



This eBook is a compilation of articles written in 'The Theosophical Path' between January 1914 and July 1915 by P. A. Malpas.

Articles

[one](#) | [two](#) | [three](#) | [four](#) | [five](#) | [six](#) | [seven](#) | [eight](#) | [nine](#) | [ten](#) | [eleven](#) | [twelve](#) | [thirteen](#)
| [fourteen](#) | [fifteen](#) | [sixteen](#) | [seventeen](#) | [eighteen](#)

SAINT-GERMAIN AT THE FRENCH COURT:

by P. A. Malpas.

I

SOMEWHERE about the years 1883-1884 H. P. Blavatsky was staying with the Comtesse d'Adhemar at the family chateau in France, and she mentioned some interesting traditions and papers which were in the possession of that ancient French family whose motto "*Plus d'honneur que d'honneurs*," is one of the proudest in France.

In her magazine *The Theosophist* H. P. Blavatsky prints some extracts from a book written by a former Comtesse d'Adhemar on the subject of Comte de Saint-Germain who was a friend before the revolutionary times and afterwards. The book, *Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette*, was published in 1836, but the authoress, or rather diarist, died in 1822. It is a monumental work of over 1500 pages and contains some interesting history as to the unfortunate Queen, for the Comtesse was her most trustworthy lady-in-waiting. All through the book there runs a thread of the wonderful foresight of the famous Count, which, as he knew and said, would not be appreciated by Marie Antoinette until

too late. It is perhaps not too much to say that if his advice had been taken, the *horrors* of the Revolution would never have occurred, but Marie Antoinette did not know, and could not believe.

This extraordinary man, who was remembered by an ancient dame at the French Court as a man of middle age in 1710, and who was seen, little changed, by the Comtesse whom he befriended, in 1822, and who declared that he would return to Europe in 1875, was a personal and intimate friend of the great Louis XV for over twenty years, and was employed by that monarch on many a delicate mission when it was possible to escape from political fetters. Louis XV knew well who he was, we are given to understand, and would tolerate no ridicule of him nor depreciation.

The story, as we have extracted it from the Comtesse's memoirs, is sufficient in itself, in the light of later events, to show just what he was trying to do in her regard and for France, and through France, Europe. He was a Peacemaker who, when permitted by politicians, made peace without talking much about it.

Two points may be noted with profit, perhaps. One is that he speaks of a higher power to whose decree he must yield, and therefore with all his real, innate greatness he may be considered as sometimes the agent or spokesman of another far greater. The other point is that if he meant anything by his suggestion of coming back to the west in 1875, he must have a purpose not dissimilar in this age, and a possible hope that the " Marie Antoinette " (or what she represented in the welfare of Europe) would not this time fail to accept his protection and warning, and so avert in the bud, in embryo, the conditions, or their equivalent, that produced that revolution. Sometimes it seems that he was and considered himself to be the representative of a body of Helpers of Humanity, in which case his "reappearance" might well mean the reappearance of all that life meant to him -the agent of a body who had the welfare of the race identified with themselves.

The Comtesse d' Adhemar herself was a daughter of her age. She was a child of the eighteenth century, and she shows it in her Memoirs. Brilliant, witty, open-minded and intellectual as the times went; superstitious in her own way, sceptical withal, and of an inquiring mind, she reflects the age that produced Voltaire, Diderot, d' Alembert, and all the host of the "Encyclopaedists." The study of the movements which agitated Europe and especially France in the eighteenth century is of absorbing interest, because at no other period of European history since the fall of the great empire of Rome have the consequences of religious, social, and political change been so important. Then began that Age of Transition which is not ended yet, in this, the twentieth century.

Madame d' Adhemar' s opinion of Saint-Germain is her own; others have held other views; but as a contemporary, as an eye-witness of that remarkable man's acts, as a personal acquaintance of him, and as a favorite of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette - first dauphine, then queen -and hence intimate with the brilliant court of France and thoroughly conversant with the conditions which brought on the terrible excesses of the Red Days of the Revolution, her Diary is well worth reading. She wrote things as she saw them, and while we may not agree with all her views, yet they are of interest.

Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette (d'Adhemar).

Vol. 1, p. 8.

The Duchess de Choiseul, *nee* Crozat, ... was frequently present at the suppers in the " little apartments."

There was also a man who had long enjoyed this favor : the celebrated and mysterious Comte de Saint-Germain, my friend, who has not been properly known, and to whom I shall devote some pages when I have

occasion to speak of Cagliostro. From 1749 the king employed him in diplomatic missions, and he carried them out with good success ; he inspired Louis XV for some time with the taste for chemistry, which his Majesty pursued equally with gastronomy. The king was a past master in the culinary art : . . .

Ibid., Vol. 1, p. 217.

One day the dauphine received an anonymous letter in which she was warned that enemies were plotting against her; if she wanted to know more, it was added, she must consent to two things: the first was to maintain a profound silence as to the revelation, and the second to place in the window of her room a ribbon which would indicate that she agreed to the proposal. The letter was couched in a style calculated to disturb her, and at the same time to arouse her curiosity.

At first she hesitated, fearing that they wanted to draw her into a trap; then she consulted the abbe de Vermont. He told her that the great were sometimes forced to depart from common custom, and that, in any case, he saw nothing very much out of the way in putting a ribbon in the window. This advice from a man whose every word was an oracle for the princess, together with the natural curiosity of a young woman, and finally the pleasure of committing herself to an exciting adventure, determined the dauphine. The ribbon fluttered in the window for a couple of days.

On the third day a second letter arrived; it declared that it was necessary to send a discreet and intelligent gentleman to Paris. These were to be his instructions : He would go to the Rue Maubuee to the seventh house on the right counting from the side of the Rue Saint-Martin; he was to go up to the third story, and knock at a door on the landing; some one would come to open, asking him what he wanted.

" To speak to Madame Hebrard."

" For what purpose?"

" To buy bread for saying mass."

This was the pass-word; the rest will appear from the details of the story which I am going to put into the mouth of the one who carried out this mission. The Dauphine was the more embarrassed by the choice of messenger as the letter said: *Send neither an abbe nor a priest; he will be recognized, however well he may be disguised, and his intervention will be fatal to success.* This excluded the abbe de Vermont, to his great regret; he would have been delighted to have done this service for his mistress. The princess then found herself obliged to call in an outsider. She knew my fidelity, and I had the special honor of being chosen to aid her in her search for an ambassador. Only one name came to my mind; it was that of M. le Comte d' Adhemar. The Dauphine was good enough to say when I proposed my husband :

" My interests could not be in better hands."

" Nor those of France, madame, if necessity arose," I replied. " We shall see about that later on," said the princess kindly.

Thus a diplomatic mission was promised to M. d' Adhemar a long time in advance. He had to report himself to the abbe de Vermont who gave him as a guide the last letter received and recommended him to read it carefully. M. d'Adhemar went to a window, took note of the letter and gave it back to the abbe after having read it aloud, without missing a single word.

His memory was prodigious ; he knew by heart ten tragedies of Racine, ten pieces of Pierre Corneille, all those of Voltaire, several of Crebillon, la Henriade, the Fables of Fontaine, all Moliere, the twenty-four books of Telemaque, those of Tasso, of Ariosto also, the two poems of Milton, and he claimed that reading two hundred verses three times before going to bed engraved them for ever on his mind. He knew innumerable detached pieces of poetry; he astonished me by the variety of his quotations. Madame de Polignac called him the "*living Encyclopaedia*," because one could consult him on any subject whatever.

The Comte d'Adhemar, only too happy to find an occasion to prove his devotion to the Dauphine, drove to Paris. There he took off his court dress and dressed "*en polisson*," bourgeois fashion. I underline this

inconvenient term which was coming into fashion among the courtiers; they applied it to themselves when, not being appointed to attend for the journey to Marly, they went there in the bourgeois costume of Paris, especially in the reign of Louis XVI. This is how the invitation ceremonial took place. When it was known that the court was going to Marly, the gentlemen whose wives had not the official right to attend, placed themselves in the morning in the way of the King when he was going to or returning from Mass, and with a respectful salute said: "Sire, Marly." These two words went back to the foundation of the chateau, and consequently to Louis XIV.

Dressed, then, "*en polisson*," M. d' Adhemar arrived at the Rue Maubuee, reached the seventh house on the right, went up to the third floor, rang the bell on the landing, and the door was opened.

" Madame Hebrard? "

" She lives here. -what do you want? "

"To buy bread to say mass."

" Of the first quality? "

" Superfine ! "

"Enter !"

I did enter, in fact, and I found myself in a den which exhaled an infectious odor. In spite of myself I put a scented handkerchief to my nose, and held it there until I had grown accustomed to the smells of the place. The furniture of the room in which I stood showed that she was a diviner, a sorceress, a fortuneteller by cards, who predicted the future simply by looking at one's hands or by coffee marks cunningly thrown on a china plate. On the sideboard was to be seen the inevitable gigantic lizard dignified by the pompous title of young crocodile, ostrich eggs, a stuffed weasel, a black cat also stuffed, three or four live owls, ravens, and a magpie which called out " Vive Satan! " in a way to make one stop one's ears with his fingers. Then there were savage ornaments, the apron, the crown, bows and arrows, the cloak and the club ; bundles of mysterious herbs, parchments covered with strange fantastic characters, tiger and zebra skins; finally on the chief table were some mandrakes, and under a glass globe there was a little grinning diabolical figure which held in its hand a steel fly with brilliant extended wings, suspended from a chain of gold.

The mistress of the place, draped rather than clothed in a black robe, seemed, like her costume, to elate from the previous century. She was a decrepit old hag, with pendulous cheeks, a bleary eye (because one was missing), her hands were wrinkled and hairy and her chin curved upwards. By a strange contrast, her mouth had its full complement of teeth, whether from a forgetfulness of nature or by the aid of art. There was an Italian touch in her curt and high-pitched speech ; it is rarely that the dependents of Lucifer do not come from the other side of the Alps.

Madame Hebrard, whom I ought to have called *Signora Herbrati*, began the conference while submitting me to a counter examination in return for that I had made of her. A little mulatto, her servant during the day, and who by night amused the loungers of the capital, placed a fauteuil for me. I noticed that at first the funny boy had brought a chair, but a second look at me made him decide to do me the full honors of the apartment.

I remained silent, waiting until it should please the signora to commence the attack; she did so in these words :

" What does the Comte cl' Adhemar want from his very humble servant?

" This question amused me, because I thought that the fortune teller had addressed me thus in order to give me a preliminary proof of her supernatural science; so I replied drily:

" Since you know me, mother, you ought to know what has brought me! " "I should know, certainly, if it had been arranged for me to cast your horoscope. But as I was ignorant of your existence, I could not pay attention to you beforehand."

This trick might have deceived another than myself; never mind, we will get to the facts. " I come for you to give me in exchange for this purse, which contains twenty-five louis, the casket hidden in the further room of your apartments under a heap of rags; you see that for a man who does not make a business of explaining mysteries I know a good deal !

" The old woman, winking her only eye, trembled, although she tried to hide the dissatisfaction which my words caused her ; but recovering her assurance by the help of a feigned fit of coughing:

"They have deceived you, M. le Comte," she said, "and at the same time they want to injure a poor widow who does no harm to anyone and only gives good advice to those who do her the honor of coming to visit her."

" She will permit me to give her a piece of good advice in my turn, and that is to tell the truth with a good grace and to behave well, for if she does not, the lieutenant of police will conclude the business which brings me; it is really much more in his line than mine."

She trembled again, and I saw a truly infernal malice glittering in the witch's eye; she even made a movement to seize a silver bell ; I assured her at once that I had not forgotten my pistols, and seeing my action:

"So you are armed!" she said slowly, and as if she had consulted her old experience; " it was scarcely the thing to do in coming to the house of an old defenseless woman, but it appears that you like to play a sure hand, and that fear ... " "

Anything you like, mother; make me out a coward. give me at once the ebony casket ornamented with carved I don't mind. Only silver plate, wrapped in crimson velvet, and whose lock and key are veritable works of art. I forgot the description when I first asked."

" Oh ! it is exact, quite exact. You have it from people accustomed to frequent my miserable dwelling; I receive in it grateful friends, and above all, faithful ones I In truth, Monsieur le Comte, since they have betrayed me, and you have come so well escorted, I have no other recourse but to come to an understanding with you, though if I were put to it I could oppose an honorable resistance; for if it must be confessed, I am not alone."

These last words were rather whispered in my ear than distinctly articulated. I was ill at ease, I confess, having neglected all measures of prudence. I had blindly thrust myself into an ambush; the lieutenant of police was absolutely ignorant of my mysterious actions, and I had only quoted him to frighten the sorceress. Nevertheless it was necessary to play a bold game. I raised my voice.

"It matters little to me," I exclaimed, "whether you are alone or not; it is the casket I need, and especially what it contains."

" I know nothing about it. It was sent me by unknown people who begged me to exercise my art with regard to the interior of the box, saying that I should be suitably rewarded. I set to work, and however little of a connoisseur you may be, you are going to see some interesting things."

In barbarous words taken from a foreign language she called, and some one replied in the same manner. After waiting ten minutes, which appeared interminable to me, I saw the famous casket brought in by a man of great stature and colossal proportions. He seemed in a bad temper; an extraordinarily long sabre dangled at his side, held by a single cord of green silk. He carried the casket to the table, cast an inquiring and disdainful glance at me, and then went out, leaving me quite pleased to see him go.

Madame Hebrard made me admire this piece of furniture, elegant in its antiquity. It had belonged to a Catharine de Medicis, whose arms it bore. The key especially struck me. The casket being opened, I saw within a white slipper, a fragment of a chemise, blood in an antique lachrymatory, a wisp of hair, and finally a wax figure resembling the Dauphine, and dressed like her on her days of state.

It was a veritable chef d'oeuvre, but it must have been the object of a too execrable superstition for me to examine it with any pleasure, as Madame Hebrard, who claimed to be the author of it, wanted me to do. She looked at the figure, turned it about complacently, and her old eye sparkled as she said:

"Isn't everything in good order? You would not find a woman in France capable of so cleverly doing this kind of work! I have done it in more fortunate times; but perfection consists principally in the resemblance. Now I leave you to judge if twenty-five louis can pay for this work and replace the rich reward promised."

"Listen," said I, the more calmly that I saw the old woman only wanted money, "the person who sent me is rich also, and your fortune will be made if you voluntarily give me what I can have taken from you by force."

Madame Hebrard, who gave the lie to her talents as a sorceress in believing what I said, wanted to bargain; I humored this fancy; but when we had concluded, she demanded securities from me.

"Security!" I exclaimed; "don't you know who I am, and is it not quite enough for me to give my word of honor that what you demand shall be punctiliously adhered to?"

"I know the value you gentlemen give to such promises; but it is impossible that you cannot have more than twenty-five louis upon you, either in gold or notes."

"I doubt that you will find as much in the pockets of any of our gentlemen," I retorted, laughing. "Still, if you insist on a larger sum down, I am going to empty my purse before you." It contained two hundred louis, including the twenty-five first offered, and also there were four thousand livres in paper which I had received from the abbe de Vermont at the time of my departure. I put it all before the odious old woman, who trembled with joy at seeing such a considerable sum, although it was probably less than that which had been promised her.

Madame Hebrard, closing the casket, passed it over to me. "Well then, Monsieur le Comte d'Adhemar," she said, "every one must live. I have the trinkets and you the cash. Does the bargain suit you?"

"Perfectly!"

I immediately grasped the treasure, whose value, perhaps, in spite of her jugglery, she did not know. Mutually satisfied with our exchange, there was nothing left for me to do but to take my departure; prudence demanded it. But not considering my embassy properly completed as long as I did not know the name of our enemy, I said to Madame Hebrard:

"Your science is so profound, tell me how much you will take for the revelation of the name of the prime author of this infernal machination? Really there is devilry in all this." (This was to flatter her weakness.)

"If you will keep it to yourself, and if you will agree to give twenty-five louis for every letter which is in the word, perhaps I will decide"

"Skinflint!" I cried. "So much money for so small a thing!"

"So small a thing!" she repeated in a solemn tone. "If you knew, M. le Comte, at what a horrible price I have bought this science of which you speak with such lightness, you would pay very dear for the name you ask me for."

"Never mind," I said, finding it amusing to bargain in my turn. "I will only give six hundred livres per letter for a name which Maman Paris would give me complete for ten louis."

"Ah! you would go to that miserable wretch! that viper! Paris! I warn you, she would only tell you lies, and if any one deserves the scaffold, it is that creature. If only she were here! I would prove her ignorance and then twist her neck for her!"

"This fury caused by a trade rivalry amused me, so with a look as if I were going, I put the casket under my arm. A gesture from the pretended sorceress made me sit down again.

"A hundred crowns a letter, that's the least I'll accept."

"I'll pay it today on my word of honor."

"Be it so."

The old woman rang the bell, and the little negro brought her a brazier of bronze which was not without elegance. It contained lighted charcoal on which Madame Hebrard threw two or three grains of incense and other sweet smelling drugs; there rose a little cloud through which I distinctly saw the hag change her ring; she put on her left hand that which she had on the right thumb; then she drew out of a little bag of violet velvet with golden tassels the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, which she presented successively to the little diabolic figure. At the third letter, at the C, the fly suspended on the chain darted forward as if it were alive. It repeated the motion at the presentation of the letter J; but then it remained motionless until the end of the alphabet was reached. It was necessary to repeat the experiment. The fly again grew animated at the A and the R.

By as much as the syllable *cha* increased the circle of conjecture, by so much the addition of the letter R narrowed it down. For a moment I felt inclined to go no farther, and the magician, perhaps, having the same thought, seemed to question me with her glance. . . . The Dauphine's interests should prevail over all reluctance; and in my turn I showed the greedy Hebrard signs of impatience. She sighed; but before beginning again, she said :

I am doing wrong to mix myself in an intrigue which comes from high quarters."

" It is necessary," replied I, laughing, " that this youthful prank should serve you as a lesson for your old days."

A smile passed over her dessicated lips, but immediately she repressed it. "Let the will of the superior powers be accomplished!" she said. "And pray Goel that you are not enlightened at your own expense."

Then she presented the S. The fly did not move. . . . But scarcely had the T replaced the two last letters, before it struck with force. This second alphabet ended, we arrived at the R of the third and the fly again moved. S, here there was another stop. I carefully wrote the letters as they were indicated; but, I confess, after having traced this last R, a mechanical movement made me add an E and an S. I trembled at what I had done; the sorceress saw it or guessed it, for she shuddered and said :

" I will consent to lose *six hundred livres*."

I looked at her fixedly: "Then you know the whole name? "

"Y es!"

"Then finish it, for this is nothing but jugglery."

" I wish it were, now that I am approaching the end of my unhappy existence." " Then you are afraid of death? "

" Oh! " she exclaimed in a melancholy tone. " If you only knew what remains for you to learn ! "

" Never mind ; finish. If you are prudent you will tell no one of all this. For my part I shall be dumb."

She shook her head with an incredulous air and presented the letters. At the E and the S, the fatal fly struck the sides of its glass prison.

I rose like a drunken man. Doubtless it was a lie, and the old woman, in order to convince me by her science, had tried to play high; would she lose or win? We should learn in the sequel.

She restrained me no longer. She did not leave her seat, and having rung for the little negro again, he reconducted me, with the carelessness of his age, to the outer door. I gave him a crown of six livres which I had left, and took my steps towards the Rue des Lombards where I had left my carriage.

I went into the Rue Saint-Martin, when I ran against the Marquis de Saint-Hurugues, whom I knew a little. He is an extravagant sort of fellow, and besides he is a frequenter of the Palais Royal. 'We made mutual apologies; next he looked curiously at the thing I carried under my arm and entered the street from which I had just emerged. As for me, I ran to my carriage, and cried to the driver: "*A la paste aux chevaux*," which, in the style of the court, meant, "*I want to go to Versailles*."

It was in these terms that M. d'Adhemar told us the details of his adventurous trip. The recital surprised the Dauphine a good deal, and she hastened to inspect the objects contained in the mysterious casket. All that she found in it belonged to her; the Abbe de Vermont treated the matter like a free-thinker and laughed at what he characterized as superstition; he spoke of the attractive forces of the magnet and thus explained the movements of the steel fly. But when we asked him, without laying stress on the meeting with Saint-Huruges in that quarter, what he thought of the name revealed, he only replied :

" It is a very singular incident."

" In any case," said I, "it proves that there is in the personal household of our princess a person who dares to pass out sacred objects."

We agreed that this deserved to be submitted to a very strict investigation. It was a good while before anything was discovered ; finally, Madame Campan, who was not in the secret, because Madame de Noailles did not like her at all, furnished us with information, without suspecting the importance of her revelation. The guilty one was one of the lowest rank of serving women, who was found carrying off a new pair of slippers. She was submitted to an inquiry, and she admitted that an unknown woman had told her that she had such an affection for the Dauphine that she would give any price that was asked in order to possess objects which had belonged to the Queen. No more was discovered.

As to the matter of the name indicated by Madame Hebrard, it remained all the more inexplicable since, when the Dauphine, yielding to the instances of the abbe Vermont and ourselves, consented to permit the intervention of the police, matters had completely changed their aspect. The old woman existed no longer ; she had died, they said, of a sudden apoplectic stroke; the doctor who attended her last moments had opened the corpse, without finding any trace of poison.

It remained to discover the author of the anonymous letters. The Dauphine, Marie Antoinette, had burnt them, not wishing to give them into the hands of justice. However she desired to find an opportunity to be of use to the mysterious friend who had put her on the track of this intrigue. But, as sincere as he was unselfish, this personage never showed himself; and yet, until the death of Her Majesty, he never ceased to give her warning of all that was plotted against her at the Palais-Royal. We shall often find him mentioned again in these souvenirs.

(To be continued)

SAINT-GERMAIN AT THE FRENCH COURT:

by P. A. M.

II

Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette (d'Adhemar).

Vol. I, p. 293.

EXPERIENCED a real regret at being forced to give up my acquaintance with Madame de Forcalquier, when, after the letter which I have copied, she passed entirely over to the side of Madame du Barri. One morning, chance caused us to meet on a stairway of the chateau at Versailles. We could not look at one another without laughing, and then we embraced by stealth.

" How is it you are traveling on such a wrong road? " I said to her.

" It is the fault of my star. You know that the Comte de Saint-Germain predicted to me that I should make my fortune through a favorite. The Pompadour is dead and has not justified the horoscope. It is then for the Comtesse that this task is reserved. I must hurry, else I shall grow old; our dauphin does not look like one who is a great admirer of women."

Since the name of the Comte Saint-Germain has again come under my pen, I should like to speak a little of him. He appeared (that's the word) at the French Court long before I did. That was in 1743; the rumor spread abroad that a stranger, prodigiously wealthy, at least if one judged by the magnificence of his gems, had just arrived at Versailles. Whence had he sprung? No one has ever been able to learn. His aristocratic, intelligent, and sagacious look struck one from the first moment. He had a well-formed and graceful figure, delicate hands, a small foot, an elegant leg which well filled a well-stretched silk stocking. The tight breeches indicated a rare perfection of form; his smile disclosed the most beautiful teeth in the world, a pretty dimple ornamented his chin; his hair was black, his eyes soft and penetrating. Oh! What eyes ! . . .

I have never seen their like anywhere. He appeared to be forty to forty-five years old. He was still to be met in the private apartments, where he had free entree, at the beginning of the year 1786. He did not see Madame du Barri, but he was present at the catastrophe of the Duchesse de Chateauroux.

When this lady died, the King, who had only known the Comte de Saint-Germain a year, had nevertheless already so much confidence in him that he asked him for an antidote for the expiring Duchesse. The Comte refused.

" *It is too late,*" he said. I took him to task one day on account of this reply, claiming that it is always time to try and arrest the effect of a poison.

"If I had cured the Duchesse," he said to me, "I should have been responsible for all the violent deaths which might have followed. Every family would have summoned me to work a miracle, and it would have been unfortunate for me if I had ever failed in the enterprise. Such are men: pretty selfish."

" You are a bit selfish too." " It is precisely because I resemble them."

The old eternal Comtesse de Georgy, whom certainly death has forgotten on earth, said in my presence to Comte Saint-Germain: "

Fifty years ago I was ambassadress at Venice, and I recall having seen you there with the same visage; a little more mature, perhaps, because you have grown younger since then."

"At all times I have esteemed myself happy in paying my court to the ladies." " You called yourself at that time the Marquis Balletti."

" And Madame la Comtesse de Georgy has a memory as fresh now as it was fifty years ago."

"I owe this advantage to an elixir which you gave me at our first interview. You are really an extraordinary man."

" Had the Marquis Balletti a bad reputation? "

"On the contrary, he was a man of very good company."

"Well, if no one complains of him, I willingly adopt him for my grandfather."

I know that later on his replies to the Comtesse de Georgy have been denatured ; I report them as I heard them come from his mouth.

The Count de Saint-Germain was very strange in everything. M le Marquis de Valbelle going to see him one day, found him engaged in blowing the bellows; he asked my husband to entrust him with a crown of six livres; the latter took one from his purse, gave it to M. de Saint-Germain, who put it on a chemical mattrass and covered it with a black substance, then he put the whole into a furnace. M. de Valbelle saw the coin change color, become red, and at the end of some minutes the adept withdrew it from the furnace, let it cool, and returned it to the Marquis. It was no longer silver, but of the purest gold: the transmutation was complete. I preserved this coin until 1786, when it was stolen from my desk with several other foreign or old French coins. I regretted above all, with the loss of the crown of Saint-Germain, that of a rose-noble which my first husband's mother had received from King James II, who brought a box full of them to France. This sort of

money perfectly resembled gold, but it was in reality only a chemical composition made by a celebrated adept of the time.

M. de Saint-Germain never gave any one anything to eat and never received any one at his house. To see him, it was necessary to obtain a rendezvous for a fixed day. But he went to see people of quality who desired his visits. He had two valets de chambre; one served him *five hundred years*, and the other, a regular Parisian, was well acquainted with the court and the city. Moreover, his household consisted of four lackeys, in a livery of the color of Spanish tobacco, collar and sleeves of blue with ribbons of gold. He took a hired carriage for five hundred francs a month. Often changing his coats and vests, he had a rich and numerous collection of them; but nothing approached the magnificence of his ornamental buttons, his watches, his rings, his chain, diamonds, and precious stones. He had these to the value of a considerable amount, and he changed them almost every week.

He claimed to possess the secret of melting several diamonds into one; he cleared those which were defective without sensibly diminishing their weight. He repaired one which belonged to Louis XV, and increased its value by a thousand crowns. I do not know what will become of this precious collection at his death. It is thought that he died in 1784 at Sleswic, while with the Elector of Hesse Cassel; however, M. le Comte de Chalons, on returning from his embassy at Venice, in 1788, told me that he had spoken to the Comte de Saint-Germain in the Square of St. Mark, the day before his departure from Venice, to go as Ambassador to Portugal. I saw him another time.

One evening, M. de Saint-Germain was telling a story in which, as usual, he had played the principal part, but not remembering well all the details, he turned towards his valet de chambre:

" Am I not right, Roger? " he asked the latter.

" Monsieur le Comte forgets that I have only been five hundred years with him, so I could not have been present at that adventure; it must have been my predecessor."

From that moment M. Roger was never called anything else but "the five hundred years."

Conversation never languished where the Count de Saint-Germain was present; he enlivened it by a wealth of historical details; tales of ghosts, pictures of manners, varied and choice descriptions. Naturally reserved, he only seemed at ease in good company. He sat at table without unfolding his napkin, because he never ate in public. But it was precisely on these occasions that he amused people by his extraordinary stories.

The Comte de Saint-Germain had a manner of his own of telling a story which filled his most insignificant tales with terror; but we have talked enough of this extraordinary personage. Let us return to Versailles, to the preparations for the marriage of M. le Comte d'Artois.

Vol. I, p. 333. Death of Louis XV.

The moment was approaching when a new existence was about to commence for my well-beloved princess (Marie Antoinette). On New Year's Day 1774, she found in her bedroom, on the porcelain night-table, a rich casket of Burgos, all ornamented with gold; the key and the lock were also of this metal. Although I was present with Madame de Noailles, madame la dauphine took upon herself to open the casket. Scarcely had she touched the key when a tune inside played the air of the new opera *I phigenia in Aulis*, composed by Gluck: "Let us sing, let us celebrate our Queen." (*Chantons, celebrons notre reine.*) Then the lid rose automatically, opened by another ingenious spring, and showed a little royal crown, a scepter, a hand of justice, and a cloak, all in miniature, but of rare perfection. These insignia were of pure gold, enriched with diamonds and precious stones. The mantle, of beautiful velvet, was distinguished by magnificent embroidery. From whom did this present come? No one dared to ask. The Dauphine closed the box again, and put it in a corner, then turned to us.

" This present is very inconvenient," she said. " So, ladies, I beg you not to mention the matter again."

Finding myself alone the next day with the Dauphine, I could not help saying to her:

"Madame, do you not see a presage in yesterday's present?"

" Say, rather, an impudent trick! Why send me a scepter and a hand of justice? These things are only suitable for M. the dauphin. That comes from the Countess."

" For my part, I should attribute it to that mysterious person ... "

"I had not thought of it," replied the princess, with heightened color. "I wish it were so, for then at least, my suspicions would only fall upon one who wishes me well. Besides, the King is in wonderfully good health, and will live twenty years yet. That would be a happy stroke of fortune. The Dauphin does not know men sufficiently well, and needs to study them more, and really I should be upset if his reign were to commence so soon. Louis XV, in the interests of the kingdom and of his family, ought to call the Dauphin into his councils; instead of that, they keep him apart, and when he mounts the throne, he will be like a stranger in his own palace."

I wondered at the justice of these words. A revolution in the cabinet has just taken place. . . .

Towards the middle of March 1774, the Empress Maria Theresa wrote to Madame d' Adhemar mentioning that there was a rumor in Vienna, " which I do not believe, that the King of France is ill, so much so that it is not expected that he will prolong his days to the end of May: my ambassador is silent on this subject, as well as my daughter. There are of ten rumors which confirm this axiom: *The voice of the people is that of God!* ... "

"This letter," says Madame d'Adhemar, "which came to me in the ordinary way, puzzled me a great deal; I was astonished to find them attributing sickness to the King when he was in perfect health, and my surprise was boundless when we saw that monarch die suddenly "

Madame d' Adhemar's turn for service with the Dauphine, Marie Antoinette, came just after she had heard of a new frivolity on the part of the King, more suitable for a young man than for an old grandfather.

Vol. I, p. 353

The Dauphin entered almost at the same time; he looked upset.

" What is the matter? " Marie Antoinette asked him.

" Nothing! " he replied in a tone that proved the contrary to be the case. I judged it discreet to approach the window, but the prince held me by my hand.

" Stay," he said; "you have loved my grandmother, my mother; you are devoted to my wife and you cannot be in the way; besides what I have to tell is foolishness, a mere superstition . . . but for all that it deserves attention. I was writing in my study; in front of my bureau, there is, as you know, a large portrait of the King. Suddenly I heard a noise. I raised my head and I saw the picture fall with its face on the floor, whilst the massive frame remained hanging on the wall. I went to examine the position of things ; the space between the frame and the masonry is too narrow to have permitted the stretcher to slip without being held by the wainscotting.

" And were you alone? " asked the Dauphine.

" Quite alone. I called my attendants, who are as much surprised as myself."

" It is an evil omen! " I said, recalling the letter from the Empress.

Neither of them replied. The Dauphin soon left the room. Then the princess said to me :

" You remember the present of the casket on New Year's Day? I thought it came from an enemy's hand ; but today I am convinced that it comes from my unknown prophet. . . . Suppose the King is going to die! . . . That picture falling seems to me to be an evil augury; there are things that happen in great houses that are difficult to explain. For example, you have heard of the Fairy Melusine of the Lusignan family, of the White Lady of the Electors of Brandenburg, and at Vienna they assert that when the Emperor of the House of Austria is going to die, the Count Gerard of Alsace is seen walking in the imperial chateau, spurred and carrying a whip in his hand. My mother has told me that this phantom appeared when she lost my father, and that this gave her a sort of pleasure, because she was convinced by it that the House of Lorraine had really a common origin with that of Rudolph of Hapsburg. Do you know if the Bourbons also have their genius?"

I did not know, and consequently could not tell the Princess anything on the point. 'We chatted a long time about the mysterious warnings; then I determined to confess to her what the Empress had written to me from Vienna, that the King would not live out the month of May.

"What day is it today? " asked the Dauphine. " The 30th of April, Madame," replied Madame de' Adhemar.

" So tomorrow is the beginning of May! I wish it were over. My God, I do not know what to expect! ... "

The next day, which was Saturday, the physicians Lamartiniere and Bordeu were called suddenly to Trianon where the King had celebrated one of his little suppers the previous evening. It was soon known that he was dangerously sick. Only Lamartiniere, with his usual candid honesty, dared tell the truth. It was smallpox with complications, and the King passed away on the tenth of the fatal month of May. His grandson Louis XVI reigned in his stead, and his young wife, Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria and Dauphine of France, entered upon her troubled career as his Queen. She was little more than a girl, with much to learn.

Speaking of the Crequi family and Madame de Crequi:

Vol. II, p. 29

Nor do I agree. with Madame de Crequi as to the Count de Saint-Germain; she makes of him an imbecile charlatan, and he seemed to me clever and witty (*ruse et spirituel*). What diversity of judgments on the same personage, and yet we have both seen him! In truth, I have been more intimately connected with him. He has left me a curious manuscript which perhaps I shall publish some day, if circumstances do not oppose the project.

Vol. II, p. 94.

Louis XV did not like spending gold, while he was prodigal of his famous notes payable in cash; I recollect that the thaumaturge Saint-Germain came to me one day shaking with laughter.

" Can you guess how I have been spending part of the morning, Madame? " he said to me. " I will give you a thousand guesses. . . . I had the honor to discuss with a Jew, or rather with the King of France, as to the price of a diamond ring which I want to get rid of. His Majesty wants this jewel, but is afraid of paying too much, and so ordered Lebel to buy it for him. Lebel found nothing better than to send me a Child of Israel. I know all these gentlemen, and we argued and bargained like a couple of magpies. Finally I sold my diamond for six thousand francs more than the King would have paid if he had been there himself. And I'll tell him so the first time he permits me to pay my respects ! "

Ibid., p. 190.

Comte de Saint-Germain also told me when speaking of the favorite: " If they do not canonize her, it will be because the sovereigns of France want to save a hundred thousand crowns!

" It is well known that this is the ordinary price that is given for proclaiming the worship of a new saint.

Vol. II, p. 263.

The day after the consecration of the King, at the moment of going to church, I found the Queen very much upset.

" I have received a note from my mysterious correspondent," she told me. "It is scarcely in harmony with the splendors of this solemnity, for, if I am to believe it, we are surrounded with clangers. This paper tells me to distrust the relatives of the King and to fear my own. It is terrible to come and disturb the tranquillity of a Queen when she expects happiness."

I reassured her, saying that this correspondence was a reprehensible mystification, and that in her place I should refuse to read any letter that had no signature. " You do not know what a desire people in our position have to know things," said the Queen. " We are burning to penetrate into this unknown world from which those who surround us are the first to separate us. Oh! Madame d'Adhemar, the more I advance in life, the more I persuade myself that the throne hides many deceptions! "

I was going to reply, when the Due de Choiseul, who had an audience with Marie Antoinette, entered.

Vol. III, p. 286.

Madame d'Angivilliers used to see, in the early times, the Comte de Saint-Germain, the thaumaturge; he never left her house, and there he led the conversation. She claimed that he always remained in correspondence with her; I believe that in this assertion there is the vanity of friendship. At the approach of the Revolution, I saw her less often, by reason of her intimacy with M. Chanderlos de Laclos, author of the *Liaisons Dangereuses*. He was one of the enemies of the Queen, and one of the trumpeters paid by the Palais-Royal. ... He is one of those who did the most harm to the Royal family.

Vol. IV, p. 1.

The future darkened; we were close upon the terrible catastrophe which was about to overthrow France ; the abyss was under our feet, and we turned our heads aside; struck by a fatal blindness, we passed from one fete to another. It was a sort of madness which impelled us gaily towards our ruin. Alas! how could we avert the tempest when we did not see it coming!

However, from time to time, uneasy or observing minds tried to drag us out of this fatal security. I have already said that the Comte de Saint-Germain had tried to open the eyes of their Majesties by giving them a glimpse of the approaching peril; but M. de Maurepas did not wish the safety of the kingdom to come from another, got rid of the thaumaturge, and he appeared no more.

