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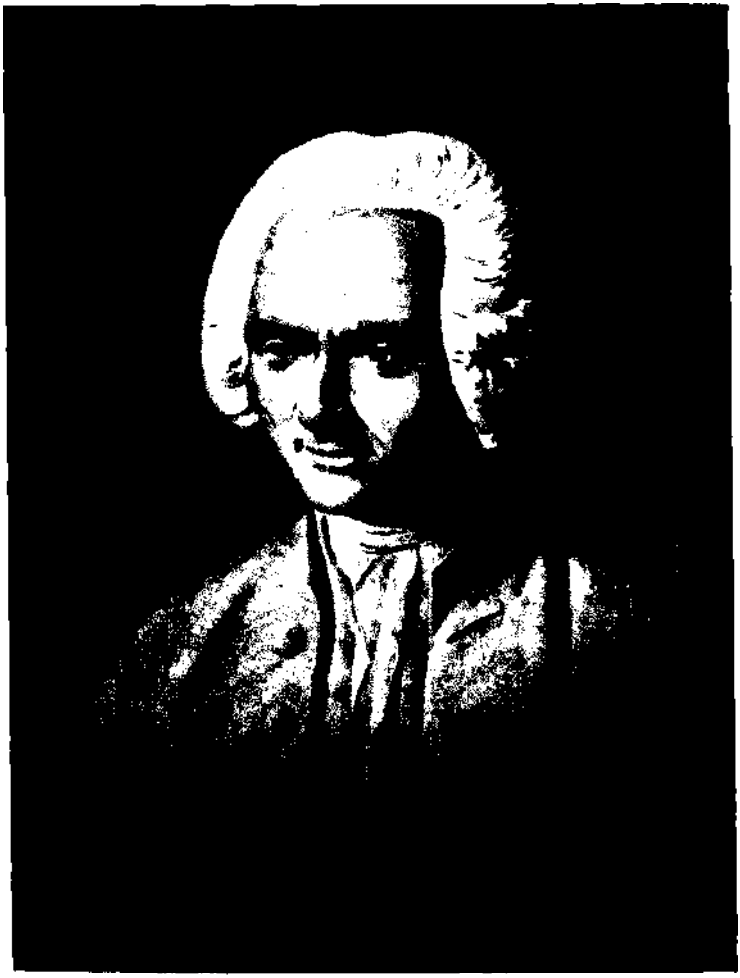

Rousseau
From a painting by Carnerey

Frontispiece]

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU

by

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PREFACE

FOR his first forty years Jean-Jacques Rousseau lived a life of romance, marred by occasional misfortune, but generally joyous and wholesomely active. After the age of forty, when he had discovered his genius for writing, his limpid prose delighted the men and women of the eighteenth century, and taught them to feel and to think about humanity, religion, Nature. His later years were stormy, ravaged by passions, beset by dangers, confused by flights from enemies, some real, some imagined. At last he attained poise and serenity in the love of Nature and philosophy and of one or two friends—" a gentle and quiet life "—in Paris before the Revolution. Most of the eminent men and women of the age at one time or another personally knew him or vainly sought his acquaintance. Princes put palace and castle at his disposal; yet—poor, hunted, exiled—he would for no man, for neither wealth nor security, sacrifice his independence.

Much as he wrote, there are many obscurities in the life of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. John Morley, when he wrote the long study of Jean-Jacques (1873) which has become classic, was without the *Correspondance,* that magnificent collection of Rousseau letters in twenty volumes, edited by M. Dufour (Paris, 1924-1934). To this, and to the researches of M. Ritter of Geneva, of M. Sells of Cambridge, of Frederika Macdonald and numerous other scholars, French and English, the present

work naturally owes much. They have helped to clear up many of the dark places in Jean-Jacques' glowing romance of life.

The edition of the *Confessions* used here is the three-volume text of *La Renaissance du Livre* published at Paris in 1911-12. The spelling of names, the " du " and "De," follows that of the *Correspondance.*

To read the entrancing pages of the *Confessions,* the haunting descriptions of country life in *La Nouvelle Heloise,* the hundreds and hundreds of letters of this so faithful correspondent, the *Contrat Social,* and other books and pamphlets unique for beauty of style and clarity of thought, is to live again the eighteenth century. This *Life* has been written *con amore,* renewing walks and journeys where Jean-Jacques walked and journeyed, in France, in Switzerland, in England, and especially in the lovely countryside of the Lake of Geneva, described by him in some of the most enchanting prose ever penned.

R. B. M.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
OXFORD.
1938.

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PART I

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU

CHAPTER I

GENEVA

THERE is a saying attributed to the American, Thomas Jefferson, to the effect that anybody asked to declare his favourite country would reply : " My own, first of all, and after that France." Jefferson was one of the great eighteenth-century philosophers and men of affairs, and his opinion is deserving of the highest respect. Nevertheless, there were a very large number of cultured people of his time who would have replied to the same question with the words : " My own, first of all, and after that Geneva." It was a little state of four miles square which, as John Ruskin has said, " did not wish to be six miles square."

> A little town, comprised of a cluster of water-mills, a street of pent-houses, two wooden bridges, two dozen of stone houses on a little hill, and three or four perpendicular lanes up and down the hill. The four miles of acreage round, in grass, with modest gardens and farm-dwelling houses ; the people, pious, busy, to a man, to a woman. . . . And this bird's-nest of a place, to be the centre of religious and social thought, and of physical beauty, to all living Europe ![1]

This was a free city and small territory occupying the western end of Lake Leman, known to the English as the Lake of Geneva. The city was crowded on the steep, sloping ground above the Rhone, above the spot where the river comes pouring out of the lake. The steep, tortuous streets were lined continuously with houses of three or four stories, the whole being surrounded by a

[1] Ruskin, *Praeterita* (1899), II, 120-121.

high fortified wall. In the midst of the city the fine Gothic Cathedral of St. Pierre was the prominent landmark. It was a Protestant Cathedral since the time of John Calvin, and under its shadow numerous Huguenot families had gathered together, coming out of France in the troubled times of Louis X I V ; in fact, of the three thousand families who composed the population of Geneva about the year 1700, only some fifty are said to have been there before the Reformation.[1] Some of these families had prospered and had obtained recognition as belonging to the patrician families of Geneva. The city in 1712 had perhaps 18,500 inhabitants, all French-speaking. Its culture, which was of the severe, scholarly, Calvinist type, was French. Its clergy, who had a European reputation for gravity, theological learning, and orthodoxy, preached in French. Geneva was regarded as the centre of Protestantism, in something of the same way as Rome was regarded as the centre of Catholicism. When Frederick the Great wanted to express the fact that he had no religious bias he wrote : *Je suis neutre entre Rome et Genève.*

Geneva was not a member of the Swiss Confederation, but was an independent city-state. It was governed, as most city-states were, wherever they existed, by patrician families who filled all the magistracies and the Council, which in Geneva had two hundred members, and the Senate, which had twenty-five. Every citizen took part in the election of the Council of Two Hundred ; the Council elected the Senate (or " Little Council"). The city was under an elective aristocracy, the best form of government according to Rousseau.[2] This civic government controlled not only the city but the whole territory, the state, which extended along the lake for about five miles on the south side, and about eight miles on the north, and which was from three to ten miles

[1] **Picot, *Histoire de Geneve* (1811), I I I , 114, quoted by Morley, *Rousseau* (ed. 1910), I, 9.**

[2] ***Du Contrat Social,* book iii, chapter 5.**

deep. Its neighbours were Canton Vaud, which was a member of the Swiss Confederation, occupying most of the north side of Lake Leman; France, which did not touch the lake anywhere but which stretched its vast mass behind Geneva and seemed as if it must push the tiny state into the lake ; and Savoy, territory of the Duke of Savoy, called King of Sardinia after 1720. Savoy occupied a large part of the south side of Lake Leman. It did not become French territory until 860.

It would be unreasonable to say that Geneva has the most beautiful situation in Europe, because anybody who has travelled can remember some lovely place with a situation which strikes him as just perfect, unique. All, however, will agree that Geneva has one of the most beautiful situations : in the angle between the rushing Rhone and the lake; commanding magnificent views of the Jura Mountains on one hand, of the Savoyard Alps on the other; and in the immediate foreground the enchanting lake, bluest of limpid waters, sparkling in the sun, rippling under a gentle breeze. For centuries the feudal nobility of Switzerland had held estates on the lakeside and in the back-country towards the mountains. Now, in the early eighteenth century, the nobles were losing their feudal privileges or had already lost them, and the *chateaux* were becoming less and less military, and more and more being replaced by domestic villas. These beautiful dwellings, *style Louis Quatorze,* were already numerous along and around the lake, standing in their timbered parks, magnificently situated for views of lake and mountain.

It did not take long for the cultured aristocracies and the rich, rising bourgeoisie of Europe to discover the beauty of Lake Leman, so that the region became in the eighteenth century a kind of nodal point of Europe. Bankers bought villas along the lake, and retired to them or used them for vacations. Englishmen making the Grand Tour stopped for weeks or months in Geneva or Lausanne. Clever Swiss physicians, trained at Leyden

or Montpellier, gained reputations for curing the gout and, aided by wholesome air and water and a terrain which favoured riding or walking rather than driving, established the reputation of their little cities as health-resorts. A cosmopolitan society grew up in Geneva^ and in Lausanne. The friendly Genevese and Lausannois mingled freely with the foreign visitors, and the cities of the lake became known as havens of political peace, intellectual culture, Protestant religion, and innocent pleasure.

Geneva was more staid than Lausanne, for after all, it was the home of Puritanism and its clergy were still remarkably influential in the city. There was no theatre in Geneva. Later, about the year 1760, the celebrated *philosopher* M. d'Alembert, proposed, with the warm approval of Voltaire, that a theatre of comedy should be established in Geneva. Rousseau wrote and published a very long and argumentative letter, addressed to M. d'Alembert, defending Geneva against the proposal. In the result he was pleased to think that he had contributed to prevent, or at least to postpone to an indefinite future, the " pernicious establishment."[1]

The little state had managed to keep clear of political trouble since 1602, when troops of Victor Amadeus of Savoy tried to escalade the wall of Geneva and were beaten off by the citizens. In the wars of Louis XIV its neutrality was respected. The city fathers refused to compromise themselves even so far as to receive a diplomatic representative of Queen Anne, who was so charmed by their tactful reply that she sent them her portrait in oils : it still hangs in the Hotel de Ville. Geneva retained its independence down to 1797, when it was annexed by Revolutionary France ; but the citizens proclaimed their independence again in 1813 when Napoleon's empire was tottering. In 1814 Geneva, with a slightly increased territory, entered the Swiss Confederation.

[1] Rousseau, *Petits Chefs d'Oeuvres* (1866), p. 511. (Letter to Malesherbes.)

It is impossible to overestimate the influence of Geneva—its romantic situation, its reasonable people, its moral bias—upon the genius of Rousseau. Romance, Reason, Morality, formed Rousseau's philosophy of life. About his romantic nature there is no doubt. His life down to the age of forty, as M. Faguet observes, was simply a novel.[1] Reason has had all the devotion of the enlightened eighteenth-century men of letters. And, somewhat paradoxically (for his early life had obvious lapses of morality), he was primarily a moralist, with an outlook almost severe, puritanical, a hatred of vice and wickedness, a passion for justice: "the one great religious writer of France in the eighteenth century."[2] The description *Citoyen de Genève,* which he placed after his name on the title-page of his *Contrat Social,* was more than a declaration of status : it was a declaration of faith. Rousseau thereby proclaimed his freedom, independence, morality, and—in spite of a completely undogmatic theology—his Puritanism.

[1] E. Faguet, E*tudes Litteraires, Dix-huitieme Siecle* (1890), s.v. J .-J. Rousseau, p. 339.

[2] J. Morley, *Rousseau* (ed. 1910), I, 26.

CHAPTER II

THE WATCHMAKER'S SON

ÉMILE FAGUET goes to the heart of the matter in his remark that Rousseau's life was a novel until he was forty. Before reaching this age Rousseau had written little, and did not realize that he had a gift of writing. He was incurably romantic, sensitive, and introspective. He looked upon life as an adventure, and upon Geneva, Switzerland, Italy and France as scenes of his romance in which the ideal became real and the real ideal. The famous *Confessions,* written mainly at Motiers in the Val de Travers when Jean-Jacques was fifty-two years old, are his rendering of this romance, as it occurred and as it remained in his mind, coloured by memory and sentiment. In addition, because Rousseau when he wrote the *Confessions* was in a chronic pathological condition, there is a certain amount of morbid, physiological material in the book, about his health and his sex, which is tedious and had been better omitted.

" Son of a watchmaker, I was destined myself to be an artisan."[1] Jean-Jacques Rousseau was born in the Free City of Geneva on 28th June, 1712. The Rousseau house (now replaced by another) was in the Grande Rue, a narrow, winding street of high buildings, on the hill which is old Geneva, and within a few hundred yards of the Cathedral of Saint Pierre. His father was Isaac

[1] *Fils d'un horloger, j'etois destine a devenir moi-mime un artisan.* Dufour, though he includes this letter in the *Corresp. Gén.,* considers it to be " probably false." I see no reason for rejecting it as unauthentic, although the style and its close parallel with the relevant passages of the *Confessions,* indicate a later date than 1731 for it. M. de Martinière died in 1732 ; therefore, if Jean-Jacques wrote it, he probably did so at the time of writing his *Confessions,* meaning to reproduce from memory a letter which he had written as a young man in 1731 ; but on second thoughts he did not include it in his *Confessions.* In any case, authentic or not, the information in it is indisputable. *Correspondance Generale de J.-J. Rousseau,* ed. T. Dufour (1924), tome I, p. 4 : letter to M. de la Martiniere, 1731.

Rousseau, a citizen of the republic, belonging socially to the plebeian or working class. His mother, Susanne Bernard, came of better established civic family; her grand-uncle was a pastor.[1] She inherited some small amount of wealth, including a good many books, and was superior to her husband in character and education. Rousseau says that she was wise and beautiful. As she died ten months after his birth, this statement could only be founded on portraits and on family tradition.

Jean-Jacques' father, who was one of fifteen children, was a rather passionate, reckless man, who soon went practically out of the son's life. Yet as a watchmaker he was remarkable, for he kept works of Plutarch, Tacitus and Grotius beside him in his workshop. Evidently he did not make a success of his trade of watchmaker (previously he had been a dancing-master) in Geneva; and, with the splendid mobility of the eighteenth-century craftsman—whether political, professional or industrial—he went off to Constantinople on a promise of work as clockmaker to the Seraglio. He obtained the work, but did not remain very long, as his wife pressed him to return to Geneva. This was in 1711. Jean-Jacques was born in the following year ; ten months later Madame Rousseau was dead. For ten more years, until about 1722, the father kept his home in Geneva and plied his trade. Then he had a quarrel with a French officer, Captain Pierre Gautier, struck him on the nose with a sword, and fled from the city and territory to Nyon, about twelve miles from Geneva along the lake, in Canton Vaud, where he continued to practise his trade of clockmaker. He married again, and died about the year 1752. Jean-Jacques visited him from time to time, and calls him, rather generously, a *bon père.*

Besides Jean-Jacques there was one brother, the elder by seven years. He was a loose fellow, but Jean-Jacques loved him tendeily, and he loved Jean-Jacques " as much

[1] **Jean-Jacques says, mistakenly, in the *Confessions* that his mother's father was the pastor. But see F. Brunetîere, *Etudes Critiques sur la litterature franfaise,* 4me. serie, 329.**

as a *polisson* could." He quarrelled badly with the father, and eventually ran away to Germany. No letter was ever received from him.

Jean-Jacques, bereft of a mother's care, like Gibbon owed his life to an aunt. " A sister of my father, an amiable and wise woman, took so great care of me that she 'saved me. At the moment when I write this, she is still alive, taking care, at the age of eighty-four years, of a husband younger than her, but ruined by drink. Dear aunt, I forgive you for having made me live, and I grieve at not being able to pay back to you at the end of your days the tender care which you lavished on the commencement of mine."[1] As a matter of fact, Jean-Jacques did, at a considerable sacrifice, pay his aunt a small pension in the last years of her life, to enable her to have the services of a maid. Madame Goncerut was a gentle lady, clothed and coiffed *à la Genèvoise;* her black hair forming two loops on her temples according to current fashion remained a lively picture in his mind's eye. He received from her his taste and passion for music. Often in later years he found himself weeping like a child because he had chanced to remember and repeat some snatches of the charming airs and verses that she sang:

Tircis, je n'ose
Ecouter ton chalumeau . . .

Her serene temperament kept away from her all introspection and sadness.

This honest autobiographer does not profess to remember anything before his fifth or sixth year. He does not know how he learned to read. The mother had left behind her a good many novels. The elder Rousseau was not such a bad father after all. When the day's watchmaking work was done and supper over, he would take a seat at table with the little boy, and together they would read a novel. At first this was only a reading-lesson; but soon they both became absorbed in the occupation and often read through the whole night

[1] ***Confessions,* 18.**

until they heard the swallow singing at dawn. *Notez-bien cette hirondelle,* comments Sainte-Beuve: " Note this swallow carefully. It is the first and it announces a new spring in our language; we begin to see it only with Rousseau. It is from him that we date, in the eighteenth century, the feeling of nature."[1]

The result of these readings, writes Jean-Jacques, was to give him early the bizarre and romantic notions of life " from which experience and reflection have never been able to cure me,"

The novel-reading finished in 1719 when the astonishing child was seven years old. Then he took to reading history, which for the cultured people of the eighteenth century was chiefly ancient classical history, with some account of the age of Louis XIV. Sitting in the father's workshop, while the father was making watches, the small boy read Le Sueur's *Histoire de l'Eglise et de l'Empire,* Plutarch's *Lives* (in the French translation of Bishop Amyot), Bossuet's *Discoars sur l'Histoire Universelle,* Nani's *Histoire de Venise,* Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (in French translation), La Bruyère's *Caractères,* Fontenelle's *Entretiens sur la pluralité des Mondes* and *Dialogues des Morts.* The severe and lofty Plutarch became his school of virtue. He learned to prefer the generous hero and republican to the cruel and selfish despot. In his ardent imagination he was himself Agisilaus, Brutus, Aristeides. " These interesting readings, the conversations which they occasioned between my father and myself, formed in me that free and republican spirit, that unconquerable and proud character, impatient of yoke and of servitude, which has tormented me all through my life in situations least fitted for giving it expression." On one occasion, describing at table with all the zest of eager and imaginative youth the noble action of Scaevola, he terrified the company by walking over to the stove and thrusting his bared

[1] Sainte-Beuve, *Causeries du Lundi* (3me edition), I I I , 82-3 *(Jean-Jacques Rousseau).*

right arm over the flames. Yet he was only a spiritual and intellectual hero; he never (though he did once seriously contemplate becoming a soldier) had any desire for the rough and tumble of camps or the excitement and danger of battle. " A character effeminate, but nevertheless unconquerable, floating always between feebleness' and courage, between weakness and virtue, has placed me always in contradiction with myself, so that abstinence and joy, pleasure and wisdom, have equally escaped me."

When the father fled from Geneva in 1722, Jean-Jacques, aged ten (not eight, as he writes in the *Confessions),* was placed in the care of his maternal uncle Bernard (a military engineer in the service of the city-state), whom he accuses of neglecting him.[1] The uncle sent him to a private tutor at Bossey, about four miles away, at the base of Mont Saleve. His cousin, young Bernard, was also with him. The tutor was a Protestant pastor, M. Lambercier, who taught the boys " Latin and all the *fatras* which accompanies it under the name of education."[2] Out in this pleasant Savoyard country, a land of pasture and valley, hill and mountain, Jean-Jacques found something new, the love of nature and of the open air which never left him. " The simplicity of this country life"—*la simplicite de cette vie champetre*—opened his heart to external things, and to the friendship of his cousin Bernard. He conceived also a rather morbid affection for the pastor's daughter, who was thirty years old. In the second book of *Entile ou l'Education,* Jean-Jacques tells an anecdote about his time at Bossey. It is with reference to the place of night-games, *jeux de nuit,* in education. One night at Bossey M. Lambercier gave him the key of the church and told him to go and fetch a Bible which had been left there. Jean-Jacques went bravely enough, passed through the cemetery *gaillardement,* and opened the church-door. The complete blackness that met his eyes struck him with terror. He turned and

[1] To Mme. Fazy, August, 1738, *Corresp. Gén.,* I, 76.

[2] *Confessions,* 22. A *fatras* is a jumble of things.

fled. Finding a dog, Sultan, outside, he came back to the church with the dog, but Sultan would not enter. Nevertheless, Jean-Jacques went in, but again lost his head, and once more fled, this time up to the house, where he heard M. Lambercier laughing loudly. At once all Jean-Jacques' fears left him. He turned round, went off to the church, found the Bible and came back. In E*mile* he draws the lesson from this anecdote that a tutor should not try and test a pupil's courage at night singly, but with two or three children together.

Although for a time he had greatly enjoyed the country and parsonage, all joy went out of life at Bossey after he and his cousin had been wrongly accused of some petty fault and punished by being beaten. This act of early injustice and cruelty remained a burning memory in the boy's ardent soul; looking back upon it in his mature age, it seemed to have poisoned the rest of his life. For the time being, existence at Bossey lost all its charm. " The countryside even lost in our eyes that attraction of sweetness which goes to the heart. . . . We ceased to cultivate our little gardens, our plants and flowers." At the end of two years (August, 1724) Uncle Bernard withdrew the two boys from the tutor and took them to his home in the Grande Rue at Geneva.

After returning from Bossey, the two boys, Bernard and Jean-Jacques, at Uncle Bernard's home, did not attend any regular school. They were taught mathematics and drawing by Uncle Bernard, who intended his son to become, like himself, a military engineer. Jean-Jacques acquired a taste for mathematics and particularly for drawing. There was some talk of making him a pastor, but the small fortune left by his mother was not sufficient to pay for his training. This was a fortunate circumstance ; for Jean-Jacques, though in his later years a high moral thinker and, in his own way, something of a Puritan, was so weak-willed when his passions and sentimentality were aroused that he was one of the most unsuitable men in the world for the ministry. His father, now living

at Nyon, working as a watchmaker, was not able to contribute any money towards his son's education, nor to the cost of board with Uncle Bernard, which was defrayed out of Jean-Jacques' mother's fortune. Thus time passed until 1725 when Jean-Jacques was thirteen years old.

In 1725 it was decided to make a notary of him, and he was placed with a M. Masseron, who, however, soon dismissed him for ineptitude. Next he was placed in a humbler profession, but much more to his taste, as apprentice (26th April, 1725) to an engraver. His master, M. Ducommun, was, he says, an uncultured and violent man, who treated him without any sympathy. Jean-Jacques, who lived in M. Ducommun's house, was rather poorly fed and rather harshly used, and so developed what he calls a lackey spirit—at once covetous and impotent. "This is why all lackeys are pilferers." He was afraid of his master: "and from that moment I was an *enfant perdu.*"[1] He took to stealing little things—apples and asparagus and sheets of paper for drawing. He declares (and there is every reason to believe him : he is so particular about his other faults) that he had a horror of the idea of stealing money, and never did take any that was not his own except once. This was years later, in Paris, when he returned an opera ticket which a friend had given him and received and kept the refund of seven *livres,* six *sous.* He was apprenticed to the engraver for about four years. The degeneracy of his character which was obvious in the first year or two was stayed in the later part of the period by the revival of his love of reading. He had lost this early taste for some years: "I did not even remember that there had been Romans in the world." Now, however, in the last year or two of his Geneva period, he took to reading every book he could buy or borrow; and the more miserable he was with the engraver, the more he read. Gradually he recovered the illusions of his early

[1] *Confessions,* 41. The chronology of this part of the Confessions is confused. Ritter, *La famille et la jeunesse de J.-J. R.* (1926) corrects it.

youth, became a hero of Greek or Roman times, and placed himself in imagination in situations of his choice. In cultivating this dream-world, he became more than ever introspective, and acquired that taste for solitude which never left him.

He had some misadventures. In the fourth *Promenade* (written when he was sixty-five years old) he tells of a visit when a boy to his uncle Fazy's cotton factory at Paquis, near Geneva. Admiring the glistening machinery, he placed his hand on a stationary cylinder. His young cousin Fazy mischievously gave a quarter-turn to the wheel. The cylinder revolved and crushed the ends of two of Jean-Jacques' fingers. The accident cost him three weeks in bed ; but he never revealed that his cousin had caused it.

One day playing *paille-maille* (a kind of croquet) with a boy called Plince down at Plain-Palais in Geneva the two quarrelled, and Plince felled him with a blow of the mallet on the head. Although bleeding profusely, Jean-Jacques was so affected by Plince's grief at the accident that as the boy leaned over his prostrate body, Jean-Jacques embraced him and wept with him. Plince's mother, who had a cottage and garden nearby, dressed the wound with chopped lily soaked in brandy ; Jean-Jacques says that this was an excellent cure. He became close friends with mother and son. This stoiy is also from the fourth *Promenade.*

The Geneva period came to a sudden end in 1728. Jean-Jacques was not a complete solitary. He made expeditions with other boys into the country on free days, chiefly Sundays. " We forgot the time, we did not reckon the distance, we enjoyed sweet liberty, we thought of nothing "—*nous oubliions le temps, nous ne calculions la distance, nous jouissions de la douce liberié, nous ne pensions à rien.*[1] Naturally enough, they were often rather late in returning and had to run for the city gate before it was closed at sundown. Twice the boys were

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* I, 4.

too late and spent the night outside the glacis, and on the next day Jean-Jacques' master beat him. On a subsequent expedition, 14th March, 1728, the boys, returning, heard the warning bugle while they were still a mile and a half away from the gate. A "cursed captain, called M. Minutoli" was on guard and he always closed his gate half an hour before the others. The boys ran. When they were still twenty paces from the gate they saw the drawbridge rise. Jean-Jacques threw himself on the glacis in rage and bit the ground. His comrades laughed at the whole incident and waited to enter at morning. Jean-Jacques waited too, but he had taken a different decision, not to return to his master. He sent word of his intention to his cousin Bernard. The two boys were fond of each other. Bernard came, bringing some little presents, in particular a small dress sword which Jean-Jacques put on and wore until he reached Turin; he made no effort, however, to retain Jean-Jacques, but rather encouraged him to go. Jean-Jacques believed that Bernard had been primed by his parents to do this, in order that they might be rid of their troublesome ward. So the unknown youth set forth into the unknown world, clad in his apprentice's dress : short jacket, tight knee-breeches, woollen hose, stout shoes, and girt with his little dress sword. He was just sixteen and a half when this Odyssey began : the date was Monday, March 15th, 1728.

CHAPTER I I I

A WANDERER IN SAVOY AND A CATECHUMEN IN TURIN

"THE independence which I believed I had acquired was the only sentiment affecting me. ... I entered with security into the vast space of the world."[1] The boy had no apprehensions for his future. Not that he expected a great deal. "My ambition was limited to a single château. Favoured by the lord and lady, loved by the daughter, the friend of the son, the protector of the neighbours, I would be content; nothing more would be needed."

