this unexpected noise, the astonished gendarmes cried out: ‘Who’s there?’ ‘Prisoners who surrender themselves,’ replied the voices of the women. They assisted each other to

emerge from the hiding-place, beginning with Mlle. Stylite de Kersabiec. 'I am the Duchesse de Berry!' cried the princess, courageously, rising to her feet. 'You are Frenchmen and soldiers; I trust myself to your honour.'" ¹

It was half-past nine o'clock in the morning. They had been shut up for sixteen hours!

The two gendarmes—both former soldiers of the Royal Guards—were so touched by the sight of the princess, whom they had often seen in happier days, standing before them covered with dust and cinders, that they made no effort to detain her, and allowed her to pass into the adjoining room; and possibly she might have succeeded in escaping by the roofs, had not some commissaries of police, who were in one of the rooms on the second floor, attracted by the noise above, mounted the stairs to ascertain what was going on. They made *Madame* enter the room where she had received Deutz the previous evening, and, at her request, sent to fetch General Dermoncourt, the author of that picturesque but somewhat imaginative work, *la Vendée et Madame*.² The general arrived and saluted her with profound respect. "General," said she, "I surrender to you, and entrust myself to your loyalty." "Madame," was the reply, "your Highness is under the protection of French honour." "I have nothing with which to reproach myself," resumed the princess; "I have fulfilled the duties of a mother in endeavouring to reconquer the heritage of my son."

Madame then asked that she might not be separated from her companions in misfortune, and Dermoncourt promised that, if it depended upon him, her request should be granted. His superior officer, the Comte Drouet d'Erlon, commanding the military division of the district, arrived on the scene a few minutes later, readily ratified the promise that had been given, and assured the princess that any request that she might make should be accorded, if it were in his power to do so.

Duval, the prefect, then entered and demanded *Madame's* papers. She replied that they were in a white portfolio which she had left in the hiding-place. This, together with a bag of money, a portable press, and several proclamations, had already been seized by the police.

¹ *Relation fidèle et détaillée de l'arrestation de S.A.R. Madame, Duchesse de Berry* (Nantes, 1832).

² It was written by Dumas père, from materials supplied by the general.

Meanwhile, the news of the capture had spread, and an immense crowd was beginning to assemble behind the cordon of troops drawn up around the house. Fearing a popular movement, the authorities decided that *Madame* and her fellow-prisoners must be conducted at once to the château. Dermoncourt accordingly offered his arm to the princess; the prefect escorted Stylite de Kersabiec, and, followed by Guibourg and Mesnard, they proceeded through a double line of soldiers and National Guards to the château, which was only a little distance from the house.

Here *Madame* was installed in the apartments of the governor, who had gallantly surrendered them to his august prisoner, and was soon doing full justice to a very excellent breakfast, for nothing had passed her lips since the previous afternoon.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Duchesse de Berry, Mesnard, and Stylite de Kersabiec are removed from Nantes and conveyed to the citadel of Blaye, on the Gironde, on board the corvette *Capricieuse*—A stormy voyage—Arrival at Blaye, where *Madame* is installed in a house which had formerly served as the governor's residence—Consideration shown by the authorities for her material comfort—Extraordinary precautions taken to guard against any possibility of escape—Her daily life—She appears resigned to her fate, but has occasional violent outbursts of temper—Decision of the Government not to bring her to trial—Reason for this—Her continued detention justified to the Chamber on the ground that the public safety requires it—The true explanation.

THE Duchesse de Berry only remained two days in the ancient residence of the dukes of Brittany. In the middle of the night of November 8-9, she was awakened and informed that orders had come from Paris to conduct her to the citadel of Blaye, on the Gironde, and that she was to start immediately. Stylite de Kersabiec and Mesnard were to accompany her, but not Guibourg, who, to the great indignation of the princess, had been taken back to the prison whence he had escaped three months before.

At the gate of the château, d'Erlon, Duval, the mayor of Nantes Ferdinand Favre, and the deputy-mayor Vallet, were awaiting them, with two carriages. The captives and the authorities took their seats, and were driven to la Fosse, where they embarked on a steamer, on board of which were Colonel Chousserie, the officer commanding the gendarmerie of the Loire-Inférieure; Joly; Polo, one of the municipal officials of Nantes; and four officers, Déas, Petit-Pierre, Robineau de Bougon, and Rocher. These seven persons had been selected to accompany the princess to Blaye, and Colonel Chousserie had just been appointed commandant of the town and citadel of Blaye.

At Saint-Nazaire, which was reached at ten o'clock, they found a corvette, the *Capricieuse*, to which *Madame* and her fellow-prisoners were transferred, and the same afternoon they set sail for Blaye.

It was blowing hard when the *Capricieuse* left Saint-Nazaire, and before many hours the wind had increased to a veritable gale. *Madame*, though usually an excellent sailor, was very ill, while Stylite de Kersabiec was absolutely prostrated, and incapable of rendering her the least assistance. She was obliged to have recourse to the services of a young sailor, "who acquitted himself admirably of the delicate functions of private chamberlain."¹ The corvette, moreover, though a tough little vessel and commanded by an excellent officer, was undermanned, or rather most of its best sailors had temporarily been replaced by raw hands, who had been sent on board for instruction in seamanship, and were practically useless in rough weather. In consequence, they were several times in considerable danger, and the captain did not conceal his anxiety from the gentlemen of the party. However, after what he stigmatised as "a dog's time," in the afternoon of November 15 the *Capricieuse* arrived at the mouth of the Gironde, where a steamer, the *Bordelais*, was waiting to convey the prisoners and their escort to Blaye. Their troubles were not yet over, however, for the boat which was conveying the party from the corvette to the steamer was as nearly as possible swamped; and the passengers, instead of mounting by the *Bordelais's* ladder, had to wait until a wave carried the boat to the height of the bridge, when they were hauled unceremoniously on board. But at last the transference was safely accomplished, and the steamer, proceeding up the Gironde, landed them, at six o'clock that evening, at Blaye.

The prisoners were received at the landing-stage by General Janin, commanding the 12th military division, the colonel of the National Guard, and the mayor, who escorted them to the citadel. "All passed off with order, tranquillity, and decorum."²

The town of Blaye is situated on the right bank of the Gironde, about twelve leagues from the mouth of the river. It stands on a rocky height, and commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country, from the slopes of the Médoc, on the South, to the plains of Saintonge, on the North. The citadel, where the Duchesse de Berry was to spend the next seven months, was constructed by Vauban between 1685 and 1688, and includes a great part of the old town, in which he caused more than two hundred houses to be demolished. It is of great size

¹ Dr. Ménière, *la Captivité de Madame la duchesse de Berry à Blaye*.

² Randouin, *sous-préfet* of Blaye, to Thiers, November 15, 1832, in Nauroy.

—indeed, with its streets, squares, garden, barracks, church and hospital, it resembles a military colony rather than a fortress—and completely commands the Gironde, four *kilomètres* wide at this point. Its summit is crowned by an old Gothic château, flanked by four bastions and surrounded by deep ditches, which contains the tomb of Caribert, son of Clotaire II.

The duchess was installed in a modest but comfortable one-storied house, which had formerly served as the governor's residence, situated in the interior of the citadel. Her apartments consisted of three rooms on the ground floor, boudoir, bedroom, and salon, and a fourth in an annexe of the building, which she used as a dining-room. Stylite de Kersabiec occupied two rooms adjoining those of the princess; Mesnard was allotted a comfortable room in another part of the same house.