There remained still the mysterious giver of the warnings, he who had written to the Queen when she was yet only the dauphine; his voice was also disregarded. It is true that he always employed strange forms, that he did not let himself be known. Was he wrong? I do not think so, for would he have obtained the confidence that was denied to the Count de Saint-Germain, and which I and so many others denied to the celebrated Cazotte, when he showed to us the death that was ready to strike the greater number of those who were present at that supper which I never recall without a feeling of terror?

At the commencement of 1789 the Queen was discussing the hostility of the Etats-Generaux and certain individuals, with the Duchesse de Polignac and the Comtesse d'Adhemar, when the Comte d'Artois entered.

He was pensive, downcast; he spoke but little. His sister-in-law was disturbed by this taciturnity. He hesitated; then at last he spoke.

" Since there is no one here," he said, " except the Duchesse and our *good Comtesse* (this was what they called me), I can tell you what has just happened to me. As I was coming up the stairs, a gentleman dressed in black, with a benevolent face, gave me a packet. I took it, thinking it was a request. Then, examining it, I saw my address. The seal was soon broken. Take it, Countess," continued His Royal Highness, addressing me. " Read this strange communication to Her Majesty."

He gave it to me, and, raising my voice, I read the following sentences.

" Monseigneur:

"The time of your ruin approaches. You have not desired to conquer the esteem of the Parisians: you will learn at your cost what their hatred can do ! ... Yet a few months, and woe betide you! Woe to your friends! Woe to all those who have disdained freemasonry, who have persecuted Cagliostro and tortured the brethren! An expiatory altar will rise in the very place where the Templars perished, and the victims that will be sacrificed to them in reprisal will be the descendants of the King who caused them to perish, and the successors of the prelates who condemned them!

"Tremble, Monseigneur ! I warn you of your peril, your death is prepared! Save yourself! If not, you will die as the King will die, like Monsieur and " I stopped and looked at His Royal Highness with a glance of reproach. By a similar glance he showed me that he recognized his imprudence.

However, the Queen, quite upset, said:

" I bet that my name comes after that of Monsieur!

" My silence was equivalent to an avowal, and the Duchesse uttered a cry of horror as she said: "

Monsiegnur, have you given orders for the arrest of that giver of the warning? It is necessary to communicate this letter to the King, to the ministers, to the lieutenant of police, to the attorney-general ... "

"I sent after my man, but he had disappeared," replied the Comte d'Artois. "As for the threats contained in the epistle, there isn't a day in which I do not receive similar ones."

"And I also," continued the Queen. " If I were to show you the infamous things they address to me hourly, you would tremble in quite another manner. I advise my brother, instead of making a noise about it, to be silent and let things take their course. We shall meet numberless obstacles. They will torture us through the Etats-Generaux. . . . You are silent, good Countess? "

" I am reflecting, Madame, on what is happening. I wager that the black gentleman is an honest man. He can aid the friends of Monsieur; we must find him."

"I will attend to it," continued M. le Comte d'Artois, who forgot all about it the next day. "But why recall the Templars? ·what have I in common with them? And that Cagliostro, I have never harmed him in anything. All those things are compliments of our cousin the merchant."

By this qualification, the Prince meant the Duc d'Orleans. At this time one could see clearly into his purposes. His connexion with the Parliament, his spending money on the rabble, his acceptance of the grand-mastership of the freemasons, the people who surrounded him, those meetings at Passy and Mousseaux, the pamphlets he paid for, loudly accused him. They would have done well to degrade him, to punish him ; they did not do so and it was a mistake. When he threw off the mask, there was no time to treat him according to his deserts. The power had passed not to him, but to his accomplices who besides, later on, undertook his punishment themselves.

I have omitted to state that this conversation took place at the Duchess's apartments. The Comte de Vaudreuil, M. d'Adhemar, although out of humor, the Bailly de Crussol, M. de Mailly, arrived one after the other ; we changed the subject, and Monseigneur went to the Opera. He did not ask me again for the letter, which I hid in my bosom at the entry of M. de Vaudreuil; I forgot to give it him back, and since then it has remained in my possession. It will serve as a proof to accuse the enemies of the Royal Family.

(To be continued)

SAINT-GERMAIN AT THE FRENCH COURT:

by P. A. M.

III

Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette (d'Adhemar).

Vol. IV, p. 185.

O depict what happened at Versailles from the first news of the riot in Paris would be impossible. A panic terror, an unimaginable fear came over all of us; no one preserved any energy, or firmness, when we had heard the horrible cries "*Down with the Queen! Down with the Polignacs !*" uttered for the first time.

Every instant terrifying news was brought. They brought the lists of the proscription; all the men of the Duchess's acquaintance had their names written therein, and when the certainty of the murders of MM. Flesselles and de Launay was established the bravest trembled.

It was no longer a question of resistance. One went to another asking for safety and help; supporters were chosen among the members of the tiers etat, they spoke to them of patriotic sentiments, people lied to their conscience through excess of fear.

The Queen sent for me and I hurried to her. She was lying on her couch; tears fell abundantly from Her Majesty's eyes, they drew tears from mine. Seeing to what this great princess was reduced I fell on my knees, and taking her hands, I kissed them again and again. I was choking with sobs. We remained in this painful silence for some minutes, which seemed to me to be hours, then the Queen said to me:

"Poor countess, your affliction does me good, for it proves to me that you always love me - and I have great need of love. What will become of me, my God! How can I tell you the commission which it is indispensable that I must give you?" She stopped. I assured her of my affection, of my zeal.

" The excellent Duchess," continued the Queen, " is my friend; she only gives me good advice. Well, my detractors - those who desire my ruin - have sworn to ruin her also. They have put a price on her head."

I made an exclamation, in spite of the respect due to Her Majesty, who without noticing it, said:

" Yes, they will kill her, that is certain, and her husband and children with her. They are victims that have to be sacrificed; we must snatch them out of the hands of the assassins. Take this duty, dear Countess. Go and find the Duchess for me, and tell her that I conjure her to leave France for a little time. I will give her letters of introduction for Vienna, she will be in the bosom of my family, and they will receive her with open arms. In the interval we will avert the storm, we will persuade the mutineers to return to their duty, and then I will hasten to recall her to me. Assure her that she will not lose my friendship, nor her position, and that she will retain the office of governess of the children of France, and that her husband will be the first peer that the King will appoint."

I heard what the Queen said to me with an inexpressibly heavy heart. Certainly this commission was a difficult one to carry out. How was I to go to tell a person established at the pinnacle of favor that she was to fall from it, and pass from absolute command to a distant exile? However, I could not refuse Marie Antoinette, and moreover my attachment for the good Duchess would soften the blow.

I rose, and showing the grief that this commission caused me, I went to Madame de Polignac. I should have preferred to find her alone; but I found her husband the Duke, her sister-in-law, the Comte de Vaudreuil, M. l'abbe de Balliviere. Judging by my solemn manner as I entered and my swollen eyes still damp with my tears that had been mingled with those of the Queen, they did not doubt that I had come with sad news; the Duchess gave me her hand.

"What have you to announce to me?" she said. "I am prepared for any misfortune."

"Not at all for that which is about to fall upon you. Alas! my gentle friend, accept it with resignation and courage "

The words expired on my lips, and the Countess continued :

"You are killing my sister a thousand times with your silence. Well, Madame, what is it ?"

"Yes, what is it?" said the Duchess, "since I must know."

"The Queen," I said, "wishes that to avoid the proscription which menaces you, you and yours, that you should go for some months to Vienna."

" The Queen drives me away and you announce it! " cried the Duchess, rising.

" Unjust friend," I continued, " let me tell you all that remains for me to tell you." 'Then I continued, and repeated word for word what Marie Antoinette had charged me to tell.

There were more tears, more exclamations, more despair; I did not know what to make of it. M. de Vaudreuil showed no more firmness than the Polignacs.

"Alas! " said the Duchess. " It is my duty to obey. I will go without question, since the Queen wishes it, but will she not permit me to renew to her with my own mouth the gratitude I owe her for her endless bounty towards me? "

" Never has she thought of your going without being able to console you first," I said. " So go to her room. Her reception of you will make up for this seeming disfavor."

The Duchess begged me to accompany her and I agreed. My heart was bursting at the sad interview of these women who so ardently loved one another. There was a deluge of lamentations, of weeping, of sighs; they embraced so warmly that they could not be separated. It was really pitiable to see.

At that moment a fancifully sealed letter was given to the Queen. She glanced at it, trembled, and then said to me :

"It is from our unknown."

" In fact," I said, " it seemed strange to me that in such circumstances as these he kept quiet. In any case it is not for lack of having warned me."

Madame de Polignac, by her expression, seemed anxious to know what was so familiar to me. A sign I made gave the Queen to understand this. Her Majesty then said :

" Since my arrival in France, and at every event in which my interests are concerned, a mysterious protector has revealed to me what I had to fear. I have told you something about it, and today I do not doubt that he advises me what I ought to do."

"Take it Madame d'Adhemar," she said to me. "Read this letter; your eyes are not so tired as those of Madame de Polignac and mine."

Alas ! the Queen referred to the tears which she did not cease to shed. I took the paper, and having opened the envelope I read as follows:

" Madame:

" I have been Cassandra. My words have assailed your ears in vain and you have arrived at the times I announced to you. It is no longer a question of maneuvering but of opposing with energy the storm that is growling ahead; it is necessary for that and in order to increase your strength, to isolate yourself from the people you love the most, so as to take away all pretext from the rebels. Besides, these people are risking their lives. All the Polignacs and their friends are doomed to death and pointed out to the assassins who have just cut the throats of the officers of the Bastille and the Provost of the Merchants. M. le Comte d' Artois will perish; they thirst also for his blood. Let him take care.

I hasten to tell you this. Later I will communicate further."

We were in the state of stupefaction into which such a threat necessarily plunges one when M. le Comte d'Artois was announced. All of us started ; he himself was dumbfounded. We questioned him, and he, not being able to keep silence, told us that the Duc de Liancourt had just told him and the King that the men of the revolution, in order to consolidate it, wanted his life (that of the Comte d'Artois) and that of the Duchesse de Polignac, of the Duc, of M.M. Vaudreuil, de Vermont, de Guiche, of the Dues de Broglie, de La Vauguyon, de Castries, baron de Dreteuil, MM. de Villedeuil, d'Amecourt, the Polastrons, in a word a real proscription.

"My brother," said the Queen, impetuously, "I do not know what the King has ordered you to do. But I beg you to save yourself. Go, with the good Duchess; you will return together in happier times."

Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette (d'Adhemar)

Vol. IV, p. 253.

When the troubles of the approaching revolution were thickening around Marie Antoinette, she advised Madame d'Adhemar to leave her and Versailles.

" Go to Paris for the present," said that excellent Princess.

"Ah, Madame," I replied, "Paris for me is where you are."

"Do not expose yourself, do not compromise your husband."

I bowed, and my expression indicated that the morrow would see me again in my place.

As I went to my apartment, a note was given me. This was it.

" All is lost, Madame la Comtesse, this sun is the last that will set on the monarchy. Tomorrow it will exist no longer, there will be another chaos; anarchy without parallel. You know how I have tried to give affairs a different turn. They have disdained me and today it is too late. I wanted to see the work which the demon Cagliostro * prepared; it is infernal; keep yourself apart. I will watch over you. Be prudent, and you will exist after the tempest has beaten down everything. I resist the desire I have to see you. What should we say to one another? You would ask of me the impossible; I can do nothing for the King, for the Queen, nor for the royal family, nothing even for the Due d'Orleans, who will triumph tomorrow, and who in due course will cross the Capitol to be cast from the Tarpeian rock. However, if you are particularly anxious to meet an old friend, go at eight o'clock to the Recollets, and enter in at the second chapel at the right.

"I have the honor to be ...

" Comte de Saint-Germain."

At this name, already guessed, an exclamation of surprise escaped me; he still living, whom they said died in 1784 and of whom I had not heard for long years, had reappeared suddenly, and at such a moment, at such an epoch? Why had he come to France? Would he never have clone with existence? I knew old men who had seen him at the commencement of the eighteenth century with the features of a man of forty or fifty years old.

It was one o'clock at night when I read his letter; the hour of the rendezvous was in the morning, so I went to bed. I slept little. Dreadful dreams tormented me .. and in their hideous fantasy I saw the future without comprehending it at all. At the approach of day I arose weary. I had told my chief valet to bring me very strong coffee and I took two cups, which put a little spirit into me. At half past seven, I called a sedan-chair and followed by my confidential servant, I went to the Recollets.

The church was deserted. I posted M. Laroche as a sentry, and I entered in the chapel indicated. A short time afterwards, and just as I had gathered my thoughts before Goel, a man came towards me. . . . It was he in person Yes, he with the same countenance as in 1760, whilst mine was full of wrinkles and marks of decrepitude. . . . I was struck with astonishment; he smiled, advanced, took my hand and kissed it gallantly ; I was so much upset that I let him do it.

"You there," said I. " Where do you come from? "

" I come from China and Japan."

" Or rather from the other world ! "

"Pretty nearly so. Ah! Madame, *down there* (I underline the expression), nothing is so singular as what is passing here. How are they dealing with the monarchy of Louis XIV? You who have never seen it cannot make the comparison, but I . . . "

" I catch you there, man of yesterday ! "

* Compare THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, February, p. 93.

"Who does not know the history of that great reign? And the Cardinal de Richelieu, if he returned ... it would drive him mad, the reign of the rabble ! What did I tell you, as well as the Queen, that M. de Maurepas would ruin everything, because he compromised everything: I was Cassandra, a prophet of misfortune; where are you now? "

"Eh! Monsieur le Comte, your wisdom will be useless."

" Madame, he who sows the wind, gathers the storm; Jesus said it in the Gospel, perhaps not before me, but in any case his words are written; people have not been able to profit by mine."

" Still! ... " I said, trying to smile; but he without replying to my exclamation, continued :

" I wrote to you: *I can do nothing, my hands are tied by one who is stronger than I*; there are periods of time when it is impossible to retreat, others in which when HE has pronounced the decree, the decree must be executed; we are entering into that time."

" Will you see the Queen? "

" No, she is doomed." " Doomed! To what? "

"TO DEATH !"

Oh! that time I could not repress a cry. I rose in my seat, my hands pushed the Count away from me, and with a trembling voice, I said:

" And you also! You ! What ! You also! " " Yes, I ... I, like Cazotte."

" You know . . . "

" What you do not even suspect. Return to the chateau ; go and tell the Queen to look out for herself, that this will be a fatal day for her; there is a plot and murder is contemplated."

"You fill me with terror, but the Comte d'Estaing has promised "

" He will be afraid and will hide."

" But M. de Lafayette ... "

"A balloon filled with the wind. At this moment they are determining what they will do with him, if he is to be an instrument or victim; at noon all will be decided."

" Monsieur , " I said, " you can render great services to our King and Queen if you wish."

" And if I cannot? "

"How?"

"Yes, if I cannot; I thought I should not be at all understood. The hour for repose is past and the decrees of providence must be executed."

" Definitely, what do they want? "

" The complete ruin of the Bourbons; they will be hunted from all the thrones which they occupy, and in less than a century they will again enter the ranks of simple private people in their different branches."

"And France?"

" Kingdom, Republic, Empire, mixed state, tormented, agitated, rent; from clever tyrants it will pass to other ambitious people of no merit; it will be divided, cut up, split in pieces; and these are by no means pleonasms on my part. The near future will bring about the overturning of the Low Empire; pride will dominate or abolish distinctions, not from virtue, but from vanity; it is through vanity that one will return to them. The French, like children, playing at "*poucette et a la fronde*," will play with titles, honors, decorations. Everything will be a toy to them, even the trappings of the national guard ; people of great appetite will devour the finances. Some fifty millions today form a deficit in the name of which a revolution is made. -well, under the directory of philanthropists, rhetoricians, fine talkers, the State debt will increase to more than several milliards."

" You are a terrible prophet; when shall I see you again? "

"Five times more. Do not wish for the sixth."

(Note. I have seen M. de Saint-Germain again, and always to my inconceivable surprise: at the assassination of the Queen; on the approach of the 18th Brumaire; the day after the death of M. le Duc d'Enghien; in 1815 in the month of January; and the day before the murder of M. le Due de Berri. I await the sixth visit, when God wills.)*

I confess that a conversation so solemn, so mournful, so terrifying, inspired me with very little desire to continue it. M. de Saint-Germain weighed upon my heart like a nightmare; it is strange how we change with age, how we look with indifference, or even disgust, upon those whose presence formerly charmed us. I found myself in this position. And then the present perils of the Queen worried me. I did not insist enough with the Count. Perhaps if I had begged him to do so, he would have come to her. There was a time of silence, and then he spoke again.

"Do not let me detain you longer. There is already a disturbance in the city. I am like Athalia, *I wanted to see, and I have seen*. Now I am going to take the post again and leave you. I have a journey to make in Sweden; a great crime is being prepared there, and I am going to try and prevent it. His Majesty Gustave III interests me. He is worth more than his reputation."

"And they threaten him?"

"Yes; they will no longer say 'happy as a King,' nor as a Queen, above all." "Adieu then, Monsieur. In truth I wish I had never heard you."

"So it is with us people of truth. One entertains deceivers, but fie on those who say what will be! Adieu, Madame; au revoir."

He left me, and I remained plunged in a profound meditation, not knowing if I ought to inform the Queen of this visit or not. I determined to wait until the end of the week and to say nothing if it were fertile in misfortunes. Finally I rose, and when I found Laroche again, I asked him if he had seen the Comte de Saint-Germain as he passed.

"The minister, Madame?"

"No. He died a long time ago. The other."

"Ah! the clever conjurer. No, Madame. Has Madame la Comtesse met him?"

"He went out a moment ago; he passed close by you."

"I must have been thinking of something else, for I did not see him."

"It is impossible, Laroche. You are amusing yourself."

* Note written by the hand of the Countess, attached by a pin to the original manuscript, and dated 12th May, 1821. She died in 1822.

"The worse the times are, the more respect I have for Madame."

"What! He did not pass there, close by you, out of this door?"

"It is not that I deny it, but it did not strike my sight."

He had then made himself invisible. I was nonplused.

I quitted the church. He had not deceived me. I recognized that the populace of Versailles was becoming uneasy. It was nothing yet. I met M. de Cazales. He came to me and his exquisite politeness caused him to show concern for my health. Then he spoke to me of the Queen.

"Ah! Madame, how great is the number of her enemies! What has she done to them?"

"Good."

" That is a wrong towards bad people. They will never pardon those who force them to gratitude, who put them under an obligation."

The justice of this thought struck me; it is the counterpart of that excuse of selfishness, so poetically expressed by Racine :

A benefit reproached is always a possible offense.

Thence we passed to the circumstances of the day.

" What do you think of them? " I said.

"We must see."

"And wait, must we not? The rascals have less patience. They act."

" Do you think, Madame, that if the King deigned to ask us to come to his support, we should not fly to his orders? What can we do? They neutralize us, they paralyse us, and the time will come when people will blame our inaction. A King whose crown is threatened ought to hold it on his head with one hand and draw his sword with the other. Yes, when the sword of the King is in its sheath, the subject only draws his with lukewarmness. One should preach by example - it is the best kind of eloquence."

At this moment, to our unbounded surprise, we saw at a distance of two paces M. de C - L -, dressed as a servant, in the livery of M. le Comte (le Bourbon. His disguise did not hide him so well that I could not recognize him, as well as M. de Cazales, as he was one of the " ames damnees " of M. le Due d'Orleans. He may have thought we did not recognize him, and continued on his way.

As for us, a look given and taken depicted our astonishment.

" Well, Monsieur ! "

" Well, Madame, that man comes like a huntsman on the track of the beast, assuredly. I am going to run to the assembly, where perhaps I can serve the King."

" I am going to place myself at the side of the Queen; let us do our duty and then let come what may."

Book 28. The Days of October, 1789.

I went to the Queen very early. She appeared to me to be less agitated than the evening before . . . I soon learned the cause. The Marquis de Lafayette had just written to M. de Saint-Priest and as I had a copy of the letter, I insert it:

" Monseigneur, " M. le Duc de Larocheffoucauld will have told you of the idea they put into the heads of the grenadiers of going to Versailles tonight. I sent to you to tell you not to be disturbed, because I counted on their confidence in me to destroy this project, and I owe them the justice of adding that they had counted upon asking my permission, and that several thought they would make a very simple march and that it would be commanded by me. This weakness was entirely dissipated by the few words I said to them, and nothing has remained except the inexhaustible resources of the plotters.

" You ought to regard this circumstance only as a new indication of evil designs, not as a real danger.

" Send my letter to M. de Montmorin.

" They had circulated the letter among all the companies of the grenadiers, and the rendezvous was for three o'clock at the 'Place Louis XV.'

" The usual formulae followed.

When I had finished reading this, the Queen turned and said with some satisfaction:

" There is a respite."

I did not know how badly these words made me feel. For so great a Princess to congratulate herself, not on her complete tranquillity, but on a delay in the execution of a crime! I did not wish to take from her her moments of repose, only too certain that it would be disturbed before her last hour; nevertheless, I proposed measures of prudence. The Queen then, with a sort of impatience which was not usual with her, replied :

" But there is a respite. Must I repeat it? Let me breathe for a few days."

I was silent. At the same instant M. Fersen entered. He also came from Paris at full gallop ; he had followed the first battalion of the insurgent women.

" I have taken part in the revolt," said he, " in order to know it better. I marched on the Hotel de Ville. We took it. MM. Lafayette and Bailly lost their heads. The National Guard assembled and there is only one cry, ' Go to Versailles ! ' "

" And when? " said the Queen, paling in spite of her great energy.

"Immediately, Madame, without respite!"

At that word employed by Marie Antoinette, but in an opposite sense, Her Majesty looked at me with an expression of despair. I turned away to hide my eyes, which were filled with tears; I recognized how much M. de Saint-Germain, that inexplicable person, had told me the truth ; the subsequent events only too clearly demonstrated the truth of his prophecy. Meanwhile I must keep to the narration of the events of Monday, 5th, and Tuesday, 6th, of October, 1789. The factious party, delighted with the pretext that the court furnished them with, decided to deliver a final blow. So they gave the order to the bakers not to light their fires. Dread was lacking, without there being a famine. One of these workmen, less cowardly or more honest, having served his customers, was hanged to a lamp-post.

He was saved by M. de Gouvion, who cut the rope at the risk of his own life.

(To be continued)

COUNT SAINT-GERMAIN IN MADAGASCAR:

by P. A. M.

IV

In a letter from Count Saint-Germain to his friend Count Max von Lamberg there is an interesting anecdote of the voyage to India and the visit to Madagascar in 1755.

There were four of the East India Company's ships in the little squadron that left England for Bombay in the spring of that year. They were *The Stretham*, *Pelham*, *Houghton*, and *Edgecote*. On February 22 Captain Clive's baggage began to arrive on board *The Stretham* and on April 2 he called to see the ship in person. Only three days later he embarked with "his lady " and was received with a salute of nine guns. They left the Thames on April 24 with their full complement of soldiers and cargo.

Even the first days of the voyage were not without their little anxieties. On Tuesday, May 6, The *Edgecote* saw two Algerine zebecks hovering about in a suspicious manner, and as the pirates had not been suppressed -that was left for the Americans in the next century -the ship's company were kept to quarters, standing by their guns all night. This was in latitude 42.23 N., longitude 7.2 W. At two p. m., on the 7th the zebecks approached and fired a gun to leeward, then bore away and were soon lost to sight. Apparently they had decided that The *Edgecote* was too tough an antagonist for them to tackle.

The squadron arrived at Madeira about May 10 and took the opportunity of a homeward-bound ship to send mails to England. It was at Madeira that the chaplain of *The Stretham* went on board *The Pelhani* to celebrate a marriage. Captain Clive dined on board at the wedding dinner.

Count Saint-Germain was on board *The Stretham* with Clive, although his name does not appear in the passenger list, for a very good reason. He found it at that time especially necessary to conceal his identity to ensure privacy, and traveled, he tells us, under the name of Count C - z.

On June 12 an interesting little old-world sea-ceremony took place. This was the opening of the Company's sealed packet of instructions to the captain in the presence of the chief and second mate. Sometimes such sealed instructions contained matter of extreme importance and were the cause of much curiosity until the solemn moment came to open them. And the captain often had to keep the instructions private, leaving the curiosity of the witnessing officers unsatisfied.

Five days after arrival at Madeira the ships came in sight of the wonderful Peak of Tenerife that stands in the southern sea like a Fujiyama of the Atlantic, a holy mountain of old Atlantis erected like a pyramid in an ocean desert for the contemplation of every traveler who passes within a hundred miles. But the ships had to press on and only stopped at Porto Praya in the Cape Verde Islands to take in water, cattle, sheep, and goats. They arrived on May 22, but *The Edgecote* was three days late. They left on May 28. This gave *The Stretham* a week in the island and it would be interesting to know if Count Saint-Germain anywhere left a record of his possible and probable inquiry into the strange legends of the "cantadas" or mysterious white race of "mermaids" or sirens, who live in a wonderful underground kingdom whose entrance is in a still lake at the base of the crater of the mountain of Santiago. The peak stands like a sentinel of a prehistoric world, and it is strange that the story of the white race that lives beneath the sea should prevail today to such a degree that a native has been known to contract to accept no payment for two days' services if he could not actually show these people by the lake, where one or two come to bathe when all is still in the silent twilight. Exactly similar stories exist in the mountain lakes of the West Indies. Count Saint-Germain was, for his own purposes, an inveterate talker, and he was forever talking of the wonders of antiquity, gigantic races that once inhabited the earth, marvelous histories of long-lost nations, legends and tales of the things that might awake the world to a sense of greatness beyond that of courts and intrigues. Could he have failed to contact such a strange legend of a vanished but still existing race in the midst of the Atlantic?

On June 17 the wind was very unsettled and the weather variable. The captain of *The Houghton* says he never met such an interruption in the trade wind before. On June 25 they saw the Island of Trinidad, just two days after there had been wedding bells on board *The Pelhani*. The ships hove to, and Captain Clive, among others, went on board *The Pelham* with *The Stretham's* chaplain to celebrate the wedding of Captain Galliard and Miss Hill.

Not always were there wedding bells. In the same ship one month later, on the 31st of July, at four p. m., they "committed the body of Captain Ferguson to the deep, after which fired three volleys of small arms and forty-six half-minute guns."

The captain of *The Edgecote* was quite an observant naturalist.

He tells us of the birds and butterflies they saw, of the seaweed, and the strange fishes and monsters of the deep. There were albacores, turtles, dolphins, gannets, "pittrels," Cape hens, silver ducks, pintadas, grampuses, and all sorts of odd creatures.

The Pelham was at St. Augustine's Bay in Madagascar on Sunday, August 17, 1755. *The Stretham* and *Edgecote* came in a few hours later, the latter not having been in company since the ships left Porto Praya in the Cape Verdes. *The Houghton* arrived on August 18. The Swiss soldiers on board suffered badly from scurvy and were sent ashore, with two tents, up the river. None of the English soldiers or sailors suffered from the malady. *The Pelham* sent the jollyboat ashore to build a tent for the train of artillery, probably by way of protection as well as recreation, for they knew little of the natives of the country they were in.

It was a beautiful moonlight night on August 17, 1755, when the ships commenced erecting their tents on the shore. The peace of the day and the arrival in that tropical paradise on a Sunday evening had their effect in arousing the wonder and curiosity of the sick soldiers and tired sailors who were looking forward to their arrival in the Golden Indies.

There were plenty of things to do besides caring for the sick. Cattle and sheep and goats were purchased at Tullea, and the stewards with their parties spent their days and nights ashore, salting and preserving the meat. The steward of *The Edgcote* devoted his energies to the manufacture of candles from the tallow, while others bought haricot beans and Indian corn and other dried products of the East for the ships' stores. Parties went into the forests cutting wood, and altogether there was a busy scene in the little English camp on shore.

On August 20 the captain of *The Stretham* dispatched the long boat to Tullea with a present to the King of Daba, the purser being in charge. The boat returned the next day from Tullea, and on the 26th, the King came down to visit the tents and the ships with his court and his retinue.

Nearly twenty years after this, in 1773, Count Saint-Germain wrote a long letter from Mantua to his friend Count Maximilian von Lamberg; it is so interesting that it deserves a place to itself. We will here quote only that part which relates to the visit to Madagascar in 1755.

The Count ' is speaking of his wonderful power of "melting" precious stones, by which means, he, as it were, reconstructs diamonds, cleaning them of all defects and flaws in the process and making them far more valuable than before. This was a real process, for he thus cleaned a diamond for Louis XV, and it underwent the supreme test of the jeweler offering a vastly greater price for the gem. Louis XV was so struck by the fact that he kept the diamond rather than the money.

Count Saint-Germain says in his letter:

I have to thank my second journey to India, which I made in the year 1755 with Colonel Clive, who was under Admiral Watson, for my art of "melting" stones. On my first journey I had only received a very limited insight into this wonderful secret of which I am speaking. All my attempts made in Vienna, Paris, and London, are merely experiments; the great work was accomplished at the time I have mentioned. I had very important reasons for making myself known in the fleet only under the name of Count von Cz; I enjoyed wherever we landed the same distinction as the Admiral. The Nabob of Baba especially received me without asking me of what country I was a native, as being of no other country than England. I still remember the enjoyment he experienced at my description of the races at Newmarket. I told him also of a famous racehorse which is known by the name of Eclipse, and runs more swiftly than the wind. And I told him no lie: for actually this horse covered in one minute an English mile, which works out at 82 ½ feet per second, so I say that if he had even for no more than one or two seconds maintained his greatest pace, you could without fear of contradiction reasonably maintain that such a horse went faster than the wind, whose highest speed is not more than 85 feet, since a ship which can only answer to a third of its impulse is driven forward six yards in a second, which is the highest speed we know on the sea. He proposed to me that I should leave with him my son, whom I had with me. He called him his "Milord Bute." after the example of his courtiers, who all had English names. This Nabob had among his children a Prince of Wales, a Duke of Gloucester, of Cumberland,

and so forth. During the visit which Mr. Watson paid the nabob, the latter inquired after the health of King George, and when he had learnt that he had lost his eldest son, he sighed and exclaimed, " And I, too, have lost my Prince of Wales! "

I am, The Marquis of Belmar.

Count von Lamberg makes a note to the effect that in the *Literary Gazette* this incident was ascribed to the Admiral himself. But the fact is that at the time Admiral Watson had already been on the station a long time before the call of the Indiamen at St. Augustine's Bay, and it is much more likely that he quoted it from Saint-Germain, if indeed he did ever quote it, for, if memory serves, the records say that Admiral Watson died in India within a year or two, without returning to Europe.

On August 21 the tents were struck and the soldiers, "greatly recovered," returned on board. On the 30th the ships weighed at halfpast eight and proceeded on their voyage to Bombay.

The voyage was not quite without incident, for *The Edgcote* saw lights on November 27 and cleared ship for action, sending the " Centinells " to their stations. Fortunately it proved a false alarm and no encounter took place, although there were plenty of pirates and enemies about, ready to snap up any unprepared merchantmen.

The Pelham anchored in Bombay harbor on Saturday, November 8. *The Streham* was already anchored, but *The Edgcote* and *Houghton* did not come until the 30th.

The following day, November 9, Rear-Admiral Charles Watson arrived in his flagship *The Kent*. The East India Company's ships saluted him with fifteen guns and he returned thirteen.

On Monday, December 1, *The Pelham's* men were employed getting out "Elephant's Teeth and Barr Iron, Faggotts of Steel and Tron Shott

Those were rough old times. On December 2, at Bombay, the captain came on board *The Edgcote* and had Samuel Anso, a seaman, tied up and given a dozen lashes with the cat for some offense or other. He was then released on his promising good behavior for the future.

Shortly after *The Kent* had arrived at Bombay *The Cumberland* came in with Admiral Pocock, accompanied by *The Tyger*, *Salisbury*, and *Bridgewater*. The three fleets all joined in a grand salute on December 10, as it was the King's birthday.

The adventures in India of the "Wonderman," as Count Saint Germain was called in Austria, are unknown to history, but we find him back in Europe before long, so he could not have stayed more than a year or two; quite enough, however, for him to learn how to " melt " diamonds. Sometimes one is inclined to wonder if this process, fact as it was, was not really also in the beautiful imagery of the Eastern Wisdom, the symbol of the purification of the Diamond Heart.

CASANOVA AND COUNT ST. GERMAIN:

by P. A. M.

V

THE name of Casanova, Chevalier de Seingalt, does not usually bring before the mind the idea of a man worthy of very serious consideration. His career belongs rather to the bypaths of history, but as a sidelight on the social life of his times the story of the Venetian adventurer is valuable. To us his

career is of special interest in that he is able to tell us not a little about St. Germain, always, be it understood, from a point of view of his own. We are left to deduce much, if we can.

The fact that St. Germain chose to keep his real business almost completely to himself is hardly a justification of those who, being ignorant of his purpose, attribute to him the faults which they would themselves favor in his place, as they consider that place to have been. Maynial once or twice suggests as a possible comparison the Roman augurs meeting with their tongues in their cheeks when the Venetian adventurer and St. Germain met, and refers to the latter as an impostor. This is absolutely without justification, unless a man who deliberately steps down from a high position and accepts a less exalted one for the purposes of his life-work can be said to be an impostor. In this case King Edward VII of England was an impostor when he traveled incognito under a lesser title!

In regard to Casanova, there does not seem to have been much secrecy desired or necessary. He seems to have been, and to have acknowledged himself to be, a jovial adventurer, from the time that he made his sensational escape from the dungeons of the Venetian State and arrived in Paris enveloped in the glory of his exploit.

Casanova entered the arena of Parisian notoriety about the year 1757, immediately after this incident in his varied career had made his name notorious. Naturally enough he was lionized and found himself invited to many a house where as the hero of the moment he was a social acquisition. Also he had a talent, genuine or bogus or mixed, for the occult sciences and pseudo-occult practices. This was sufficient to ensure his reception in all circles, for at the time it was fashionable to pursue such arts in almost all parts of Europe.

Among such students was the Marquise d'Urfe, and as St. Germain devoted much of his time to her, we may suppose that he either considered that she had the makings of the refined character necessary for any degree of practical usefulness through such studies, or that he could, in the opposite case, avert as much harm as possible from her and from society through her failure to make a proper use of her inclinations and talents. That seems to have been his business among such as she was.

Casanova naturally found himself at her table. This was at the end of 1757. He was the lion of the hour, and it could have been with no feeling of satisfaction that he found St. Germain at the table, absorbing all the attention that would otherwise fall to his share. It was a curious meeting of motives which we must partly guess. There was the wealthy Marquise, a devotee of the occult arts, and perhaps even a little a student of occultism, ready to go to the good or the bad as her faculties led her. There was St. Germain, watching and hoping to be able to point out to her the unselfish line of devotion to humanitarian ends which he himself had found his only consolation in life. There was the genial new comer, frankly a cynic, but possessed of similar, though largely selfish, inclinations for the same arts or their imitations. Besides, he had an unlimited imagination, energy, and fund of enterprise, which, if they could be turned in the right direction, might make of him a power of untold importance to the future of European history. And St. Germain was the one who could, if permitted, point out the difficult way to make those talents effective for good. If not permitted, they could serve very well for selfish ends, and it was his business to let that selfishness run in as harmless a channel as possible, for their power for evil might be even greater than that for good, if their possessor could only gain an inkling of their real importance and the opportunities that lay at his feet.

The key to the situation was St. Germain. He was dealing with the fire of human nature, and we are left to guess just how much he disclosed and how much he concealed from those who contacted

him, and the exact extent to which they were able to profit by what he had to tell them. He knew them, but they did not know him. This strange man, of royal origin, renouncing his own wealth but in exchange in command of unlimited funds, renouncing his social position and yet regarded by many as almost more than human, throwing away life and yet possessing eternal youth, he dwelt apart, watching the kaleidoscope of European history as one from another sphere. Owing no allegiance to France, he was for twenty years a most intimate personal friend of Louis XV, one of the very few men who knew who he was and respected him accordingly. There was an Englishman who was said to share the secret, but he too, would never tell. Perhaps it was one of those secrets that cannot be told by a man who wishes to be believed.

With the sole purpose in life of discovering and fostering the finer qualities in human nature and turning them to profitable cooperative account in the service of mankind, he seems to have been seeking to guide the intuition of the Marquise into its best channels, or rather to induce her to perceive the best channels for her to follow if she desired to do so, while discouraging inclinations to follow an opposite course.

