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LOUIS XVII.

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THE ARAB JEW

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BY

MRS. WELDON

(NÉE TREHERNE)

WIFE OF

NORROY, KING-AT-ARMS

OF H.M.'S HOUSEHOLD

MESSRS. NICHOLS & Co.

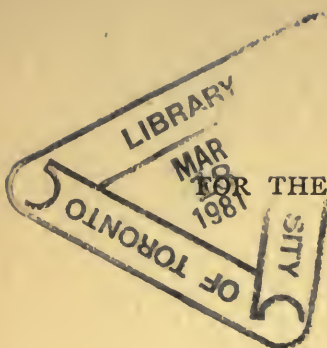
34 HART STREET, BLOOMSBURY

LONDON

1908



Tombstone in the Old Cemetery at Delft.
10th August, 1845.



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FOR THE NATIONAL LENDING LIBRARY
FOR THE BLIND.

125 QUEEN'S ROAD, BAYSWATER,
LONDON, W.



Dedicated

TO THOSE DEAR FELLOW-CREATURES
OF OURS, DEPRIVED, BY CRUEL
FATE, OF THE INESTIMABLE BLESSING
OF SIGHT—YET, NOT SO BLIND
AS THOSE WHO WILL NOT SEE.

I TRUST TO THE SUPERIOR GIFTS
OF INTUITION AND PERSEVERANCE
WITH WHICH THEY ARE ENDOWED;
TO THE INTEREST AND SYMPATHY
THEY MUST FEEL

FOR A POOR LITTLE CHILD,
WHOSE DESTINY WAS FAR MORE
PITIALE THAN THEIR OWN,
TO INFUSE AND DIFFUSE AMONG
THE MASSES THE KNOWLEDGE
OF THAT TRUTH SO LONG
SUPPRESSED AND TRAVESTIED BY
THE CABINETS OF EUROPE
AND THEIR SCRIBES.

G. W.

10th August, 1908.

INTRODUCTION.

FIFTEEN years ago I learnt to write Braille. I had many blind friends, principally through my friendship with a family in Gisors, Josset by name. One of the members of this numerous family was and is a very talented and original composer, "*chef de musique*" to that admirable Institution for Incurable Children in the Rue Lecourbe, Paris. One of his blind pupils, a youth of sixteen, Jules Rousseau, was appointed organist at Gisors (page 31). Intelligent and talented, he soon found the way to my heart, and I loved, as I still love, to sing his lovely compositions, of which I have, on his behalf, presented copies in Braille notation to the National Lending Library in the Queen's Road.

"*Noël*" with French and English words.

"*A Floral Sanctuary*" (*Jardin d'amour*), published by Weekes & Co., 14 Hanover Street, Regent Street.

"*Ma Poupée*," words by a dear deaf and blind friend of mine, Bertha Galeron de Calonne, author of a charming volume of poems, "*Dans ma nuit*," published for her by Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania.

Rousseau is a very prolific composer, but, when one has no money to spend in advertisement, nobody and nothing can hope to become a financial success, and one has to live resignedly in obscurity.

Louis XVII. and his career having been, I may say, one of my principal occupations, and my blind friends knowing no more than what "Policy" and Politics had inculcated into the unsuspicious and ignorant general public mind: that is to say, done to death by a brutal cobbler, Simon, on the 9th of June, 1795 (*see* pages 16-30). I made up my mind to set them right. Simon, as is evident, could not have caused the death of this poor child; as, not only when he was relieved of his functions of "Tutor" to the young Prince on the 19th January, 1794, the Archives prove that the child was in the best of health, but that Simon was guillotined on the 27th July, 1794, almost seventeen months before the sick child, substituted for the Prince on the 4th June, 1795, died on the 8th.

I then learnt to write Braille, so as to be able to copy books and articles about Louis XVII. for Jules Rousseau, with a kind of vague and sentimental idea that, through one who was blind, the truth might one day permeate. At all events it enabled me to ventilate my pet "hobby" into sympathetic ears.



But, alas! not long after I had got quite proficient, an accident to my hands crippled them both.

Since the 5th May, 1897, my right hand is never out of pain; the thumb and index are stiff. Both hands are very weak. I write slowly and with great difficulty, always in pain. I could not play the piano at all for eight years. I could neither sew nor knit; for six months I could not write at all. My health (I never was anything but delicate) was further impaired by being pitched on my head on board one of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Co.'s boats, from Dieppe to New-haven. Needless to say, I could no longer use the "stile." The jar it caused put that pleasant occupation which gave so many others so much pleasure for ever out of the question.

The accident was due entirely to the wilful negligence of the Company. I did not for one moment suppose I was crippled for life, but I thought it would be wise and for the general good to draw the attention of a Judge and Jury to the preventable dangers by sea, which cause many accidents not known or not realised as due to the carelessness—childish carelessness—of Companies. I wrote a sixteen-page pamphlet at the time, which I will send to anyone who may wish for confirmation of what I say (page 15) as to Judicial Cynicism (2d. free).

I brought an action to recover damages for what I thought at the time an accident of little consequence, requesting the Jury to add a rider to the effect that certain steps should be taken for the purpose of preventing such in future.

The Judge brutalised me from the first word to the last; ridiculed me; prevented Counsel (for the Company) cross-examining me; made out I lived by bringing bogus actions against rich Companies; I had no chance of getting my "rider" considered by the Jury, and was cast in about £200 costs to the Company.

The whole case exists in shorthand, and will some day form one of the voluminous volumes I have gradually collected—portraits to the life of the ways in "Chambers" and in Courts of Justice, as practised in the nineteenth century.

These "cases of mine" will prove to the world that Louis XVII.'s "Case" is no "isolated" or "exceptional" one, and that, as the Appendix, (page 88) relates, will satisfy it that "*Old Times*" (although old) are, at the present time, treated to the "SAME CUSTOMS."

No wonder there is so much opposition to "VOTES FOR WOMEN." The new brooms are sure to stir a great deal of refuse! More than will be pleasing or creditable to the male portion of the community.

The women, will, perhaps, gain sufficient in-

fluence in legal flocks, sadly requiring honest shepherds. They may succeed in reforming procedure altogether; do away with the farce of "Chambers" altogether — (Chambers of which not one man in ten thousand (let alone the despised woman) knows the geographical position or existence). They may obtain that all pleadings be delivered on oath; that all Counsel, instead of being what they now are, privileged liars and blackmailers, should be bound to tell the whole truth; bound not to use forged copies of forged documents; bound not to mislead and mystify, to the best of their ability, the Jury. The last century has seen the spectacle of a barrister (*Labori*) raving and pleading for a Madame Humbert, as he raved and pleaded for Alfred Dreyfus.

May the women succeed in preventing such scandalous and intolerable spectacles.

Jules Favre raved and pleaded for Louis XVII. and his family, but no one listened to him, no one believed him. Lawyers are considered mere windbags. The women may succeed in causing such innovations as will bring back honour to where there, now, is none; where honour is exploded; where honour is a joke, a byword.

The women may succeed in reinstating the Bar as an honourable profession.

Is the Law an honourable profession?

How can it be, as long as men shut women out? Their mothers—their sisters, their daughters—

The men have often superior strength of muscle, but the women, believe me, have more moral force and staying power.

Women have been (through the male's strength of muscle) reduced to nonentities; but their eyes are beginning to open.

Education, too, is being spread among the Blind—the Blind endowed with more powers of thought and concentration than any of us who see.

We may hope, therefore, that the future will never be stained with such spots—such “damned spots”—as the case of Louis XVII. and so many others I could mention.

This little work is called LOUIS XVII. *or the ARAB JEW*, because, in my judgment, the first step towards clearing the way is to brush away and stamp out this absurd fiction of Judaic descent, which, on the face of it, appears to have no foundation whatever.

I remember an old “chestnut” of my infancy which many must have heard.

It applies directly to the “Jew” origin of “Naundorff”; origin which I account for on precisely “similar lines” as the doctor and his patient of whom I record the following anecdote.

A doctor advised a patient to keep his bed, and on no account to touch fish, especially shell-fish.

On visiting him the doctor exclaimed : " How's this ? I told you not to touch fish, and you've been eating oysters ! "

" How do you know that ? " asked the patient.

" Sir, I see the shells under the bed. "

Shortly after this the doctor's patient paid a visit to a sick friend.

" Ha ! " said he, " you've been eating horse, my poor friend. "

" Eating horse ! What do you mean ? "

" It's no use denying it ! I see the saddle and bridle under the bed. "



Louis XVII. owes his supposed " Jewish taint " (as good Christians make out) to the fact that by the year 1839, when, I infer, the family du Coudray thought to curry favour with the Government of Louis Philippe by supplying a description of the family scapegrace, *Comte de Naundorff*—one of the many names or aliases adopted by Charles Alexandre (*see* pages 52-57) during fifty years—the Government turned the Arab Jew likeness into an instrument which was rightly estimated as one which must infallibly brand the real heir to the French throne as one of an abhorred and most unjustly despised race. The detectives at work very naturally got on the track of this big Arab Jew-looking man (believed to be a Jew), this Naundorff.

The French Government seized the opportunity, fitted the cap on to the little fair man with blue eyes, impudently altered the report of the German Government, which had innocently replied that there was no trace or evidence whatever of "Naundorff" belonging to Israel, "*in spite of most strenuous research.*"

How very tantalising ! How very irresistible to those great and good Christian historians who fell into this humiliating trap !

Yes ! very humiliating trap !

Fancy Larousse, the world-wide authority. . . .

1st. "THE FALSE LOUIS XVII. *Charles William Naundorff*, Prussian, born at Neustadt-Eberswald in 1785, a locksmith's son.

2nd. "*Naundorff*, born some time about 1786, either at Spandau or at Weimar."

Then others have it : "Born at several other places."

"Polish Jew.

"Prussian Jew.

"German Jew.

"Ignominious Jew convict.

"Abject and creeping thing.

"Individual with sordid hands spewed from a German ghetto.

"Forger.

"Coiner.

"Vilest adventurer.

"Incendiary watchmaker.

"Thief of himself.

INTRODUCTION.

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- " Founder of a burlesque religion.
- " Gruau de la Barre's p—.
- " Protestant born in Israel.
- " Prosecuted at Brandenburg in 1824 for arson.
- " Sentenced later to three years for coining.
- " German refuse.
- " Perverted Jew, expelled from France."

His family and descendants are treated to the same amenities.

"Species : outcome of ancestral rottenness."

&c., &c., &c.

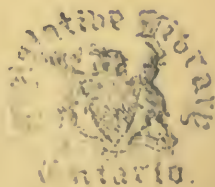
And ! all this superlative abuse heaped on the little fair Prince with blue eyes, because a roving Comte du Coudray, a tall Arab Jew-like personage with the "*black hair and black eyes*" of the Naundorff passport (pages 54 and 85) was believed to be a Jew while he wandered about Germany for 50 years, occasionally as *Comte de Naundorff*, and believed by his family, who had not seen him since 1790, to have died at Delft on the 10th August, 1845.

" Jew of Neustadt-Eberswald.

" Jew of Weimar,"

who, according to these historiographers :

" dissolved into final putrefaction at Delft on the 10th August, 1845.



There is plenty more of the same vituperation and abuse hurled by the patriotic French (and, of course, "Anti-Dreyfusards,") at the "Jew" and family, without in the least knowing or caring to know anything—not even the A. B. C. of the subject over which they lash themselves into ungovernable spasms of phantom and chauvinistic fury!

A very good proof that this particular Arab Jew legend has faded out altogether is that I sent to the French "Notes and Queries" (*l'Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et Curieux* 31^{bis} Rue Victor Massé, Paris) to ask for the certificate of Charles Alexandre Marotte du Coudray's death.

I wanted to see if the reply would be "died at Delft 10th August, 1845."

No reply whatever; so I take it for granted that, like Anatole France and many other "authorities," they think prudence the better part of valour and protect themselves with the armour of contemptuous silence!



This little book of mine is a humble effort to introduce Louis XVII., in the Cause of Eternal Truth, to the Blind.

I was fortunate enough, not long ago, to make acquaintance with the National Lending Library for the Blind, and discovered that type-writing

machines were manufactured for them. This was a great consolation.

I bought one at once.

My friends have urged me to publish it for the general use, so, although rather late in the day to appear as an author—an *authority* as well—I launch my attempt at literature, hoping that, at all events, it may serve the Cause I have at heart.



One remarkable trait in the Prince's character is his evident disdain for correcting errors. For instance: He has taken no pains in Perceval's Edition, let alone his own, to correct the spelling of even his wife's name; and Mr. Perceval prints "*Cosmier*" instead of "*Gommier*" or "*Commier*," as in Laurent's letter (page 40). On returning to France, he must have been told that the *official sequence* of his names was *Louis Charles* and not *Charles-Louis* (a fact of which false Dauphins had received due and careful coaching), but he alone knew he was called *Charles*, never *Louis*; so he stuck to his own text. Almanach Hachette published in 1906 (page 349) some most interesting specimens of the Dauphin's handwriting. The signature (1793) "*Louis Charles Capet*" (I mean the way the poor intoxicated child placed the names) suggested to me that he had first signed

"*Charles Capet*," as taught by his "tutor" Simon, and that, after he had done so, some other monster intervened and made the child add "*Louis*" in derision; he being at the time "*King Louis XVII.*" His brother, the first Dauphin, had been christened *Louis Joseph Xavier*.



To give some notion of the elaborate nature of the "Question," due to the thousand and one monstrosities perpetrated against a helpless child and the innumerable crimes committed in the vain hope of crushing out the Truth (see Mr. Henri Provins' article in the Appendix, page 88), I inform my readers that Henri Provins' and Ad Lanne's works in Braille would make at least twenty volumes such as this one—as for Otto Friedrichs' one work alone, "*Correspondence of Louis XVII. with his family*," would make at least a hundred volumes such as this one.

Although the Prince's portraits after he returned to France in 1833 are far from pleasing, his letters, on the contrary, must prepossess everybody in his favour. He particularly appeals to me, his chief preoccupation being the education of his children and his constant lament at his own lack of it.

He, however, exerted himself to educate him-

self and his children. He succeeded wonderfully in many ways ; knew music as a science, played the harpsichord or piano, and modulated very well, to the astonishment of educated and successful musicians—so says Augustus Mêmes.

He kept the anniversaries of his father's death, ever present to his mind, in seclusion, sadness, and tears.

I copy and translate the following extract from one of his long letters in Mr. Friedrichs' possession to a good friend of his at Crossen, dated 17th January, 1831.

"O my friend, let me come and live through that fearful day at your house, so that the sight of my children should not bring too vividly to my mind that fatal anniversary ; my once happy childhood and the tears of my good mother. Ah ! my grief knows no bounds, and, yet, there are those who do not believe in me. It is for these reasons your poor friend desires to pass away the hours of that dreadful day."

Some of his children were so very like his father, mother, and sister, with the special characteristics of the Bourbon and Hapsburg dynasties.

As a specimen of his epistolary capacity, his kind and good heart, his spiritual life, his staunch belief (poor dear) in the triumph of his just Cause, I append a translation of the first letter he wrote his wife after his expulsion from France (*see* page 28). It is dated "*London, 19th July, 1836.*"

"My dear Johanna,—I do not know whether you have been made acquainted with what occurred in Paris in June.

"I had given strict orders that (at any rate, provisionally) you should not be told of the march of my destiny. I have now regained my freedom. I am in perfect health, thanks be to our eternally good and heavenly Father.

"I myself can hardly believe in my extraordinarily good health. On the 15th of June I was suddenly arrested, and, in spite of all my friends' and legal advisers' incessant efforts, I was kept for twenty-five days in solitary confinement in a narrow cell.

"From thence, on the 10th July, accompanied by two armed police officers, after a journey by diligence of three days and three nights without stopping, I was put on board a steamer, forcibly embarked at Calais, and again abandoned to the mercy of the winds and waves.

"Our boat had barely sailed from port when a violent storm arose, with driving, very fine rain, which carried our boat, one moment to the top of the seething waters like a shuttlecock, and then precipitated her as rapidly as lightning to the abyss of the foaming waves.