Thiers had instructed the prefect of the Gironde that "nothing in the way of material satisfaction was to be refused to the prisoners," and everything possible was done for their comfort. The authorities paid more than three thousand francs for new furniture for the princess's apartments; a piano, a lap-dog, and a parrot, were procured for her,¹ and General Janin carried his complaisance so far as to undertake personally the purchase of *Madame's* shoes. Finally, they wished to send to Bordeaux for the band of the 48th Regiment to divert her; but the Bordelais protested so strongly that they were obliged to abandon the idea.

At the same time, the most minute precautions were taken to guard the prisoners, and, if an enemy had been encamped at the gates, the fortress could not have been more strongly defended, or a stricter discipline observed. The strength of the garrison was raised to nearly a thousand men; the cannon stood ready charged; the guard was doubled; the gates were locked at sunset, after which no one was permitted to pass in or out, and the corvette which had brought the prisoners to Blaye and two smaller vessels were stationed at the foot of the ramparts to defend the approach by water. Almost every day, Colonel Chousserie received letters from Paris enjoining upon him fresh precautions. The windows of *Madame's* apartments, already

¹ A receipt in the Archives Nationales informs us that 200 francs was paid for the parrot. A Nantaise lady subsequently sent *Madame* another parrot. The two birds for a time occupied the same perch, and their frequent battles greatly amused the princess.

closely barred, were further protected by iron gratings; sentries were posted day and night round the house, and, finally, palisades twelve feet high were erected, and other sentries stationed outside these. During the day, the prisoners were allowed to move about as they pleased within the cordon formed by the sentries, but at dusk they were locked up in their apartments, and were even forbidden to open the windows. The commissary of police Joly, to *Madame's* intense disgust, was installed in a room at the end of the corridor.

Ferdinand Petit-Pierre, one of the officers who had accompanied the Duchesse de Berry from Nantes, kept a very interesting journal during his stay at Blaye, in which he describes the daily life of the captives. They rose at eight o'clock, breakfasted at ten, dined at six, and retired to rest at half-past nine. Every day, at noon, unless the courier had been delayed, the lieutenant of the fortress brought the journals to the princess, and conversed with her for a few minutes. *Madame's* principal occupations were reading and tapestry-work. From ten o'clock until four she was permitted to walk in the garden adjoining the house, and generally availed herself of this concession, if the weather were fine. In the evening, Mesnard or Mlle. de Kersabiec often read to her aloud, and sometimes they played cards. Once, the lieutenant entering unexpectedly, found Mlle. de Kersabiec telling her Royal Highness's fortune. Their only visitor from the outside world was the curé of Blaye, who had received permission to pay occasional visits to the princess.¹

Madame did not allow herself to despond. She was, as we have seen, a young woman of great energy of character and of a singularly happy disposition, which enabled her to accommodate herself to circumstances. Rich or poor, victor or vanquished, she accepted her fate and did what was necessary. It was thus that, one day, during her wanderings in la Vendée, she was found mending her stockings. "I had a governess," said she, laughing, "who taught me to darn, for she said that I never knew in what position I might one day find myself."² Joly, who certainly could not be accused of partiality for the princess, wrote, in a report which he sent to Thiers the day after *Madame's* arrival at Blaye: "She has shown, from the moment of her arrest, a rare courage and evenness of temper; her

¹ *Journal de la captivité de la duchesse de Berry à Blaye* (Paris, 1904).

² E. Thirria, *la Duchesse de Berry*.

manners have been affable, and the sentiment of gratitude seems to be with her a predominant quality."

Madame, however, was not always even-tempered. Naturally impatient of contradiction, she indulged now and again in violent outbursts, which occasioned her gaolers considerable astonishment. One day, towards the end of November, Petit-Pierre was charged by the commandant to inform the princess that he had received orders that the "Carlist" journals were no longer to be supplied to her. "*Madame*," he writes, "flew into a terrible rage, stamping her foot, and striking the furniture with her fist. 'So,' she cried, 'they are beginning a system of annoyances! It is that scoundrel of a Thiers who is doing all this. Not content with lodging under the same roof as myself that accursed Joly, who presided at the murder of my husband,¹ he deprives me of the only means of ascertaining the persons who are interested in me. I will write to Paris. We shall see. For, at any rate, I am the niece of the Duchesse d'Orléans. She is my father's own sister. If I had her in my power, I would not have treated her like this. But can you expect anything else from her who caused her own mother to die of grief? Yes; I will write to the journals. I wish to be brought to trial. We shall see who in France will condemn me. I have done as much good as I was able, and this is my recompense!'"

With the assistance of Stylite de Kersabiec and the curé of Blaye, who happened to be present, Petit-Pierre succeeded in calming the indignant lady; and, though the Legitimist journals were withheld, by way of compensation, the commandant ordered "that accursed Joly" to leave the house, and replaced him by Petit-Pierre, thus enabling *Madame*, as she expressed it, "to sleep in peace."

If the Duchesse de Berry desired to be brought to trial, Louis-Philippe and his Ministers had not the least intention of gratifying her wish, for they were well aware that they had nothing to gain and a great deal to lose by such a step. "Members of royal families," observes Guizot, "always remain, morally and politically, very difficult and very dangerous persons to prosecute, particularly when the throne which they used to surround has fallen in a tempest, and they have the

¹ Joly had been in charge of the police at the Opera on the night of the Duc de Berry's assassination. *Madame* seems to have got the idea into her head that he ought to have foreseen and prevented the crime.

appearance of pursuing their rights in endeavouring to recover it. There is between their lofty position as princes, and their distress as fallen and accused persons, a contrast which inspires more sympathy on their behalf than their enterprises excite envy or alarm. Acquitted, they become almost victors; condemned, they are the victims of their cause and their courage." If *Madame* were condemned, she would undoubtedly arouse an immense amount of sympathy at present withheld from her; and, moreover, her condemnation would be very unfavourably viewed by certain foreign Courts, especially by Spain and Austria. If she were acquitted, she would not only become a popular heroine, but her acquittal would be a virtual condemnation of the July Monarchy, and an invitation to the subjects of Louis-Philippe to rebel against him. The Government, therefore, dared not prosecute the princess.

Why then did it not order her to be conducted to the frontier and set at liberty, with all the honours due to her rank and all the respect due to her misfortunes? Such an action would have been at once chivalrous and politic. She was a woman, a princess, the niece of the Queen, the widow of a murdered prince of the Royal Family of France, the mother of the boy who, in happier circumstances, would have one day ascended the throne, the daughter-in-law of Charles X. Was it not the bounden duty of Louis-Philippe and his Ministers to conduct themselves as chivalrous gentlemen towards her?

Moreover, from a legal point of view, her continued detention, now that the Government had no intention of bringing her to trial, was absolutely indefensible. Thiers attempted to justify it to the Chamber on the ground that the public safety required it. Well, it was the "public safety" which, under the old *régime*, had been the excuse for the issue of the *lettres de cachet*; and even the English journals, which had so loudly acclaimed the Revolution, did not fail to comment on the startling inconsistency of such an attitude with those liberal principles for which the "best of republics" professed so much regard.

Nor was the plea even a valid one. The insurrection which the Duchesse de Berry had promoted had ended in the most complete fiasco, and had served only to demonstrate the utter lack of organisation and cohesion among the partisans of the exiled dynasty. It was obvious that some years at least must

elapse before the disheartened Legitimists would venture to take up arms again, and that, when that time arrived—if it ever did—it would not be the Duchesse de Berry, but her son, who would be found at their head.