It must have been the Savoy gate of Geneva from which Jean-Jacques had been shut out. For some days he wandered about the near countryside, lodging at night with peasants who took him in out of kindness, and in the daytime singing beneath the windows of some château the charming French ditties that he had learned; but no *seigneur* or *dame* or *demoiselle* appeared at the window to beckon him. The good curé of Confignon, in Savoy, about six miles out of Geneva, took the boy into his house, gave him dinner, and heard his story. M. de Pontverre was of a famous old Genevese family which had remained Catholic and, of course, could no longer live in the Calvinist republic. He did not try to persuade the boy to go back to Geneva, but over a good dinner and a bottle of wine of Frangi explained the excellencies of Mother Church. Jean-Jacques was persuaded, and with a letter written by the curé to a Madame de Warens, and another, flamboyant and appealing, written by himself, he set out on foot for Annecy. All this was less fortuitous than it seemed—and it is curious that Jean-Jacques, when writing his *Confessions,* did not, in retrospect, see through

[1] *Confessions,* 54.

it. M. de Pontverre was not just a kind-hearted, gentlemanly priest, though he was certainly all that. He was a zealous and successful converter, and was in touch with other like-minded men and women in Upper Savoy. There was in fact a regular system in operation for gaining converts. At the head of the system Was M. de Bernex, Bishop of Annecy (nominally of Geneva), who supplied most of the funds for the work. M. de Pontverre claimed sixty converts to his credit. Madame de Warens was in the system. It was her business to receive and house for a time and pass on possible converts to the place of instruction, the Santo Spirito, at Turin.[1]

Louise-Eleonore de Warens, *nee* (in 1699)2 La Tour du Peilz, had married at an early age M. Loys de Warens ; hers was one of the most ancient families of Vevey and his of Lausanne, both highly respected among the *noblesse* of Canton Vaud. The marriage was unhappy. There were no children, and Madame de Warens was inconstant. She was also sentimentally religious, and the Calvinist ministers of Vaud were not sympathetic. She crossed Lake Leman from Vevey to Evian in Savoy, and on 14th July, 1726, threw herself at the feet of King Victor Amadeus II of Sardinia, who was residing in his chateau there. The king had, like Louis XIV, a " mania " for making converts. He kindly received the charming suppliant; and though not as a rule lavish with his revenues, which in any case were not large, gave her a pension of 1,500 Piedmontese *livres* equal to 2,000 French francs or about £100 of that time. The Bishops of Annecy and Maurienne increased the pension to about £160.[3] To avoid any suspicion of scandal the king handed her to the care of Monseigncur de Bernex, titular Bishop of Geneva, who administered his diocese

[1] **A. L. Sells,** ***The Early Life and Adventures of J.-J. Rousseau*** **(1929), pp. 30-32.**

[2] **L. Claretie,** ***J.-J. Rousseau et ses amis*** **(1896), p. 60. The** ***Confessions*** **wrongly give the date as 1701.**

[3] **Meredith Read,** ***Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne and Savoy*** **(1897),** II, **19.**

from Annecy. The bishop placed her in the Convent of the Visitation at Annecy, and there she abjured her Protestant faith. But though she became very *dévote,* she found the simple and uniform life among the tranquil nuns a little insipid, so she left the convent and took a house in what was then called the Rue Saint Francis (later renamed Rue PEvech6) overlooking from the back windows the city wall and the lake below. Annecy was a busy little city of some four thousand or five thousand inhabitants, with quaint arcaded streets, superbly situated above its lake, which rivals Lake Leman in beauty. St. Francis de Sales was titular Bishop of Geneva with his seat at Annecy in the early seventeenth century. He died in 1622 and was canonized in 1655. His body was buried at Annecy, as was also that of his friend, Madame de Chantal, the Mother Superior of the Convent of the Visitation, which he founded. King Victor Amadeus took a keen interest in M. de Bernex's conversion-mission, and he paid the pension to Madame de Warens on condition that she gave help by receiving and passing on likely people. She also gleaned political information from travellers and became, it seems, an agent or " spy " in the diplomatic service of the Kingdom of Sardinia.[1]

Little canals or channels take off water from the lake and carry it across the streets of Annecy. It was in a passage or lane behind Madame de Warens' house with one of the channels on one side and the wall of a yard on the other, near the Cordelier Church, that Rousseau met the lady ; attended by a lackey, she was on her way to Mass. It was Palm Sunday, 21st March, 1728. He had expected to meet an aged, rather sour-looking devotee ; instead, he saw a beautiful woman, young, sweet-faced, gracious, with a dazzling complexion, the throat of an enchantress. She took the letters from the boy's hand, glanced through that of M. de Pontverre, then turned to Jean-Jacques and read it slowly, and was going to read it

[1] **Sells,** ***op. cit.,*** **56, 69-71 ; L. F. Benedetto,** ***Madame de Warens d'apres des documents nouveaux*** **(1914), pp. 143-162.**

again when her lackey reminded her that it was time to go into the church. In a voice that made Jean-Jacques shiver with pleasure she sent him into the house. "Ah, my child, you are very young to run over the country. Go to my house, and tell them to give you something to eat. After Mass, I will talk with you."

Madame de Warens was inexhaustibly hospitable and was, indeed, a good deal preyed upon by charlatans and quacks of many kinds. She retained the attractive young vagabond to dinner, at which there were also present a heavy, plausible countryman and his wife. Madame de Warens (as was her habit) ate almost nothing. Jean-Jacques also (for the first time in his life) had no appetite for a good meal; and the maidservant who waited at table remarked, with the freedom of an old servant in an easy-going household, that he was the first of his kind to be backward at the table. This remark, which seemed to impress Madame de Warens in favour of Jean-Jacques, had the contrary effect upon the "heavy boor" *(gros manant)* who was eating enough for six people. The question of Jean-Jacques' future arose, and it was certainly perplexing. The boor, however, laying down his knife and fork for a moment to give his jaws a rest, said that he had a message from heaven to the effect that the boy should go to Turin, there to enter a hospital or college for catechumens, that is, converts awaiting baptism. Madame de Warens did not seem to meet the proposal with any eagerness, but consulted the bishop and finally agreed. After all, she was only discharging her duty as an agent in the bishop's mission. Jean-Jacques, though he liked his quarters at Annecy, was also attracted by the prospect of a trip over the Alps to Italy, which aroused his now growing *manie ambulante,* his passion for journeying. The good bishop provided money for the journey, and Madame de Warens added a little more. The boor and his wife, who were travelling to Turin, took charge of the boy, and the party left Annecy on Wednesday, 24th March, 1728. He had been in the house for three nights.

On the following day his father, with a watchmaker friend, turned up at Annecy, looking for him, but was easily persuaded by Madame de Warens from going farther. The elder parent was *bon père,* writes his son, but attachment to his pleasures had somewhat cooled *(attiédi)* paternal affection; and the fact that in his son's absence he could draw for himself the income of Jean-Jacques' maternal legacy to some extent relaxed his zeal *(ralentissoit quelquefois son zèle).* Uncle Bernard, who followed as far as Confignon, learned there that his nephew had gone on to Annecy, and at once he turned back to Geneva.

So the strange party, the country boor and his wife, whose name was Sabran, on horseback, and Jean-Jacques on foot, set out from Annecy. The journey was a " long walk " which lasted for a whole week. It is from this that Jean-Jacques dated his taste for mountains and for journeys on foot, *pour les montagnes et les voyages pédestres ;* and Sainte-Beuve dates from it something new in French literature of the eighteenth century : " those good, fresh airs from the mountains which came and revived a literature as distinguished as it was dry."[1] M. Sabran was not quite so boorish as he looked. He was a glib fellow, passing himself off as learned and *dévot.* The couple treated Jean-Jacques well enough on the journey, paid his bills for food and lodging faithfully, but kept all of his money that was left over at the end. They delivered him, simply in the clothes he stood up in, with his letters of introduction, at the hospice of the catechumens, the Spirito Santo, in Turin on 12th April, 1728. There for two months Jean-Jacques ceased from journeying. He had walked over 180 miles : from Geneva to Annecy, 26 miles ; from Annecy to Turin, about 160 miles.

The hospice was a grim building, and the inmates not much more prepossessing. The monks, whose business it was to solve all doubts of the catechumens, were not very clever men, and their formal, set arguments encountered difficulties when pitted against the quick

[1] *Causeries du Lundi,* III, 89.

wits of Jean-Jacques. The catechumens, who numbered about a dozen in addition to himself, were, he believed, sheer frauds. There were four or five *affreux bandits* who looked more like archers of the devil than aspirants to be children of God ; in particular there were two Ṣlavs who called themselves Jews and Moors, and who made a living by going through Spain and Italy embracing Christianity and being baptized. The women, except one girl with roguish eyes, were "the most ugly street-walkers *(coureuses)* who had ever infected the sheepfold of the Lord." Jean-Jacques himself was not a very good catechumen, though his behaviour in the hospital was quite respectable. At heart he was something of a Calvinist. As a regular Genevese, he had imbibed a real aversion from .Catholicism, which he regarded as idolatrous. It is true that he liked nice old country *curés* who stroked him on the head and gave him meals of bread, fresh butter, fruit and milk, and the bell summoning the peasantry to Mass had a pleasant sound for him. All this, however, was very different from the way of life of the inmates of the Turin hospice. Nevertheless Jean-Jacques submitted to instruction and was converted. After ten days (in the *Confessions* he says it was two months) he was taken to the Inquisition, entering the gloomy portals with a feeling almost of terror. There he received absolution for the crime of heresy (21st April, 1728). On 23 rd April he went in procession to the metropolitan church of St. John, where, clad in a long grey robe, he made his solemn abjuration and was baptized. He was then recommended to live as a good Christian, and was given five *lire* ten *soldi,* the receipts of a collection made for him during the procession. He stayed, it seems, some five or six more weeks in the hospice, and then went forth into the world of the city some time in June, 1728. Although now all alone, his only feeling was joy at the recovery of his liberty.[1]

[1] **This is the remark in the *Confessions.* His memory played him false in regard to details. He says that he left the hospital immediately after his conversion, and that the amount of the collection was twenty *lire.* Sells, *op. cit.y* pp. 37-8, corrects the details.**

CHAPTER IV

THE LACKEY

NATURALLY, the first thing that Jean-Jacques did on regaining his liberty was to make a tour of the whole city. Everything pleased him: the soldiers, the priests, the throng of people. He even penetrated with the crowd into the royal palace, and of course began to imagine himself a regular inhabitant of it and to weave a romance. Later in the city he felt hunger and entered a milk-shop where he dined off *guinea* (junket) and two crisp rolls *(grisses)* of the excellent Turin brand which he liked better than any other; all for five or six *sous*, one of the best dinners he ever made in his life, far better than Paris dinners at six or seven francs. He found a lodging for one *sou* a night in the house of a soldier's wife. The days passed pleasantly in sight-seeing. He regularly attended Mass in the Royal Chapel with Victor Amadeus II and his suite present. The pomp of the court soon ceased to attract him, but he never tired of the music, for the King of Sardinia maintained one of the best symphonies in Europe.

All through life Jean-Jacques genuinely enjoyed the "simple life" about which he wrote so much, and he had no expensive tastes, either now or later. At this time, young and in perfect health, he could sleep in any sort of quarters, pass the whole day walking about the city, and dine exquisitely in the evening off milk, bread, herbs and cheese with now and then an egg or a glass of the wine of the country. But his slender purse could not long suffice even for this modest expenditure, so Jean-Jacques looked out for work—not too heavy and not too regular. At first he did some odd-jobbing in a small shop; but his periods of regular employment were never **to last**

long. This one came to an end because he gave himself the airs of a member of his master's family rather than of an *employé ;* he was discharged, but the good woman of the shop sent him forth with his clothes repaired and clean linen and, apparently for the first time, a hat; and she also found him a place, through a sefvant of her acquaintance, as lackey in a noble household.

The Comtesse de Vercellis, whose service he now entered, was a childless widow of high intelligence and of noble and firm character. She spoke the purest French and maintained a large correspondence in that language, but owing to illness was unable to write her own letters. Jean-Jacques' chief duty, more to his liking than the usual routine of lackey's work, was to write to her dictation. " Her letters," he says, " had the turn of phrase and almost the grace of Madame de Sevigné." The Countess was suffering from an incurable malady which she bore with firm courage and a tranquil mind. She was kind and charitable, not, apparently, from motives of sentiment or pity, but because she held it to be her duty. She conversed with Jean-Jacques and was interested to hear about Madame de Warens, from whom he received letters, but her manner was always dry and a little distant; in fact (Jean-Jacques being the sort of youth he was) she treated him in exactly the right way, and he did not like it.

When Jean-Jacques had been three months in her service, Madame de Vercellis, who took to her bed only for two days, died. Her firm and tranquil spirit was unbroken to the end. " I can say," writes Jean-Jacques, " that she made the Catholic religion lovable for me, through the serenity of soul with which she fulfilled her duties, without negligence and without affectation." She left to each of her servants one year's wages, but as Jean-Jacques was not on the regular domestic establishment, he was not included in the bequest. Count de la Roque, the countess's heir, gave him thirty *livres* and let him keep his livery, which was new.

Madame de War ens

Artist unknown

It was a well-managed household of good servants who respected their just mistress. When the household effects were compared with the inventory, nothing was missing, except a rose-coloured silvered ribbon. It was of no particular value or utility, but Jean-Jacques had stolen it. He did not even conceal the ribbon, and when taxed with the theft, impudently said that a young maid-servant of the household, a Savoyarde called Marianne, had given it to him. Marianne denied the charge, but with such calmness and modesty, contrasted with Jean-Jacques' strident and passionate assertions, that her conscientiousness was doubted. So the Count de la Roque dismissed them both, saying that the conscience of the guilty one would avenge the innocent.

Jean-Jacques never heard about Marianne again, but he writes that for the next forty years he suffered agonies on her account. His remorse, he avers, cured him for ever of pilfering and lying; and the desire to deliver his soul of the burden was a principal motive for writing the *Confessions.*[1] Writing the fourth *Promenade* in 1777, the year before his death, he still spoke of the *ineffagable remords* for the " criminal lie " of which poor Marion (as he in this passage calls her) had been the victim.

He was not yet finished with his career as a lackey. Indeed he soon found a new post and remained in it about two years—the longest time that he ever kept a place—until he was dismissed.

At first, after leaving the Vercellis household, Jean-Jacques went back to his old hostess, the soldier's wife, at a *sou* a night This must have been about the end of the year 1728. At the same time, he went to see an abbé, a Savoyard, whose acquaintance he had made at Madame de Vercellis.' The Abbe Gaime had only advice to give him, but it was advice, Jean-Jacques writes, which profited him all his life : lessons of wholesome morality and right reason; how there was no happiness without wisdom, and how wisdom could be in any condition of life. He

[1] ***Confessions,* p. 95.**

also said that if any man could read in the hearts of every other, he would find more people who wished to fall than who wished to rise—an obscure reflection which greatly impressed Jean-Jacques. The honest M. Gaime was, along with a M. Gatier of the Lazarette seminary at Annecy, the original of the *Vicaire Savoyard* of E*mile.*

Meanwhile the Count de la Roque, nephew and heir of Madame de Vercellis, had not forgotten the discharged lackey, and now obtained for Jean-Jacques a place in the " illustrious house of Solar." The head of this was the Count de Gouvon, a dignified and kindly old gentleman who treated Jean-Jacques with what he calls touching affability. The new place was not that of an ordinary lackey. Jean-Jacques had to wait at table, but he wore no special livery, and did not have to mount the box behind his masters carriage. At one of their grand dinners, the question of the meaning of an old French motto arose, and the old Count appealed to Jean-Jacques, who was standing by his master's chair, to explain. Jean-Jacques at once gave the right philological explanation. The company at table looked at him in amazement. The good Count next arranged that this promising young servant should have instruction in Latin from the Abbe de Gouvon, his son. From him Jean-Jacques did learn some Latin and also Italian, which he claims to have learned " in all its purity " ; he acquired a taste for Italian literature and some critical discernment for good books.

The Count de Gouvon and his family were actuated partly by genuine good-nature towards Jean-Jacques. It was a high-minded, dignified, affluent family, the kind that always treats its servants justly, kindly, and a trifle distantly. It was ambitious, too, and aimed at an ambassadorial career for some of its members. Jean-Jacques, young, handsome, quick-witted, with a perfect mastery of the French tongue and good handwriting, might be a very useful secretary to an ambassador. But Jean-Jacques, who was always his own worst enemy, would not sacrifice the near aim for the distant, nor

renounce an immediate pleasure. He formed an intense (though short-lived) friendship with a Genevese of about his own age, who happened to be in Turin, called Bâde. This youth was shortly going to return to Geneva, and Jean-Jacques, though he had no intention of going back to (Geneva himself, felt the call of the road : l'*ineffable felicité du voyage.* At the back of his mind was the picture of Madame de Warens and the view of lake and countryside from the passage behind her house at Annecy. So, not without some difficulty on the part of his tolerant masters, he made himself so negligent and offensive that, after repeated warnings, he got himself dismissed. At the last moment the family would have taken him back into their tolerant service, but Jean-Jacques had one rule of life at this time, that he would never " be twice dismissed from the same household." His period of service with the Gouvons had lasted five months. He was given, on account of wages, a parting sum of more money than he expected or deserved—and he left the house holding his head high, as if he had gained a great victory, to begin the life of a genuine vagabond—*pour commencer la vie d'un vrai vagabond.*

It was, of course, a journey on foot. Bâde was a cheerful, high-spirited youth; Jean-Jacques had a curious instrument, a present from the Abbé de Gouvon, called a *fontaine de héron* (fountain of Hiero)[1]; and the two young men thought by displaying this to frank themselves through the inns of Piedmont, Savoy and France. The *fontaine* amused the villagers and inn-keepers but did not procure free board and lodging, and money began to be scarce. At Chambéry, thirty miles from Annecy, Jean-Jacques became pensive, and wondered how he could shake off Bâde. His companion was not obtuse and beneath his laughing

[1] **V. D. Musset-Pathay, *Vie de J.-J. R.* (ed. 1827), P- 15, describes the fountain of Hiero. It was invented by a mathematician of ancient Alexandria and consisted of two bowls connected by a pipe. Wine was poured into the upper bowl. When water was poured into the lower bowl, the wine spouted. Thus water seemed to be changed into wine.**

exterior had a certain nobility which Jean-Jacques entirely lacked. When they entered Annecy, Bâade turned to his companion, said, "Here you are at home" *(te voilà chez toi),* embraced him, said *adieu,* pirouetted on his toes, and disappeared. Jean-Jacques never heard of him again. They had known each other for six weeks. '

Jean-Jacques, his heart beating violently, approached Madame de Warens' house in the Rue Saint Francis. How would she receive him (for he deserved little enough from her)? He was soon out of his doubt. Her manner when he entered was, as always, tranquil and sweet. *Pauvre petit, te revoilà done,* were her first words. Then she made him sit down and tell his story.

CHAPTER V

AN IMPERFECT SEMINARIST

JEAN-JACQUES for the first forty years of his life was something of the Hoffmann of Offenbach's opera, whose promising amours always ended in disappointment and bitterness ; and something of the adventurer, not too scrupulous ; and something of the reptile who calmly shakes off every friend as soon as he has ceased to be useful. Yet there was a continuous strain of good in him, as well as of ability. He was not a charlatan. He cannot have been (though there is little sign to the contrary) a pure egoist. In the long run he developed a powerful sense of public duty, though there was no sign of this just now.

He was now (June, 1729) seventeen years old; and after his experiences in Piedmont he came to rest at Annecy, as at home—for a time. Madame de Warens assigned him a room overlooking the passage where he had met her, the gardens and the lake. It was the first time since he was a pupil with Lambercier at Bossey that he had green in front of his windows. Madame de Warens kept a pleasant establishment on her twenty-five hundred francs a year, with the help of some overdrawing at the bank. She had a cook (woman), a chambermaid from Fribourg in Switzerland, and a valet from the Annecy region called Claud Anet, who knew a good deal of botany and supervised the garden. When she went out on a visit, which was not very often, she hired two stout porters to carry her chair. She had no silver ware, game or cellar of foreign wines, but there was always abundant food on the table, and excellent coffee was served in cups of *faience.* Jean-Jacques, who had a deep appreciation of what he calls *la vie egale et douce* of

domestic life in the country—provided it did not last too long—was just in his element. The only thing that irked him was the long time spent at table. Madame de Warens, when she took her seat at a meal, could at first eat nothing. The odour of food almost made her faint. Gradually she would engage in conversation, but not for half an hour would she be ready to eat. Jean-Jacques had eaten his dinner before she began hers; and then he had to start again to keep her company.

They lived on a footing of complete familiarity. Madame de Warens was *Maman* to him ; she called him *Petit.* Jean-Jacques was never an easy talker. To have to *make* conversation was an agony to him. With Madame de Warens, however, there was no awkwardness. When she and Jean-Jacques were together there was not so much a conversation as a ceaseless babble that only ended with somebody interrupting it. Annecy was nearly, if not quite, the place of his heart's desire ; and his romantic nature supplied the rest. He lived in a world half real, half imagined, of gently pealing church-bells, birds singing on their branches, radiant days, peaceful landscapes, cottages and farms and country houses more widely spaced from each other than the habitations of Annecy. Still, it was all pretty good at Annecy, including the occasional company, though Jean-Jacques sometimes grumbled at it: a soldier, an apothecary, a canon, a beautiful lady, a lay brother—the passing crowd of a moderately frequented high-road and market-town between France and Italy. There were books too, a translation of Addison's *Spectator,* Samuel Puffendorf on the Law of Nations, Saint Evremond's light and delicate works of criticism, *La Henriade* by Voltaire. Having plenty of time at his disposal, and a taste for reflection as well as for reading, Jean-Jacques, profiting from some previous instruction, formed the excellent habit of thinking over what he read. " M. l'Abbe de Gouvon had taught me to read less greedily and with more reflection." Not merely did this improve his power of thought; it helped to make

his literary style, for he reflected on the construction of the paragraphs and sentences, though twenty-three years were yet to pass away before he became an author. Madame de Warens and he often read together the *Characters* of La Bruyere and moralized on the material set forth there. She also gave him some lessons in singing and in music-reading — about ten lessons, often interrupted.

In the same street as Madame de Warens' house there was a seminary kept by Lazarist priests. Its head, Abbé Gros, was (writes Jean-Jacques) " a good little man, half-blind, thin, great-headed, the most lively and the least pedantic Lazarist that I have ever known, which in truth is not saying much." The abbe used to visit at the house, and Madame de Warens would give him a good time, talk sweetly with him and teasingly ask him to lace her at the back. When he was awkwardly putting the lace through the holes of her dress, the charming woman would move about the room drawing him after her by the slender cord, while he grumbled and kept saying : *Mais, Madame, tenez-vous done*— all of which Jean-Jacques found sufficiently picturesque. It was not all play, however, for Madame de Warens was talking with the abbé about the possibility of placing Jean-Jacques in the seminary. The thing was soon arranged. The Bishop of Annecy paid the charges for board, and Jean-Jacques became a seminarist, though allowed to wear lay habit until the result of the experiment could be gauged.

He took with him to the seminary only one book, a music-book, the cantatas of Clérambault, and applied himself enthusiastically to studying it. This was the only kind of study even remotely connected with the profession of seminarist to which he showed any inclination. He was unfortunate in his first master who tried to teach him Latin : a *maudit Lazariste,* with straight, sleek, black hair, a face like soft gingerbread (*un visage de pain d'epice),* a voice like a buffalo's, an expression like an owl's, a beard like a boar's bristles. This man's smile was sardonic,

and his limbs were as if worked by pulleys, like a mannequin's. When Jean-Jacques forty-five years later wrote all this, he had forgotten the man's odious name, but he still shivered, remembering the terrible, mealy-mouthed countenance, as the Lazarist stopped him in the corridor, blandly waving a filthy square hat as a sign for him to come into the tutor's room, more horrible than a dungeon. Jean-Jacques was sure that if he had stayed two months with this monster, he would have gone out of his mind. Fortunately, the good Abbé Gros, noticing that he had lost his appetite and was growing thin under the strain, changed his tutor. This was a seminarist himself, a young man from Faucigny called M. Gatier, who very generously gave up some of his own study-time to help this difficult pupil. Jean-Jacques always responded to kindness, especially when it was a little pathetic. " I have never seen," he writes, " a more touching countenance than that of M. Gatier. He was blond, with a beard verging on red ; he had the mien customary in the people of his province, who, under heavy faces, conceal considerable wits ; but what clearly stood out in him was a sensitive, kindly, loving soul. He had large, blue eyes, a mixture of sweetness, tenderness and sadness, so that no one, seeing him, could fail to be interested in him. From the look, the tone, of this poor young man, one would have said that he foresaw his destiny and felt himself born to be unhappy." M. Gatier remained a lively memory which many years later, when Jean-Jacques was writing Em*ile,* combined with the memory of Abbe Gaime to become the picture of the *vicaire Savoyard.* Under M. Gatier's instruction Jean-Jacques' studies showed some improvement, but not enough to justify his continuing in the seminary. The bishop and the head of the seminary became discouraged, and sent Jean-Jacques back to Madame de Warens, saying that he was not a good subject for the priesthood, though for the rest a good enough *garcon* and not vicious—so she received him again into her house. He brought back her copy of Clérambault's

cantatas, having learned out of it the air of *Alphée et Arethuse :* this was practically all that he had learned at the seminary. Yet he maintains that he was not irreligious. In the last year of his life (in the third *Rêverie du Promeneur Solitaire)* he wrote in reference to this time": " I became a Catholic, but I still remained a Christian ; and soon, by habit, my heart grew sincerely attached to my new religion."

He was an unsatisfactory *protégé,* but Madame de Warens did not give him up. Her next plan was to place him as a pupil with the choirmaster of the Cathedral, a Parisian named M. Le Maitre, who was a good composer, active, gay, still young, and a good-hearted man. M. Le Maitre had a house about twenty paces from Madame de Warens'. She arranged to pay for board and teaching, and so Jean-Jacques went and lived in the choirmaster's home.

The Le Maitre experiment fared no better than any of the others that were meant to find a profession for Jean-Jacques, though in this case he was not dismissed. He liked life with the choirmaster, all singing and gaiety, and the society of the other musicians and choirboys. He had freedom, too, but he did not abuse it. For six months, the winter of 1729-30, he never left the house except to attend at church or to visit Madame de Warens. This was one of the longest calm intervals in his life, and one which he remembered with most pleasure.

This idyll came to an end in an unexpected way. One evening in February, 1732, knocking was heard at the door of the choirmaster's house. Perrine, the maidservant, took the lantern and opened the door. There entered a young man who with easy self-possession made a compliment to M. Le Maitre and introduced himself as a French musician, earning his way through the country by taking occasional duty. At the words *French musician,* M. Le Maitre's heart was touched. He invited the newcomer to supper and offered him lodging in the house. Venture de Villemain, thé man said, was his name, and he

was on his way from Paris to Grenoble, where he had a relation, a judge in the Parlement. He wore a black coat, much worn but not old, fine though dirty linen, huge leggings and—although it was snowing—only a little hat for carrying under the arm. In spite of this comic garb, there was in his carriage something noble which could not be mistaken. Evidently he was some debauched young man who went about begging, not like a beggar, but like a madman. While supper was coming he warmed his hands at the fire, and chatted easily and well, but not at all modestly. At supper the talk was about music, and he spoke well about this also. He knew all the celebrated operas, the people of taste, the actors, actresses, beautiful women and grand gentry. On every subject he appeared to be perfectly informed, yet he never stopped long on any one topic, but cut it short with some roguish joke that made everyone laugh. Asked by M. Le Maitre if he would take a part in singing at the Cathedral next day, which happened to be Sunday, he replied: "Very willingly." Asked what part he was accustomed to take, he said: "The alto," and then turned to another topic. Next morning, before going to the Cathedral, he was offered the music-score of his part, so as to be prepared. He did not even glance at it. M. Le Maitre was now taken aback, and whispered in Jean-Jacques' ear: "You will see that he does not know a note of music." "I much fear it," replied Jean-Jacques. When the service began, Jean-Jacques was watching with excitement and alarm. He was soon reassured. The stranger sang his two solos with perfect accuracy and taste and in very beautiful voice. After Mass the canons and musicians showered upon him compliments which he put aside with ill-timed joking, but always gracefully.

The mysterious and attractive stranger stayed about a month in Annecy, and fascinated everybody in that cultured but somewhat restricted society except Madame de Warens, who, after one meeting, judged him to be a

libertine and refused to let Jean-Jacques bring him to her house. Some time later, a few days before Easter, M. Le Maitre, who was not of noble birth and thought himself slighted by the noble-born canons of Annecy, resolved to revenge himself upon them by fleeing. Madame de Warens, to whom he communicated his design, attempted ineffectively to dissuade him. Seeing that her advice was useless, she determined to make the best of the situation by sending Jean-Jacques off with Le Maitre. Thus she could break the connection between her *protege* and the dangerous stranger. M. Le Maitre, though he wanted to embarrass the canons at Easter by leaving them surreptitiously without a choirmaster, did not want to leave all his music behind. To hire an ass to carry this from Annecy would involve discovery of his plan. So it was arranged that Jean-Jacques should help to carry the case of music to the nearest village, where an ass could be hired, and then should accompany him into France. Madame de Warens supplied the money. This scheme succeeded famously. Leaving Annecy by night they made their way over the frontier to Seyssel, where the cure, a canon of Annecy, ignorant of Le Maitre's treason, treated them hospitably. From there they passed on to Belley, where Le Maitre told a story, concocted by Jean-Jacques, to the effect that he was sent by the bishop to conduct the Easter services. The choirmaster of Belley swallowed the story, and was glad to have the presence and approval for his own pieces of Le Maitre, who was known in the diocese as the best judge of music and a fair-minded critic. All would have gone well on the rest of the journey if M. Le Maitre had not drunk too much (as he was always apt to do) for his drinking bouts brought on attacks that looked like epilepsy. At Lyons the two lodged in an inn near Notre Dame de Pitié. Two days after their arrival, as they were walking along the street, M. Le Maitre fell down in one of his fits. Jean-Jacques was seized with terror, called for help from passers-by, besought them to

carry Le Maitre to the inn (which he named), and then, while a crowd was collecting, and while the miserable man was lying insensible and foaming at the lips, decamped. " He was abandoned," writes Jean-Jacques, " by the only friend on whom he ought to have been able to count." This occurred in April, 1730.

" Thanks to Heaven," concludes Jean-Jacques in narrating this incident in the *Confessions,* " I have finished the third painful avowal. If there were any more like them to make, I would abandon the work that I have commenced." His account of his putting the blame of the theft of Madame de Vercellis' ribbon on the maid-servant and of his (much later) retention of the money refunded for the Opera ticket, were presumably the other two; though it is difficult to see why he only felt this moral agony over three out of his many misdeeds.

When he arrived back at Annecy he found that Madame de Warens had gone to Paris. She was attached, for some obscure political object (doubtless connected with secret service, probably also with some question about her pension), during two or three months to the staff of the Sardinian embassy at Paris.

CHAPTER VI

WALKING

THE men of the eighteenth century were great walkers : not the " quality," who rode on horseback or drove in carriages, but the " common man "—soldier on leave or looking for another employer; itinerant craftsman ; musician, actor, juggler, student, young man of slender means viewing the world. These and hundreds of other sorts of people could be found on any highroad between the Elbe and the Pyrenees. They travelled light, in strong hose and shoes, with a stout stick, and generally (but not always) a light pack containing spare linen, and they lodged at night in a country inn, a peasant's cottage, or, if the night were fine, simply under the stars. In winter there was less movement. The craftsman and student and actor and the rest found work in a town for five or six months ; but spring found them on their pedestrian wing again, twirling their sticks as they swung along the highroad, stopping to drink milk at a cottage, eating their bread and cheese in the shade of a thicket or in the cool air beside a waterfall, or as evening drew on, turning into the village inn, where there was light and company, fresh eggs, bacon, cheese, and the local wine, perhaps a song and some flute-playing, and maybe fortune waiting at the hands of some remarkable stranger.