Perhaps it is not going too far to say that Casanova seems to have allowed his talents to have taken a selfish bent up to the point of his meeting with St. Germain, and that the latter would find himself obliged to deal very delicately with the situation to prevent the Venetian duping or corrupting the Marquise. At the same time it was necessary not to make an active enemy of the adventurer, and so prejudice his chances of performing the alchemical operation of refining the gold in Casanova himself without letting it escape with the dross, from undue precipitancy.

In reality the extremes of character shown by St. Germain and Casanova were so great that they justify the old saying that extremes meet. Some guessing authors, such as Maynial, simply class them together as more or less unscrupulous adventurers, quite failing to realize that St. Germain never anywhere, in any case, showed a selfish act or thought. He gave, but never took. His diet was more than Spartan. He worked as few men work; but it was for others. He talked incessantly and always monopolized the conversation at dinners, where he never broke bread with any one. And yet paradoxically he was a "reserved, laconic, silent man." The former was an assumed pose, or a tool, for some purpose of his own - it was not purposeless. He was sometimes covered with diamonds, to the value of a million or so, and displayed immense wealth. This is brought up against him as a vain display, and at the same time his detractors accuse him of wearing false diamonds. This too was for a purpose it was the position he needed to take in the society of the time. Is it possible that it was also a satire on that society? As soon as this display was no longer needed, we find him dressed in the simplest manner possible - an old black gown, a workshop overall, anything. It is a study of motives and illusions.

It was at this first dinner together that Madame de Gergy, the ancient dame "whom death had surely forgotten to call for," related the fact that she had met St. Germain at Venice, where her husband was ambassador fifty years before in 1710. As a matter of fact, it was not quite so far back, but it is none the less astonishing that he was then in the prime of life, just as he was in 1822 !

It is quite natural that if we understand Casanova correctly, he was chagrined to find the field occupied by a rival who was "trying to exploit" the fortune of the Marquise, and who apparently possessed a genius at least equal to his own.

Maynial jumps to the conclusion that St. Germain did not eat at table because he wanted to be more at ease to astonish the other guests with his "superior eloquence," and also perhaps from a "superstitious fear of poison." The latter we know is not the case, because St. Germain himself tells

us the means by which he was able to detect poison with instantaneous certainty. The passage is also indirectly interesting as showing that he had acquired certain oriental habits in his eating and drinking.

During the course of this eventful dinner St. Germain told of the laboratory he had constructed for Louis XV, who had granted him an apartment in the Castle of Chambord, with 500 livres for the work. The reason given is characteristic, for the King by his chemical productions would make all the factories in France prosper. Always we find St. Germain using every possible means to induce others to work unselfishly and to do what good was possible, fostering the better side of their natures.

Maynial seems to be satisfied with what satisfied others in the times when St. Germain passed across the stage of Europe. He seeks no deeper than the surface. He perceives that St. Germain had a sliding scale of adaptation of his statements to the degree of intelligence of his hearers. Putting aside the cases where he was obviously joking we can see that this is not sufficient. But Maynial does not see that these statements are anything more than just talk. He tells us that Casanova in his capacity as a man who knows about these things is taken into the inner circle of confidence of St. Germain, and that the latter confessed to the Venetian with due modesty and frankness that certain of the miraculous actions attributed to him were "supposed," for instance, that he could not give back youth to women, but that he contented himself with preserving them in the state in which he found them by means of certain preparations.

Apparently this statement is not so much of a shock for Casanova's powers of credence as the former, but, in view of St. Germain's "Indian" education, it would be interesting to know what his reply would have been had he been asked if such a thing as rejuvenation were or were not possible in the hands of others? He always seems to say just enough to tranquilize those who do not think, and to give a lead to others who are of a more penetrative turn of mind. Surely the statement as it stands is astonishingly enough! In view of his own undoubted marvelous preservation of manhood and the oft remarked fact that those who paid any attention to his teachings all seemed to live to a great age, such as Prince Karl of Hesse Cassel who lived to 1836, and many others, we cannot easily ignore the fact that he did know something beyond ordinary knowledge.

He put off Madame de Pompadour with a remark that "sometimes I amuse myself, not with *making* others believe, but in *letting* them believe that I have lived from the most ancient times." We are not told if she had the penetration to see what lay behind the words, and to discover what he probably taught to some of his more trusted Freemasons and Rosicrucians of the universal doctrine of reincarnation so long forgotten in the West, together with the obvious fact that if, as in Russia, there are some who without special training live to approach their second hundred years of age, it must be possible for others, commencing with an equally good constitution and intelligently employing special precautions and a lifelong training, to live beyond a hundred and still be vigorous and energetic, as St. Germain himself is so often said to have done. It is the elixir of life, to live reasonably without wasting one's energies, as most do, in civilized countries.

So too, he does not deny the statement of the Countess de Gergy. He only leads off the scent, by suggesting that she is in her dotage. All the listeners are apparently quite content with this simple suggestion. They are very easily satisfied, these Europeans, in comparison with the Oriental, and Count St. Germain was an Oriental by education. He simply adapted himself to his audience.

An example of this easy way in which the European mind works is that shown by frequent acceptance of the statement that St. Germain's Elixir of life was simply senna leaves. It is true he brought this then extremely valuable, and perhaps even now not fully known remedy, to Europe.

The Russian fleet was helped with it, and even today a preparation of it is called " St. Germain's Tea." That it was a good medicine goes without saying. It has been more or less superseded by more pleasant drugs; but who shall say in our present comparatively chaotic state of medical science that the modern drugs do quite the same work? To say that this was St. Germain's whole secret is childish.

Maynial repeats from Gleichen's Memoirs the story of the grant of the Chambord apartments to St. Germain for his experiments in dyeing and the allowance made to him for the purpose by Louis XV. But the details differ a little. This is quite natural; stories, especially about St. Germain, had a way of being diminished or exaggerated in value unless they were recorded at once. Fortunately in that age of diary writing, most things were recorded on the spot, and we are seldom at a loss for the truth of a story.

But in reality it is not very important whether the King gave St. Germain 500 livres or 100,000 francs for his experiments at Chambord. St. Germain's own statement was apparently the former figure. Probably other grants were given for this purpose of making the colors of the French cloth superior to those of any other country.

Then, too, St. Germain had given to the Favorite the Water of Youth and had persuaded the King that he could "melt " diamonds. We must not forget that the King knew very well who St. Germain was, and no power seems to have been able to drag the secret from him. Perhaps the King was the only man in France who knew. The Duke of Newcastle in England was said to know also, but he guarded the same in silence. In those gossipy days it must have been a strong reason that could hold men's tongues so silent; this fact is what makes the story of the Man in the Iron Mask so fascinating.

The Court jeweller was no visionary; he dealt in hard cash and its equivalent. But he offered an immensely enhanced price for a diamond that St. Germain had " cleaned " for the King. After the transaction was completed in good faith by the jeweller the King took the diamond back to keep as a curiosity worth more than even the increased price offered. And the King was a good bargainer, too. St. Germain tells of a funny incident where in order to beat him down over the price of a diamond, the King deputed an agent who employed a dealer to purchase it from the Count. The latter probably cared little in reality about the price, but he really did seem to take huge delight in making the agent pay far more than he would have taken from the King himself, had the latter not been so grasping.

(To be continued)

CASANOVA AND SAINT-GERMAIN: - by P. A. M.

VI

BEFORE entering upon the next chapter of Saint-Germain's career we must note an adventure of the famous Casanova which has a distinct bearing upon the events which took place in Holland a year or two later. The Venetian conceived the grand idea of negotiating a loan with the Dutch on behalf of the French Government. He had the support of the Controller-General, of the banker Corneman, Cardinal de Bernis, Choiseul, and the Court. The plan was to induce the Government of the StatesGeneral or a private company to accept the royal bills for twenty millions, and to buy in exchange the bills of some other power of better credit in Europe. than France enjoyed, and therefore more easily negotiated. Peace was expected, and it was thought that such a loan might be made by a clever negotiator.

Casanova was preceded by recommendations to d'Affry, the French Ambassador at the Hague, from Choiseul, the minister, and was to receive his assistance in the undertaking. The Venetian never hesitated to use his fascination over women for business purposes and in this case gained the favor of a rich merchant, M. d'O, by making love to his daughter Esther, apparently also availing himself of the aid of his cabalistic arts or wiles, whichever they may have been.

A Jew, Boaz, offered 180,000,000 worth of stock in the Swedish Indies Company. M. d'O advanced 18,200,000 francs, 10,000,000 of the amount being in cash. No commission was offered to the negotiator, who wrote that he expected Choiseul and the Court to see that he is recompensed on his return to Paris. He returned from his successful mission on February 10, 1758.

But the Controller-General laughed at his idea of compensation. The supposition that Casanova had not taken toll before leaving Holland was amusing to the Court and they were not prepared to give him more.

He considered himself cheated, but at the same time he had not failed to make hay while the sun shone, and the advice of his friend M. d'O had made his private ventures so highly profitable that he could call himself rich.

A similar project brought him again to Holland on December 1, 1759, as we are given to understand. The war continued and the French credit was still at a low point. Casanova says that this time it was a case of a loan of 1,000,000,000 of florins, but it is difficult to know exactly what his position was in this case, whether official or private. Whether or not he was accredited as the negotiator, he brought a letter of recommendation to d'Affry, which seems to give a possible hint of a commercial enterprise, but says nothing definite. This lack of definiteness may have been lack of fact or merely diplomatic caution. But Casanova seemed less eager at this time for official transactions, and devoted himself rather more to the lovely Esther. In view of what follows we will permit ourselves to assume the probability of a counter-move to a secret mission of the King, who loved at times to escape from the thralldom of the court routine and to act on his own account through those he could trust more than his ministers.

As far as our information goes, Casanova had not been imprisoned in Venice for any crime, but simply because he had outraged the "Holy Faith." But he certainly was imprudent in his present conduct, and d'Affry writes to Choiseul much that is very damaging, such as his careless boasting of his amours, or his mission, or his gambling, instead of concealing them.

In view of this report of d'Affry to Choiseul on these matters and the very favorable letter of recommendation from the latter, we can see that d'Affry was in some doubt between his distrust of Casanova and his desire to please Choiseul. D'Affry seems to suspect some hidden motive in Casanova's arrival, although he declares that Casanova told him he had come to realize some Swedish paper. His manner impresses the ambassador as very frivolous; perhaps it was assumed on purpose to mislead. Choiseul's reply is that it was the Vicomte de Choiseul, a relative, who had recommended Casanova to him; that he did not personally know him; and that the ambassador had better shut the door against the adventurer.

Immediately on his arrival at the Hague, Casanova had taken a room at a hotel and found that Saint-Germain was at the same house and was to be his table companion. Before leaving the Ambassador, the Venetian says that d'Affry asked him about the latter. Casanova relates the words of the Ambassador, as regards Saint-Germain.

"I have never seen that man at my house, although he says he is charged by the King to raise a loan of a hundred millions. When they ask me information about him I am obliged to reply that I do not know him, *for I am afraid of compromising myself*. You perceive that such an answer from me can only injure his negotiations; but that is his fault, not mine. *Why has he not brought me a letter from the Due de Choiseul or Madame de Pompadour?* I think that that man is an impostor; but in ten days I shall know something."

Did Casanova know of Saint-Germain's mission or not?

Is his surprise at finding himself forestalled genuine, or is it mere play-acting?

If he had decided to try to raise another loan, although d'Affry had advised him not to do so, in view of the unwise transactions of the Controller-General, Silhouette, and the consequent discredit into which the French finances had fallen, Saint-Germain would have been a very strong rival, and Casanova took the opportunity to discredit him to the Ambassador.

If Choiseul had employed Saint-Germain behind his back, or equally if that Minister knew nothing of him, Saint-Germain had to be checked if Casanova was to succeed.

Immediately on returning to the hotel, he called on Saint-Germain, who characteristically opened the conversation.

"You have anticipated me," said the latter, seeing him enter. "I was just going to call on you. I imagine, my dear Monsieur Casanova, that you called here in order to do something in favor of our Court; but that will be difficult for you, for the Bourse is scandalized by the recent transactions of that lunatic Silhouette. *However, I hope that this mischance will not prevent me from finding a hundred millions*. I have given my word to Louis XV, whom I can call my friend, and I will not deceive him; in three or four weeks my business will be done."

Casanova expressed astonishment that Saint-Germain had not seen d'Affry.

"I have no need of him," replied the other. "Probably I shall not even see him."

Saint-Germain declared that he would not come to court but would leave at once for Amsterdam, where his credit would permit him to find the money he had promised to the King.

Casanova followed him to Amsterdam, but did not seek him. He pursued his friendship with M. d'O and the lovely Esther.

One evening, M. d'O, accustomed to consulting him and his astrology on all matters, asked Casanova "if the individual who wants me and my company to treat of a business of great importance is truly the friend of the King of France? "

Casanova had little difficulty in guessing who this man was, and made his magic letters give an unfavorable reply: "the business must not be entered upon." M. d'O then gave more information about the business; it was a question of disbursing a hundred millions against the diamonds of the Crown of France as security.

"It is an affair *which the King of France wished to bring about without the ministers mixing themselves in it, and without their getting to know anything about it.*"

Apparently Saint-Germain is checked by Casanova in his plans - if those plans were not a red herring drawn across the track to lead Casanova and also the others off the scent. Saint-Germain's

carelessnesses were. not always unpremeditated. In his long life he had not only learned caution, but had a right to teach it to others.

The details of d'Affry' s persecution of Saint-Germain and the flight of the latter to England are given by Maynial in a few lines. He says that Saint-Germain left one of the Crown diamonds as a pledge in the hands of M. d'O, and that it was afterwards found to be false. Perhaps there is no connexion, but the genial cynic Casanova, had a way of seeing to it that the diamonds given him by *his* clients to make "constellations " for divination were genuine enough!

Maynial classes all this financial negotiation as sheer jugglery and says that d'Affry, Casanova, and d'O, were none of them taken in by the "bluster of the illustrious braggart." He thinks that the real undertaking was not difficult to discover and gives a version of the peace negotiations of Saint-Germain.

We have a vast correspondence in the Foreign Office, now transferred to the Record Office in Chancery Lane, London, and in other places, which gives us dates and details which Maynial does not seem to have troubled about, and he seems to theorize where we have ample, records of fact, although perhaps not of motive. Put shortly, he classes the whole thing as an intrigue of Marshal de Belle Isle and Madame de Pompadour to negotiate a treaty of peace with Prussia, and break the alliance between Austria and France over the head of Choiseul, who was interested in preserving the latter connexion and was influenced by the Empress, Maria Theresa of Austria, the mother of Marie Antoinette. Substantially this was the case, and the King, who knew Saint-Germain, was behind him, but not officially. Maynial seems rather inclined to accept the notoriously careless Andrew Lang as an authority, and adding a little of his own, presents Saint-Germain quite arbitrarily, as a diplomatic agent of Charles Stuart, on the flimsy basis of what there seems little reason to doubt was simply a love affair of the notorious Prince of Wales who died in 1753.

Maynial is writing about Casanova and for that reason perhaps we may expect from him a somewhat superficial account of Saint-Germain. But he calls attention to one or two very interesting facts and some practically new matter. For instance, he says:

" According to documents and oral traditions obligingly communicated to us by M. Tage, E. Bull, and Dr. Bobe, we learn that Saint-Germain's memory was long kept green in Schleswig and Eckernforde. The populace were absolutely convinced of his immortality, and he was believed to have been seen at Schleswig, dressed as usual, in the funeral procession of his friend and patron, the old Landgrave of Hesse, who died in 1836. M. L. Bobe had the following from a still living witness, His Highness Prince Hans of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glueckenburg, grandson of the Landgrave and brother of the late King of Denmark, Christian IX. Prince Hans, born in 1825, and then aged 11 years, was present at the obsequies of his father. He saw the personage in question, and believes there was some confusion with the Count de Rochambeau, a French emigre, whose origin is as obscure as Saint-Germain's."

It is a little sweeping at this late day to make the statement, as does Maynial, that " nobody has ever known, for example, where, when, and of whom Saint-Germain was born, and nobody ever seems likely to know."

Maynial says that Casanova's reminiscences are dominated by one note of unconcealed malevolence, having a sort of rancor against " the ... impostor." He suggests that it may have been trade jealousy, rivalry, or distrust, but that whatever it was Casanova set himself to destroy Saint-Germain's prestige, point by point, or what amounts to that. In other words, Casanova was an enemy.

Andrew Lang makes a thoughtless remark about the senna being his (Saint-Germain's) recipe for health, but has the grace to say " as far as is known." The same author shows strange ignorance of dates when he says that " all this " (the political peace negotiations) must have been before the date of the death of the Marshal de Belle Isle, in 1761.

Maynial says that Casanova explained Saint-Germain's expulsion from England in a way which can be only accepted with the greatest reserve. According to him, Saint-Germain was in London as a spy of Choiseul's: " let us translate this as counter-spy of the King's spies, as an agent charged with the counterbalancing of Louis XV's secret diplomacy."

The Dutch adventure, the demand for extradition made by d'Affry at the Hague, were merely (still according to Casanova) an ingenious comedy arranged by the ministry to deceive England, by openly disqualifying a man whom it was intended to use afterwards on a delicate and mysterious mission. But the English ministers were not taken in; they expelled Saint-Germain, and he came back to Paris, where Casanova and Madame d'Urfe met him one afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne.

Maynial thinks it very probable that Choiseul had a system of counter-spies against the King and the Favorite. But he doubts that Saint-Germain, who is " obviously in the pay of Madame de Pompadour and the Marshal de Belle Isle," could have been so used.

One hardly expects to find one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic men of the time in the pay of any one! Maynial takes the view that Choiseul detested Saint-Germain, noting the public scene with the Duchess when he forbade her following Saint-Germain's prescriptions. He concludes that the London scene is a natural consequence of the Dutch one, that he was unmasked and given his marching orders from England also.

Perhaps.

Perhaps not.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

VII

THAT was really Saint-Germain's business in Holland? We find him in '45 getting out of a tight corner in which he could neither defend himself nor accuse another, namely the Prince of Wales, by pretending to be " mad and not very intelligent." He was actually the most intelligent man in Europe at the time.

So now we must suppose that his apparent frankness was often his best disguise. Perhaps d'Affry was quite right in supposing the financial business was all jugglery. Perhaps it was genuine, but unimportant compared with his real work. Perhaps it was important. There are several questions which may arise in any of these cases. We are told in the London article that he was everywhere what he chose to be, to the very limit - in London a magnificent musician, in Germany a first-class chemist, in France a dandy. Whatever he was in Holland we can be sure he was that in a high degree.

Considering the French and Dutch records we find a strange confusion between the financial scheme he was supposed to be carrying out and the Peace he certainly was endeavoring to bring about over Choiseul's head, and in the name of the King personally. It is well enough to have the correspondence of the ministers in black and white, but it is by no means everything. For one thing, we know that Choiseul used the King's name deliberately without the King's consent and against

himself. Afterwards, since the whole Kingdom was hidebound in official etiquette, Choiseul publicly told the King what he had done in his name and challenged him to disapprove it, by saying that he knew the King could not have acted otherwise. The King, as he had to be, was a stickler for the prevailing etiquette which demanded that a minister should be supreme in his own department, blushed, and hung his head, thus completely giving Saint-Germain into his enemy's hand. But Saint-Germain was no fool. It seems quite probable that he had a complete understanding with the King that in such circumstances he was to be disavowed and left to find his own way out of the tangle. He always emerged with good success as far as he was personally concerned. But this makes us cautious and shows us clearly that we must make our own careful deductions from the official correspondence. What Choiseul had once done he would do again. His official letters were capable of all being quite untrue, mere expedients, in fact.

This Saint-Germain knows well; and he does not hesitate to say so in the right place. He even goes so far as to suggest that Choiseul stole a letter from him to Madame de Pompadour. Even if this is so, we are still on uncertain ground, because the Marquise knew enough to correspond, if she wished, with Saint-Germain in a dis-guised manner, just as much as the King did. And she knew that he was absolutely to be trusted. He would make himself look like an utter fool -he often did so. He would tell the most outrageously exaggerated yarns to amuse people whose minds must be kept off his business. He would run unheard of personal risks -but he never gave any one else away but himself. They knew this and relied on it. If we realize it, we may have more than one important clue to his real purpose.

Let us now examine some of the correspondence that exists. D'Affry is the Ambassador at the Hague. The Due de Choiseul is the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Paris and his superior. The King is nominally free to act as he likes. Actually he is a puppet in the hands of the cast-iron etiquette of the French Court and of Choiseul who commands power in its name over his nominal master, the King. We must note that the King had often employed Saint-Germain's kindly offers of his services in many a diplomatic mission which lay buried in profound secrecy. Choiseul desires to continue the disastrous war against England and Prussia, partly because he is influenced by the great Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, and partly because it is otherwise profitable to him. The King desires peace, as do the whole country and the English. But France is worsted and her credit is gone; she must sue first. Probably Saint-Germain, who is a philanthropist first and foremost, was willing to see what he could do to make peace behind the backs of the Ministers and the war clique.

In any case we find d'Affry reporting his presence in Amsterdam. Saint-Germain was a business man and he advertised as business men do. He attracted attention to himself in many ways, both by his peculiarities of manner and his extraordinary tales. That he did this purposely we may infer from the fact that when he wished, he buried his existence in utter oblivion, for years. D'Affry reports his extraordinary talk about the French finances and the Ministry, and a mission he has in hand of a financial nature on behalf of France. Dates are important, so we will note that this occurs on Feb. 22, 1760, and 2d of March, 1760.

On March 10th d'Affry reports a visit from Count Saint-Germain on 8th March. The way was well prepared by his seeming gossip, and d'Affry heard much of the same tenor as he had already reported. Saint-Germain added a little more, just enough to keep up the ambassador's interest. He proposed by a royal marriage to restore the finances. But, as usual, when he wanted to do so, he talked like an inveterate chatterer. This would give him opportunity to take d'Affry's measure. Saint-Germain showed the Ambassador two letters from the Marshal de Belle Isle as tokens of good faith.

D'Affry did just about what we should expect. He said he could not quite understand Saint-Germain's scheme. Saint-Germain said he must have explained it badly and offered to come and repeat it more fully the next day. He explained his presence in Holland by saying that his object was to secure the credit of the principal bankers for France, but he did it in a way that suggested this to be little more than a colorable excuse.

The next day, 11th March, Saint-Germain communicated the scheme. In a report, dated 14th March, d' Affry describes it in general. He disclaims any power to interfere in such a matter without express orders from his superiors. It is not quite impossible that Saint-Germain perfectly well knew his lack of authority and was playing with him for other reasons. Saint-Germain said plainly that he came to Holland solely to form a company for the control of such funds as might be raised, and that if such control were left to the Paris brothers, they would soon control the finances of the whole kingdom. To d'Affry this appeared no more than the desire of a promoter to keep in his own hands a profitable business, but Saint-Germain was no mere promoter.

It appears that Saint-Germain tried to bring M. Bentinck van Rhoon into closer relations with d'Affry, but the latter distrusted Bentinck on account of his reputation for a partiality towards the English and for lack of patriotism. Saint-Germain told d' Affry that Bentinck had assured him that he was more French than d'Affry believed, but the latter evaded the question with non-committal remarks.

It seems so evident that there is much more behind the apparent business in hand that we may permit ourselves to ask if this whole business was not largely a scheme for bringing Bentinck into favor with d'Affry, for some purpose in the background.

On 11th March the same day that he had told his plan to d'Affry, Saint-Germain wrote to the Marquise de Pompadour a letter in which he speaks of making his devotion to the welfare of France visible in all its purity and sincerity. He speaks of staying with Bentinck van Rhoan " with whom I have close connexions. I have had such success that I do not think France has any friend more judicious, sincere, and stedfast. Be assured of this, Madame, *whatever you may hear to the contrary.*" The insistence on this last phrase seems to point out that he expected all sorts of strange rumors to reach the Favorite's ears, perhaps set on foot by himself, but that the real truth would be concealed in any case.

Saint-Germain goes on to speak of Bentinck as being perfectly sincere, a man much respected in England and in Holland. He says that she may rely on him as on Saint-Germain himself, which is a strangely complete recommendation, for there were few men who could be relied upon so implicitly as Saint-Germain.

A sentence comes which seems much more weighty than all the talk about financial schemes. He tells Madame de Pompadour that she can give peace to Europe without official red tape. She can write, care of van Rhoon ; at the Hague, or Thomas and Adrian Hope at Amsterdam, with whom he stays when in that city. He asks her commands. In other words he wants her authority to take the next steps in his delicate mission, whatever that is. In a postscript he asks her to interest herself in the trial in regard to the capture of the ship *Ackermann* in which he has an interest of fifty thousand crowns. This little investment shows that he can hardly be the penniless adventurer which it is the custom to accuse him of being when it is inconvenient to point out that he was a man of many millions, and for that reason equally reprehensible. When a man has enemies anything he does, or has, or has not, is a crime.

This letter came into the hands of Choiseul probably soon after he had received d'Affry's of the 14th March or even on the 19th March and he sent it to d' Affry with some very severe comments. The

Ambassador is to send for Saint-Germain and tell him that Choiseul does not know what the finance Minister will say, but that if he catches him interfering in the remotest way with his department, politics, he will have him put in an underground dungeon for the rest of his life.

D'Affry is told to assure Saint-Germain that Choiseul is quite serious in his threats, and is to forbid "this insufferable adventurer" to set foot in his house, also warning the public, the diplomatists, and the bankers of Amsterdam against Saint-Germain.

D'Affry rejects the advances of van Rhoon de Bentinck with some very sharp sneers, if not insults, always speaking of him as though he were a traitor, selling his Dutch patriotism for the favor of the English. To make the matter worse, the French Ambassador told others about what he had done and said and was assured by Bentinck's enemies that the latter was only trying to work up some kind of credit with him for purposes of future schemes of gaining power. Choiseul, under the King's name, approves of d'Affry's course, enjoining strict courtesy towards Bentinck, who was the President of the Council and very powerful in Dutch affairs.

Saint-Germain is always ready to bear the brunt of all that happens and d'Affry is soon able to report to Choiseul that Bentinck is ready to throw him over on finding that he cannot use him longer or more successfully. Bentinck is made to say that Saint-Germain amused him and that is the only reason he continues to see him. But it is clearly understood that he would have been glad enough if Saint-Germain had succeeded in bringing about a rapprochement between them.

This report of d'Affry's of 14th March is paralleled by a report made on the same date by General Yorke to the Earl of Holderness. It is worth giving in full, as it clears up much that would otherwise be obscure.

My Lord:

My present situation is so very delicate, that I am sensible I stand in need of the utmost indulgence, which I hope I shall continue to find from his Majesty's unbounded goodness, & that your Lordship is convinced, that whatever I say, or do, has no other motive but the advantage of the King's Service. As it has pleased His Majesty to convey to France his sentiments in general upon the situation of affairs in Europe and to express by me his wishes for restoring the public tranquility, I suppose the Court of Versailles imagines the same channel may be the proper one for addressing itself to that of England. This is at least the most natural way of accounting for the pains taken by France, to employ anybody to talk to me.

Your Lordship knows the History of that extraordinary Man, known by the name of Count St. Germain, who resided some time in England, where he did nothing; and has within these two or three years resided in France, where He has been upon the most familiar footing with the French King, Mad Pompadour, M' de Belleisle, &ca. which has procured him a grant of the Royal Castle of Chambord, and has enabled him to make a certain Figure in that Country; If I do not mistake I once mentioned this Phenomenon to your Lordship in a private Letter. 'This Man is within this Fortnight arrived in this country.

He appeared for some days at Amsterdam, where he was much caressed & talked of, & upon the marriage of Princess Caroline alighted at the Hague; the same Curiosity created the same attention to him here. His Volubility of Tongue furnished him with hearers; his freedoms upon all subjects, all kinds of suppositions - amongst which his being sent about Peace, not the last.

Mo d'Affry treats him with Respect and Attention, but is very jealous of him, for my Part I took no Notice of Him, and did not so much as renew my acquaintance with him. He called however at my Door. I returned his Visit, and yesterday he desired to speak with me in the afternoon, but did not come as he appointed, and therefore he renewed his application this morning & was admitted. He began immediately to run on about the bad State of France, their Want of Peace, & their Desire to make it, and his own particular ambition to

contribute to an Event so desirable for Humanity in General; he run on about his predilection for England and Prussia which he pretended at present made him a good. Friend to France.

As I knew so much of this man, and did not choose to enter into conversation without being better informed, I affected at first to very grave & dry, told him that those affairs were too delicate to be treated between persons who had no Vocation, and therefore desired to know what he meant; I suppose this Stile was irksome to him, for immediately afterwards he produced to me, by May of Credentials, Two Letters from Marshal Belleisle, one dated the 4th, the other the 26th of Febry. In the first he sends him the French King's Passport *en blanc* for him to fill up; in the second he expresses great impatience to hear from him, and in both runs out in Praises for his Zeal, his Ability, and the Hopes that are founded upon what he has gone about. I have not Doubt of the authenticity of those Two Letters.

After perusing them, & some CommonPlace Compliments I asked him to explain himself, which he did as follows. The King, the Dauphin, Me Pompadour, & all the Court & Nation, except the Duke Choiscul and Mor Berrier desire peace with England. They can't do otherwise, for their interior requires it. They want to know the real sentiments of England, they wish to make up Matters with some Honour. Mor d'Affry is not in the secret, and the Duke Choiseul is so Austrian that he does not tell all he receives, but that signifies nothing, for he will be turned out. M Pompadour is not Austrian, but is not firm, because She does not know what to trust to, if she is sure of Peace, she will become so. It is She, & the M Belleisle, with the French King's knowledge, who send St. Germain as the forlorn hope. Spain is not relyed upon, that is a turn given by the Duke Choiseul, and they don't pretend to expect much good from that Quarter. This, & much more, was advanced by this Political Adventurer. I felt myself in a great Doubt, whether I should enter into conversation; but as I am convinced that he is really sent as he says, I thought I should not be disapproved if I talked in general Terms. I therefore told him that the King's desire for peace was sincere, and that there could be no Doubt of it, since We had made the Proposal in the middle of our success which had much increased since; that with Our Allies the affair was easy, without them impossible, & that France knew our situation too well to want such information from me; that as to Particulars we must be convinced of their Desire, before they could be touched upon, and that besides I was not informed; I talked of the dependence of France upon the two Empresses, and the disagreeable Prospect before them even if the King of Prussia was unfortunate, but declined going any farther than the most general tho the most positive Assurances of a Desire of Peace on His Majesty's Part.

As the Conversation grew more animated; I asked him what France had felt the most for in Her Losses, whether it was Canada? no, he said, for they felt it had cost them 36 millions & brought no Return. Guadaloupe? They would never stop the Peace for that, as they would have sugar enough without It. The East Indies? That he said was the sore place, as it was connected with all their money affairs. I asked him, what they said of Dunkirk? made no difficulty to demolish it, & that I might depend upon It. He then asked me what We thought about Minorca? I answered, that We had forgot it, at least nobody ever mentioned it; that, says he, I have told them over & over again, and they are embarrassed with the Expence.

This is the material Part of what past in the course of three hours' Conversation which I promised to relate: he begged the secret might be kept, and he should go to Amsterdam, & to Rotterdam, till he knew whether I had any answer, which I neither encouraged, nor discouraged him from expecting.

I humbly hope His Majesty will not disapprove what I have done, it is not easy to conduct Oneself under such Circumstances, though I can as easily break off all intercourse as I have taken it up.

The King seemed desirous to open the Door for Peace, and France seems in great Want of it; the Opportunity looks favourable, & I shall wait for Orders before I stir a Step farther; a General Congress seems not to their Taste, and they seem willing to go farther than they care to say, but they would be glad of some offer; and H. M. C. M. and the Lady are a little indolent in taking a Resolution.

I have &ca

J. Yorke.

The reply to this is dated Whitehall, March 21st, 1760.

Sir: I have the Pleasure to acquaint You that His Majesty entirely approves your Conduct in the Conversation You had with Count St. Germain, of which you give an Account in Your Secret Letter of the 14th.

The King particularly applauds your Caution of not entering into Conversation with him, till he produced Two Letters from Marshall Belleisle, which you rightly observe were a Sort of Credential; as You talked to Him only in general terms, &, in a way conformable to Your former Instructions, no Detriment could arise to His Majesty's Service were every thing You said publickly known.

His Majesty does not think it unlikely that Count St. Germain may really have been authorized (perhaps even with the Knowledge of his Most Christ Majesty) by some Persons of Weight in the Councils of France, to talk as he has done, & no matter what the Channel is, if a desirable End can be obtained by it; - But there is no venturing farther Conversations between one of the King's accredited Ministers, and such a person as this St. Germain is, according to his present Appearance. What you say will be authentick; whereas St. Germain will be disavowed with very little Ceremony whenever the Court of France finds it convenient; And by his own Account his commission is not only unknown to the French Ambassador at the Hague, but even to the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Versailles, who, though threatened with the same Fate that befel the Cardinal Bemis, is still the apparent Minister.

It is, therefore, His Majesty's Pleasure that you should acquaint Count St. Germain that in answer to the Letter You wrote me in consequence of Your Conversation with Him, you are directed to say, that You cannot talk with Him upon such interesting Subjects unless He produces some authentick Proof of his being really employed with the knowledge & consent of His Most Christ Majesty. But at the same time You may add, that the King ever ready to prove the Sincerity and Purity of his Intentions to prevent the Effusion of Christian Blood, will be ready to open himself on the conditions of a Peace, if the Court of France will employ a person duly authorized to negotiate on that Subject; provided always, that it be previously explained & understood, that in Case the Two Crowns shall come to agree on the Terms of their Peace, that the Court of France shall expressly and confidentially agree that His Majesty's Allies, and nommement the King of Prussia, are to be comprehended in the accommodement a faire. It is unnecessary to add that England will never so much as hear any Pourparlers of a Peace which is not to comprehend His Majesty, as Elector.

I am, &ca.

Holderness.

With this letter was sent another under separate cover to General Yorke giving the latter directions to the effect that he is at liberty to read the letter to Count de Saint-Germain as often as he desires it, and even to let him take such precautions as he may think necessary to assist his memory in order to avoid all mistakes in communicating the purport to the Court of France.

These letters are acknowledged by General Yorke on 25th March, and he says that he has sent without delay to Amsterdam to inform Saint-Germain that he has a communication to make to him.

On 28th March General Yorke wrote a long letter to Lord Holderness describing the result of his interview with Count Saint-Germain, which he opened on the lines indicated by his instructions. Saint-Germain availed himself of the permission to make a note of the English King's communication. So far all is simple. We will continue in General Yorke's own words.

Thus far We went in Consequence of my Orders, but as an Incident had happened since my last Letter in Relation to Count St. Germain, which M d'Affry (who knows Nothing as yet of his conversation with me) had talked of very freely, I was desirous to know how he told the Story, which is as follows. On Sunday, M d'Affry received a courier from the Due de Choiseul with Orders to say, that Mo' St. Germain was charged with

Nothing from the Court of France & that He (d'Affry) should let Him know, that He should not frequent His House & even forbid Him to come there.