No; it was not consideration for the public safety; it was not the fear that this redoubtable enemy would, if set at liberty, immediately proceed to organise a fresh enterprise; it was not even the wish to throw a sop to the Cerberus of Republicanism, refusing to admit the principle of immunity for princes and declaring that every one was equal in the eyes of the Law, whatever their titles or their rank, which had decided Louis-Philippe and his advisers to keep the Duchesse de Berry under lock and key. It was because they had reason to suspect that, in a few months, an event would take place which they believed would dishonour the princess, and, in dishonouring her, dishonour her son, and deal a staggering blow to the Legitimist cause; and they were determined that this event should be surrounded with all the publicity which it was possible to give to it. It was because they hoped to buttress the July Monarchy with the mud which would be thrown at a defenceless woman!

CHAPTER XXX

First suspicion that the Duchesse de Berry is enceinte—Dr. Gintrac, of Bordeaux, visits the princess—Reticence of this physician—Refusal of *Madame* to see Barthèz, the surgeon attached to the citadel; her letter to the commandant, Colonel Chousserie—The Government send Drs. Auvitz and Orfila to Blaye—The announcement of their departure followed by a violent outcry against the Ministry in the Legitimist journals, which demand the immediate release of the princess, on the ground that her captivity is endangering her life—Reports of the doctors—Rumour that *Madame* is enceinte begins to circulate in Paris—Article in the *Corsaire*, followed by a duel in which the writer is wounded—Threats of the Legitimists defied by the *National* and the *Tribune*—Twelve duels arranged—Armand Carrel, editor of the *National*, severely wounded in an encounter with M. Roux-Laborie—Wrath of the Republicans—Interference of the Government—Sad situation of the Duchesse de Berry at Blaye—General Bugeaud replaces Colonel Chousserie as commandant of the citadel, and subjects the unfortunate prisoner to the most rigorous surveillance—Despatches of Bugeaud to the Government—The declaration of February 22, 1833, in which *Madame* admits her condition, and declares that she was secretly married during her residence in Italy—Letter of the princess to Mesnard—The declaration is published in the *Moniteur* of February 26—Immense sensation in Paris: joy of the Orléanists, consternation of the Legitimists—The secret marriage is not credited: scandalous rumours—Dr. Ménière at Blaye—He is summoned to Paris—Singular interview between him and Louis-Philippe.

DURING the Duchesse de Berry's stay at the Château of Nantes and the journey to Saint-Nazaire, General Drouet d'Erlon had remarked to several persons: "*Il me semble que Madame est enceinte!*" Nothing seems to have occurred to confirm the general's suspicion for the first month after the princess's arrival at Blaye, but on the morning of December 8 Colonel Chousserie was informed that she had had a sleepless night and was feeling rather unwell, and that she wished to consult a Bordeaux doctor, who had attended her for a slight indisposition during her visit to that city in 1828.¹ She could not, however, remember his name. Chousserie wrote to Preissac, prefect of the Gironde, requesting him to ascertain who had attended the princess on that occasion and send him at once to Blaye, and, in the meanwhile, suggested that she

¹ Chousserie to Thiers, December 8, 1832, in Nauroy.

should see a local practitioner, but to this *Madame* testified an "insurmountable objection."

Preissac was unable to discover the doctor required, but he sent a Dr. Gintrac, whom *Madame* consented to see.¹ Between that date and the middle of January 1833, Gintrac paid several visits to his august patient; but he was a staunch Legitimist, and, beyond an assurance that there was nothing whatever to be alarmed about, the authorities succeeded in getting very little information out of him. The Government accordingly sent orders to Chousserie that Barthèz, the surgeon of the garrison, was to see the princess. *Madame* absolutely refused to receive him, declaring that it was "incredible and monstrous" that he should be forced upon her. "However ill I may become," she writes to Chousserie, "I will only see the doctor of my own choice, or I will see no one. I have been able to look death calmly in the face in a cottage, in a ditch, and on the sea (as you are aware); and I shall be well able to see it approach my bed. This is my inviolable determination."²

However, in the night of January 16-17, the duchess was taken ill with symptoms which seemed to point very clearly to what had been for some time suspected. Chousserie at once sent a telegraphic despatch to the Government, and on the 21st two of the best doctors in Paris, Auvity and Orfila, were despatched to Blaye.

Their departure, which was announced by the *Moniteur* of the following day, aroused great alarm and indignation among the Legitimists. Its organs, the *Quotidienne*, the *Gazette de France*, the *Revenant*, and the *Mode*,³ which for the past two months had never ceased to assert that there was no more unhealthy fortress in France than the citadel of Blaye, and had hinted, not obscurely, that it was for that very reason that *Madame* had been sent there, resounded with imprecations against the Ministry and summoned it, "if it did not wish to become the horror of the universe and of posterity," to set the

¹ Saint-Amand states that *Madame* had asked for Gintrac. This is incorrect, for, in a note which she sent on December 26 to Chousserie, the duchess complains that she "had not asked for him and cared little about seeing him, as she did not know him."

² Letter of December 26, 1832, in Nauroy.

³ The *Mode*, as its name implies, was a journal for ladies, but it sandwiched between fashion-plates and lengthy descriptions of balls and weddings political articles of the most violent character.

prisoner at liberty immediately. The *Gazette de France* appeared with a black border, in sign of premature mourning, and the *Revenant* expressed its belief that foul play was going on, and declared that if Madame died, "her life could only be paid for by another life."

Auvity and Orfila arrived at Blaye on January 24, and, in company with Gintry and Barthèz, visited the princess twice. On February 1, they drew up a report, which was forwarded to Paris and inserted in the *Moniteur*. In this they said nothing about the nature of the lady's indisposition, and confined themselves to a defence of the salubrity of Blaye; but in another report, which was signed by their colleagues as well, and which was intended for the ministerial eye alone, they, without going so far as to declare that *Madame* was enceinte, plainly showed that such was their opinion.

Meanwhile, to the great joy of the Government, a rumour to that effect was beginning to circulate in Paris. A little Republican journal, the *Corsaire*, alluded to it. A Legitimist journal gave the *Corsaire* the lie, and a duel followed, in which the writer of the *Corsaire* article was wounded. That paper, nevertheless, continued its allusions, and, in spite of repeated provocations, its staff refused to be drawn again to the field of honour, sheltering themselves behind "the respect due to the political writer." The Legitimists declared that, if any one dared to reflect upon *Madame's* honour, they would force the lie down his throat at the point of the sword. The *National* and the *Tribune*, irritated by the intimidation which their opponents were endeavouring to exercise, defied them collectively; and the offices of both journals were immediately besieged by fire-eating gentlemen who desired to cross swords with some member of their respective staffs. A dozen duels were arranged, and, on February 2, hostilities began with an encounter between Armand Carrel, the brilliant young editor of the *National*, and a M. Roux-Laborie. Carrel wounded his adversary twice in the arm, but received, in return, a thrust in the stomach, which was at first considered very serious.¹

The Republicans, burning to avenge the popular journalist, published a kind of manifesto in the *Tribune*, announcing that, if the Government permitted the Legitimists to hold public

¹ Three years later, Carrel was again wounded, this time mortally, in a duel with Émile de Girardin, then editor of the *Presse*.

meetings, they would break them up by force. At this point, the Government, though it had viewed with complacency the quarrel between the two sections of the Opposition, felt obliged to intervene, in the interests of public order. All political meetings were prohibited, and police posted outside the offices of the different journals, with orders to shadow their inmates wherever they went and arrest them at the first symptom of an intention to engage in mortal combat. These measures proved effective; the Republicans and Legitimists began to exchange compliments in lieu of insults, and turned all the venom in their pens upon the peacemaker.