"You may believe me that during this terrific but splendid spectacle—which was not new to me—I was almost the only one on board who was not ill. Everybody seemed seized with anguish. Even the old and experienced Captain, when the boat shook and staggered, made grimaces like a man who, in savage haunts, attacked by a wild beast, seeks refuge in a tree.

"Our boat was a steamer of 120 horse power, in spite of which—the gale being in our teeth—the waves were hurled, roaring like thunder, right over the vessel, and forced the immense machine to stop so suddenly that even the sailors lost their sea-legs and tumbled about as if drunk. Then the passengers, unlike the sailors used to the sea, were almost all taken ill and . . . so suddenly that they vomited all over each other. It was pitiful to witness their staring eyes, their haggard looks, in which pain and despair seemed painted as if imploring help.

"The scene baffles all description.

"My companion (Marquis de Laférière), an ex-Colonel of Napoleon's Horse, was the first to give in. On falling, his fine gold-embroidered cap flew into the sea. The gale lasted six hours, and our boat had no peace till she got into Dover harbour, which we reached at 3 p.m. We then landed and went to an hotel, where for the first time since my twenty-five days of suffering I at last slept in a bed, a free man.

"From Dover, accompanied by my friend, I was driven by coach to Herne Bay, where we took passage for London, and on the 16th arrived here.

"As far as concerns myself, you may feel quite happy. My heart is as hard as stone as regards my own sufferings. I have a sort of feeling that my destiny has changed within me and lost itself. In short, my body is exempt from pains and aches. I sleep more soundly than ever, and I really look younger. Only my hair seems to tell the tale of my grief, as it suddenly begins to whiten all over my head. I send you a lock I cut off this morning to see for yourself. My whiskers are turning as grey as a man fifty-six or sixty years old.

"While in gaol in Paris I sent you two thousand two hundred francs. Have you received these, as well as my letters?

"Write to me to the same address in Paris, and, as usual, do not trouble your head about the future.

"With the help of Almighty God I have every hope of FORCING my adversaries into Court. In the meanwhile, live happy; be not anxious; trust in God and in the faithfulness of your husband, who truly loves you.

"CHARLES LOUIS,

"*Duc de Normandie.*"

One word for my dear daughter Amélie. Your dear mother receives this letter under cover to yourself. I believe it will please you, although the postage you have to pay will be heavy. That is why I enclose an English "*Louis*," which, in this country, is called a *Sovereign*. The poor man whose head you see thereon is as little King in his own country as I in Morocco. But keep the coin as a *Souvenir* if it pleases you. Some months hence somebody who speaks French, it is true, will go to see you, but he

speaks English as well. He is also very fond of music. He is the young Comte de Fayolles. He is to fetch your brother Edward. Tell Edward to work up his French and English in the meanwhile.

Best remembrances to Madame Forêt, as well as to our friend Eglantine, with whom I am much pleased. Tell her to look sharp after anyone who may call.

Write and tell me all that goes on and what is said, especially about what lately took place in Paris, and you must never forget to tell me all about your brothers and sisters, as you know how I care for them and that I do so love to hear all about you.

Perhaps, in spite of seeming ill-luck, your father who loves you may soon be amongst you again.

CHARLES LOUIS,
Duc de Normandie.

This letter is translated from Otto Friedrichs' great work above alluded to. G. W.



LOUIS XVII.

OR

THE ARAB JEW

THERE is no figure in history so pathetic as that of the unfortunate little boy, the last legitimate Dauphin of France, second son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

He was created Duke of Normandy by his father at his birth and christened *Charles-Louis*. He was born on the 27th March, 1785.

His brother, the Dauphin, had been christened *Louis*, and was called *Louis* by his father and mother. He, therefore, was called *Charles*. This is a most important fact for students of the "question" to consider as a means of fixing the identity of the personage whose life I here sum up in as concise a form as permits the very elaborate nature of the case.

Louis Dauphin died when he was eight years old, poisoned, as was generally whispered, by his

uncle, the Comte de Provence, who, throughout his life, seems to have been curst with an overpowering desire to succeed his brother, which he eventually did, as Louis XVIII., by usurping the rights of and suppressing his nephew (styled Louis XVII.), after the Revolutionary Tribunal had sent his brother to the guillotine on January 21st, 1793.

It was intended that Charles Louis should reign as *Louis*. In the Prison of the Temple, the child was called Charles or "Monsieur Charles."

Numerous false Dauphins were invented or created and made the most of for "State Reasons," which seems to be a current device for the perpetration of the most outrageous villainy.

Some put the number of these puppets at two hundred and two, which gradually simmered down to thirty-nine; but, after the lapse of a century, the list does not appear to comprise more than four :—

1. "Naundorff,"
2. Augustus Mèves,
3. Richemont,
4. Eleazar Williams.

It is of No. 1, "Naundorff," I am now writing.

I hope to make my readers understand that he and he alone could be the little boy who, with his family (when he was seven years and five months old), was imprisoned in the Temple, once the

Palace of the Knight Templars, razed to the ground by that monster of toadstool growth spawned from ignoble *Terror*, Buonaparte, who judged it expedient to obliterate all trace of the fastness from which Louis XVI., His Queen and Madame Elisabeth had been taken to execution, and to which so many loyal memories sorrowfully clung.

I have studied most carefully every work concerning the various "False Dauphins." I have come to the conclusion that, while Augustus Mêves and Eleazar Williams, having been (for "State Reasons") persuaded that each was Louis XVII., were most sincere in their belief; Richemont, on the contrary, was a paid agent of the police, trained as a sort of "red herring" to be drawn across the scent whenever there was any risk of the true Dauphin becoming conspicuous.

Augustus Mêves and Eleazar Williams honestly avowed their ignorance and their total failure of memory concerning their infancy; but Richemont attempted to persuade others that he not only recollected many things concerning the Court, but called himself *Louis*. He, moreover, signed "*Louis Charles*," insisting strongly that "*Naundorff*" was an impostor because he signed "*Charles Louis*."

Now this is precisely the "Shibboleth" which proved "*Naundorff*" to be the Dauphin. He alone recollected that his brother was *Louis* and

he *Charles*. He so well knew that no one but he and his sister were aware of this particularity, and he was so afraid of this "stigmata" being imitated and copied that he waited to escape back to France before he adopted what he alone knew to be the correct sequence of his Christian names (except in private letters to his family and his sister, letters of which the latter took no notice).

Another "Shibboleth" is the way he formed his letters in the name "*Louis*." No one can doubt that the same hand which, in after years, wrote *Louis Charles* and *Charles Louis* is the same which wrote *Louis* while in the Temple, and when his tutor (Abbé d'Avaux) taught the child to write "*Louis*" (the name under which it was then intended he should succeed his father). His handwriting was, also, very similar in character to his mother's, but the "*Louis*" retains, in a most wonderful way, the "*Louis*" of childhood.

Neither the handwritings of Augustus Mèves or Richemont tell a tale which points to anything but a commercial education, whereas "Naundorff," who had had no education after he was separated from his mother in July 1793, wrote badly, like a person without education. I do not at all understand why Marie Antoinette's handwriting should have been so vulgar and ugly.

To this little volume is added an engraving which represents eight portraits. 1st, The Dauphin

IT struck me that, although none of the portraits (except N^o. 1) can be considered at all satisfactory, they are useful from the following point of view. N^o. 1 has the arched eyebrows of N^o. 3; Marie Antoinette's eyebrows were very much arched, and N^o. 3 is a very unpleasant and inartistic portrait of "Naundorff." I think I discern in N^o. 1 a faint shadow on the left side of the brow, as in N^o. 3, which is strongly developed. N^o. 1 is the authentic portrait of the Dauphin when (as is alleged) he was seven years old; N^o. 2 is also an authentic portrait of the Dauphin when (as is alleged) he was seven years old. Both are alleged to be by Kucharski. N^o. 2 is at Trianon. No end of documents are produced by the authorities to prove that these two portraits are of the same child, at the same age, by the same artist. I take it upon myself to say that it is quite impossible this documentary evidence can be worth the paper it is written on. Anyone with however small a knowledge of drawing can see at a glance that, although there is but scant likeness between them, the portraits of N^{os}. 1 and 2 cannot be from children of the same age nor by the same artist. N^o. 1 cannot be more than five years old, and the other, so badly drawn, is out of all proportion and more like a boy 10 or even 12 years of age. N^o. 2 is undoubtedly by Kucharski, but N^o. 1 (although a discussion of the matter has no historical importance) cannot be by Kucharski—therefore I call it the portrait of the Dauphin, at five years of age, by Madame Vigée Lebrun (p. 5). N^o. 1 answers the description generally given of the Dauphin and one confirmed by his *première berceuse*, Madame de Rambaud, when the Prince (49 years of age) was recognised by her as the child she had taken charge of at his birth and served till the 10th August, 1792. Fair curling hair, blue eyes, short neck, high breasted, eyebrows like the Queen, his mother. N^o. 2 has dark, lank, straight hair; it has a narrow chest—altogether unnatural looking—an enormous head, out of all proportion; the eyebrows are slightly arched, the eyes dark, the mouth much larger than in N^o. 1. Madame de Rambaud said the child had a very small mouth. In N^o. 3 the mouth is decidedly small. Unfortunately there is no positive profile of either N^{os}. 1, 2, or 3, but what is very curious is, N^o. 8 (as I believe) although believed to be Mathurin Bruneau, is a portrait of Marassin (p. 29), and is the very image of Madame Amélie (N^o. 3's eldest daughter). N^o. 3 said N^o. 8 was very like him. Anyone can see that N^{os}. 4, 5, and 7 have dark hair (although N^o. 7's was getting grey at the time the portrait was painted). The eyebrows in all the portraits, except N^o. 3, are not at all arched.



3.



1.



5.



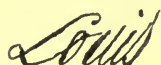
6.




The mouths in Nos. 5 and 6 are very gross and may be portraits of the mysterious Dodd (p. 20). Bellanger, an artist, taking his rounds as National Guard, is alleged to have sketched the poor child he believed to be the Dauphin (Eleazar Williams). No. 6 is a portrait of Eleazar Williams at a later period (p. 3). There is another of him when much older (very coarse and ugly, with no pretension of likeness to No. 1). No. 4 is Augustus Mèves (p. 3) and No. 7 Richemont, much the best looking of all Dauphins (p. 3). Now people can judge for themselves which of the grown up Dauphins most resembles No. 1. In a future work I shall say more about the likenesses of "Naundorff" and his family to the Bourbon and Hapsburg dynasties.

(Pages 4 and 5) I allude to the handwriting and signatures of the Dauphin and "Naundorff."

Facsimiles of a few of them will serve to illustrate what I mean.

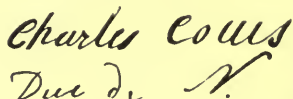


This is the signature of Louis XVI.



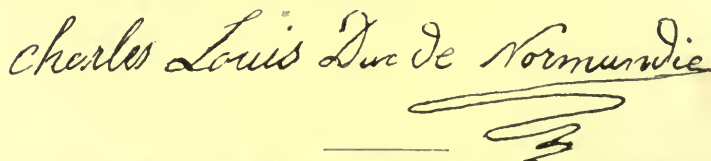
This is the Dauphin's signature in 1793 in the Temple before July, 1793.

There is that painful signature to which I have alluded in the Introduction (which shall be reproduced in a future volume) "*Louis—Charles Capet*" (in the Temple, October, 1793).



This is the signature which he was in the habit of using to his family during the first years of his residence in Prussia.

This signature he finally adopted:—



I dare say those discriminating critics who say "All this proves nothing" will repeat, like so many parrots, that "Naundorff" imitated Louis XVI.'s signature and the Dauphin's from books. If he had cared to imitate, he would have copied that peculiar little sign which reminds me of the little dash in "£" (pound sterling).

N.B.—Some revolutionary law was passed in 1791 abolishing all decorations; I therefore believe both Nos. 1 and 2 were painted in 1789, and that No. 2 is a portrait of the 1st Dauphin. G.W.

when he was five or six years old, by Madame Vigée Lebrun ; 2nd, the Dauphin at about seven (though he looks a great deal older) by Kucharski ; 3rd, "Naundorff" at 50 years of age ; 4th, Augustus Mêmes ; 5 and 6, Eleazar Williams ; 7, Richemont ; 8, Mathurin Bruneau, who, I believe, was Marassin or Marsin.

Mathurin Bruneau is the only one whose features, in the slightest degree, recall the Bourbon type.

It must be evident to the most stubborn adversary of the glaring truth that "Naundorff's" at 50 years of age might have been drawn from Mme. Vigée Lebrun's portrait of the child when he was five years old.

I therefore start my story, having, as I conceive, established four undeniable proofs of the identity of "Naundorff" with Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy (as he made a point of signing all his letters after he made himself known to the old members of his father's household on his return to Paris in 1833 after enforced exile and imprisonment during thirty-eight years).

1st. His name *Charles*.

2nd. The shape of his letters in *Louis*.

3rd. His handwriting so like his mother's.

4th. His striking likeness to the Dauphin's portraits at five and seven years old.

When he married in 1818, he told his wife to

call him "*Karl*," as that was what he had been called when a child ; so that he did not wait, as some might surmise, for his nurse to tell him that he was called *Charles* and not *Louis*, which, I repeat, was his brother's name.

Floods of ink still flow fiercer and faster as years roll by concerning this "historical enigma."

In my opinion it is no enigma and never was an enigma ; "State Reasons," too apparent and too numerous to be threshed out here, as in every case where the interests of high and mighty potentialities are involved, are conducted on precisely the same lines as in far less important or interesting cases ; that is to say :

1st. Puzzle and muddle.

2nd. Lie.

3rd. Discredit.

4th. Imprison.

5th. Suppress.

6th. Persecute supporters.

7th. Impoverish.

8th. Steal papers.

9th. Poison or knife.

And last but not least, 10th. Convenient silence.

That is the policy of all Governments.

In all such nefarious dealings, the "family"—your "own family"—is bound to be your natural born and privileged enemy, assisting, if not insti-

gating, the Government to best the victim of "State Reasons."

No matter how insignificant the individual, the same tactics are scrupulously observed.

Therefore, to rail against Robespierre, Barras, Napoleon Buonaparte, Louis XVIII., Charles X., the Duchess of Angoulême, Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon (strangely enough christened Charles Louis), and the Republics of 1848 and 1870, to denounce the Cabinets of Europe, the Vatican, at their head, is common-place. They merely acted and act according to custom.

M. de Rochow, a Prussian Minister of State, declared that he would not at all like Louis XVII. to be acknowledged, as it would mean the "dishonour of every European Cabinet"; but that is mere *façon de parler*, mere "*cant*"; there is no such thing as honour or dishonour, as I myself have heard a Judge in the Court of Appeal state.

He was a sensible man!

As long as European Cabinets have power or money, they can laugh at honour and dishonour alike, and invoke the Almighty and "State Reasons" for every rascality under the sun. I am convinced that everybody, all the Royal families, knew all along, and know perfectly well, that "Naundorff" was the most pathetic figure in history; the poor little child, orphaned,

persecuted, forced to hide as a malefactor ; allowed to exist only as a card which might turn out trumps for "State Reasons" to cheat with ; and suppressed when he at last found refuge with the Government of a small State which took the liberty of making use of its common-sense and, tacitly as well as materially, assisted the personage they all knew to be the legitimate King of France. Bourbon, *pur sang*.



His story has been told over and over again, or rather romanced over. No eye-witness' narrative has ever come to light. State reasons have stifled or distorted the truth concerning almost every single incident of his sorrowful career. Many a child has sobbed over the harrowing tale of the little Prince's sufferings, but few, even now — over a century later — have the faintest notion of one tithe of the desolation which attended him, step by step, through nearly fifty-five years of utter abandonment.

When he was but five years of age, history records that, on hearing some one say : "I should be as happy as a Queen!" the child gravely observed : "Happy as a Queen, indeed ! I know one who often, often weeps !"

The villainous "Affaire du Collier" had taken place, and one of those coincidences which fore-

shadowed the terrible French Revolution of 1789. No wonder the poor child often saw his mother shed bitter tears.