All this seems a little fanciful, yet it is exactly what Jean-Jacques experienced and describes, and what thousands of others were daily experiencing, though with less lively appreciation and without the latent power of expressing it in delicious prose. Jean-Jacques has written, in prose-autobiography, the poem of the open air and the romance of walking-journeys. Doubtless it was not all romance ; and in retrospect it was somewhat

idealized, for Jean-Jacques did not write about it until thirty years after. And even less mercurial individuals than Jean-Jacques must have had dull times and disappointments.

" Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow——"

thus Goldsmith begins his narrative-poem of a walking-journey through Austria, Italy, Spain, France, Holland. There is, however, nowhere in Jean-Jacques' narrative any indication of such a state of mind.

* * * * *

When after his trip with M. Le Maitre to Lyons, Jean-Jacques arrived back in Annecy in April, 1730, and found Madame de Warens departed for Paris, he did not think of following her : for one thing, he had almost no money ; for another, he could not ascertain her address. The maidservant left in the Annecy house did not know where her mistress was. So he took up his lodging with the brilliant and dangerous M. Venture, who was still in Annecy, achieving considerable social success. As society took up so much of M. Venture's time, Jean-Jacques was left to himself, and could satisfy his taste for the country to the full.

One morning he rose before dawn, dressed quickly, and hastened forth into the countryside to see the sun rise. This was a day or two after the Feast of St. John (24th June, 1730). The land was in full bloom, covered with grass and flowers. The nightingales, almost at the end of their season, seemed to take pleasure in calling up their reserve of song. All the birds, making in concert their adieux to spring, sang the birth of a beautiful summer's day, one of those beautiful days which occur only when we are young.[1]

Jean-Jacques, without noticing where he was going,

[1] If Jean-Jacques' memory was correct and the incident took place *la semaine apres le Saint Jean*, as he states in the *Confessions*, it must have been about Ist July. This could scarcely be called the end of spring and the birth of summer. The nightingales ought to have ceased singing about the first week of June, but they may have gone on for a week or two later. So perhaps the correct date for this idyll should be about 15th June, 1730.

walked further and further from Annecy. The day grew hotter; he walked into the shade, under trees, and alongside a stream in a valley, now identified as the lovely valley of the Fier. After a time he heard behind him the beat of horses' hooves and the voices of girls who mixed laughter with vexation in their cries. He turned round. Someone called his name. He approached and found two young women of his acquaintance, Mademoiselle de Graffenried, a Bernoise, and Mademoiselle Galley, a Savoyarde, both living at Annecy (doubtless converts to Catholicism). Jean-Jacques had met them there. They were good-looking, high-spirited girls, with the frank, innocent manner and zest for open-air expeditions which was characteristic of the *bourgeoisie aisée* in the eighteenth century. Gibbon's Lausanne journal and Jane Austen's novels furnish many illustrations of this.

The girls told Jean-Jacques that they were going to "Toune" (or Thônes), an old château belonging to Madame Galley, the mother, but they could not make their horses cross the stream, the Melcze, a tributary of the Fier. Jean-Jacques seized hold of the bridle of Mademoiselle Galley's horse and, stepping knee-deep in the water, led the animal, with its rider, across. The other horse at once followed. Jean-Jacques was then going to salute and depart, when the two girls said something to each other in a low voice; then Mademoiselle de Graffenried, turning to him, said: "No, no, you do not escape us like that. You have soaked yourself in our service, it is our duty to see that you are dried. If you please, you must come with us; we take you prisoner." Mademoiselle Galley, who, he says, was a year younger (actually she was twenty, that is three years older) and even more handsome than her friend, laughing at Jean-Jacques' obvious atonishment, added: "Yes, yes, prisoner of war; mount behind her, we mean to settle accounts with you." "But, Mademoiselle, I have not the honour of being acquainted with Madame your mother; what will she say on seeing me arrive?" "Her mother,"

interjected Mademoiselle de Graffenried, "is not at Toune. We are alone. We return this evening, and you will return with us."

So Jean-Jacques mounted and rode pillion behind Mademoiselle de Graffenried. It was a fairly long ride to Toune, and the two girls chattered all the time, and Jean-Jacques' awkward tongue was soon loosed too. By the time they arrived at the château (it is a white-washed, broad-eaved manor-house) he was practically dry. They ate a light *dejeuner* and then settled down to the important task of preparing dinner. There were no servants in the château ; the farmer's wife (every château had a home-farm) looked after it when it was empty. The girls had sent on provisions in advance, and now they cooked a very good dinner, with a lot of dainties, but without any wine; for girls did not drink wine in those days and so none had been ordered. Jean-Jacques, however, though he would have liked some wine to ensure vivacity (for he was still rather shy), said that he had no need of wine to intoxicate him. This was the only compliment he managed to make in the whole expedition. And the charming, roguish young women saw that he was speaking the truth. To them it was all gaiety and high spirits, but they retained complete mastery of the situation to the end.

After dinner they saved their coffee to take it later with the cream and cakes that the girls had brought. To prevent their appetite from flagging, they went into the orchard and finished their dessert with cherries. Jean-Jacques climbed a tree and threw clusters down to the girls and they threw the stones back at him between the branches. The afternoon passed away rapidly in this sort of fun ; evening approached and the girls suddenly realized that unless they hastened it would be dark before they reached home. So they all mounted their steeds, Jean-Jacques again on pillion behind Mademoiselle de Graffenried, though he would have liked to have changed to Mademoiselle Galley. Nevertheless, when the journey was over, and he left the lovely pair at their home

in Annecy, he naturally felt sure that he could be happy with either. He never spoke with them again, although they corresponded occasionally for the next year or two.[1]

Shortly after the episode of the cherries, Anne Marie Merceret, the maidservant left by Madame de Warens at Annecy, decided (July, 1730) to go home to Fribourg. She asked Jean-Jacques to escort her. Jean-Jacques had no money by this time, and said so. Merceret offered to defray the expenses. To save money they journeyed on foot. He was eighteen years old, she was twenty. They took, it seems, about a fortnight on the way. They passed through Nyon, and called on the elder Rousseau. Father and son shed tears when they embraced. The stepmother made some pretence of pressing him to stay for supper. The invitation was declined. The journey ended safely and Jean-Jacques handed over Merceret safe and sound to the father. At Fribourg Jean-Jacques lodged at an inn and dined once with Merceret's family. They separated without tears. Jean-Jacques, who thought that every woman who met him fell in love with him, believed that Merceret would have married him if he had asked her. He would then have settled down in Fribourg, a pleasant little town of the valley, Catholic too. His taste for music would have made him acceptable to the good bourgeoisie of the town, and he would have lived there in peace to the end of his life. Like all wanderers, Jean-Jacques every now and then professed to hanker after a quiet domestic family life, which, in point of fact, he never could have endured. *La vie ambulante,* he confesses later, *est celle qu'il me faut.*[2]

[1] A. Houssaye, *Les Charmettes* (1863), p. 45, suggests that this incident, of which the sole authority is the *Confessions,* may be due only to Jean-Jacques' imagination, because there is a picture, painted by Baudouin in 1760 (five years before the *Confessions* were begun) depicting *les Cerises et les Amoureuses,* an orchard scene just like Jean-Jacques*. Houssaye suggests that Jean-Jacques must have seen the engravings of this picture, whch were very popular. Or, of course, he may have told the incident to Baudouin. As narrated in the *Confessions* the incident rings **true and** seems naturally placed in the general flow of the narrative. But see F. and J. Serand, L'*Idylle des Cerises* (1928).

[2] *Confessions,* **180.**

Fribourg is about two-thirds of the way between Bâle and Lausanne. Jean-Jacques wanted to visit Lake Leman where it can be seen at its greatest extent. So he walked from Fribourg to Lausanne, forty-one miles. By the time he reached Moudon, he had just enough money for a bed and next day's meal. On the following evening he was at a little village (identified as Montpreveyres) just outside Lausanne. He entered a cabaret, supped well, slept, breakfasted and asked for his bill. It was seven *batzen.* He offered to leave his jacket as pledge for future payment. The good host refused, thanking heaven that he had never despoiled anybody and saying that he would not now begin to do so for seven *batzen ;* that Jean-Jacques could keep his jacket and pay whenever he was able. And in fact Jean-Jacques did pay back the money soon afterwards.

Entering Lausanne (towards the end of July, 1730), he imagined himself something like his hero Venture de Villemain, who walked into Annecy with nothing but the clothes he stood in, and found congenial employment in music. Jean-Jacques had no real knowledge of music, but he was genuinely interested in it, and had a profound belief in his luck. He always relied upon something turning up to carry him through any of his imprudences. So he sought out a cheap lodging kept by a M. Perrotet who agreed to take him in, to try to find him music-pupils, and to let him pay when he could. Jean-Jacques, it is true, was not to have full board but half-board, which comprised dinner of good soup, but no more, and a first-rate supper. He called himself (in imitation of his hero Venture) a Paris musician, by name Vaussore de Villeneuve—Vaussore, of course, being an anagram of Rousseau. He obtained an introduction to M. Frédéric de Treytorens, Professor of Law at the University, one of the first citizens of Lausanne society, who held concerts in his house. Jean-Jacques composed a small piece of music, and M. de Treytorens had it performed at home. Jean-Jacques, his heart beating madly yet maintaining

an outward show of boldness, rapped on the desk with a roll of paper, and then began gravely to beat the measure. The orchestra began playing . . . an incredible jangle of notes ! Everybody stared ; some tried to stop up their ears. Soon the whole company was laughing. At the end of the piece, however, Jean-Jacques had attached a delightful little minuet which he had learned from Venture. As soon as the orchestra passed from Jean-Jacques' jangle to the minuet, everybody was soothed and charmed, and soon they were congratulating him on his fine taste in light composition. Nevertheless this did not amount to a very good beginning for a teacher of music, and though he had a few pupils he lived rather poorly. He had some good times walking along the lakeside and visiting the places that Madame de Warens had described to him, particularly Vevey, where she had lived and where he thirty years later put the scene of *La Nouvelle Helo'ise.* He stayed a couple of days at Vevey (lodging at the Clef), and for the rest of his life that peaceful, radiant village and the blue lake haunted his mind. There being no Roman Catholic Church in Lausanne, he used to walk six miles out to Assens to attend service.[1] After a good many weeks at Lausanne, finding that his prospects did not improve, he went to Neuchâtel (October, 1730). There he did better, making enough money from pupils to keep himself and to repay his Lausanne host, Perrotet. He became something of a musician himself: that is, like many other quite good teachers, he learned by teaching. For about six months he plied his trade. The pupils kept him fairly busy, but his Sundays were free and, as was his custom, he " scoured " the countryside and woods around Neuchâtel.

On one such day (in April, 1731), being at the village of Boudry on the west side of the Lake of Neuchâtel, he entered a cabaret. There he saw a man with a great beard and a violet robe *à la grecque,* a fur hat, noble in his equipment and aspect, who was having difficulty in

[1] **Sells,** ***op. cit.,*** **p. 77.**

making himself understood, for he talked an unheard-of language, more like Italian than anything else. Jean-Jacques could understand almost all that he said, though nobody else could, and spoke a few words to him in Italian. The stranger rose and embraced him effusively. A mutual understanding was made at once, and from this moment Jean-Jacques acted as interpreter. The stranger, who saw that Jean-Jacques had ordered a very poor meal, invited the young man to come over to his own well-furnished table. Drinking and jabbering *(baraguinant)* together, they became thoroughly familiar and at the end of the meal were inseparable. The stranger was (so he said) Greek bishop and archimandrite of Jerusalem and was charged with a mission to Europe for the re-establishing of the Holy Sepulchre. He produced handsome patents from the Tsarina and the Holy Roman Emperor and many other sovereigns. He collected much money, but as he knew no Latin, nor French, nor German, he was hampered in his mission and wanted a secretary-interpreter. Without further enquiry on either side, without any contract, he and Jean-Jacques entered into partnership. Next day they started out for Jerusalem on horseback. The name of the archimandrite, according to the records of the Council of Berne, was Father Athanasius Paulus, of the Order of St. Peter and St. Paul of Jersualem.[1]

They were not going directly to Jerusalem, for the mission was not yet fulfilled. The dignity of a prelate and archimandrite was not compatible with begging, at any rate from individuals, but states and cantons could be approached and invited to contribute. The first cantonal authority they called upon was Fribourg, which did not yield much. Next they went to Berne, lodging at the Falcon, where there was a good table and plenty of company. Jean-Jacques made up for his previous poor living, and the archimandrite showed himself too to be a good diner and pleasant companion, many-sided and bearing his

[1] Sells, *op. cit.,* p. 80.

Greek learning gracefully. One day, cracking nuts at dessert, he broke the skin of his finger, which bled rather profusely. Holding the finger up to the company, he cried : " Observe, gentlemen, this is Pelasgian blood " *(Mirqte, Signori, questo è sangue pelasgo).* Not many of the Bernese can have heard of the ancient Mediterranean Pelasgians. Jean-Jacques acquitted himself very well at Berne. He had to introduce the archimandrite to the senate of the canton and, after they had discussed the matter, he was suddenly called on to make a regular speech. In spite of intense embarrassment, he pulled himself together and made rather a fine oration ; at any rate the Berne senators were impressed, for they gave a handsome contribution (ten crowns) to the mission, which on this occasion professed to be for freeing Christian slaves. This was the only time that Jean-Jacques ever spoke in public or before a sovereign.

From Berne they went to Soleure, where there was a French ambassador, the Marquis de Bonac. This diplomatist had been ambassador at Constantinople and spoke Italian at any rate as well as Jean-Jacques. He had an interview with the archimandrite alone. When the archimandrite came out of the audience-room, Jean-Jacques wanted to follow him, but was stopped. So the archimandrite passes out into the void. He was expelled from the canton and no more is heard of him.

It was now Jean - Jacques* turn to go into the ambassador's room. The great man asked him kindly and seriously to make a clean breast of everything. The young man threw himself at the ambassador's feet and poured out his whole story. M. de Bonac was touched with Jean-Jacques' obvious sincerity and romantic tale, and took him by the hand, led him into his wife's room, and introduced him with a brief abstract of the story. Madame de Bonac made him welcome and said that he must not be allowed to go off with the Greek monk. He was handed over to the secretary of the embassy, M. de Martinière, who showed him into one of the

guest-rooms of the house with the words : " This chamber was occupied by a celebrated man of the same name as you. It lies with you to replace him in every way, and to have people saying one day: *Rousseau first, Rousseau second"* Jean-Jacques' curiosity was piqued. He read some of the works of Jean-Baptiste Rousseau (1671-1741), a poet who had a stormy career; and he made some French verses himself, but soon gave up this study. French versification was, he says, an elegant exercise and good for helping people to write better prose. But he never was much attracted to French poetry.

The charitable ambassador, as Jean-Jacques later wrote, saved him from being *un malheureux vagabond,*[1] He might have engaged Jean-Jacques as an extra secretary or amanuensis, but the young man showed no eagerness for such a post. So, on the suggestion of the secretary-interpreter, M. de Merveilleux, who had a Swiss friend, a colonel in one of the Swiss regiments of France, it was decided to send him to Paris. The Swiss colonel, M. Godard, had a nephew who was entering the regiment rather young ; and the plan was for Jean-Jacques, himself entering the regiment as a cadet, to become governor or tutor-companion to the youth. Jean-Jacques took fire at the idea. What more could he desire ? " I was young, in good health, I had enough money, plenty of hope, I was journeying on foot and I was journeying alone." And at the end of the way was Paris. To walk the country-side day after day with an object, not too near, for conclusion of the voyage, was one of the great joys of life.

The journey, however, was not arranged at once, for though he says in the *Confessions* that he " had enough money," and that he went straight from Soleure to Paris, he had, as his *Correspondence* proves, an interval of penury at Neuchâtel. He went there from Soleure, and tried to earn money teaching music, but he had only one pupil and fell into debt. He communicated his dire state to Mademoiselle Giraud at Annecy in a letter written from

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* I, 47.

Neuchâtel in the summer of 1731 ; and he also wrote asking for help from his father, who was at Nyon.[1] Perhaps Mademoiselle Giraud told Madame de Warens, who may then have sent money for the journey to Paris ; or perhaps his father sent the money, though this is unlikely ; or the kind'French ambassador at Soleure may have done so; there is some reason to believe that M. de Bernex, the ever-kind and hopeful Bishop of Annecy, sent help.[2]

So Jean-Jacques set off for Paris in fine fettle. As he went along, with his mind and spirit stimulated by the air, sunshine, scenery, and exercise, the military career which was in prospect seemed to be just the thing for him. Kind people stopped their carriages occasionally and offered him a lift, but he declined. Marching was what he liked. He imagined himself Cadet Rousseau, Ensign Rousseau, Colonel Rousseau, and finally Marshal Rousseau. His short sight would be an obstacle, but he remembered that Marshal Schomberg, who had commanded armies both of Louis XIV and William of Orange, had been short-sighted.

This mood, however, did not last very long. As scenes of tranquil beauty succeeded each other—champaign, thicket and stream—he began to sigh. He felt, in the midst of his dreams of military glory, that his heart was not made for so much noise. Soon, without knowing how, his mind was back again among the sheep-cotes and he had renounced Mars for ever.

Like everybody on first approaching Paris, he received a shock. He expected a majestic metropolis, worthy capital of France and Europe, standing clean-cut and noble out of the countryside, as he had seen Turin—symmetrical, clean-cut, planned—stand out of the Piedmontese plain. Instead, he saw, as all visitors are still apt to see, not superb streets and stately palaces, but dirty roads, ugly, soiled houses, poverty, trucks, old-clothes vendors, hawkers, a general air of *malpropreti.* No subsequent

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* I, 7-15.
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* I, 109.

experience of the real magnificence of Paris was sufficient to efface this first impression. The same thing happened at the Opera, to which he hastened on the following day, and again at Versailles, and later on when he saw the sea. It is the penalty of a rich imagination. The Seine did not ignite on his arrival, and Jean-Jacques was soon convinced that he was not going to be made much of. The French people whom he met were quite friendly. Their manner was simple, attractive, sincere. But though he always found the French to be ready to undertake trouble for a stranger, and to be naturally humane and benevolent, the most *genuine* people in Europe, yet they were light and volatile and soon lost interest.

Jean-Jacques was also disappointed in the Swiss colonel, who expected his nephew's tutor to look after the ward for nothing and to live simply on a cadet's pay. So Jean-Jacques, with the approval of Madame de Merveilleux, who was in Paris, refused to enter the military service. His money began to run out. He had spent a hundred francs upon the journey from Soleure. The Ambassador had given him something extra which maintained him for some time in Paris, and probably M. de Bonac would also have found some employment for him, if he had been only patient. It was not Jean-Jacques' way, however, to be patient and to wait on great men's favours. He soon tired of calling upon possible employers, stayed away, and *tout fut fini*. Madame de Merveilleux, to whom Jean-Jacques told his story, had been making enquiries about Madame de Warens and found out that she had left Paris two months previously, nobody knew whither. So Jean-Jacques set forth for Lyons, convinced (as he expresses it) he would find Madame de Warens more easily *en province* than he had been able to do in Paris.

As soon as he left the city his spirits rose. The open air, the sunshine, the song of the birds, and the physical exercise as he swung along the highroad, were tonic, as always, to his mind and body, and enlivened all his ideas.

When staying in one place, he could scarcely think ; when walking swiftly, his spirit also was in motion. " The view of the country, the succession of agreeable sights, the great air, the great appetite, the good health which I gain when walking, the liberty of the inn, the removal of everything which makes me feel my dependence, of everything which recalls my situation to me—all this disengages my spirit, gives me a greater audacity of thought . . . I feel all nature at my disposal." It was so delightful, so free, that he let himself be lost several times : " I would have been very much annoyed to go more directly, for, knowing that at Lyons I would find myself on earth again, I could wish never to arrive there."

One day, having strayed deliberately from the road to have a better view of an attractive scene, he really did lose his bearings. After several hours of wandering, overcome with hunger and thirst, he knocked at a substantial cottage, the only one in sight. He asked the peasant in it to give him food in return for payment. The man brought out some skim milk and barley bread. Jean-Jacques drank the milk with gusto and ate up the bread, husk and all; but this was little enough for an exhausted man. The peasant, who was examining him closely and asking questions, suddenly—convinced that he could trust the stranger—opened a little trap-door in the kitchen, went down, and came back in a moment with a large loaf of brown wheaten bread, a very appetizing ham, already cut into, and—better still—a bottle of wine. This, with the addition of a large omelette, made a dinner better than any wayfarer had ever known.

When Jean-Jacques, having dined, opened the subject of payment, the man's disquiet and fears returned. He would take no money and repeated it with surprising vehemence. Jean-Jacques was at a loss to understand. At last the peasant uttered the terrible words *commissioners* and *cellar-rats.* Then he explained that he hid his wine, because of the tax called *aides,* and his bread because of the tax called *taille,* and that he would be a lost

man if it was suspected that he was not dying of hunger. What the peasant told him made an ineffaceable impression upon Jean-Jacques. This was the germ of the inextinguishable hate which subsequently developed in his heart against the vexations placed on the unfortunate people and against their oppressors. This man, although prosperous, dared not eat the bread which he gained with the sweat of his brow, and could not avoid ruin except by displaying the same misery as prevailed around him. " I came out of his house in as much indignation as pity, deploring the lot of these beautiful lands where nature has been prodigal of her wealth only to make them the prey of barbarous tax-gatherers."[1]

Still travelling by easy stages, Jean-Jacques as he approached Lyons was tempted to prolong the journey, to see the banks of the Lignon and the region of Forez, the scene of a novel, *Astrée*, which he had read about fifteen years ago with his father. The landlady of an inn, at which he made enquiries, told him that Forez was a good country for employment, with many iron-works, and opportunities for anybody who would work hard in iron. This was enough for Jean-Jacques and put an end to his curiosity about Forez. A country of iron-workers did not impress him as the right place in which to look for the Dianas and Sylvanders of the novel.

He was going to Lyons not entirely without a plan. There was a Mademoiselle du Châtelet, a friend of Madame de Warens, who lived in the city as *pensionnaire* or boarder in a convent called Chasottes (more correctly Chazeaux). Jean-Jacques had carried with him a letter from Madame de Warens to this lady on his first journey to Lyons with M. Le Maitre. Mademoiselle du Châtelet now informed Jean-Jacques that Madame de Warens had passed through Lyons and had gone on either into Savoy or Piedmont. She offered to write to an address for news and advised Jean-Jacques to await a reply. Jean-Jacques agreed, although his supply of money was now rather low. He

[1] *Confessions*, 172.

took a lodging at an inn (Hôtel Notre Dame de Pitié, near Place Bellecour),[1] but often had to miss a meal. Later, he had to give up his lodgings and sleep in the street or in the country. Actually this was not nearly so unpleasant as it sounds. His spirits remained surprisingly good ; he was contented and tranquil. He remembered all his later life one delicious night outside the city, on a road in the angle between the Rhone and the Saône. On either side of the road were high terraced gardens. The day had been hot, but the evening was charming. Dew refreshed the withered grass. There was no wind, a serene night. The air was fresh without being cold. The sun, after setting, left behind it reddish clouds which were reflected in the waters and made them rose-coloured. Nightingales sang to each other from the trees on the terraces on either side of the road. Jean-Jacques walked in an ecstacy. Absorbed in reverie, he went onward into the night, not noticing how tired he was. At last, overcome with fatigue, he lay down and slept soundly on the step of a false door let into the terrace-wall. Branches stretched out above him, and a nightingale was exactly over his head. He fell asleep to her singing. When he awoke it was broad daylight. His eyes took in the river, the green grass, an admirable countryside. He rose, shook himself, felt hungry and walked gaily into the city, resolved to spend his last two *pièces de six blancs* on a good breakfast. As he went he sang *Les Bains de Thomery,* a cantata of Batistini.

And now came his usual piece of luck. As he sang, he heard a step behind, and turning saw an Antonin (that is, a member of the religious Order of Canons Regular of St. Antony), who was following him and seemed to be listening with pleasure. " Do you know music ? " asked the monk. " A little," said Jean-Jacques with the modest accents which imply a good deal more. After some further questioning, the monk said that he had some work in copying music that would occupy

[1] Sells, *op. cit.,* 89.

several days. He offered it, in return for board and lodging, to Jean-Jacques, who was to undertake not to leave the room for the period of employment.

The monk was a M. Rolichon, a music-lover and scholar, who held little concerts with his friends and often sang himself. He gave Jean-Jacques a good room in the Canons' house, where there was much music which he had copied himself. He then presented Jean-Jacques with more music to copy, and wanted particularly to have a record of the *Bains de Thomery,* which he meant to sing in the next concert. Three or four days passed in this way, all spent in copying except at meal-times. M. Rolichon kept his promise. Jean-Jacques had never been hungrier or better fed, and worked and ate with equal goodwill. But at this period of his life he was not good at copying, which required patience and concentration and accuracy. His copy was always neat, but never accurate. Nevertheless, M. Rolichon treated him well and added at the end a small sum of money which Jean-Jacques admits that he did not deserve. The money sufficed for the rest of his time, which was not long, in Lyons, for shortly afterwards he had news from Madame de Warens, who was now living not at Annecy but at the provincial capital of Savoy, Chambéry. She sent him money for the journey thither. For the rest of his life Jean-Jacques was, it is true, often short of money, but he never again had to go without food.

He had sufficient money now for the journey and was ready to set forth. Mademoiselle du Châtelet advised him to take a horse, but he was not going to miss the pleasure of a journey on foot, the last long one, as it turned out, that he was to take in his life.

This journey rounded off a period, and marked the full development of his appreciation of natural scenery. Although he did not communicate his appreciation by writing until more than twenty years had passed, this period, a long series of journeys on foot from Annecy to Paris and back to Savoy in 1730-31, is an epoch in

literary history, and in the history of the appretiation of natural, especially mountain, scenery. The route from Paris had taken him through "quiet" country. As he passed out of the Lyonais and approached the hills (along the Route des Echelles) he felt himself to be entering among more congenial scenery. "I require," he writes, in concluding the narrative of the journey from Lyons to Chambéry, "torrents, rocks, fir-trees, dark woods, mountains, rough tracks to ascend and descend, precipices at my side to make me fearful. I had this pleasure, I tasted it in all its charm, while approaching Chambéry."

Nearer Chambéry the road passed by the foot of the most beautiful cascade (the falls of Couz) which Jean-Jacques ever saw. The face of the mountain was so sheer that the water fell clear of the rock, describing a curve so that a man could walk under it and be dry. If he was not careful, however, he would walk into the spray and be soaked, as Jean-Jacques found.

At last he arrived at Chambéry and found Madame de Warens at home, but not alone. There had been a revolution in Turin—Victor Amadeus II of Sardinia had abdicated (3rd September, 1730); Madame de Warens' long visit to Paris had been probably caused by this revolution, as she feared the loss of her Sardinian pension and hoped for a French one. The new King of Sardinia, Charles Emmanuel III, did not cut off her pension. Pie embarked upon a general assessment of his territory, a sort of Domesday Book, which required for its making many surveyors, geometers and scribes. When Jean-Jacques saw Madame de Warens he found the Intendant-General of Finance of Savoy with her. The benevolent woman was arranging that Jean-Jacques should be taken into the corps of surveyors. He entered upon the employment a few days later and soon acquired facility in the work. "Thus after four or five years of comings and goings, of follies and sufferings, since leaving Geneva, I began for the first time to gain my bread with honour."

CHAPTER VII

CHAMBÉRY

ARRIVING at Chambery in October, 1731, and taking up regular employment on the survey, Jean-Jacques entered upon a fixed course of life which endured, almost unbroken, for nine years, from 1732 to 1741. It was only a relatively fixed course: nothing was absolutely fixed in Jean-Jacques except his interest in himself, in nature and the open air, and (after middle age) in the public good. He had a certain number of friends or people whom he called friends, but he did not follow Polonius' advice to grapple them to his soul with hoops of steel. He never could hold any employment long. The survey was not uninteresting work, but it required steady application and eight hours a day, among a lot of rather dull or at any rate rather *borne'* young men, in an office. An unwilling worker soon makes himself known as such, and Jean-Jacques thought it well to anticipate the inevitable dismissal by giving himself the pleasure and the glory of resigning. This was in July, 1732, after nine months in the office. His experience in verifying titles while working on the survey inspired one of the best of the many touches of humour in the *Contrat Social.* There, when the survey was a memory thirty years old, he wrote that being descended from the *rot Adam,* and perhaps in the eldest line, the verification of titles might find him to be *le légitime roi du genre humain.*

He had a good deal of trouble in persuading Madame de Warens that he was right in leaving the survey office, for of course she had to make up the money to him when he lost his salary. He explained to her, however, that he was going to use his leisure to equip himself for the profession of musician, which would bring a satisfactory

income. Madame de Warens was always far too kind and indulgent to him, and in any case she had very little idea of money and was hopelessly extravagant; yet even she knew that there was no money in a musical career (which, besides, she considered to be rather frivolous), and she quoted to him the provincial proverb : *Qui bien chante et dansefait un métier quipeu avance.* Jean-Jacques, nevertheless, had his own way.