While the journalists were fighting over her with sword and pen in Paris, the situation of the prisoner of Blaye had undergone a marked change for the worse. In the first place, there can be no doubt that the clamour in the Legitimist journals had a basis of truth, and that the climate of Blaye, at that season of the year, was not at all suited to her, particularly in the delicate state she then was. In the second, she had lost her faithful friends *Stylite de Kersabiec* and *Mesnard*, who had been summoned to take their trial, the one at Nantes and the other at Montbrison; and though *Brissac* and *Madame d'Hautefort* had come to take their places, she missed them sorely, and was, besides, very anxious as to their fate. And, finally, the chivalrous Colonel *Chousserie*, who had already twice requested to be relieved from duties which he had discharged with the greatest reluctance, had been replaced by General *Bugeaud*—the future Governor-General of Algeria—an officer of quite another stamp.¹

Bugeaud arrived at Blaye on February 3. His orders were

¹ Thomas Robert Bugeaud de la Piconnerie. Born at Limoges, in 1784, he entered the army as a private, at the age of twenty, served with distinction in Prussia, Poland, and Spain, and had attained the rank of colonel at the time of the fall of the Empire. He accepted service under the Bourbons, but deserted to Napoleon on the Emperor's return from Elba, and commanded the advance-guard of the Army of the Alps. After the Second Restoration, he retired to his country estate and occupied himself with farming, of which he was passionately fond; but in 1831 he was elected deputy for Périgueux. In 1834, he suppressed the insurrection in Paris, and in 1840 was nominated Governor-General of Algeria. Here he organised the Zouaves, and was everywhere triumphant over the Arab tribes, though his severities caused him to be severely criticised. For his victory over the Emperor of Morocco, at Isly, he was created Duc d'Isly and Marshal of France. He died of cholera, in Paris, in 1849. Bugeaud, who was a voluminous writer on military subjects, was a brave and most able soldier, but of a harsh and domineering character.

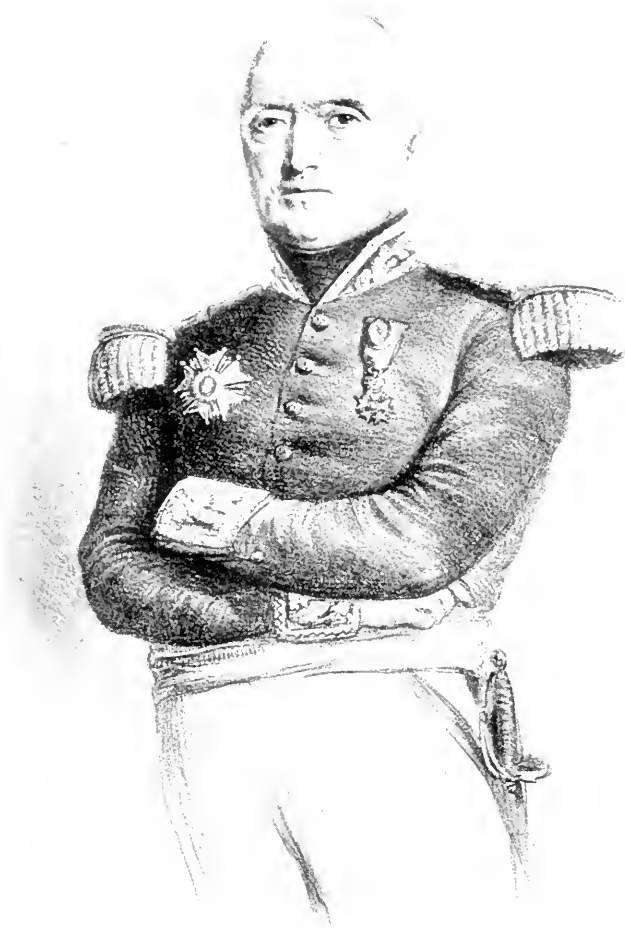
to exercise over his prisoner the most rigorous surveillance, and to endeavour by every possible means to wring from her a written confession of her condition. He carried out his instructions *con amore*, and, from that moment, the unfortunate princess's captivity became one long martyrdom. Her liberty was subjected to the most galling and humiliating restrictions ; she was simply surrounded by spies—spies at her door, spies beneath her window, spies in the room beneath her own, who watched and listened to her conversation through a hole which had been made in the ceiling ; and Bugeaud and his officers invented pretexts for visiting her at least half a dozen times a day.

Almost every day, the general reported the result of his own and his myrmidons' observations to the Government. He was much puzzled, however, by the cheerfulness and good-humour of his captive, and the profound respect with which Brissac and Madame d'Hautefort spoke of and treated her. It was difficult to reconcile the attitude of the princess and her companions with the fact that she was about to be publicly dishonoured in the face of all Europe. "What disconcerts me," he writes to d'Argout, who, at the New Year, had succeeded Thiers as Minister of the Interior,¹ "is her gaiety. She sings, she hums, she plays with her parrots and her dog. Yesterday she was bewailing, in music, her poodle, who has a bad paw. All this causes me to suspect that, if she is in the condition we suppose, she has a fictitious marriage ready to explain it." And again : "The respect, the esteem, with which the companions of the duchess surround her, the *constant* gaiety of the latter, which is confirmed by the observations which we make without her knowledge, all persuade me that, if she is enceinte, she has a cloak prepared to preserve her reputation, and that there is a marriage either secret or fictitious."

The despatch from which this last extract is taken is dated February 22, 1833, 3 p.m. ; and at half-past five on the same afternoon, Bugeaud added the following postscript :—

"I have just been summoned to the duchess. She has almost thrown herself into my arms, weeping. She pressed my hands and confessed to me that she was secretly married in Italy, and that she is enceinte, and that she believes it her duty to her children, to her friends, and to herself to make the admission. I felicitated her upon it, and I asked for a

¹ Thiers had been made Minister of Commerce and Public Works.



THOMAS ROBERT BUGAUD DE LA PICONNERIE (AFTERWARDS
DUC D'ISLY AND MARÉCHAL DE FRANCE
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY B. ROUBAUD



written declaration. She hesitated a little, but, finally, she consented.

“I have three hundred pounds the less on my heart. I am happy; the end is attained. The honour of the King and of the country is saved! Everything favours the Throne of July.”

The document which excited such joyful emotions in the general's breast was as follows:—

“Pressed by circumstances and by the measures ordered by the Government, *although I had the gravest motives for keeping my marriage secret*, I believe it my duty to myself, as well as to my children, to declare that I was secretly married during my residence in Italy.

“MARIE-CAROLINE

“Citadel of Blaye, February 22, 1833.”

On the same day, *Madame* wrote to Mesnard, with whom she had received permission to communicate:—

“I believe that I am going to die in telling you what follows; but it is necessary. Vexations, the positive order to leave me alone with spies, the certainty of not being released until the month of September, have alone decided me to the declaration of my secret marriage, being no longer able to conceal my condition for my honour and that of my children. If I were to remain here, I should die. . . . Oh! how I wish that I might be away from here, so that I might be tranquil!”

From this letter, it is evident that the declaration had been extracted from *Madame* by the promise of a speedy liberation, and Mesnard asserts that she had also received an assurance that her secret should be respected. The Government, however, had not the remotest intention of observing either condition; and the declaration, which was transmitted to Paris early on the following morning, was published in the *Moniteur* of the 26th.