History—and “State Reasons” keep up the farce—still records the death of this poor little boy on the 8th June, 1795. Well would it have been for him had he died in the place of the sick child substituted for him !

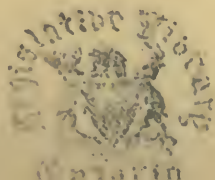
Here I interrupt the thread of my narrative to remark that authors of French Histories who published at the end of 1700 and beginning of 1800 short biographical notices of Louis XVII., last King of France, stated that he died on the 9th of June, 1795, and that he had been attended to by one *Gomier*, *Commier*, or *Gommier*.

This statement is another “Shibboleth,” and a proof that the three letters of Laurent (printed further on in the course of this narrative) were genuine.

I beg my readers to bear in mind this apparent digression when they come to the part where I tell who Laurent was and to whom these letters were addressed.



Although as a child I have sobbed with all my heart over the tales of ill-usage the Dauphin was subjected to, I somehow never believed he had died in the Temple.



I not only remember the death of the Duke of Normandy in 1845, but I must have vaguely heard him talked of in connection with our own family affairs.

My eldest uncle, Rees Goring Thomas, married a Miss Esdaile whose father was a London banker and had dealings with Charles Louis. The Bank failed in 1840, thus meeting the fate of everything and everybody connected with this ill-omened Prince. In consequence of the failure of the Esdaile Bank, my father helped his brother and came abroad with my mother and their three children to retrench. We lived till 1852 near Florence. (Villa Capponi.)

My youngest uncle, George Treherne, in 1845 married Baronne Frédérique Hildprandt, whose father's estate was Blattna, near Prague, where the Duchess d'Angoulême held her Court during the thirties. The Duchess d'Angoulême was in no particular favour, on account of her treatment of her brother. I have no impression of her being looked upon in the light of a "saint."

Sir Thomas Sebright, who was my sister Florence's godfather, married Louisa Hoffman, daughter of the Mr. Hoffman of Dresden who gave lessons to the Duke of Normandy's children. All these were firm believers in the identity of Charles Louis with the young Dauphin.

In 1852 we all went to stay with my Uncle

George, who had bought a Château in Switzerland on the lake of Constance from Madame Lindsey, who had been the "*bonne amie*" of Benjamin Constant.



Her own special apartment was preserved (as it were) sacred by my uncle ; it was never used unless the number of guests on very special occasions made it necessary. I rarely had an opportunity of slipping in and devouring the contents of her prettily-bound books, which, for the most part, consisted of works on the Revolution of 1793. I had always, till the present year (1908), believed that I had read the *Memoirs of Général d'Andigné*, which narrated how a skeleton, supposed to be the Dauphin's, was found by him and his comrades whilst digging in the Temple grounds in 1801. As I recollected that the Duke of Normandy had died in 1845, I knew this child's skeleton could not be the Dauphin's. M. Otto Friedrichs says it is impossible I could have read these Memoirs, as they were not published till about ten years ago, and that I must have read Beauchesne's "*Romance on Louis XVII.*," a work of no historical value whatever, which contained extracts from the MS. of Général d'Andigné. I have, however, no recollection of having heard the name of Beauchesne

till about 25 years ago. This is a proof of how one forgets things and how one is apt to deceive oneself and others by genuine defects of memory. (Moreover, no book had been added to this library (Madame Lindsey's) since 1849).

Again: Thirty or more years ago I fell in with a woman whose maiden name was Helluy. Her father, through some trouble in his own country, had taken refuge in London at the time the Duke of Normandy and his large family were in England (from 1836 to 1845). This man gave lessons to the family, and handed down (to his own family) an implicit belief in the identity of the Prince. Charles Louis was of a most kind and charitable disposition. He did his utmost to befriend all his poor countrymen; started a *Bureau de Bienfaisance* at 8 Newman St., Oxford St., to which Helluy acted as Secretary. This institution appears to have been the actual precursor of the French Hospital in London.

I have reverted to these numerous streams which, from my earliest childhood, have flowed in and formed the vast river of my conviction and belief in the good faith of the Duke of Normandy. My memory was refreshed, perhaps, by the fact that my mother kept a scrap-book in which she pasted cuttings concerning Charles Louis from the newspapers of that date.

I recollect asking my mother "Who was the

Duke of Normandy? " for, hunt as I might in the Almanach de Gotha (the foreign "Peerage"), I could find no trace of him or the title.

"Hush! Hush!" she replied, looking about her as though afraid of being overheard, "don't speak of him. He is a very 'ill-used person!'" And in my small mind I wondered why it was sinful to be "*ill-used*."

It was not one of the Ten Commandments.

Time has unveiled this profound philosophical problem, as well as many others. I grew to understand perfectly well why it is altogether wrong to be ill-used by persons who are in a position to injure you with impunity, and who, on account of their wealth and honourable reputation, are considered incapable of doing any one any harm or wrong.

My father and mother received at the Villa Capponi many persons who must have been believers in the identity of "Naundorff" as Duke of Normandy. Cavaliere Giuseppe Antinori was one of these. This Antinori figures prominently in a volume by *Le Comte d'Hérisson, Le Cabinet Noir* (Ollendorff). So I infer, from his frequent visits, that his presence was a very significant proof that my father and mother must have believed that Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy, was indeed the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. I remember also a Marquis and Marquise de la

Ferté, an old Madame Orloff, Lord Vernon, who was also very fond of talking Dante with my father, who made Dante a favourite study, and many others. Princess Mathilde (Demidoff) was one of my brothers' godmothers, and a great friend of the family. I believe I remember her husband, Prince Anatole. This remembrance of mine may be useful as a test of what a child of eight years old's memory is capable, for I never saw him from the year 1846. I describe what I recollect so that those who may yet recollect him may judge whether I am correct. About five foot ten, Mephistophelian-looking, spare, very black hair, straggling and full whiskers and moustache. I did not like him!

I recollect but vaguely anything else about Charles Louis till I was fifteen. I then found those works I have already spoken of at my uncle's house, which satisfied me that the Dauphin had not died in prison; but he having committed the crime of being "ill-used," I dared not speak of him to any one. I read the books in secret, kept the story to myself, and I have no doubt, unless my own life, which, as I grew older, became almost as storm-tossed as his, had not opened my eyes to what the crime of being *ill-used* really signified, I should never have given him another thought. Strange events, however, connected with one of the most remarkable trials

of modern times—almost on all fours with the history of Louis XVII.—brought me back face to face with the lingering memories of my childhood . . . and, as time went on, every circumstance in my life seemed to urge me to throw myself, heart and soul, into the question, and labour to unravel the mystery.

At first I found it difficult to reconcile Charles Louis' History with the unscrupulous cynicism of governmental officials, judges and magistrates with whom he had the misfortune to come in contact; but my singular legal experiences justify me in declaring that his experiences were but mere everyday occurrences about every mortal thing which affects any case in which any man or woman in good position or "highly respectable, old-established firm of Solicitors" are concerned. Poor Charles Louis! His very existence was a living reproach to all the crowned heads of Europe, and to, last but not least, his "dear, sainted sister," the Duchess of Angoulême.

How could he, above all others, expect any kind of justice? Those who were aware of his existence, those who had helped the poor child to escape—all had been, one by one, shot, poisoned, or otherwise disposed of. . . .

In spite of which, listen to one of the well-worn arguments against "Naundorff's" identity

with Charles Louis: "How is it no one who helped the child to escape has come forward to say so?" Yet how simple the reply: "Because they were immediately suppressed—they died or disappeared."

So perished Generals de Frotté, de Charette, Hoche, Pichegru, Leclerc (who was Pauline Buonaparte's first husband), the Duc d'Enghien, the Empress Joséphine, the Prime Minister Spencer Perceval, and the Duc de Berri (the police looking the other way while the murders were committed), Simon, Robespierre, Dr. Dessault and two of his assistants, the four bearers of the dead child's coffin, the grave-digger Bétrancourt, the Comte de Repenties, Fualdès, Abbe Justin, Martin, the peasant Seer of Gallardon, and a host of others.

The Syndic of Crossen, Petzold (who kept all the Prince's documents in his safe, and warmly espoused Charles Louis' cause), and his secretary, Lauriscus, were poisoned, and all the documents stolen. Cléry (Louis XVI.'s valet) also died suddenly. Two other premature and sudden deaths or disappearances deserve to be specially mentioned, and I will do so further on. I mean Laurent and Caron.

As Governments, one after the other, during this awful period of Terror, succeeded each other, each attempted to connive at the escape

of the captive for their own ambitious purposes ; they cut off their rivals' heads because it was expedient that all those who aided or abetted the child's escape, or who might recognise him at a subsequent period, should be removed. For this purpose, the Queen, Philippe Egalité, and Madame Elisabeth were sacrificed. Every historian has expressed astonishment as well as reprobation at the apparently useless and unwarrantable crime of guillotining Madame Elisabeth, but the reason is clearly convincing and logical.

As long as she lived she would have stood a staunch friend to her poor little nephew ; and still less excuse, in the event of his sham death, would there have been for not complying with the law, by not sending for her, as next of kin, to identify the corpse.

Napoleon helped most of them out of his way quite as effectually as the rival chiefs of the rival factions did ; but the Restoration managed things still better. Louis XVIII., having disposed of Joséphine, proclaimed a desire to recompense all those who had befriended members of the Bourbon family such as his "well-beloved and deeply-lamented nephew." By this stratagem he caught in his net all those cautious Royalists who had prudently remained silent during the Revolution, Consulate and Empire. These here-

tofore prudent ones came forward loyally; but all those who had aided the child's evasion disappeared and were never heard of again. Moreover, when their anxious relatives made inquiries at the Police Préfecture, they were told it would be well for them to desist.

This occurred in the case of Caron, *gobeletier* (cup-bearer) to Louis XVI., who, not suspecting foul play, went to see Louis XVIII. on the 4th March, 1820, and disappeared for ever.

In the seventies I was acquainted with an old gentleman, M. Carpier, who knew the family Caron well, and this M. Carpier was the person who first impressed me with the utter futility of hoping for justice or for redress, saying that, if I knew one quarter of what he knew, I would be as certain as he was that no such commodities had any kind of existence, from the moment a personage of any calibre was at stake. I remember thinking he was very pessimistic; but, after making the fate of Louis XVII. and his family my most ardent study, and going through my own experience, I realised that nothing too strong can be said against the heartless monsters who persecuted that unfortunate Prince (once so beloved and the object of so much adulation as a dear little boy surrounded by courtiers and every luxury) during a whole existence of misery, penury, and hard work, even beyond the grave.

Charles Louis wrote several accounts of his adventures and misfortunes; we have a description of him written by several persons, notably Vicomte Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld and Augustus Mêmes. All these writings are unfortunately very fragmentary and very confusing. Charles Louis also purposely kept back a great deal which he had reserved for the moment when, were he forced to do so, he should appear in open Court. (The "day of Justice," as he naïvely called a day which never came, and which never can or will exist.)

Charles Louis' principal work concerning himself is called "An Abridged Account of the Misfortunes of the Dauphin," edited by Gruau de la Barre on behalf of the Prince, translated into English, and published with many interesting additional details by the Honourable and Rev. Charles George Perceval, second son of Lord Arden, nephew of the Prime Minister, Spencer Perceval, assassinated by Bellingham in 1812. In consequence of so many sudden and violent deaths having taken place, due to the knowledge the victims possessed of the Dauphin's existence, it has been inferred that the Police were purposely slack in their duty, and winked at the murder of the Prime Minister. It appeared very strange that the widow of Spencer Perceval (who remarried in 1815 General Sir H. W. Carr, K.C.B.)

and all her children took the greatest interest in the Duke of Normandy and his family—so much so that they actually pensioned the Duchess of Normandy to the day of her death, 8th June, 1888.

Madame Barret, who had been Swiss governess, wrote to the Prime Minister's widow, Lady Carr, as follows, in answer to a letter of enquiry.

This Madame Barret lived at Belleville (near Paris).

“You ask, milady, if I have heard anything about our unfortunate Prince. Yes, there is a great deal of talk about him. All are convinced that he is indeed the son of our unhappy monarch. Two years ago, a lady of high rank, Madame la Comtesse de Girardin, came to see me, thinking my mother was alive and that she could obtain from her some details concerning the Prince's infancy: my mother and grandfather lived at the Château.

“This lady had had an audience of the ‘*Dauphine*’ (Louis XVII.'s sister). It appears that the ‘Powers’ are opposed to her recognising our unfortunate Prince, especially the King of Prussia.”



The family Perceval befriending the Prince confirmed belief in the cause as the reason for the Prime Minister's “removal,” but, beyond supposing that he had gained his conviction from a perusal of the secret archives easy of access, evidently, to him in his position as Prime Minister, no one could

form any conjecture why his family should adopt "Naundorff," when he appeared in England, sooner than Augustus Mêmes, of whom I have already spoken as an honest but misled false Dauphin who had been in England since as far back as 1792 or 1794.

Why not Augustus Mêmes (who appears to have had many adherents) sooner than Naundorff?

What secret reason prompted Lady Carr and her children to favour "Naundorff?"

At last a clue has been given in a very charming and interesting work published in 1907 by Lady Dorothy Nevill: "Reminiscences of her Life," edited by her son, Mr. Ralph Nevill.

This clue consists of the first letter written by Mrs. Atkyns, widow of the Squire of Ketteringham Hall, Norfolk (a most courageous and energetic English lady), who spent her fortune and offered to lay down her life for Marie Antoinette when the Queen was in the Conciergerie, awaiting what was called her "trial" by the Revolutionary Tribunal. This letter was written to the Prime Minister on the 15th April, 1807.

There is no proof at present that Mrs. Atkyns ever saw the Prime Minister, and no other letter to him from her has been produced. But it must be borne in mind that there was a tacit understanding to not speak or allow anything to transpire on such a risky subject. "Hush!

Hush!" said my mother when I asked her who was the Duke of Normandy. "Don't speak of him; he is a very ill-used person." This, no doubt, was a generally understood policy—the tactic of silence. Thus, even lukewarm believers crushed him by silence, while courtisans or politicians crushed him by calumny and all manner of persecution.

Some say Lord Arden, the Prime Minister's eldest brother, destroyed his papers; others say his widow had them, and that she eventually handed them to Sir Spencer Walpole. At all events, nothing has transpired respecting any further relations this admirable woman, Mrs. Atkyns, may have had with the Prime Minister. At all events they are not forthcoming—

"State reasons!"

Is it far-fetched or improper to advance the following theory? Mrs. Atkyns could give Mr. Perceval a secret description of the marks on the Dauphin's body, which were very peculiar. The marks on "Naundorff's" body corresponded to these. This he may have found confirmed by a perusal of State papers concerning the Dauphin; he probably told his wife all about it, and thus was handed down the Perceval belief and certainty of the identity of the true Dauphin of France.

After Lady Carr's death in 1844 the Rev. G. C. Perceval, with his daughter Mary, went to

Holland to visit the widow of the Duke of Normandy and her family.

Mr. G. C. Perceval (whose only son succeeded his uncle, Lord Egmont, in 1875) published his translation of the "Misfortunes of the Dauphin" in 1838. It is very superior to the French edition, which is very badly put together, and, at times, very confusing.

And here I must not omit to remark how wonderfully ignorant people are and what absurd objections they make, and the—what they are pleased to call—*reasons* they give for scoffing at the notion of "*Naundorff's*" ignorance of French.

"A King of France not know his own native language! The man must be an impostor!" and that is one way of settling the affair.

Now from the year 1866 to 1880 I was very seriously occupied with the training and education of children, besides which I have kept a daily journal since 1852.

I therefore have a comparatively fair idea of what children, or a tolerably intelligent person, may remember.

I do not, however, pretend that my experience authorises me to form an opinion of the capacities of Charles Louis' memory. His career was unique. Before he was twenty-four years of age he had spent seventeen years in prisons and

dungeons—always in hiding. He remained in the Temple for nearly three years. From the 19th January, 1794, till the 8th of June, 1795, he was claustrated in his prison without a soul to speak to. He must have lost all knowledge of language. When his sister was permitted to receive her former gouvernante, Madame de Tourzel, on the 3rd September, 1795, she could hardly speak plain. She had been alone from May, 1794, till the middle of August, 1795, when Madame de Chantereine was appointed H.R.H.'s *femme de chambre*. She was obliged to read aloud for several hours a day before she attained fluency of speech.