This Mo d'Affry acquainted St. Germain with, on Wednesday, upon his waiting upon Him in the Name of the French King; but upon the latter's desiring to see the Order, because He could not imagine it came from His Most Christian Majesty, Mo d'Affry retracted that part and said it was not absolutely from the King, but. from the Due de Choiseul, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This was accompanied with great Protestations of Regard, & at the same time, a Desire to have some further Conversation with him the next day, which St. Germain declined, as unwilling to expose the Ambassador to a Second Breach of Orders, which he had already broke thro', by letting Him in. Mo d'Affry let drop, that this Order was occasioned by a Letter St. Germain had wrote to Made. de Pompadour, & which, as he phrased it, *Lui avoit fait une Diable d'Affaire a Versailles*, tho' He denied knowing anything of the Contents of the Letter. St. Germain appealed to the Proofs he had given him upon his first arrival, of his not being unavowed, declared his being perfectly easy about the Effect of any Letter he had wrote, & in a Manner set the Ambassador at defiance, and took Leave of Him abruptly; notwithstanding which, Mo d'Affry sent after Him again yesterday, and exprest His Uneasiness at not having seen Him, fearing He might be indisposed; - Whether He has been there since, I don't know. - This new episode in the Romance of the Count St. Germain did not much surprize me, nor should I wonder, tho' he pretends to fear Nothing, if some time or other a powerful French Minister put a Stop to his Travelling; I was, however, curious to know what He proposed to do, in Consequence of it, & in what manner to proceed, in the Business He had undertaken; Here I think, for the first time, I caught Him wavering a little; whether that proceeded from any Apprehension of the Due de Choiseul's Resentment, or from what He pretends, the Indifference for Business on the Part of the French King, & the Indecision of the Lady, I won't pretend to say. But I found Him in some Doubt, whether he should not work to bring the Due de Choiseul Himself, into the System he supposes to be rivetted in the Breasts of those, in whose name He speaks. It was not my Business to lead Him in such an Affair, & therefore I only threw out, that that seemed to me a delicate Affair at a Distance, & might embarrass those who protected him. I pushed Him after that to inform me in what Manner He intended to make Use of what I had Leave to show Him, and whether He intended to go Himself to Versailles. This He declined for the present, as He said, He might be sent back again immediately, & should only give more Umbrage; But he would send a servant of his with Three Letters, one to Made de Pompadour, One to Marshal Belleisle, & a third to the Comte de Clermont, Prince of the Blood, whom he mentioned for the first time, as His intimate Friend, & as one who had the French King's Confidence, independently of His Ministers, & who was a fast Friend to the coming of an immediate Accommodation with England. To remove all Suspicion of his deceiving me, He did, in Reality, produce a Letter from that Prince to Him, of the 14th inst., wrote in the most friendly & cordial Terms, lamenting his Absence, and wishing strongly for His speedy Return. From the Two last mentioned Persons he made no Doubt of receiving Answers; from Made de Pompadour, He did not, he said, expect it, because it was a Maxim with Her, not to *write* upon State Affairs, tho' it was absolutely necessary to inform Her, that She might be strengthened, & able to work on Her Side.

All this is very plausible, but the Effect is still to be proved; In the mean-Time, it is plain, that these French Ministers counter-act Each Other, & consequently are in different Systems; which is to prevail, don't depend upon us, but it can't be detrimental to His Majesty's Service, that his Sentiments should be known to the Court of France, by any Channel they think fit to receive them thro' ; Mo d'Affry's Compliments, after His acquainting St. Germain with the Due de Choiseul's Orders, are as extraordinary as the rest, especially as he knows very well his Connexion with Marshal Belleisle, and had seen the French King's Passport to Him. All this Mystery will be unravell'd by Degrees, & I shan't fail to inform your Lordship of the further Lights I can collect; I let Mr. St. Germain know that He or any other Person, duly authorized, was equal in England, the chief Objection. We had at present, & what stopt the whole, Was the Want of a proper and Sufficient Credential.

I have the Honor to be &ca

Joseph Yorke.

On the same date that the above letter left the Hague, 28th of March 1760, a letter to General Yorke was sent from Lord Holderness from Whitehall giving the English view of the whole question. The

English King is of opinion that the Due de Choiseul, on account of his adherence to the alliance with the House of Austria and his subjection to the influence of the Empress Maria Theresa, is the least inclined of any of those accredited at the French Court towards making peace; but that finding the peace party too strong to ignore, he has authorized d'Affry to make certain proposals. On the one hand if peace is made, this will give Choiseul a hand in the making, and on the other the steps he proposes are such as will most likely delay or prevent peace being made. For this reason it seems that he proposed to send an Englishman, Mr. Dunn, to treat of the matter, after waiting two months for a Mr. de Fuentes to arrive in France, a mere excuse for delay. He knew well that Mr. Dunn was not, and could not be, acceptable to the English; the King would never consent to one of his own subjects treating with him as negotiator for an enemy. At the same time the English King is so desirous of peace that he wishes to encourage d'Affry in every acceptable overture. It is decided to reply in the same way to d'Affry and Saint-Germain.

It still appears to His Majesty probable enough that Count St. Germain was authorized to talk to You in the Manner he has done, & that his commission is unknown to the Due de Choiseul; But as that Minister will, in all likelihood, communicate the answer returned to Mr. d'Affry to a formal Proposal, made, by Order of his Court, to those Persons who have employed St. Germain, His Majesty thought proper that there should be an exact uniformity in the Answers given to both; as it is not the King's Intention to neglect either of these Channels. . . .

On April 4th, 1760, General Yorke wrote another long letter to the Earl of Holderness mentioning that Saint-Germain is still at the Hague, but that Choiseul was taking every means to discredit him, and that without more authentic credentials he himself thought it prudent to let Saint-Germain alone. Yorke declares that Madame de Pompadour is not pleased with Saint-Germain for his insinuations against d'Affry and that either from inclination or apprehension she has acquainted the Due de Choiseul of them.

Says Yorke of Saint-Germain:

So that he has acquired an enemy more than he had. And adds: M Belleisle, too had wrote him under Mo d'Affry's Cover, but in civil terms, thanking him for his zeal and activity, but telling him at the same Time, that as the French King had an Ambassador at the Hague in whom he placed his confidence, he might safely communicate to Him what he thought was for the Service of France; the turn of M Belleisle's letter shews that he had been more connected with St. Germain than the Due de Choiseul, who is outrageous against Him and seems to have the upper hand.

Yorke expresses his own opinion that as Choiseul has got the better of Saint-Germain in one instance, he will do so in all others. He says also that a person of Consequence gave him this account, having been shown the letters by d'Affry.

The latter added:

Who knows what he may have said to Mr. Yorke, as I know he has been to wait upon Him. Mor d'Affry told this Person, likewise, that He was fully authorised to receive any Proposals from England, & that France having the worst of the Quarrel could not make the first Proposals ; That He had opened Himself to me as far as could be expected at first, but that, as I had taken no Notice of Him since, They imagined England went back.

I won't pretend to draw any other conclusion from all this, nor from the general conduct of France, except that they seem still cramped with the unnatural Connexion of Vienna which the Due de Choiseul has still Credit enough to support, & consequently as long as that prevails, We cannot expect any thing but Chicanes and Delays in the Negotiation; They have been repeatedly told that His Majesty cannot & will not, treat but in Conjunction with His Ally the King of Prussia; and yet they are continually harping upon a Method of treating, by which the King of Prussia is to be excluded, from whence it is reasonable to conclude, that They will try their

Chance in War once more, tho' those, who govern, seem inclined to keep the Door open for coming back again, if necessary.

I have the honor to be, &ca.

Joseph Yorke.

SAINT-GERMAIN: - by P. A. M.

VIII

SAINT-GERMAIN is always ready to bear the brunt of all that happens, and d' Affry is soon able to report to Choiseul that Bentinck is ready to throw him over, on finding out that he cannot use him any longer or more successfully. Bentinck is made to say that Saint-Germain amused him, and that is the only reason he continues to see him. But it is clearly understood that he would have been glad enough if Saint-Germain had succeeded in bringing about a rapprochement between them.

There was some difficulty in communicating Choiseul's letter threatening Saint-Germain with the Bastille because he seemed to treat d'Affry's invitations to go to the embassy with some indifference. But d'Affry was able to tell various people of importance with whom Saint-Germain was closely connected the turn affairs had taken, and they began to desert him. Finally there was a meeting and Saint-Germain was plainly told about the fate that awaited him if he meddled in political affairs. Also by the King's command, expressed through Marshal Rellaisle, d'Affry declared that he was to listen to what Saint-Germain had to tell him. By questions the Ambassador elicited the fact that Saint-Germain knew of no overtures relating to the French soldiery, nor concerning the navy and finances. Then d'Affry made the remark that they could only be political and gave him Choiseul's message, since the latter's concern was political only.

Saint-Germain seemed at first indifferent, then astonished at the treatment he had received, then a little disturbed, but he did not show any inclination to abandon his plans. So d'Affry warned him again that if he chose to meddle in the King's business, it would be reported to Choiseul and he would be publicly discredited.

Then d'Affry visited Mr. Yorke, the English Minister at the Hague and the conversation turned on Saint-Germain. The English Minister said that the question of peace had been broached, but only in a general sort of way. Being referred to the Duke of Newcastle, the latter said the overtures of peace on the part of France would be welcomed in London, whatever the channel through which they might come. D' Affry asks Choiseul to communicate this to Marshal Belleisle. He also mentions that Saint-Germain told him among others that he had been granted the Chateau of Chambord by the King, but without its revenues.

On April 8th d' Affry wrote to Choiseul that he had information of Saint-Germain's continuing to visit van Rhoan. He is reported by an avowed enemy of Bentinck's as saying that d'Affry has to do what he is told, and that Choiseul does not like him, but that if Choiseul has part in his Majesty's councils, he, Saint-Germain, can say the same.

On April 11th Choiseul replied to d' Affry telling him that he had the King's authority to discredit Saint-Germain in the most humiliating and emphatic way. Also to see if through the friendliness of the States General he cannot arrange to have him arrested and put over the border into France at

Lille. Also if possible to have a public announcement made in the Dutch Gazette which would finally suppress him.

It may be that all this is really approved by the King. But it is more likely, considering what we already know, that Choiseul did it entirely on his own initiative, or in face of the King, who had to disavow his secret representative when challenged. Choiseul was too powerful.

D'Affry replied on April 17th. The demand for arrest and extradition had to pass the Committee of the Council of which Bentinck van Rhoan was President, which, as d'Affry realized, probably meant the escape of Saint-Germain, through the friendliness of Bentinck. It happened just as he expected. M. de Kauderbach informed the French Ambassador that M. de Bentinck had been to see Saint-Germain between 7 and 8 p. m. He left before 9 p. m. Then there was another visitor who did not stay long. Afterwards M. de Bentinck returned between 9 and 10 p. m. and remained until midnight. Saint-Germain had risen at 5 a. m. and taken tea; then one of M. de Bentinck's lackeys had brought a carriage and four into which he entered and was driven away, but the landlord could not tell the direction in which he had gone.

D'Affry says he was indignant at Bentinck's action. He went with M. Kauderbach to the inn and confirmed from the landlord's own mouth all that had been told him. Immediately afterwards he complained formally to the Pensionary of the help Bentinck had given to Saint-Germain, but carefully concealed the source of his information, in order to protect the landlord of the inn, suggesting that he had found it out through his spies.

Supposing that Saint-Germain might have gone to Amsterdam, a letter was sent to the French Commissary of Marine, M. d' Astier, to request that Saint-Germain be arrested and detained under guard. D'Affry then told the Pensionary that if the States General refused this act of justice, the French Government would know where to find Saint-Germain as soon as peace was signed, and would then take him. Finally the Ambassador concluded that Saint-Germain was pressed for money because he had borrowed two thousand florins from the Jew Boaz, depositing with him three opals "real or false," in a sealed paper, as security. He will try to obtain from M. de Bentinck a disavowal of Saint-Germain as cautiously and courteously as possible, when occasion arises.

It must be remembered all through this political incident that there was much comedy mixed with the tragedy. What appears on the surface is by no means necessarily the truth. The Count de Saint-Germain had been a personal friend of the Choiseul's, now he is nominally a political enemy. And yet it is not at all impossible that he might at such a time meet Choiseul privately on quite a different footing, and d'Affry also. Diplomacy is a queer business. Some have suspected that the whole of this affair was simply planned to get rid of Saint-Germain politically and publicly with as little real trouble as possible, and that there never was any real intention of arresting him, if it could be avoided. In any case we know that the story about the King approving this and giving the order for his arrest was pure jugglery on Choiseul's part.

Here is the Memorial to the States General.

Sypesten. p. 100. Letter from d'Affry. See Zie Rijksarchief.

Resol. Stat. Genl. 1760; fol. 458.

Hauts et Puissants Seigneurs:

An unknown man who calls himself the Comte de Saint-Germain, and to whom the King my master had the kindness to accord an asylum in the kingdom, has abused it. Some time ago he went to Holland and recently to the Hague, where without being avowed by His Majesty or by his Ministry, and without any mission, this

impudent fellow has taken upon himself to declare that he is authorised to treat of the affairs of His Majesty. The King my master orders me expressly to inform your High Mightinesses and to publish the matter abroad in order that none within the boundaries of your government should be deceived by such an impostor.

His Majesty commands me moreover to claim this adventurer as a man without standing who has completely abused the asylum which had been granted him, by interposing himself and speaking of the government of the Kingdom with both shamelessness and ignorance, and announcing falsely and rashly that he was authorised to treat of the most intimate interests of the King my master.

His Majesty does not doubt that your High Mightinesses will give him the justice which is his right to expect from your friendship and equity, And that you will order the pretended Comte de Saint-Germain to be arrested and taken under good escort to Antwerp, thence to be taken into France.

I hope that your High Mightinesses will accord me this request without any delay.

Done at the Hague, April 30th, 1760.

(Sd.) d'Affry.

On April 25th d'Affry wrote again to Choiseul to report that Saint-Germain was rumored to have gone to England. He had not stayed in Helvoetsluys but had gone on board the packet boat and remained there until she had sailed. Other rumors said that he had gone to Utrecht, and thence to Germany. D' Affry made the statement that the conduct of M. Bentinck van Rhoon in the matter had still further lessened his credit everywhere. But in view of certain other remarks this sounds like a mere political assertion, which might well be refuted by the other side.

Two days later, on the 27th April, d'Affry wrote again to Choiseul describing a visit he had had from a University Professor of Leyden who was closely connected with M. de Bentinck. He came ostensibly to invite d'Affry to dinner, but really to speak of the President of the Council, Bentinck. So d'Affry says. But the conversation turned to a man named Lignieres and his friend a Swiss named Vivet (or Virette?) who had been to the Hague with the idea of introducing a machine for hollowing out the beds of rivers and cleaning the canals. The invention had been offered to the French Government, but was refused, and these men therefore considered they were quite right in going abroad. D' Affry thought very little of the machinery, but was much more prejudiced against it by the fact that Saint-Germain was behind the promoters of the scheme, giving them his protection. This mention of Saint-Germain gave Professor Alaman the opportunity to ask d'Affry all about Saint-Germain. It was quite possible that this was his intention all along and that the talk of Bentinck, like the dinner, was simply an excuse or at most a parallel object. D'Affry told him the whole story of his connexion with Saint-Germain and M. de Bentinck.

Without being able to defend Bentinck's conduct very warmly Professor Alaman spoke of the latter exactly as Saint-Germain had done, seeking to bring about a better understanding between the French Ambassador and Bentinck, this being thought advisable.

D'Affry spoke of the early advances he had made towards an acquaintance with Bentinck which had been coldly treated, and therefore ceased. His present conduct showed little desire to oblige the French, and if M. de Bentinck really wished to meet d'Affry he might expect to be received with the courtesy due to a man of his rank and position; but there was no warmth in the remark. Probably, since Bentinck has always been opposed to the French, he is merely seeking the credit that would attach to his connexion with the Foreign Ministers at the Hague. In such a case or in any case he ought not to be trusted, and all should be warned against him.

On May 1st Choiseul wrote to d'Affry to say that he doubted that Saint-Germain had gone to England, as he was there too well known to take people in.

On May 2d d'Affry wrote that the memorial had been noted by the Provinces, and that Saint-Germain being out of the country, they considered that enough. Also the Gazettes had published the Memorial and that ought to discredit him sufficiently to need no further steps being taken.

On May 5th d'Affry had an opportunity to speak to Bentinck owing to a question of artillery sent from Sweden to Amsterdam and there held awaiting authority to pass through Dutch territory. The Ambassador said all he had to say of Saint-Germain, concealing what he knew of Bentinck's favoring and helping his escape, and put it in such a way that it appeared as if Saint-Germain had compromised Bentinck without the latter's authority. The result was that Bentinck was somewhat embarrassed, and readily consented to pass the artillery through Holland. This, says d' Affry, was probably to gain favor, but he has no intention of going beyond the King's command to treat him with courtesy and formality.

The reply of Choiseul approves of this, as Bentinck has for twenty years been opposed to France in various ways and this cannot easily be atoned for. The Memorial as to Saint-Germain will be published in the French as in the other Gazettes.

On May 12th d' Affry wrote that he has been informed that Saint-Germain on arriving in England found a State messenger who prohibited his proceeding, and had orders to re-embark him on the first vessel that sailed. He had probably returned to Helvoet and again left Dutch territory without delay. M. de Galitzin, his correspondent, says that the English Minister would not allow Saint-Germain to be in London because he believed that the apparent displeasure of the French with him was merely a pretext to give him a freer hand in England. D'Affry adds that the publication of the Memorial will leave no further suspicion as to this. One can, however, imagine Pitt thinking that it was merely another clever move to convince him.

This incident in England is given with more detail in a letter dated 6th May from the Earl of Holderness to Mr. Mitchell, the English representative at the Prussian Court, for the information of Frederick the Great, the ally of England. Speaking of Saint-Germain, he says.

Accordingly, he arrived here some Days ago ; but as it was evident that he was not authorised even by that part of the French Ministry in whose Name he pretended to talk, & as his Sejour here could be of no Use, & might be attended by disagreeable Consequences It was thought proper to seize him upon his Arrival here. His Examination has produced Nothing very material. His Conduct & Language is artful, with an odd Mixture which it is difficult to define. Upon the whole, It has been thought most advisable not to suffer him to remain in England, & he set out accordingly on Saturday morning last, with an Intention to take Shelter in some Part of his Prussian Majesty's Dominions, doubting whether he would be safe in Holland. At his earnest & repeated request he saw Baron Knyphausen during his Confinement, but none of The King's Servants saw him.

The King thought it right you should be informed of this transaction; and it is the King's Pleasure you should communicate the Substance of this Letter to His Prussian Majesty.

I am, with great Truth & Regard

Sir,

Your most Obedient

humble Servant

Mr. Mitchell.

Holderness.

On May 14th d' Affry reported a conversation he had had with Yorke on the subject of Saint-Germain. Yorke had known the latter nearly twenty years and so ought to have some knowledge of him. He said that Saint-Germain had not been arrested at Harwich, but on arrival in London on an order from Mr. Pitt, whose head clerk had been to question him. The report seemed to show that Saint-Germain appeared to be a sort of lunatic, without, however, any evil intentions. (This was the trick Saint-Germain so successfully played on the English authorities who arrested him falsely in 1745.) Saint-Germain was told that having given proofs of his incautiousness he was to be conducted to Harwich and not permitted to stay in London or England. He returned to Helvoetsluys and thence to Utrecht, then to Germany. Yorke thought he would probably go to Berlin or to join Frederick the Great. In answer to a direct question as to whether this procedure had really been caused by Saint-Germain's distrust of the English minister, Yorke replied that he was ignorant of the motive, but he had informed his ministry that he had no doubt that it was from a desire to oblige the French.

Amid all this open and secret intrigue, in which there is so much that cannot be taken on its face value, we should note that there is some hint here and there of Saint-Germain doing certain things in England and perhaps unofficially staying a few days later than he was officially supposed to do. Also he was permitted to see his friend Baron Kuyphausen. Much seems to depend in the appearances one Government could put upon its actions in order to give the other a desired impression.

This practically ends the d'Affry-Choiseul correspondence for the year 1760.

Two years later there is a reference to the matter which is of sufficient interest to note. D'Affry wrote to Choiseul on March 23d, 1762, that Count Saint-Germain had since been about the Provinces of the Republic under various names. Recently he had purchased, under the name of a merchant of Amsterdam, Noblet, an estate in Guelders, from the count de Walderen, on which he had paid 30,000 francs to the time of writing. D'Affry wants to know if he is to take any proceedings against him by memorial or otherwise, or to let him alone. The reply was that Saint-Germain had been punished sufficiently for his imposture and that the completion of his discredit must be left to himself.

There are always discrepancies in these matters. Saint-Germain makes a deposit of 30,000 francs on the purchase of an important estate; the next sentence says that the efforts of the French diplomatists have so discredited him that he dare not show himself openly, and is reduced to gain a living by trying to make dupes of people with his chemical secrets. He never receives a remittance from any one, and yet has a million or so in gems always at his disposal which Jews and jewelers are willing to pay for well, and yet these supposedly intelligent diplomatists assume that they are false. They are criticising and trying him; we shall perhaps find that the contrary is the case; he was testing and trying them in the hope of finding one among them worth his salt as an unselfish honest patriot, as he tried Marie Antoinette -but she never understood, and he had other countries to attend to and help. The whole story is a mass of paradoxical details.

There are papers left by Bentinck van Rhoon, now in the Dutch archives, in which under dates from March 9th to April 25th, 1760, occur many passages relating to the subject of Saint-Germain and his mission at the Hague. But there are only a few extracts which we need make, since the rest coincides with what we already know, or is of no particular value. There is a remark under date of March 26th which gives one of those all too rare glimpses into what, rather than who, Saint-Germain was. Regarding the remark that Saint-Germain had got into a devil of a mess with the French Court, he declared to van Rhoon that it was rather d'Affry who had got into trouble. Saint-Germain was not

the subject of the French King and therefore the latter could not command him to do anything. He believed that Choiseul had written on his own initiative and that the King knew nothing at all about it! If he were shown an order (written) by the King himself he would believe it; but not otherwise.

He (Saint-Germain) told me that he had written an "Instructive Memoir " which he intended to send to d' Affry, and which he read aloud to me. He laughed and I did the same, thinking of the effect that his " Instructive Memoir " would have on d' Affry. He called the latter "blockhead," "poor fellow" and "this poor d' Affry who thinks he can awe and bully me, but he has come to the wrong person, for I have trampled under foot both praise and blame, fear and hope, I who have no other object but to follow the dictates of my benevolent feelings towards humanity and to do as much good to mankind as possible. The King knows very well that I fear neither cl' Affry nor M. de Choiseul."

(To be continued)

SAINT-GERMAIN AT SCHWABACH: by P. A. M.

IX

SAINT-GERMAIN was certainly the greatest Oriental Adept Europe has seen during the last centuries. Rut Europe knew him not. Perchance some may recognize him at the next *Terreur*, which will affect all Europe when it comes, and not one country alone. - *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE publication in which the sketch of Count Saint-Germain's life at Schwabach is drawn, had for its editor an enemy of the great humanitarian philosopher. He had many enemies, as have all real reformers. However, the sketch is not by the editor himself, and it really seems to express an eye-witness' views. A quaint kind of apology creeps in towards the end; actually an apology for not being able to prove the Count an impostor, or something very closely approaching it! One is reminded of the man who had a Cambridge degree and presumably for that reason alone judged himself capable of "proving " another humanitarian philosopher an impostor; and naturally, he "proved " it. And because he had a Cambridge degree, other people believed him. There was once written a witty book of instructions to naval surveyors. The youthful mariner was advised that if he was sent out to find a rock he should " always find it." This pleased his superior officers and the public, for it showed his capability. It brought kudos to him and saved much arduous searching in possibly bad weather, and few were likely to check his investigations. If they did, so much the worse for their own reputation and so much the better for his; or at worst a "mistake " could be acknowledged.

This is about what happened with the very harmless and extremely benevolent Count Saint-Germain. Piqued at his reticence and their incapacity to do the work in which they were supposed to be experts, the ministers and rulers and others of the countries where he resided, from time to time decided that he must be an " impostor," or more vaguely, "a charlatan." Once decided, it was easy to prove. So easy, in fact, that the problem resolved itself into a counterpart of the more modern problem of the "lost ten tribes." Theologians and others having decided that someone has really lost ten tribes, the stragglers have been found again in every part of the earth from New Zealand to Nova Zembla, from Mexico to Matabeleland. Choiseul "knew quite well who Saint-Germain was." He *had* to know. But he lied. 'I'he one man who really knew, Louis XV, never told, if indeed his knowledge was other than a convenient approximation.

People are and have been so long attached to family names and diplomas that these things often quite overshadow a man's real value. Hence, having no social or official label, Saint-Germain must have been, in their eyes, a suspicious character. His statement that not being a subject of Louis XV, he was under no obligations to him, was rather startling to the French minister at the Hague; his apparent joke that he ought to take precedence of the Duke of York, because his titles were unknown while the Duke's were clearly understood, may possibly have been a little more than a joke. But, since he did not choose to declare himself, he must necessarily be "an impostor." None has ever found out whom he imposed upon, but that made no difference to the gossips and enemies who stigmatized him in this way. The suggestions that he induced

people to speculate and lose money are on the face of them silly. There is too much evidence of the opposite conduct.

Now what is the value of his actions at Schwabach? Such a man has ever a purpose, and looked at in the right way, we can usually find an indication of a portion of it.

He had acquirements which could have netted millions. And yet he spends his time experimenting with small industrial inventions. Where is the logic of his so doing? Again, many of his inventions were failures and yet he said they were important. He had no money and yet simultaneously he had the command of untold wealth. What is the middle line of these seeming paradoxes?

We can suggest a line of inquiry. He was one who had some of the "secrets of nature and of science." Therefore he had command of untold wealth. But the law of nature is strict. He, like all nature's workers, could not spend any of her wealth on himself selfishly. He invented, but always, as one complains, he would not show another how to do things except in special cases, but made them carry out the work themselves; and he was delighted when their efforts succeeded. If the worker was imperfect the work was imperfect; in other words the work was of little real importance in itself compared to the mental and moral progress of the worker. This is true alchemy. Once they had attained "the kingdom of heaven," doubtless, "all these things would be added unto them." The physician could not "heal himself" or use his powers to selfish ends. The alchemists have died again and again rather than reveal what they had no right to reveal. Probably the acquirement by one single student of the true altruistical spirit of investigation was worth more to Saint-Germain, even if the pupil mechanically speaking failed, than any money-making accomplishment.

Saint-Germain's kingdom, at this particular period, was "not of this world." Had he not then a right to travel, as other gentlemen did, under a *nom-de-guerre*? Yet his name, Saint-Germain, was probably really his. Among intimate friends he might not even be above repeating the story of Montaigne, about Maria Germain who became a boy, on the chance of some of his audience having the wit to follow the clue and arrive at a conception of the idea of a perfect life which is above questions of sex. As the vague rumors of his immense age would lead an inquirer to seek for himself the truth as to reincarnation, so this would lead some to highly interesting scientific conclusions, always with the added virtue, most important of all, that the investigator uses his own efforts in the work.

SAINT-GERMAIN AT SCHWABACH

(By an Eye-witness. From *Curiositäten*. p. 280.)

This peculiar man, who in his time aroused much curiosity, lived for several years in the Principality of Anspach, without anyone having the most distant suspicion that he was the enigmatical adventurer of whom so many wonderful tales had been circulated.

It was in the year 1774, that the now deceased Margrave of Brandenburg, Karl Alexander, was informed that there was staying at Schwabach a stranger who gave himself out for a Russian Officer and lived in a very retired manner, but at the same time showed himself very benevolent in his actions. The war that was then in progress between Russia and the Porte, and the presence of the Russian fleet in the Archipelago, gave rise to the idea that perhaps the Russian Government had sent a confidential agent to Franconia in order to supervise the correspondence passing into Italy without exciting attention: and the Prince, as kind as he was benevolent, gave orders to permit the stranger's peaceful residence as long as he gave the police no further cause for watching him more closely.

Some time afterwards the pastor of the Reformed Church at Schwabach, Herr Dejan, announced that the stranger, who since his arrival there had only had to do with himself and the *Stadtvogt* Grenier, very much desired to wait upon the Margrave, if it could be done without attracting too much attention, before his departure from the neighborhood, and to thank him for the protection so generously accorded. This desire was granted and the Margrave saw him for the first time on a winter evening, with the famous actress *Mademoiselle Clairon*, who was at Anspach at this particular period.

The stranger then appeared to be a man of between sixty and seventy years of age, of medium stature, more spare than strong, hiding his gray hairs under a wig; he looked just like a regular old Italian. His dress was as simple as possible, and his appearance had nothing extraordinary about it.

After he had thanked the Margrave in French (the accent betrayed an Italian) for the permission to be allowed to stay undisturbed in his country, he said many beautiful things about his reign, spoke about great voyages which he had made, and finished by asserting that he wished to entrust certain secrets to the Margrave as the proof of his gratitude; these secrets were capable of furthering the happiness and welfare of his country. Naturally, expressions of this kind aroused attention, which was soon raised to the highest degree when he showed a number of very beautiful stones, which could be considered as diamonds, and which, if they were genuine, must have been of prodigious value.

The Margrave then invited him for the Kew Year to Triesdorf, the summer residence of the Prince, and Count Tzarogy, for this was the name by which he had introduced himself, accepted this invitation under the condition that they would permit him to live there after his own fashion, quite unnoticed and in peace.

At Triesdorf he was lodged in the lower room of the castle, in the upper part of which Mademoiselle lived. He had no servants, had his meals in his own room, which he seldom quitted, and that as simply as possible. His needs were more than restricted. He avoided intercourse with other people and he spent only the evenings in the company of Mademoiselle Clairon, of the Margrave, and of those people whom this gentleman was willing to have around him. He could not be persuaded to have his meals at the Prince's table and he only saw the Margravine a few times; she also was curious to become acquainted with this peculiar man.

In conversation he was extremely entertaining, showed much knowledge of the world and of men; he let fall from time to time mysterious hints from which he managed cleverly to turn aside the conversation and to give it another direction if anyone tried to obtain any more exact information.

He was particularly willing to speak of the years of his childhood and of his mother, whom he never named without visible emotion and with tears in his eyes. To believe his own account he had had a princely training.

He was reserved but never discourteous; although the truth-loving Baron Gleichen says that he did what he liked at Triesdorf, "that he treated the Margrave like a schoolboy," this is neither true nor likely. Kind as the Margrave was in his intercourse with others, at the same time this Prince knew very well how to maintain the respect which was due to his birth, his rank, and his good moral qualities. He would not have suffered anyone to order him about, much less would he have permitted a stranger this liberty.

It was difficult to say what this peculiar man occupied himself with all day. He had no books with him except a dirty edition of pastor Fido. People were seldom admitted to see him and then they generally found him with his head wrapped in a black cloth.

It is quite likely that his occupation consisted in the preparation of all kinds of colors, because the window of his apartment that looked out on the garden was smeared over with them, so that no one could see through. Shortly after his arrival at Triesdorf he began to give the Margrave instructions for the different preparations which were to lay the foundation of a profitable factory. Among the products were to be made especially all kinds of Safian, Cordovan and Russian leather, which were to be produced from the most inferior sheepskin: the preparation of the finest Turkish yarn, etc.

The Margrave let the author of these contributions copy the recipes, and now the experiments themselves were commenced, in the greatest secrecy by his desire. The work was commenced in a laboratory especially prepared for the work and the experiments were conducted here behind closed doors. The author vividly remembers the funny appearance of these attempts, and how of ten and heartily he has laughed with the Margrave over seeing the Prince and his confidants transformed into tanners and dyers : they tried everything in order to retain what was good; but hope died away with closer tests. Already with little trouble and small cost had the most beautiful Cordovan been produced, and in the joy of his heart the author had a pair of shoes made out of it, which looked very well; but they fell to pieces in the first twenty-four hours. Equally unstable was the Turkish yarn and it happened the same way with various other articles. Tzarogy laid the

blame on the faulty manipulation if one took him to task, and yet the fault surely lay in the ingredients used. He promised from time to time to do the work himself in order to show the true method, and so passed several weeks during which he stayed alternatively at TriesdorL and Schwabach. If he was at Schwabach, he wrote often to the Margrave, and continually sent new samples of artificial leather to the writer, also dyed silk, and cloths, of which the writer still has a boxful. The samples were mostly labelled with Tzarogy's own handwriting; for example, on a sample of leather: "*Leathers absolutely unknown; cut them and see how tough they are.*"

"Very cheap leathers which are made without the least manipulation, out of the scraps which can be of no further use as leather."

On dyed specimens of cloth:

"In all these dyes the progression of beauty, of fineness, and of durability I think is infinite. To be convinced of this, one should compare the shade of the black of this card with what I sent last Tuesday; you can see the difference. Much greater improvement is possible."

On another sample:

"This splendid black is dyed without vitriol or gall-nuts and without boiling; It never turns rusty and is made of fine Russian blue; this incomparable yellow is dyed in a water as limpid, as pure, as 'white as crystal,'" and so on.

Thus he held our attention and maintained our hopes that perhaps among so many experiments set on foot there might result some useful hitherto unknown invention.

Once Tzarogy showed the Margrave that he had received a courier from Count Alexei Orloff, who was just then returning from Italy, with a pressing invitation to visit him on his passing through Nurnberg. He immediately proposed to the Margrave to use this opportunity to make the acquaintance of the hero of Chesme. The proposal was accepted, and the writer accompanied the Margrave to Nurnberg where the Count Alexei Orloff had already arrived.

Orloff came with open arms to meet Count Tzarogy, who now for the first time appeared in Russian uniform, called him several times "caro padre, caro amico," etc. He received the Margrave with particular courtesy and thanked him many times for the protection which he had granted his worthy friend; and it was on this occasion that occurred that expression which Baron Gleichen ascribes to Prince Grigori Orloff (whom the Margrave never saw), an expression from which one must conclude that Tzarogy had played a great part in the Revolution of 1762 in Russia. It would be very interesting to know more closely what this part was!

They dined with Count Orloff. The conversation was extremely interesting. They talked a good deal of the campaign in the Archipelago but still more about useful inventions.

Among other things Orloff showed the Margrave a piece of "incombustible" wood which on trial gave no flame nor heavy residue when it was set on fire, but only fell into a light ash after swelling up like a sponge. After dinner Orloff took Count Tzarogy to a neighboring room in which they remained together for a considerable time. The writer, who was standing at the window below which was the carriage of Count Orloff, observed that one of Count Orloff's people opened the carriage door and from the receptacle under the seat took out a large red leather bag and came into the room with it.

After a time they took their leave, and on the return journey Tzarogy had all his pockets full of Venetian sequins with which he seemed to play in a careless manner.

That this man had no money before, people knew for certain, because they noticed everything about him.

In the name of Count Orloff he brought the Margravine a beautiful silver medal which had been struck in honor of the victory of Chesme. After his return he showed for the first time his patent as Russian General, made out under the Great Seal of the Czar, and subsequently he confided to the Margrave that the name

Tzarogy was an adopted anagrammatic name; that his proper name was Ragoczi, and that he was the last descendant of the Prince Ragoczi of Siebenbiirgen who was proscribed under the Emperor Leopold.

All these circumstances taken together increased the curiosity which was soon afterwards laid to rest in a manner not very favorable to this peculiar man.

The Margrave traveled to Italy in the year 1775, accompanied by the writer of these notes.

In Naples we heard that the last descendant of the House of Ragoczi who had settled down there, had died long ago and that there were no more left of the name. In Leghorn we heard from the English consul, Sir John Dyk, that the unknown was no other than the famous Count Saint-Germain, that he had made the acquaintance in Italy of Count Grigori Orloff and of his brother Alexei, and had known how to awaken the confidence of these gentlemen in himself in a high degree.

From another no less credible source we were informed that he was born at San Germano, a little town in Savoy, where his father, who was named Rotondo, had been a revenue collector and had been in pretty good standing with a fairly large property. He had given his son a very good education, but had afterwards fallen into a bad way and was dismissed from his position on account of bad management.

In order to avoid the unpleasantness which the fate of the father might have drawn upon the son, the latter had changed his name for the name of his birthplace and called himself Saint-Germain. From that time he had wandered about the world as an adventurer and had called himself at Paris and London Saint-Germain; at Venice, Count de Bellemare; at Pisa, Chevalier Schoning; at Milan, Chevalier Welldone; and at Genoa, Soltikoff; and must then have been about seventy-five years old. Of course discoveries of this kind about a man turned the Margrave against him, for he wanted to mystify him too, and had lied to him in such a shameless manner about his origin and several other things.

After the Margrave's return in the year 1776 he gave the writer the commission of going to Schwabach to give the adventurer a talking-to about the information he had discovered, and to express to him the displeasure of the Prince at the abuse he had made of his kindness, and at the same time to tell him that he did not want to see any more of him and to return the letters that the Margrave had written to him from time to time.

In the event of his unconditionally and immediately returning these letters he would be permitted to remain at Schwabach as long as he liked, so long as he remained quiet; otherwise he would be arrested, his papers would be taken away, and he would be conducted over the frontier.

On his arrival at Schwabach the writer found Saint-Germain in bed, for in spite of his boasting of his health and his great age he had often attacks of rheumatism.

He admitted on hearing the reproaches, to which he appeared to listen quite patiently, that he had from time to time assumed all the above names down to that of Soltikoff, but that he was everywhere known under these names as a man of honor, and that if any slanderer permitted himself to impute to him any bad actions he was ready to prove his honor in a satisfactory way as soon as he knew what he was accused of and who the accuser was.