The sensation which it produced may be imagined. The Orléanists could not contain their joy; the Legitimists were aghast. In vain did their organs strive to throw doubt upon the authenticity of the declaration. In vain did they stigmatize its publication by the Government as “a proceeding so

¹ Nauroy, *la Duchesse de Berry*. M. Nauroy, who, at the time when he wrote, was unaware of the existence of the documents which we shall presently cite, seems to regard this letter as a proof that Mesnard was the father of *Madame's* child.

immoral and so cynical that its parallel was not to be found in history." In vain did they declare that "a secret marriage, that is to say, a marriage of conscience, made before the altar, does not occasion any legal change in civil and political rights," and remind their readers that Marie Louise, notwithstanding her marriage with Neipperg, had received from the Congress of Vienna the title of empress, and that the Duke of Reichstadt had remained to the day of his death the hope of the Bonapartists. In vain did they shriek with exultation over the acquittal of Chateaubriand, whom the Government had been so ill-advised as to prosecute for his *Mémoire sur la captivité de M^{me} la duchesse de Berry*, and repeat in chorus his famous apostrophe of the princess: "*Madame, votre fils est mon roi!*" The hard fact remained that their heroine—this young woman whom they had hailed as a second Jeanne d'Arc—had failed to comprehend the duties which the enterprise to which she had set her hand required of her; that she had not possessed sufficient loftiness of soul to consecrate herself exclusively to the cause of her son, and that the party, in consequence, had received an irreparable moral injury.

For few, save those who had enjoyed the personal friendship of the princess, seemed to believe in a secret marriage; and the most scandalous rumours were flying about. Some attributed the paternity of the expected child to Mesnard; others to Guibourg; others again to Rosambo; while the more malicious declared that probably all three were entitled to lay claim to the honour. But most people, recalling the stories that had been current under the Restoration about *Madame* and her first equerry, declared that Mesnard must be the happy man; and a *chanson* expressing this view of the matter, which we dare not reproduce here, was straightway composed and enjoyed a considerable vogue.

Unhappy princess! Not only did the scandal-mongers of the cafés and the salons refuse to believe her word, but the Ministers, and even the King and Queen, were or, at any rate, affected to be, equally incredulous. Louis-Philippe, with all his faults, was an amiable man, who never willingly harmed any one, and his consort, who was really attached to her niece, had entreated him to put an end to the scandal. But Thiers had represented to him that no personal consideration must be allowed to balance the imperative necessity of ruining the

Legitimist party and rendering the Duchesse de Berry henceforth impossible ; and he had permitted himself to be overruled.

A few days before the declaration of February 22, the Government had despatched to Blaye Dr. Prosper Ménière, who enjoyed an extensive practice among the fashionable ladies of the capital, for which he was indebted as much to his charming manners as to his professional skill. Ménière, who, by his kindness and tact, soon succeeded in gaining the good-will of the Duchesse de Berry, kept during his residence at Blaye an exhaustive journal, which was published by his son, Dr. E. Ménière, in 1882, and is a work of the greatest interest. In this he relates how, at the end of March 1833, he received a summons to Paris, where the Ministers desired to question him personally as to the health of his royal patient. After being minutely interrogated by the whole Cabinet, severally and collectively, with the result that it was decided that *Madame* should lie in at Blaye, he received a command to present himself at the Tuileries. Louis-Philippe received him with his usual amiability ; thanked him for the care he was taking of his niece ; inquired if the latter were much incensed against him ; begged the doctor to assure her that he had been in complete ignorance of Thiers' negotiations with Deutz, and that, in regard to her incarceration at Blaye, his hand had been forced by his Ministers, and that, deeply to his regret, he had been obliged to subordinate his personal feelings to reasons of State. Then he said : "The Queen would have liked to see you, Monsieur le Docteur, to recommend to you the Duchesse de Berry, but you will understand *the sentiment of modesty* which restrains her. The position of our niece is of a nature to clash with all her Majesty's instincts of a woman and a relative. She has not had the courage to overcome the embarrassment which this interview would occasion her, and you must be so good as to excuse her."

Ménière, who was himself firmly convinced of the marriage of his royal patient, could scarcely believe his ears. "I considered it to be my duty," he writes, "to say at this juncture that the Duchesse de Berry had declared that she was married, and that everything in her conduct and in her words, since I had had the honour of being admitted to her, appeared to be in complete harmony with her declaration." "What you tell me," rejoined the King, "gives me the greatest pleasure. I will inform the Queen, who will not be less happy than I."

CHAPTER XXXI

The Government insist that the accouchement of the Duchesse de Berry shall take place in the presence of official witnesses, in order that her supposed dishonour may be established beyond dispute—Intolerable surveillance to which the princess is subjected—Violent scene between *Madame* and General Bugeaud—Precautions taken by the latter to ensure the publicity of the event—The princess consents to the conditions which the Government desires to impose—She gives birth to a daughter on the morning of May 10, 1833, and causes it to be announced that she is the wife of the Count Ettore Lucchesi-Palli—The marriage of the Duchesse de Berry and Lucchesi-Palli no longer contestable—The marriage deed in the archives of the Vicariat at Rome—The letters in the archives of the Château de Brunsee—Twofold importance of these letters, which establish not only the marriage, but the legitimacy of the child born at Blaye—The story of *Madame's* secret journey to Rotterdam, at first received with incredulity, confirmed by them and the testimony of Madame Harson—Question whether Lucchesi visited the princess at Nantes—Proof adduced by M. Thirria—Reasons which induced the princess to guard the secret of her morganatic union—Her letter to Chateaubriand—Sad results of the scandal which her silence has provoked—Acquittal of the leaders of the insurrection—Chateaubriand's visit to Prague—Departure of *Madame* from Blaye—She sails for Palermo, where she is received by her husband, and disappears into private life.

THE Ministry had not only resolved that *Madame* should remain in prison until after the birth of her child, but they had the barbarity to insist that the event should take place *coram publico*. Never did government attach more importance to a great diplomatic or military victory than did the Ministers of Louis-Philippe to the realisation of this programme. It seemed to them that the July Monarchy would be for ever consolidated, if what they believed to be the dishonour of the Duchesse de Berry were placed beyond all possibility of doubt; and they took as many precautions to assure the authenticity of this birth as had the Government of Louis XVIII. to prevent any one from denying the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux.

As the time approached, the surveillance to which the prisoner was subjected became more and more rigorous. Doctors, officers, gendarmes, and detectives spied upon her incessantly, and there was scarcely an hour of the day or night when she could be sure of being free from prying eyes. The

unhappy princess protested vigorously against this treatment, of which the kind-hearted Ménière endeavoured vainly to secure some amelioration, and stormy scenes between her and Bugeaud were by no means infrequent. A particularly violent one occurred on April 24, when the following conversation took place:—

Bugeaud: “Madame, your party denies everything and intends to deny everything. I am, accordingly, authorised to take all the precautions necessary to prove the event; I owe it to the country and to the King.”

The Princess: “What are these precautions?”

Bugeaud: “Madame, from May 1, I shall make an officer and M. Ménière sleep in the salon adjoining your apartment.”

The Princess: “I refuse to have the officer.”

Bugeaud: “Madame, I shall be sorry to oppose you, but, having fulfilled all my duties towards you, it remains for me to fulfil the others.”

The Princess: “It is an infamy! . . . I see that they wish to cause me to die! To place gendarmes in my room!”

Bugeaud: “Madame, they will not be in your room, but only in the salon.”

The Princess: “I shall lock my door.”

Bugeaud: “That, Madame, cannot be permitted.”

The Princess: “Do you believe that I intend to kill my child?”

Bugeaud: “No, Madame, I do not believe it; but, as there were people who doubted whether the Duc de Bordeaux was your son, they may doubt your accouchement, if there are no witnesses. But, Madame, promise me on your honour that you will summon M. Ménière at the first symptoms, and I will place the officer in the adjoining corridor.”

The Princess: “You ought to rely on my good faith.”

Bugeaud: “Madame, it would not be a breach of good faith to fail to do what one has not promised.”