As for childish memories, I am able to afford the following valuable testimony.

In 1877 I took a number of English children to France. The eldest was twelve years old, two were babies in arms, and the ages of the others ranged from three to seven years. After a lapse of six months, none of the children (although together) could speak English. At the end of a year they barely knew what "Yes" meant.

So much for what children can recollect! The King of France was a child, like any other child.

That is my reply to those self-sufficient critics, so fond of giving their opinion upon subjects they know nothing about. Having, at the time the Prince returned to France, spoken nothing but

German for at least twenty years, he spoke German and a little very bad French with a strong German or Alsatian accent. Although brought up in his own country, we have in King Edward a startling model of an English child with so strong a foreign accent that it seems hardly possible he can have had proper training. So dear, good, thinking people, do not lay down the law against Louis XVII. because his accent was, like King Edward's, that of a foreigner. I do not know what language he spoke between the years 1795 and 1810, but it may have been Swiss French or German, which would naturally come to him as easily as French — his mother being an Arch-Duchess of Austria.

In any case he would have had to relearn German.

If any one desires to possess tests of and judge other people's memories, let them keep a journal for fifty years. Let them read their own old letters, and then they will realise what their "remarkably fine memories" are worth! From one week to another people forget to tell the most trivial adventure in the same way; they do not intend to deceive, but they forget a faded story. So the story fades from week to week and year to year, till no longer recognisable; then, as has happened to Charles Louis, who, as all other human beings, remembered one day some incident

in one way and on some other day the same kind of incident in a different way, he is immediately criticised, even by his staunchest supporters, as a man who did not always adhere to the truth.

I know too well what a freak memory is. I also know how Judges pat witnesses on the back for pretending to have bad memories—delighted, these Judges, with anybody who will adhere to the time-honoured policy of puzzling, confusing, muddling, lying, discrediting the litigant on whose side the money does not lie. But if, *vice versa*, the wealthy litigant is being “prejudiced” thereby, a porcupine, armed with virtuous bristles, does not bristle so stiff as the Judge! The display of virtuous emotions becomes phenomenal. And so Charles Louis found out, even to preventing him bringing his case into Court, which “Power” contrived by arresting him and walking him off between gendarmes to British shores.

I must not anticipate. . . .

Charles Louis had a remarkable memory. This (as is considered) “unusually good” memory has been made another of the strong arguments (strong in their ignorance) against him. “He could not have remembered this or that himself! He must have been coached by some dupe or intriguer. He was an impudent impostor!”

It stands to reason that no one can be qualified to give an opinion, founded on any kind of basis,

of what a man fifty years of age may recollect of a childhood from which he was suddenly cut off at the tender age of seven.

Historians, whose business and interests have led them to talk the most egregious twaddle concerning the fictitious death of Louis XVII. in 1795, writing contemptuously concerning false Dauphins (among which they assiduously class "Naundorff") have, either ignorantly or dishonestly, and certainly falsely, asserted that "Naundorff's" history was but a repetition of the same stories circulated by police agents of false Dauphins, of which but three call for remark.

These three lads — afterwards men — were Hervagault, Mathurin Bruneau, and Claude Perrein. Some say that the three were different impersonations of Richemont, always ready at hand to be arrested, cast into prison, tried, sentenced as impostors whenever there was any chance of "Naundorff" making a sensation. Besides these three impersonations, Richemont used another dozen of pseudonyms or *aliases*.

These governmental prosecutions of Richemont and the shirking of prosecution in the case of "Naundorff" is one of the clinchers in "Naundorff's" favour. Not only would no one prosecute him as an impostor, but when he, tired of writing to his sister, finally put himself upon his trial and entered an action in the 1st Tribunal

of the Seine to show cause why the mock certificate of his alleged death as *Louis Charles Capet* should not be annulled and he himself declared to be *Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy*, he was arrested, walked out of the country, two hundred and two documents seized, and so—effectually gagged was he! . . .

These documents were stolen from him and were never restored to him, in spite of all his legal and loyal advisers could say. In vain they protested against such arbitrary and illegal measures; they never succeeded in getting listened to.

Louis Philippe was afraid of the real heir to the throne, and kept the whole affair as quiet as possible, while Richemont would be ostentatiously tried for pretending to be the son of Louis XVI. and sentenced to gaol, from which he soon “escaped.”

Louis Philippe was turned off the French throne in 1848 and fled to England, where he knew he was sure to be warmly welcomed, if only to reward him for his conduct towards Louis XVII. There were other cogent reasons why the English Government espoused Louis Philippe’s policy.

To return to the three lads above mentioned. These three fellows, with the assistance of the police, remind me of one of Maskelyne &

Cooke's juggles. They all impersonated each other, and I could never tell exactly which was which! Neither has the question any historical importance. Historical research has proved that it was the French Government's policy to make a target of a false Dauphin whenever the true one showed signs of moving.

I am not of the opinion, however, that Mathurin Bruneau himself ever appeared in Court. The portrait of Mathurin Bruneau (No. 8 in the plate) is, I believe, a portrait of Marassin or Marsin, the young man Charles Louis had trained to impersonate him; for he (M. B.) is not the least like any of the other Pretenders. His profile has a decided Bourbon type, and he may have been the young man who, Charles Louis says, resembled him (about the same height, build, and fair complexion).



It is quite clear that Lafayette and Tom Paine before the execution of Louis XVI. were the first to plan the Dauphin's escape from the Temple. A deaf and dumb boy, the son of Maria Dodd, a charwoman, was procured as a substitute so as to facilitate the Dauphin's escape from prison. But although it was easy enough to get boys into the Temple, it was a most difficult undertaking to get the Dauphin out.



There are few who have not read the pitiful tale of how, one night, in July 1793, while the little King was fast asleep, monsters in human form, sent by the Convention, tore the agonised child from his wretched mother, aunt, and sister, to place him in charge of an uncouth cobbler, Antoine Simon by name.

Had Simon and his wife been the most charming and distinguished personages, the proceeding was most cruel and barbarous. Picture the despair of a boy, eight years old, upon whom every tender attention, every loving adulation, had, till that awful moment, been lavished—the only solace and darling of his widowed mother—at finding himself removed for ever from her idolising care and thrust into the company of a low, brutal hooligan who, to hide his kindly intentions, was forced to victimise the poor little fellow and make him drunk so that the Convention might, through the filthy and unnatural admissions put into the child's mouth, find some pretext for sending his mother to the scaffold.

Several motives are given for Simon and his wife leaving the captive on the 19th January, 1794, but the real reason was, no doubt, to better manœuvre the escape of the child. Simon's wife, in after years, testified to having got him out of the Temple; but if she did get a child out that day, I believe the child had been

changed. That child was taken by a relation of Simon to the Generals of the Vendean armies, where it was recognised not to be the Dauphin. A farmer's wife at Gisors, in Normandy, where I lived for many years, told me she had known Simon's daughter by his first wife (not the one who looked after the Dauphin). But Mr. G. Lenôtre, well known as an ardent searcher of documents and archives, says Simon's wives had, neither of them, any children. This woman, whoever she may have been, had told her mother helped to save *Monsieur Louis XVII.* from the Temple.

From the day the Simons left, the child was kept in solitary confinement. The windows of his prison were boarded up so as to darken the room and prevent any of the National Guard discerning his features.

The patrol was so arranged that no one Guard would be on duty twice in six months. The child's food was pushed through a hole made in the door, and there he was left till the 27th July, 1794, solitary and forsaken for six months.

Simon had not succeeded, as he had hoped, in finding a way for him to escape. He was guillotined the same day as Robespierre, who was plotting to obtain the child for his own ambitious purposes, in connivance with the Comte de Provence, who would have made very short

work of his nephew, one part of the arrangement being a marriage between Madame Royale, the little King's sister, and Robespierre.

The boy and his sister were studiously kept apart, and neither had seen the other for nearly two years, when the alleged death of Louis Charles Capet took place on the 8th June, 1795.

When Barras came into power on the 27th July, 1794, he had the child cleaned, properly looked after, and appointed Laurent, a young man, countryman of Joséphine de Beauharnais, to be attendant-in-chief to him and his sister. They were, notwithstanding this relaxation of severity, not allowed to see each other. Why not? These two children could not be looked upon as dangerous conspirators against the Republic. What reason could there have been but the continuation of the same plan for substituting a dying child for the young King and thus succeed in delivering him from his prison! . . .

Joséphine was Barras' mistress. Whatever her motives were, she planned the King's escape and used her influence with Barras towards that end.

Young Laurent was very kind to both the boy and his sister. My theory is that neither he nor Joséphine trusted Barras, and that they made him believe, as early as the 31st October, 1794 (when the first substitution took place), that the King had escaped.

Laurent had simply moved the child up to the fourth storey of the Great Tower of the Temple—a large barn-like structure filled with old furniture of every description. Laurent therein, and among all this old lumber, disposed a place where he concealed the child. There he remained without fire during the whole winter. No one could approach this den except on all fours. Several old servants of Louis XVI. were employed in the kitchens and elsewhere; Caron, of whom I have already narrated the sinister disappearance, was one of them. Then Tison, who had been imprisoned with the Princesses, was still in prison when Laurent got his appointment—Laurent was kind to him also, so Laurent had plenty of allies inside as well as outside the prison.

As soon as Charles Louis was safely ensconced in this loft, Laurent began to clamour for another attendant to be adjoined to him, on the plea that the responsibility of guarding the prisoners was too great for him alone. He had put first a wax figure, then a deaf and dumb boy, in the place of the Dauphin. Between the 1st November, 1794, and the 8th June, 1795, the boy must have been changed several times. At one time there must have been three boys at least in the prison and palace of the Temple.

In 1801, as I have already mentioned, a skeleton was found by General d'Andigné and his fellow-

prisoners buried about 5 feet beneath the surface. He describes it as that of a "*big child*," and one of his comrades kept a little bone as a relic of the skeleton, believing, at the time, it was that of "Monseigneur le Dauphin." But no one ever heard any more of this little bone, so I conclude all these gentlemen subsequently came to the conclusion that it could not have been the skeleton of the young King. Charles Louis was a very small boy. The description could not apply to him. But there is another child—a mysterious child, about which I have never been able to discover anything. Sometimes I have thought this child might have been Augustus Mêves. The boy I allude to was a third son of the Comtesse d'Artois (a Princess of the House of Savoy). The Duc d'Angoulême and Duc de Berri were her two eldest sons. Her husband (later Charles X.), a man of very loose morals himself, refused to acknowledge this boy as his—(This incident Charles Louis recalls in one of his letters, along with the black moustache of the Comtesse de Provence, which had struck his childish brain). Augustus Mêves, who was brought up by persons evidently in touch with the "Affair of the Queen's necklace," muddles up this family skeleton and talks of a third son of Marie Antoinette called *Le Duc de Bourgogne*. May this skeleton have been that of this big

child, and may he have been murdered and surreptitiously buried in the Temple of which, before the Revolution, the Comte d'Artois was *Grand Prieur*?

Charles Louis, in his Memoirs, tries to give an accurate account of his childhood, the journey to Varennes, and the ignominious return to Paris; the time passed in the National Assembly; his imprisonment in the Temple; his father's dying farewell; the separation from his mother and his treatment by his rough guardians, Simon and his wife, who were not the inhuman monsters early historians of the Revolution represented them to be. I hope I may live to copy for the blind this very interesting work as edited by the Rev. G. C. Perceval.

One very important incident I must quote as happening on the journey to Varennes. His mother dressed him as a girl and told him to say, if any one asked, his name was *Aglæë*. His sister was to say she was *Amélie*. No history had divulged this fact till 1823, when it was recorded in, what is alleged to be, the Duchesse d'Angoulême's Memoirs. In 1819 the Prince's first child was born. He had written to his sister apprising her of news which gave him great joy, and told her that he should have the child christened *Amélie* in remembrance of the name she had borne during the fatal journey to

Varennes (*four years before this detail had been published*).

If that is not another unanswerable proof of identity, I should like to be told what is?

Another instance, I think, will come in here opportunely.

M. de Joly was the last Minister of Justice in the reign of Louis XVI.

When the Prince met him again after he escaped back into France, M. de Joly rather distrusted a French King who spoke bad French with a German accent; but the Minister soon became a convert, the following incident settling his doubts.

The Prince, speaking of the return journey from Varennes and their being shut up in the "*loge*" or pew of the *Logographe* (a newspaper who published the Official Reports of the Assembly), described his feelings of terror "at being imprisoned behind bars, and that the fright had given him a bad dream the same night of lions and tigers, behind bars, striving to get at him and tear him to pieces."

"You are mistaken, sir," said M. de Joly. "The bars were taken away before the Royal family was placed there."

"I am positive of my recollection being correct," insisted the Prince.

M. de Joly thereupon consulted the Archives,

and found that the bars had been removed on the second day. Thus the Prince was proved right, and so in many instances.

He certainly seems to have had an excellent memory.



Here is the best place for quoting the letters from Laurent to Joséphine.

There is no doubt of these letters being written by Laurent, but to whom they were written must at present remain matter for argument and conjecture.

We must take into consideration the fact that Joséphine was the moving spirit in this perilous undertaking; that it is not possible to believe Laurent, a very young man, was on familiar terms with any of the Generals anxious to deliver the young King from his prison. Conjecture has been rife as to whether or no the "General" may not have been Barras. There was a doubt as to whom the initial "B——" belonged — The "B——," some thought, meant *Baron*. That theory has been discarded, and it is now decided B. stands for Botot, Barras' Secretary. However, Henri Provins, one of the most learned authors on the subject, and I, without any mutual "entente," came to the conclusion, after years of cogitation, that Laurent's "General" was no other than

Joséphine, widow of General de Beauharnais. (He, like Joséphine, was native of the Martinique). The original letters have not been traced, but these copies, although denounced as fabrications by the Judges, Louis Napoleon's myrmidons, in an action brought by the children of Charles Louis in 1851, have now been accepted as genuine by both friends and foes. My theory respecting the fate of the letters themselves is as follows: Joséphine, being unaware of the atrocious sentiments of the Comte de Provence towards his nephew, sent them to his Royal Highness after the escape of the young King from the Temple to prove to him in what way she had helped the evasion, keeping copies thereof for herself. These copies found their way into the possession of a M. Bourbon Leblanc, an advocate, who became a staunch adherent and legal adviser of the Prince when he made his appearance in 1833.

I beg my readers to observe that Laurent spells *Gomin's* name "*Gommier* or *Commier*." This is the "mote" which shows me which way the wind blew. When the young King's fictitious death was announced, it was stated to have taken place on the 9th instead of the (real date) 8th of June, 1795. The uncle, who did not take the title of Louis XVIII. till 1797 (and then no foreign Court acknowledged him as such), hastened to give the information to those

whose business it was to compile Histories. In every one of these early Histories the name Gomin is wrongly spelt (*as in Laurent's letter*), and the date is erroneously given as *9th* of June.

Now follows the most curious part of the story. Madame Royale is supposed to have written herself "The Events of the Temple." I suppose a manuscript exists in her handwriting. Strange to say, she, who knew "Gomin" so well; "Gomin" who was her own special attendant; "Gomin" who accompanied her to Germany on her release from the Temple; "Gomin" who she persuaded her uncle, Louis XVIII., to ennoble and create Monsieur "DE Pongerville," wrote Gomin's name as Laurent had, and the wrong date, *9th* of June.

So automatic must have been her mind, when her uncle ordained, she copied from, as I contend, HIS manuscript (of the heartless and stilted narrative she is supposed to have composed) the name of "Gomin" wrongly spelt and the wrong date, as published in the Histories of the period!