Madame de Warens had given up her Annecy house and had come to Chambéry, which is a charming spot although there is no lake, because she considered the chance of keeping her Sardinian pension to be best there. Chambery was the capital town of the Duchy of Savoy, which was part of the Kingdom of Sardinia but on the side of the Alps towards France. Its geographical situation made alliance between the King of Sardinia and the King of France practically unavoidable—France, of course, as by far the greater Power, always dragging the King of Sardinia into every war that it undertook. The end of all this seemed likely to be that the Duchy of Savoy would some day be absorbed by France. Jean-Jacques says that the French scheme was that this should be done equitably and by agreement, France receiving Savoy and giving Lombardy (the Milanese) in exchange to Sardinia. Lombardy was an Austrian province at that time. That the scheme was practicable is indicated by the fact that it was carried out about 130 years later (i860). The designs of the French monarchy upon Savoy were common talk in the province, and Madame de Warens no doubt changed her domicile to the capital town, Chambéry, in the hopes that if the province was ceded to France she would succeed in having her Savoyard pension continued under the French *régime.*

The house which Madame de Warens rented in Chambery was not nearly so attractive, at any rate to Jean-Jacques, as the Annecy house. It was right in the town, and had no garden, no stream, no countryside.

Madame de Warens only took it because it was standing empty and the rent was low and also because it belonged to the Intendant-General of Finance of Savoy, through whom her pension was paid. She maintained a very simple household in this ugly town dwelling, with Claude Anet, her former gardener, now risen to the position of friend and steward or *major-domo.*

Claude Anet was a remarkable man.[1] He was now twenty-three years old. The son of a peasant, he had gained without any instruction a great knowledge of plants by searching in the Jura Mountains for "Swiss tea," that is, for aromatic plants with which to prepare medical infusions. The beautiful science of botany was, of course, among the achievements (it might almost be called a discovery) of the wonderful eighteenth century, crowned by the grand works of the Swede, Linnaeus, *Genera Plantarum* (1737) and *Species Plantarum* (1753). Jean-Jacques was to be one of the great botanists, and it was Claude Anet who set him on this course. Claude had been taken by Madame de Warens into her service at Annecy not only as a gardener but as a herbalist, because she was greatly interested in drugs, as indeed she was in many different kinds of enterprises—mining, lotteries, and various manufactures. Like many of the intellectual ladies of the age, she had a pronounced taste for science. At this time she was always distilling herbs over the stove and physicking the household. Jean-Jacques would mischievously call her away to sing a duet or to accompany him on the clavecin. "Ah, by my faith," she would exclaim, "if you make me burn my drugs, I will make you eat them," Then she would go to the clavecin and quite forget about the drugs. When she remembered, instead of extract of juniper or wormwood she would find just a cindery mess with which she would

[1] He appears not only in the *Confessions,* but is portrayed as a very excellent and disinterested character in *La Nouvelle He'lo'ise,* partie i, lettre xl. For his pages of alleged Memoirs, see the "extracts" in A. Houssaye, *Les Charmettes,* pp. 79-83. The alleged letters of Carrio in chapter vi are, of course, also just a *jeu d'esprit* of Houssaye.

proceed to smudge Jean-Jacques* face. All this, of course, was delicious. Claude Anet, who was a grave, reflective, self-possessed man, was not only helpful with the herbs, but kept a firm hold, so far as a steward could, on Madame de Warens' expenses. She was a prey to charlatans and quacks who came to her with all sorts of schemes and who never went away empty, but Claude managed to maintain some sort of order in her establishment and to prevent the debts from mounting too seriously. His business-like habits as well as his scientific knowledge might have enabled her to bring to success one of her more promising schemes, for the establishing of a *Jardin des Plantes,* a botanical or herb garden, at Chambery. The town, among the southern Alps, was particularly favourably situated for such a garden, and the lack of medical men and of medical equipment in Savoy ensured that such an establishment would be highly useful to the public. Dr. Grossé, chief physician to the late King Victor Amadeus I I , retired to Chambery and encouraged Madame de Warens in this plan. Unfortunately, however, the only man who had the practical gifts necessary for carrying out the enterprise, Claude Anet, developed pleurisy in one of his botanizing expeditions in the Alps and died five days after returning to Chambery. " Thus," comments Jean-Jacques, " I lost the most solid friend that I ever had in my life " ; he adds that, in spite of his grief, the " vile and unworthy thought" came into his mind that he would inherit his friend's clothes, and especially a fine black jacket which had attracted his eye. After Claude's death the wastage, the *gaspillage,* in Madame de Warens' household expenses went from bad to worse.

Geometrical work on the survey and the calculations which he had to make aroused in Jean-Jacques a taste for arithmetic and for painting. He took up both these pursuits with his usual ardour, and, in arithmetic, with some success. He amused himself with arithmetical problems and never lost the faculty which he thus acquired. Painting became for a time a regular passion with him.

He wanted to spend the whole day doing nothing else. But he painted very badly and acquiesced, though with many grumbles, when Madame de Warens took away all his colours and brushes and thus put an end to a taste that was beginning to absorb him.

For music he retained a constant attachment. Chambéry, he wrote, was the best little town in the world for enjoying the sweetness of life in agreeable and secure society. The provincial nobles were cultured people. Having no wealth, they spent their youth in military service and so saw the world ; their service finished, they came back to their province and lived with their families with something of the social amenity that they had known at Turin. They, or at any rate their wives, were glad to hear or to take part in concerts at Chambéry and to have their daughters taught music by a good master. " In the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed are kings," Jean-Jacques remarked. He was coming to be regarded locally as a master of song and composition. Indeed, in his odd, haphazard way, he worked hard and with intelligence. He claims to have had only one teacher, himself, and therefore to have learned well. The War of the Polish Succession broke out in 1733, and the famous " system" of balance of power and ancient alliances brought France at once into the struggle, not in Poland, but in North Italy. The French troops passed through Savoy, and one column, and in it the regiment of Champagne commanded by the Due de la Tremouille, stopped on the way at Chambéry. Jean-Jacques, though his republican views made him anti-despot and therefore, intellectually, anti-Gallican, was sentimentally all for France and the French and remained so all through his life. The stay of the French troops at Chambéry and his association with the French officers first directed him to the gazettes which he read with complete partiality for the French cause, his heart beating at news of any victory and sinking with the intimation of a reverse. His literary and historical tastes were awaking, and—as was the case

with all the eighteenth-century readers—there was only one current accessible literature, the French. This was the immense advantage which France had over every other country since the beginning of the age of Louis XIV: all cultured Europe was brought up on the works of French literary genius. It tempered the "universal hatred" which the insolence of the French had gained for them.[1] Their excellent taste won over everybody who had any taste of their own at all. The famous "Republic of Letters" which Jean-Jacques mentions[2] was all French, though in the last half of the century England and Italy were admitted into it, and Goethe, whose star had not quite risen when Jean-Jacques died.

When the French troops were in Chambéry, Jean-Jacques read the *Lives of the Great Captains* by Brantôme and filled his mind with the personalities and deeds of Clisson, Bayard, Lautrec, Coligny, Montmorency, la Tr6mouille. And before his very eyes he had some of their descendants and the bearers of such great names. As each regiment marched on towards Italy in the autumn of 1733, he seemed to see the celebrated "black companies" *(bandes noires)* which had formerly done such great exploits in Piedmont. After peace was concluded (18th November, 1738), the French troops passed the Alps again and some returned by Chambe'ry, including the Comte de Lautrec, Colonel of the Regiment of Orleans. Madame de Warens recommended Jean-Jacques as secretary to de Lautrec, but nothing came of this proposal.[3]

While French soldiers were fighting in Italy, people were singing in France. The operas of Rameau were beginning to be talked about and they brought into public notice his works on musical theory, which because of their obscurity had been found of use to very few people. Jean-Jacques heard by chance of Rameau's *Traite' de l'harmonie* and nothing would satisfy him until he had

[1] *Confessions*, 191.
[2] *Confessions*, 225.
[3] *Corresp. Gin.*, I, 194-5.

obtained a copy of it. When it arrived Jean-Jacques was ill with some fever. He threw it off quickly but had about a month's convalescence and during this time he read and re-read the *Treatise of Harmony.* Long, diffuse, ill-arranged, it required much attention, and every now and then Jean-Jacques had to stop and recreate himself with copying or reading or hearing some music, such as the cantatas of Bernier. This excellent combination of theory and practice greatly advanced his musical studies.

At this time there arrived at Chambery from the Val d'Aosta a young organist called Abbé Palais, an agreeable man and good musician, who accompanied very well on the clavecin. Jean-Jacques made his acquaintance and they became inseparable. They discussed Rameau, compared principles, methods, works. Jean-Jacques proposed to Madame de Warens to hold a monthly concert. She consented. For the next few weeks Jean-Jacques gave up day and night to making arrangements for the concert. Another cleric, M. Caton, an elegant Cordelier friar, sang; Madame de Warens sang. A dancing-master called Roche and his son played the violin. Canavas, a Piedmontese musician who was employed in the survey, played the violoncello. The Abbe Palais was at the clavecin. Jean-Jacques conducted, using the woodcutter's staff, not a roll of paper this time, and with better results than at M. de Treytorrens' in Lausanne.

The concerts increased Jean-Jacques' local reputation and gained him pupils. He soon had quite a busy practice, and, of course, no sooner had he work demanding regular hours and continuous application than he began to be casual with it. Nevertheless, he managed to keep his pupils, partly because he was a social asset in Chambéry circles, partly because there was little choice of teachers. He made some money, though he found difficulty in collecting his fees, for noble Savoyard ladies did not always pay punctually for their daughters' lessons.[1] Madame

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* **I, 21-22.**

de Warens tried to make him spend some of his time in learning dancing and fencing. He took some lessons, but soon gave up. He had absolutely no aptitude for either exercise. He was afflicted by corns and walked on his heels. Besides, dancing struck him as frivolous and as regards fencing he could not see anything to be proud of in learning how to kill his fellow-men.

This pleasant, stationary way of life, with which Jean-Jacques says he was becoming really content, had been broken or varied by a journey to Geneva, and to the Cordelier Monastery of Cluses, where the monks treated him to a "milk-cure" (August, 1733) ;[1] and another journey to Besanson, probably in June, 1734. The object was to visit and take lessons from an Abbé Blanchard, master of music at the cathedral there, about whom Venture had often spoken to Jean-Jacques. The expenses of the journey increased Madame de Warens' deficit, but it was made by the optimistic Jean-Jacques in the faith that it would lead to his earning a large income and so saving her from bankruptcy. So Jean-Jacques set out on horseback, going by way of Annecy where he hoped to find Venture. The mysterious Frenchman, vhowever, had disappeared, leaving behind him only a mass for four voices, composed by himself, for Jean-Jacques. With this in his hand, Jean-Jacques went on by way of Geneva and Nyon. Arrived at Besanson, he was arranging to take his lessons from the master of music when he heard that his valise, which his father had forwarded from Nyon, was seized by the French customs-officers at Les Rousses. He had left what he calls a Jansenist lampoon in a pocket (it was really an anti-Jansenist parody of Racine's *Mithridate)*; and as the authorities were very suspicious about any anti-clerical writings, the customs-officers seized not merely the lampoon but the whole valise and its contents. This episode seems to have occurred in the year 1734. The process of recovery entailed so many certificates, memoranda, instructions and what

[1] **Sells, *op. cit.*, 93 ; *Corresp. Gen.*, I, 19.**

not, that Jean-Jacques simply abandoned his claim. As the loss of the valise left him without a change of linen or clothes he went straight back to Chambéry,, He now tried to introduce some order into Madame de Warens' affairs, and undertook numerous small journeys, really for his own diversion but partly on business on her account, for she had an amazing number of social and business connections all around. These journeys took Jean-Jacques to Nyon, Geneva, Grenoble, Lyons, and everywhere he went he renewed old acquaintances or made new ones. His uncle Bernard had left Geneva for the Carolinas, where he was employed in laying out and building Charleston ; and there he died. Cousin Abraham Bernard, the son, had died in the army of the King of Prussia. Only Jean-Jacques' aunt, Madame Bernard, was left. He lodged with her on his visits to Geneva, and read a good deal in the books and documents left by Uncle Bernard. There was serious civil dissension in the republic of Geneva. Jean-Jacques was friendly with a family there, called Barillot, in which the father and son took opposite sides. Jean-Jacques once saw them come out of their house, armed, one to mount guard at the Hotel de Ville, the other to go to his quarters, certain to find themselves within two hours face to face, with the prospect of cutting each other's throats.[1] " This frightful spectacle made so vivid an impression upon me that I swore never to take part in any civil war, nor to support liberty within the state by arms, neither with my person nor with my avowal, if ever I were to enter again into my citizen-rights."

His health declined. " I have fallen," he wrote to his father in the summer of 1735," into an extraordinary languor since the beginning of the year. There is reason to suppose that this will degenerate soon into pthisis."[2] He was moody and unsettled in spirit. The memory of a girl, a child of

[1] **Musset-Pathay identifies this incident as occurring on Jean-Jacques' visit to Geneva in 1734 *(Histoire de J.-J. R.*, p. 19), but it may have been in 1737 ; see below, p. 84.**

[2] ***Corresp. Gen.*, I, 25.**

eleven, Suzanne Serre, whom he had met **in the summer of 1731 at** Lyons on his journey from Paris to Chamb6ry, haunted him. In June, 1735, he made an expedition to Lyons to see Suzanne Serre. The romance came to nothing. His physical languor continued or increased. He was losing weight, breathing heavily, spitting blood. Fever set in. A Genevois, M. Barraguet, who had held some employment under Peter the Great in the court of Russia, was now at Chambery, where he had a lawsuit before the senate. This man had a system of ciphers which were somehow to make Madame de Warens' fortune but in the meantime only attracted some of her scanty crown-pieces for himself. He offered to teach Jean-Jacques chess. After a few games the pupil beat the master. And so here was Jean-Jacques on a new scent, mad to become a great chess-player and poring over the treatises of Philidor and Stamma all through the night.[1] Chess, however, beat him. He made no progress but only grew exhausted and dulled in mind. Gone were now his fury for journeys, his high spirits, his ardour for the arts, sciences, society. Madame de Warens, of course, noticed all this. She tried to feed him up with milk and wished to send him into the country. Jean-Jacques said that he would go if she would go with him. This was all she needed to decide her. It only remained to fix a place. There was a difficulty about leaving the ugly house in Chambery, for the Intendant-General of Finance might retaliate on Madame de Warens by stopping her pension if he lost the rent. So she very sensibly said : " Let us pay the Comte de Saint Laurent that little pension in order that I may keep mine." After looking around, they fixed upon Les Charmettes, an estate belonging to one of their friends, M. de Conzie. This land is just outside Chambery, but was so retired and solitary that it might have been a hundred leagues away.

[1] A. Philidor (1726-1795) was the author of L'*Analyse des Echecs.* P. Stamma wrote *The Noble Game of Chess.* The first edition I can trace is 1745, but Jean-Jacques is referring to the year 1735.

Jean-Jacques was transported with joy the first time he saw the house with Madame de Warens. " O maman," he exclaimed with tears in his eyes, " this is the abode of happiness and innocence. If we do not find them here with each other, there is no need to look for them elsewhere." It was the summer of the year 1736.[1]

[1] **Madame de Warens and Jean-Jacques lived in three separate houses on the manor of Les Charmettes. The first, in 1736, was M. de Conzie's ; the second was the widow Revil's farm, in the autumn of 1738 ; the third was Captain Noëray's house, in summer, 1738 and 1739. This last is the one generally known as Les Charmettes, and is now a museum. See Sells, *op. cit.*,106, 116-117.**

CHAPTER VIII

LES CHARMETTES

ANYONE who has travelled through France knows the type of house described by Jean-Jacques : a simple, gabled building with yard and outhouses, garden, orchard and paddock : not a château, but a pleasant home, " a white house with green shutters "—*une maison blanche aux contrevents verts.* It might be either a gentleman's house or a farm-house according to the use to which it was put.

Jean-Jacques never really knew when he was or was not happy, and is always claiming one or other time as the only time. Anyhow, for a lover of solitude (not too remote) and of nature (not too terrible), Les Charmettes was almost ideal. *Let commence,* he wrote in his inimitable French, *le court bonheur de ma vie ; ici viennent les paisibles mais rapides momens qui m'ont donne le droit de dire que j'ai vecu.*[1] He was just over twenty-four years old. The hostilities, though not the legal state of war known as the War of the Polish Succession, were over in Italy, and the land of Savoy was at peace (1736).

When they first went out to take up their residence at Les Charmettes, Jean-Jacques walked and Madame de Warens was carried in a chair. The road rises with a stiff gradient. Madame de Warens, who though small was fairly heavy, descended from the chair to ease the porters. She was, as a matter of fact, quite a good walker. As they went along, she noticed something blue in the hedge, and exclaimed: " Look at the periwinkle still in flower "—*voila de la pervenche encore en fleur.* Jean-Jacques had never seen a periwinkle before. He did not stoop now to examine it, and he was too short-sighted

[1] *Confessions,* II, 7.

from his full height to distinguish creeping plants. He just cast a glance on this one as he passed, and for nearly thirty years never saw a periwinkle again. In 1764, however, he was at Crassier (Madame Necker's birthplace in upland Vaud near the Lake Leman) with M. du Peyrou of Geneva, walking up a little hill to a summer-house called by M. du Peyrou, who owned it, Bellevue. Jean-Jacques, as his habit now was, began to *herboriser,* botanize, while he walked along. Suddenly, looking into the bushes, he cried with joy : *Ah ! voilà de la pervenche.* His companion was puzzled at the transport with which Jean-Jacques noticed the flower.

The air and the country at Les Charmettes did not have their anticipated effect. Jean-Jacques was now, at the age of twenty-four, becoming a confirmed hypochondriac, beset with what he called " vapours " which grew more and more chronic the more he made of them. Having fundamentally a good constitution, which he had undoubtedly misused, he never was very ill nor very well, but had often felt physically uplifted and, of course, as often, and for longer periods, depressed. *Marnan,* Madame de Warens, by the time they went to Les Charmettes, was probably rather an adverse influence. Her sweetness and gentle, calm disposition soothed his vaporous, nervous system, but her continual yielding to his moods, fancies and whims only increased his absorption in himself, which was at the root of his ill-health. Herself apt to be the victim of quacks and charlatans, she did not discourage Jean-Jacques when he took up medical or pseudo-medical theories and tried to doctor himself. This was the time when the water-cure was becoming fashionable. Jean-Jacques stopped taking wine at meals and instead, every morning on rising, went to the spring with a goblet and drank as much water as would make two bottles. Like all mountain-water, it was rather hard, and the result of his water-cure was, he says, to destroy his digestion, which hitherto had been excellent. And then one morning, he says, the blow fell. He was setting

up a little folding table when suddenly a " revolution " occurred inside him. He could only compare it to a storm which rose in his blood and seized upon all his limbs. This was accompanied by a rapid beating of his pulse and a sound in his ears like running water and sharp hissing. Overcome with surprise and fright, he took to bed. A doctor was called who seemed in effect to understand the case as little as did the patient, but who talked so much theory and made so many experiments that he ended by thoroughly disgusting him. So after some weeks in bed Jean-Jacques arose and resumed his ordinary way of life, but he still had the murmuring in his ears and never got rid of it. He says that it never left him a minute for thirty years and made him hard of hearing though not actually deaf. He had also lost his previous splendid faculty for sleeping. In short, he soon convinced himself that he was mortally ill and that, having only a brief span to live, he must make up his mind what to do in order to make the most of what remained.[1] He turned at once to his three things: religion, books and nature. His illness had, he says, killed his passions, and he thanked Heaven every day for the happy effect upon his soul. He adds : " I can truly say that I only began to live when I regarded myself as a dead man," He now valued things at their true worth and began to occupy himself with more noble things than hitherto. He had often travestied religion but had never been, he avers, without religion. " It therefore cost me less to return to this subject, so dismal for most people, but so sweet for those who make it an object of consolation and hope."

Madame de Warens was more helpful to him than all the theologians would have been. Her tendency was to reduce everything to system, and she had not failed to do so with religion. She was Catholic, and sincerely admitted the whole profession of faith; but when it

[1] **This passage in the *Confessions* (II, 10) is referred to, somewhat misleadingly, by Walter Pater in *The Renaissance*, Epilogue (edition 1901, p. 238).**

came to a discussion of each article, she was found to have quite different views from the Church, though all the time submitting to it. She said to her confessor: " I am a good Catholic, I always wish to be so. I adopt with all the powers of my soul the decisions of the holy Mother Church. I am not master of my faith but I am of my will." Jean-Jacques, who was still a professing Catholic and attended mass, held with Madame de Warens that the death of Christ was "an example of truly divine charity, undertaken in order to teach men to love each other." Madame de Warens did not believe in Hell, yet, curiously, she believed in Purgatory. The reason for this was that " she did not know what to do with the souls of the wicked, being unable to damn them or to place them with the good people until they themselves became good." And, in fact, adds Jean-Jacques, who had a dry humour, " in this world and in the other, the wicked are always extremely embarrassing." He liked Madame de Warens' gentle confessor, Father Hemet, a Jesuit, and he too confessed to the good father. Yet his Calvinistic upbringing and his studies of Port Royal Jansenism led him to fear eternal damnation, and even Madame de Warens' comfortable theology and the sweet reasoning of Father Hemet did not reassure him in this matter. One day, rambling in the wood above Les Charmettes, thinking mechanically on this dolorous subject of damnation, he began to throw stones at the trees. An idea came into his head. He had a stone in his hand. " I am going to throw this stone at the tree opposite me. If I hit it, sign of salvation ; if I miss, sign of damnation." With a trembling hand and a horrible beating of the heart, he cast the stone—right in the centre of the trunk ! Not, in fact, he adds, a very difficult thing to do, " for I had taken care to choose a very big tree and a near one."

Jean-Jacques' personal religion was the worship of God, the Supreme Being, to whom early in the morning, walking in the open air, he prayed and gave thanks for all the beauties of nature; he asked forgiveness for his

sins; he formed good resolutions.[1] He never liked to pray in a room, as the walls and other little works of man interposed between God and him. All this, of course, is simply the profession of faith of the Savoyard vicar in E*mile*. Jean-Jacques was a Deist.

The first summer at Les Charmettes finished with the gathering in of the grapes and other fruits among the good people of the valley. Then Madame de Warens and Jean-Jacques returned to " exile " in the Chambéry house and waited for the spring, which, however, he hardly hoped to see. He had now no pupils and no society except Madame de Warens and M. Salomon, her physician, a clever man of substantial attainments, well-read and a philosopher, as many medical men are. M. Salomon's conversation on Descartes' logic and similar subjects did Jean-Jacques far more good than prescriptions, with which, in truth, the good doctor did not much trouble him, just administering something harmless now and then to please Madame de Warens. He took up scientific study, particularly the learned, original, and always lucidly expressed works which had been issued half a century before from the community of the Oratory and of Port Royal.[2] P. Lamy's *Entretiens sur les sciences* served as an introduction to all the scientific books that he studied. He says that he read and re-read it a hundred times and made it his guide. This taste for study grew until, regarding every day as his last, he worked with as much ardour as if he had for ever to live. Madame de Warens said that he was doing himself harm, but he maintains that it did good, not only to his soul but to his body. It certainly took his mind away from his ills. Not that this gave him any permanent relief (he says), yet in point of fact to have a good appetite, to resume drinking wine at his meals, to go out of doors, though always very cautiously and strictly measuring his strength, would appear, to an

[1] **A few prayers have been found and printed by Th. Dufour in *Pages inedites de J.-J. R.*, i re Serie *(Annates*, I , , 1905, pp. 202-5), *apud* Sells, *op. cit.*, 130.**

[2] ***Confessions*, I I , 14.**

observer, to be "relief." He took to visiting M. de Conzie, who was a good talker, and began to frequent a bookshop, kept by one Bouchard, at which the provincial men of letters foregathered. As spring approached, he collected books to take out with him to Les Charmettes. Nothing in all this suggested a dying man.

Spring worked its accustomed magic. "The joy with which I saw the first buds is inexpressible. To me to see spring again is to rise again in Paradise." As soon as the snows began to melt, Madame de Warens and he went out to Les Charmettes to hear the first notes of the nightingale. From this time he believed no more that he was dying, and he adds, somewhat inconsequently (considering all the previous description of ailments): "In reality it is remarkable that I have never had any great illness in the country. I have often suffered there, but never been confined to bed."[1]

At first he could only walk in the Charmettes garden with help. If he dug, half-a-dozen spadefuls put him out of breath. When he stopped, his pulse started beating rapidly and the blood mounted to his head. So, looking for gentler occupations, he took to tending the doves. Timid though these birds are, he succeeded in gaining their confidence so that they would follow him anywhere and let him take hold whenever he liked. He could not show himself in the garden without two or three settling on his arm or head, until at last they became so troublesome that he had to put an end to their familiarity. He always took pleasure in feeding animals such as are fearful and wild. It was a charming task to gain their confidence, which he never misused. He only wanted to love them in liberty.

With spring in full bloom, he now regularly rose before the sun and went out into the orchard and walked along a pleasant track above the terraced vines and the sloping side of the valley as far as Chambéry. As he walked he made his prayer of thanks to the Author of that amicable

[1] *Confessions,* **I I , 15.**

nature of which the beauties were before his eyes. He came back by a fairly long *detour* still viewing with intense delight the country sights around him.

Madame de Warens and he breakfasted together off coffee and milk. This was the most tranquil time of the day, when they talked most at their ease. Ever afterwards he took great pleasure in breakfast, and infinitely preferred the English or Swiss kind which is a real meal, not as in France taken in the bedroom or not at all. After an hour or two of conversation, he would be free to read his books until dinner, which was taken at midday. If he finished his reading a little early, he would go to his friends the pigeons or do some gardening until dinner was ready. When he heard the call, he hastened indoors, in perfect contentment and with a great appetite ; for he notes as a curious fact that however ill he was, his appetite never failed. They dined agreeably, talking about their various affairs. Two or three times a week they adjourned from dinner to take their coffee behind the house in a cool, leafy arbour, over which Jean-Jacques had trained hops. This was a great resource to them in the heat. Then they would go to look at the vegetable garden, the flowers, talking about their doings, and savouring all the sweetness of their way of life. At the foot of the garden Jean-Jacques had another family in addition to the pigeons—bees. He and Madame de Warens seldom missed visiting them. He was everlastingly interested in watching them, and derived infinite amusement in seeing them coming back from the forays so heavy with the spirit of flowers that they could hardly crawl. At first he was incautious and was stung two or three times, but afterwards he established such good terms with them that, however close he came, they let him do as he liked. Even when the hives were quite full and ready to cast out a swarm, and Jean-Jacques was surrounded by bees which settled on his hands and face, he was never stung again. All animals, he says, distrust men, and rightly. But once they are sure that there is no intention to hurt them, their confidence becomes so

great that it would be more than barbarous to abuse it. This is quite true, but it does not clearly explain why the bees did not sting him.

Having no great remorse for the past, delivered from care for the future, Jean-Jacques had now one dominating sentiment, to enjoy the present. Worldly people would envy him the simple, innocent pleasures for which they had lost the taste. " These tranquil joys had the serenity of Paradise." Dinners on the grass at Montagnole, suppers in the leaf-covered alley, the gathering of fruits, the vintage, and evenings stripping off the stalks with the servants—all this made *fetes* which Madame de Warens enjoyed as much as himself. Their walks by themselves had even greater charm, as their hearts opened out then in freedom more completely.

Jean-Jacques was conscious of having some talent in literary style,[1] although he as yet had no taste for authorship. His studies were going on all the time. At first he thought to encompass all knowledge by working through Bayle's *Encyclopaedia* and classifying all its various subjects. He soon, however, came to the conclusion that it was necessary to adopt the opposite method, and to treat each subject separately up to the point where it united with the rest. " Thus," he modestly claims, " I came back to the ordinary synthesis, but I came back to it as a man who knows what he has done."[2] At the same time he found that if he tried to sit constantly studying one thing, he became quickly exhausted and dizzy. If, however, he passed from one subject to another, even without an interval, the one refreshed him after the other, and he could go on working without respite and without feeling tired. He distributed his time carefully between studies and out-of-door activities, and affirms that this period, when he lived in seclusion and was always ill, was the period of his life when he was least idle and least bored.

[1] To his father, 1735 : *Corresp. Gin.,* I, 30 : *un peu de talent que j'ai pour l'ecriture (je parte du style).*

[2] *Confessions,* I I , 16.

" Study has a charm which brings it about that when it has once been tasted, one cannot give it up."[1]

He began his studies after breakfast with a book of philosophy such as Arnauld's *Port Royal Logic,* Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding,* some Malebranche, Leibniz, Descartes or the like. Soon he saw that these authors were all in contradiction with each other, and he set to work to reconcile their systems. This endeavour gave him a bad head and lost him much time. At last he adopted another method to which he attributes all the progress that he subsequently made. In reading any author he made it a rule to trace and to know all the ideas of that author without adding any of his own. He said to himself : " Let me begin by making a store of ideas, true or false, anyhow definite, and wait until my head is sufficiently furnished to be able to compare and select." After practising this method for some years, thinking exactly but only according to other men's ideas, without reflecting and almost without reasoning, he found himself in possession of a sufficient fund of acquired knowledge to be able thereafter to suffice for himself and to think without the aid of another thinker. When journeys or other affairs took him away from books, he could amuse himself by going over in his mind what he had read, to compare it, weigh it exactly and criticize the masters from whom he had learned.