The Princess: “It is horrible! It is a frightful tyranny!”

“With that,” says Bugeaud, “she rose in fury, rushed into her room, and slammed the door violently.”¹

As *Madame* refused to give him the promise he required, the general redoubled his precautions. “I believe,” he writes, “that I have taken all the precautions imaginable to be warned

¹ Bugeaud to d’Argout, April 24, 1833, in Nauroy.

of the first symptoms. . . . I have a *sous-officier* on the watch underneath the floor, and in the night an officer goes several times to her door. During the day, we visit her five times: Ménière from one to two o'clock in the afternoon, myself from two to four, and Ménière again from seven to ten or eleven in the evening. In the intervals, the officer on duty enters under one pretext or another. From the 10th, my witnesses will sleep in the citadel. In the day, I shall warn them by three cannon-shots from the vessel in the harbour."¹

At the same time, Bugeaud warned the princess that, unless the birth of her child were proved by the most unimpeachable evidence, the Government would refuse to restore her to liberty. This had the desired effect, and, on May 7, the princess "promised on her word of honour to execute the following conditions:—

1. "She will give us warning at the appearance of the first symptoms ;
2. "She will consent that the delegated authorities shall enter her apartment, to visit her and to establish her identity ;
3. "She will declare to the delegates, after her accouchement, that the new-born child, who will have been shown to them, belongs to her."

In return, Bugeaud engaged, on behalf of the Government, that she should be set at liberty as soon as she was convalescent.²

Three days later (May 10), at twenty minutes past three in the morning, in the presence of the doctors Ménière, Deneux, and Dubois, General Bugeaud, the *sous-prefet*, the deputy-mayor, the commandant of the National Guard, the president of the tribunal of first instance, the *procureur du roi*, the curé of Blaye, and the commissary of police, the Duchesse de Berry gave birth to a daughter.³ "The presence of all these witnesses," observes

¹ Bugeaud to d'Argout, May 4, 1833, in Nauroy.

² Bugeaud to d'Argout, May 7, 1833, in Nauroy.

³ "The Président Pastoureau approached the princess and addressed to her, in a loud voice, the following questions: 'Is it Madame la duchesse de Berry to whom I have the honour to speak?' 'Yes.' 'You are certainly Madame la duchesse de Berry?' 'Yes, Monsieur.' 'Is the new-born child who is with you yours?' 'Yes, Monsieur, this child is mine.' 'Of what sex is it?' 'It is of the feminine sex. I have, moreover, charged M. Deneux to make a declaration to this effect.'"—Bugeaud to d'Argout, May 10, 1833.

Thirria, "clearly demonstrates—for it was no longer a question of the birth of a Child of France—that the imprisonment had taken place not in chastisement of the Vendéen rising, but for the sole purpose of an accouchement public and shameful."

But, to the general astonishment, the princess, so far from exhibiting any sign of shame, was radiant with pride and happiness. "He will be very pleased," she cried gaily; "he who was so anxious for a daughter! I told him that I was sure of it; but he was as incredulous as these gentlemen of the Faculty."¹

Then she called Deneux, and said to him: "When the declaration of birth is made, you will name the father of my child. I desire that his name be inscribed on the *procès-verbal*."² And, a few minutes later, Deneux entered the salon, in which all the witnesses were assembled, and, "in a loud and intelligible voice," read the following declaration:

"I have just delivered Madame la Duchesse de Berry, *spouse in legitimate marriage of the Count Ettore Lucchesi-Palli*, of the Princes of Campo-Franco, Gentleman of the Chamber of the King of the Two Sicilies, domiciled at Palermo."³

The marriage of the Duchesse de Berry and the Count Lucchesi-Palli, which the Orléanists affected to regard with incredulity, asserting that the count had been persuaded by Ferdinand II. and the Royal Family of Naples to cover the princess's frailty, and which, until quite recently, certain historians were still found to question, is no longer contestable, save by those who see a forgery in almost every historical document. It had been celebrated in Rome on December 14, 1831—seventeen months before the birth of the little girl born at Blaye—by the Jesuit Father Rozaven,⁴ to whom Gregory XVI. had granted a special dispensation. The marriage-deed was discovered, some twelve years ago, in the secret archives of the Vicariat, by M. Thirria, who has published an authentic copy of the document in his admirable monograph on the Duchesse de Berry:

¹ Dr. Ménière, *la Captivité de Madame la duchesse de Berry à Blaye*.

² Dr. Ménière.

³ Ménière; Bugeaud to d'Argout, May 10, 1833.

⁴ Jean Louis de Lessegues de Rozaven; born at Quimper, in Brittany, March 9, 1772; died at Rome, April 2, 1851. He was one of the most learned Jesuits of his time, and the author of a number of erudite theological works in various languages.

“Fidem facio subscriptus, Almae urbis tribunalis, vicariatus secretarius, in libro primo Matrimoniorum, qui in hac secretaria asservatur, pagina 117, sequentem reperiri particulam ; videlicet : 14 December 1831—I, the undersigned, certify that H.R.H. Marie Caroline Ferdinande Louise, Duchesse de Berry and M. Ettore Carlo, Count Lucchesi-Palli di Campo-Franco, having addressed themselves to me, confessor, to be united secretly by the bonds of marriage, reasons of State of the highest importance preventing this from being publicly celebrated, furnished with all the special faculties necessary to proceed to this union in the most profound secrecy, I have united them in legitimate marriage, without the presence of witnesses, as I had power to do. In token whereof three copies of the present deed have been written by my hand, two for the contracting parties, the third to remain in the secret archives of the Vicariat of Rome, in witness of the truth. Rome, 14 December 1831. Jean Louis Rozaven. We, the undersigned, certify the truth of the above deed, Rome, the fourteenth December, eighteen hundred and thirty-one. Marie Caroline—Ettore Carlo Lucchesi-Palli.

“Datum Romae e secretaria vicariatus, hac die tertia mensis Januarii, anno 1899.

“PETRUS CHICCHI

“*Secretarius*”

If there were need of any further testimony, it would be forthcoming in the shape of two letters, both in Italian, which were found by the Vicomte de Reiset in the archives of the Château of Brunnssee, in Styria, where the Duchesse de Berry passed the last years of her life, and which is now the property of her son by Lucchesi, the Duke della Grazia. The first, which was written by Lucchesi to the princess, at Nantes, is as follows :

“How long, my angelic wife (*angelica mia sposa*), am I to lament in this state? *Your rapid journey, which exposed you to so many dangers, has been for me a torment the more, although I owe to it the happiness of having seen you again.* I owe it to you and to the world to remain indifferent to all that concerns you, and even if you were obliged to declare my happiness, you wish my name to remain unknown. What fate is mine! To you, duty is everything; I am all despair. Release me, I

entreat you, from this promise, which makes the unhappiness of every instant of my life ; trust in my prudence. Do you not think my heart would watch over you? Farewell. E. L.”

The second letter is a reply to a later one of the count, written by *Madame* apparently towards the end of her imprisonment at Blaye,¹ whence she succeeded in getting a few letters passed out, through the complaisance of the curé.

“I am equally impatient, as you may suppose, my dear Ettore, to see you again, but I should be afraid for your sake if I made you come to a country where I am in prison, and where perhaps you might have to submit to the same fate. My only consolation is to have received your precious news and those of my children ; but too rare it is, and how I long to confide to the bosom of my Ettore, my best friend, all the details of what I have suffered ! You can form no idea of it ; but what consoles me, is that you have not been a witness of it ; with your heart so tender and so sensitive, you would have suffered a cruel punishment.