Evidently, had Joésphine known what sort of a gentleman she had to deal with, she would not have sent him those letters, or the medals she had had struck, by Loos, in commemoration of the young King's escape. These medals were found in Louis XVIII.'s room on his writing-table in the Tuileries when he fled precipitately on

hearing that Napoleon had disembarked from Elba and was on his way to Paris with his enthusiastic soldiers.

No 1. (*Copy letter. Translation.*)

"My General,—Your letter of the 6th arrived too late, for your first plan had just been carried out, and it was high time that it should. To-morrow a new guardian is to enter on his new functions—a republican Gommier or Commier by name—a good fellow—says B . . . but I have no faith in such. I shall find it very embarrassing to know how to pass food to our P . . . but you may rest assured I will look after him. His assassins have been "sold," and the new Municipal Guards have not the least notion that the little deaf and dumb boy has taken the place of the D . . .—Now, what we must do is to get him out of this cursed Tower. But how? B . . . tells me he can't assist us on account of the strict supervision. Had he to remain there any length of time, I should be anxious on account of his health, for there is not much breathing space in his den, where the Almighty himself could not find him unless He was all-powerful. He has promised me to die sooner than betray himself—I have reasons for believing him. His sister knows nothing. Prudence forces me to speak of the little deaf and dumb boy to her as if he were her brother. The poor little fellow is quite happy, and, without knowing it, plays his part so well that the fresh Guards are firmly convinced he refuses to speak; so that there is no danger.

"Send me back the faithful one, for I require your help. Follow the advice he gives, for that is the only way to secure our triumph."

"Temple Tower, 7th November, 1794."



On the 9th of November, 1794, Gomin was adjoined to Laurent, who had no difficulty in passing off to him, as the Dauphin, the little deaf and dumb boy.

As will be seen by the following letter, Gomin must have been party to the substitution of a dying child in place of the deaf and dumb boy, or of his successor, a sick child.

No. 2. (*Copy and translation.*)

"My General,—I have just received your letter. Alas! What you ask is impossible. It was an easy matter to get the victim upstairs; but to get him downstairs is out of the question, for the supervision is so extraordinarily strict, I believed I had been betrayed. The Committee of General Safety had, as you know, sent those monsters Mathieu and Reverchon, accompanied by Mr. H . . . de la Meuse, for the purpose of identifying our deaf and dumb boy as the veritable son of Louis XVI. General, what is up? Why this farce? I lose myself in conjecture, and am at my wits' end to understand B . . . 's game. He now has taken into his head that the deaf and dumb boy must be got out of the prison and a different child, a sick one, placed in his stead. Have you been informed of this move? Is it not a trap? General, I am afraid of many things which might happen. Immense trouble is being taken to prevent any one approaching the prison of our mute for fear of the exchange becoming public; for if any one seriously undertook to examine the child, he would soon discover that he was deaf from his birth, and therefore, naturally, dumb. But, to change him for another! The sick child would speak. This would be the ruin of the one we have half saved, and me too with

him!—Send our faithful one back as soon as possible with your opinion in writing.”

“Temple Tower, 5th February, 1795.”



Laurent, however, knowing he could count on those within the walls of the Temple, left on the 31st March, 1795, and got sent far away to the Colonies (Windward Islands)—as soon as he could. (He, too, died mysteriously in 1807, only 36 years old.)

No. 3. (*Copy letter. Translation.*)

“My General,—Our mute has been successfully transferred to the Palace of the Temple and well concealed. He is to remain there and, in case of danger, will pass for the Dauphin. To you alone, General, belongs the credit of this triumph. Now I feel easy. Order and I shall obey. Lasne can come in and replace me as soon as he pleases. The surest and most efficacious measures have been taken for the safety of the Dauphin; so you may soon expect to see me, when I will give you all particulars.”

“Temple Tower, 3rd March, 1795.”



In the meanwhile, another child had replaced the mute, so that, when Lasne succeeded Laurent, he found a child he also believed to be the Dauphin. Gomin must have believed the Dauphin had been got out of the prison on 31st October, 1794, but he may have held his peace as regards his fellow-servant; he is

DATE OF EVASION, 12th JUNE, 1795. 43

believed to have told *Madame Royale* that her brother had been saved. Gomin, however, did not know the truth. Some confusion may have existed in her mind, if she believed her brother had been got out of the Temple on 31st October, 1794. "Naundorff" adopted the date of his evasion as 12th June, 1795. The medal struck in commemoration of his deliverance bears the date of 8th June, 1795. Of course the child only knew what he was told. The Duchess did not wish to be enlightened! Very natural! Both Lasne and Gomin must have winked at the substitution of this boy; for a dying child was smuggled in from the Hotel Dieu on the 4th June, and died on the 8th.

On the 12th, some say this child was taken out of his coffin and buried in the garden. That version comes from the d'Andigné story of the skeleton. There are so many surmises of the way the burial was managed; of course the Dauphin himself, having been given a narcotic, could only repeat what confused reports were made to him, probably, by not a single eyewitness or personal actor in the drama. A general dishing-up of all the different versions suggests the following methods to me. Charles Louis was let down in a basket from the lumber-room window to a window of the room on the second floor where the child lay dead. The coffin

in which was the dead child's corpse, lay on a stretcher with a false bottom. The sleeping child was placed in this false bottom. The stretcher on which the coffin fitted (and apparently sank into what was the false bottom) was carried beyond the outside gates where the carriage was waiting; the carriage drove off with the coffin, while Laurent and his accomplices quietly walked off in a contrary direction with the child inside the stretcher.

Laurent, Lasne, and Gomin all took care to hold their tongues. The doctors, Dessault, Choppart, and Doublet, had died within the week of Dr. Dessault's imprudent declaration that the child (he had been sent for to attend) was not the Dauphin. Dr. Dessault's third assistant, Dr. Abeillé, ran away to New York, and so lived to tell the tale. The undertaker's men—four of them—died during the week the funeral took place.

Historians devoted to the question have traced numerous other cases, unaccountable and sudden deaths about the same time—unaccountable, except for the surmise that these individuals knew of or were concerned in the young King's escape.

Four doctors—Pelletan, Dumangin, Jeanroy and Lassus—were employed to make a post-mortem examination of the corpse of the poor child. They worded their certificate most guardedly, so as to

PURSUIT OF DAUPHINS, 7th JUNE, 1795. 45

cover the medical men from reproach in the event of Louis XVII. coming by his birthrights. The King's escape was an open secret; so was the fate of three doctors (Dessault, Choppart, and Doublet).

No time was lost in starting the false Dauphin farce!

The Government on the *7th June* had issued a proclamation ordering the arrest of all children about ten years of age travelling on the roads of France. Several were arrested and delayed on their journey. One of them, certainly, was used as decoy duck—a very good proof that the “chase” after Dauphins was planned before the child died!

One of the doctors (Pelletan) alleged, at a later period, that he had abstracted the King's heart. He offered it to Louis XVIII. and to the Duchesse d'Angoulême. As they both well knew Louis XVII. was alive, they did not dare accept the proffered gift. I am one of those who do not believe Dr. Pelletan stole the heart at all, and for the very best of reasons.

In 1801 Hervagault (false Dauphin) made a stir. The Bishop of Viviers, who knew Louis XVII. had escaped, felt deeply interested in the youth. His first step was to go to Paris and consult the four doctors who had signed the post-mortem examination, and it was in consequence of

their replies that the good Bishop warmly espoused this lad's "cause." Had Dr. Pelletan stolen the heart of the corpse, his own little King's heart (as he thought it diplomatic to pretend at the time of the Restoration), would he not, then, have acquainted the Bishop with that fact?

The Bishop not only underwent much trouble on account of his taking interest in Hervagault, but ended by losing his position, and his end was tragic and mysterious. A lady I know well, a lady of endless experience, much considered in literary circles, was intimately acquainted with Dumangin, son of the doctor who signed the post-mortem. She told me that Dumangin and she had frequently conversed on the subject, and that he had told her his father had always said: "That child was certainly not the Dauphin."

After Charles Louis' escape, he and the friends devoted to him met with terrible misfortunes, in spite of Joséphine's protection; but as this child of ten years old did not keep a journal or any record from 1795 till about 1810, when data began to assume some kind of shape, I do not consider that there is any object in recording what his confused recollections of those years seem to have been. I am positive I could give no satisfactory account of my doings from the age of 7 years old. When I read my journal I am quite surprised and fancy it can not be true. The Prince says he recollects

he was first told of his mother's death by a young girl called Marie; of his despair; of his being taken to various places; of their trying to get him across the sea to England; of being brought back—of tempests, fires, sudden deaths of Marie and other persons who were his kind attendants; of being got into some place where they wanted to make him become a monk. He refused. They then bound him and punctured his face with fine, sharp instruments and poured some liquid on it which smarted; it made scars which resembled smallpox; his eldest daughter Amélie remembered putting her little fingers in the holes while sitting on his knees; he hardly ever mentions names; then one does not know but what they may be feigned names. Really he does not give any clue one can lay hold of except his visit to Italy to Pius VI. The Vatican could, if it so pleased, open its Archives to historical research. The Vatican refuses to do so, therefore we have the right to deduce that "Naundorff," who is the only "Dauphin" who left descendants, is the important ghost all Republican, Bonapartist, Orleanist, or Henriquinquist cliques have struggled to lay!—

In vain! . . .

In 1804 a clearer notion of his adventures and whereabouts may be gathered.

On the 15th March 1804, the Duke of Enghien was carried off from Ettenheim at night by armed

force and imprisoned in the fortress of Vincennes. In 1804, Joséphine having contrived Charles Louis' escape from several prisons, Montmorin (the name the Prince gives his protector) took him to join the Duc d'Enghien at Ettenhiem. Then, as narrated in the "Misfortunes of the Dauphin," the Duc d'Enghien was assassinated, and he (Charles Louis) imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon at Vincennes till 1807, when he was again delivered, through Joséphine's influence, by the faithful Montmorin.

At the time the Duke of Enghien was murdered illustrated placards were circulated. I have seen one. One half contains "Life of Louis XVII." (no mention of his mock death in 1795), and, on the other half, "Death of the Duke of Enghien," in a ditch at Vincennes — a common rude print, but, nevertheless, invaluable as a record corroborating this portion of Charles Louis' narrative.

Joséphine's ambition seems to have, during these years (1804-07), dulled her interest in the royal fugitive. She had planned that Napoleon should enact the part of General Monck, but the self-named Emperor fanned her ambition by proposing to name her son (Eugène Beauharnais) Viceroy of Italy, as well as his heir.

On the 20th April, 1808, her daughter Hortense, whom Napoleon had married to his brother (the

King of Holland), gave birth to a son (believed to be the offspring of any one but her husband), afterwards Napoleon III. What strikes me as very significant is that this child was christened *Charles Louis*! I do not think the genuine *Charles Louis*, her *protégé*, was ever very far from Joséphine's or Hortense's thoughts.

Joséphine, with Fouche's connivance, had kept pseudo-Dauphins going, in the hope of drawing Napoleon off the track of the real Prince, till all these intrigues of friends and foes alike got so muddled up, I doubt if any one, except Joséphine, had a clear notion of which was and which was not the Dauphin.

In 1807 Joséphine realised that Napoleon meant to divorce her. She knew he feared her revelations concerning Louis XVII., and that he had unscrupulously deprived her of all her witnesses. She had seen Generals de Frotté, de Charette, Hoche, Pichegru, Leclerc, the Duke of Enghien, Georges Cadoudal and many others ruthlessly sacrificed. By 1809 Laurent, Cléry, Bétrancourt (the grave-digger) were all dead. This Montmorin alone appears to have survived, and it was with his assistance the captive escaped from Vincennes: During this three or four years' captivity Charles Louis had been kept in the dark; he had seen and spoken to no one but his silent warder, who he described as having a terrible gash across his

face. This was the only clue he gave to the prison where he had been confined. I believe that it was through this man being traced as "*Le Balafré*" (which means: the man with the scar) that the name of the prison (where Charles Louis had been confined from 1804 to 1807 or 1808 was or must have been Vincennes) came to light.

With this sort of treatment, surely, what can be expected from a youth? Is it to be wondered at that he spoke badly, that he forgot French, that he did not know how to spell, that his handwriting was not that of a gentleman or educated person?

He could not realise that any one could refuse to acknowledge his identity: that he required proofs of his being his own self. If only he could get to his sister, he would be all right:—We know he mistrusted his uncles, but no doubts as to his sister's affection crossed his mind.

According to Montmorin's statement ("three years' incarceration"), we therefore have reached the year 1807. He was then twenty-two years of age.

PART II

I think it advisable to preface the second part of this very condensed History by trying to make people understand who and what Naundorff was, and how it so happened that the son of the last legitimate ruler of France wore the mask of the Chief of an International Secret Police organisation from the year 1809 to the year 1832, that is to say, twenty-three years.

Strangely enough, none of the great and remarkable historians who have devoted their lives to the question have realised the importance of, not so much proving that Louis XVII. could not be "Naundorff," but who Naundorff was.

In a very short and concise *résumé* of the question, published by Mr. W. T. Stead in *Borderland* (1894), I put—or rather tried to put—this galaxy of able, honest, tireless exponents of truth on the scent, and hoped to have seen more light shed which would have set these so much younger seekers than myself on a track which would elucidate (by documentary evidence) a fact which I regard proved by a close study of many works concerning or by "False Dauphins"; a volume edited by M. Le Normant des Varannes,

"*Mémoires d'une Feuille de Papier*," and some "*Souvenirs*" published in 1883 by Jules Tréfouël, who was, undoubtedly, the nephew by marriage of Count Charles Alexandre Marotte du Coudray, the second son of a Count Marotte du Coudray, Captain of the "Garde Royale."

The way it is written shows, on the face of it, although the writer is a highly educated Frenchman, a total want of exactness as to dates or places. This marvellous jumble was related in 1878-83 by Jules Tréfouël twenty-three years after it had been narrated to him by an old gentleman, eighty-eight years old, at good *déjeuners* at which, I opine, they degusted good bottles of wine, which fuddled both him and the narrator, George, elder brother of Charles Alexandre du Coudray. A more confused or contradictory history has not been concocted as yet by any of the unblushing courtiers who vie with each other in scheming to tranquilise the usurping Orleanist party. It is easy to see the man was genuine in his implicit belief that Count de Naundorff or Naundorf (*sic*), as he calls his uncle, was the "Naundorff," Louis XVII., who died at Delft in 1845.

That is to say, he *genuinely believed* what the Republican Governments, Napoleon, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and last but not least, his sister, the "Duchess Cain" (as some of the

indignant historians call the Duchess of Angoulême) *AFFECTED to believe.*

I do not mean that these diplomatic and venal tricksters believed that the Louis XVII. who died at Delft in 1845 was Charles Alexandre Marotte du Coudray, but I wish my readers to clearly understand that all these people knew, as well as they knew their own names, that **THAT** Louis XVII. was the personage he had always declared himself to be—the only son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. And when I say **THEY** knew, I mean that all the Cabinets in Europe knew who the dead martyr was. Yes, I mean English Cabinets successively; after Spencer Perceval — Pitt, Castlereagh, Melbourne, Peel, Palmerston, etc., etc., etc., *ad infinitum*; Queen Victoria, of course, she knew! Does she mention him in her Memoirs, in her letters? Her Majesty dare not!

Besides “State Reasons” there are “Family Reasons.” The Queen’s penniless cousin, Helena of Mecklenburg, married the Duke of Orleans, who died in 1842. He was killed in a carriage accident. I remember the scandal caused by a Protestant Princess marrying a Papist d’Orleans, as well as the accident and pictures thereof in the “Illustration.”

But this Jules Tréfouël knew from his wife’s relatives, and especially from George (Alexandre’s

elder brother), that that scapegrace Alexandre was a tall, robust fellow, swarthy AS AN ARAB JEW. Consequently, he had "black eyes" and "black hair."

I especially draw my readers' attention to this fact, "*black eyes and black hair*," because when I reach that part of my narrative which deals with the passport they will see that was the only sentence of that passport Louis XVII. ever heard: "*Black eyes and black hair*." Bear in mind another vital fact—

Louis XVII. never saw this passport. He never touched it.

The Prussian Government may still be in possession of this formidable document; but, if it is, they take very good care not to produce what would for ever explode the "Naundorff" bubble.