From philosophy he passed on to geometry, which he much preferred to algebra, because he never liked a demonstration or proof unless he could see the plane figure. After geometry, Latin. For this he at first used the Port Royal grammar, but soon losing himself in a crowd of rules, he gave this up and took to reading easy authors with a dictionary. In course of time he was able to read Latin fairly fluently, but never, he says, to write or speak it. He studied verse composition and scanned almost the whole of Virgil, marking the feet and the quantities. This sort of severe studies occupied him until

[1] ***Corresp. Gen.*, I, 34.**

dinner. Afterwards, when he had had his coffee and stroll round the garden with Madame de Warens, and had looked at the bees, he settled down again to reading, but in lighter subjects, chiefly history and geography. The study of chronology led him to astronomy. His short sight prevented him surveying the heavens with the naked eye unaided, and he had no instrument except an ordinary small telescope. In order to study the constellations he bought a planisphere. When the night was clear, he took out the planisphere stretched on a frame, face (the convex, outer side) downward ; the frame was fixed on four legs. Below the planisphere he had a candle, standing in a bucket so that it should not be blown out. As the garden was on a terrace, peasants passing below could see the planisphere—a large sheet of paper smudged with curious figures—mysteriously lit up by the candle which, as it was in the bucket, they could not see. Beside this strange equipment stood Jean-Jacques, looking down into the planisphere and then up to the sky. It all looked like black magic. His apparel was not such as to reassure the frightened peasants. To prevent catching cold he wore a slouch hat on the top of his ordinary cap, and a short padded jacket made by Madame de Warens which she insisted on his wearing. As this happened towards midnight, the peasants had no doubt that the *sabbat,* the witches' sabbath, was being celebrated. An information was laid before the ecclesiastical authorities and the result was a visit of inspection made by two Jesuits, who, however, were easily satisfied when Jean-Jacques showed them his astronomical equipment. All the same, it was considered prudent to observe the stars out of doors without a light and to consult the planisphere in the house. A *Memoire* is extant, in six closely written pages, on the shape of the earth (which he did not consider to be a perfect sphere), addressed to the *Mercure* and returned by that journal.[1] It is dated 20th September, 1738.

[1] ***Corresp. Gin.*, I, 79-81.**

For exercise and amusement out of doors, Jean-Jacques had not merely strolling in the garden and looking after the pigeons and bees. He worked, so far as his strength allowed him, like an ordinary peasant; Madame de Warens, who always liked the country, became quite enthusiastic now. Ever fertile in ideas and plans, she took to adding acre to acre, hiring here a field, there a meadow. She prided herself on the prospect of being a great farmer. Jean-Jacques opposed this scheme so far as he could, for he knew that she would lose by it. At length, however, he gave in and acquiesced, reflecting that farming always brings in some produce and that she would, accordingly, lose less by this than by her numerous other schemes.

Into this innocent scene of the domestic affections, pleasures and duties, there came, according to Jean-Jacques, the trail of the serpent. He declares that Madame de Warens seduced him, and he describes the scene at considerable length. The facts have been doubted, but on the whole would seem to be credible. For some change came over the relations of Madame de Warens and Jean-Jacques about this time; their association lost its charm and was soon spoiled. *Le jour où Madame de Warens se donne à Jean-Jacques, il semble que le charme soit rompu. . . . Le diable brouilla tout,*[1]

When winter approached (1736), Jean-Jacques and Madame de Warens went back to the Chambéry house again. They continued their experiments in chemistry. One day in June, 1737, a bottle filled with quick-lime and orpiment exploded and for a time blinded Jean-Jacques. He now believed himself certain of dying soon, and made a will dated 27th June, 1737, assigning money for masses to be said for his soul, a hundred *livres* to his Geneva bookseller, Barillot, his interest in his mothers estate to his father and the residue of his property (which can scarcely have amounted to anything) to Madame de Warens. He says in the *Confessions* that he was blind for six weeks; he was in this condition for at least fifteen or sixteen days.

[1] **L. Claretie, *J.-J. Rousseau et ses amis*, p. 75.**

It was probably some consolation to him that in this same month, June, 1737, a French Tyric (no doubt by himself), set to his own music, was published in the *Mercure de France,* to which he was now a regular subscriber. Barillot (the younger), one of his Genevese friends and his bookseller, returning from a visit to Italy, brought some welcome books including Padre Barchieri's *Cartella per musica,* which gave Jean-Jacques a taste for the history as well as the theory of music. Barillot stayed at Madame de Warens' house. As he was going on to Geneva, and as Jean-Jacques had now passed his majority (at twenty-five years) and had his mother's legacy to claim, it was decided that they should go together (July, 1737). He stayed at an inn, just outside Genevese territory, and came and went to Geneva by day. The elder Rousseau turned up for the settlement. The Geneva magistrates made no difficulty, in spite of Jean-Jacques being a Roman Catholic, and the fortune, a house near the Hotel de Ville in Geneva[1] (except the lost elder brother's share, which the father still administered), passed into his hands. His own share of the house was worth 6,500 francs. Like most legacies, it proved to be far less than it was expected to be. He spent a good deal of it on books, including, it appears, Bayles' *Dictionary,* which cost about sixty *livres (£2* 10s.). It was perhaps on this visit to Geneva that he saw the two Barillots, father and son, come out from the same house, armed, to take up their station in hostile companies, soon to fall upon each other.

Returning to Chambéry, Jean-Jacques found a stranger installed in Madame de Warens' house, a personable, self-confident young man, converted to the Roman Church, called Samuel Rodolphe Winzenried ; this man was acting, or was soon to act, as steward for Madame de Warens' many interests. Living in the dismal town house, Jean-Jacques took to thinking about his health again and

[1] *Corresp. Gin.,* I, 50, n. 2 ; p. 114. The mother's fortune included, besides the house in Geneva, a meadow at Sargy, Pays de Gex. This land was in French territory, and Jean-Jacques seems to have been unable to **get** possession of it. Sells, *op. cit.,* p. 109.

feeling unwell. Worst of all, he took to reading medical books, and whenever he read about a disease he felt sure that he was suffering from it. At last he convinced himself that he had traced the cause of his ill-health, a polypus on the heart. M. Salomon, the philosophic physician, himself seemed impressed with this idea when it was put to him. Jean-Jacques remembered that Claude Anet, having made a journey to Montpellier to see the botanical garden there, had told him on returning of a M. Fizes who had cured such a polypus. Madame de Warens, too, remembered hearing Anet talk of this, and she encouraged him to undertake the journey. The money brought from Geneva would defray the expense (but his correspondence later shows that he had to write from Montpellier to Madame de Warens for money). So away Jean-Jacques started for Montpellier. He left Chambéry on nth September, 1737.

At first he went on horseback, but finding this too fatiguing he hired a carriage at Grenoble, in French territory. As the chaise was making a return journey to Montpellier he had it, a five days' journey, for twenty-four francs.[1] At Moirans a file of some five or six more chaises arrived. Jean-Jacques says that he was now launched into the " adventure of the shafts "—*Vaventure des brancards*—meaning the shafts of the chaises or *ber lines*, that is the carriages themselves.[2] Among the travellers were two spirited married ladies, Madame de Colombier and Madame de Larnage, and a Marquis de Torignan, who was ill and a grumbler, but at heart both genial and generous. Jean-Jacques was obviously not very ill, but just ill enough, and melancholy-looking and handsome, and also young enough to be interesting. Married ladies can permit themselves a little more latitude than young ladies, so they easily fell into conversation

[1] **To Madame de Warens, 13th September, 1737, from Grenoble. *Corresp. Gen.*, I, 57.**

[2] **Sells, *op. cit.*, explains *Vaventure des brancards* as a reminiscence in J.-J. R.'s mind of the " adventure of the litters" in Scarron's *Comical Romance.***

with the romantic-looking young man and of course were curious to find out all about him. Jean-Jacques says that his social success would have ended if he had let them know that he was a *nouveau converti,* so he formed the bizarre notion of passing himself off as an Englishman, a Jacobite called Dudding. Travelling English noblemen were beginning to be a familiar sight on the Continent and were objects of envy and admiration. Jean-Jacques later was to describe this favourite character in the noble figure of Mylord fidouard in *La Nouvelle Heloise.* The present adventure passed off well enough. The young Jacobite *Anglois* was an enormous success with the ladies, particularly with Madame de Larnage. Jean-Jacques was never quite sure that their squire, the Marquis de Torignan, completely accepted the Jacobite theory. The old gentleman, who had beautiful manners and great knowledge of the world, talked with him about the Jacobite court of Saint-Germain, about the late King James II and the Old Pretender. Jean-Jacques knew no more about all this than he had read in the gazettes and the Memoirs of Count Anthony Hamilton. Nevertheless, by using such knowledge as he had, he managed, as it seemed, to come out of this affair satisfactorily, escaping any questions about the English language, with which, fortunately, the Marquis was not acquainted. Mr. Dudding was more at his ease taking chocolate with the ladies and meeting their questions with a *badinage* that only pricked their curiosity the more.

Madame de Colombier left the party at Romans.

Madame de Larnage, the Marquis and Jean-Jacques continued together by way of Valence and Montelimar. Jean-Jacques says that Madame de Larnage fell in love with him and he supplies the usual unedifying details. Her home was at Bourg Saint-Andiol, near Pont Saint-Esprit, where they would have to part company. It was arranged between them that he should return from Montpellier, after spending five or six weeks there, by way of Saint-Andiol and pass the winter there. She gave

him advice about his health—which had improved with the journey and good company—bade him to follow the instructions of the Montpellier physicians implicitly, and, as he was obviously not a particularly affluent traveller, ended by pressing her purse upon him. Jean-Jacques had great difficulty in inducing her to desist from this offer.

From Pont Saint-Esprit he went on towards Montpellier, filled with dreams of the next winter which he was to spend at Saint-Andiol with Madame de Larnage. At Remoulin he had *dejeuner* of excellent figs, then hired a guide and went to view the Pont du Gard. He expected to see a monument worthy of the ancient Romans and he was not disappointed. This was the only occasion in his life (he writes) in which the thing seen was better than the thing as expected. He scrambled over the three stories of the superb edifice. " The reverberation of my steps under these immense arches made me believe that I was hearing the strong voices of the builders. I was lost, like an insect, in that immensity." For several hours he remained rapt in contemplation, *et cette rêverie ne fut pas favorable à Madame de Larnage.*

This marvellous man was in the van of every movement of the age : appreciation of nature, study of political constitutions, the pursuit of liberty, religious toleration, the theory of education, the novel of " sensibility," and many other things, including the feeling for ancient monuments and their proper care. After the Pont du Gard he went on to Nimes and saw the arena there, but, magnificent though this is, it made much less impression on him. " This vast and superb circus is surrounded by ugly little houses; and other houses, still uglier and smaller, fill up the arena itself." Regret and indignation overwhelmed every other emotion in Jean-Jacques. Long afterwards he saw the circus of Verona, " infinitely smaller and less beautiful than that of Nimes, but cared for and preserved with all possible decency and neatness, and therefore leaving a far more agreeable impression on the

visitor," " The French." he concludes, " have no care for anything nor do they respect any monument."

His researches at ancient bridges were not yet finished, for he felt impelled to stop at Pont Lunel to try the inn there, said to be the best in Europe. The management had made the most of the happy situation of the inn to keep it abundantly stocked with choice viands. " It was in truth a curious thing to find, in a single house, isolated in the midst of the countryside, a table furnished with sea-fish and freshwater fish, excellent game, fine wines, served with all the attention and care which are found only among the great and rich, and all this for thirty-five sous." Soon afterwards, however, this admirable inn went the way of all its kind. It traded on its reputation and at length lost it altogether.

Jean-Jacques had forgotten that he was ill, and did not remember until he reached Montpellier. Nevertheless, a month after his arrival he was still writing to Madame de Warens : " I dare not hope for the re-establishment of my health, for it is in even greater disorder than when I left Chambéry,"[1]

The famous Medical School of Montpellier had nurtured the eminent doctor Rabelais, and it seemed to retain a good deal of his tradition—a mixture of science, common-sense, scepticism, irony, and *laissez-faire.* The true psycho-analysis had not been invented, but the Montpellier physicians knew a good deal about nervous cases, and Jean-Jacques was not the first *malade imaginaire* who enriched their pockets with no more trouble to themselves than was involved in pleasant conversation and the prescription of harmless beverages. He consulted the illustrious physician whom he had come to see, M. Fizes. To give himself every advantage he took up his abode (no doubt suggested by the great consultant in the delightful, off-hand, disinterested manner of the Olympian specialist) in the house of a colleague called Fitzmaurice. This was an honest doctor, an Irishman, who kept medical

[1] **From Montpellier, 23rd October, 1737,** *Corresp. Gen.,* **I, 63.**

students in his house and only charged them a fair sum for their board and nothing for his medical attention. He carried out the instructions of M. Fizes about Jean-Jacques, and although he kept a rather simple table, anyhow his patient did not suffer from indigestion on that account. The medical students in the house were, of course, very gay, and their good company ensured that Jean-Jacques should not relapse into his vapours and languors. He spent the mornings in taking the prescribed drugs and drinking the waters of Vals and in writing to Madame de Larnage. Her letters, addressed to Mr. Dudding, were received into the charge of the Englishman's friend, M. Rousseau, for Jean-Jacques knew better than to try to play the rôle of English Jacobite before the keen-eyed medicos of Montpellier. At midday he generally went for a walk by the Canourgue with one of the students from the house, and after dinner the whole company adjourned outside the city to play for their supper in two or three games of pall-mall. Jean-Jacques did not play, as he felt that he had neither strength nor skill; but he took part in the betting. This moved him to follow with interest the players and their balls along the rough and stony tracks and the exercise proved to be pleasant and salutary. When the games were finished, the party went to an inn where they supped very gaily, but with decency and order, under the presidency of Dr. Fitzmaurice, who himself was a great player at pall-mall. Jean-Jacques formed a favourable idea of the manners of medical students as honest youths, noisy rather than drunken, and gay rather than dissolute ; but he considered the citizens of Montpellier to be rude and debauched. Jean-Jacques would have liked to make friends in the town, but was unable (as he told Madame de Warens) " to force the barricades which the inaccessible humour of individuals and of all the nation in general places at the entrance to their houses."[1] By " nation " he means the people of Languedoc, not of France as a whole. He found living

[1] ***Corresp. Gén.*, I, 62.**

at MontpeUier very expensive—he incurred debts, and had to write to Madame de Warens for more money : he had been extravagant on the journey. He had not paid his landlady, but at the beginning of December he received a letter from Madame de Warens with 200 *livres,* He sent his thanks to her in a letter dated 4th December, 1737, mentioning among other things that he had been to the Opera three times and that he had refused an offer of employment from the Comte de Lautrec, whose acquaintance he had made when the French troops passed through Chambéry on the way to the war in Italy. He added : " I would rather be with D., and employed upon the rudest works on the land, than possess the greatest fortune in the other case." D. is Winzenried, who changed his name to de Courtilles.[1]

Madame de Larnage kept pressing him to go to Bourg Saint-Andiol, and he was taking the precaution of learning a little English from Irish students at MontpeUier. The physicians went on treating him with china-root *(squine, Smilax China),* mineral waters and whey, but he saw that they regarded him as a *malade itnaginaire ;* " for medical men and philosophers, contrariwise to theologians, only admit to be real what they can explain, and they measure what is possible by their intelligence," Accordingly, as they had no knowledge of anything wrong with him, he was not ill, for how could anyone suppose that doctors did not know everything ? Jean-Jacques came to the conclusion that he would do his health as much good by spending his money at Bourg Saint-Andiol as by spending it at MontpeUier for the amusement of the doctors.

After about two months and the expenditure of twelve *louis* (which perhaps was not excessive for the experience) he departed, apparently about the middle of December, 1737, with his health (he says) no better than when he entered Montpellier. He had learnt a little of the science of anatomy in a course of instruction under Dr. Fitzmaurice, but he had not gone far, having found the

[1] ***Corresp. Gen.,* I, 72.**

odour of the corpses under dissection insupportable. He had written to Madame de Warens that he was going to try the effect of the mild air and of asses' milk " in a pretty little place, two leagues from Pont Esprit."[1]

At Pont Saint-Esprit the road branched, on the one hand towards Bourg Saint-Andiol, on the other towards Chambery. As Jean-Jacques drew near the bridge, he began to feel nostalgia for home. He remembered Madame de Warens' letters (less numerous, it is true, than those of Madame de Larnage), her debts, now increased by his follies, and his duties to her who sacrificed all her substance for him. Before reaching Pont Saint-Esprit he had made his resolution: to go straight on without a stop—*bruler l'etape du Bourg Saint-Andiol;* and when he came to the point he did carry out the resolution. With many a sigh, but with the consciousness, for the first time in his life, of choosing duty rather than pleasure, he turned his back on the " asses' milk."

" One of the advantages of good actions," writes Jean-Jacques, " is that they elevate the soul and dispose it to do others." No sooner had he taken his resolution than he felt himself a new man. Always the slave of his imagination, he now saw himself as the man of virtue and duty. Filled with good resolutions and noble sentiments, he went onwards towards Chambery, determined to consecrate himself to the service of the best of mothers in perfect disinterestedness and affection. " The sincerity of my return to the good seemed to promise me a new destiny ; but mine was written and already begun. While my heart, full of love for good and honest things, saw only innocence and happiness in life, I was touching the fatal moment which was to bring in its train the long chain of my misfortunes."

From Valence he sent on word of the time for his arrival. At Chaparillan, finding that he was a little in advance of his schedule, he stopped for half a day. He was anxious to arrive in Chambery at the exact hour,

[1] ***Corresp. Gin.,* I, 65.**

for Madame de Warens always prepared a little feast for his home-coming and he wanted to give her all the necessary time for it. The last stage of the route was performed in a carriage. Alighting in Chambéry, Jean-Jacques walked up the street and, a little breathless, with heart beating rapidly (for there is always excitement in every home-coming), entered the court. Nobody was in it. He pushed open the door : everything was quiet. There were some workmen in the kitchen, otherwise no special preparation. The maidservant seemed surprised to see him, did not know that he was expected. He went upstairs, and at last found Madame de Warens. He threw himself at her feet. She embraced him tranquilly, saying : *"Ah, te voilà, petit; as-tu fait bon voyage ?* " Jean-Jacques was nonplussed. " Had she received his letter ? " " Yes." " I could have believed you had not" There was a young man with her. Jean-Jacques recognized him as the one who had stayed in the house before the departure for Montpellier and whom he cordially disliked,[1] but this time the young man seemed established, and in fact was so. *Bref, je trouvai ma place prise.*

This was the end of Jean-Jacques' idyll at Chambéry and Les Charmettes. Not that he quitted Chambery then. He remained two more years and three months—until April, 1740. He says that he loyally tried to make the best of the new household arrangements. Although in the *Confessions* he passes quickly over this last period at Chambery, not even mentioning Les Charmettes, it must have been a busy and fruitful period. Two years and three months (January, 1738, to April, 1740) is a good long period of time. Winzenried had taken over completely the management of Madame de Warens' affairs. He was thoroughly practical and incessantly active and was never happier than when himself fetching and carrying, sawing wood or cleaving it with a hatchet. All this busy-ness of Winzenried left Jean-Jacques with

[1] **To Madame de Warens, from Montpellier, 4th December, 1737, *Corresp. Gen.*, I, 7a and n. 2.**

nothing to do in the house at Chamb&ry except to attend to himself, to read and study and go for walks. It was during this period that Madame de Warens rented her third house, the one belonging to Captain Noëray, at Les Charmettes. The house, for which the lease is dated 6th July, 1738,[1] is a pleasant, broad-eaved rural mansion, with garden, terrace, paddock, orchard, on the rising slope of the valley-side. Here Jean-Jacques spent two summers, with Madame de Warens and Winzenried, who continued his incessant activity and was always to be seen with hatchet or pick, supervising workmen or himself cutting or digging and making as much noise as ten or twelve men. But Jean-Jacques seems often to have been left alone and for considerable periods, and more and more as time went on. Living alone at Les Charmettes confirmed the taste for solitude which is the theme of so many passages in his writings. There are two letters of 1739 (both probably written in March) sent by Jean-Jacques from Les Charmettes to Madame de Warens at Chambéry. There is another to a M.——, congratulating him on leaving the world for the country. *Sauvons nous à la compagne,* he writes. His first published work (except the lyric in the *Mercure),* a cantata called *Le Verger de Madame la Baronne de Warens,* was published in this year (1739) at London, perhaps at the Baroness's expense.[2] The *Verger,* a longish poem, with its copious mentions of ancient and modern authors, historians and philosophers, is almost a *Liber Studiorum,* a list of studies.

Only two or three pages of the *Confessions* are devoted to the two years and three months which Jean-Jacques passed at Chambéry and Les Charmettes after his return from Montpellier, and those few pages are filled with an explanation of his growing estrangement from Madame de Warens and Winzenried. Nevertheless, it has been

[1] Sells, *op. cit.,* 117, referring to Mugnier, 158.

[2] *Le Verger de Madame la Baronne de Warens* is reprinted in the *Corresp. Gen., /, Appendix IV.* The letters addressed from Les Charmettes to Madame de Warens and to M.——are in *Corresp. Gen.,* I, 99-104 and 112.

suggested that most of the reading, many of the joyous days in the orchard, with the bees and the doves, the walks at sunrise and the prayers out of doors to the Supreme Being—the wholesome, idyllic experiences which in an earlier part of the *Confessions* are among the most enchanting pages in literature—really refer to the years 1738-39.[1] Yet why should Jean-Jacques' memory have betrayed him, not in regard to a detail, but to a long halcyon period of his life ? The enchanting pages about Les Charmettes are all associated with his friendship with Madame de Warens, before she adopted Winzenried as her steward, and—Jean-Jacques alleges—her lover. Only to this earlier period could the opening words of the idyll of Les Charmettes refer: *let commence le court bonheur de ma vie ; ici viennent les paisibles mais rapides momens qui m'ont donne le droit de dire que j ' a i vecu.*[2]

By the beginning of the year 1740 the situation in the Chambéry house had become impossible. Jean-Jacques, besides, by studies and much reading and reflection, had equipped himself to be a tutor. Madame de Warens, endlessly kind, conferred her last benefit. She procured him a good tutorship with excellent prospects.

Madame de Warens had a friend called Madame d'Eybens at Grenoble, and the husband of Madame d'Eybens knew M. de Mably, the *grand Prévot* (or *Prévot Géneral)* of Lyons. Through M. d'Eybens Jean-Jacques was placed in the family of M. de Mably as tutor to the children. The house was in the Rue Saint Dominique. He departed from Madame de Warens' house at Chambéry neither leaving behind him nor feeling any regret. This was some time in April, 1740. His residence with the Mablys was to extend into the year 1741.

As a matter of fact his connection with Chamb6ry and his dependence on Madame de Warens were not yet ended, for he had the incredible effrontery to come back after the usual conclusion to his period of hired

[1] **Sells,** ***op. cit.,*** **chapter xvii.**

[2] ***Confessions,*** **book vi,** ***ad. init.*** **(1736).**

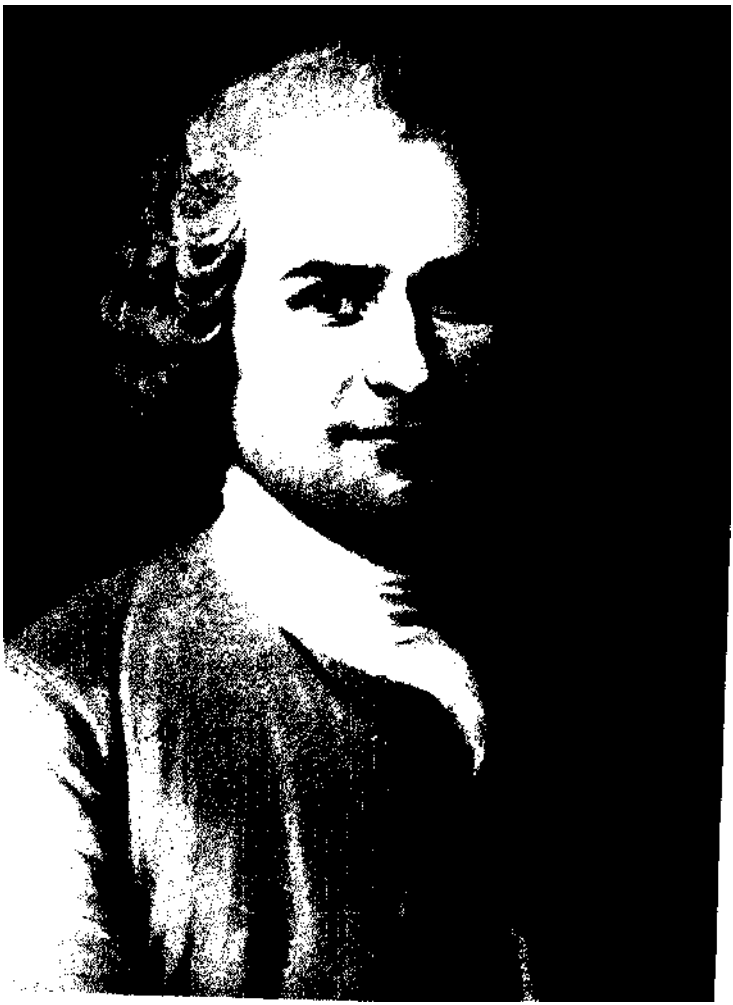
service; or rather, not quite the usual conclusion, for after a year he resigned his employment with M. de Mably because he preferred resignation to dismissal.

Jean-Jacques was not without qualifications for being a tutor. If he had no real scholarship, he had many accomplishments, and a fairly wide knowledge of mathematics, Latin and history. French was his native language. He spoke Italian fluently. In later life he was certainly interested in education: E*mile* has had considerable influence on the theory and practice of teaching and is always worth reading. He says that his natural sweetness of disposition fitted him for being a preceptor, except for the storms which swept him off his feet. And this, though he does not himself draw the conclusion, completely marred him, for no persons should try to teach if they have not command of themselves. " So long as everything went well and I saw the care and trouble, which I did not stint, succeeding, I was an angel; I was a devil when things went ill." To be sweet when the lesson went well was no credit at all to him—anybody could be nice then. To lose his temper when things went all wrong was to fail in the A B C of the profession ; it only proves that while professing to live by reason he was, as always through life, really living by emotion.

He had two de Mably pupils in his charge: Sainte-Marie, a girl of about nine years ; her brother, Condillac, a year or two younger. The girl was pretty, frank, quick-witted, thoughtless, playful, roguish, but always in a merry fashion. The boy seemed stupid, was a dawdler, obstinate as a mule, and learned nothing from the tutor. " With patience and *sang-froid,"* writes Jean-Jacques, " perhaps I would have succeeded." He adds : " I had only three instruments to employ, always useless and often pernicious with children: sentiment, reason, anger," His tears and arguments made little impression on Sainte-Marie; and little Condillac easily won, as he had only to remain passive and obstinate (as he did quite easily and naturally) and Jean-Jacques was overcome by an access

of fury and completely lost control of himself. "And then it was he who was the sage and I who was the child." The astonishing thing is that Jean-Jacques' time as tutor lasted as long as it did.

Although what may be called the teaching or public character of a tutor need not necessarily be the same as his private character, there ought to be some correspondence between them. Most tutors hold up in public before their pupils sentiments and examples which they themselves privately find it difficult to live up to, but few are guilty of the hypocrisy of completely ignoring in private the moral principles that they teach. Jean-Jacques, however, with his usual self-indulgence, made no effort to conform his private life to any professional standard. At Madame de Warens', he says, he had lost the taste for pilfering, because everything in the house was at his disposal, and he writes: "Besides, the elevated principles which I had made for myself ought to have rendered me henceforth superior to such baseness; and it is certain that since then I have usually been so." The taste, however, revived at M. de Mably's house, though only in regard to one thing. He coveted a certain *petit vin blanc d'Arbois très jolfy* a few glasses of which at table had caught his fancy. It was not a clear wine, however, having a good deal of refuse in it. Jean-Jacques asserted that he knew how to refine it, offered to do so, was given the key of the cellar, but only made the wine worse—that is to say, in appearance, for it remained quite good to drink. From time to time he was able to abstract a few bottles and to take them to his own room. Unfortunately, he could never drink without eating. But how could he obtain bread? To ask the lackeys to buy it for him would betray his secret, and he could not, being a *beau monsieur* wearing a gentleman's dress-sword, go into a baker's shop and buy a piece of bread himself. At last he thought of the way out suggested by a great princess to whom someone said that the peasants had no bread to eat. She replied: "Let them eat bun" *(qu'ils mangent de la*



Rousseau
From the portrait by Latour (Saint-Qucntin Museum)

brioche).[1] Now it seemed simple, and yet he went all over Grenoble before he could summon up sufficient courage to enter a *pâtisserie* and ask for a *brioche.* He managed all right at last, however, and with his precious *brioche* hastened to his room, took a bottle of the wine from the bottom of his wardrobe, and helped himself to some delicious glasses, all alone, while he read a few pages of a novel. Next to *tête-à-tête* conversation, reading while eating was always his fancy.