He feared no accusation other than that which regarded his name. He firmly maintained that he had told the Margrave no untruth in regard to his name and his family. The proofs of origin, however, were in the hands of a person upon whom he was quite dependent; a dependence which in the course of his life had brought upon him the greatest persecution.

It was these persecutions and attacks, as he expressed it, which had prevented him from making use of the great knowledge he possessed; he had for this reason withdrawn to a place in which he thought he could live unknown and unnoticed; the moment had now arrived in which he could and would put into action what he had promised, if he was not hindered in doing so.

To the question: Why had he not told the Margrave of the different names under which he had lived in so many different States and towns? he replied that he had not considered this necessary because he thought

that people wanted to judge of his actions and not of this, since he received nothing from the Margrave, offended no one, and harmed no one. Never had he abused the Margrave's confidence; he had given his true name; in a short time his actions would allow no doubt as to his manner of thinking, and then he would be able to produce proofs of his origin.

Again, the unfavorable opinion which people had given the Margrave concerning him, seemed very trivial, but if what was now passing were still kept secret he would fulfil his promises and so force the Margrave again to respect him, otherwise he would find himself obliged to leave the country. In the further course of this conversation he asserted that he had first made the acquaintance of Count Orloff in Venice. The patent which he received from him and which he had produced on this occasion was made out by the Count at Pisa in the name of the Count Welldone. Also he pointed out the confidence with which Louis XV had honored him in the year 1760 when he entrusted him with the secret preliminaries of making peace negotiations with England. His close acquaintance with Marshal Belleisle, had, however, drawn upon him the hate of the Due de Choiseul, who had written to England and had procured his arrest by Minister Pitt.

The King had hereupon advised him of his impending fate and given him the advice not to re-enter France again.

This anecdote also agrees exactly with what Baron Gleichen tells in his Memoirs and still more strongly is it confirmed by what Frederick II says in his posthumous Works. The king shows him here as a man whom no one has ever been able to make out. He returned the letters of the Margrave with visible emotion, with the exception of one which he said he had communicated to Count Orloff. After this incident he still remained for some time quietly at Schwabach, after which he went through Dresden, Leipsic, and Ham burg to Eckernforde in Schleswig, and there at the beginning of the year 1780 he finished his adventurous career by a paralytic stroke which even paralysed his tongue, apparently at an age of some eighty years.

Strange enough indeed was that career. It is remarkable that a man who frequented the great and little world under so many names in the course of his life never fell into the hands of the law or the police. Indisputably he understood the art of using and entertaining the inclinations of men towards the marvelous, and how often must he have had cause to exclaim with Figaro, " O how stupid smart men are!"

That he possessed great chemical knowledge the writer of these notes cannot convince himself. His preparations were attractive in appearance, but they were only experiments on a small scale; in the manufacture of leather he used acids such as vitriol spirit, oil of vitriol, and so forth. This is shown by the samples which are still in existence and by which, as it appears, the paper in which they were wrapped has been corroded.

So long as he remained in Schwabach he never made anything on a large scale. The stones spoken of above, which are also mentioned by Baron Gleichen, were indeed beautiful, and would perhaps have made handsome ornaments, and even deceived the eye of a connoisseur; but they were not precious stones; they did not resist the file nor had they the weight of genuine stones. Saint-Germain himself never gave them out as being genuine. The writer still possesses one of these stones and a piece of the mass from which presumably they were prepared. The imitation gold which Saint-Germain announced as an important invention soon lost its brilliance and became as black as the worst brass. A factory of this metal which was erected at L-- closed after a short time.

Among the proofs of his secret arts he once showed a big pocket knife of which one half was as flexible as lead but the other was rigid and hard iron.

By this he wished to prove that he possessed the secret of making iron as flexible and ductile as lead without losing any other of its qualities in the process. This invention would certainly have been of considerable use, but no one could ever persuade him to make the experiment on a large scale.

His chemical knowledge had all the appearance of the empirical. The now deceased Stadtvogt Grenier at Schwabach, a man of much knowledge, especially in technical matters, several times asserted that he had discovered in his conversations with Saint-Germain that he had not the slightest theoretical knowledge. He

especially boasted of possessing medicinal knowledge and in this to have reached a high point. His prescriptions consisted in a strict diet and the use of a tea which he called Russian tea or *acqua benedetta*.

The Margrave received the copy of the recipes of this wonder-medicine from the above-mentioned English consul at Leghorn. It was used in the Russian Fleet in the Archipelago in order to preserve the health of the crews under that hot southern sky.

What resources Saint-Germain had in order to meet the necessary expenses of his existence would be hard to guess. The writer of this is of the opinion that he had possessed the secret of clearing diamonds from spots which are occasionally met with, and by which their value is considerably reduced; but this is only an opinion.

It would be a thankless task to declare that this man was a deceiver. Proofs are needed for this and there are none available. As long as he was in relations with the Margrave he never desired anything, never received anything from him of the least value, never mixed in any matter that did not concern him. On account of his extremely simple manner of life his needs were very limited. If he had money he shared it with the poor. It is not known that he left any debts behind him anywhere, yet the writer long afterwards learnt that during the latter part of his stay at Schwabach he led a Baron von L. into speculation which made him many thousand gulden poorer.

But since no complaint was made about this there appears to have been no deception involved in the matter. It remains forever inexplicable by what means this adventurer, especially in the big cities such as Paris and London, could live in a prominent manner and find entry into the highest society. His portrait painted in his younger years was found by the Margrave in Paris at the house of Madame Dude or Rochefoucault. He brought a copy of it back and this is now at Tricsdorf in the room where Saint-Germain once dwelt.

COUNT SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

X

(From the Memoirs of Prince Charles, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel)

I LEFT Berlin for Leipsic with M. and Mme. de Dieden, my intimate friends. At Leipsic I obtained exact information about the famous Schropfer from several people, amongst others from Professors Eck and Marche, who told me the details of his magic operations, at which they had been present, and in which he raised "spirits" which not only showed themselves but even spoke to the spectators. had already heard much of them from Prince Frederick of Brunswick and Bischof swerder, and also through the worthy Colonel Frankenberg, who had not seen him personally but knew one of his followers at Goerlitz. I strongly advised the latter to abandon this dangerous connexion and to keep only to our Lord, in which he followed me faithfully and died shortly afterwards. I went from Leipsic to Hanau where I surprised them completely. I returned by Witzenhausen and next to Schleswig.

On my return to Altona I saw the famous Count de Saint-Germain, who appeared to evince a growing attachment towards me, above all when he heard that I was not a hunter, and had no other passions contrary to the study of the higher knowledge of Nature. He then said to me : " I shall come to see you at Schleswig and you will see the great things we shall accomplish together." I gave him to understand that I had very good reasons for not accepting the favor he wished to do me, for the time being at any rate. He replied: " I know that I must come to you, and I must speak to you." I knew of no other means of evading all explanation than that of telling him that Colonel Koeppern, who had stopped behind on account of an indisposition, would follow me in a couple of clays, and that he could speak to him about it. I then wrote a letter to Koeppern to tell him to warn, and if possible dissuade, Count de Saint-Germain from coming here. Koeppern arrived at Altona and spoke with him. But the Count replied to him: " You can say what you like; I am going to Schleswig and I shall not delay. The rest will come out all right. You will please have an apartment prepared for me, etc."

Koeppern told me this result of their conversation, which I could not approve. Besides this I obtained much information about this extraordinary man from the Prussian army, for I had spoken particularly with Colonel

Frankenberg, my friend, with regard to him. The latter said to me: "You can be assured that he is by no means a deceiver, and that he possesses extraordinary knowledge. He was at Dresden: I was there with my wife. He wished us both well. My wife wanted to sell a pair of earrings. A jeweller offered her a trifle for them. She mentioned it in the presence of the count, who said to her: ' Will you show them to me? ' "

She did so. Then he said to her: ' Will you entrust them to me for a couple of days?' He gave them back to her after having improved them. The jeweller to whom my wife showed them afterwards, said to her: ' What beautiful stones ! They are altogether different from the ones you showed me before.' And he paid her more than double."

Saint-Germain arrived shortly afterwards at Schleswig. He spoke to me about the great things he wanted to do for humanity, etc. I was not particularly desirous of doing so, but in the end I had my scruples about rejecting knowledge which was in every way important (from a false idea of wisdom or of avarice) and I became his disciple. He spoke much of the *improvement* of colors, which would cost almost nothing, of the *improvement* of metals, adding that it was absolutely necessary to adhere faithfully to this principle. Precious stones cost money to buy; but when one understands their improvement, they increase infinitely in value. There is almost nothing in Nature which he did not know how to improve and use. He confided to me something of the knowledge of nature, but only the introductory part, making me then search for myself, by experiments, for the means of succeeding, and rejoicing exceedingly in my progress. That was the way with metals and precious stones ; but as for the colors, he actually gave me them, as well as some very important information.

Probably there are those who would be glad to know his history, and I will trace it with the greatest exactitude according to his own words, adding the necessary explanations. He told me that he was eighty-eight years old when he came here. He told me he was the son of Prince Ragozy of Transilvania and of his first wife, a Tekely. He was placed under the protection of the last of the Medici, who made him sleep, as a child, in his own room. When he learnt that his two brothers, sons of the Princess of Hese-Rheinfels or Rothenburg, if I am not mistaken, submitted to the Emperor Charles VI and had received the names of St. Charles and St. Elizabeth, after the Emperor and the Empress, he said: "Well then, I will call myself Sanctus Germanus, the Holy Brother !" I cannot guarantee the truth of his birth ; but that he was greatly protected by the last of the Medici I have learnt from another source. This house possessed, as is well known, great knowledge, but he claimed to have learnt those of nature by his own application and his researches. He knew thoroughly all about herbs and plants and had discovered medicines which he continually used and which prolonged his life and his health. I still possess some of his recipes, but the physicians strongly denounced his science after his death. There was a physician there named Lossau, who had been an apothecary, and to whom I gave twelve hundred crowns a year to work with the medicines which the Count of Saint-Germain gave him, among others; and principally with his tea, which the rich bought and the poor received gratis. This doctor cured a number of people, of whom none, to my knowledge, died. But after the death of this physician, disgusted with the proposals I received from all sides, I withdrew all the recipes, and I did not replace Lossau. Saint-Germain wanted to establish a dye factory in the country. That of the late Otte at Eckernforde was empty and neglected. I thus had the opportunity of buying these buildings of the town cheaply, and I there established the Count de Saint-Germain. I bought silks, wools, etc. It was necessary to have many utensils suitable for a factory of this kind. I there saw dyeing operations (according to the method I had learnt and carried out myself in a cup) - fifteen pounds of silk in a great cauldron.

It succeeded perfectly. So one cannot say that there was nothing done on a large scale. Unfortunately, it happened that the Count de Saint-Germain on arrival at Eckernforde lived in a basement room that was very damp, and he had a very bad attack of rheumatism from which, in spite of all his remedies, he never fully recovered.

I went often to see him at Eckernforde and I never left him without new and very interesting instructions, often noting down the questions I wished to ask him. During the latter part of his life I found him very ill one day and believing he was on the point of death. He was visibly perishing. After having dined in his bedroom he made me sit alone by his bedside and then spoke much more clearly to me about many things, prophesying much, and told me to return as soon as possible, which I did, but I found him ill on my return; nevertheless he was very silent. When I went to Cassel in 1783 he told me in case he died during my absence that I should find

a sealed letter written by him which would suffice me. But this letter was never found, having perhaps been confided to unfaithful hands. I often pressed him to give me during his lifetime what he wished to leave me in this note. He was much distressed and said: "Ah, I should be unfortunate, my dear prince, if I dared to speak!"

He was perhaps one of the greatest philosophers that ever existed. A friend of Humanity; only desiring money to give it to the poor ; also a friend of animals; his heart was never occupied except with the good of others. He thought he was making the world happy in providing it with new enjoyments, the most beautiful fabrics, more beautiful colors, much cheaper than previously. For his superb dyes cost almost nothing. I have never seen a man with a clearer intelligence than his, together with an erudition (especially in ancient history) such as I have seldom found.

He had been in all the countries of Europe, and I scarcely know of any where he had not made a long stay. He knew them all thoroughly. He had often been at Constantinople and in Turkey. France, however, appeared to be the country he liked best. He was presented to Louis XV by Madame de Pompadour and was a guest at the " little suppers " of the King. Louis XV had much confidence in him. He even employed him privately to negotiate a peace with England and sent him to The Hague. It was the custom of Louis XV to employ emissaries without the knowledge of his ministers, but he abandoned them when they were found out. The Due de Choiseul had wind of his doings and wanted to have him carried off. But he saved himself just in time. He then gave up the name of Saint-Germain and took that of Count Weldone (*bien fait* - Benefit; kindness). His philosophical principles in religion were pure materialism, but he knew how to put it so well that it was very difficult to oppose successful arguments; but I often had the pleasure of refuting his. He was by no means an adorer of Jesus Christ, permitting himself remarks which were not very agreeable to me in regard to him. I said to him: "My dear Count, it depends upon yourself what you wish to believe about Jesus Christ, but I tell you frankly you distress me much in making suggestions against him, to whom I am thoroughly devoted."

He remained thoughtful for a moment, and did not retort.

"Jesus Christ is nothing, but to distress you, that is something, so I promise never to talk of him again."

On his death-bed, during my absence, he told Lossau one day to tell me when I returned to Cassel that God him given him grace to change his opinion before his death, and added that he knew how much pleasure that would give me, and that I should do still more for his happiness in another world.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XI

(BARON GLEICHEN AND SAINT-GERMAIN)

BARON GLEICHEN was one of those who had the opportunity of meeting and understanding Count Saint-Germain, but he does not appear to have gone very far. Count Saint-Germain was a humanitarian, a philanthropist, seeking to make the world better and happier by every possible means, chiefly that of finding individuals of great possibilities to see that there was a way of making one's efforts tell to the last ounce, if the work were unselfishly undertaken. If they saw the way, he was ready to lead them as far as they could go; until one has tried, it is impossible to say how difficult it is to do this simple thing, and we need not criticise those who failed in the early stages of their training for want of altruism or stamina.

Baron Gleichen took the first step and ranged himself under the Count's banner as a disciple. But he complains that in six months he learned nothing. This at once declares the situation. He was expecting to be given teaching for which he was not ready. Disappointed, he naturally blames his teacher. It is astonishing how easy it is for a pupil, who does not learn, to take the position that it is the teacher's fault. There are few parents who are unacquainted with the child above the age of three who is ready to teach, blame, and criticise those who are grown-up. And grown-ups in certain circumstances are only big children. Saint-Germain was waiting for Baron Gleichen to learn character, and the latter was probably waiting for the Count to pump curious

knowledge into him, with a resulting deadlock all to the disadvantage of the Baron. For Saint-Germain had plenty of other work to do.

No man likes to confess weakness; so Gleichen naturally speaks of Saint-Germain in a slightly patronizing tone, as if he were not a man of particular importance, although interesting enough. And though he tells us the ridiculous story of the young society idiot who existed then as now, he is not above telling us other things as being seriously meant which are founded upon no more important basis; in fact some of them are not society gossip, but the deliberate inventions or distortions of enemies who believe in "always preserving appearances" and damning an enemy with an indulgent friendly smile.

The remark about Saint-Germain at Triesdorf we are told elsewhere is sheer nonsense. And yet Saint-Germain was an entertaining companion who in a family circle might allow himself and be allowed a certain playfulness free of all ill manners; enemies would seize on such a detail and make a mountain out of it; they not only would do so; they did do so. And they took in many who ought to have known better. We know how in another case poor Carlyle was completely hoodwinked by a bogus "biography" into taking away a great man's character for the best part of a century.

Oddly enough, it is the famous Madame de Genlis who protests against this false gossip (she calls the author Gleinhau), and yet she is caught in the very same way, calls Saint-Germain a charlatan, and repeats a ridiculous story of Saint-Germain's death which she knew nothing at all about. In kindness to his friend Prince Charles, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, Saint-Germain left a message to say that he was not opposed to the (true) Christian religion, and this was seized upon by his enemies and built up into a deathbed scene filled with the horrors of the church of the Middle Ages, and similar nonsense.

Well his enemies knew the value of an indirect seemingly disinterested suggestion - if possible, sown at third hand!

It is to be noted that Gleichen was a prominent Mason and knew more than he cared to say about many things. He was one of the delegates at the great Paris Convention that sent a humble petition to Cagliostro to "give them light." One or two accounts say definitely that Count Saint-Germain was at that Convention. If so, his name does not appear among the names of the official delegates, and it may be an error to suppose he attended. Possibly he attended under another name in quite a private capacity. The key to the Convention was Cagliostro - Saint-Germain's follower, and in the sense that Saint-Germain prepared the way for Cagliostro it may be said that he took a prominent part in that very remarkable Convention of 1785.

FROM THE SOUVENIRS OF BARON GLEICHEN

The inclination towards the marvelous which is inborn in mankind, my own particular attraction towards impossibilities, the unrest of my habitual scepticism, my contempt for all that we know and my respect for all that we do not such are the motives which have impelled me to travel for a great part of my life in the realms of imagination. None of my journeys have given me so much pleasure as these; and I am now discontented with having to stay at home.

As I am convinced that one can only be constantly happy in the pursuit of a happiness which forever eludes one's grasp, without ever allowing itself to be attained, I am less dissatisfied at not having found anything of that which I have been seeking, than I am at not knowing any longer where to go nor having a guide or companion on the way. I am alone, sitting in my castles in Spain which I build and then destroy like a little child who builds his houses of cards and then overturns them.

But in order to vary my pleasures and to refresh my imagination I am going to retrace the memories of some of the principal personages whom I have met during my travels, who have guided me, lodged, fed me, and have procured me enjoyments no less real than many another which has passed and exists no more. I will commence with the celebrated Saint-Germain, not only because he has been for me the first of all in point of time, but because he was the first of his kind.

Returning to Paris in 1759, I paid a visit to the widow of the chevalier Lambert whom I had known before, and there I saw entering after me a man of medium height, very robust, clothed with a magnificent simplicity and very elegant. He threw his hat and his sword on the bed of the mistress of the apartment, sat down on a fauteuil near the fire and interrupted the conversation by saying to the man who was speaking at the time:

"You don't know what you are talking about; I alone can speak about that matter which I have exhausted, like music which I have abandoned because it is impossible to go any farther."

I asked with astonishment of my neighbor who that man was and he told me it was the famous M. de Saint-Germain who possessed the rarest secrets, and to whom the King had given an apartment in the Chateau of Chamborcl, who passed entire evenings at Versailles with his Majesty and Madame de Pompadour, and who was run after by everybody whenever he came to Paris. Madame Lambert engaged me to dine with her the next day, adding with a radiant face that I should dine with M. de Saint-Germain, who, I may say parenthetically, was paying his attentions to one of the daughters and lodged in the house. The impertinence of the personage long kept me in a respectful silence at that dinner; finally I hazarded some observations on the subject of paintings, and I enlarged upon the various masterpieces I had seen in Italy. I had the honor to find grace in the eyes of M. de Saint-Germain. He said to me: "I am pleased with you, and you deserve that I should show you presently a dozen pictures of which you have not seen the like in Italy."

And he practically kept his word, for the pictures which he showed me were all of exceptional singularity or perfection, which made them more interesting than many choice bits of the first rank, especially a Holy Family of Murillo, which is equal in beauty to that of Raphael at Versailles; but he showed me a good deal more; there were a number of precious stones, and above all colored diamonds, of a size and perfection which were surprising. I thought I was contemplating the treasures of Aladdin. There were among other things an opal of an enormous size, and a white sapphire of the size of an egg which outshone all the other stones I put beside it for purposes of comparison. I boast of a knowledge of jewels and I can assert that the eye could not discover any reason to doubt the fineness of the stones, even though they were unmounted.

I stayed with him until midnight and when I left him I was a very faithful partisan of his. I followed him for six months with the most submissive assiduity, and he taught me nothing except the knowledge of the progress and singularity of charlatany. Never has a man of his sort had such a talent for exciting the curiosity and of working upon the credulity of those who listened to him.

He knew how big a dose of the marvelous to inject into his stories according to the respectability of his auditor. When he was telling a fool an incident of the time of Charles V he told him quite bluntly that he had been present, and when he spoke to some one less credulous he contented himself with describing the most minute details, the faces and gestures of the speakers, even including the room and the place which they occupied, with a wealth of detail and a vivacity which gave one the impression of listening to a man who had really been present. Sometimes in relating a conversation of Francis I or of Henry VIII he shammed absence of mind, and said: "The King turned towards me" . . . than he promptly swallowed the "me," and continued with the haste of a man who has forgotten himself for a moment, "towards the Duke of So-and-so." In a general way he knew history most minutely, and he made pictures and scenes so naturally represented that no eyewitness has ever described a recent adventure so well as he did those of past centuries. "

These silly Parisians," he said to me one day, "believe that I am five hundred years old, and I confirm them in that idea since I see that it gives them so much pleasure. Not that I am not infinitely older than I appear" - for he wanted me to be his dupe up to a certain point. But the credulity of Paris did not stop at giving him an age of merely a few centuries: they went so far as to make him a contemporary of Jesus Christ, and here is the circumstance that gave rise to that tale.

There was at Paris a certain joker, whom they called Milord Gower because he imitated the English to perfection. After having been employed in the Seven Years' war by the Court in the capacity of spy upon the English army, the courtiers got him to play the part of all sorts of folk, in order to mystify more serious people. So it was this Milord Gower that these practical jokers brought to the Marais under the name of M. de Saint-Germain to satisfy the curiosity of the ladies and the novelty-seekers of that part of Paris, who were more

easily deceived than the people of the Palais Royal; it was on this stage that the false adept was permitted to play his part, at first moderately enough, but seeing that they received all he said with such admiration, he went back from century to century to Jesus Christ, of whom he spoke with as great familiarity as if he had been his friend.

"I knew him intimately," he said, "he was the best man in the world, but fantastic and thoughtless; I often predicted to him that he would finish badly." Then our actor enlarged upon the services he had sought to render him by the intercession of Madame Pilate, whose house he visited daily. He said he had known the Virgin· Mary very well, Saint Elizabeth, and even Saint Anne, her old mother.

"As for the latter," he said, "I did her a very good turn after her death. Without me she would never have been canonized. Fortunately for her I happened to be at the Council of Nice and as I was acquainted with a good many of the bishops who composed it I begged them so hard and I repeated to them so often that she was such a good woman, that it would cost them so little to make a saint of her, that she was given her title."

It is this facetiousness that is so absurd and was repeated so seriously in Paris that gave M. de Saint-Germain the fame of possessing a medicine which restored youth and conferred immortality; it is this that was at the bottom of the farcical story of the old lady attendant of a lady who had hidden a phial full of this divine potion; the old soubrette unearthed it and swallowed so much of it that from drinking and becoming younger she became a little child again.

Although all these fables, and several anecdotes as to the age of Saint-Germain, deserved neither the credence nor the attention of sensible people, it is nevertheless true that there is something marvelous in the comparison of the details that people worthy of confidence have testified to me in regard to the long duration and the almost incredible preservation of his features. I have heard Rameau and an old relative of an ambassador of France at Venice assert that they had known M. de Saint-Germain there in 1710, but looking like a man of fifty years. In 1759 he appeared to be sixty years old, and then M. Morin, afterwards my secretary at the embassy, upon whose veracity I can rely, renewing at my house his acquaintance made in 1735 in a journey to Holland, was prodigiously astonished not to find him aged by a single year. All who have known him since until his death which happened in Schleswig in 1780, if I am not mistaken, and whom I have questioned as to the appearance of his age, have always replied that he seemed to be a well-preserved sexagenarian.

There, then, you have a man of fifty years old who has only aged ten years in seventy, and an item which appears to me to be the most extraordinary and the most remarkable in his history.

He possessed several chemical secrets, especially in regard to making colors, dyes, and a kind of imitation gold of rare beauty. Perhaps even it was he who composed those stones which I have mentioned and whose fineness cannot be called in question by any other test than the file. But I never heard him speak of a universal medicine.

He lived on a very strict diet, never drank while he ate, and purged himself with senna leaves which he made up himself; there you have all the advice he gave his friends who questioned him about the means that were necessary to live a long life. In general he never announced, like other charlatans, supernatural knowledge.

His philosophy was that of Lucretius; he spoke with a mysterious emphasis of the profundities of nature, and opened to the imagination a career, vague, obscure and immense as to the nature of science, its treasures, and the nobility of its origin.

He amused himself telling details of his childhood, and depicted himself then surrounded by a numerous suite, and promenading on magnificent terraces in a delicious climate, as if he had been the hereditary prince of the king of Granada at the time of the Moors. What is very true is that no one, no police, have ever been able to discover who he was, nor even his nationality.

He spoke German and English very well, and French with a Piedmontese accent; but above all he spoke Spanish and Portuguese without the least accent. I have heard it said that among several German, Italian and

Russian names under which he has appeared with brilliance in different countries, he also used that of the Marquis of Montferrat. I remember that the old Baron de Stosch told me that he had known at Florence during the reign of the Regent, a Marquis of Montferrat who passed for a natural son of the widow of Charles II who had retired to Bayonne, and of a Madrid banker.

M. de Saint-Germain used to frequent the house of M. de Choiseul, and was very well received there. We were very much astonished therefore at a violent attack the minister made on his wife on the subject of our hero.

He asked her bluntly why she did not drink? and she replied to him, that she was practising like myself the diet of M. de Saint-Germain with good success. M. de Choiseul told her, "As regards the Baron, in whom I have recognized a peculiar attraction towards adventurers, he is the master of his own dieting arrangements; but you, madame, whose health is precious to me, I forbid you to follow the crazes of so questionable a man."

In order to cut short the conversation, which was becoming a little embarrassing, the Bailly de Solar asked M. de Choiseul if it was really true that the government did not know the name of a man who lived in France upon such distinguished footing?

"Without doubt we know," replied M. de Choiseul (and this minister was not telling the truth); "he is the son of a Portuguese Jew, who deceives the credulity of the city and the Court. It is strange," added he, becoming more heated, "that they permit the King to be so often almost alone with such a man, whilst he only goes out surrounded by guards, as if there were assassins everywhere."

This outburst of anger came from his jealousy of the Marshal de Belle Isle, of whom Saint-Germain was the prompting genius, and to whom he had given the plan and the model of the famous flat-boats which were to serve for a descent upon England.

The consequences of this enmity and the suspicions of M. de Choiseul developed a few months afterwards. The Marshal constantly intrigued to make himself the sponsor of a private treaty with Prussia and to break the system of the alliance between Austria and France, upon which was founded the credit of the Due de Choiseul. Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour desired this private peace. Saint-Germain persuaded them to send him to The Hague to the Duke of Brunswick, whose intimate friend he said he was, and promised to succeed through this channel in a negotiation of which his eloquence presented the advantages under their most seductive aspect.

The Marshal prepared the instructions, and the King gave them himself with a cipher to M. de Saint-Germain, who, after his arrival at The Hague, thought himself sufficiently authorized to act without the minister.

His indiscretion caused M. d'Affry, then Ambassador in Holland, to penetrate the secret of this mission, and by means of a courier he sent to M. de Choiseul, he made bitter complaints of his exposing an old friend of his father, and the dignity of the office of ambassador, to the indignity of having a peace negotiated under his own eyes by an obscure stranger without giving him any information on the matter.

M. de Choiseul immediately sent the courier back with orders to M. d'Affry to demand with all possible energy of the States-General that M. de Saint-Germain should be delivered to him, and that done, to send him, bound hand and foot, to the Bastille. The next day, M. de Choiseul produced in the council the despatch of M. d'Affry; then he read the reply he had made to it, and haughtily glancing round on his assembled colleagues and alternatively fixing his eye on the King and M. de Belle Isle, he added: "If I have not taken the time to receive the orders of the King, it is because I am persuaded that no one here would have been bold enough to desire to negotiate a peace without the knowledge of the minister of foreign affairs of your Majesty!" He knew that this prince had established and always supported the principle that the minister of one department ought not to interfere in the affairs of another.

The result was as he had foreseen: the King hung his head like a guilty person, the Marshal dared not say a word, and the action of M. de Choiseul was approved; but M. de Saint-Germain escaped him. The High Powers of the States-General, after having made much of their condescension, sent a large guard to arrest M. de Saint-Germain, who had been secretly warned and had taken flight to England.

I have good reason to think that he soon left that country to go to Petersburg. Then he appeared in Dresden, in Venice, and in Milan, negotiating with the governments of those countries to sell them secrets and dyes and to establish factories. He had then the appearance of a man who was seeking his fortune, and was arrested in a little town of Piedmont on account of a protested bill of exchange ; but - he displayed negotiable securities of 100,000 crowns' value, paid on the spot, treated the governor of that town like a nigger, and was released with the most respectful excuses. In 1770 he left for Leghorn, with a Russian name, and wearing a general's uniform, and was treated by Count Alexis Orloff with a consideration that that proud and insolent man showed to no other, and which appeared to me to have much to do with a conversation his brother Prince Gregor had with the Margrave of Anspach.

Saint-Germain took up his quarters some years afterwards at the house of the Margrave, and having invited him to accompany him to see this famous favorite of Catherine II, who was passing through Nurnberg, the latter said in a low tone to the Margrave, speaking of Saint-Germain, whom he had received with a cordial welcome, " There is a man who played a great part in our revolution."

He was living at Triesdorf and he lived there as he liked, with an imperious insolence which fitted him to a marvel, treating the Margrave like a little boy. When the latter humbly asked him questions about his science, the reply was "You are too young to understand those things."

In order to obtain more respect in that little Court, he showed from time to time letters he had received from Frederick the Great: " Do you know that handwriting and that seal? " he said to the Margrave, showing him the letter in its envelope. " Yes, that is the little seal of the King." " Well, you shall not know what is inside it! " and then he put the letter back in his pocket.

This prince asserts that the precious stones of M. de Saint-Germain were false, having found means to have one tested with a file by a jeweler who was brought to see the diamond while it was being taken to the Margrave to show him, as he was in bed, because Saint-Germain took great care not to let his stones go out of his sight.

Finally this extraordinary man died near Schleswig, at the house of Prince Charles of Hesse, whom he had entirely subjugated, and had drawn into speculations that had turned out badly. During the last year of his life he was attended only by women who looked after him and coddled him like another Solomon, and after having gradually lost his strength, he passed away in their arms.

All the efforts of his friends, the servants, and even his brothers to drag from this prince the secret of the origin of M. de Saint-Germain have been without avail; but having inherited all his papers and received the letters that arrived after his decease, the prince ought to be better informed on this point than we, who likely enough will never learn any more ; and an obscurity so singular is worthy of the man himself.

SAINT -GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XII

MADAME DE GENLIS AND SAINT-GERMAIN

THE famous Madame de Genlis met Saint-Germain in her childhood. In her memoirs, (everybody wrote memoirs at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries) she gives us an interesting little sketch of him as she knew and remembered him. She protests against some of the silly gossip published about the time she wrote, but was not sharp enough to avoid some of the cunningly-sown details that were amiably spread abroad to catch such cars as hers. She calls him a charlatan. She knew absolutely nothing about the point.

What she says of her own reminiscences is doubtless correct enough, but when she goes off at the end into what she "heard," she is wide of the mark. The " dying terrors," " the terrible fear of an agitated conscience," and other details which she ought to have known enough not to repeat, have on them the stamp of overdoing

that always betrays their origin. One thinks involuntarily of the last chapter of Mark, "verse nine to the end," where some pious hands cannot let us go without this same trail of the serpent, invented horrors and vague fears that actually found believers at one time. Now people know better and "some versions omit," etc. It is an old story.

One thing she tells us is especially interesting. It is about Saint-Germain's childhood as he described it. As in so many lives like his, it is possible to have facts which are facts and symbols too, or even symbols alone. In this case a wise student declares that Saint-Germain was talking the language of pure symbolism and obligingly gives us one meaning of what he said. We must not forget that even if he was much greater than his associates, he was still a Mason and could use Masonic symbolism legitimately. When that same student tells us that he was born at a certain place, he in his turn may be using symbolic language, and we shall have more to say upon the point later.

Madame de Genlis was born on January 25, 1746, and when she was a child she saw Count Saint-Germain in Paris. Judging from her account of him her acquaintance with him must have been about the year 1757 and before 1760, between the ages of eleven and fourteen.

In her Memoire, published in 1825, she says:

But I have forgotten to speak of a very singular personage whom I saw almost every day for more than six months, before the departure of my father : this was the famous charlatan, comte de Saint-Germain. [Note. In the year 1813, in the Journal of the Empire for May, several characteristics have been quoted about this Count Saint-Germain, taken, they say from the unpublished memoirs of a Baron de Gleinhau (Gleichen?) : all these anecdotes are false and are related by some one who had never known this Count Saint-Germain].

He appeared then to be at the most forty-five years old. and from the testimony of people who had seen him thirty or thirty-five years before: it seems certain that he was much older; he was a little above medium height. well built and with a brisk step; his hair was black, his complexion deep brown, his physiognomy very spirituelle, his features regular. He spoke French perfectly without any accent, and also English, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He was an excellent musician; he accompanied from memory on the clavecin any song, with a wonderful perfection at which I have: seen Phillidor astonished. as well as at his style of playing his preludes. He was a good physician and a very great chemist : my father was a well-qualified judge and greatly admired his work in this line. He painted in oils, not in the very highest style as has been declared, but agreeably. He had found a secret of colors that was truly marvelous, rendering his pictures very extraordinary; he painted historical subjects in the grand style; he never failed to adorn his female figures with jewels and precious stones: then he used his colors to paint their ornaments, and the emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, etc., really had the brilliance, the reflections, and the glitter, of the stones they represented. Latour, Vanloo, and other painters. have been to see these pictures and have admired greatly the surprising workmanship of these dazzling colors, which had the effect of leaving the figures in the shade, destroying their balance by the power of their astonishing illusion. But for ornamental purposes great profit could have been made with Saint-Germain's singular colors, whose secret he would never disclose. M. Saint-Germain's conversation was instructive and amusing; he had traveled a great deal and knew modern history with an astonishing amount of detail, which made him speak of the most ancient people as if he had lived with them; but I have never heard him say anything likely. His principles were of the loftiest, he complied with all the exterior duties of religion with exactitude, he was very charitable, and every one agreed that his morals were the very purest. Also. his whole bearing and discourse were serious. However, one must confess that this man, so extraordinary in his talents and the extent of his knowledge and all that can merit personal consideration. knowledge, noble and dignified manners, and an exemplary conduct, wealth, and beneficence, that this man, I say, was a charlatan, or at least a man exalted by some private secrets which have certainly given him a robust health and a life longer than the ordinary life of men. I avow that I am persuaded, and my father believed it firmly, that M. de Saint-Germain, who appeared at that time to be at most forty-five years of age, was more than ninety. If people did not abuse everything they would reach a more advanced age than even that of which one sometimes sees examples: without man's passions and his intemperance, *the age of man would be a hundred years and a very long life a hundred and fifty or a hundred and sixty years.* In such a case one would be as vigorous at ninety as a man of forty or fifty years; thus, my supposition as regards M. de Saint-Germain has

nothing unreasonable about it, if one admits the supposition that he had found, by chemical means, the composition of a potion, especially of a liquor suited to his temperament; one could admit also without believing in the philosopher's stone, that he was at the time of which I speak of a much more advanced age than that which I give him. M. de Saint-Germain, during the first four months of our acquaintance, not only never said an extravagant thing, but did not even make a single extraordinary statement; there was even something so dignified and worthy of respect in his person, that my mother dared not question him as to the singularities that were attributed to him ; finally, one evening, after having accompanied me by ear in several Italian songs, he told me that in four or five years I should have a beautiful voice, and he added : "And when you are seventeen or eighteen years old, would you not like very much to be fixed at that age, at least for a great number of years? " I replied that I should be charmed. " Well," he replied quite gravely, " I promise it to you," and immediately changed the subject.