The "Druce" bubble has been legally pricked; but when will the "Naundorff" bubble be officially pricked?

No need to open a coffin!—only a passport!



The "*Mémoires d'une Feuille de Papier*" is edited by M. le Normant des Varannes. The Memoirs were written by a Mademoiselle Hersilie Rouy, who believed herself to be one of the Duchesse de Berri's stray offspring. She was juggled into a

lunatic asylum (if people cannot contrive to get persons who are in their way into lunatic asylums, they get them into prison).

This clever, sensible, and interesting lady had, through circumstances she minutely describes, acquired a wonderful knowledge of the workings of the Secret Police.

One of their agents' plans was to make use of women whose past was equivocal, whose mouths were shut, whose testimony would be discredited, who were bound to absolute discretion and implicit obedience to their tyrants.

That being the case, and M. Tréfouël having unwittingly supplied the all important clue as to who the man who masqueraded as *Comte de Naundorff* was, it becomes very easy to understand how it was Louis XVII. was got safe into Prussia with an *alias* belonging to a gang who might have introduced him into Prussia or any other country as Jones, Brown, or Robinson. I believe I trace him, in Mêmes' book, under the name of plain Mr. Franks. This clue supplies a reason for supercilious scribblers such as Anatole France taking upon himself to inform posterity that "Naundorff" (Louis XVII.), the little fair man with blue eyes, twenty-four years old (when Alexandre Marotte du Coudray was forty-four), was a *Potsdam Jew*!

He meant *Potsdam*, I suppose, but it is strange

how some historians seem to take particular pleasure in being inaccurate, even to the spelling of names.

Otto Friedrichs, the most enthusiastic champion of historical truth, who, well nigh, since thirty years, keeps up an incessant warfare against these pseudo-historians, has published work upon work of the most conscientious nature, and defied Anatole France, publicly challenging this calumniator to prove that "Naundorff" was any one but Louis XVII. He offered to place £500 in the Bank, Anatole France to do likewise, as a guarantee of their mutual good faith and genuine belief in the truth of their researches—(the money to be sent to the Mayor for charities)—but the brave Anatole met this loyal offer with one of the well-worn devices mentioned in Part I.—that is to say: "Convenient silence," or, as cowards and liars call it, "the silence of contempt."

Otto Friedrichs has published several hundred letters of Louis XVII. to his family and private friends, with copious notes, annotations, and references. It is a colossal, monumental work. It shows the writer and translator to be a historian of extreme scrupulous accuracy. It must hand his name down as the most disinterested, painstaking compiler of documents that ever lived.

It will, however, not serve to crown him with those Academical honours with which Anatole France's brow is wreathed!

At the same time I must say (while exalting the work as a monument above praise) that, had he been able to spare the time, he would have avoided several mistakes—notably—the origin and facts concerning the Naundorff passport.

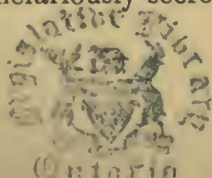
Henri Provins, Ad Lanne, Osmond, Pierre Gaumy, Count de Cornulier - Lucinière, and many others have, for years, spared neither time nor money (their own) in their efforts to destroy the sinister web drawn by hosts of poisonous spiders round the victim of political wiles.

True, we are all in a small minority, as were, for many years, the defenders of Alfred Dreyfus' innocence ; but Louis XVII. existed when newspapers, telegrams, telephones, railways and liners barely existed, if at all. The web has been fossilised by the poisonous slobber of these arachneens ; we have to chip away something more adamant than pure diamonds ; but the loathsome crust is giving way at last, and we can say like Zola : "*La vérité est en marche !*"

Truth is in sight !

One by one, clues come to light, straws which give one some insight as to which way the wind blew and blows ; year by year, decade by decade, some document turns up.

Oh! for the ones stolen ! Oh! for those destroyed, hidden—nefariously secreted by "Power."



Jules Favre, who refused all fees in his position as advocate to Louis XVII. and his family on several occasions extending over a period of nearly forty years, declared his conviction in Louis XVII.'s identity confirmed (although not requiring confirmation) by the papers in the Secret Archives which he had the opportunity of perusing in his official capacity.

Lawyers are considered such liars, no one believed him !

One very thrilling incident occurred at the time of the Peace negotiations in 1871 between France and Prussia—one of the many which have so often betokened the mysterious presence of the rejected Prince.

Jules Favre had gone to meet Bismarck.

It was the 21st January, 1871, the 78th anniversary of the day the last legitimate Ruler of France perished on the scaffold !

Jules Favre had to sign whatever the victor dictated. He signed—but he hesitated ; he had forgotten the Seals of the Republic !—“Never mind,” said Bismarck, “you have a seal on your finger. That will do.” (28th Jany., 1871).

It was a gem, a ruby, a ring “Naundorff”—penniless—had given him as a remembrance of his kindly, disinterested professional services.



FRANCO-PRUSSIAN TREATY OF 1871. 59

A seal of the last legitimate uncrowned King of France ceded 36 milliards and two provinces!—

Fate ! ?



There is nothing very instructive in the first part of Charles Louis' narrative of his escape from Vincennes.

He says he was delivered by the friend he calls Montmorin through Joséphine (then Empress) and Fouché, the Chief of the Police Department. Buonaparte, besides the ordinary, had organised a company of spies—independent of the general police. In the month of March, 1803, there were no less than 3692 of these very undesirable stipendiaries.

Charles Louis, in spite of the constant misfortunes and traitorous pitfalls into which he had perpetually fallen, seems to have been the most unsuspecting being that ever lived. He attributed everything that happened to chance;—I should say Providence, in which he had a tenacious belief;—although I and any one else, if they had some experience of life, of Law Courts or detective work, must see that he is for ever shadowed by friends or foes he believes to be benign individuals placed by Providence across his path. Montmorin he evidently knew well; but Friedrichs, Frédéric, or Friedrich is rather a mystery—a *poser*, I allow.

I never thought he was anything but a "protector" employed by Joséphine and Fouché to watch over him; but, recently, very conscientious research on the part of Mr. Naville and others seems to have elicited some evidence which affords some grounds for supposing this man was one Frédéric Leschott, who had known Charles Louis when, as a child, the Prince was hidden in Switzerland. If this be the case, Charles Louis, for some reason, conceals the fact; or—again—as ten or fifteen years may have elapsed, the Prince did not recognise him. Frédéric or Friedrichs does not appear to have told the Prince everything. This is a matter for conjecture!

We shall presently come to Friedrichs.



After the escape from the Vincennes dungeon, the Prince was ill for a long time. Before he had quite recovered and so weak he could hardly stand, his retreat had been discovered and he was forced to fly.

Montmorin took him to Frankfort on the Main, where they rested a few days. They there changed their clothes at a Jew's, where they bought a greatcoat. Between the lining of the collar Montmorin sewed papers which were to serve as proofs of the Prince's identity—papers, I infer,

Montmorin had, somehow, kept safe for years. Montmorin told him he had been in this dungeon over three years. It was then spring. The date is uncertain.

This is what he told him at Frankfort.

As the Duc d'Enghien had been murdered end of March, 1804, Charles Louis, according to this statement, must have been released some time in 1807; so they must have been knocking about two years before they made for Prussia. It is no wonder, after the frightful privations he endured in this dungeon, that he should have been so long ill. The miracle is that he survived to tell the tale, which he does very graphically, but which is not worth while repeating—anyone can imagine how anyone looked who had been all but starved; no companions but rats, which he tamed, and no change of clothes or boots—no bed, no blankets for 3 years.

Horrible!

He mildly remarks that he was twenty-four years old, and that during those years he had spent seventeen in captivity; for even when he was not actually in gaol he was in hiding and lived in fear of his life. Joséphine, when it dawned upon her that Napoleon meant to divorce her, renewed her efforts to release the Prince and keep him as a kind of menace to Napoleon.

When, at Frankfort, they received money from France, they set out (on what the Prince calls the road to Bohemia) for a town in the valley of the Elbe, where they found a man who gave them a letter for the Duke of Brunswick, who they saw, and who provided them with a letter for Prussia, where it is plain Montmorin had intended in the first instance to take the Prince.

They then rested in a little town called Semnicht on the Austrian frontier.

From thence they went to Dresden, but were refused entrance to the town.

They then had to go a long way round to reach Prussia. They came to a village, and went to an inn. (He forgets the name of both.)

They arrived there in the evening very tired, and soon went to bed. They had not been asleep very long before they were arrested as spies and marched off to the quarters where Major von Schill had pitched his tent that very evening. (He was killed at Stralsund—one good reason why the Prince could not have brought him forward as a witness!)

Montmorin gave the Major the Duke of Brunswick's letter. The Major received them most graciously.

This Prussian corps of Hussars was then attacked by the Westphalian army; the Major was obliged to retire, the Prince and Montmorin accompanying

him, but, as the Major was anxious as to their safety, he made up his mind to send them with a cavalry escort back to the Duke of Brunswick. The Prince says the name of the commanding officer was Veptel or Vétel—but he hardly ever gets a name right, and I believe it was Wedel. (Wedel Jarlsberg.)

However, the escort was attacked ; Montmorin, as he believes, was killed, and he dangerously wounded.

He lost his senses from a blow on his head while struggling to free himself from his horse, which had fallen with him, shot dead in the *mêlée*, administered by a soldier on foot with the butt end of his musket.

They had encountered a regiment of one of Napoleon's regular troops, who treated as free-shooters or marauders those foreign or French troops which were opposed to the Empire and loyal to the ancient monarchy of France.



When the Prince recovered his senses he found himself in a hospital, unable to move. He had been placed at the bottom of a waggon and carted off to the fortress Wesel, on the French frontier. He writes :

“There were men belonging to the army of the Duke of Brunswick, or of Schill, and these poor fellows were, illegally

by Napoleon's orders, sentenced to the galleys at Toulon. I was one of the unfortunate victims of his despotism, without knowing why.

"We were transferred to the interior of France by forced marches; installed, like malefactors, in prisons at night. I had not a penny. I had been robbed of everything on the battlefield except my greatcoat, which I found on my miserable pallet in the Wesel Hospital."

This was the greatcoat he had bought of the Jew at Frankfort, into the collar of which Montmorin had sewn his precious papers.

The captives were so roughly handled *en route* by the French troops that even those who wished to show them a little consideration were assailed by shouts of: "They are scamps belonging to Brunswick and Schill's bands."

The Prince, having barely recovered from his wounds, broke down entirely, and was left for dead on the road near some village from which he was taken to the town Hospital. He was too far gone to speak.

He here meets again with a Hussar of Schill's regiment, who had also been wounded and taken prisoner, whose name was Friedrichs. The Prince writes:

"He was simply called Frédéric: Friedrichs soon recognised me; feeling sure of my discretion, he persuaded me to desert with him. As soon as I got better, one night while a violent thunderstorm was raging we made our escape. We hid ourselves in a cellar, etc."

They finally got away, but in jumping from a wall the unlucky Prince sprained his foot very badly, so badly that Friedrichs had to carry him on his shoulders. He reached some bushes, where he set the sufferer's foot, bandaging it up as well as he could. They thought they had walked a long way, but when the day dawned they found, to their great chagrin, they had only been going round and round, to find themselves in the same place.

They suffered during several days torture from thirst, hunger, and fatigue. Fortunately the corn was ripe, but the apples were very sour.

It must therefore have been the month of September, so that, since April, five months had elapsed since he, with Montmorin, had set out for Prussia !

I do not like to say anything which might appear to disparage the ardent researches of a fellow-student who considers that there is good proof of Frédéric being a Frederic Leschott, a Swiss, an old acquaintance of the Prince. Nothing the Prince says lends support to that view.

Charles Louis plainly described him as a Berliner who happened to be in Schill's troop. He says his name was Friedrichs—with an S. As we proceed we shall see that the Prince generally puts an *S* where there is none. If

he were a Berliner his name would be Friedrich ; why he should have been *Frédéric* I cannot conceive.

My own belief has always been that Friedrich was an emissary of Joséphine and Fouché bent on the same errand as Montmorin, namely, getting the Prince safely hidden in Prussia. I here mention that a few days before she suddenly died in 1814, Joséphine had told the Czar Alexander that Louis XVII. was safe in Prussia.

The Prince and his companion had neither money nor passports. They slept by day, and trudged at night on the road to Friedrichs' country.

In the day-time Friedrichs would go forth to forage, and would return with "plenty of bread, cheese, fruits, etc." I have wondered whether he carried these provisions in a knapsack ; he must have carried them in something.

They reach at last the Westphalian frontier. They had tramped all night. The rain had poured in torrents ; as the day dawned they came to a forest where they were fortunate enough to find an old oak tree with so large a hole at the roots that they could both lie down in it. There they remained hidden till Friedrich could start on his foraging rounds.

The Prince asked him that morning if they were still far from Berlin. Friedrich replied :

"As soon as we shall have crossed the Westphalian frontier, we shall be able to travel without fear; and if, perchance, we were arrested and asked what we were, we would reply *Prussian deserters*, as that would hasten our arrival at Berlin."

Which meant that, if they were arrested, they would be comfortably guided and taken to Berlin by the gendarmes.

About 9 o'clock that morning Friedrich sallied forth in quest of food, without his knapsack. The Prince then slept peacefully for some time.

What occurs now, in my opinion (although the Prince attributes all this series of unusual occurrences to Providence watching over him), is all pre-arranged; and that, when Friedrich disappears, he leaves the Prince in good hands and returns to Joséphine to report to her the final success of his mission.

If he is the Swiss Frédéric, he had purposely misled the Prince in telling him he was from Berlin. The Prince, on arrival in that town, must have discovered the subterfuge. So he, having reached a place and people he knew (through, probably, belonging to the Secret Police), he and his affiliated get the Prince into Prussia in such an artful manner that it never crossed the Prince's mind at any time of his existence that he was passed into Prussia through a long-laid and well-concerted plan.

That day the Prince was awakened by a big dog, who, by his loud barks, drew his master's attention to the spot where he lay hidden.

This, I suggest, occurred through Friedrich having given the hound's master something belonging to the Prince, and putting them on the track.

The hound's master came up to the tree, helped the traveller out of it, and asked him how he came there. The Prince felt terribly alarmed—too alarmed to speak. The shepherd, as the Prince believed him to be, kindly smiled, and told him not to be frightened. "If you are what I suppose," said he, "you find in me a friend." He kindly took the Prince's hand, who replied what Friedrich had told him to say: "I am a Prussian deserter."

"Oh! oh!" said the shepherd; "you mean a Westphalian deserter?"

The Prince felt very much embarrassed.

"Don't be anxious," said the shepherd. "I too had a son in the Westphalian army, but if he is alive he is in Spain just now with Napoleon's army."

He asked the Prince to accompany him to his home, and to stay with him a few days, saying he would hide him in his hay loft. The Prince said he would gladly accept his offer, but that he had a companion, and must wait till his friend returned.

The shepherd then volunteered to seek him, which he did, but soon returned with the sad intelligence that his friend had been seized by the *Strickreiter* or gendarmes.

The Prince was very much distressed ; he sadly followed his new friend to his cottage, where he remained three days.

On the morning of the third day, the shepherd, fearing his presence might be remarked, advised him to leave.

The good man took him to the road, showed him the way he should take, and gave him some kindly advice. He specially impressed upon him that if he were asked to what town he belonged, to reply "*from WEIMAR.*" It turned out that the passport "*Naundorff*" stated that *Charles William* was son of *Godefroy Naundorff*, native of WEIMAR. WEIMAR may therefore be considered as the "password" of this transaction.

N.B.—The Prince, as usual, put an S where there is none !

He handed the Prince three silver coins *and Friedrich's knapsack* !

This is, again, one of those glaring pieces of circumstantial evidence, hinted by me in that short article I wrote for Mr. Stead in 1894, but which till now (1908) has not opened anyone's eyes.