Jean-Jacques was not debauched nor drunken, and never (he asserts) once intoxicated in his life. His occasional abstracting of a bottle of wine from the cellar was done discreetly; nevertheless it was discovered. The bottles declared themselves. Jean-Jacques was not asked to make a similar declaration, but he was no longer entrusted with the key of the cellar. M. de Mably acted very honourably and prudently. He was *galant homme,* judicious and equitable and, " what one would not expect in the magistrate of a criminal court," humane. Jean-Jacques liked him and because of this stayed on in the uncongenial employment, doing his best. At last, after a year's trial, convinced that he would never succeed in bringing up his pupils properly, and finding nothing congenial in the situation, he resolved to quit. M. de Mably perfectly agreed with him in this resolution, although the good man could never have taken it upon himself to dismiss him. " This excess of condescendence," writes the incorrigible Jean-Jacques, " is something which in such a case I assuredly cannot approve." Though he does not mention it in the *Confessions,* he had fallen in love during his Lyons period with a Mademoiselle la Bussiere, who sold silk stockings. It is not known if they ever spoke with each other; one passionate letter of his, addressed to her, is surviving.[2]

Chambery, the easy life in Madame de Warens'

[1] ***Confessions*, II, 50. This remark is often unjustly attributed to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI.**

[2] ***Corresp. Gen.*, I, 40-43, and editor's note.**

household, Les Charmettes, were beckoning in Jean-Jacques' imagination. He resolved to go back, hoping, at any rate half-expecting, to find there the old welcome, to receive the former caresses, to experience the transports of his *première jeunesse.* Alas ! *première jeunesse,* once lost, never returns. Madame de Warens, as was to be expected from her excellent heart, received him kindly and tranquilly, but he found that he was seeking for the past which no longer existed : *Je venois rechercher le passé qui riétoit plus.* Half an hour, he says, alone with Madame de Warens convinced him that his old happiness was dead for ever. Nevertheless he remained with his inexhaustibly patient hostess, and occasionally acted as her amanuensis. Two letters are extant, written by him for her from Les Charmettes in June, 1742.[1]

Winzenried, who had changed his name to de Courtilles, was managing everything, and managing it (Jean-Jacques says) badly. M. de Courtilles aspired to shine : fine hose, handsome equipage. Madame de Warens' pension was being anticipated and mortgaged. Jean-Jacques feared that it would be impounded and perhaps suppressed. Accordingly, whether because he thought that he had best go away while still free to earn his own living, or whether (as he asserts) he aimed at making a fortune to share with his *pauvre maman* and to pay off her debts—in any case he built his " last castle in Spain," and left Chambery for good and all, to go to Paris.

It was about midsummer, 1742. Jean-Jacques was entering upon his thirtieth year. He had still no consciousness of capacity to shine in the *republique des lettres.* He persisted in regarding himself as a genius in music, and he believed that in Paris, which was a metropolis for all the muses, a city of overflowing wealth and high culture, he would make a fortune by his new system of musical notation.

[1] ***Corresp. Gen.*, I, 156, 161.**

PART II

CHAPTER I

THE COLD WORLD

WHEN Jean-Jacques left Chambéry he had some money left over from his emolument as tutor with the Mablys at Lyons. To this he added a sum from the sale of his books. Altogether he had enough for the journey and to live in Paris for a few months. He also had his system of musical notation, which, in brief, was to substitute numeral signs, ordinary arithmetical numbers, for the figures currently employed to designate musical notes. He had found it so difficult himself to read music according to the existing system of notation, and his own invention (naturally) appeared so simple and attractive to him, that he felt certain of making his fortune in Paris. Without any long-suffering *Maman* behind him, without any opulent home to fall back upon, he was now to face the world with his own resources.

From this time all Jean-Jacques' journeys are made in the customary way, by horse, post-chaise or stage-coach. His corns made prolonged walking uncomfortable, and in any case his long spell of valetudinarianism and melancholia had made him forget the joy of the open road and the free air. Once lost, this zest is seldom, if ever, recaptured. Probably one has to be under thirty really to possess it. Not that Jean-Jacques ever lost his love for nature. On the contrary, he had some beautiful spells of country life before him, and *all* his writing about nature, scenery and the open road was still to come. But he never again experienced the *vie ambulante,* the life of the *vrai vagabond,* which he was to describe so deliciously in the *Confessions.*

He did not go direct to Paris from Chambéry, but stopped at Lyons, where the Mablys were very good to him. They had him to dinner several times at their house,

and there he met the *grand prevot's* brother, the Abbe de Mably, and also the Abbé de Condillac, whom he had known before. It is astonishing how many people he had known during his time as a very unsatisfactory tutor at the Mablys, and it is equally astonishing to note how they all welcomed him back again. In Book V I I of the *Confessions* he gives a list, with appropriate remarks, of all the people whom he met again, beginning each description with the refrain *"Je revis M.———*," like a litany. One of these acquaintances, M. Bordes, introduced him to the Intendant of Lyons, the all-powerful Government official of the region ; and the Intendant introduced him to the great Due de Richelieu, who was passing through Lyons. The duke, though not so famous in history as the great Cardinal Richelieu of the seventeenth century, was a man of enormous celebrity and interest in his own day : peer, marshal of France, governor of court ceremonies, amateur of the arts, patron of men of genius, the greatest of the great nobles of the *Ancien Reǵime* while its prestige was still unimpaired. It was he who later, in 1756, made the famous conquest of Minorca from the English, which cost Admiral Byng his life *pour encourager les autres.*[1] In this passage of the *Confessions* Jean-Jacques says : " Nothing more clearly shows the real tendencies of a man than the kind of attachments that he has " ; and though he was referring not to himself but to two Lyons people—*quand on avoit vu la douce Godefroi, on connoissoit le bon Parisot*—the remark could be applied to him too. A man who knew and was liked by so many good people as was the case with Jean-Jacques had certainly much good in him. They gave him letters of introduction to Paris, so that the indigent rolling-stone Rousseau, the discharged lackey, the incompetent tutor, went to the great metropolis with as good credentials as, for instance, a well-known man of letters and man of fashion like Edward Gibbon twenty years after. Among other letters, he had introductions to M. de Fontenelle, who had a famous literary *salon,* and to

[1] See Voltaire, *Candide,* chapter xxiii.

the Comte de Caylus, a leader of the very best Parisian society. Finally, after spending, as it seems, most of the summer (1742) at Lyons, very agreeably, he had his place in the diligence paid for, as a present to him, by " the noble, the generous Perrichon," and so he set forth for the metropolis.

He had paid one long visit to Paris before this, in 1731, when he went to look for Madame de Warens. At that time he had seen the capital, he says, on its unpleasing side—*par son côté defavorable ;* but now he was to see it, and to an equivalent degree, *par son côté brillant.* The brilliance, however, was not in his lodging. He arrived at Paris in the autumn of 1741 and took a room in the Hôtel Saint Quentin, Rue des Cordiers, near the Sorbonne—ugly street, ugly house, ugly room, where nevertheless men of merit had lodged, such as the Abbés de Mably and de Condillac, M. Bordes (who had introduced him to the Intendant at Lyons), and many others who were no longer there; but there was still a M. de Bonnefond. This man introduced him to two Parisians who were to be important in Jean-Jacques' life : M. Roguin, called by Jean-Jacques thirty years later *le doyen de mes amis ;* and " the philosopher Diderot."

Jean-Jacques brought to Paris, besides his letters of introduction and his system of musical notation, a sum of fifteen louis and a musical comedy (words and music by himself) called *Narcisse.* He was in no hurry to make his fortune, and so had time to attend to society, which made him welcome. The Abbé de Mably's letters brought two acquaintances who proved of distinct practical use: M. de Boze, secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions, and Pere Castel, a Jesuit, inventor of the " ocular clavecin." A Savoyard, M. Damesin, to whom he had an introduction, procured him a couple of pupils in musical composition, not children, but mature and talented men. One of the pupils was M. de Gasc, Chief Justice of the Parlement of Bordeaux; the other was the Abbé de Leon, a scion of the noble house of Rohan. These not only paid him for

lessons extending over some months, but the Abbé de Léon also offered him the post of private secretary at a salary of eight hundred francs. Jean-Jacques refused this, as the sum (about £40 a year) would not have paid for his board and lodging and out-of-pocket expenses.

The winter of 1741-42 passed away pleasantly. Jean-Jacques' money was holding out, and M. de Boze, the Secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions, with the help of a colleague, the great scientist Réaumur, procured him a solemn hearing before the Academicians. This great occasion was 22nd August, 1742. Jean-Jacques read in full assembly a memoir on his system of musical notation and received many compliments from the illustrious *savants.* A committee of three members was thereupon appointed to discuss the system with Jean-Jacques and to present a report. The result was, however, disappointing. The committee had many conferences with Jean-Jacques but did not admit his arguments, which, without understanding them, they reported with sonorous phrases. Besides, they discovered somewhere that a certain monk called Père Souhaitti had once had the idea of noting the musical scale by numbers. Jean-Jacques had never heard of Père Souhaitti, whose method of writing the seven notes of plainsong by numbers was in any case not to be compared with the new invention of arithmetically noting all music—clefs, pauses, octaves, measures, times and values. Jean-Jacques' system had, he maintained stoutly, many other advantages over that of Père Souhaitti, but he could not convince the committee. On their report the Academy awarded him a certificate full of compliments, which, however, in effect indicated that it did not consider his system to be either new or useful. Jean-Jacques felt that he could scarcely use this certificate as an advertisement to the *Dissertation on Modern Music* which he was shortly to publish. He maintains that the Academicians, with a wide scientific culture but no specialized knowledge of music, made criticisms which had no value at all; while on the

other hand, Rameau, with an *esprit borné* but a genuine knowledge of his own subject, music, put his finger straightway on the one weak spot of the system. "Your symbols," he said, " are very good in so far as they determine simply and clearly the values, in so far as they represent neatly the intervals and always show the simple in the reduplication—none of which are shown in the ordinary system ; but they are bad in so far as they require a mental effort which cannot always keep pace with the rapidity of execution." He continued : "The position of *our* notes presents itself to the eye without this mental effort. If two notes, one very high, the other very low, are joined by a long string of intermediate notes, I see at a glance the progression from one to the other by conjoined degrees. But to assure myself in *your* system of this progression, I have to spell out your numbers one after the other : a glance conveys nothing." Jean-Jacques had to admit that this criticism was perfectly just and he generously adds that, simple as it is, only great practice in the musical art could have suggested it. There is nothing remarkable in the Academicians missing it, for great *savants,* who know so many things, know so little of each that they should only judge in their own specialty.[1]

Though admitting Rameau's criticism, Jean-Jacques was not discouraged, for he believed that his system had great merits and that, whether commonly adopted or not, it would, when known, make him celebrated ; and in Paris fortune always came with celebrity. So he shut himself up in his room for two or three months, working with " inexpressible ardour" to rewrite the memoir which he had submitted to the Academy of Inscriptions in a form suitable for the public. Naturally, he had difficulty in finding a publisher, but at last a friend introduced him to one, Quillan *le père,* who agreed to publish the work on a basis of receiving half the profit, the author paying only the licence-fee. So the Dissertation came out, but

[1] *Confessions,* **I I , 63.**

passed practically unnoticed, and Jean-Jacques never had a penny from it and was the poorer by the amount of the fee. Yet he was convinced that only ignorance and want of confidence on the part of the public accounted for the neglect of his system. So he offered to teach it for nothing to a young American lady called Mademoiselle des Roulins, who learned it in three months and sang from the written page without difficulty. "This success was striking but ignored." Jean-Jacques now gave up the attempt to introduce his musical system on which he had based all his hopes, his *dernier château d'Espagne.* And so, he concludes, " I found myself on the pavement of Paris where one does not live for nothing."

In these circumstances Jean-Jacques was neither elevated nor depressed ; not particularly prudent, yet not imprudent. He felt a need of pausing " to take breath." So he gave himself over to leisure and to the care of Providence, consuming, but without haste, such *louis* as still remained in his purse, not forgoing his " nonchalant pleasures," still attending at the cafe, but only every other day, and going to the play, but only twice a week. Though he did not go much into society at this time, he kept up his visits to the celebrated man of letters Marivaux, to the Abbé de Mably, and to Fontenelle. He showed his comedy *Narcisse* to Marivaux, who was pleased with it and was good enough to touch it up in a few places. His acquaintance with Diderot ripened. Diderot was fond of music and had a knowledge of its theory: he and Jean-Jacques, who were about the same age, had much talk about music. Diderot also described his literary projects which were to have a remarkable future. Much of Jean-Jacques' time—practically all his mornings—was passed in the Luxembourg gardens, where he walked, a copy of Virgil or J.-B. Rousseau (the poet) in his pocket, conning the verses until dinner-time. His object was to strengthen his fugitive memory. He had read that after the defeat of Nicias in the fatal expedition to Sicily, the Athenian captives at Syracuse had gained their living by reciting

the poems of Homer: Jean-Jacques did not gain any livelihood by recitation, but he did manage to keep in his mind the verses of the poets.

Mornings spent in the Luxembourg learning an Eclogue or Bucolic, and afternoons spent, when not at the play, in a game of chess, provided a wholesome way of life. He became sufficiently skilled to play at chess with M. de Legal, M. Husson, and the great Philidor. Tranquilly he watched his money diminish, and would fatalistically have seen the last *louis* disappear, had not Père Castel, whom he met occasionally at the café, dragged him out of his lethargy. The good father told him to call on Madame de Beuzenval, who had a very spirited daughter, Madame de Broglie, and also upon Madame Dupin, to whom, as to the other two, he had mentioned Jean-Jacques. " Nobody achieves anything in Paris except through the ladies," he said. So Jean-Jacques resolved to make the effort and called upon Madame de Beuzenval, with whom he found Madame de Broglie. Madame de Beuzenval received him politely, even warmly, and pressed him to stay to dinner; Jean-Jacques accepted the invitation. Soon, however, something in the conversation made him see that he was to dine not with the ladies themselves but with *their* ladies, with the " office " of this fashionable household. So he remembered a piece of business which he said that he had forgotten and was offering this as an excuse for leaving when Madame de Broglie whispered something to her mother. Then Madame de Beuzenval rose to detain him, saying: " I consider that it is with us that you will do us the honour of dining." Jean-Jacques, having vindicated his dignity, was not going to insist too much upon it. He had been touched by Madame de Broglie's action. So he sat down to dinner with the mother and daughter and the President Lamoignon, a judge of Parlement, who had all the gossip and the latest *mots* of the high world of Paris at his finger-ends. Jean-Jacques was no good at this sort of conversation. Later, when he wrote *La Nouvelle Heloise,* he ascribed a

spirited description of salon-conversation to the pen of Saint-Preux.[1]

Madame Dupin, the other great lady whose acquaintance he owed to Père Castel, was one of three lovely sisters known as the Three Graces. The other two were Madame de la Touche, who had made an escapade in England with the Duke of Cambridge, and Madame d'Arty, the mistress of the Prince de Conti. Madame Dupin was the most beautiful of the three and the only one against whom the finger of scandal was never pointed. Her husband, M. Dupin, was a farmer-general of taxes, and therefore an immensely wealthy man. Madame Dupin's salon was one of the most brilliant in Paris. " One saw there none but dukes, ambassadors and *cordons bleus."* Among the men of letters who regularly attended were Fontenelle, the Abbe de Saint-Pierre (on whose *Project of Perpetual Peace* Jean-Jacques years afterwards wrote one of his best essays), Voltaire, Buffon, the great naturalist and maker of the Jardin des Plantes. The Abbe' Bernis, later Minister for Foreign Affairs, was another frequenter of this *salon,* Jean-Jacques was more taken up with Madame Dupin's charming figure and personality than with her intellectual friends, and he fell in love with her. Under his usual belief that every good-looking woman he met was in love with him, he wrote her an impudent letter. She kept the letter for two days and then gave it back to him with some words of advice delivered with a coldness that froze him. Words failed him and his sudden passion was extinguished.[2] Yet he continued for some little time to attend Madame Dupin's *salon.* He formed a close acquaintance with M. de Francueil, stepson of Madame Dupin. Together he and de Francueil took a course of chemistry with Rouelle, and for greater convenience he left his lodging in the Hôtel Saint-Quentin and took

[1] *La Nouvelle Helôisc,* partie ii, lettre xiv.

[2] Not the " impudent letter," but only the letter of apology from Jean-Jacques to Madame Dupin, has been preserved : *Corresp. Gen.,* I, 184 (9th April, 1743).

another at the tennis-court in the Rue Verdelet, which leads into the Rue Platrière, where the Dupins lived. He fell ill through neglecting a cold and developed a " fluxion" in the chest and high fever. During convalescence he worked on an old idea of his for an opera. He had always seen his way to making the music ; the difficulty was to find someone to write the libretto. Now, however, he newSolved himself to compose both libretto and music, in three acts, on the theme of the loves of poets. The first act was to be about Tasso ; the second about Ovid ; the third about Anacreon. The whole was called *Les Muses Galantes.* Once he started, he worked rapidly, enjoying what he called " the delights and *verve* of composition." Nevertheless the opera was unfinished when he was offered employment which took him away from Paris for eighteen months.

CHAPTER II

THE SECRETARY OF EMBASSY

ALTHOUGH for some time Jean-Jacques had been giving much of his attention to the Dupin *salon,* Madame de Beuzenval and her daughter had not forgotten him. The Comte de Montaigu, Captain of Guards, had just been nominated ambassador at Venice and was looking for a secretary who must have a knowledge of Italian, not a very common accomplishment. It so happened that Madame de Beuzenval and Madame de Broglie knew the ambassador-elect's brother, the Chevalier de Montaigu, *chevalier de la manche* of the Dauphin—that is, one of the Dauphin's gentlemen. The Abbe' Alary, a member of the French Academy, whom Jean-Jacques knew, was also acquainted with the chevalier. Madame de Broglie undertook the negotiations and Jean-Jacques was suggested, properly recommended and introduced to the ambassador-elect. The salary offered was, however, too little for Jean-Jacques—only a thousand francs and nothing for expenses of the journey. So the Comte de Montaigu went off to Venice with a secretary called Follau, provided for him by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. No sooner had they arrived at Venice than they quarrelled; M. Follau immediately returned home. The ambassador's brother at Paris then renewed negotiations with Jean-Jacques and persuaded him to accept the position of secretary at the salary of a thousand francs a year with, in addition, twenty *louis* for the journey. So Jean-Jacques set off. This was about the beginning of August, 1743.[1]

He followed the road that was now familiar to him

[1] See J.J. *Rousseau a Venise, notes et documents recueillts par Victor Ceresole* (Th. de Saussure, Geneva and Paris, 1885), pp. 11-17.

from Paris to Lyons. There he had the idea of proceeding to Italy by the Mont Cenis route, which would have taken him through Chambéry, to see Madame de Warens. Instead, however, he resolved to go down the Rhone and take ship from Toulon. A new war called the War of the Austrian Succession had followed not long after the cessation of the War of the Polish Succession. Hostilities were in progress in North Italy. The Mont Cenis route might be interrupted. Besides, the Rhone-Toulon route cost less, and Jean-Jacques would be able to get on the way a useful passport from the Comte de Mirepoix, commander-in-chief in Provence. This is the story in the *Confessions.* Nevertheless, though he did not take the Mont Cenis route into Italy, he did make the journey to Chambéry from Lyons and back again. This is known because he entered the cost of his journey from Lyons to Chambery and back (30 *livres)* in his expenses account and M. de Montaigu disallowed the item.[1] In writing the *Confessions* Jean-Jacques either forgot the excursion to Chambery, or its memory was too painful for him to mention. He was receiving letter after letter from the Comte de Montaigu at Venice, urging him to hasten his journey, but an incident of a kind not uncommon in those days retarded him.

The plague known as the *peste de Messine* was in Toulon and there were cases reported in a squadron of the British navy which was anchored outside. Some English sailors visited the *felucca* on which Jean-Jacques was sailing. After a long and painful journey in the *felucca,* the company arrived at Genoa to find itself faced with a quarantine-period of twenty-one days. The passengers had the choice of staying on board the *felucca* or of going to the Lazaretto, which, they were informed, was only four walls, for there had been no time for furnishing it. Everybody except Jean-Jacques chose to remain on board ship. Jean-Jacques, however, in view of the intolerable heat on the ship, the narrow space, the

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* I, 133-5.

impossibility of walking, and the vermin, preferred the Lazaretto at whatever risk. So he was conducted into a great building of two stories, absolutely bare. There were, he says, neither windows, nor table, nor bed, nor chair, not even a stool to sit on nor a truss of straw to lie on. His cloak, valise and two trunks were brought along. The door was bolted on him and he was left alone, master of the whole place, free to walk from room to room, from one story to another, finding everywhere the same solitude and the same bareness.

Nothing of all this made him repent of having chosen the Lazaretto rather than the *felucca.* Everybody in the eighteenth century was familiar with the story of Robinson Crusoe. " Like a new Robinson," writes Jean-Jacques, " I set myself to arrange things for my twenty-one days as I would have done for my whole life." There is always something romantic about the idea of equipping a home on a desert island, provided it is not to endure too long. Jean-Jacques was pleasantly busy. First he had to get rid of all the lice which he had brought from the *felucca.* This he was able to do after changing all his linen and clothes. Next he proceeded to furnish the room which he had chosen for his own. He made quite a good mattress with his vests and shirts. Some napkins sewed together did for sheets. His dressing-gown served as a quilt. His cloak, rolled up, served as a pillow. One of his trunks made a chair and the other, placed on end, a table. He had brought paper, ink and about a dozen books which he arranged on the table like a little library. " In short," he writes, " I accommodated myself so well that, except for curtains and windows, I was almost as comfortable at the Lazaretto, absolutely bare, as at the tennis-court in the Rue Verdelet." His establishment was not wanting in dignity. Meals were served with great pomp. Two grenadiers of the Republic of Genoa escorted the food into the Lazaretto with fixed bayonets. The stair-case was his dining room ; the landing served as table; and the lower step as seat. The dinner was

carried up and was laid on the landing. Finally, the servant or grenadiers who brought the dinner, before withdrawing, rang a bell to summon him to table. Between meal-times, when he was not reading or writing, or making improvements in his furnishing, he walked in the Protestant cemetery which served as court to the Lazaretto or he climbed into the turret or "lantern" which commanded a view of the port and from which he could see the ships coming in and going out. The time passed very agreeably, and he would have spent the whole twenty-one days on his "island" without a moment of *ennui.* M. de Joinville, however, the French envoy to the Republic of Genoa, to whom Jean-Jacques had sent a letter, half-burned and sprinkled with vinegar, shortened the period of incarceration by eight days. He had Jean-Jacques to go to stay for this last period of quarantine in the embassy, where the quarters, it had to be confessed, were more comfortable than the Lazaretto. Jean-Jacques made friends with the ambassador's secretary, Dupont, made expeditions with him into the country round Genoa and went to parties at houses in the city. After he left, he continued to correspond with Dupont for a long time. The journey across Lombardy was, of course, agreeable, for Jean-Jacques was a splendid traveller and never hurried. He saw Milan, Verona, Brescia, Padua, and arrived at last at Yenice (4th September, 1743) where the ambassador was impatiently awaiting him.

He found a mass of dispatches accumulated for him at the embassy, from the court at Versailles and from the French ambassadors at foreign capitals. For M. de Montaigu could not read the official cipher nor could the young Abbé de Binis, who was all the embassy staff at the moment. Jean-Jacques, having never worked in a bureau nor seen a minister's cipher, was afraid of being embarrassed. He soon found, however, that nothing could be simpler, and in eight days he had deciphered the whole mass—an achievement, he says, not worth the trouble, for besides the fact that the Venice embassy was never

busy, M. de Montaigu was not the man to whom any government would wish to entrust the smallest negotiation. This was Jean-Jacques' opinion, anyhow. It is a wonder that he stayed with the ambassador as long as he did—twelve months.

Jean-Jacques found that he was to be not only secretary to the ambassador but was to be Secretary of the Embassy—a dignified and officially recognized position. Hitherto, since the departure of the previous ambassador, M. de Froulay (who, Jean-Jacques says, had gone mad), the French consul, M. Le Blond, had been charged with the functions of Secretary of Embassy. M. de Montaigu, however had become jealous of the consul, and transferred the business to Jean-Jacques immediately on arrival. The consul showed no ill-will to Jean-Jacques on this account, but on the contrary treated him with great friendliness and gave him frequent hospitality. As Secretary of Embassy, Jean-Jacques often represented M. de Montaigu before the Venetian Senate. Inside the embassy his status was above that of the other gentlemen of the household and the pages, all of whom were Italians. He was thus in a position to stand up for the rights and immunities of the embassy which the Venetian officials sometimes tried to infringe or circumscribe, and which the ambassador's Italian gentlemen would not have resisted. At the same time Jean-Jacques guarded carefully against abuse of the privileges and liberties of the embassy, and did not permit bandits to take refuge there, although he could in this way have made sums of money which, he says, the ambassador would not have disdained to share.

The ambassador did, as a matter of fact, claim a share in the legitimate perquisites of the secretariat, or, as he called it, of the chancellery. This was a time of war, the War of the Austrian Succession. There were a great number of passports to be issued. A sequin had to be paid on account of each passport to the secretary, who issued and counter-signed it. Jean-Jacques* predecessors

had taken this fee impartially from Frenchmen and from foreigners; but he thought this unfair and accordingly suppressed the charge for French subjects, while rigorously exacting it from all others. The Marquis Scotti, brother of the favourite of the Queen of Spain, sent for a passport without including the sequin. Jean-Jacques demanded the fee, an act of boldness which the vengeful Italian did not forget.

As soon as Jean-Jacques' passport reform was known, a crowd of alleged Frenchmen poured into the chancellery, explaining in abominable jargon that they were Proven?al, Picard or Burgundian. Jean-Jacques, however, had an acute ear and believed that he was not once deceived. " I doubt if a single Italian cheated me of my sequin or that a single Frenchman paid it." He unwarily mentioned his reform to M. de Montaigu, who knew nothing about the whole passport system. At the word sequin the ambassador pricked up his ears, and, without saying anything about the suppression of the fees for Frenchmen, he asserted that Jean-Jacques should account with him for the rest, promising to allow equivalent advantages in return. Jean-Jacques, more indignant at this baseness than concerned for his own interest, proudly rejected the proposal. The ambassador insisted ; Jean-Jacques became more excited : " ' No, sir,' I said to him hotly, * let your excellence keep what is his, and leave me what is mine. I will never yield a sou.' " Seeing that he would gain nothing in this way, the ambassador was not ashamed to say that as Jean-Jacques was having the profits of the chancellery, he should also bear the expenses. Jean-Jacques would not haggle over this, so from thenceforth he provided from his own money ink, paper, wax, candles—all of the best kind—and even the seal, which he caused to be remade ; nevertheless he was able to save out of the passport fees a small share for the Abbe de Binis, " a good lad," who was far from making claim to any such thing. The two lived on excellent terms together.

Jean-Jacques found the business of the embassy less

embarrassing than he had feared, considering his own lack of experience and the equal want of experience on the part of his master, who in addition was so ignorant and obstinate that he often spoiled, as it were deliberately, such matters as Jean-Jacques, through good sense and intelligence, was satisfactorily arranging. We have to remember, however, that we have only Jean-Jacques' story to rely upon; the ambassador himself has left no memorial. One reasonable thing the ambassador did do, and Jean-Jacques a little maliciously gives him credit for it. The Crowns of France and Spain, though by the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, never to be held together, were just then (by the Family Compact of 1733) in close alliance or correspondence. M. de Montaigu, accordingly, was able to act in concert with the Spanish ambassador, the Marquis de Mori.[1] This man, a clever diplomatist, could, if he had wished, have led his French colleague by the nose, but did, in fact, usually give him good enough advice, if M. de Montaigu had not always spoiled it in execution. The chief thing which the two ambassadors had to try to secure was the neutrality of the Republic of Venice in the War of the Austrian Succession in Italy. Jean-Jacques says that the Venetian Government never failed in professing its neutrality, yet openly supplied munitions and even recruits (under pretext of desertions) to the Austrian troops.

The ambassador made heavy demands upon the secretary, insisting that the greater part of every dispatch to Versailles should be in cipher, although there was very little of importance to communicate. The bag from France came in on Friday, and the courier had to leave Venice with the replies on Saturday. Jean-Jacques pointed out to the ambassador that there was not sufficient time for him to put the dispatches into cipher. M. de Montaigu had a happy thought. He composed his dispatch on Thursday; if anything important arrived

[1] *Corresp. Gen.*, I, 198 (to the Comtesse de Montaigu), Venice, 23rd November, 1743.

in the bag on Friday, the dispatch could be touched up in reply to this. Thus Jean-Jacques had plenty of time for ciphering before the courier left on Saturday. Not all the letters which he had to write for the ambassador were on high politics. One was about Venetian hams, to be eaten raw, which the Queen of France had asked for. Jean-Jacques drafted a letter notifying the proper officer at Versailles that four hams, said to be excellent, would be sent off with the diplomatic courier.[1]

Jean-Jacques declares that M. de Montaigu often dictated unreasonable things, but only read the most important, when the secretary, having made the copies for dispatch, brought them to the ambassador to sign. The secretary was tempted for his own glory to alter the dispatches, and to write something which had not been dictated.

An active secretary of embassy had many curious commissions to fulfil besides procuring hams for the Queen of France's table. Among other achievements of Jean-Jacques was the securing of Coralline and her sister Camille for the Italian troupe at the French Theatre Royal. They and their father, Veronese, had entered into an agreement to go to Paris, but when the time came to depart they simply remained at their Venetian theatre, although they had received two thousand francs for the journey. They were detained, it was said, by the owner or manager of their theatre, a senator called Zustiniani.[2] M. de Montaigu received a peremptory dispatch from the French authorities, which he handed over to Jean-Jacques with the simple instruction : *Voyez ceła.* Jean-Jacques had recourse to his friend, M. Le Blond, the consul, who, however, could accomplish nothing. Jean-Jacques resolved to take action himself. It was the time of the Carnival. He donned *bahute* (cloak) and mask, and went in the ambassador's gondola to Zustiniani's palace. He

[1] ***Corresp. Gen.*, I, 196.**

[2] **This is Jean-Jacques' spelling. The name of the noble Venetian house was Giustiniani.**

had himself announced simply as *una siora maschera* (a masked lady).