These few words emboldened my mother; an instant later she asked him if it was true that Germany was his country. He shook his head with a mysterious air, and giving a profound sigh, replied, "All that I can tell you of my birth is that at the age of seven years I was wandering in the depths of the forests with my guardian, ... and that there was a price put upon my head ! ... " These words made me shudder, for I did not doubt the sincerity of this great confidence. . . . " On the eve of my flight," continued M. de Saint-Germain, "my mother, whom I was never to see again ! ... attached her portrait to my arm! " . . . "Ah Dieu! " I exclaimed. At this M. de Saint-Germain looked at me, and appeared to be affected at seeing my eyes filled with tears. "I am going to show it to you," he continued. At these words he turned back his sleeve, and detached a bracelet perfectly painted in enamel, representing a very beautiful woman. I contemplated this portrait with the keenest emotion. M. de Saint-Germain added nothing and changed the conversation. When he had gone, I was much annoyed at hearing my mother laugh at *his proscription*, and the *queen his mother*, because this *price placed on his head at the age of seven years*, that flight in *the forests with a guardian*, gave us to understand that he was the son of a dethroned sovereign. . . . I believed and I wanted to believe this grand romance, so that my mother's pleasantries greatly upset me. After that day M. de Saint-Germain said nothing remarkable of that kind; I only heard him speak of music, arts, and curious things which he had seen during his voyages. He constantly gave me excellent bonbons in the form of fruits, which he assured me he had made himself; of all his talents this was not the one I esteemed the least. He also gave me a very curious bonbon box of which he had made the lid. The box, of black tortoise-shell, was very large; the top was ornamented with an agate much smaller than the lid; the box was placed before the fire, in an instant, on taking it away, the agate was no more to be seen but in its place one could see a pretty miniature representing a shepherdess holding a basket full of flowers; this figure remained until the box was again heated, when the agate reappeared and hid the figure. This would be a pretty way of hiding a portrait. I have since invented a composition with which I imitate all sorts of stones sufficiently to deceive any one, and even transparent agates ; this invention has made me guess the trick of the box of M. de Saint-Germain.

To finish all that has any connexion with this singular man I should say that fifteen or sixteen years later, when passing through Siena in Italy, I heard that he was living in that town and that they did not suppose he was more than fifty years old. Sixteen or seventeen years later, being in Holstein, I learnt from the Prince of Hesse, brother-in-law of the King of Denmark, and father-in-law of the Prince royal (now occupying the throne'), that M. de Saint-Germain had died at the Prince's residence six months before my arrival in the country. The Prince had the kindness to answer all my questions about this famous personage; he told me that he looked neither aged nor broken down at the time of his death, but that he appeared to be consumed by an intolerable sadness. The Prince had given him apartments in his house and had made experiments in chemistry with him. M. de Saint-Germain had made his appearance in Holstein not with the appearance of poverty. but without a staff of servants and without any magnificence. He had then several beautiful diamonds.

He died of consumption. He showed in dying horrible terrors and even his reason was affected by them ; it went to pieces completely two months before his death ; everything about him showed the terrible fear of an agitated conscience. This tale troubled me, for I had retained much interest in this extraordinary personage.

ACCOUNT OF SAINT-GERMAIN AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XV by

MADAME DU HASSET, LADY-IN-WAITING TO MADAME DE POMPADOUR THE KING'S FAVORITE

M. de Saint-Germain said one day to the King: " In order to respect men it is necessary to be neither confessor nor minister nor lieutenant of police."

The King said to him, " Nor King."

"Ah, Sire," said he, " you have seen the fog there was some clays ago. It was impossible to see anything four steps away. Kings, (I speak in general terms) are surrounded by still thicker fogs, which intriguing courtiers and unfaithful ministers raise around them, and all classes are in league to make him see things under an aspect different from the true one."

I heard this from the mouth of the Count Saint-Germain when he was visiting Madame de Pompadour who was indisposed and in bed. The King came in and the count who was very welcome had been received. There were there M. de Gontaut, Madame de Brancas, and the Abbe de Bernis.

One clay Madame said to him before me at her toilette, " What did Francis I look like? He is a King I should have loved." " He was also very amiable," said Saint-Germain : and he then described his face and his whole person as one does of a man whom one has looked at very thoroughly. " It is a pity that he was too hasty. I could have given him a good piece of advice which would have protected him against all his misfortunes ... but he would not have followed it, for it seems that there is a kind of fatality that attaches itself to princes and makes them close their ears, that is to say their mental hearing, to the best policy, above all at the most critical moments."

"And the Constable," said Madame, "what do you think of him?"

" I cannot say too much good or too much bad," he replied.

"Was the court of Francis I very beautiful?"

"Very beautiful, but that of his grandson infinitely surpassed it; and at the time of Mary Stuart and of Marguerite de Valois, it was an enchanted country, the temple of pleasures ; those of the mind blended together there.

The two queens were very clever, making verses, and it was a pleasure to hear them."

Madame said to him laughing, " It seems that you saw all that."

" I have a good memory," he said, " and I have read much of the history of France. Sometimes I amuse myself, not in making people believe, but in letting them believe that I lived in the most ancient times."

"But in any case you do not tell your age and you give yourself out to be very old. The Countess de Gergy, who was fifty years ago, I think, ambassadress at Venice, says she knew you there exactly as you are today."

"I t is true, Madame, that I knew Madame de Gergy a long time ago. " " But according to what she says, you must be more than a hundred years old now?"

" That is not impossible, " he said laughing; " but I agree that it is even more possible that that lady, whom I respect, is in her dotage."

"You gave her," she says, "an elixir of astonishing virtue; she claims that she has stopped at the age of eighty for a long time. Why do you not give some of it to the King? "

"Ah, Madame," said he, with a sort of fright, " I should be ill advised to give the King an unknown drug; I should be mad to do so."

I went to my room to write this conversation. Some days later the King, Madame, some gentlemen, and the Count de Saint-Germain were discussing the secret he had of making spots disappear from diamonds. The King sent for a medium-sized diamond which had a spot. They had it weighed, and the King said to the Count : "I t is valued at six thousand livres, but it would be worth ten without the spot. Will you undertake to make me gain

four thousand francs?" He examined it well, and said: "It is possible, and in a month I will bring it to your Majesty."

A month later the count brought the diamond to the King without a spot; it was wrapped in an asbestos cloth which he took away with him. The King had it weighed, and it weighed about the same. The King sent it to his jeweler, without saying anything to him, by M. de Gontaut, who brought back nine thousand six hundred francs ; but the king had it returned so that he could keep it as a curiosity. He did not recover from his surprise, and he said that M. de Saint-Germain ought to be worth millions, especially if he had the secret of making big diamonds out of little ones.

To this he said neither yes nor no; but he positively asserted that he knew how to make pearls grow and how to give them the most perfect appearance. The King treated him with consideration, and so did Madame. It is she who told me what I am going to say.

M. Quesnay told me in regard to pearls: It is a disease of oysters and it is possible to learn the principle of it. Thus M. de Saint-Germain can enlarge pearls; but he is none the less a charlatan, since he has an elixir of life, and he also gives people to understand that he is several centuries old; besides this the man is a little affected, and sometimes speaks of being of a high parentage.

I have seen him several times; he appeared to be fifty years old ; he was neither stout nor lean; he had a fine manner and bright, dressed very simply, but in good taste. He had very beautiful diamonds on his fingers as well as on his snuff-box and his watch. One day when the court was in full dress he came to Madame's apartment with his shoe buckles and garters holding such fine diamonds that Madame said she did not believe the King had such beautiful ones. He went into the anteroom to take them off and brought them to be seen more closely; and in comparing the stone with others, M. de Gontaut, who was there, said that they were worth at least two hundred thousand francs. That same day he had a snuff-box of infinite value, and ruby sleeve buttons which were very rich and extraordinary; and the King never suffered any one to speak of him with contempt or jokingly. They say that he is a bastard of the King of Portugal.

The Count de Saint-Germain came to Madame who was unwell and who was on the sofa, and showed her a little box which contained topazes, rubies, emeralds. It appeared that he had enough of them to form a large treasure. Madame called me to see all these beautiful things. I regarded them with astonishment, but I made signs behind Madame's back that I thought they were all false. The Count having looked for something in a portfolio twice as big as a spectacle-case, he took from it two or three little papers which he unfolded, showing a superb ruby, and disdainfully throwing aside on the table a little cross of white and green stones. I looked at it and said: "That is not so much to be despised, either."

I tried it on and I showed that I thought it pretty. The Count immediately begged me to accept it; I refused and he insisted. Madame also refused on my behalf. Finally he pressed me so insistently that Madame, who saw that it could scarcely be worth more than forty louis, made me a sign to accept. I took the cross, very well contented with the Count's charming manners; and Madame some days afterwards made him a present of an enameled box on which was the portrait of some Grecian sage whose name I forgot now, to compare with himself.

I showed the cross to the others and they said it was worth fifteen hundred francs. He proposed to Madame to show her some portraits in enamel of Petitot, and Madame told him to return after dinner during the hunt. He showed his portraits and Madame said to him :

" They are talking of a charming story which you told a couple of days ago when you were at supper with the Premier and of which you were witness fifty or sixty years ago."

He smiled and said :

" It is rather long."

" So much the better," said Madame, and she appeared charmed. M. de Gontaut and the ladies arrived and the door was closed. Then Madame made me a sign to take a seat behind a screen. The count made many

excuses as to the possibility of the story being wearisome. He said that sometimes one could tell a story passing well and that at other times it was a different matter. "

The Marquis de Saint-Gilles was Spanish Ambassador at The Hague at the beginning of this century. In his younger days he had known very well the Count de Moncade, a grandee of Spain, and one of the richest lords of the country. Some months after his arrival at The Hague, he received a letter from the Count, who, invoking his friendship, begged him to do him one of the greatest of services. ' You know,' he said, ' my dear Marquis, the disappointment I have had in not being able to perpetuate the name of Moncade; it pleased heaven a short time after I left you to hear my prayers and to grant me a son; he has early manifested the inclinations worthy of a man of his birth, but unfortunately he has become enamoured of the leading actress of the troupe of comedians in Toledo. I shut my eyes to this vagary of a young man who until then has only given me satisfaction. But having learnt that passion had carried him to the point of wanting to marry this girl, and that he had promised it to her in writing, I petitioned the king to have her imprisoned. My son learning my procedure, anticipated me, and has fled with the object of his passion. I do not know his movements for the past six months but I have some reason to think that he is at The Hague.'

" The Count then begged the Marquis in the name of friendship to make the minutest search for him and to get him to return home.

" 'It is only right,' said the Count, 'to set the girl up in life if she consents to give up the written promise of marriage, and I leave it to you to settle the amount she should have, and also the sum necessary to send my son in a suitable manner to Madrid. I do not know if you are a father,' said the Count in conclusion, 'but if you are, you can form an idea of my distress.'

"The Count gave with this letter an exact description of his son and his mistress. The Marquis had no sooner received the letter than he sent round to all the inns in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague, but in vain, for he could discover nothing. He was beginning to despair of his search having any success when he conceived the idea of employing a young French page who was very wide-awake. He promised him a reward if he succeeded in discovering the person in whom he was so keenly interested and he gave him the description. The page for several days went round all the public places without success; finally one evening at the theater, he perceived in a loge the young man and a woman whom he was attentively regarding; and having noticed that struck with his attention, the young man and the woman retired to the back of the box, the page no longer doubted that he had succeeded in his search. He did not lose the box from sight and carefully watched all that went on. At the moment when the piece finished he went to the passage that led from the boxes to the door and he noticed that the young man passing him observed the livery he wore and tried to hide himself by putting his handkerchief to his face. He followed them unostentatiously to the inn called the ' Viscomte de Turenne ' which he saw them enter together. Sure of having found what he was looking for, he ran quickly to tell the ambassador. The Marquis de Saint-Gille immediately put on his cloak and followed by the page and two servants, went to the 'Vicomte de Turenne.' After arriving at the inn. he asked the landlord for the room of the young man and woman who had been lodging there for some time. The landlord at first made difficulties in asking him to give the name of the one he wished to see. The page told him to observe that he was talking to the Spanish ambassador who had good reason to speak to these persons. The landlord said that they did not want to be recognized and that they had forbidden that any one should be taken to their room without giving the names; but out of consideration for the ambassador he pointed out the room and took them to the top of the house to a wretched room. He knocked at the door and there was some delay in opening; then having knocked again more sharply. the door was half opened and at the sight of the ambassador and his suite the one who had half-opened it wanted to shut it again, saying that there had been some mistake. The ambassador pushed the door violently open and made signs to his people to await him outside. Alone in the room he saw a young man, of very good figure, and whose features were exactly those given in the description. With him was a young woman, beautiful, of very good figure and equally corresponding to the description given by his friend the Count de Moncade, as regards her hair, her figure, and her features. The young man spoke first and complained of the violence that had been used to enter the apartment of a stranger in a free country, and who was living there under the protection of the laws. The ambassador replied as he advanced and embraced him:

"It is no use pretending here, my dear Count. I know you and I have not come to annoy you nor this young lady, who appears to be very charming."

"The young man replied that there was a mistake, that he was not a Count, but the son of a merchant at Cadiz; that the young lady was his wife, and that they were traveling for pleasure.

"The ambassador cast his eyes round the room, which was very badly furnished with a single bed, and saw the very meager baggage here and there.

"My child," he said, "my tender friendship for your father authorizes me to call you so - is this the proper place for the son of the Count of Moncade to live?"

"All the time the young man made as if he could not understand this language. Finally, overcome by the insistence of the ambassador, he avowed, weeping, that he was the son of Moncade, but declared that he would never return to his father, if he had to abandon a young woman whom he adored. The woman, bursting into tears, threw herself at the knees of the ambassador, telling him that she did not want to be the cause of the ruin of the Viscount de Moncade, and her generosity, or rather her love triumphing over her own interest, she consented for his happiness, she said, to separate from him. The ambassador admired her wonderful unselfishness. The young man gave way to despair, blaming his mistress and did not want to abandon her at all, nor to have her turn against herself, in the sublime generosity of her heart.

"The ambassador tells him that the intention of the Count de Moncade is not to make her unhappy, and he announces that he is charged to give her a suitable amount for her return to Spain or for her to live in any place she pleases. The nobility of her sentiments and the sincerity of her tenderness, inspire him, he says, with the greatest interest and obliges him to make as high as possible the sum which he is authorized to give her; and in consequence, he promises her ten thousand florins, about thirty thousand francs, which will be given to her the moment she returns the promise of marriage which had been given to her, and as soon as the Count has taken an apartment at the embassy, and promised to return to Spain. The young woman appears not to observe the amount, only thinking of her lover, of the grief of parting from him, of the cruel sacrifice which reason and her own love oblige her to make. Then drawing from a little portfolio the promise of marriage signed by the Count, she says:

"I know his heart too well to have need of it."

"She kisses it several times with transport, and gives it to the ambassador, who is surprised at such magnanimity. He promises the young woman that he will always take an interest in her future, and assures the count that his father pardons him. With open arms, he says, he receives the prodigal son returning to the bosom of his sorrowing family; the heart of a father is an inexhaustible mine of tenderness. What will be the happiness of his friend, so long afflicted, when he learns this news, and how happy he will be to know that he is the instrument of such felicity!

"Such is the discourse of the ambassador, and the young man appears keenly affected. The ambassador who fears that during the night, love may reassert its empire, and will triumph over the generous resolve of the young woman, presses the young Count to follow him to his mansion. The tears and the grief of this cruel separation are difficult to describe. The ambassador is keenly affected and promises his protection to the young woman. The Count's few belongings are no trouble to carry, and he finds himself installed that evening in the ambassador's most beautiful apartment. The latter is full of joy at having returned to the illustrious house of Moncade the heir of its splendors and of the magnificent domains of which it is the possessor.

"The next day, on rising, the young Count sees tailors, cloth-merchants, and lace-makers arrive, and he has only to choose. Two valets and three lackeys are in his antechamber, chosen by the ambassador among the most capable and best of their class; they present themselves to him and declare that they are at his service. The ambassador shows the young Count the letter which he has just written to his father, in which he congratulates him on having a son whose sentiments and qualities respond to the nobility of his blood, and he announces his prompt return. The young lady is not forgotten. He avows owing partly to her generosity the submission of her lover and does not doubt that the Count will approve his gift to her of ten thousand florins.

This sum was remitted the same day to the noble and interesting person in question, and she lost no time in departing.

"The preparations for the Count's journey were made; a magnificent wardrobe and an excellent carriage were embarked at Rotterdam on a vessel leaving for France, and the Count's passage was taken so that he could proceed from France to Spain. A fairly large sum of money was given to the young Count at his departure, with letters of credit on Paris for large sums, and the parting between the ambassador and the young nobleman was most touching. " The ambassador awaited with impatience for the reply of the Count de Moncade and imagining himself in his place, enjoyed his friend's pleasure. At the end of four months he received the long and eagerly expected reply, and it would be in vain to try and picture the astonishment of the ambassador on reading the words :

"Heaven, my dear Marquis, has never accorded me the satisfaction of being a father. Loading me with possessions and honors and yet making me the last of an illustrious race, it has rendered my life the more bitter thereby. I see with extreme regret that you have been deceived by a young adventurer who has abused the knowledge he possessed of our ancient friendship. But your excellence must not be the loser for it. It is very true that the Count of Moncade is the one you wished to oblige, and he must recompense what your generous friendship has advanced in order to procure him a happiness which he would have deeply felt. I hope then, M. le Marquis, that your Excellency will find no difficulty in accepting the remittance contained in this letter, of three thousand French louis, in accordance with the account you sent me.' "

The manner in which the Count de Saint-Germain made the young adventurer, his mistress, and the ambassador speak, made his audience weep and laugh by turns. The story is true in every point, and the adventurer surpasses in cleverness even Guzman de Alfarache, as those who heard the story say. Madame had the idea of making it into a play, and the Count sent her the story in writing. So I have copied it here.

COUNT SAINT-GERMAIN IN VIENNA: by P. A. M.

XIII

COUNT Saint-Germain knew Vienna very well indeed. In fact, his " official " entry into France and his personal intimacy with the kings was due to an introduction by a powerful Viennese nobleman to the French Marshal de Belle Isle. But his French history is a story in itself.

What was he and what was his business? He was an occultist, but not of the bogus variety so well known in these days. His occultism was chiefly his humanitarianism. All he did led to humanitarian ends. He was also a Freemason. But his object was to help these people to help the world. He knew what was " true masonry " and the " unknown master " of the same.

It is not our purpose to manipulate the records of this remarkable humanitarian and so we give them as they stand, merely taking the occasion to make a few remarks, by way of guidance, elucidation, and suggestion.

There is extant a book of sketches of Vienna life published by Franz Grafter at Vienna. This man speaks much of Count Saint-Germain the "Wonderman." There were two brothers Grafter, and Franz says that his brother Rudolph was rich. They seem to have kept a bookstore on the same lines as the famous one in Paris in the days of the Revolution, which was a literary and news club and the journal of which furnishes us with much interesting history of the day. Being a bookseller did not mean that Grafter was not one of the prominent men of the capital in his own sphere.

The brothers were really disciples of Saint-Germain and it can hardly be doubted that they knew much more about him than he permitted them to tell. There is a suggestion of this in one of Franz Grafter's sketches, which he writes because he feels the impulse after many years, not because he did not know that he had an interesting story to tell long before. His pictures are dramatic and striking and one is inclined to suspect that the peculiarities of style are intentional - repelling those who look upon what he has to say as mere literary entertainment, and attracting those who know how to gather a hint here and there to put into the mosaic of

the inspiring and symbolical life of that great character whose name when published at his death was to "astonish Europe."

It is a long time ago; more than a hundred years. And yet the picture is true, as it is true to every age. The genuine "Helper of Humanity" surrounded by the gold-mongers, the bogus alchemists, the fantastic enthusiasts, the dabblers in the weird, which they miscall the "occult," the unhealthy seekers after moon-magic which leads to lunacy indeed, mentally and otherwise.

It may not be out of place to indicate one or two of Saint-Germain's purposes. A Knower of the universal science, he could express it in the universal way - a language which is of no country. His production of a magic forest and magic deer from their "seed" is a beautiful ideogram of the creative genius of which men are capable. But it had the remarkable effect of bringing the great von Swieten a humble suppliant to the teacher. Von Swieten was no fool - and he seems to have thought more than he said.

It is interesting to note that Linne was honored with Saint-Germain's friendship. Who knows how much the world owes to the Count in the knowledge of botany through the famous Linnaeus? The story of Montaigne about Maria Germain who was such a hoyden that she turned into a boy during her romping, is amusing as an anecdote, and none better than Saint-Germain would have known how to use it in half a dozen different ways. He was a great joker with people who were not serious, and what easier than to turn off with a laugh - against himself, perhaps - awkward questions? It is evident that there was some foundation for his reputation for an immense age. His private pupils, under the seal of secrecy, would know well the doctrine of Reincarnation. His memory of former lives would be vaguely put down as memories of his actual life; his age really was remarkable also; so remarkable that those who suspected the truth were none too anxious to lay themselves open to their friends' badinage by asserting their belief too loudly. Then again this halfconcealing, half-revealing of the great truth of Reincarnation had a double effect. It made people think, and those who knew enough to think, frequently knew enough to seek what other teaching he had to give them. Fortunate they if they could also give the passport of a clean heart and devote their knowledge and energy to humanity's welfare alone! His store of knowledge for such was unlimited.

We glimpse another phase of his character; that of preparing the seeds of character which were to blossom later in world-flowers. He kept his eye on Mesmer, on Louis XV and Louis XVI and on the unfortunate daughter of Maria Theresa, Marie Antoinette. It was a strange situation: Saint-Germain protecting the daughter of the Empress.

There was a strange puzzle about the Count's industrial experiments and inventions. He had diamonds and jewels worth millions, and yet he busied himself with inventions which some said were of untold value to industry and others said were always failures. The secret seems to have been that they were opportunities and that they succeeded or failed in exact proportion to the student's own worth. As one writer said, he declared that the failures were due to faulty manipulation, while the writer knew (!) that the ingredients were to blame. We shall have more to say of this elsewhere.

No apology would be needed for quoting a dozen times the remark "Let all these gentlemen (there is an army of them) study men more than books and they will discover secrets which are not to be found in Homer's golden chain."

The true explanation of the remark about the cessation of time and the "destruction of the world" scarcely comes within the province of the science of today, but the scientists of tomorrow will realize that it is based on sound knowledge. One has to remember that the Count was talking to a "Companion." There are more senses than one in which it may well be said that "time" has been compressed into a fraction of its eighteenth-century scope and that the old order has passed or is passing away, giving place to the new. "Behold I make all things new," says the Mystic of a former age.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE XVIIIITH CENTURY

Among the famous group of physical and chemical researchers who distinguished Vienna in the eighteenth century, and who worked privately to avoid the humbugs and frauds so inevitably associated with this work,

were the brothers Franz and Rudolph Graffer, as above said. Franz leaves us some curious details of one or two picturesque incidents connected with the group. His brother was rich, a successful inventor, and acquainted with all the people of note who visited Vienna, and he himself was a literary man of some reputation. The natural secrecy of their experiments was very well kept for many years, but long afterwards Franz tells us some of their proceedings, He says:

"My tale ... is entirely from memory, A peculiar, irresistible feeling has compelled me to write the preceding once more after so long an interval, just today, 15th June, 1843. "

One more remark: there is reason to believe that no one has yet been able to report this incident. ... "

No actual date is given for the occurrence recorded, but it should not be difficult to trace it, since the details give enough to form a good idea. It was roughly before or about 1775 or 1780 and almost certainly before 1785.

Speaking of the motley pack of seekers, genuine, fanatical, and fraudulent, Graffer says:

"An unknown man had twice been present at the proceedings of that group; unintentionally contributing to their unmasking "

A noble enlightened spirit, one of the highest men in the country, had received instant news of this proceeding. It approached midnight."

He entered a sedan-chair, two torchbearers in front, two following.

At the "Wildmann " hostel in the Karntnerstrasse they halted. "Where is the room of the stranger who is to leave early in the morning? "

He mounted a wooden staircase. . . . The room was without light, but a manly figure could be distinguished by a faint, peculiar light. He rose, moved a little candlestick and the room burst into flame

"No danger, mein Herr; it is combustible air, gas. You will have it in the next century; it will be common. What you see here is only an anticipation."

On the table, which was covered with writing materials, there was a layer of thin rectangular plates of silver.

"I am not here to inquire who you are," the visitor said, the picture of the Empress (Maria Theresa) shining forth from his breast in its bediamonded frame. " I could and perhaps ought to do so, but it is not that, honored Sir. The Man, as such, is of little importance, but his spiritual or moral power makes him remarkable and distinguished."

"We understand one another, mein Herr," replied the stranger. "You wish for information as to my power."

" Yes, your knowledge must be extraordinary."

(There follows a remarkable account of many things shown to the visitor and then as a little excuse for taking so much time the stranger said:)

" In order not to be surprised by the ladies, I will make you a keepsake for them of my portrait."

With these words he took one of the thin silver plates and looked steadily at it close by the light of the candle, as one looks in a mirror. He handed the plate to the cavalier; it was an exact portrait of the magician.

How much astonished the latter was!

But the stranger said: "This discovery is also merely an anticipation, like all my inventions. People are struck only by the yet undiscovered, the yet uninvented."

The cavalier was quite absorbed in contemplation of the picture. "Inexplicable! incomprehensible!" he exclaimed repeatedly. "You are right: Everything is only anticipation, priority alone makes the distinction: the

first time, the beginning. The mythological gods were men centuries before the others discover things in physics."

"Yes, and you will have Daedalus and better in the next century. Every child has long known how to make thunder and lightning. This art of facsimile portrait-making will be discovered by a Frenchman. The people of Vienna, always full of talent, will carry it to the point of producing them in color." ...

The magician said, " You have now seen and heard something of the things that are possible. How long and happily would men live if they had this before their eyes :

"Animal and spiritual, the highest thing in life is strength alone. Educate and beautify yourselves, your lives."

Having said this he stepped into the recess. The cavalier left.

Next day, the landlord said, " Last night, a gentleman from the Imperial Court was with the wonderful Unknown. . . . "

The great Swieten, whose ashes rest by those of Kings in the chapel of Saint Augustine

Comment should hardly be necessary, but we may say that the " process " does not pretend to be the same as any commercial process ever used; it was a symbol in fact, and there is reason to believe that a similar thing has been done in recent times. Nor does it pretend to be described by a scientist. For the rest it may be sufficient to say that the Unknown was the misrepresented and misunderstood inventor and master-musician, " Count Saint-Germain."

COUNT SAINT-GERMAIN IN VIENNA: by P. A. M.

XIV

(From Franz Graffer's work)

WHAT is understood by Alchemy was a disease of the time at the end of the past century, especially so in Vienna.

One of the most zealous adepts was the bookseller Rudolph Graffer, a man of many acquirements, an experienced traveler, universally informed. He was acquainted with the most notable men, not only of Europe, hut also of other countries as well. His services in regard to general knowledge, literature, and national book-lore were at one time much valued by writers on travel. Among other things he was the first in Austria to manufacture silk paper. If one sees, tastes, or rubs this "Albert Denis " between the fingers, the paper really does seem to be " skin." So much for Rudolph Graffer, but one ought to add one point which is not the least important in this connexion. He was what people call rich.

Next was a Baron Linden, a tireless genius in technical matters; he had a passion for Turkey reel, practised medicine, published all sorts of arcana, and also " Handbooks for the Friends of the Secret Sciences," etc. He was a terrible gourmand and the keenest and most inveterate skater who ever laughed at Klopstock as such; day and night he skated on the Danube canal, on the Vien, in the Belvedere, and even on the canal harbor Tialfisch. On moonlight nights that was his "bed."

Besides, there was a certain Calvi or Calve, no longer a young man: big, lean, dry as a hedge, but voracious as a wolf ; he had the face of a hyena; eternally sighing, gesticulating, dancing, making faces like a lunatic. Calvi was a man of spirit, but a poor devil, a charlatan, one of the worst and most interesting tellers of boastful stories. He was a male witch, full of astonishing tricks; he was what people call in a respectable sense, a " damned smart fellow." He himself did not know what was his native country; I always thought he was a Portuguese Jew, but I don't know why. However I must say this: Calvi was also a fool who was smart enough to be able to pull out the teeth of people who stopped in the street with his thumb, in a jiffy, without their knowing it. But

he used his own talents to the full. He and the Baron invited themselves to dinner with Graffer twice a week to feast on poppyseed rolls and honey! Each of them devoured a peck.

Then there was a certain Stubitza, a pretended Baron, who died a few years ago in the Vienna charity-house; an imaginative sort of man, not without information, of unlimited experience, but also a fool, and a poor fool; at least he ended up as such, which is the fate of most fools. Stubitza could set people by the ears; in the Seven Years' war he literally caught a Prussian battalion on a birdlimed twig. But he was really well versed in metallurgy and in lithological matters. He showed a carbuncle of the size of a gaming die; and there was another. A man with a rage for collecting pictures, named Lammer, had one of them. Twenty years ago this fantastic pair met by chance in my shop, chattered about old times. Lammer drew the stone out of his pocket; he wanted to sell it for 4000 ducats. Stubitza was a tall lean man, with the face of that ancient eagle in Schonbrunn, which has not been dead for so very long, that eagle which Prince Eugene used to feed daily in his Belvedere Menagerie.

These men had their laboratory in the Landstrasse behind the Invalidenhaus (properly Invalids' *-Palace*; for the retiree! defenders of the country are so honored amongst us, that they live in a *Palace*, in an old house standing in its own grounds). There they worked away their ducats. Meanwhile there came also a tall, stout, customs officer, Bacciochi, Graffer's father-in-law, a man of insight who even now was renowned for making gold-salt, a little invisible bottle, for two florins. Bacciochi had an idea that later on he was destined to become a prince, if not a duke or something more; he was very nearly on the point of becoming related to Buonaparte. Bacciochi wrote to the Buonaparteish Bacciochi: Bacciochi and the Graffers, all of them, were already nothing less than great noblemen, at least Graffer, already Graffer, and not yet Graf (Count). But things did not go quite right with the genealogical probation; they all remained just what they were. Bacciochi helped in the laboratory in the Landstrasse and took his delight in the ducat-factory.

Many a time too, the poet Blumaur slipped into the company at Graffer's book shop, not to work, but to sample a glass of Tokay and to laugh over the crucibles and retorts. He peeped into every corner, bending and stretching over the different instruments; nosing and stretching his neck, he found all sorts of faults, scribbled verses on the walls with his pencil; drummed with his fingers on the window pane, and if he saw a chambermaid such as Rautenstrauch described, he was out on the instant, with his sword to the front, tripping and hopping like a dancing master on tip-toe.

Also Councillor Born was there, but not often. He really came more to be able to make experiments on his own account in a regularly appointed laboratory. He frequently gave good serious instruction from his own great physical knowledge, on which account they all thought him very courteous, without ever following his advice.

One day the rumor spread abroad that the Marquis Saint-Germain, the most enigmatical of all incomprehensibles, was in Vienna. An electric shock passed through all who knew his name. Our adept circle was stirred to the innermost. Saint-Germain in Vienna!

Saint-Germain! Without doubt he is known to our readers. But what am I saying? I mean, most of our readers have without doubt already forgotten him. What is to be done, then? Nothing less than to prompt their memory a little.

First as to his age. Well, Saint-Germain had no age. He is indeed sixty years old, that is he looks like a man of sixty; but he was already sixty a couple of thousand years ago. He has been a contemporary of the very oldest men in the history of the world; in his autograph book, Tiberius, Josephus, and Charlemagne have written with their own hands. Saint-Germain has been all over the world; Saint-Germain knows everything: he does the most wonderful things. He makes gold, but out of nothing; not nothing out of gold like the others; from little diamonds he makes big ones; he prepared an Elixir of Life which he himself apparently does not use, although he is already a couple of thousand years old. He has a quite private secret, all to himself, a little arcanum. He takes it every hundred years or so, lies down to sleep, and sleeps as a rule for fifty or a hundred years. There you are; Montaigne, who lived three hundred years ago, speaks of him as of a contemporary. What more can you want?

Something of that more which may be demanded I leave to the unforgettable Max Lamberg to tell. This learned, much-traveled man knew him personally. Here are some extracts from his "Memoirs of a Man of the World."

"A person worth seeing is the Marquis of Aimar or Belmar, known under the name of Saint-Germain. He says he was born at Vitry. Cardinal de Lenoncourt, the then Bishop of Chalons, gave him the name of Germain. The story is related in the 'Essays of Montaigne' thus: All the inhabitants of Vitry had known and considered him as a girl until his twenty-second year, and called him Maria. Then he grew a great beard, became manly and vigorous. When one day in running he exerted himself somewhat, he suddenly became a man. There is also among the girls there a song still in vogue, in which they warn one another by turns not to jump too much in play from fear of turning into boys like Maria Germain.

This Marquis Saint-Germain has lived for some time (1769) at Venice, and is occupied with a company of a hundred women whom an agent employed for him, making experiments with flax, which he bleaches and makes to resemble the reel Italian silk. He thinks he is 350 years old, and gives out, perhaps that he should not seem to exaggerate too much, that he knew Thomas Kulikan in Persia. "

When the Duke of York arrived in Venice, the Marquis desired the Senate to give him precedence over this Prince, and gave as the reason that they already knew who the Duke of York was, but that the titles of the Marquis de Belmar were still unknown. He has a balsam which restores youth. A lady of a certain age who had a greater portion of it applied than was necessary, became an embryo again.

" He gave one of his friends a jewel; a money-changer who did not even know the Marquis paid him 200 ducats on the spot for it in cash. I asked him if he would return to France? He assured me with a positive look that the flask which maintained the king's present health, must be nearly finished; later on he would again appear on the scene with great eclat, and have himself recognized by the whole of Europe.

" He must have been in Pekin without having any name at all, and when the police asked him to give his name he excused himself by saying that he himself did not know what he was called. 'In Venice,' he says, 'they call me the man with his hand on his chin, in Hamburg, Mein Herr, in Rome, Monsignor, in Vienna, Pst ! Pst ! ; at Naples they whistle for me when they want me; in Paris they direct their lorgnettes towards me and at this sign I approach those who are looking at me. Don't seek for my name, MM. Mandarins; as long as I remain with you I will behave as though I had one of the highest renown; whether I am known as Kunz or Benz, Piso or Cicero, my name must be a matter of indifference to you.' He received at Venice letters which had only the single word ' Venice ' on the envelope; the rest was unwritten. His Secretary had only to ask at the Post Office for letters which belonged to no one.

"When the king presented him on the death of Marshal Saxe with the Castle of Chambord, he embraced him at his departure. Saint-Germain was received in all good houses with distinction and especial pleasure. He very often called on her Serene Highness the Princess of Anhalt, mother of Her Majesty the present Czaritza. ' Princess,' said he, ' I must certainly find your company delightful to find myself forgetting as I have done that my carriage has been waiting for me these two hours, to take me to Versailles! ' No one knows who this wonderful man is; he is taken for a Portuguese ; he has a thousand talents, which are not easily to be found united in one man ; he plays exceptionally well on the violin, but behind a screen; and then you think that there are five or six instruments playing together.

" He speaks much, very well, and asks of all he speaks to such cleverly posed questions that they are at first astonished. "

He showed me in a kind of autograph book, in which there were the signatures of several famous men, two Latin words written by my grandfather Kasper Friedrich, who died in the year 1686, with his painted arms and the following inscription :

"*Lingua mea calanms scribae velociter scribentis,*' Psalm 44 & 2. The ink and paper, which were very brownish and faded, appeared to me to be very old. The date is 1678. Another extract from Michael Montaigne is of the year 1580: " 'There is no man so honest that if he put all his actions and thoughts in the scales of justice he

would not deserve the gallows ten times at least in the course of his life; even those whom it would be a great disadvantage and the greatest injustice to punish and fully judge.'

" I conclude from all this that it is just as easy to make two specimens of writing so much alike as it is to find two men exactly similar in their actions. Herr le Vayer produces examples which would make us believe that there was once a time when it was a merit to be able to imitate handwriting. Antonius possessed this talent, as Cicero reproaches him with it in his second Philippic, *habes scientiam quaestuosam* (You understand the art of falsifying writing). Being in doubt I will withhold my opinion. *Id est verius, quodcunque prius; in omnibus veritas imaginem antecedit*. Whatever precedes action is therefore considered to be true, because the action always follows such combinations, as are considered infallible; the truth in every thinking head has already preceded the image in the mind. "

Consequently by the two inscriptions in question one almost ought to believe the age of the Marquis, if the nature of the man did not prove the opposite. With all the ideas that he brings forward one is seldom in a position to be able to tax him with an error; he supports everything with well-founded data of every sort and asserts nothing with conceited arrogance ; he is a strange man who awakes your wonder, and what creates the greatest enjoyment -he holds his ground; he unites the art of convincing with a critical spirit ; and with a learning that is not to be encountered every day he has a wide though detailed memory.

" Saint-Germain says he taught Wildmann the secret of taming bees and making serpents attentive to music and song. Both of these things, if they are supported by definite facts, give the peculiarity of the Marquis no other luster than that which the novelty of the matter produces; an advantage he often likes to take from others. I have copied a very interesting letter which he wrote to me from Mantua in the year 1773.