The Prince in these repeated coincidences had seen nothing but the hand of an ever-watchful

and benign Providence ; and all students of the question, although not so sure as the Prince was of the kindly or pleasing attentions of a beneficent Creator, have accepted his frame of mind and never suspected that Montmorin, Friedrichs, the good shepherd, and several others I shall presently introduce on the scene were all in the secret, scheming with the same favourable object, namely, getting the Prince safely into Prussia, which Charles Louis knew was Joséphine's and Fouché's scheme.

So that all those who helped him into Prussia, in his eyes, were unwittingly carrying out a plan of action Joséphine had decided on with the connivance of Fouché, Minister of the Police Department, and whom Napoleon believed to be his own *âme damnée*. Charles Louis, therefore, set forth on his road to Berlin, *viâ* Saxony, where, the shepherd had told him, he had nothing to fear from interference on the part of the gendarmes. He had ardently desired to go in search of Friedrich, if only to give him his knapsack, but the shepherd so dissuaded him from making the attempt (which, evidently, would have been a wild-goose expedition) that he gave it up.

The shepherd had taken possession of it ; and that is how it was Charles Louis resumed his journey with his companion's knapsack and three silver coins.

Friedrichs having strongly recommended him to do so, he had made up his mind to enlist in the Prussian army. (This, evidently, was another pre-arrangement of the well-intentioned conspirators).

Well! the poor little man trudged along, making his way with a good deal of difficulty, as, when he asked his way, the people did not appear to understand him. He lost his way in a forest (the forest of Diebingen), gathering blackberries, which he had never seen before, I suppose, as he minutely describes them as "*a sort of black raspberry* which grew on thickly-thorned brambles."

He had lost his way, when fortunately he heard a postillion's horn, which guided him back into the high road. In the distance he then perceived a post-chaise. He sadly sat down and waited on a stone engraved "*Doctor Martin Luther.*"

I wonder no ardent *Louisdixsepttiste* has made a pilgrimage to the spot and acquired it as a most interesting memento!

I often think of it, and wonder!

Is it still there, after nearly a century?

The post-chaise came rattling along. The Prince stopped the chaise and asked the postillion if he was on the right road for Berlin.

"A young man," (these are the exact words of the Prince's narrative), "the occupier of the chaise, called out: 'Stop! Here, *Schwager*' (a familiar expression

of the country signifying 'my good fellow'—lit. transl. brother-in-law). He then began to ask me many questions, either from curiosity or from the pity my sad plight must have inspired. He appeared so touched by my recital, he offered me the seat beside him, and said he would take me as far as Wittenberg. I accepted without demur, and got into the carriage."

I interrupt the Prince's narrative by asking my readers to particularly remark that he, a young man twenty-four years of age, refers to this man as "*a young man.*"

Query: 1st. Would a young man allude to a man twenty years older than himself as "a young man?"

2. If this man plied him with questions, was it not because he had been despatched by the shepherd after a traveller unknown to him, and wanted to make sure he had traced the right man, who looked like a beggar, before offering him a seat?

"As soon as we resumed our journey, he said to me: Did you observe the stone you were sitting on? It is rather curious.—I made some insignificant reply.—Do you not belong to this country? he asked.—I am from WISMAR, I replied.—From WEIMAR, you mean—and the youth smiled.—What have you got in that knapsack?—I really do not know. It belongs to my companion and I have not opened it.—Gracious me! not opened it! You wear a knapsack and you do not know what it contains? He then took it from me, and pulled out some rags; my new protector laughed at me immoderately, made a great joke of it, and said he had

better throw the knapsack away on pretence they might compromise me. He was going to throw the rags out of the window, when he suddenly stopped.—Wait a bit, he cried. There's something in them!—He took his pen-knife and cut the stitches. We found, wrapped up in these various rags, 1,600 francs in gold. At the sight of this money I felt thunderstruck. The stranger slyly glanced at me as if to read my thoughts. As for me, I had but one idea, and that was to restore this sum, of which I found myself in involuntary possession, and express to my excellent friend all the gratitude I felt for his generous proceeding. I felt bound to tell my present companion all that which had passed between me and Friedrichs since our escape.—What a noble fellow! Your comrade had indeed a great heart to abandon to you all his money before he was arrested; at a moment, too, when he saw the trouble he was in. He preferred to lose everything sooner than run the risk of involving you in the same danger. What a generous soul!”—

(Sarcasm?)—



Here again I interrupt the Prince's narrative to remark:

1st. How is it it does not strike everyone who reads this unmistakably genuine narrative that, *if it was Friedrich's money*, contained originally in his knapsack, why did not he tell the Prince he had it? Why did he maraud, steal or beg, while he had plenty of money to pay for food or conveyances?

2nd. How is it that the new friend did not immediately say: But, if he had all this money, why travel like beggars?

No! say I—this youth, this shepherd, this good and faithful Friedrichs, were all members of the International Police, this great secret organisation which moved its pawns as it pleased on the chessboard of Europe. They were acting in obedience with Fouché's orders; and, beyond telling the Prince, Fouché and Joséphine protected him, they did not let him into their secrets or way of working. The accidental mishaps could not be avoided. The unexpected could not be guarded against—Montmorin may or may not have been killed, as the Prince believed he was. In some mysterious way Friedrichs turned up; the Frankfort greatcoat with the precious contents of the collar was preserved; the good shepherd finds him the very day Friedrichs disappears.

He is at his journey's end!

3rd. Who put the 1600 francs into Friedrichs' knapsack? I say: "The good shepherd"—and the youth knew it!

I resume the Prince's narrative:

"When we reached Wittenberg I went with the young traveller to an inn, 'The Bunch of Golden Grapes.' We shared the same room. My first care was to get a change of clothes. The youth himself shaved me and brushed my hair, and I was soon transformed into something presentable.

"Now, said this benevolent stranger, how are you going to manage to get into Prussia? They are very severe and you have no passport. Well, we must find one."

(The French word "*trouverons*" might also mean

"*supply one.*" The youth did not say "will lend you my passport.")

(Now, please to pay great attention.)

"He sent for somebody he knew, who lent him his carriage and pair, which drove me the next day to Treinpretzen, the first town on the Prussian frontier."

(*No. 1 equipage.*)

"There he put me back into his post-chaise, which drove me to Potsdam." (This must be the origin of the story of A. France's Postdam Jew.)

(*No. 2 equipage.*)

I should not be surprised to learn that Erckmann Chatrian's "Juif Polonais" had made its appearance on the boards by this time, as Louis Philippe's Government conjugated "Arab Jew" into "Polish Jew" in 1840, which, I should say, would be more correct, as the original "Arab Jew" - looking gentleman appears to have frequently visited the family estates not so very far from Poland. He used then to call himself Baron of Silesia. Polish and Potsdam beginning with a P suggested to these discriminating historians the transformation of "*Le Comte de Naundorff*" into the "Prussian Jew," Naundorff! According to Jules Tréhouël, this discreditable relation of his wife's family had been knocking about for fifty years as a sort of wandering Jew all over Europe ;

it is therefore not surprising that Louis Philippe's police took the liberty of twisting the Prussian police report in such a way as to suit itself. Any Government would act precisely in the same spirit !

To continue :

(*No. 3 equipage.*)

"From Potsdam I was driven in another private carriage to Berlin."

"My friend had preceded me on horseback. He was waiting for me at the gates. *He gave his passport to the police.* No questions were asked. The carriage passed through the barrier, and I found myself within the Prussian capital."

How wonderful that such a dilapidated-looking beggar should find so many private carriages placed at his disposal ! "The sight of the lovely alley of lime trees. . . ." (*N.B.*—The leaves, I take it, were still on the trees, and there is evidence to show that he arrived in Berlin in 1809. I mention this particularly, as I cannot obtain any precise date concerning his arrival in that city).

"The sight of the lovely alley of lime trees, the number of fine palaces, the traffic, the dresses and equipages of the higher classes ; this spectacle, so novel, so striking to a poor prisoner at last finding a haven of refuge after escaping from a thousand dangers—all became objects of contemplation and delicious wonder which bestowed on me the blessed forgetfulness of self. It was in the midst of this ecstatic dream that I followed my generous unknown into the Hotel of the Black Eagle, where he took a room for me—"

The unknown, on leaving the Prince, told him his name was *Naundorff*, native of WEIMAR.



The youth promised to soon visit him, but he never returned. He must, however, have gossiped with the people at the Black Eagle, as the Prince found himself the object of much indiscreet curiosity. Voices outside his door disturbed his reverie; he fancied he distinguished the name of Naundorff. Presently a man entered and asked him how long he intended staying in Berlin, from whence he came, and what was his business.

The Prince replied that it was his intention to enlist in the Prussian army. "Then," said his questioner, "you had better obtain a 'permit of residence.' No doubt you have a 'passport.'"

"My passport," replied the prince, "was left with the proper officers at the gates of the town."

This interrogatory was made by a servant of the hotel-keeper.

The man then retired, saying he would go to the police and obtain a "permit of residence."

Next day the "stranger" received some document, and no further questions were asked.



After resting a few days, the Prince set about looking for the regiment of which Friedrichs had spoken. He applied to the Commandant. His illusions were speedily dispelled. The officer was extremely disagreeable, and curtly informed him: "His Majesty never admits *foreigners* in his army."

This reply gives rise to the conjecture that the Prince had told him he was French.

The poor little man did not know what to do. However, he again came across Naundorff, to whom he recounted what had happened. Naundorff advised him to write to the King himself.

This, again, makes me conjecture, he must have told Naundorff who he really was.

However, the Prince did not write to the King. He fell in with a watchmaker, Pretz by name, who advised him that as he had acquired some knowledge of, and a taste for, watchmaking, he had better set himself up in business at 52 Schutzen Strasse. Another watchmaker, Weiler, helped him so well that by the end of 1810 he was so well supplied with work that his business had become quite a flourishing one.

It was then, for the first time, he began to realise days, weeks, months, and years, and to fix dates to events as they occurred.

It was at the end of 1810 the police interfered

with him. He had to apply for a license to carry on his trade. Weiler advised him to claim the right of Burghership. He was required to produce his birth certificate, passport, and a certificate of good conduct from the Magistrate of the last town he had lived in. Of course he possessed no such papers.

He then consulted Madame Sonnenfeld, and asked what he should do.

Now this is how he happened to know Madame Sonnenfeld. The Prince appears to have occasionally met this young man Naundorff about the town, who one day gave him a letter for his sister (as he said), who, as he was obliged to leave suddenly for some time, he should like him to become acquainted with.

"A few days afterwards, she called at my place, and asked for M. Naundorff. When she saw me, she thought she had made a mistake, and said it was M. Naundorff she wished to see."

The Prince replied "That's me!"

She nearly fainted away. Her face was drawn with the most painful anxiety, and she repeated in agonised tones:

"You, M. Naundorff! You, M. Naundorff!"

"Are you Madame Sonnenfeld?" asked the Prince.

"This question appeared to upset her worse than ever; she turned pale, her head fell on her breast, she all but fainted away. I then gave her Naundorff's

letter. He had deceived us both. Explanation became necessary. She was a woman at least fifty years of age, and had a son who made her very unhappy. I told her how alone and unhappy I was. She generously consented to come and keep house for me."

Through reading the book I have already mentioned, "*Mémoires d'une Feuille de Papier*," I became absolutely convinced that the poor woman was one of those I have described (page 55), doomed, as a sort of instrument, to carry out the behests of a great Secret Police organisation.

The Prince gives no clue whatever as to who or what she was, except that she was the widow of a watchmaker of Rattswil. Whether this son was her husband's; whether she ever was married; whether Naundorff was father of this son (who was born in 1790, as some say—I have not seen his birth certificate); how long she had lived with Naundorff; what this Naundorff was like; what became of her son; nothing at present is known. That is the mine I should have explored before wasting words in proving that this little fair man with blue eyes was the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.



Who was Naundorff? When in 1835 the Prince's friends travelled round Germany seeking for evidence of the Prince's antecedents, it was the

Comte de Naundorff they should have sought. When Jules Tréfouël's volume, published in 1883, appeared, then was the time to seek for information concerning this "Comte de Naundorff," this tall, robust-looking man, this Arab Jew!—the original Jew of Potsdam, or *Postdam*, as Anatole France, the great Academical luminary, prefers to spell it.

This narrative of Jules Tréfouël was looked upon by the "Naundorffists" (as we are derisively dubbed, just as the sensible folk to whom Dreyfus' innocence was palpable from the first were dubbed "Dreyfusards") as a Richemont partizan and vowed to contempt and execration.

Yet, HE, unwittingly, was holding out the key which would have unlocked, and may yet unlock, the secret of the duality of "Naundorff." Where did this big dark man, Charles Alexandre Marotte du Coudray, Comte de Naundorff, die? Very probably in Transylvania. It was certainly not the big dark Arab Jew-looking man who died at Delft, 10th August, 1845.

The little fair man never heard of "*Comte de Naundorff*." Whoever the "young man" may have been, he said his name was Naundorff—plain *Naundorff of Weimar*. He could not have been Naundorff; but the passport was found, forged, begged, or stolen, just as any other in the Police's pigeon holes might be. Madame Sonnenfeld, as

far as I or anyone else can tell, was never confronted with this "young man," the man who gave the Prince the letter. There is no evidence to show that he himself wrote that letter. There is no evidence, except that of Jules Tréfouël's, that any one else ever bore the name of any Naundorff about whom there was any doubt or mystery. As there must have been some such name in police annals, how is it the police hide their knowledge and their archives? The evidence, in my opinion, shows conclusively that the "young man" could not have been the "*Comte de Naundorff*" in 1810 (when he disappears), 45 years of age (whereas the Prince was 25); that the passport was, for the time being, merely a provisional one; Joséphine was alive, Napoleon had grown too powerful for her. Menace on her part would have been unavailing, so she bided her time; she knew her *protégé* was safe, and that, if a propitious opportunity presented itself, she could seize it.

That is what she did. As soon as Napoleon was safe in Elba, she told the Emperor of Russia that Louis XVII. was safe in Prussia.

Then the "unexpected" happened. She died within the week of her uttering those imprudent words. Louis XVIII. was determined to reign.

No matter to him what terms he made with the victorious allies!

What did the passport matter to a police agent?

The police could forge a hundred thousand passports if they so pleased.

The Prince set up business as a simple watch-maker under the name of Naundorff — plain Naundorff. As no one except the police have been vouchsafed a sight of the passport, there is no evidence to show whether in the description of the holder thereof the “Comte de” is introduced. It is rather singular the name “Charles” should have been preserved throughout, and, as we shall see, the officials often muddled up the two Christian names Charles Louis and Charles Guillaume Naundorff. Very frequently, too, the name is incorrectly spelt.

I gather that Madame Sonnenfeld had been keeping house for some months before the Prince let her into his confidence.

The following are his own words :

“On hearing from my lips this revelation, Madame Sonnenfeld’s astonishment knew no bounds. She remained speechless. But, after calming down, she very judiciously remarked that, under such circumstances, I should make a friend and confidant of some one in an official position who would dispose the State in my favour if I wished to follow my trade in peace. She recommended me to write to M. Le Coq, a Frenchman, who was Chief of the Police in Prussia. I followed her advice. I wrote to him, informing him of my real position, and requesting him to kindly make things straight for me.