“I give you back your promise ; you may speak of *our marriage* to our relatives and then to our friends ; the consequences of *my rapid journey* will soon oblige me to make our union known. Adieu, dear *husband* ; may God soon reunite you to your affectionate

“CAROLINE”²

These letters, which M. de Reiset declares to be of incontestable authenticity, are of twofold importance. Not only do they establish the marriage, but they establish the legitimacy of the child born at Blaye as well, which was contested by many even of those who were prepared to admit the marriage, on the ground that no proof existed of cohabitation between the parties since *Madame's* return to France at the end of April 1832—that is to say, more than thirteen months before her child was born.

The “rapid journey” to which both the count and the princess refer—this “rapid journey” which had “exposed her (*Madame*) to so many dangers,” to which Lucchesi “owed the

¹ It obviously cannot be an answer to the one cited above, as M. de Reiset seems to suppose.

² Vicomte de Reiset, *Marie-Caroline, duchesse de Berry*.

happiness of having seen her again," and "the consequences of which would soon oblige her to make their union known"—was a journey from Nantes to Rotterdam and back again, undertaken by *Madame* at the end of July 1832. Its object was mainly political, namely, to negotiate through the Russian Minister at The Hague, where Lucchesi was at this time representing Ferdinand II. of the Two Sicilies, a renewal of the alliance between France and Russia, destroyed by the Revolution of 1830, in the event of the Duc de Bordeaux recovering his throne, which we presume would have implied, in the meanwhile, very strong *moral* support for the young prince from St. Petersburg, if a favourable opportunity for exercising it should arise. So fearful was the princess lest, if her journey were ever to become known, she should be accused of seeking the *armed* intervention of the foreigner, and the cause of her son be thereby prejudiced, that she took the most elaborate precautions to conceal her absence from Nantes, even from her most faithful adherents. The inmates of the house in the Rue Haute-du-Château and one or two other persons alone were warned of it, and, as a further precaution, she left with them her ciphers, and documents signed *en blanc*. Moreover, she impressed upon those who were subsequently taken into her confidence that nothing concerning this journey was to be allowed to transpire so long as the Comte de Chambord were alive; and it was not, indeed, until more than twenty years after that prince's death that the facts were made known to the public by the Baron de Mesnard, nephew of *Madame's* faithful friend and reputed lover, in an article which he published in the *Revue angevine* in May 1902. Thus, the Duchesse de Berry, who might have easily put herself right with the world and established beyond all dispute the legitimacy of the child born at Blaye, preferred the interests of her son to her own reputation as a woman.

M. de Mesnard gives some interesting details of *Madame's* mysterious journey to Rotterdam.

"She had," he writes, "less fear of being recognised in that town than at The Hague, where her husband, the Count Lucchesi-Palli, was *chargé-d'affaires* of Ferdinand II. of the Two Sicilies. The princess left the house of the Mlles. du Guigny, accompanied by a woman whose presence of mind equalled her devotion, and disguised, like her, as a servant.



CARLO ETTORE, CONTE LUCCHESI-PALLI DI CAMPO-FRANCO
(AFTERWARDS DUCA DELLA GRAZIA)

The journey, which occupied nearly a month, passed off like her other two journeys in France, some time before, thanks to the concurrence of fortunate circumstances, of which *Madame* cared to speak but little, in the fear that certain curious and piquant details might promote indiscretions compromising for the secret to which she attached a capital importance. However, in a moment of expansion, she happened to relate one day that, while on her way to Rotterdam, she had experienced intense alarm at Montmédy, a little town near the frontier of Luxembourg, whence she was to gain Holland. The princess believed that she was recognised by a young officer, who happened to be in the same inn as herself. But the latter, immediately approaching the traveller, seized her gaily round the waist, as he might have done to a servant, whose costume she was wearing, and said to her, in a low tone: 'Be assured, *Madame*; by my convictions I belong to the Republican party, but, in the French army, there is not an officer capable of denouncing a proscribed and fugitive woman.' The princess, transported with gratitude, embraced the brave officer, which amused the people who were in the room, who had not remarked the very natural uneasiness which *Madame* had experienced for some minutes.

"Despite the entreaties of the person who had accompanied her, and the touching instances of the Count Lucchesi-Palli, who had not the same faith as she in the possibility of a fresh rising in Vendée, and who, in the most profound secrecy, had come twice to Rotterdam, the princess insisted on returning to Nantes. She said to them: 'One of these fine mornings we may hear that a Republican insurrection has overturned the throne usurped by Louis-Philippe. Confronted by anarchy, the French, terrified, will wish to return to the legitimate Monarchy. At the head of the brave Vendéen peasants, I shall bring Henri V. back to Paris. In 1830, Charles X. prevented me from profiting by the good disposition of the people towards me. This feebleness cost him the throne. Never will Restoration be more national. My place is there at Nantes, in the midst of the faithful inhabitants of the West. My duty to myself, grand-daughter of Henri IV., is to return to that town, which I ought never to quit, except to take part in the rising, for which I shall give the signal at the moment when a new Republican movement breaks out in Paris. The

struggle will recommence in Vendée with a new ardour. . . . The counter-order ruined everything in May; but, this time, there will be no counter-order, and, for the happiness of the country, I shall restore to Henri V. that Crown of France which belongs to him. From the windows of the Mlles. du Guignys' house I have had before my eyes, for two months, the Château of Nantes, where my ancestor Henri IV. signed the immortal edict which put an end to sixty years of civil and religious warfare, and restored peace to exhausted France. With God's aid, it will be from Nantes that, for the second time, will come the salvation of France, which, with its legitimate King, will recover the Russian alliance so necessary to the two countries.'"

The writer concluded by stating that his article had been inspired by "a noble woman, who modestly remained anonymous, but who desired, before her death, to bear testimony to the patriotism of the Duchesse de Berry."

The story of *Madame's* journey to Holland at first provoked a good deal of incredulity, and it was pointed out that the Baron de Charette, who was the soul of honour, and the Mlles. de Kersabiec had declared, in the most positive terms, that the princess had never once quitted the Du Guignys' house, from the time she entered it until the day of her arrest. M. de Reiset, however, in the course of a long controversy in the *Intermédiaire des chercheurs et curieux* in 1904-5, stated that a Madame H . . . ,¹ an old lady who had been an intimate friend of the Duchesse de Berry in the princess's later years and possessed her entire confidence, had confirmed M. de Mesnard's story, and added that he possessed documentary evidence of its truth which ought to convince the most sceptical. This evidence, which he published in his monograph on the Duchesse de Berry, a few months later, was, of course, the two letters already cited.

Until the revelation of the journey to Rotterdam, historians who believed in the legitimacy of the child had always asserted that the cohabitation had taken place at Nantes, whither Lucchesi had come incognito to visit the princess. "M. Lucchesi," says Madame de Gontaut, "was charged by *Madame* to carry her manifestoes into la Vendée"; and the Comte de Rochecouart, who represented the Duchesse de Berry at The Hague at the time that Lucchesi was there, writes in his *Souvenirs* :

¹ Madame Harson, who lived with the Duchesse de Berry as her *lectrice* for many years.

"I found at The Hague the Comte Lucchesi-Palli, a friend of *Madame's* childhood; he was acting in the same interests as myself, and testified so profound an affection and so great a devotion for the princess that our relations became very intimate. I saw him every day. He made, however, one or two journeys, each lasting about a month, and it was asserted subsequently that he had gone to Nantes. For myself, I never knew the cause of his absence."