" ' I saw him (Wildmann) at the Hague,' says Herr v. Belmar (Saint-Germain); 'when I was arrested there I insisted before I gave up my sword that I should be allowed to speak with Herr d'Affry, the French Ambassador to the States-General. They took me in my carriage in company of the officer who was appointed to keep watch over me. The Ambassador received me as if he were astonished to see me ; but very soon he told my guardian to go, and above all to inform the mayor that I enjoyed the king's protection, and consequently had extended to me the protection of His Majesty while I stayed in Holland. I thought I might offer this officer a diamond of the finest water and of a weight such as are seldom found, but he refused it ; and since neither my offer nor my insistence bore any fruit, I smashed the stone into many pieces with a hammer, and the lackeys picked them up to their own profit. The loss of this diamond, which in Brazil and in Mogol was considered as such, was not a matter of indifference to me, especially as it had cost me an infinity of trouble to prepare. Count Zobor, Chamberlain of the high-souled Emperor (his sublime qualities and the protection which he granted to the arts, make him immortal) made it with me. Prince T-- paid 5500 louis for one which came out of my factory about six years before; he has since sold it to a rich fool for a thousand ducats profit. One must indeed be a King or a fool, says the Count von Barreto, to spend considerable sums in the purchase of a diamond. Since the Fool ("bishop ") in Chess stands next to the King, no one is any more annoyed at the Greek proverb, "either a king or a donkey," or the other "*aut regem aut fatuum nasci oportet*," (one must be born either a king or a fool).

"Frau von S-- has a similar one with bluish color, which was cut just as badly as the first and appears to be made of a rough Bohemian glass with triangular marks. But now, mein Herr, a man like myself can often be uncertain in the choice of his acquaintances, and if the first is decided that they alone are fools or kings who can offer one a large diamond, then I deserved this refusal on the part of the officer, and all the fault was mine.

" ' He who leaves himself to fate gives meanwhile to Nature a certain amount of play in artistic matters, which is peculiar to the artist alone. A Pot ... , a Marggraf ... Rouelle . . . choose anyone from Dreyfuss down, none of them have made diamonds, because they did not know the basis, the principles that must be followed. Let all these gentlemen (there is a big army of them) study men more than books and they will discover secrets which are not to be found in Homer's golden chain, nor in Albertus Magnus or Parvus, nor in the secret-laden volume of Piscatrix and so forth. Important discoveries reveal themselves only to travelers '

"A talent which the Marquis von Belmar alone possesses and which deserves to be learned and cultivated in all families is that of writing exactly in the same way with both hands; I read to him about twenty verses out of Zaire which he immediately wrote down on two sheets of paper at the same time. One would have been able to say that the two papers when placed together exactly coincided: 'I am not worth much,' he said to me, 'but you must acknowledge that I do not support my secretary in vain. The Arts are slow in their growth and they are making experiments with me from which a System can be finally built up.

" 'I have seen a spinning wheel with two spindles, which were used with both hands at the same time; our organs accustom themselves to everything, and if the habit is the cause from which they originally sprang, then that which formerly was amusement becomes a necessity.'

"The *Notizie del Mondo* for July 1770, informs us that Herr v. Saint-Germain was traveling in Africa at the time that Herr v. Belmar wrote to a friend in Leghorn from Genoa that he intended to proceed to Vienna to see Prince Ferdinand Lobkowitz again, whom he had known in the year 1745 in London."

So far Count Lamberg. So " to travel to Vienna." There we have it. The " when" is not expressed. The when is now. Good.

Scarcely has Graffer recovered from the astonishing news, when he flies to Birnberg, his family mansion, where he has his papers. Among these papers there is a letter of introduction from Casanova, the genial adventurer whom he had become acquainted with in Amsterdam, addressed to Saint-Germain. He hastens back to his shop (the present Tauerische Local), and they told him: "An hour since there came a gentleman whose look astonished everyone. This gentleman was not tall, nor was he short ; his build was full of pleasing harmony ; nobility was stamped upon him. His face was beaming with charm and nobility of character. His nose was long and curved, the full mouth was godlike; the dark eyes full of inexpressible animation. His suit was of silver-gray silk; the great buttons were of single brilliants. He walked three steps into the room and without taking notice of any of those present, as if to himself, spoke in French only these words: 'I live in the Felderhof; the room where Leibnitz lodged in 1713.' We wanted to speak, but he had already gone. So you see us, sir, we have been in a state of astonishment for the past hour."

Meanwhile the post messenger brings a letter. It is from Casanova's brother, the famous battle painter, written in the swamp at Modling, where he died in 1805. The letter had an enclosure addressed: "To pst, pst !
" Very well!

In five minutes we were at the Felderhof. Leibnitz' room is empty; nobody knows when the "American gentleman will be home." Of baggage there is nothing to be seen but a small iron chest. It is dinner time. But who would then think of dinner? Graffer mechanically goes to seek Baron Linden; he finds him at the " Ente." They drive to the Landstrasse; a certain something, a dim premonition, tells them they must drive instantly along the Landstrasse at full speed. The laboratory is unlocked; a simultaneous cry of amazement is heard from both ; at a table sits Saint-Germain, quietly reading in a folio; it is Paracelsus. They stand staring on the threshold; the mysterious guest slowly closes the book and slowly rises. The two surprised men well know that this apparition can be no other in the world than the "Wundermann." The description of the clerk was a shadow in comparison with the reality. It seemed as though a bright illumination surrounded his whole figure. Dignity and loftiness of character were marked. They are powerless to say a word.

The Marquis steps forward to meet them; they enter. He says slowly, without affectation, in French, but with an indescribable, harmoniously sonorous tenor, which charmed the very heart, to Graffer: " You have a letter of introduction from Herr von Seingalt (Casanova), but there is no need of it. This gentleman is Baron Linden. I knew that they would both be here at this minute. You have still another letter to me from the swamp. But the painter is not to be saved; his lung is gone; he will die on the 8th of July 1805. A man who is still a child, and is called Buonaparte, will be indirectly responsible for it. And now, gentlemen, I know what you are doing. Can I be of use to you?

Tell me!"

But we had nothing to say. Linden prepared a small table, took confectionary from a cupboard, placed it before him and went into the cellar. The Marquis signed to Graffer to sit; he sat down himself. He says: " I knew your friend Linden would go out; he had to do so. You alone will I serve. I know you through Angelo Soliman, whom I aided in Africa. If Linden comes in again I will send him away." Graffer shakes himself together. But he is still too much affected to do more than utter the words, " I understand you; I have an inkling."

Meanwhile Linden comes back and puts two bottles on the table. Saint-Germain smiles at this with an indescribable loftiness. Linden offers him refreshment. The smile of the Marquis becomes a laugh. " I ask you," he said, " if there is a soul on earth who has ever seen me eat or drink?" He pointed to the bottles, and remarked, " This Tokay is not direct from Hungary; it comes from my friend Catharine of Russia. She was so pleased with the paintings of the battle of Modling made by the sick man that she sent him a case of it." Graffer and Linden were astonished; it was actually so; the wine had been bought from Casanova.

The Marquis asked for writing materials. Linden brought them. The Wonderman cuts two quarters from a sheet of paper, lays them side by side, and takes a pen in each hand. He writes with both hands at once, half a page, signs it, and says: "You collect autographs, mein Herr; choose one of these sheets; it does not matter which; the contents are the same."-" Now that is magic! " exclaimed the two friends. " Stroke for stroke both the handwritings agree, there is not a trace of a difference. It is unheard of!" The writer smiled, laid the two leaves together, held them to the window ; people would think they were looking at one writing, so exactly did they fit one another. It was as if they were printed from one and the same copper plate. They were dumb.

Now the Marquis says : "I want this one sheet taken to Angelo as quickly as possible. In a quarter of an hour he is going out for a drive with Prince Lichtenstein; the one who takes it will receive a little box."

Linden goes out with the letter. The Marquis bolts the door, and says: "Mein Herr, understand that I have long known and I see from the condition of your chemical apparatus and arrangements that you will not accomplish much with your gold-making. I have something different for you. Look at this pearl."

With these words he drew out a cravat pin in which was set a pearl as big as a hazel-nut.

" This jewel," says Graffer, who had looked at it for quite a long while, " must be worth more than the famous historical pearl of Cleopatra."

The Marquis replied, " In any case I could dissolve it in vinegar without having to grieve much over the loss. Even more. A coming poet of the German nation, whom people will sometime set almost above all poets, is already carrying in his head the plot of a drama in which a Princess Eboli will say: To the rich merchant even, who unmoved by the gold of the Rialto, returned the rich pearl to the richer sea, too proud to let it go at less than its value.-- That very pearl was produced by me. In short I alone among living men understand the art of making mussels produce pearls as large as I wish."

The astonishment of the listener was boundless. But suddenly he remembered something; he says: " Master, when I was in Sweden, they told me that the great Linne understood this art." Saint-Germain replied, with a light smile: " I was his friend. I let him copy my recipe ; but he did not take time to compare it with the original. The copy was inexact, the thing could not succeed. Meanwhile the report of the arcanum spread abroad. When Linne died, the widow took it to the Government. They could not agree. The widow with her goods and chattels was already on board ship, on a voyage abroad. Then the Government sent after her and paid her the whole price. But as I said, the recipe is not right."

The Marquis now drew from his breast-pocket a quarter sheet of paper and gave it to Graffer to copy. Then he compared it with the original. " Good," said Saint-Germain, "good, you have a calling in that direction, it is quite correct. In four minutes Linden will return bringing the little box. Only keep the powder to use as the instructions say." Graffer found no words to express his astonishment, his gratitude. He had looked at the time. It was still half a minute to the time. He looked to the window; Linden was only some steps away. He brought the little box.

Saint-Germain gradually had passed into a peculiar mood. For a few seconds he became still as a statue; his usually energetic eyes become dull and colorless. But soon his whole being took on an appearance of animation.

He made a gesture with his hand as a sign of departing; then he spoke ; " I am leaving you. Refrain from visiting me. You will see me once again.

Tomorrow night I shall travel. I am needed in Constantinople, then in England, where I have to prepare two discoveries - railways and steamships. They will be inventions which you will have in the next century- railways and steam ships. In Germany they will need them, for the seasons will gradually lengthen out. First the spring, then the summer. It is the gradual cessation of time itself, as the announcement of the destruction of the world. I see it all. The astronomers and meteorologists know nothing, believe me. One must have studied in the pyramids, as I have done. Towards the close of the century I shall disappear from Europe, and go to Asia in the neighborhood of the Himalaya. I want rest; I must rest. Precisely in 85 years people will see me again. Farewell! I love you! " After these solemnly spoken words, the Marquis repeated the sign with his hand. The two adepts, overpowered by the power of such unexampled impressions, left the room in a condition of complete stupor. At this very moment there fell a shower of rain, accompanied by a thunder clap. Instinctively they return to the laboratory to seek shelter. They open the doors.

Saint-Germain was no longer there.

The next day they went to the " Stephanshof." Here I end my tale. It is entirely from memory. A peculiar, irresistible feeling has impelled me to write the preceding once more after so long an interval. just today, 15th June, 1843.

Yet another remark: there is reason to believe that no one has yet been able to report this incident.

Arni with this I have the honor to bid yon good-day!

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XV

(The following anecdotes are taken from Grafters work previously referred to.)

A MODERN MAGICIAN

A STRANGER had arrived at Vienna for a short time. But his stay became protracted. His business concerned a distant future, that is to say the twentieth century.

He had visited Vienna in reality on account of one single person. This person was Mesmer, who was yet a very young man. Mesmer was struck by the look of the visitor.

"You must be the man," he said, " whose anonymous letter I received from the Hague yesterday."

"I am."

" You want to speak with me at this time, as to my ideas on Magnetism? "

" I do."

" The man who has just left me is the one who in a fatherly way led me to these ideas. He is the famous astronomer Hell."

"I am aware of it."

" But my principles are still in a chaotic condition. Who can give me light? "

" I can."

"You would please me very much, mein Herr."

" I must do so."

The stranger signed to Mesmer to bolt the door and they sat down.

The gist of their conversation concerned the theory of securing the elements of the Elixir of Life from the use of Magnetism, as the result of certain reactions : as it were gathering, skimming, assembling.

The discussion lasted three hours. The art of exorcizing " spirits " found a new and firmer explanation in the varied conclusions drawn. The two men appointed a further meeting in Paris. Then they separated.

The Unknown stranger went to his lodging at the "Wild Man " hotel.

A groom was awaiting him with two horses. A note contained an invitation to Rodaun.

It was night. But in the note at the end, there was a little additional sign which decided the Unknown. In his shoes and silk clothes, just as he was, he mounted one of the horses. The groom did not succeed in overtaking him.

There was a great gathering in the building at Sehfels. The company was divided in several rooms. In one of them they were concocting a fluid.

The Unknown smelt it. 'Then he threw it to the ground and trampled it underfoot.

" What do you want with this Elixir? " he asked angrily. " This mess is only fit to shorten life, not to lengthen it.

"It seems, gentlemen, that you do not know that the basis of the Philosopher's stone consists in uniting in one and the same substance the finest elementary forces from each of the three kingdoms of nature. You shall learn where and how to find these, but not today."

bystanders were confounded, speechless.

In another room they were busy generating gold. The stranger approached one of the braziers. He snatched a piece of real gold from the sleeve of the operator which the latter had intended to slip into the brazier and then boast that he had made it.

He approached a second brazier and extinguished the fire. Taking two of the largest pieces of coal he broke them with the poker and real gold fell out of them. The operator had himself brought them in the coal, which he had previously hollowed, in order to boast that he had made it.

He approached a third brazier and took a little powder out of his pocket case and strewed it on the lump of lead in the pan. In three minutes he cast it into a bucket of water. Then he threw it on the table and applied the touchstone; it was solid gold. He obtained a pair of scales; the gold weighed twelve pounds.

The bystanders were confounded, speechless.

In a third room there was a busy hum of conversation.

They were criticising the new divining rod which people used in places where hidden treasure should lie.

The Unknown took a little bottle out of his pocket case.

"Pour that, gentlemen, on to a hazelrod. On Maria-Trost Hill it will show you the place where a million Turkish gold coins lie buried, where in 1683 the tent of the Grand Vizier stood."

The bystanders were confounded, speechless.

A fourth room was full of smoke and there was a horrible stench.

Smoke and stench vanished as the stranger entered ; a slight gesture from him and the room was filled with delicious perfume.

"What is going on here?" he asked.

"We want the spirit of Swedenborg," they answered dejectedly.

"How long have you been working at the matter?"

"A month."

"You shall have it."

The stranger vanished.

The bystanders were confounded, speechless.

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There was a social gathering at the house of the young Count Max Lamberg.

"I wonder if he will come?" they whispered one to another.

And he sat in the midst of them.

They were talking of Spallanzani and spoke admiringly of his zoological experiments and combinations.

The Unknown said, "That is nothing! Spallanzani has talent, but he is still very young. Do you know Tavernier? Do you know what he saw among the Indians?"

"Yes, the Fig-Tree trick," replied the Count.

The Indian takes a fig, cuts a cross under his arm so that it bleeds. Then he rubs the fig in the wound, puts it six inches underground, a chip of soft wood in the same hole, and in three minutes there springs up a little fig-tree inch by inch so that one can see it growing by jerks.

Two ladies swooned. The remainder of the company clapped approval.

The Stranger laughed. "That is nothing," he said. "Please send me a lackey."

"My friend," said the Unknown, "let him get me some salad from the remains of the table, and a piece of venison."

To the company he said, "The room is too small."

They passed into the great ball-room close by.

The Unknown took a little earth out of his vest pocket and strewed it on the vessel, picked off a piece of the lettuce leaf, and laid it on top. Immediately a little delicate growth unfolded and shot up, and he cast the saucer to the floor, so that it broke into a thousand pieces. In an instant there sprouted, grew, shot up from every piece hundreds and thousands of shoots which quickly spread into bushes, bowers, trees, pine clumps; their scent perfumed the air, breezes whispered in the branches. He waved his handkerchief and the jungle took on an ordered appearance: there were flowerbeds, paths, lawns. A delightful forest was prepared.

"Here is your phantom park," he said to the Count.

There were exclamations of astonishment. The ladies sighed and stammered. The Unknown tore off some shreds of venison, took some of the little bones of the deer, put them on a plate, poured out a thick broth over them from a jar, blew upon it and stirred the while. Then he threw away the plate.

He breathed three words and waved his handkerchief. Six tender roes leapt from the bushes and lay down at the ladies' feet.

The company also were about to throw themselves at the feet of the stranger and hastened after him into the thickest part of the forest. But he had gone. The park lasted until the next morning. After the first sunbeam the

gardener saw it vanish, gradually dissolving into light etheric vapors, and drawn out into long, thin figures like smoke, vanish away.

Nothing was left there but the broken pieces of the dish and the plate. Count Zinzendorf, passing almost by chance, happened to be on the spot.

The comedy completely mystified him. He thought he was in his garden at Parchtholdsdorf, which he called Herrenhut. He ran to look for the Unknown, but in vain ! The Count died shortly afterwards, there.

It was then time to appear in Rodaun. The exorcizers had already been assembled for some time.

The Unknown glided in. His face showed disapproval.

At the back of the room he noticed a man whose look displeased him. He saw through his coat an illuminated copper plate, Swedenborg's portrait. The man had this in his letter case. The man made a vapor of smoke to draw away the gaze of the new arrival.

This man was Cagliostro.

"There's some quackery going on here," cried the Unknown with a ringing voice.

He looked at the clock.

"There's some bungling going on !" he repeated in thundering tones. "Gentlemen, that man yonder brings you misfortune. Baron Swieten, the wise, is ready. Already you are replaced, quack, you are done with. Your bench is broken!"

There was heard the sound of soldiers approaching. The Unknown disappeared.

ONE NEW YEAR'S EVE

A pack of chemists, treasure seekers, exorcists, charlatans, and smaller fry had been driven out of the Sehfels House by the authorities.

Their workshops had been destroyed.

An unknown man, a magician, had twice been present at the proceedings of that group; unintentionally contributing to their unmasking.

Early in the evening of the last night, he had created in Count Lamberg's drawing-room a natural forest and had peopled it instantaneously with living deer.

A noble, enlightened spirit, one of the highest men in the country, had received instant news of this proceeding.

It approached midnight.

He entered a sedan-chair. Two torch-bearers before, two following.

At the " Wild Man " hostel in the Karntnerstrasse they halted.

"Where is the room of the stranger who is to leave early in the morning?"

Opposite the front door the gentleman mounted a narrow dirty wooden staircase. On the door of the Unknown's room was written with chalk: "Enter without knocking."

The cavalier entered.

The room was without light. But notwithstanding this, there could be distinguished in the middle of the room a manly figure in silver-gray, sitting upright in an armchair, shining faintly. The figure rose, moved a little candlestick, and the room burst into flame.

The cavalier started back astonished.

The magician says: "No danger, mein Herr. It is combustible air, gas. You will have it in the next century; it will be common. What you see here is only an anticipation."

No traveling baggage was to be observed with the exception of a little steel coffer. On the table full of writing materials there was a layer of thin rectangular plates.

The cavalier begged to be excused on account of the lateness of the hour. The magician replied: "It is never night to me. I am used to doing without sleep, which is a dissipation of fully a third of one's life."

The cavalier referred to the laws of nature.

"A little grain of primordial force protects me from the necessity of submitting myself to it."

"I am not here to enquire who you are," the visitor said, the picture of the Empress shining forth from his breast, as though spontaneously, on account of its diamond frame. "I could do so and perhaps ought to do so, but it is not that, honored Sir. The Man, as such, is of little importance, but his spiritual or moral power makes him remarkable and distinguished."

"We understand one another, mein Herr," replied the stranger. "You wish for information as to my power."

"Yes, your knowledge, mein Herr, must be extraordinary."

"Only because it is so perfectly simple."

"I understand."

"I am glad of that. I will be quite open with you. You are great, morally great. Your dust will lie beside that of kings."

"My aim is the common good; it is practical. Immeasurable wealth is buried, slumbering on the waters. These treasures are dead. You, mein Herr, possess the art of making them live. But the hazel-rod (divining-rod) of Seefeld has gone down in the turmoil of destruction."

"In this century there is money enough. In the coming century people will need it. The men of that time, impelled by, fermenting with technical discoveries, will learn to know the 'willing' rod as soon as the idea of magnetism is worked out to its highest potency. A young man here in Vienna is the first novice."

"You turn aside, mein Herr. I will retreat."

"You are tender, mein Herr. I honor that. But you should not find me ungenerous."

With these words the Unknown opened the steel chest. He took out a kind of needle case and then another and then a little snuff box of platina, and laid the two on the table. Then he took out two quite small bottles. In one of them he let fall from the box some drops of a viscous liquid, and handed it to the cavalier, saying:

"Here you have the power to find two masses of buried noble metal. The gold of the Hill of Maria-Trost where the grand vizier's tent stood, is however, no longer there. Let us now, if you please, leave this stuff."

"Let it be so," said the cavalier. "I thank you very much indeed. It is for you now to command me. If it is possible, let us be of use to Humanity, in harmony with the highest powers of earth."

They agreed.

"Count Lamberg with his ladies," went on the cavalier, "will visit you again this morning, honored Sir. Everyone is still petrified with astonishment."

The magician replied:

"I see, mein Herr, you want to look into the matter. This snuff-box contains the explanation."

He opened the Charnier tobacco box. There was a brown dust inside like snuff.

Pointing to it, he said: "It is primordial earth."

"The cavalier, as though struck by an electric shock, started back. He trembled and his face became deathly pale. He folded his hands. As one filled with holy fear he dared not again approach."

The magician looked at him with the greatest gravity. He spoke, he spoke with burning words.

"This utterance, man, is the key to me of your beautiful soul. It is genuine in fear and in love. A pure man!"

"But the magician immediately changed his tone. Respectfully he continued: "I honor you, mein Herr. I permit myself to love you and I do love you. Take, I beg you, a little pinch of this dust. It is enough to change the Sahara Desert into a blooming paradise in three minutes. It is the Primordial Earth."

The cavalier was again most strongly affected.

The Unknown spoke further:

"It is from India. I myself received it a long time ago. Such a thing cannot happen a second time. Now you know the park of Count Larnberg. But here you see the deer."

From the second little box he dropped into a little bottle a few small flakes of damp greenish feebly-shining jelly, saying, "It is Primordial Mud."

The cavalier trembled again and became fiery red.

"Take it, mein Herr. Guard it," continued the Magician. "I honor you. I will ever love you, for you are sincere and pious."

"You see," added he, "that one, in order to bring forth appearances which are worthy of being admired by thinking people, must have studied nature herself, to know the spirit of things, else it is vain jugglery, prestidigitation, or mechanical contrivances."

"You are right," said the cavalier. "It is only vain jugglery, which can have no inner interest. Ordinary table tricksters understand nothing of natural knowledge; they are only men of outward routine."

Throwing a look of gratitude on the present, the cavalier added, "What a striking humiliating proof of the perishability of earthly things! How powerless is our earthly kingdom today! How helpless is our modern foulness, in spite of its wonderful productivity!"

"The essence of matter gets used up," replied the magician. "Its spirit leaves it; its power of manifestation wanes gradually. Yesterday, before I rode to Rodaun, I visited your sulphur spring at Baden. During the last fifty years since I last observed it, its virtue and smell have considerably decreased. The beautiful Baden has no more volcanic eruption to fear. You see, mein Herr, I belong to the Vulcanists; I have always ridiculed the Neptunists. The globe will perish from congelation."

"To be sure it will," replied the cavalier. "The interior fires are dying; crumbling and falling to pieces."

He, the magician, laughed.

"In order not to be surprised by the ladies," he said, "I will make you a keepsake for them of my portrait."

With these words he took one of the thin silver plates and looked steadily at it close by the light of the candle, as one looks in a mirror. He handed the plate to the cavalier; it was an exact portrait of the magician.

How astonished the latter was !

But the stranger said: " This discovery also is merely an anticipation, like all my inventions. People are struck only by the yet undiscovered, the yet uninvented."

The cavalier was quite absorbed in contemplation of the picture.

" Inexplicable! incomprehensible! " exclaimed he repeatedly. " You are right : everything is only anticipation, priority alone makes the distinction : the first time; the beginning. The mythological gods were men centuries before the others discover things in physics."

" Yes, and you will have Daedalus and better in the next century. Every child has long known how to make thunder and lightning. This art of facsimile portrait-making will be discovered by a Frenchman. The people of Vienna, always full of talent, will carry it to the point of producing them in color."

It seemed to the cavalier that the Unknown's glance rested on the writing materials.

He took his leave.

The magician said, " You have now seen and heard something of the things that are possible. How long and how happily would men live if they had this before their eyes:

"Animal and spiritual, the highest thing in life is power alone. Educate and beautify yourselves, your lives."

Having said this he bowed and stepped into the recess.

The cavalier went out.

Next day the landlord of the inn said :

" Last night, a gentleman from the Imperial court was with the wonderful Unknown."

The great Swieten, whose ashes rest by those of Kings in the chapel of Augustine.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XVI

COUNT SAINT-GERMAIN'S FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND

IN the Sloane collection of manuscripts in the British Museum there is a letter signed by P. M. de St-Germain, dated November 22, 1735, and written from the Hague. It is about an extremely rare book of great value, offering it for sale. If this is the well-known Count Saint-Germain the date is interesting, and more interesting still is this glimpse of the collector of rare books taken in connexion with the explanation suggested in *The Secret Doctrine* of Madame Blavatsky (and now published at Point Loma), of the "disappearance " of certain works from circulation. Such organized withdrawals would need the services of " collectors " who might snap up rare editions of other works, useless to them, but valuable from a market point of view. Was this man such a " collector "?

Doubtless he would have offered the book to the British Museum if that institution had existed at the time, but as it was he had to offer it to a private collector.

In any case, if this was the same Saint-Germain, it shows that he already had communication with England at that early date. The initials P. M. may or may not mean anything. Dr. Gettinger, who studied his life, gives his initial name as Joseph. There was some talk of his being the son of Prince Francis Ratgotsky of Transylvania; but the elder son Joseph was well known and the younger son also seems well accounted for. Some suggestion that there was a third son, not legitimate, is baseless, except for the remark that someone supposed there was such a son, and in any case this man's name was not Joseph. Since, however, Saint-Germain was a real title and not a family name, the initials might have been anything.

The first authentic information we have of Saint-Germain's adventures in England commences with the year 1745, the period of the last invasion by the Pretender. We give Horace Walpole's letters describing the incident, and it is hardly necessary to add much comment. The Prince of Wales was a " bad lot " and there was the whole explanation.

At this time Saint-Germain was in his usual concentrated way of being one thing at a time par excellence, the musician, the marvelous violinist, the composer. When he wished he could make his violin do anything with his audience. As H. P. Blavatsky tells us, he was compared to Paganini by those who had heard both. He was said to play behind a screen and then produce the effect of half a dozen instruments at once. Elsewhere we hear of an extra quality which Paganini possessed over and above the average musician, which Saint-Germain doubtless also had. When he wished, he could play indifferently enough and then it was reported that he was just an ordinary player. But he would gain his end of not attracting that particular hearer to seek a closer acquaintance.

He composed much at this time and we still have two or three of his drawing-room songs and some of his violin music, preserved in the (British) national library.

A note should be made that he knew Prince Ferdinand Lobkowitz in London at this time. This friend enters the story again, later on.

A LETTER FROM HORACE WALEPOLE TO SIR HORACWE MANN,
BRITISH ENVOY AT FLORENCE

Arlington Street, Nov. 29, 1745

A small ship has taken the Soleil privateer from Dunkirk, going to Montrose, with twenty French officers, sixty others, and the brother of the beheaded Lord Derwentwater and his son who at first was believed to be the second boy. (Charles Radcliffe, brother of James, Earl of Derwentwater, who was executed for the share he took in the rebellion of 1715. Charles was executed in 1746, upon the sentence pronounced against him in 1716, which he had then evaded, by escaping from Newgate. His son was Bartholomew, third Earl of Newburgh, a Scotch title he inherited from his mother.- *Dover*)

.....

For bravery, His Royal Highness, (the Duke of Newcastle) is certainly no Stuart, but literally loves to be in the act of fighting. His brother (the Prince of Wales) has so far the same taste, that the night of his new son's christening, he had the citadel of Carlisle in sugar at supper, and the company besieged it with sugar plums. It was well imagined, considering the time and the circumstances. One thing was very proper; old Marshal Stair was there, who is grown child enough to be fit to war only with such artillery. Another piece of ingenuity of that Court was the report of Pitt being named Secretary of War. The Prince hates him, since the fall of Lord Granville. He said, Miss Chudleigh, one of the Maids, was fitter for the employment; and dictated a letter, which he made her write to Lord Harrington, to desire he would draw the warrant for her. There were fourteen people at table. am! all were to sign it: the Duke of Queens berry would not, as being a friend of Pitt, nor Mrs. Layton, one of the dressers: however it was actually sent, and the footman ordered not to deliver it till Sir William Yonge was at Lord Harrington's - alas! it would be endless to tell of all his Caligulisms!

There never was so melancholy a town; no kind of public place but the playhouses, and they look as if the rebels had just driven away the company. Nobody but has some fear for themselves, for their money or for

their friends in the army; of this number am I deeply; Lord Bury and Mr. Conway, two of the first in my list, are aid-de-camps to the Duke, and another Mr. Cornwallis, is in the same army, and my nephew Lord Malpas - so I still fear the rebels beyond my reason. Good night.

A LETTER FROM HORACE WALEPOLE TO HORACE MANN

Arlington Street, Dec. 9, 1745.

I am glad I did not write to you last post as I intended; I should have sent you an account which would have alarmed you, and the danger would have been over before the letter crossed the sea. The Duke from some strange want of intelligence, lay last week for four and twenty hours under arms at Stone, in Staffordshire; expecting the rebels every moment, while they were marching in all haste to Derby. The news of this threw the town into great consternation, (the consternation was so great as to occasion that day being called Black Friday) but his Royal Highness repaired his mistake, and got to Northampton, between the Highlanders and London. They got nine thousand pounds at Derby, and had the books brought to them, and obliged everybody to give them what they had subscribed against them. Then they retreated a few miles, but returned again to Derby, got ten thousand pounds more, plundered the town and burnt the house of the Countess of Exeter.

They are gone again and got back to Leake in Staffordshire, but miserably harassed, and, it is said, have left all their cannon behind them, and twenty wagons of sick. The Duke has sent General Hawley with the dragoons to harass them in their retreat, and dispatched Mr. Conway to Marshal Wade to hasten his march upon the back of them. They must either go to North Wales where they will probably all perish, or to Scotland, with great loss. We dread them no longer. We are threatened with great preparations for a French invasion, but the coast is exceedingly guarded, and for the people the spirit against the rebels increases every day. Though they have marched thus into the heart of the kingdom, there has not been the least symptom of a rising, not even in the great towns of which they possessed themselves. They have got no recruits since their first entry into England, excepting one gentleman in Lancashire, one hundred and fifty common men, and two parsons, at Manchester, and a physician from York. But here in London, the aversion to them is amazing: on some thoughts of the King going to an encampment at Finchley, the weavers not only offered him a thousand men, but the whole body of the Law formed themselves into a little army, under the command of Lord Chief Justice Willis, and were to have done duty at St. James's, to guard the royal family in the King's absence.

But the greatest demonstration of Loyalty appeared in the prisoners being brought to town from the Soleil prize: the young man is certainly Mr. Radcliffe's son; but the mob, persuaded of his being the youngest pretender, could scarcely be restrained from tearing him to pieces all the way on the road and at his arrival. He said he had heard of English mobs, but could not conceive they were so dreadful, and wished he had been shot at the battle of Dettingen where he had been engaged. The father, whom they call Lord Derwentwater, said, on entering the Tower, that he had never expected to arrive there alive. For the young man he must only be treated as a French captive; for the father, it is sufficient to produce him at the Old Bailey, and prove that he is the individual person condemned for last Rebellion, and so to Tyburn.

We begin to take up people, but it is with as much caution and timidity as women of quality begin to pawn their jewels; we have not ventured upon any great stone yet ! The Provost of Edinburgh is in custody of a messenger; and the other day they seized an odd man who goes by the name of Count St. Germain. He has been here these two years and will not tell who he is, or whence, but professes two very wonderful things, the first, that he does not go by his right name, and the second, that he never had any dealings with any woman. .

..

(In the beginning of the year 1755, on rumors of a great armament at Brest, one Virrette, a Swiss, who had been a kind of toad-cater to this St. Germain, was denounced to Lord Holderness for a spy; but Mr. Stanley going pretty surlily to his Lordship on his suspecting a friend of his, Virrette was declared innocent and the penitent Secretary of State made him the *amende honorable* of a dinner; in form. About the same time a spy of ours was seized at Brest, but not being acquainted with Mr. Stanley, was broken upon the wheel.)

He sings, plays on the violin wonderfully, composes, is , mad, and not very sensible. He is called an Italian, a Spaniard. a Pole; a somebody that married a great fortune in Mexico, and ran away with her jewels to

Constantinople; a priest, fiddler, a vast nobleman. The Prince of Wales has had unsatiated curiosity about him, but in vain. However, nothing has been made out against him; he is released; and what convinces us that he is not a gentleman, stays here, and talks of his being taken up for a spy.

I think these accounts upon which you may depend, must raise your spirits and figure in Mr. Chute's loyal journal.- But you don't get my letters : I have sent you eleven since I came to town; how many of these have you received?

Adieu!

No further light is thrown upon this episode until 1760, some fifteen years later. In Read's *Weekly Journal* or *British Gazetteer* for May 17th of that year, there is a note which says:

The author of the Brussels' *Gazette* tells us that the person who styles himself the Comte de St. Germain, who lately arrived here from Holland, was born in Italy in 1712. He speaks German and French as fluently as Italian, and expresses himself pretty well in English. He has a smattering of all the arts and sciences, is a good chemist, a virtuoso in musick, and a very agreeable companion. In 1746 he was on the point of being ruined in England. One who was jealous of him with a lady, slipt a letter into his pocket as from the young Pretender (thanking him for his services and desiring him to continue them), and immediately had him taken up by a messenger. His innocence being fully proved on his examination, he was discharged out of the custody of the messenger and asked to dinner by Lord II. Those who know him will be sorry (says M. Maubert) to bear that he has incurred the Christian King's displeasure.

We have seen what a sensation he caused at this time in England and at the Hague by his diplomatic relations. At present we are concerned only with the incident of '45.

What was this love affair, and why was it smoothed over? Evidently the testimony brought out the declaration that he had never had anything to do with a woman. Someone was jealous of him and obviously supposed that he had supplanted him in some lady's good graces. We read that the Prince of Wales was mightily curious to know more about him without obtaining satisfaction. Putting two and two together we are not likely to go far wrong if we suggest that the Prince of Wales was the offender and perpetrator of the mean trick that might well have cost the Count his life. Having due regard to the Prince's position, the Count seems to have done just the right thing by pretending to be "mad, and not very sensible," also in talking with apparent tastelessness, of being "taken up for a spy," to mislead gossip by keeping it busy in another direction. It shows also his lack of resentment.

This view is not unsupported, for we have evidence of its accuracy in the Records of Hardenbroeck, published in Holland in 1901 by the Historical Society of Utrecht.

I have been told that ... by the late Prince of Wales (who was a bad character) he was treated very meanly, but that not being guilty, he was again set free and accorded due satisfaction.

This Prince of Wales died a few years later, and the Count used to tell a story of his travels in India in 1755 and 1756 when he went out with Clive and was entertained by Admiral Watson in the flagship Kent during his stay in those waters. He was received everywhere as Watson's equal by the nabobs. One of these had such an admiration for the English that he gave his children English names and titles. Quite pathetically he tells how "the Prince of Wales is dead." Saint-Germain had his son with him on this occasion and the nabob gave him the name of " Lord Bute." It is an odd little picture. and knowing the real "Prince of Wales " to his cost, Saint-Germain must have thought more than he cared to say when he heard of this hero-worship expressed in just that way!

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

A STORY OF COUNT SAINT-GERMAIN

THIS story of the renowned Count Saint-Germain possesses an interest beyond that of a mere tale to while away a passing hour, and we therefore reproduce it exactly as it appeared some thirty years ago in a German magazine. There are two sides to such incidents, for reasons obvious to those who have seen and can see the dangers into which the fascination of the psychic and the marvelous have led, and especially today, are leading, many who cannot realize that "there is any harm in it." On the one hand Saint-Germain could if necessary explain and control such things, and on the other he was anxious to avoid the responsibility of encouraging others to dabble in them to their ruin. What he could do and where he could guide, others were sure of being wrecked, especially those who delighted in their "powers" and "success" in psychic affairs.