“M. Le Coq came at once to see me with my own

letter. He asked me if I had written it. I replied in the affirmative. He then said he should like to see the proofs of my identity. I had saved my Frankfort great-coat; I ripped up the collar in his presence; I took out the papers Montmorin had therein concealed and showed them to him. He recognised my mother's handwriting as well as my father's seal and signature. He then left me to take the King's commands concerning myself. The next day he returned and begged me to lend him these papers to show His Majesty. I refused, and insisted that the proper course was to present me to the King. He replied that my request, for the time being, could not be granted; 'but,' he added, 'you shall see him as soon as M. de Hardenberg shall have read your documents.' After taking the precaution to cut in zigzag my father's seal, of which I have always preserved the other half, I offered M. Le Coq all the written documents. He, however, took only the one in my mother's handwriting; he left me, promising to help me, and tranquilised me by promising I should not be interfered with, because he would himself see the Berlin Magistrates on my behalf. In spite of his promises, however, I was again summoned to appear before a magistrate. I went at once to M. Le Coq. He kept the summons, and assured me I need not feel the slightest anxiety; that my fate would be decided without fail; that the delay had occurred through the Prime Minister not having yet sent in his report. After a while the President of the Police (M. Le Coq) sent for me. He said: 'It is quite impossible to let you remain in Berlin. It would be too dangerous for you and for us, for no magistrate has the right to waive the obligation of producing the certificates required by law.' He then closely questioned me as to the individual who had met me in the forest near Diebingen. I could give him no explanation. All I knew was that his family name was Naundorff, native of

WEIMAR. M. Le Coq then sent for the passport to the police, and advised me, for the purpose of keeping out of the way of my persecutors, to establish myself in some little town near the capital under the name of my friend. 'I can help you to manage this,' said he. 'I'll send you a license. You will then be at liberty to choose what town you prefer, and when the magistrate requires your certificates you will reply to him that you gave them to me.' I replied that I had not money enough to make a move. 'That's true,' he said. He opened the drawer of his writing-table and took a roll of gold coins. 'Accept this to go on with. I will look after you.' I returned home. A few days later a man from the police, whom I had never seen, brought me a watchmaker's license, under the name of *Charles William Naundorff*. I was then left undisturbed till 1812. I then removed to Spandau. This was in obedience to M. Le Coq's orders, with the strongest recommendations to be very discreet, as the slightest indiscretion would ruin me; that the King was not master to do as he pleased; it was absolutely imperative I should use a borrowed name to save me from Napoleon, against whose influence the Prussian Government could not protect me. M. Le Coq then examined, attentively, the Naundorff passport, to see whether the description could in any way fit me. '*Black hair!*' he read in a loud voice. '*Black eyes!* No, that does not do at all. Take care to tell the Magistrate what I told you. Say your papers are with the President of the Police, and that, therefore, it is to him the municipal authorities must apply. I'll see to it.' He wrote on a paper the names of *Charles William*, which he put in his pocket. When I got to Spandau the magistrate asked for my papers for the purpose of conferring on me the rights of burgher. I replied what M. Le Coq had advised. My name was then inscribed on the Register, and I received permission to

reside in that town. I wonder if M. Le Coq had forgotten what had been agreed, for he gave the burgomaster my name as *Charles Louis Naundorff*. Notwithstanding this slip of the pen (assuming it may have been by inadvertence), I obtained the right under the names of *Charles William*. The document conferring upon me the rights of citizenship was duly registered, and contains the proof that I produced no papers except a certificate of good conduct delivered by the President of Police, Le Coq."

So great a favour and so startling an infringement of the law could only have been accorded and committed in the case of a Royal personage. As late as the 19th November, 1808, a general order had been promulgated, imperiously exacting that Prussian nationality be vouched for by the certificate of birth before any individual could possibly be admitted to the rights of burghership in any town whatsoever in Prussia, foreigners to be only admitted as citizens after naturalisation, and that only after ten years' residence in Prussia. In all cases certificate of birth was exacted.



Ignorant people, the everyday bumpkins, who believe in Truth, Justice, Equity, Honour, etc., feel surprised, astounded, and indignant at the mere suggestion that all these exquisite attributes of the Divine should have been disregarded in Louis XVII.'s case. How could it have been possible? So clear a case!

Good people, the same disregard of honour,

justice, etc., is practised daily and hourly, now, yes, now, to-day, to-morrow, and for ever, as long as nations' eyes remain shut to the frightful, privileged abuses of everything connected with Power, and suffer lawyers in Parliament.

Anything can be done ! Any crime perpetrated ; As it was then, so it is now. The Press is the only engine which might in these days remedy this awful state of things. But the Press is venal . . . and I see no hope anywhere of reform.

The Prince's Acts of Burghership are extant on the public records in Spandau and Brandenburg ; other traces of him at Crossen. His marriage to Johanna Einert (or Einers, as he spells it) was celebrated in his own private sitting-room, as though he were a Royal personage. No certificate, no passport, "*no nothing !*" but the Prussian Government smoothed over all legal requirements and ordinances. No questions were asked.

In spite of which, Courtiers, Bonapartists, Orleanists, Republicans (just as corrupt and callous as the Royalist Governments they revile) all vie with each other in refusing to redress a great and cruel wrong, and have the audacity to echo the victim's sister's Jesuitical words : " All this proves nothing ! "



APPENDIX

AUTRES TEMPS . . . MÊMES MŒURS.

THE heading of this article, selected from a formidable parcel of newspaper cuttings on the "QUESTION LOUIS XVII." signifies in English "OLD TIMES . . . SAME CUSTOMS."

I have chosen it, as I consider that it bears out the burthen of my argument—the argument I sustain throughout the whole of my pages; that is to say: the ridiculous and impertinent absence of "JUSTICE." Old time grows older; evolution ever young is so slow; so that although history of all ages records the same infamies, time brings neither justice nor compensation to the victims.

The analogy between the two cases, as drawn by Mr. Henri Provins, is or ought to be invaluable; the victim of French jingoism not having, even in this "enlightened" age, received the bare compliment of that promotion such as is his due; and no compensation, even, offered him for the monstrous and ridiculous injustice so cruelly heaped upon him and his family since nearly fifteen years.

This article "OLD TIMES . . . SAME CUSTOMS"

also explains in a moderate, lucid, and business-like fashion the reasons why, in 1814, the Allies judged it expedient to put Louis XVIII. on the throne of France, and to ignore Louis XVII.; thus proving my theory that, so long as a country has money and power, it would be absurd to speak of it as "*dishonoured*," no matter what scurvy trick it may play the defenceless victim of "STATE REASONS."

The Empress Joséphine died on the 29th May, 1814, the day before the treaty (settled on the 23rd April) was signed.



This article appeared in the "*Journal d'Asnières et de la Banlieue de l'Ouest de Paris*" . . . 25th November, 1898.

(AUTRES TEMPS . . . MÊMES MŒURS.)

Mr. Henri Provins is a well-known authority on the Louis XVII. question. We therefore deemed it expedient to send him the series of articles lately published by us, in which Mr. A. Gromier¹ and Mr. Jean Perraud, discussing the Dreyfus Affair, commented on that other obscure and not yet completely cleared up point of our national history.

We now publish the note supplied to us by Mr. Henri Provins as the result of the interview he had with Mr. A. Gromier.

¹ Founders, in the year 1865 of the *Association Internationale Economique des amis de la Paix Sociale* with the object of preparing an "*Union Douanière Européenne*." This Association included the names of a considerable number of distinguished personages, especially French ones; Armand Barbès, Louis Blanc, President Carnot, Ch. Floquet, Victor Hugo, Jean Macé, Henry Martin, Elisée Reclus, Jules Simon, Schoelcher, Viennet, etc., etc.



"The comparison drawn between the cases of Louis XVII. and Dreyfus appears to me decidedly opportune.

"We will admit that, at the time of the negotiations between Talleyrand and the Allies in 1814, Louis XVII. may not have seemed a fit representative of the Crown, but (the Restoration of the Monarchy having been decided) there is no doubt but what Louis XVII. alone was legitimate heir to the throne of France. In ancient times, the Crown—her strength as well as her weak point—was neither matter for fancy nor speculation. The Crown was the symbol of a principle as well as of a law.

"Eldest succeeded Eldest.

"Charles VI., although demented, succeeded and reigned as King.

"Charles VII., foolish and indolent, heir to a kingdom distracted by the rival factions of Armagnac and Burgundy; profoundly humiliated by the Treaty of Troyes which made Henry V. of England, King of France, nevertheless, remained the King.

"What is a country but a large commercial firm? To ensure the well-being of such an establishment, more than an intelligent, respectable and devoted administration is required.

"It must inspire confidence, and, to secure that confidence, its administration must be founded on a solid basis. Its duration, its stability, depends on that confidence which allows time to work and weld the divergences of multitudes of minds.

"It, alone, authorises the development of those projects to which extension and credit may safely be given.

"It is precisely its durability which warrants the adoption of measures extending over considerable periods; facilitates the raising and locking up of important capital and ensures its due repayment.

"Philip Augustus, Philip le Bel, Louis XI., Louis XII., Henri IV., Louis XIII., ruled wisely. They had time before them. They knew that what they conceived would be carried out, and that, after them, the chain would remain linked.

"It was the feeling of stability which gave France such Ministers as Sully, Richelieu, Mazarin, Colbert. etc.

"It certainly was not the Allies' business to secure the stability of France.

"But it was to their interest to gain their ends by maintaining a France with a Government which would guarantee to them peaceful possession and the advantages of their conquests. They well knew what Louis XVIII. was. They appreciated his lack of probity, his fierce desire to reign at all costs. They knew he would make any terms to attain that object.

"This was a guarantee the Allies preferred to all others.

"The throne having been vacated through the Empress Marie Louise's flight from the capital, disturbance and incoherence prevailing everywhere, the door was opened to every kind of intrigue. On the day the Allies marched into Paris, M. de Mortefontaine, that very evening, in his Salons (Faubourg S. Honoré) received about 300 members of the old French nobility, almost all of them "*émigrés*" from those hotbeds of Courtly flattery and intrigue, Coblenz, Verona, Mittau, Memel, London and Hartwell.

"From the year 1792 these time-servers had been accustomed to look on "*Monsieur*" (Comte de Provence) as rallying centre. When Louis XVII.'s escape from the Temple was announced, the child's safety was regarded as a matter of annoyance, and the occurrence as an element of division rather than of concord.

"The farce which had been enacted in the Temple; the substituting another child for the young King; the false death certificate, obligingly furnished these "*émigrés*" with excuses which dovetailed in with their own inclinations, their pretended 'honour' and . . . their interests. During the Consulate and Empire the Comte de Provence had been the centre of Compromise.

"A first crime inevitably leads to others. In the foremost rank of these members of the Royalist movement figured Archbishop de Pradt, Abbé de Montesquiou, Abbé Louis, etc.

"Of what interest to these holy men could Louis XVII. be? Bear in mind that this child, so long confined in prisons, had had no education; no religious instruction; he had not been confirmed; he had not received the Sacrament; the

training and etiquette of Courts were unknown to him ; he had had to lead the life of an outlaw. By these pillars of the Church, his misfortunes were considered as so many stains.

"How could they hesitate between the falsehood of Orthodoxy and the truth of Heterodoxy ? True, no blame could be attached to the young King ; but why should they waver in their choice—their duty, or their ecclesiastical principles ?

"They joined hands with Talleyrand, an unfrocked Bishop ; they advised the Czar of Russia and Frederick William King of Prussia ; they sent to Nesselrode, Castlereagh and Hardenberg that France desired Louis XVIII.

"It would be idle to attempt, in a newspaper article, to give a list of the infamies of every description ; the monstrosities of every size and shape, fruits of the Usurpation of 1814. The downfall of Charles X. ; the Duchess of Angoulême's forty years of tears ; the expulsion of the Bourbons from all the thrones of Europe ; other wrenches . . . notably that of the temporal power of the Popes, so intimately bound up with the grandeur and *prestige* of Monarchical Order in France. All these, to the philosopher as well as to the educated man, must appear as so many protests from the God of Truth and Justice against the most scandalous iniquity which, since nineteen centuries, had besmirched the history of any people.

"Is Dreyfus guilty ?

"Whether from regard for the common-sense of those who first tried Alfred Dreyfus ; whether from regard for their honour—for a long while I hoped against hope . . . I almost hoped Dreyfus was guilty. I still cling to that hope in spite of the agonising reflections which the course of subsequent events has imposed on me.

"Besides common-sense and honour, both perspicacity and discernment should have guided the members of the first Court-Martial (1894). As far be it from me to utter incriminations against as to speak harshly of those members of the Bourbon family who have refused to acknowledge Louis XVII., or even of Him who is the Supreme Head of the Church.

"As were several of Dreyfus' first Judges, they may have been deceived.

"Those who must be blamed, aye, *curs*, are those judges of second and third hand ; those who deal blows ; those who have dealt blows and continue to strike right and left, carelessly, maliciously, and falsely, stirring up strife ; disturbing our country, recklessly, wantonly, for their own private ends ; from sheer love of notoriety, or what is worse—shortsighted, narrow-minded confessional motives.

"This mischief, in great measure, is due to a portion of the Catholic Clergy, who dread the spread of the patch of oil—be it Israelite or Protestant ; due to the professional man who goes about raving and pleading that, in military matters, an independent opinion is incompatible with patriotism ; due to the ferocious and easily-gulled citizen who remains blind to the fact that Right is the first element of Duty, which should teach him to dominate his weakness for lucre ; and that material benefit, however great, cannot honourably be placed in the balance against outraged truth and victorious crime.

"Mr. Gromier and Mr. Perraud have rendered good service in so carefully drawing analogies between the extinguishing process devised in the cases of both Louis XVII. and Dreyfus.

"At an interval of eighty years the same pack of curs are found yelping at their heels.

"HENRI PROVINS."

"25th November, 1898."

"We gladly publish these valuable and searching comments vibrating with true love of country ; right and proper feeling.

"G. DHAVERNAN."

A bon entendeur, Salut !

GEORGINA WELDON.

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NOËL.

Words by TH. GAUTIER.

Music by JULES ROUSSEAU.

Le ciel est noir, la terre est blanche
Cloches, carillonnez galement
Jésus est né, la Vierge penche
Sur Lui son visage charmant.
La neige au chaume coud ses franges,
Mais sur le toit s'ouvre le Ciel
Et, tout en blanc, le Chœur des Anges
Chante aux bergers : Noël ! Noël !



Pas de Courtines festonnées
Pour préserver l' Enfant du froid
Rien que les toiles d' araignées
Qui pendent des poutres du toit
Il tremble sur la paille fraîche,
Ce cher petit Enfant Jesus,
Et pour le chauffer dans sa crèche
L'âne et le bœuf soufflent dessus.



ENGLISH ADAPTATION BY MRS. WELDON :

The sky is dark, the earth is white,
The bells ring out with joyful might.
A gracious Babe, on Christmas morn
Is unto erring sinners born.
Wrapp'd in her veil, He lies at rest
Upon His Virgin Mother's breast,
While Angels high in Heav'n above
Watch o'er the Holy Babe with love.



The Eastern Star stands out so bright,
Three Shepherd Kings by its wondrous light
Set out with gifts and precious things
To offer to the King of Kings.
They find Him in a stable bare,
Nought but the ox and ass are there.
Their sweet breath keeps the Infant warm,
While Seraph hosts shield him from harm.



No altar rare, no vestments fine,
And yet all kneel before that shrine ;
No jewels' sheen, no candle light,
And yet that chamber's shining bright
The pastors wise, the Mother mild
Worship awestruck that Holy Child ;
While Herald Angels shout and sing
Hail ! Glory to the Eternal King.



JARDIN D'AMOUR.

Words by CHARLES GOUNOD. Music by JULES ROUSSEAU.

O douce fille du printemps
Qu'un Soleil de Mai vit éclore ;
Ta grâce est plus modeste encore
Que la modeste fleur des champs.
Ton doux visage est un jardin
Embaumé de fleurs immortelles
Que trouvent toujours aussi belles
Chaque soir et chaque matin.



La violette est en tes yeux ;
La rose en ta bouche adorable ;
Et dans sa blancheur ineffable
Ta chair cache un lys radieux.



Mais, qui cultive chaque jour
Les fleurs de ce divin parterre ?
Moi, j'en suis le propriétaire,
Mais le jardinier, c'est l'amour.



ENGLISH ADAPTATION BY MRS. WELDON :

A Floral Sanctuary.

O ! gentle child of soft spring hours,
Born of May's sweet breath and showers ;
Thy grace as mild as chaste field flowers ;
Their charm as gracious as thy smile.
Thy gentle presence fragrance gives
To myriads of immortal flowers
Which glow from morn till twilight,
And lovelier beam with fading hours.



In thy deep eyes the violets hide ;
The roses in thy lips abide ;
And, to thy bosom so warm and white,
The radiant lily lends her light.



But, who owns this treasure, this garden fair ?
This Eden of blossoms choice and rare ?—
'Tis mine, this dainty shrine !
This fairy bower is mine !

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