As soon as he was introduced he removed his mask and gave his name. The senator went pale and seemed stupefied. Jean-Jacques then spoke in the Venetian dialect: "Monsieur, it is with regret that I importune Your Excellence with a visit; but you have at your theatre of Saint Luc a man named Veronese who is engaged for the service of the king, and whom you were asked for, uselessly. I come to reclaim him in the name of His Majesty." The short speech was effective. The senator in a fright rushed off to the Inquisitors and told his story. The Inquisitors gave him a good scolding. The Veronese family was sent off the same day. Jean-Jacques had threatened to have him arrested if he did not depart within a week.[1]

Jean-Jacques achieved another notable success in having the embargo raised from the vessel of a Marseilles skipper. Captain Olivet's crew had quarrelled with some Slav sailors of a Venetian merchant-ship and the Senate as a punishment had placed an embargo on the French ship, so that nobody except the captain could enter or leave the ship. The unfortunate captain, who was being ruined by the delay, applied for help, fruitlessly, to the ambassador and to the consul;[2] finally he came to the secretary. Jean-Jacques was pretty certain that the Senate somehow had knowledge of all the dispatches that went out from the embassy. So he inserted in the next dispatch to M. de Maurepas (at that time the chief minister at Versailles) an account of the affair. This he did, not in the hope that Maurepas would take action, for Captain Olivet would be

[1] *Confessions,* II, 79.

[2] This is the account as given in the *Confessions.* There is extant a memorandum of M. de Montaigu, drafted by Jean-Jacques, giving an account of the incident to the Senate, and asking for redress. The date is 7th July, 1744; *Corresp. Gen.,* I, 217. The reply of the Senate is, in French translation, in the Archives des Affaires etrangeres at Pans (reproduced in *Corresp. Gen.,* I, 220, n. 3). The reply denied the claim of the French captain. Thus the account in the *Confessions* seems to be so far confirmed.

ruined long before an answer could come to the dispatch, but in order to warn the Venetian Government. At the same time he went in his gondola to the vessel, which he was not able to board, and, standing up, he conducted in a loud voice a regular interrogation of the crew, eliciting in this public way answers very favourable to the French case. The plan succeeded : the Senate lifted the embargo. Captain Olivet wished to give a present to the resourceful secretary, but Jean-Jacques said : " Captain Olivet, do you think that a man who would not receive from Frenchmen the established passport-fee would sell the protection of the king ?" He accepted, however, an invitation to dinner, and took with him the secretary of the Spanish embassy, Carrio; for as the French and Spanish ambassadors worked in concert, according to the Bourbon " Family Compact," so did their two secretaries.

The description given in the *Confessions* of the chancellery work of the secretary and of the kinds of business he had to transact for distressed Frenchmen rings true. Nor does Jean-Jacques make it out to be heavier work than it was likely to be. War as it was waged in that age did not break off all peaceful contacts ; it only made them more difficult to conduct in normal fashion. Thus the business of the chancellery was increased, but even so it only occupied the morning hours (or only just " the greater part " of them) except when the courier was due to come or go, and then Jean-Jacques had to work until midnight. One piece of business which came to him, and which he successfully transacted, was of high political importance, although (he avers) it was never recognized.

This was in the year 1744. The Austrians, commanded by Prince Lobkowitz, were making a successful campaign in South Italy against the Comte de Gages, commander of the Spanish forces, whose duty was to fight in Lombardy for the Kingdom of Naples. " It was the time," writes Jean-Jacques, " when the Comte de Gages made that memorable retreat, the finest

manoeuvre of war of the whole century, about which Europe has said too little."[1] The Spanish-Neapolitan cause was saved, but the Austrians were not to be put off by one check. They planned to arouse a rebellion against the Neapolitan Crown in the Abruzzi. France was technically not at war with Austria but was only acting as " auxiliary " to Prussia, the enemy of Austria. The French Government continued to maintain a chargé d'affaires at Vienna. This chargé, M. Vincent, sent word to M. de Montaigu that an Austrian emissary, who was to raise the rebellion in the Abruzzi, would pass secretly through Venice. M. de Montaigu was, apparently, not at his post when Vincent's message arrived. Jean-Jacques, however, managed to pass on the information to the Marquis de PHôpital, French ambassador at Naples. The message was so timely and useful that " it is perhaps to this poor Jean-Jacques, so scoffed at *(bafoué)*, that the House of Bourbon owes the preservation of the Kingdom of Naples."[2] The Marquis de l'Hopital was good enough to mention the service of Jean-Jacques in a dispatch to his colleague at Venice; but M. de Montaigu, conscious of having been remiss in the performance of his duties, was offended, and spoke to Jean-Jacques with considerable ill-humour. In spite of this and other incidents which caused friction between him and his master, Jean-Jacques believed himself to be a success in the diplomatic profession, and he was looking forward to a permanent career in it. His personal relations with the ambassador, however, became so bad that at last they ended in open and hopeless rupture, and in these circumstances it was naturally Jean-Jacques who had to go. M. de Montaigu may have been largely to blame, but it is also quite clear that Jean-Jacques, clever and resourceful though he was, had not sufficient patience and self-control to be a career-diplomatist. Nevertheless he had some of the gifts, and he seems to have been an efficient

[1] *Confessions*, II, 803; *Corresp. Gén.*, I, 210 (23rd May, 1744); cf. also letters of 20th and 27th June, *ibid.*, I, 213, 215.

[2] *Confessions*, II, 83.

secretary. There is a very interesting description of the method of conducting negotiations at Venice through exchange of notes and through personal interviews. This description is in a letter[1] from Jean-Jacques to his colleague, Dupont, the secretary to M. de Joinville, French envoy at Genoa, who had both befriended him when in quarantine there. The letter is dated Venice, 25th July, 1744. In the *Confessions* he protests that he was faithful and serviceable:

> I always did this (my duty) with a rectitude, zeal and courage which deserved on the ambassadors part another recompense than that which I received for it at the end. It was time for me to become, for once, what Heaven, who had endowed me with a happy nature, what the education which I had received from the best of women, and had also given to myself, had made me to be ; I became it. Given over to myself, without friends, without advice, without experience, in a foreign country, serving a foreign people, in the midst of a crowd of rogues who, for their own interest and to dispel the scandal of a good example, incited me to imitate them ; far from doing nothing about it, I served France, to whom I owed nothing, well, and, still better, the ambassador, as was only right, in everything that was committed to me. Irreproachable as I was, in a post so much in the public eye, I deserved, I obtained the esteem of the Republic, the esteem of all the ambassadors with whom we corresponded, and the affection of all the French people settled in Venice, without excepting the consul himself, whom I supplanted with regret in the functions which I knew to be within his duties and which gave me more trouble than pleasure.

Jean-Jacques in the *Confessions* avers that the ambassador's household was maintained in the utmost disorder; that all the honest Frenchmen were driven away (Jean-Jacques did not regard himself as French), and that Italians took their places and exploited the ambassador shamelessly. They induced him to hire a villa on the Brenta at double the proper rent, and they shared the difference with the proprietor. The apartments of the villa were decorated with fine mosaics

[1] *Corresp. Gén.*, I, 224.

and marble columns and pilasters. M. de Montaigu had all this decoration covered over with pine-wood panelling because that was the fashion at Paris. He took away the dress-swords from his pages because it was not the fashion at Paris for pages to wear them. He fed his gentlemen disgracefully except when he was present at table himself, and he was often absent because he did not take supper. He studiously (at least, so Jean-Jacques thought) insulted his secretary, particularly on one occasion by saying that there would be no place for the secretary at the ambassador's table when a royal visitor, the Duke of Modena, was dining there. At last, Jean-Jacques came to the conclusion that he was only damaging any prospects that he might have by remaining, and so he asked M. de Montaigu to release him, not at once, but after a new secretary could be appointed ; for it was absolutely necessary for the ambassador to have an Italian-speaking secretary. M. de Montaigu signified neither assent nor refusal. After waiting a reasonable time and hearing no more about his request, Jean-Jacques wrote a letter to M. de Montaigu's brother at Paris, explaining his motives and requesting the brother's good offices for obtaining the release. The result was that the ambassador at Venice received a letter from Paris which made him furious. He summoned Jean-Jacques and, after a torrent of abuse, accused him of having sold the official cipher. Jean-Jacques mockingly asked him if he thought that there was anybody in Venice fool enough to offer a crown for this. The ambassador's rage boiled over. He made a movement as if to call his gentlemen, and said that he was going to have Jean-Jacques thrown out of the window. But Jean-Jacques darted for the door, unlatched it, paused, and turning, advanced slowly back to the ambassador and said : " No, Monsieur le Comte, your people will not mix themselves in this affair. Be advised to let it be between us two." M. de Montaigu's fury left him. Surprise and fright made him calm. Jean-Jacques then briefly made his adieux, left

the room, passed through the antechamber between the attendant gentlemen, descended the stair, and quitted the house.

He went straight to the house of M. Le Blond, his friend the consul, and told his story. Le Blond at once arranged an impromptu dinner, and gathered together all the Frenchmen of any consideration in Venice. The ambassador had not even a cat left. M. Le Blond told Jean-Jacques' story to the company, the ill-treatment which he had received, and how the ambassador had not paid him his salary, nor even a *sou* of his expenses. At once every guest put his purse at the service of Jean-Jacques. He accepted twenty *sequins* from M. Le Blond and twenty from a M. de Saint-Cyr. For the next fortnight he took a lodging near the embassy, to the fury of M. de Montaigu, who tried fruitlessly to get the Venetian Senate to arrest him.[1] At the end of the fortnight Jean-Jacques quitted Venice, leaving no debts behind him except the *sequins* borrowed from Le Blond and Saint-Cyr, and fifty crowns owed to a merchant which Carrio, his colleague at the Spanish embassy, undertook to discharge. Jean-Jacques repaid Le Blond and Saint-Cyr. Carrio, however, though he and Jean-Jacques frequently met afterwards, was never repaid.

His eighteen months in diplomacy had given him experience, though not such as favourably to impress him, of the administration and politics of the *ancien régime* of France, Venice, and incidentally several other states. Socially the time had passed pleasantly and not unprofitably. He had made good friends: Le Blond, Carrio, and a noble from the Biscayan province of Spain, called Altuna. This young man had a beautiful character, which Jean-Jacques describes in moving language. They lodged together for a time afterwards.

Jean-Jacques found music cost so little in Italy that

[1] The Registers of the Inquisitors of Venice show that on 4th September, 1744, M. de Montaigu, unaware that Jean-Jacques had already left Venice, applied to the Senate to have him expelled from the city and state. (Extract printed in *Corresp. Gen.*, I, 253.)

nobody with any taste for it had an excuse for doing without it. He went frequently to the opera. He hired a clavecin and engaged four or five symphonists (for a crown!) to play with him. In this way some of the symphonies of his *Muses Galantes* were privately performed. The director of the ballets at the Theatre of St. John Chrysostom heard of them and asked to be allowed to perform two. Jean-Jacques was present in the theatre when they were executed by an admirable orchestra to the dancing of a beautiful and amiable girl, Bettina.

As regards the celebrated amusements of Venice, Jean-Jacques has not really a great deal to say. He kept mainly to the circle of French people, and he gives the impression that corrupt and dissolute though Venetian society was, it was not so bad as most memoir-writers and letter-writers portray it. In a letter written to the Comtesse de Montaigu, the wife of his ambassador, he confessed to having departed a little from his philosophy—*J'ai un peu dérangé ma Philosophie*—" in order to place myself in the same circumstances as other people, so that I run through scenes and spectacles in masque and cloak *(en masque et en Bahutte)* quite as boldly as if I had passed all my life in this company," He told another correspondent that the air of Venice did not suit his health as well as Paris.[1] The air, he said, was " absolutely pernicious."

He returned from Venice (departing 22nd August, 1744) by way of Bergamo, Lake Como, where he visited the celebrated Borromean Isles, Domodossola, the Simplon Pass, the Valais, which was an independent state in those days, and Geneva. From there he paid a flying visit with the bookseller Duvillard to Nyon, to see his father. From Geneva, without calling at Chambery, he went on to Lyons, and from there to Paris. Although he had sent in advance a statement of his case to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and although (he says) everybody agreed that he had been badly treated, he could obtain no

[1] ***Corresp. Gin.*, I, 198, 205.**

settlement of his account. The official told him that as he was not a Frenchman he had no claim to the national protection; the account was a private affair between him and the Comte de Montaigu.

Before Jean-Jacques left Venice M. de Montaigu gave him a statement showing the amount of money due to the secretary for expenses of the journey from Paris to Venice and from Venice to Paris, and salary (1,000 *livres)* for the period of service. This statement, which is reproduced from the Montaigu archives in the *Correspondance Générale de J.-J. Rousseau* is called in the *Confessions le mémoire d'apothecaire qu'il voulut me donner en paiement de mes appointemens :* "the druggist's account which he (M. de Montaigu) wished to give me as payment for what was due to me."[1] The ambassador refused to allow thirty francs (or *livres)*[2] for the excursion to Paris-Chambéry, or the refund claimed by Jean-Jacques on account of three days at Lyons, a day at Avignon, and seven of the days spent at Genoa—a total of sixty-seven francs, two sous. He also charged 138 francs on account of a box which Jean-Jacques brought to Venice containing an embroidered waistcoat, some pairs of sleeve-ruffles, and six pairs of white silk stockings; this box, which travelled with the ambassador's baggage, was entered at the large sum of 138 francs so that (Jean-Jacques says) it should pay for some of M. de Montaigu's trunks. He also charged Jean-Jacques 84 *livres* for twelve months' laundry. The result of this calculation was as follows :

Jean-Jacques, on being engaged to go to the embassy in Venice in 1743, was promised 1,000 francs salary and expenses on the journey to and from Venice. Before starting from Paris he had been given 775 *livres* on account. There was, therefore, due to him at the termination of service 225 *livres* for balance of salary, *plus* the refund of expenses for the journey to and from Venice—total expenses estimated by Jean-Jacques as 987 *livres.* The

[1] ***Corresp. Gen.,* I, 233-7.**

*** The *franc* and *livre* were at this time of equivalent value.**

ambassador's reckoning of these expenses brought the total amount due at the end for expenses and balance of salary to 730 *livres,* a total which Jean-Jacques believed to be less than was in fact due. And he did not even receive the sum of 730 *livres* at this time, because he refused to agree with the account.

Considerably later (1749), the Ministry of Foreign Affairs found that M. de Montaigu was really incompetent and had to be recalled, with a reprimand. Apparently Jean-Jacques' case was mentioned in the reprimand, for after coming back to Paris the dismissed ambassador sent his maitre d'hôtel and at last settled the account, though not on Jean-Jacques' terms : " I accepted what I was offered," he writes. Jean-Jacques says that when he had paid his Venice debts and expenses he had nothing left. He remained firmly persuaded that he had an aptitude for the diplomatic profession, and that, if his master had only used his services rationally, he would have gone forward in the diplomatic career, and would have ensured the success of the ambassador too. As it was, M. de Montaigu was never employed again in diplomacy, nor Jean-Jacques either. The injustice with which his complaints were met, he says, planted in his soul the germ of indignation against the stupidity of civil institutions which sacrifice the public good and justice to some apparent need of order, destructive of all real order, and give the sanction of public authority to the oppression of the feeble and the iniquity of the strong. Not until many years, however, had passed did this germ lead to *The Discourse on Inequality,* the *Contrat Social,* and other works of the man who was to come down in history as the great literary rebel of the age.

CHAPTER III

THERESE LE VASSEUR

JEAN-JACQUES was now thirty-two years old. The romance which his life had been till now (1744) still held good for a time. Ignacio Emmanuel de Altuna, the Biscayan noble whom he had known at Venice, was waiting for him in Paris. Altuna had made a tour of Italy in order to acquire a knowledge of the fine arts. It was at the end of this tour that he had met Jean-Jacques at Venice; he was conscious of having done all that he had set out to do, yet was vaguely dissatisfied. Jean-Jacques had told him that the fine arts were only the recreation of a person of his genius, which was made to cultivate the sciences ; and he advised Altuna to go on to Paris and to stay six months there. When Jean-Jacques subsequently came to Paris, Altuna, who had a larger lodging than was necessary for one man, offered to share it with him. The offer was accepted and the two men lived happily together in the Rue Saint Honoré for some months until the Spaniard returned home.

Altuna was immensely grateful to his friend for having directed his studies to the sciences. He was one of those rare men, writes Jean-Jacques, whom Spain alone produces and all too seldom. He was devoid of the violent national passions common to his countrymen. It was impossible to offend him. He was gallant and chivalrous without being tender. In a dissolute age he was like Charles XII of Sweden : he never had a mistress. The flames of virtue, writes Jean-Jacques, devoured his heart and left no room for other passion. Externally he was devout, like a Spaniard, but inside him was the piety of an angel. " Except me," wrote Jean-Jacques, who knew himself not to be an angel, " he is the only tolerant man I have ever

seen." He cared not whether his friends were Jew, Protestant, Turk, bigot, atheist, so long as they were honest men. It is incredible how so great elevation of soul was associated with a spirit of detail carried to minuteness. He divided his day into hours, quarter-hours and minutes, and adhered to his distribution with such scruple that if the hour sounded while he was reading a phrase, he would, without finishing it, shut the book. Yet he was not over-serious ; on the contrary he was gay and often jovial, and when he was animated, his voice could be heard afar off. In person he was tall and well-made. His body was formed to lodge his soul. When Altuna returned to Spain it was agreed that Jean-Jacques, after some years, should follow him and live with his friend on Altuna's estate at Ascoytia. Everything was arranged, but fate, Jean-Jacques says, intervened. His own misfortunes, Altuna's marriage, lastly Altuna's death (which, however, did not occur until 1762) kept the two friends separate for ever.[1]

Jean-Jacques continued for a time to correspond with Madame de Warens ; in one of his letters, 25th February, 1745, he acknowledges receipt of a present of soap and chocolate.[2]

After Altuna's departure from Paris Jean-Jacques left the Rue Saint Honor6, which he says was rather noisy, and returned to the Hôtel Saint-Quentin. There he had an experience ; he calls it " the only real consolation which Heaven has let him taste in his misery," but in effect it was nothing but his supreme disaster. It was as if, with the lofty influence of his noble friend Altuna removed, he let himself, through reaction, subside into his basest and feeblest condition.

The Hôtel Saint-Quentin was under new management when he again took up his lodging in it. The new hostess or manageress had come from Orleans and employed a girl from her neighbourhood to look after the linen.

[1] **For details of Altuna's life see *Corresp. Gin.*, V, 373 n.**
[2] ***Corresp. Gin.*, I, 264.**

The name of the girl was Thérèse Le Vasseur. Jean-Jacques says that the father had been an officer of the mint at Orleans, but had become bankrupt when the mint was closed. So he had come to Paris with his wife and Therese, who maintained them both by her work. When she waited at table in the Hôtel Saint-Quentin, Jean-Jacques marked her modest appearance and manners. The coarse company at table made fun of her, but Jean-Jacques chivalrously took her part and defended her. Soon, though he had known so many fine ladies and was so choice in his feminine friendships and attachments, and though he was experienced in the vicious ways of the dissolute society he kept, he was caught by this stupid woman. This was in the year 1745. They formed an irregular liaison which endured for the rest of his life. No one (except Jean-Jacques, who after all knew her best) has good to say of Therese Le Vasseur. Yet Jean-Jacques wrote twenty years later : " I believed that I saw in her a sensible girl, simple and without coquetry ; nor did I deceive myself." He adds that he had abandoned ambition and enjoyed instead " the sweetness of private and domestic life "—a subject to which he often alludes in his *Confessions* , but for which his temperament obviously unfitted him. Yet he must have been happy with her for a time, though it is impossible to say how long. " Through her," he writes, " I lived happy so long as I could according to the course of events."

He admits that Therese was stupid. " I tried," writes Jean-Jacques in the *Confessions,* " to form her spirit: my care was thrown away. Her spirit was what nature made it. Culture and care made no impression on it. I do not blush to confess that she never knew how to read, though she wrote passably." As a matter of fact she could barely write her own name. Most of her surviving letters were written by another hand.[1] There is one letter in her own hand, written (23rd June, 1762) from Montmorency to Jean-Jacques when he had fled te

[1] See *Corresp. Gen.,* VII, 211, n. I.

Yverdon. Owing to its amazing spelling it is almost impossible to make sense of it. Streckeisen-Moultou, however, has made a very fair translation of it.[1] Jean-Jacques failed, after a month's attempt, even to teach her to read the face of the clock. She was never able to understand the order of the months, and she did not know a single figure in spite of all the trouble he took to instruct her. She could not reckon money or calculate the price of anything. Her mumbling attempts to express herself in speech often resulted in her saying the opposite of what she meant to say. Later Jean-Jacques made a collection of her malapropisms for the amusement of his clever and fashionable friends. And yet he maintains that in spite of her limitations, of her stupidity, she could at times give excellent advice. "Often, in Switzerland, in England, in France, in the catastrophes in which I found myself, she has seen what I did not see myself; she has given me the best advice to follow; she has drawn me back from dangers into which I was precipitating myself blindly; and before ladies of the highest ranks, before the grandees and the princes, her sentiments, her good sense, her responses and her conduct have won her universal admiration; and to me they have brought, on account of her merit, compliments of which I realised the sincerity." Most, if not all, of this must have been hallucination. Thérèse was obviously grossly ignorant and vulgar. She was also vicious. She had the peasant's shrewdness and avarice. She was cunning enough to see gradually how to make herself indispensable to the hypochondriac and ailing Jean-Jacques. She tended his ailments, but she also encouraged his fantasies and hallucinations, particularly his persecution-mania. Simple as she was, she had some inventive faculty, for Jean-Jacques was always extracting "information" from her about false friends who, she said, were trying to make her betray him. With no idea of economy in expenditure,

[1] See Streckeisen-Moultou, *J.-J. R., Amis et Ennemis* (1864), II, 450; *Corresp. Gen.*, VII, 327.

always in debt wherever she lived, she was endlessly greedy, and never ceased to get money from Jean-Jacques, alive or dead, for she became his heir.[1]

It is not impossible, however, that Jean-Jacques for a time, during the period of his infatuation, was happy enough. At first he was ashamed to show himself with Therese in public. Gradually he overcame this feeling, and together they made some little country promenades and had some delicious meals out. The mother-in-law, who affected airs of social distinction, he found a little trying, and he resented her interference, but there is nothing very unusual in this. He continued to lodge in the Hôtel Saint-Quentin, while Thérèse lived at home with her mother. Jean-Jacques seldom left his lodging except to go to the Le Vasseur house, which, he says, became "almost" his home. This quiet, retired life was so congenial for his work that in three months he had finished his opera, words and music.

The next thing was to secure a hearing for it. This did not prove to be very difficult. A Geneva friend had introduced him to M. de la Popelinière, the patron, or as Jean-Jacques elegantly calls him, the Maecenas, of Rameau. And Rameau could make rain or sunshine in the Popelinière household, and if that shone upon a new opera all would be well. Madame de la Popelinière offered to provide a few musicians to perform selections from Jean-Jacques' opera if Rameau would consent to hear them. This was done. The Popelinières provided actually ten players and two voice-soloists. The overture and some four or five selections from *Les Muses Galantes* were given with brilliant execution, Jean-Jacques conducting. Rameau was delighted with the overture and certain other parts, displeased with the rest. He showed signs of great impatience during the performance, and refused to believe that the good parts were original. "And it is true," modestly writes Jean-Jacques in the *Confessions,* "that my work, unequal and unregulated,

[1] For TheVese, see L. Claretie, *J.-J. Rousseau et ses amis,* pp. 19-32.

was sometimes sublime and sometimes very flat, as is bound to happen with a composer who forms himself only by some bursts of genius and who does not base himself on scientific training."

The Popelinières did not agree with Rameau's rejection of the opera, and they brought it to the notice of the powerful Due de Richelieu. The duke arranged for the opera to have a trial performance in Paris at the king's expense and was so charmed by one particular passage that he rose, came over to Jean-Jacques, and said : " Monsieur Rousseau, that harmony carries me away with it; I have never heard anything finer; I will have this work performed at Versailles." He suggested, however, that something be substituted for the act about Tasso. So Jean-Jacques set to work and in three weeks made a new act about the early Greek poet Hesiod, which was a great improvement upon the last. He was beginning to have the sense of persecution from which he suffered so much in later life. " *J'ai encore trouvé Rameau en mon chemin* " he wrote to a friend.[1] He was still, however, at work on the opera when it was interrupted by another enterprise.

After *Les Muses Galantes* Jean-Jacques had a second operatic experience, likewise unfortunate, in collaboration with no less personages than Voltaire and Rameau. This was in the winter of 1745, when, after the French victory over the English at Fontenoy (nth May, 1745), Versailles was more than usually given up to festivities. The Due de Richelieu, who was in charge of the Royal theatricals, had asked Voltaire to write the libretto for an operetta. Voltaire, who was at this time living at Nancy in Lorraine, dashed off a small play which he professed to despise. " I did it very quickly and very badly," he wrote to Jean-Jacques. It was called *La Princesse de Navarre.* Rameau did the music for it. The Due de Richelieu decided that some modifications should be made both in words and music, with an alteration of title to *Fêtes de Ramire,*

[1] **To Duplessis, 14th September, 1745,**

Jean-Jacques, whom necessity was driving into the trade of literary and musical hack, was given the operetta to rewrite. He did this, altering as little as possible. The piece was performed at the Opera. Neither Voltaire nor Rameau was present or took the slightest interest in it. Jean-Jacques, the third author, attended the performance, but his authorship was not acknowledged on the playbill. The Due de Richelieu, apparently on the advice of Madame de la Popelinière, criticized certain parts and asked Jean-Jacques to rewrite them after consultation with Rameau. Jean-Jacques took this criticism so much to heart that he fell ill and took to his bed. For six weeks he never left his room. When he recovered, he hastened to call on the Due de Richelieu ; but the great man, who had military ambition, had departed for Dunkirk, to take over command of an expedition intended for service in the Jacobite rebellion of Scotland. So all Jean-Jacques' labour on the operetta was wasted and he received no pay.

Jean-Jacques was still maintaining one lodging for himself (for a time still in the Hôtel Saint-Quentin near the Luxembourg, later again near the Rue Plâtrière to be near the Dupins) and another for Thérèse in the Rue Saint Jacques. He was making by odd jobs about nine hundred francs a year, which, if we call it £40 sterling, was a poor income for two establishments. He obtained some relief, however, when at the death of his father, aged sixty (1745), he received at last in full the remainder of his mother's small capital. Therese, too, continued in service and earning. Her rapacious mother, however, no sooner saw that Jean-Jacques' earnings were being added to Therese's than she brought in the whole Le Vasseur tribe to share the proceeds; sisters, sons, daughters, grandsons, making a party of eight in all, now battened upon the slender resources of Jean-Jacques and Therese. He had sent a small part of his last legacy to Madame de Warens, with whom it became the prey of cheats and mountebanks ; and now the rest was going into the mouths of the greedy Le Vasseurs, while Thérèse had to go on

drudging at the Hôtel Saint-Quentin. Jean-Jacques says that the family not only took all her money but also beat her.

Failing with his opera and finding the Popelinières of little use as patrons, Jean-Jacques resumed his acquaintance with the Dupins, who received him good-naturedly and gave him some work to do. He helped M. de Francueil, the stepson, in researches into chemistry and natural history, with a view to the composition of a book ; and he helped Madame Dupin, who also had in view the writing of a book. For Jean-Jacques it was just hack-work: looking up references or acting simply as amanuensis. It brought him, however, one of the visits to a grand country-house which were to be bright spells in the coming sordid years. M. Dupin, as a farmer-general of taxes, was rich. He had taken the famous château of Chenonceaux on the Cher in Touraine, which Henry II had built for Diane de Poitiers. The Dupins took Jean-Jacques there on a long visit and he had a good time. " There I became fat as a monk/' There was music and acting. Jean-Jacques composed some much-appreciated songs. He also wrote in a fortnight a gay comedy called *The Rash Engagement,* and made pastoral verses about the château and park and company. All this was in 1746 or 1747. Chenonceaux was a charming interlude in a squalid story. Thérèse was, or alleged that she was, *enceinte* by Jean-Jacques. He found the prospect in front of him embarrassing, and he was anxious to save what he calls Therese's honour, for she and he were not married. Yet this was not the first time that Thérèse had been in such trouble.

As a matter of fact, the story of Jean-Jacques' children, related in the *Confessions,* is open to serious doubts. Jean-Jacques himself never saw the children. His physical infirmities, of which he gives so many details in later parts of the *Confessions,* make it probable that he was incapable of having children at all. In 1761, Jean-Jacques (or rather Madame de Luxembourg) had

the registers of the *Enfants Trouvés* searched for evidence of the children, but none was found. It is true that there is an entry in the register, 2nd November, 1746, of a child, called Joseph Catherine Rousseau, but Madame de Luxembourg's confidential man, La Roche, who searched the register in 1761, evidently did not consider this to be a child of Jean-Jacques. Rousseau was not an uncommon name, and Jean-Jacques had instructed the midwife who deposited the first infant to give it an identity cipher (not his name) and to retain a copy of the mark.[1]

The story which Jean-Jacques tells in the *Confessions* is as follows: A way out of the difficulty concerning Therese's honour was suggested by the conversation at the table where Jean-Jacques had frequently dined. In the time when he and Altuna lodged together, they had taken their meals in a house opposite the *cul de sac* of the Opera, kept by a Madame La Selle. The food was not very good but the company was considered rather choice or at any rate interesting, chiefly young officers of the Royal Guards and musketeers, with an old *debauchè*, called Commandeur de Graville, acting as a kind of mess-president. The conversation may have passed over the head of the severe and innocent Altuna, but Jean-Jacques seems to have entered into it intimately enough. After Altuna returned to Spain, Jean-Jacques continued to dine at Madame La Selle's. He says that it was the conversation at the table which gave him the idea of how to save Therese's honour by disposing of her baby at the foundling hospital.[2] The *sage-femme* at whose house Therese had her accouchement deposited the child at the hospital's office in due form. The same thing happened in the following year. Therese had some scruples about so disposing of her children, but her mother had none at all and joined Jean-Jacques

[1] **The question of Jean-Jacques' alleged paternity is discussed by Madame Frederika Macdonald, *Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (1906), I, pp. 177-180 and Appendix E.**

[2] ***Confessions*, 119-120.**

in persuading her. As for Jean-Jacques himself, he says that he thought very little about it.