This necessity for *concealing* is one of the great keys to the strange history of that great man. He could heal the wounds of humanity if allowed to do so (which was rarely the case), but only by concealing all that would have been and was used to counteract his efforts. One thing he would not permit himself - no decent man would do so, much less one such as he - was the influencing of others' judgment by other than the most legitimate methods of argument and demonstration, always leaving the conclusions to be deduced rather than giving them, unless asked by sincere inquirers.

His friendship with Louis XV, and the favorite, Madame de Pompadour, was a lasting amity, partly accounted for by the fact that the King *knew who he was in reality*, and could treat him as an equal and a friend of the royal house of France, as though he were a royal exile. Saint-Germain's motive for cultivating such friendship was simply the fact that France was even then passing through the alchemical stages that were to lead to the stern refining of the revolutionary melting pot. He was trying gently to lead the heads of the nation to undertake voluntarily the work of national regeneration and so divert the accumulated charges of political and social electricity into a safe channel - to ground the current, so to speak.

How was he to do this? His family prestige could not be brought into play, except personally and very privately, on the rarest occasions, for half-a-dozen prohibitory reasons. He could display immense wealth, as men count wealth. At one time he wore to a ceremony something like two hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds. He had pearls and opals, rubies and sapphires to rival the treasures of Aladdin, but like the physician who apparently cannot heal himself, he appeared to use these solely for the benefit of others who were really deserving and in need, for the furtherance of his humanitarian work, or for ornament. He made magnificent presents to kings and princes, for no other benefit it would seem except to attract their attention to his duties, and if possible to lead them to evince a willingness to devote themselves, however humbly, to humanitarian work.

He himself lived on almost nothing; for personal purposes he was by no means rich, because "whenever he had any money he gave it to the poor." The display he occasionally permitted himself was purely for purposes of state. In any case a touchstone of his character is that he never received, but he always gave. By this alone he may be put in his proper place in comparison with others who have been foolish enough to claim some smack of his quality.

To return to our story. We have here a little sidelight on the manner in which he was forever improving the occasion, not to influence but to lay before those who really counted, the steps they might take to become tenfold more purposeful in the world, to identify themselves with the interests of humanity. For that time the Rosicrucian body was probably one of the highest in Europe as regards their possibilities of leading thought and so directing the course of history into safe channels, if they wished. The delicate, impressive way in which Saint-Germain indicates the open door is characteristic. Instead of a lot of talk (though he could and did use this on occasion) he chooses a striking incident which would drive the remark home with such irresistible force that while life lasted it could never be forgotten.

Such was one of the methods of this grand character, and such was the use he made of his remarkable powers - to burn ideas into the muddy brains of those he met around him, leaving them always free to choose whether they would take the obvious course or not, and to escape the influence of mere curiosity if they could.

It might seem superfluous to remark here that such a man was not neglectful of the side issues and secondary effects of any action or situation. Just when his actions seemed most obviously foolish was often the time when they fulfilled their purpose best. Their true purport was concealed. We have seen such a case remarkably exemplified where Baron von Swieten was led to tremendous results for science, for progress, for himself, by an apparently theatrical show he never even saw.

If Louis XV did not find his way to the "Rosicrucian degree," it cannot be doubted that the tale, spreading like lightning through Paris, reached with an intensely vivid force the minds of some who might otherwise have never contacted Freemasonry as it then was, and must have led them to associate themselves with the possibility of staving off the Revolution and the certainty of avoiding greater disasters. Need any more be said?

Dark Secrets: by Hugo Castel

(From Ueber Land und Meer. Stuttgart 1882, No. 13. Reproduced by permission)

MAITRE DUMAS

In the first half of the last century there took place in Paris a mysterious affair which roused the greatest interest even in the highest quarters, and in spite of the most eager and repeated investigations was only half cleared up; that is, certain facts were settled; but an impenetrable veil remained suspended over their connexion.

Even today it is unremoved and the future can hardly be expected to lift it.

In the archives of the secret police of Paris which we once received permission to search in reference to this remarkable incident and which probably will disappear in flames during this destruction period of the Commune, the following particulars are recorded.

At the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries there lived in the Rue de l'Hirondelle at Paris in a house which was called the house of Francis I, and in which also the Duchess of Chateaubriand had lived, an attorney of the judicial court of Chatelet, named Dumas.

"Maitre Dumas," (this was the title they used to give him at that time), was an extraordinarily rich man. He was a widower, and in his house there lived with him a son and a daughter; but he was considered very parsimonious, because there was only a single maidservant in the house to wait on three of them. Her name was Marguerite, and, as the investigations of the police showed, she received only twelve dollars a year in wages. For this she had to look after the service of the house by herself alone, attend to the cooking, the washing, and the cleaning of the rooms. She had to fetch water and even feed and groom a mule which Maitre Dumas and his son Eudes used for their excursions; she also had to accompany Mademoiselle Dumas when the latter went to Notre Dame to hear mass, or visited her friends in the neighborhood.

Perhaps it was this economy in the household affairs of Maitre Dumas which caused the fame of his wealth to grow into the proportions of the treasures of a fairy-tale; people said that he understood magical arts, and that he stood in relations with the devil. This rumor was yet further strengthened by the fact that no one ever saw him in a church and that he had never had a confessor. He studied in old books a great deal and had had built for himself a kind of observatory on the roof of his house where he observed the stars at night, certainly more in order to consider their astrological constellations than for the purposes of legitimate astronomy, for he also understood the art of casting horoscopes; and mysterious people often came to him by night in order to have their future told by the astrological attorney.

Every Friday, exactly at three o'clock in the afternoon, this remarkable man shut himself up in his room and no one, not even his son or daughter was allowed to enter. Always, too, a few minutes after Maitre Dumas had locked himself in his room, a rider on a mule came down the street; the mule was big and strong, beautifully built and with shining well-groomed coat, but on his left side one could see a great open bleeding wound, the sight of which made one shudder, and yet it did not appear to hinder the animal in its regular sturdy pace. The rider was a big strong man, well dressed; his pale face with its dark eyes had a proud and haughty look, and people would have taken him for a country nobleman who had come into the town on business, only there

was something wonderful and mysterious about him, for on his broad white forehead one could see three bloody wounds which glowed like fiery coals and filled all the passers-by with horror, so that whoever met this remarkable rider turned his face away, and no one in the street stood at the window at the regular hour for his passing.

Everyone knew this rider and the time of his arrival, for he had appeared always at the same hour for the past thirty years. This rider stopped at the door of Maitre Dumas, dismounted, and led his mule into the yard, where it quietly stood without being tied; the rider himself went upstairs, opened without knocking the door of Maitre Dumas, which was bound with iron and doubly locked, and remained for an hour with the mysterious attorney. Then he went downstairs again, mounted his mule and rode away at a sharp trot. No one was ever able to find out where he rode to; several times curious people followed him but all said that they had lost trace of him in the neighborhood of the churchyard of the Innocents.

Maitre Dumas remained quietly in his room and only came out when the bell rang for supper, as it did daily.

As we have said this happened regularly for thirty years, and people had gradually accustomed themselves to the peculiarities of the house of Francis I. Maitre Dumas was now eighty years old and his son was fifty; year by year the attorney spoke of getting him married without this ever happening; the daughter was forty-five years old, very pious, and quite the opposite of her father; she often went to mass, and stood on good terms with all the religious people; and yet she passed among the neighbors for a malicious, intolerant, and slanderous woman.

In spite of his great age Maitre Dumas was uncommonly healthy, vigorous, and active; no weakness seemed to disturb him, and his step was as quick, sure, and springy as that of a young man.

That was how things stood on December 31st, 1700. This was a Wednesday, and to their astonishment the inhabitants of the Rue de l'Hirondelle saw the mysterious rider on his bloody mule appear in the street at ten o'clock in the morning and stop in front of the house of Francis I. Maitre Dumas was in his usual workroom, and his son and daughter also were not a little astonished to see the mysterious stranger appear at this unusual hour; they had never of late heard anything of the relations of the latter to their father.

As usual, the unknown left his mule standing in the yard, asked for no one, but went straight to the attorney's workroom. As he opened the door and stepped into the room, Dumas' son heard his father utter a cry of terror and the door was quickly shut. Loud and positive voices could be heard all over the house, apparently engaged in obstinate and bitter strife.

This altercation lasted a long time; neither the children nor the maid dared to enquire the cause of it since it was strictly forbidden for any of them to enter their father's room. At last the gloomy stranger appeared again, shut the door, mounted his mule and rode away so quickly on it that the neighbors said afterwards that they could not follow him with their sight.

After some time Maitre Dumas appeared among his children, but they were terribly frightened when they looked at him. He was no longer the strong positive bright man he usually showed himself, but his face was pale as a corpse, his eyes were dull, his voice sounded hollow; he was the picture of a decrepit old man, and death appeared to have set its seal on his brow. He said in a shaky, trembling voice that he would not have dinner with them, and wanted to go immediately to the room where he was accustomed to receive the visits of the stranger with the wounds on his forehead; meanwhile he was so weak that he could no longer mount the stairs. His son and his daughter supported him and took him to the door of his secret room; here he left them, telling them to come at four o'clock to take him down, for he could not descend the stairs again by himself. Then he bade his son doubly lock the door from outside and to take the key with him.

After a while there came several business friends of the old man who wanted to speak to him; the son, however, in accordance with his father's wish, kept them until four o'clock and then went with them upstairs in order to carry out exactly the old man's instructions to bring him downstairs at that hour.

He opened the door - they entered - but to the astonishment and terror of all they found the room which was on the level of the roof and had no other exit, quite empty; there was not a trace of Maitre Dumas to be seen, not a spot of blood on the ground which could suggest a crime; the windows were locked, and in any case it would have been impossible for the weak old man to have attempted to get out that way.

The affair made a terrible uproar. There were people who accused the children of the murder of their father; the authorities held a strict investigation; the children spent large sums in the endeavor to discover some trace of their father. Workmen searched the room from which the old man had so mysteriously disappeared, the floor was torn up, the walls were stripped; the beams and walls were minutely examined and pierced, but nothing was discovered. and all investigations, both private and official, were without result; and even if the general investigation gave ground for no suspicion of the children, yet the disappearance or death of the old attorney remained completely unexplained.

The mysterious rider on his mule appeared no more and no one ever saw him again in the street or in that part of the town. The son and daughter of old Dumas died after a number of years, the whole matter fell into oblivion and only remained in the tales which people tell at twilight by the fireside, until the general interest in the matter was aroused once more in a quite peculiar way and the story became the subject of the day, in all conversations.

Old Marshal de Villeroy, the tutor of Louis XV, in order to make himself agreeable, used to tell all the latest Parisian society news to the royal la<l whose guardianship was entrusted to him. In this way he had told the little king. on whom mysterious and gruesome stories had a peculiar fascination, the story of the disappearance of old Dumas which was then agitating all Paris: perhaps he added a few decorations, and with the suggestion that was popular at that time that the devil in person had carried the old godless astrologer away with him through the air.

This story had made a deep impression on the lively fancy of the young king, and in later years when at court the conversation turned upon mysterious incidents, he was accustomed to bring this forward as a proof that even in the enlightened and skeptical age of Voltaire wonderfully mysterious things could happen, things which mocked the investigations of the most keen witted of men.

One day the famous Count de Saint-Germain was in the king's inner court circle. The Count de Saint-Germain, as is well known, maintained that he possessed the Elixir of life, and that he could always rejuvenate himself with it; and that he knew how to rule and search into nature by the power of his secret mysterious knowledge. The conversation turned on supernatural and inexplicable effects of mysterious powers in the world and among men, and the king told, as he usually did on such an occasion, the story of the wonderful and unexplained disappearance of Maitre Dumas.

"If your Majesty is interested in knowing what became of Maitre Dumas," said the Count de Saint-Germain, "it will be a pleasure to me to satisfy your curiosity."

The King shook his head smiling incredulously. The Marquise de Pompadour, however, immediately took the Count at his word and pressed the King to obtain from him the proffered explanation.

The Count de Saint-Germain withdrew for an instant into a corner of the room and appeared to sink into a deep reverie while he murmured unintelligible cabalistic formulae to himself.

After a little while he again came to the King, and said:

"The matter is simple, sire. The people who undertook to examine the room from which Maitre Dumas disappeared were either bribed or had not the ability to see anything that was not staring them in the face. The threshold of the door to the room was moveable; at the side of the door there is a spring, and if it is opened one can see the first step of a stairway which leads down through the walls of the house. If you go down these stairs you come into a cellar which has no other exit; Maitre Dumas went down into this cellar."

"But according to the statement of his children he was so weak," said the king, "that he could not go up the stairs again without aid."

" He had drunk a solution," replied the Count, "which gave him the strength to descend into the cellar. Once arrived there he drank an overdose of opium and sank into a sleep from which he awoke no more."

"And do you really suppose I shall believe this story?" said Louis XV shaking his head incredulously.

"Your Majesty," replied the Count, "will do whatever you like. Meanwhile what I have said is nothing more than the exact truth."

"We shall see," exclaimed the King, and immediately sent for his Minister of Police. He gave him the order to have the house of Francis I in the Rue de l'Hirondelle again searched most carefully on the next day, according to the declaration of Count Saint-Germain.

They awaited the next day in the greatest curiosity.

At last the Minister of Police came, and to the utmost astonishment of the King and the Marquise de Pompadour reported that they had actually found the moveable threshold and had discovered the stairway described by Count Saint-Germain under it. They had descended the stairs and passing through the foundations of the house had come into a cellar. When they had lighted it they had found therein among a number of physical and astrological instruments the skeleton of a man, which was dressed in the almost completely preserved clothes of Maitre Dumas; beside the skeleton there was on the ground a cup of agate which had been broken to pieces and a bottle of crystal which was likewise smashed. In one of the fragments of this glass there was still preserved a film of dried opium.

The King was amazed. He immediately sent for the Count de Saint-Germain and in his presence had the report of the minister of police repeated.

" I knew Your Majesty would be convinced of the truth of my statement," said the Count.

" But, my clear sir, I am not at all satisfied with the explanation," said Louis XV. "You have only aroused my curiosity still more. If we know now that Maitre Dumas went down the secret staircase into his hidden cellar, it still remains just as inexplicable as ever what could have induced him first by means of a secret drug to gather strength to go down and then by means of another to put an end to his life in such an extraordinary fashion. In any case he must have known the distress his mysterious disappearance would have caused his children, and if he wanted to die would have been able to do this in some other manner. And then again what is the connexion with all this of the mysterious horseman, the man over whose appearance all the neighbors had so unanimously expressed themselves so positively? "

Count Saint-Germain shrugged his shoulders.

" If your Majesty were gracious enough to enter into the Order of Freemasons and proceed to the Rosicrucian degree, the last veil would fall from before your eyes, and the secret would be clear to you. I can now reveal no more than what I have already told you, for every word would expose me to the greatest danger." In spite of all importunities, in spite of all entreaties on the part of the Marquise de Pompadour, the Count Saint-Germain was not to be prevailed upon to make any more revelations, and the mysterious story became, through what he had said, more mysterious and more inexplicable than before.

The Police investigations remain entirely fruitless, for almost all the witnesses of the time in which the disappearance of Maitre Dumas took place were already dead, and it was never really ascertained with legal certainty whether the skeleton found in the mysterious cellar was really that of the vanished attorney of Chatelet. All Paris talked for some weeks of the mysterious story of the lost Maitre Dumas, then it sank again into oblivion.

We have related this story to our readers just as it is reported in the Archives of the secret police of Paris and must give up searching for the key to the riddle which has now for nearly two hundred years remained unsolved.

(From the *Genealog Archivarius* for 1736. Published by M. Ranfft, Leipsic, 1736)

ADDITION TO THE FORMER PART OF THE GENEALOG ARCHIVARIUS

A will of the deceased Prince Ragoczy, dated 27 October, 1733, has just come to light. . . . If we are to credit the author of this monthly publication, the Prince died not in 1734, and not before 8th April, 1735, at Rodosto. From it we gather: (1) that his eldest son, George Ragozzi, called Duke of Makowicz, married a French lady, from which it follows that the younger, who fled from Vienna several years ago, and has since resided in Italy, was rightly named by us Francis; (2) that King Louis XIV bought for Prince Rag6czy, from the widowed Polish Queen, half of her property at Jaroslau, under the name of the then Crown Grand-Marshal, but which he had to pledge to her later from necessity; (3) that his agent and minister, the Abbot Dominicus Brenner, in whose name he had invested the income of that sum which the King had invested for him in the Hotel de Ville at Paris in place of the remaining subsidy, when the Prince went to Turkey in the year 1717, cheated him out of such amounts that he had him put in the Bastille by the then Regent, where he (the agent) cut his throat in despair; (4) that he made his eldest son universal heir of all his property and claims, but he did not mention a word about the younger son in his will, perhaps for the reason that the latter was then still in Vienna under the Imperial protection; moreover he remembers with considerable legacies on the monies to be demanded from the crown of France, his steward Nicolaus Zibric de Skarvaskand, his clearly trusted, the first Chamberlain Mikes de Zagony; his first Almoner, the Abbot Radacowitz; his General-Lieutenant, Count Ozaky; besides various other trusted adherents; (5) that he named the Dukes of Bourbon and Maine and the Counts of Charleroi and Toulouse as executors of his will, and to them also he most highly commends the chamberlain Ludwig Molitard, whom he had educated (and who presumably was his natural son; he also remembered him with a considerable legacy) ; and (6) that he himself formerly resided in France under the name of Count von Saros.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XVIII

THE CEIL-DE-BOEUF CHRONICLES

IT should be distinctly understood that there is no necessity to apologize for Count Saint-Germain. He himself did not apologize for his existence, nor need any other to do so. Yet many have thought this necessary for the simple reason that they did not know enough about him. He chose often to place himself in the humblest positions; his title was by no means the highest he might have chosen; he showed himself the equal of kings in breeding and their superior in character - not a very difficult thing in those days, it is true.

How then is he to be regarded?

Simply as a man to be understood as far as possible, and followed as far as one knows how to follow, when understood to be worth it. That is, each unprejudiced student of his life can see enough of his character to realize that he lived for humanity, a life beset with insurmountable obstacles which he surmounted one by one. It is the only way such a paradoxical life can be described- by a paradox. When opportunity to help came his way he used it; when it was in his neighborhood he sought it; when it fled from him he created it anew. He was one who sought nature and "worked with her "; and nature made obeisance, recognizing him as one of her creators.

There we have the secret of his limitations; he had no right to do more than "work with her." Therefore he had to obey her laws. If he could command the treasures of Allah-ed-Din he could use them for nature's purposes alone. If he let selfishness creep in, so much the worse for him; and good-bye to the treasures of that and of future times.

So I say study him as far as we know how; and if through the often distorted, often careless, notes we have of his life we can discover the slightest trace of natural law in the human world, we will have enough to carry us far, very far. Supposing one learns to let no adverse circumstances, no failures, no enmities, no overwhelming opposing odds stand in the way of a life-purpose to do as much good as possible in the world, according to "

thy will, not mine "that student of this great man's life will have learned enough to keep him busy for a 'millennium. If another learns the " true dignity of man," he will have learned more than all the books in the world can teach him, as Saint-Germain himself suggested. If another learns a few of the first lines of the clements of synthetic human chemistry, or alchemy, and can find out how to apply them practically without waste, it is much. If the old, old, old lesson of self-control, the knowledge of self, is learnt, it may well be said that a "powerful God inspires him."

These things being so considered it becomes important to sift the chaff from the wheat and to know what is valueless and what is worth while. And in this thing even small details matter, for several reasons. It will then not be out of place to point out several little inaccuracies here and there. Straws that show which way the wind blows, they tell us of falsificators, enemies, careless gossips, lovers of the marvelous, and others of whom we must take account, to reach any accurate conclusion.

In the Chronicles of the Ceil-de-Boeuf we have him recorded as living at Schwabach under the name Zaraski. We are told that the Margrave of Anspach soon learnt that under that name he was concealing his true name, and that his manner of life gave good reason to suppose that he was the well-known Count de Saint-Germain. " His Highness having said something about this to his guest, the latter absolutely denied the identity. The tricked Margrave then determined to bring this affair to the light of day and to make his own investigations. The investigations were long, but finally the Prince was vindicated by finding in Paris a portrait of the Count de Saint-Germain at the time when he appeared at the court of Louis XV ... Madame de Vegy. . . . "

We need comment upon such inaccuracy. "Vegy " is "Gergy," among other things. Well, we know something of the true story, and this hash of it, although not necessarily invalidating the remainder, is a clear warning to read with an open judgment. After the above we need not express surprise at the concluding paragraph of the article in question, which incidentally throws some light on the strange and utterly untrustworthy reports of his death, inspired apparently by some religious imagination which would have the fact follow the wish. Probably the whole thing is founded on the kindly way in which the Count, knowing how it would please his friend and host and pupil, Prince Karl of Hesse-Cassel, left the little message that he " had found the true light," or some similar Christianly comforting generality, as much Christ-like as Christian, and not sectarian.

" During the two last years of his life the Count de Saint- Germain appeared to be consumed by an insurmountable sadness; consumption gradually declared itself without at all changing the physique of the sufferer; death arrived before the malady had impressed its mark upon him." Saint-Germain showed, "they say," terrors in dying; his last moments were tormented by a distress of mind which was betrayed by exclamations in an unknown language. . . . He expired after a long agony in the midst of his enthusiasts, astonished to see him follow the ordinary law of nature!

How touching! What a delightful moral lesson suitable for an Inquisitor!

But also - how absolutely fantastic and utterly untrue. It is a little too " stagey."

Yet Madame de Genlis among others repeats it, and Levi, perhaps as a jest, quotes her quotation.

The little theatrical touch about Saint-Germain " trembling convulsively in every limb when called an extraordinary devil " by Madame de Gergy, is the same ten-cent novel stamp of literature. It takes a long time for the truth to catch up a lie; and when that lie is clothed in a religious garb - well!

Barthold says:

Count Languet de Gergy was French Ambassador in Venice from 23 October 1723 to 23 November 1731. (Quoted from Daru "History of Venice," and Poellnitz' " Memoires.")

The Countess in 1758 asserted having known the Count (St.-Germain) in Venice fifty years before. Not more than 37 years had passed.

If the Mysterious One appeared in the year 1723 as a strong man of fifty, we must, remembering his macrobiotic art, put him down as being born in 1660, a elate which tallies with the signature of the old Caspar

Frederick von Lamberg in the Adept's album of the year 1678. We are frightened at the result of our calculation; St-Germain died in the year 1784 in Schleswig; he must have been 124 years old; but also his last and most faithful adherent, Landgrave Karl von Hesse-Cassel, in whose arms he passed away, died in 1836 at the age of 92.

FROM THE CHRONICLES OF L'CECIL-DE-BOEUF

By Touchard-Lafosse

This year there appeared at the court a very extraordinary man named the Count de Saint-Germain. This gentleman who first attracted notice by his wit and by the prodigious variety of the talents he possessed, was not long in arousing the greatest astonishment for another reason. One day the old Countess de Gergy, whose husband was ambassador in Venice fifty years ago and where she had followed him, was visiting Madame de Pompadour, where she met M. de Saint-Germain. She looked at the stranger for a long time with signs of great surprise mingled with awe. At last, not being able to restrain herself any longer, and more curious than afraid, she approached the Count.

"Do me the favor, Monsieur, to tell me if your father was not at Venice about the year 1700?" "

No, Madame," replied the Count without betraying any emotion. " I lost my father long before that; but I myself was living at Venice at the end of the last century and the beginning of this; I had the honor to pay you my court, and you had the kindness to find that some barcarolles of my composing which we sang together, were charming."

" Pardon my frankness, but that is impossible. The Count de Saint-Germain of that time was forty-five years old, and certainly you are no older at the present moment."

" Madame," replied the Count, smiling, " I am very old ... "

" But in that case you must be more than a hundred years old."

"That is not impossible." Here the Count began to talk to Madame de Gergy about a number of details regarding the time when they were both living in the State of Venice. He offered to recall to her if she still had any doubts, various circumstances and remarks. . . .

" No, no," interrupted the old ambassador's widow, "I am quite satisfied but you are a man ... an extraordinary devil. ... "

" Stop, stop. No such names! " cried Saint-Germain in a loud voice, as his limbs seemed to be seized with a convulsive trembling. He immediately left the room.

Let us finish our introduction of this man. Saint-Germain is of a medium height, of an elegant figure; his features are regular; his complexion is brown, the hair black, his expression vivacious and spirituelle ; his bearing presents that combination of nobility and vivacity which belongs only to superior people. The Count dresses simply, but with taste. All the luxury he permits himself consists in a surprising quantity of diamonds, with which he is always covered; he has them on every finger; his snuff-box and his watch are ornamented with them. One evening he came to the court with shoe-buckles which M. Gontaut, who is an expert in stones, estimated at a value of two hundred thousand livres.

One thing that is worthy of remark and even of astonishment is that the Count speaks with equal facility French, German, English, Italian, Spanish. and Portuguese, without the natives of those countries being able to detect the least foreign accent when he speaks in their language.

Learned men and orientalists have tested Saint-Germain's knowledge. The former have found him more expert than themselves in the language of Homer and of Vergil; he spoke Sanskrit, Chinese, Arabic, with the latter in a manner that proved to them that he has resided in Asia and has demonstrated to them that the languages of the Orient are badly taught in the colleges of Louis the Great and Montaigne.

M. de Saint-Germain accompanies by ear on the clavecin not only little songs but also the most difficult concertos executed by other instruments. I have seen Rameau profoundly astonished at the perfect execution of this amateur and especially with his clever little preludes. The Count paints in oils very pleasingly; but what makes his pictures remarkable is a kind of pigment of which he has discovered the secret and which gives his painting an extraordinary brilliance. In the historical subjects which he reproduces, Saint-Germain never fails to ornament the women's dresses with sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, to which his colors give the brilliance and the reflections of the natural stones to perfection. Vanloo, who never tires of admiring the trick of these astonishing colors, has often asked him for the secret, but the Count has never been willing to disclose it.

Without attempting to give a complete account of the accomplishments of a person who at the time of this writing is the despair of the conjectures of the city and the court, I think one can very well attribute a part of the prestige he possesses to the knowledge of physics and chemistry which he knows to the bottom. It is at least evident that these sciences have procured him a robust health, a life which will exceed or perhaps has already exceeded the limits of ordinary existence, and, more difficult to comprehend, the means of arresting the ravages of time upon the human frame. Among other admissions made as to the surprising faculties of Count de Saint-Germain by Madame de Gergy to the Favorite, after her first interview with him, is one that during their stay at Venice she had received from him an elixir which for a quarter of a century had preserved without the least alteration the charms which she possessed at the age of twenty-five years: old gentlemen, questioned by Madame de Pompadour as to this strange circumstance, have said that this is quite correct; that the stationary youthfulness of the countess had long been a matter of astonishment to the city and the court. Besides, here is another fact which lends support to the statement of Madame de Gergy, backed by the old gentlemen whose report I have just quoted.

One evening M. de Saint-Germain had accompanied at an entertainment several Italian airs sung by the young Countess de Laney (who has since become celebrated under the name of Countess de Genlis), then aged ten years.

"In from five to six years," he said to her when she had just finished singing, "you will have a very beautiful voice, and you will preserve it a long time. But to make your charm complete you must also preserve your brilliant beauty which will be your happy fortune between the ages of sixteen and seventeen."

"Monsieur le Comte," replied the little Countess running her pretty fingers over the keyboard, "that would be in nobody's power."

"Yes, indeed," replied the Count, unaffectedly "Only tell me if you would like to be fixed at that age."

"Indeed, I should be charmed. . . ."

"Well, I promise you it shall be so." And Saint-Germain changed the subject. The mother of the Countess, emboldened by the affability of the man of fashion, went so far as to ask him if it was true that Germany was his country.

"Madame, madame," he replied with a profound sigh, "there are things that I cannot say. Let it suffice you that at the age of seven years I was wandering in the depths of forests and that a price was placed upon my head. The day before my birthday, my mother whom I was never to see again, tied her portrait to my arm; I will show it to you."

At these words Saint-Germain turned back his sleeve and then showed to the ladies a miniature in enamel representing a woman who was wonderfully beautiful, but dressed somewhat peculiarly.

"To what period does this dress belong, then?" asked the young Countess. The Count turned down his sleeve without replying, and again changed the subject. People pass from one surprise to another every day in the society of Count Saint-Germain. Some time ago he brought to Madame de Pompadour a sweetmeat box which caused general admiration. This box was of very beautiful black tortoise shell, the top was ornamented with an agate much smaller than the lid. The Count asked the Man1uise to place the box before the fire; an instant later he told her to remove it again. What was the astonishment of all present to see that the agate had

disappeared, and that in its place was a pretty shepherdess in the midst of her flock. On heating the box again the miniature disappeared and the agate returned.

However Louis XV, who had not yet privately entertained C de Saint-Germain, last month asked the Favorite to let him meet this man at her residence; he called him a clever charlatan. The Count was punctual to the appointment which his Majesty had made. He had that day a magnificent snuff-box. He wore his splendid shoe-buckles and made some little show of my sleeve buttons of a prodigious size.

"It is true," said Louis XV to him, after an affable salute, "that you say you are several centuries old?"

"Sire, I sometimes amuse myself not in making people believe, but in letting them believe that I have lived in the most ancient times."

"But the truth, Monsieur le Comte? . . ."

"The truth, Sire, might be incomprehensible."

"It appears at least to be demonstrated according to what you have said about several people you knew in the reign of my great grandfather that you must be more than a hundred years old."

"Well, in any case, that would not be so very surprising an age; in the north of Europe I have seen people more than a hundred and sixty years old." "I know that such people have existed, but it is your air of youth that upsets all the calculations of the scientists."

"In these present times, the title of 'Doctor' is very cheaply given, Sire. I have more than once proved it to these gentlemen."

"Well, since you have lived all these years," said the King in a mischievous tone, "tell me something about the court of Francis I. He was a man whose memory I have always cherished."

"Indeed he was very amiable," replied the Count, taking the King at his word. Then he began to describe like an artist, like a man of spirit, the royal cavalier, both physically and morally.

"Indeed I can almost see him," exclaimed Louis XV, enchanted.

"If he had been less impetuous," continued Saint-Germain, "I could have given him some good advice, which would have saved him from all his misfortunes, but he would not have taken it. Francis I was led by that fatality which rules princes, and makes them close their ears to the best counsel, especially at critical moments."

"Was the court of Francis I a brilliant one?" asked Madame de Pompadour, who feared that the Count would go too far.

"Very brilliant," replied the Count, who noticed the intention of the Marquise. "But that of his grandchildren surpassed his. In the time of Mary Stuart and Marguerite of Valois the court was an enchanted fairyland where pleasure, wit, and gallantry were united under a thousand charming forms; these queens were very clever; they made verses; it was a pleasure to hear them."

"In truth, Monsieur," said the king, laughing, "one would think you had seen all that!"

"Sire, I have a good memory, but I have also authentic notes on that remote period."

With these words Saint-Germain drew from his pocket a little book bound in the Gothic style; he opened it and showed the King some lines written by the hand of Michel Montaigne in 1580. Here they are such as they were copied after having been recognized as authentically original.

"There is not a man of worth who could submit all his actions and thoughts to the scrutiny of the laws, who would not be liable to be hanged six times in his life; even those whom it would be a great pity and very unjust to punish." The King, as well as M. de Gontaut, Madame de Hrancas, and the Abbe de Bemis, who were present at this conversation, had no idea what to think of the Count de Saint-Germain; but his conversation so

pleased his Majesty that he often summoned him to court afterwards and even remained shut up with him in his private apartments several times.

One morning Louis XV was consulting this mysterious personage whose experience and judgment he had recognized, on the subject of a gentleman whom they wanted to prejudice him against.

Sire," replied the Count with heat, "mistrust the information given you about this gentleman. In order to appreciate men properly one must be neither confessor nor courtier, neither minister nor lieutenant of police."

"Nor King?"

"I die! not presume to say anything as to that; but since your Majesty has said so, I think I am obeying in speaking. You remember, Sire, the fog there was several days ago when it was impossible to see four paces ahead: well, kings (I speak quite generally) are surrounded by yet thicker fogs which intriguers, priests, and unfaithful ministers raise around them; in short, all conspire to make those who wear the crown see things in a different light from the true one."

"Ah! I think so too," said the King suddenly changing the subject. "They tell me, Count, that you have discovered the secret of making blemishes disappear from diamonds."

"Sometimes I have succeeded in doing so, Sire."

"In that case you are the man to make four thousand francs for me by it;" and the King showed Saint-Germain a brilliant of medium size which he had just taken from a secretaire.

"That is a big flaw," said the Count after having well examined the diamond, "but it is not impossible for me to get rid of it. I will bring back this stone to your Majesty in two weeks."

"I repeat, you will gain four thousand francs for me," said the King. "My jeweler, when he valued this diamond at six thousand francs, told me that without the spot it would be worth ten thousand."

On the day named, M. de Gontaut and the jeweler were in the King's apartment when M. de Saint-Germain arrived. He took the diamond from his pocket, removed an asbestos cloth in which it was wrapped, and the stone was shown to those present as pure as a drop of morning dew. They were amazed. The weight of the stone taken at the moment of its delivery to the Count was found to be exactly the same after the operation, and the jeweler declared to his Majesty that he was ready to give the ten thousand francs estimated. This honest merchant added that M. de Saint-Germain must be a sorcerer, a qualification to which the latter only replied by a smile.

Indeed, M. le Comte," continued the merchant, "you ought to be worth millions, especially if you have the secret of making big diamonds out of little ones."

The adept said neither yes nor no; but he very positively asserted that he knew how to enlarge pearls and give them the finest luster.

At any rate it is a fact that no one can explain in any way the wealth which this individual displays; he has no property, no one knows that he has any income or bankers, nor revenues of any kind; he never touches either cards or dice; yet he keeps up a great household, has several servants, horses, carriages, an immense quantity of stones of all colors. . . . One could continue indefinitely.

Besides this, strange things happen in the house of Saint-Germain, who begins to grow almost as terrifying as he is curious to the multitude. There are people who have seen him doing things that exceed human powers. They say that he calls up spirits at the desire of those who are bold enough to ask for these terrible apparitions, which are always recognizable. Sometimes he causes replies to questions as to the future to be given by subterranean voices, which one hears very distinctly if one applies the ear to the flooring of a mysterious chamber, which is only entered for the purpose of hearing mysterious oracles. Several of these

predictions have been already fulfilled, they assert, and Saint-Germain's correspondence with the other world is a demonstrated truth for many people.

In the carelessness of talk at table, which the Count likes pretty well, he agrees with his friends that he is two thousand years old, and, according to him, that is only an instalment of life. Sometimes he utters in less intimate circles strange statements; one day, dining at the house of the Due de Richelieu, the magician a la mode asked his servant who was waiting at table about some point concerning a very distant date.

"I don't know about that," replied the valet. "M. le Comte forgets that I have had the honor to serve him only five hundred years."

During a visit that Saint-Germain made to Madame de Pompadour some days ago, when she was laid up with an indisposition, he showed her for her amusement a box full of topazes, emeralds, and rubies. There were jewels to a considerable value. Madame du Hausset, who was present at this feast of splendor, made signs behind the Count's back to the Favorite to indicate that she thought the stones were false.

"It is true," said Saint-Germain carelessly, "that more beautiful stones have sometimes been seen ; but these have their value."

"This man must have eyes in his back !" murmured Madame du Hausset, who thought that he had taken in her little pantomime.

"That trifle can serve for a sample," said the Count, throwing on the table a little cross of green and white stones.

"Well, that is not to be despised, at all events!" said the Favorite's companion as she placed the jewel on her neck as though to try it.

"Accept it, madame."

"Truly, M. le Comte, I could not possibly do so," replied Madame du Hausset.

"Why? It is a mere trifle."

"Take it, my dear," said the Marquise, "since the Count wishes you to do so."

Madame du Hausset gave in and took the cross, which the next day was valued at a hundred louis. The enchanter whose feats I have just narrated at some length should surely be able to fill the coffers of the State by a wave of his wand. They certainly need it, being in their customary state of emptiness. M. Machault is no magician, and it is in vain that he has clone everything to re-establish the finances.