The statements of Madame de Gontaut, though they certainly point to the probability of Lucchesi being at Nantes in the summer of 1832, cannot, of course, be considered as evidence that he was actually there. But what M. Thirria considers a conclusive proof was discovered by him in the Archives Nationales. On May 7, 1833—three days before the birth of her child—the Duchesse de Berry wrote to Chateaubriand, informing him of her marriage to Lucchesi, and begging him to proceed to Prague, where Charles X. and the other members of the exiled Royal Family had now established themselves, and break the news to them. And in a postscript, after speaking of a treaty which she had been endeavouring to negotiate with William I., King of Holland, which was to provide for the reunion of Belgium to France, in the event of the Duc de Bordeaux securing his throne, she added: "The Comte Lucchesi was charged by me to make the first overtures on the subject; he contributed powerfully to their favourable reception." Well, these first overtures appear to have been made at the end of June 1832, and on July 19 the Prince of Orange, son of William I., wrote to *Madame*, in answer to a letter of hers which he had received a few days before; and he concludes thus: "It is the person who has remitted to me your Royal Highness's letter whom I am entrusting with this." "This person," observes M. Thirria, "was Lucchesi, who came then secretly to Nantes precisely at the time when the conception of the child born at Blaye the following year must have taken place."¹

As for the reasons which induced *Madame* to guard the

¹ E. Thirria, *la Duchesse de Berry*. M. Thirria wrote two years before the Baron de Mesnard published his article in the *Revue angevine*. If, as the latter states, *Madame* set out for Holland "at the end of July," it seems not improbable that Lucchesi delivered the Prince of Orange's letter to her at Rotterdam, instead of at Nantes.

secret of her marriage from even her most intimate friends, they are easy to understand. "It was," writes the Comte de Rochecouart, "impossible for her to divulge hermorganatic union at the moment when she was undertaking her campaign in la Vendée; she would have lost all her prestige, and have compromised the success of the expedition; and, finally, she knew that Charles X. would have been extremely angry, and have deprived her of the powers of Regent, granted by the Holyrood proclamation of January 27, 1831."

And *Madame* herself says in her letter of May 7 to Chateaubriand:—

"I charge you then, Monsieur, to go specially to Prague and tell my relatives that, if I refused up to February 22 to declare my secret marriage, my intention was to serve further the cause of my son, and to prove that a mother, a Bourbon, did not fear to expose her life. I reckoned only to make known my marriage at my son's majority;¹ but the threats of the Government, the moral tortures, pushed to the last degree, decided me to make this declaration. In the ignorance in which I am of the time at which my liberty will be restored to me, after so many hopes deceived, it is time to give to my family and to all Europe an explanation which may prevent injurious suppositions. I should have desired to be able to do so sooner; but an absolute isolation, and the insurmountable difficulties of communicating with the outside world, have hitherto prevented me. You will tell my family that I was married, in Italy, to the Count Ettore Lucchesi-Palli, of the princes of Campo-Franco."

The Duchesse de Berry remained at Blaye for a month after the birth of her little daughter, who was baptized by the names of Anne Marie Rosalie. Her position was a very sad one. In the chimerical hope of concealing her marriage and of preserving her political rights, she had provoked a scandal which had humiliated her family, ruined her party, and rendered herself for ever impossible, from the political point of view.²

¹ That is to say, when he was fourteen years old, the age at which the kings of France attained their majority.

² Great as was the scandal, it was rendered infinitely worse by the maladroit conduct of the more violent Legitimists, of whom the *Quotidienne* was the mouth-piece. These gentlemen, after denying the pregnancy, denied the accouchement, and deposited at the Bar of Paris, against the Ministers, and at the Bar of Bordeaux

One consolation for the princess, in the midst of her misfortunes, was that the friends who had been arrested with her at Nantes had not suffered for their loyalty to her cause. Mesnard, Guibourg, and the Milles du Guigny had been all acquitted; Stylite de Kersabiec had not even been brought to trial, as, on her friends promising to take her abroad for a few months, she was released. The persons captured on board the *Carlo Alberto* and the leaders of the comic-opera insurrection at Marseilles had likewise recovered their liberty. The leniency with which the Government treated the leaders of the movement was in striking contrast to the punishment meted out to the unfortunate Vendéen peasants who had fallen into its hands, many of whom were sentenced to long terms of penal servitude.

On May 26, Chateaubriand, charged by *Madame* to inform the exiled Royal Family of her marriage, arrived at Prague. He found Charles X. frankly sceptical about that event. "Ah, well!" said he, "let the Duchesse de Berry go to Palermo; let her live there maritally with M. Lucchesi, in the sight of all the world. Then we will tell her children that their mother is married; and she can come and embrace them."¹

Madame had already decided on the course suggested by the old King, and on June 8 she sailed for Palermo, on board a French corvette, the *Agathe*. The Government, by way of inflicting a final humiliation upon its unfortunate prisoner—or what it believed would be a humiliation—sent instructions to Bugeaud that her departure should take place in the daytime, and caused a notification of the event to be circulated in all the country round, in the form of an order enjoining upon the people to treat her with respect. "It is necessary," wrote d'Argout, "that thousands may be able to say that they have seen the duchess and her child leaving the citadel."

Madame was accompanied by her little girl and her nurse, Bugeaud and his aide-de-camp, Saint-Arnaud—the future marshal, who commanded the French in the early part of the Crimean War—Mesnard, the Prince and Princesse de Beaumont, Drs. Deneux and Ménière, and her *femmes de chambre*,

against the witnesses who had signed the *procès-verbal*, a denunciation "*pour cause de présomption légale du crime de supposition d'enfant*," which was published in full in their favourite organ.

¹ Chateaubriand, *Mémoires d'outre-tombe*.

Mlle. Lebeschu and Madame Hansler. The voyage was uneventful, and remarkable only for the persistent way in which the princess snubbed Bugeaud. "She treated me," writes the general, "as if I had been for her a Sir Hudson Lowe. She affected to keep away from me and to break off her conversation whenever I approached. *En revanche*, she was friendly and cordial to excess with the officers of the *Agathe*."¹ The officers of the corvette, from the captain downwards, sympathized with the princess, and treated her late gaoler with marked coldness—there was never much love lost between the Services in those days—and Bugeaud seems to have had far from a pleasant voyage.

At mid-day on July 5, the *Agathe* cast anchor in the harbour of Palermo. A boat, manned by ten rowers, in which sat a chamberlain of the Viceroy of Sicily, the Governor of Palermo, a Sicilian admiral, and the Count Lucchesi-Palli, came alongside. The chamberlain was ushered into the princess's cabin and bade her welcome in the name of the viceroy. Lucchesi followed, and remained with his wife for half-an-hour, when he reappeared, with *Madame* on his arm. They remained on board till after dinner, during which the princess was serenaded by the occupants of a number of boats which had gathered round the vessel. Then *Madame*, after a last passage of arms with Bugeaud, who "begged her to be convinced that no one desired more earnestly than he her happiness—in Sicily,"² took leave of him and the others; presented the captain of the *Agathe* with a piece of tapestry which she had worked during the voyage; gave a sum of money—equal to twenty days' pay—to be distributed among the crew, and stepped with her husband into the boat that was waiting to convey them to the shore. The officers of the corvette drew up along the starboard gangway and saluted her with their swords; the sailors swarmed into the rigging and cheered lustily; and Marie Caroline, Duchesse de Berry, passed for ever from the fierce glare of publicity into the calm shadows of private life.

¹ Bugeaud to d'Argout, July 11, 1833.

² Bugeaud to d'Argout, July 11, 1833. Bugeaud received from the Government a *gratification* of 40,000 francs for his services at Blaye. On his return to Paris, he was publicly insulted, in the course of a debate in the Chamber, by a Legitimist deputy named Dulong. A duel followed, in which Dulong was killed.

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