That his sordid relations with Thérèse remained somehow a romance in Jean-Jacques' memory is proved by a good many passages in the *Confessions.* In 1749 he gave up the double manage, and took an apartment for himself and Thérèse in the Hôtel de Languedoc, Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Honoré. The Dupins gave him money for furnishing the apartment, so that for the first time in his life he had a real home of his own. And there he writes later (in the eighth book of the *Confessions)*: " I can declare that I tasted for six or seven years the most perfect domestic happiness which human weakness can compass." He adds : " Therese had the heart of an angel." During this time he had some of the experiences which went to the making of *La Nouvelle Heloise.* The passion which throbs through *La Nouvelle Helo'ise* is Jean-Jacques' passion for another friend, Madame d'Houdetot. Nevertheless, the pathetic and romantic story of Julie and Saint-Preux is a highly idealized version of Therese and Jean-Jacques. Some of the material of the novel, such as Saint-Preux's letters about society and conversation in Parisian salons,[1] or the letter about the dissolute supper table where Saint-Preux fell before temptation,[2] had obvious parallels in the *Confessions. Je me rappelai bien mon histoire en ecrivant la sienne,* Jean-Jacques writes. Saint-Preux, helped by a generous English friend (as Jean-Jacques was by David Hume) seeks relief in travel; he joins Anson's expedition which sailed round the world in 1739-42. Jean-Jacques had once journeyed to Paris, not indeed to join the navy, but to join a Swiss regiment in the French army.[3] Jean-Jacques too felt, as Julie felt about Saint-Preux, that he was a better man in the country than in the town : *Vous aviez gagne,* writes Julie from Vevey to Saint-Preux at Paris, *chez les paysans, et*

[1] *La Nouvelle Heloise,* lettre xiv.

[2] **Lettre xxvi.**

[3] *Confessions,* **131.**

vous perdez parmi les beaux esprits.[1] When he wrote these words, Jean-Jacques was really applying them to himself.

Jean-Jacques was able to regard his life with Thérèse as a romance, although he declares that he never was in love with her, and it may be that she did spoil his life. The mother-in-law, at any rate, and the rest of her family were sheer misfortune for him. Rapacious, interfering, treacherous, Madame Le Vasseur was an atrocious vampire who lived upon her daughter and son-in-law, and poisoned his life for the long years that she formed part of his home. For she would not quit him.

[1] Lettre xxvii.

CHAPTER IV

THE PRIZE ESSAY OF THE ACADEMY OF DIJON

JEAN-JACQUES was not yet famous, but he was almost fashionable. At any rate he had remarkable friends, some of them belonging to the fashionable world. He was now (1747) to add to them one of the greatest ladies of Paris in that age, Madame d'Epinay, who was to prove herself a benefactress to him, though not permanently.

Madame d'Epinay was twenty-one years old at this time. Her husband was the son of a farmer-general. They had a fine house in Paris, where Madame d'Epinay's weekly salon was held, and they had the use of (subsequently inheriting) the farmer-general's fine château and estate, La Chevrette, beyond Saint Denis, and only about ten miles from Paris, on the edge of the Forest of Montmorency. It was through the Dupins that Jean-Jacques was introduced to Madame d'Epinay. She was a spirited, talented lady, interested in literature, and a musician. Music was the origin of the friendship between her and Jean-Jacques. He was invited to supper several times at her house. In the summer of 1748 he was invited to stay at La Chevrette. No house-party in an eighteenth-century château was complete without a theatre and a play. The Château de la Chevrette had its theatre, and the house-party supplied the actors and actresses. Jean-Jacques was given a part, and was allowed plenty of time in which to master it; in fact he says that he had six months' warning, and that during this time he studied the part unremittingly. Yet when the performance was given, he had to be prompted from beginning to end. After this, he was never given another part. In spite of his *gaucherie,* however, Jean-Jacques was not a failure on this visit, which was a pleasant holiday in delightful surroundings,

among amiable and cultured people, and of course without the terrible Madame Le Vasseur or even Thérèse. Among the party at La Chevrette was M. d'Epinay's sister-in-law, who was shortly to be married to the Comte d' Houdetot, a very charming girl with whom Jean-Jacques formed a friendship that was to last many years. The visit to La Chevrette was a delightful interlude in Jean-Jacques' harassed and rather squalid domestic life in Paris. He may easily have had the château in his mind when in *La Nouvelle Heloise* he makes Saint-Preux write from Clarens to his English friend : *Que c'est un spectacle agréable et touchant que celui d'une maison simple et bien reglie oil regnent l'ordre, la paix, Vinnocence.*[1]

Another friend of Jean-Jacques was Denis Diderot, the most remarkable of that remarkable kind of journalists and men of letters which made Paris of the middle eighteenth century unique in the history of literature and thought. For these men, maintaining themselves by writing fugitive aiticles for their daily bread, nevertheless produced serious works, *de longue haleine,* which made a revolution in European thought and society. The greatest achievement of this group, of whom the chief was Diderot, was the *Encyclopcedia.*

Among the friends of Jean-Jacques at this time was the Abbé de Condillac, a relation of the Mablys, whose acquaintance he had made at Lyons. The Abbé had the prevalent taste for philosophy and philosophical writing. He was engaged upon an *Essay on the Origin of Human Knowledge (Essai sur Vorigine des connoissances humaines).* Jean-Jacques was still working on *Les Muses Galantes,* composing a new scene for it, and he was lodging in the Rue Jean-Saint-Denis near the Opera. The Abbé often visited him in this lodging, and they dined together *en picque-nique.* Condillac found the usual difficulty of authors in placing his essay — a first work and a philosophical one at that!—and Jean-Jacques was able to help. He spoke to Diderot, who had important

[1] *La Nouvelle Hdlo'ise,* partie iv, lettre x.

connections with the Parisian booksellers, and who was able not only to get the essay published but to obtain for the fortunate author a hundred crowns for it. Jean-Jacques, Diderot and Condillac formed a regular little group. They met once a week at the Palais Royal to have supper in the Hôtel Panier-fleure, the " Flower-Basket." Diderot, who was famous for missing his appointments, never missed this one. Jean-Jacques proposed that they should bring out a weekly paper, to be called *le Persifleur.* D'Alembert, another " Encyclopaedist," was going to join, but pressure of business and other circumstances prevented the undertaking from being carried out.

One of the things which thus intervened was the *Encyclopaedia* itself. Jean-Jacques had undertaken to write the article on Music. Every contributor was given three months in which to perform his task. Jean-Jacques says that he was the only one who finished his article within the allotted time. He never received any fee for the contribution, although he had to pay ten crowns for having a fair copy of his manuscript made by one of the Dupins' lackeys.

Another thing which interfered with the scheme for a weekly magazine was the imprisonment of Diderot in the dungeon of Vincennes. He had attracted unfavourable attention from the Royal authorities by the publication of *Pensées philosophiques,* and still more *Lettre sur les aveugles.* So a *lettre de cachet* was issued and Diderot was put in prison. Jean-Jacques sent a letter to the king's mistress, Madame de Pompadour, pleading that his friend might be released or that he himself might be imprisoned with Diderot. The letter received no answer.

There was another pleasant and important interlude in Jean-Jacques* Paris life when he was invited in the summer of 1749 to spend a day or two at Fontenoy-sous-Bois, where the young Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Gotha had taken a château. The prince had come to Paris with his governor, the Baron von Thun, a chaplain called Klupffel, and a reader, a young Saxon, called Grimm.

Jean-Jacques had met the prince at the Dupins'. The visit to Fontenoy was a great success. Jean-Jacques at once struck up an intimacy with Klupffel, who, although a Protestant pastor, was a dissolute man, and turned out to be rather a bad influence. Grimm, later the fashionable, literary friend of nobles and princes, and famous for his correspondence with the Empress Catherine II, was at this time a modest and needy young man. Jean-Jacques discovered that Grimm could accompany on the clavecin ; so the one sang, the other played. *Nous musiqudmes tout le jour,* writes Jean-Jacques. This was the beginning of a friendship which, however, was to turn into the utmost bitterness.

On his return from Fontenoy-sous-Bois, Jean Jacques learned to his great joy that Diderot had been transferred from the dungeon of Vincennes, where he had suffered very seriously in mind and body, to the château and park of Vincennes, where he enjoyed comparative liberty and was able to receive his friends. Jean-Jacques formed the habit of going out regularly to see him. Vincennes is about five miles from the Palais Royal. Jean-Jacques could not afford a carriage, and in any case he was fond of walking, which stimulated his physical and mental powers. It was when walking that all his best ideas occurred to him. Nevertheless, he found the walks to Vincennes in that particularly hot summer of 1749 very fatiguing. He used to start off at half-past two, after having dined, and he walked fast, so as to have as much time as possible at the château. Sometimes, quite overcome with fatigue, he had to stop and lie down full length upon the ground. In order to make himself walk less rapidly and with more steadiness, he took to reading a book as he went along. One day he had a copy of the *Mercure de France* with him. As he was walking along the road, glancing through the contents, his eye fell on the announcement of an essay-subject for a prize, offered by the Academy of Dijon: *Whether the progress of the sciences and arts has contributed to corrupt or to purify manners.* " The moment

I read this," writes Jean-Jacques, " I saw another universe and I became another man."[1] Strange ideas surged in his mind. He went on to Vincennes in a tempest of excitement. Diderot could not help noticing this agitation. Jean-Jacques told him the reason for this and read out a brief paper *{la prosopopée de Fabriciw)* which he had written with a pencil while resting under an oak of the park. The Prosopopeia or " Personification " of Fabricius lamented that Rome, in her days of luxury and splendour, had forgotten her ancient austerity and virtue.[2] Diderot approved of this and encouraged his friend to develop the ideas at length and to compete for the prize. " I did so," writes Jean-Jacques, " and from that moment I was lost." *(Je lefts' et de's cet instant je fits perdu.)* Nearly thirty years later, shortly before the end of his life, he told the same story in other words.

> An unlucky question of an academy, which he read in the *Mercure,* came suddenly to unseal his eyes, to undo the chaos in his head, to show him another universe, a veritable age of gold, societies of simple men, wise and happy, and to realize in hope all his visions by the destruction of prejudices which had subdued himself, and from which he believed at this moment he saw the vices and miseries of the human race flowing. From the lively effervescence which then arose in his soul came sparks of genius ; these have been seen flashing in his writings through ten years of delirium and fever.[3]

There are one or two occasions when the inception of a great literary career or great literary work has been accurately and dramatically defined. The moment when Jean-Jacques, on the way to Vincennes, glancing at the *Mercure de France,* distinctly and once for all saw his destiny and vocation as creative writer of political philosophy, is one. The moment when Gibbon, sitting

[1] *Confessions,* 127. Cf. letter iv to Malesherbes.

[2] This seems to disprove the ill-natured story of Marmontel *(Me'moires,* t. ii, 1. vii., pp. 189-90) to the effect that Jean-Jacques first meant to defend science and art and that Diderot said to do so was commonplace; accordingly Jean-Jacques changed round to attack them.

[3] *Rousseau, Juge de Jean-Jacques,* second dialogue, pp. 107-8.

on the Capitoline Hill and hearing the bare-footed monks chanting Vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, decided to write the history of Rome, is another. The first moment occurred in midsummer, 1749; the second on 15th October, 1764. The one produced the *Discourse on Inequality, The Social Contract, The New Heloise, Emile* and a whole library of philosophic and romantic works. The other produced *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* Modern political philosophy and modern history may be said to have been born within fifteen years of each other.

Jean-Jacques' decision, on the advice of Diderot, to compete for the prize of the Academy of Dijon was an epoch in his life. It was the beginning of his life's achievement and of his fame. Yet, looking back years later upon this turning-point in his life, he writes : " From that moment I was lost." Did he mean this ? It may be answered with certainty that he did and that he did not. We must remember that Jean-Jacques was a neurasthenic, nervous, moody, excitable, timid man, and that he combined with these unstable qualities a good deal of courage. As a writer on public affairs he lived between the extremes or alternately in the extremes of courage and timidity. He would write boldly and publish his work and then suffer agonies, believing that the police were going to pounce upon him. He gradually came to have a regular persecution-mania, and thought that he saw spies around him everywhere. Yet he went on writing and publishing, and was proud of the distinction he was achieving and proud of his stand for justice, proud of his championing of the oppressed. And he had good moments, good hours, as every man of letters has, when writing; and yet his book drove him like a tyrant when he was in full course of composition and his mind was charged with ideas.

It is not quite accurate to say that Jean-Jacques never wrote anything until he tried for the prize essay at the age of thirty-seven. He had written *Le Verger de Madame de Warens* and the libretto for the *Muses Galantes,* and for

some other musical pieces. He had dabbled in verse-making. And he had written the article on Music for the *Encyclopédic.* Still, all this amounted to very little, and it was all away from the line of his genius, which was to write social and political philosophy in limpid prose, and to describe mountain-scenery and lakes and flowers in letters or romantic novels. It was the Dijon prize essay which discovered Jean-Jacques' genius. It discovered, too, the fundamental goodness that was in him, the passion for truth, liberty, justice, and—unexpectedly—for virtue.

His method of composing the essay was to meditate on the subject all night and to write about it in the morning. *Je lui consacrais les insomnies de mes nuits.* As he was apt to forget his night-thoughts when he tried to write them out in the morning, he adopted the plan of dictating them, as soon as he was called, to Madame Le Vasseur. She and Thérèse and the father were living near Jean-Jacques* lodging. Madame Le Vasseur came in the morning and attended to his simple household needs. She now acted as an amanuensis, so she was of some use after all.

When the essay was finished Jean-Jacques showed it to Diderot, who suggested a few corrections. It was then sent in to the Academy of Dijon. The result was not declared until 1750, when Jean-Jacques learned that he had won the prize, which was a gold medal. This, his first, is also his weakest work. He has himself made the best criticism of it. " This work, full of heat and force, lacks absolutely logic and order; of all those which have come from my pen, it is the most feeble in reasoning and the poorest in number and harmony ; for, with whatever talent a man is born, the art of writing is not learned all at once." It contained the germ of Jean-Jacques' philosophy, that nature was good and society bad; and it anticipated the judgement that technical scientific progress is out-running man's power to control it. It was published and was widely read, yet few people read it now. It won the Dijon prize, and Jean-Jacques thus started on his career of writing.

Madame d'Epinay
Portrait by Listard (Versailles)

There was one other remarkable result: it made Jean-Jacques a reformed character. When in 1750 he learned with delight and surprise that his was the winning essay, all his boyhood's dreams and imaginings about heroism, virtue, country, liberty, Plutarch and the ancient Romans, revived. He became Roman himself. " It is less my literary celebrity than my personal reform that I mark here, at this epoch."[1]

[1] *Confessions,* 138.

PART III

CHAPTER I

LE DEVIN DU VILLAGE

JEAN-JACQUES was now becoming fairly well-known among the *philosophes,* and in some literary and musical salons, like the Dupins' and the Epinays'. He had a good many friends and some influential patrons. Diderot, who was soon released from the Château of Vincennes, was his chief friend at this time (1749). Grimm, who managed to establish himself permanently in Paris, also became a close friend. Together, Jean-Jacques singing Italian airs and barcarolles, and Grimm accompanying on the clavecin, they made music from noon till night, or rather from night till morning.

He had long been thinking that he and Thérèse should have a home together ; only lack of funds prevented him. He reckoned his expenses at forty sous a day or 15-16 francs a week.[1] M. de Francueil and Madame Dupin, however, in order to help him to a home, increased the salary which they paid him as literary secretary from nine hundred francs to fifty louis (£50) a year, and Madame Dupin also helped him with some odds and ends of furniture. Thus Jean-Jacques was able to rent and furnish an apartment in the Hôtel Languedoc, Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Honoré. He paid for the apartment a rent of thirty-five *livres* a month *plus* four *livres* ten *sous* monthly as tax on personal property (*impot mobilier personnel).*[2] Thus he and Therese set up house, but they had to take the Le Vasseur mother and father too. The mother was an affliction to them. Jean-Jacques liked the father, whom he calls a *vieux bonhomme tres doux,* much in fear of his wife. In spite of Madame Le Vasseur, Jean-Jacques lived

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* **I I , 19.**

[2] *Corresp. Gin,,* **I I , 280.**

happily enough with Therese for seven years in the Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Honoré. It was in this period that he says he tasted *le plus parfait bonheur domestique que la foiblesse humaine puisse comporter.*[1] Although he was (he declares) never in love with her, he found her at this time an ideal companion, though later, when they moved to the Hermitage, he found her dull. They took delightful little walks outside the city, and Jean-Jacques would magnificently spend eight or ten sous in a cafe. At home they both took their supper in summer together at the open window and watched from the fourth storey the passers-by in the street below. No words could describe the charm of these meals, though they consisted only of some bread, cherries, cheese and a half-pint of wine ; they were seasoned with friendship, confidence, intimacy, gentleness. Sometimes they sat in the window-embrasure until midnight, and would have sat longer without noticing the time if Madame Le Vasseur had not warned them of it.

In 1750 Therese had her third child, or alleged that she had a third child, by Jean-Jacques. He was now deep in his philosophy about nature, virtue and duty. Accordingly he examined his conscience carefully and found that it was now his duty, as it formerly was his inclination, to let the child be brought up at the *Enfants trouves.* The alternatives were bringing the child up among the Le Vasseur tribe, or letting the charitable Dupins or Epinays farm it out somewhere. Jean-Jacques argued with himself that the *Enfants trouves* provided a more natural education, a more appropriate preparation for earning a living. All this looks rather like sophistry and callousness, though Jean-Jacques indignantly repudiates the notion. " Never for a single instant in his life," he declares, " could Jean-Jacques have been a man without sentiment, without entrails, an unnatural father."[2]

[1] *Confessions,* 129.

[2] This is the defence made in the *Confessions.* But much the same arguments were put forward at the time by Jean-Jacques in a letter to Mme. de Francueil, dated 20th April, 1751 : *Corresp. Gén.,* I, 308.

All the same he accepted no responsibility for his alleged children by Therese—five in all; nor did he ever see them, for Therèse had all her accouchements at the house of the same discreet *sage-femme* who took the infants direct to the *Enfants trouvés.*

Jean-Jacques had once served in an office, that of the Intendant of Savoy, when the *cadaster* of the territory was being made. He had only endured this servitude, as he came to regard it, for some months. He now, in 1751, had another chance. M. de Francueil, whose researches in chemistry he was helping, was Receiver-General of Finance. His cashier was retiring, so de Francueil, wishing to do Jean-Jacques a good turn, offered him the vacant post. Thus Jean-Jacques became cashier with excellent prospects, and seems to have done the work well enough until M. de Francueil went on a journey and left him for a time in sole charge. This was too much for Jean Jacques, who happened to be in one of his nervous attacks anyhow. He became ill, was six weeks in bed, and was tended by Madame Dupin's doctor, who told her that the patient had only six months to live. This remark came to Jean-Jacques' ears and he resolved to make the most of whatever life was left to him by breaking the chains of the *maudite caisse.* He resolved to give up worldly ambition, and to take his life and freedom into his own hands. He calculated that he could always make enough to live on (he does not seem really to have believed in the six months' lease of life) by copying music at so much a page. So " from cashier of a financier I became copyist of music." And he declares that far from ever repenting of this choice, he only quitted the copying profession when forced to do so, and returned to it as soon as he could.

Jean-Jacques always afterwards regarded his choice of independence and freedom as part of the moral reform which coincided with his winning the Dijon prize and becoming a philosopher about duty and virtue. He was now poor again, yet on 13th February, 1753, he is writing

to Madame de Warens, enclosing a bill of 250 *livres* for her.[1]

Having resolved to be a free-lance copyist, Jean-Jacques then sent a letter to the Dupins informing them about it. At the same time, he took a fancy of making his outward appearance conform more nearly to nature. He gave up white stockings and a dress sword. He sold his watch, saying, as he thought of the finance bureau with its regular hours : " Thank heaven, I shall no more have need to know the time." Until now, Jean-Jacques had taken considerable pride in his linen. An event occuned which assisted him in his resolve to live more plainly. On Christmas Eve, when Madame Le Vasseur and Thérèse were at vespers, and Jean-Jacques was at a " spiritual concert," someone broke into the loft where forty-two of his shirts were being dried, and stole the lot. He suspected one of Thérèse's brothers, but never had any proof. The incident cured him of his *passion du beau linge.*

The printing of music was not highly developed at this time. Jean-Jacques secured plenty of work as copyist for the booksellers. His prize-essay, when published, drew upon him a good deal of criticism to which he was unwise enough to reply. Among his critics was the celebrated philosopher ex-King of Poland, Duke of Lorraine. Jean-Jacques seized the opportunity of proving that a private individual could defend the cause of truth even against a sovereign. His friends feared that he would be put in the Bastille. The good Stanislaus, however, only said : " I have my reckoning ; I don't worry myself any moie about it" *(fat mon compte ; je ne m'y frotte plus).* After this Jean-Jacques received from time to time marks of good-will and esteem from the ex-king, and his essay " tranquilly made the round of France and Europe without anybody finding anything to censure in it." He became quite celebrated, and had to cultivate churlish, misanthropic manners in order to escape from pressing visitors. So

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* **I, 320.**

many people wanted to make him presents that, in order to preserve his independence, he made it a rule that he would accept none from anybody. Madame Le Vasseur and Thérèse were less scrupulous, and accepted some of these offered gifts without telling Jean-Jacques. A few years later (1756) Jean-Jacques used his influence with King Stanislaus in favour of Palissot, a play-writer of Nancy, who had satirized Jean-Jacques and who, accordingly, was to be ejected from the Academy of Nancy by the king's order. Jean-Jacques obtained a reversal of this decision and was warmly thanked by Palissot.[1]

The *Devin du Village* set the seal upon his celebrity. " Soon," he writes in the *Confessions,* " there was nobody more sought after in Paris than I. "[2] Even before he composed the *Devin* he was so much sought after that he resumed his old habit of taking solitary walks, and longed for opportunities of escaping from town. Among his friends was a Genevese called Mussard, a cousin of Jean-Jacques' father, who had made a sufficient fortune as a jeweller in Paris to be able to retire and indulge his philosophic, scientific and artistic tastes. He chose what was then the pleasant village—and is still the pleasant Parisian suburb—of Passy. There he built a house, and made a terraced garden with a vaulted music-room at the far end. He planted the garden with his own hands, and finding some fossil shells there, began in imagination to see nothing but shells everywhere. He played the violoncello. Passy was something of a mineral spa. So with his own good company, his house and garden, his violoncello and music-room, his conchology, and the waters and country-air of Passy, he was able to supply all that Jean-Jacques yearned after. At Mussard's house remarkable men could be met, including the Abbé Prévost, author of *Manon Lescaut,* who had nothing in his manner of the sombre colouring of his writings.

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* II, 224-235.

[2] *Cf.* letter to Lenieps, 22nd October, 1752, in *Corresp. Gen.,* II, 30-31. *Cf.* H. V. F. Somerset, *J.-J. R. as a Musician* (in Music and Letters, Jan., 1936).

In 1751 Jean-Jacques made a visit of seven or eight days at Passy. Mussard and he talked about music, particularly Italian, the *opera buffe* for which they were both enthusiastic. Jean-Jacques had a sleepless night, thinking how he could introduce drama of this kind into France. Next morning, strolling and taking the waters, he made some verses and musical airs at the same time. Then he went into the vaulted salon at the foot of the garden and sung them and wrote them out. After dinner, when tea was being taken, he showed the airs and verses to Mussard and to Mademoiselle Duvernois, who kept house for Mussard. Their encouragement so excited him that he went on to compose more airs and verses ; and in six days his *opera buffo* was practically completed. He had only to add some recitative after he returned to Paris. He had composed both libretto and music ; the whole work is a single piece of artistry, such as had never before been produced. The *Devin du Village* is a pretty rustic play in two acts which reminds the reader of an Eclogue of Virgil. Phoebe, in love with Colin, a shepherd, finds that he is giving way to another attraction. She consults the cunning man of the village. He declares that he will bring back her sweetheart to her, and actually does so by conversing (or rather singing) with Colin and making him jealous. He tells Colin that Phoebe is being wooed by a nobleman. Colin immediately repents of his unfaithfulness. He meets Phoebe shortly afterwards. They sing together. Colin bewails that he has lost her. Gradually she is moved to profess her love, and soon they have mutually plighted their troth. The play ends with a duet between Colin and Phoebe and a chorus and dance by all the villagers.

The *Devin du Village* was rehearsed with great success at Paris. Everybody who heard it was enchanted. The Intendant of the royal programmes said that it should be performed at court. When everything was arranged, Jean-Jacques, Grimm, and the Abbe Raynal—benevolent gentleman, philosopher, historian-set out for Fontainebleau

in a royal carriage (18th October, 1752). The opera, performed before the court but without the king and queen, had a brilliant reception. Next morning, when Jean-Jacques went into the Cafe' du Grand Commun, everybody was talking about it. On the following day, the king and queen were present at the performance. Jean-Jacques attended at the theatre in what he calls his ordinary *équipage négligé : grande barbe, peruque mal peigneé.* He was led to a box immediately opposite that in which the king and Madame de Pompadour sat. Soon everybody noticed him and he felt a little awkward about his unfashionable appearance. He soon recovered his self-possession. As a matter of fact he saw nothing but what was honest and friendly in the eyes that were directed towards him. This performance also was a great success, so much so that the Due d'Aumont, who arranged these matters, directed him to be at the château next morning at eleven o'clock to be presented to the king. There was a prospect of his obtaining a royal pension. After a night of anguish and perplexity, however, he decided to keep his liberty and independence and to depart at once from Fontainebleau. Two days after he had returned to Paris, he was going to supper at Madame d'Epinay's. When he was at the door a *fiacre* drove up and stopped. Someone made a sign to him from the inside. It was Diderot, who took the opportunity to scold him severely for his indifference to a pension and to this means of supplying the wants of Madame Le Vasseur and Thérèse. Diderot spoke with more passion and fire on this subject than was to be expected of a philosopher. They had quite a dispute, but Jean-Jacques held his ground. The *Devin* was performed at the Opera during the Carnival of Paris in 1753, and continued in its popularity. On 5th March, 1753, it was performed at the Château of Bellevue with Madame de Pompadour taking the part of Colin. After the play, she sent Jean-Jacques fifty louis, which he accepted and acknowledged in a letter of five lines.[1]

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* II, 41.

Indirectly, however, the *Devin* nearly brought Jean-Jacques to the Bastille. His drama was in the style of light Italian opera. A company of Italian performers came to Paris, and their performance started a regular dispute concerning the comparative merits of Italian and French music. Jean-Jacques rashly plunged into the fray with a *Lettre sur la musique fratifoise* which, he says, simply crushed those who opposed the Italian school. This was the time of the great quarrel between the episcopate and the Parlement of Paris, which was a " Jansenist " and therefore unorthodox body of lawyers. The Parlement was sent into exile (1753). But Jean-Jacques says that the quarrel was forgotten in the heat engendered by the dispute over French and Italian music, and particularly by his letter which (he says) thus perhaps saved France at the time from a revolution. But the royal authorities were so incensed at his attack on the national music that a *lettre de cachet* was prepared against him and was actually on the point of being issued when some minister saw the ridiculousness of this and withheld the order. The Opera authorities cancelled his free pass, which was his stipulated remuneration for the *Devin ;* and instead, he was given a fee of fifty *louis* (£50). He also says that the orchestra at the Opera plotted to assassinate him : this looks like the beginning of his persecution-mania. Altogether he did fairly well off the *Devin.* He had a hundred *louis* from the king ; fifty from Madame de Pompadour ; fifty from the Opera ; and five hundred francs from Pissot for the rights of engraving. All this was a valuable supplement to the funds gained by copying, which he says was at this time going rather badly. The *Devin,* which was the result of six weeks' work, was worth more to him than *fimile,* which required twenty years of meditation and three years' work. He declares, on the other hand, that Diderot and Grimm and even Baron d'Holbach, one of the richest men in Paris whose hospitable house was a rendezvous of all literary men, were jealous of his success and no longer showed the old cordiality. After an open

quarrel with d'Holbach, Jean-Jacques left his salon for ever.

Jean-Jacques had one experience as a dramatist when he persuaded the *Theâtre Frangais* to perform *Narcisse,* a comedy which he had composed at Venice. He went himself to see it performed, and was so bored that he left before it was finished. Entering the Café de Procope, he fell into conversation and frankly confessed how little he thought of his own play. *Je rabandonne done à son mauvais sort,* he wrote (19th December, 1752), to La Noue, the actor who had arranged to stage the play for him. He gave the money due to him for the play to La Noue for improvement of the comfort of the orchestra.[1] Yet although it was a failure on the stage, he judged it good for reading and had it printed with a preface which he always later considered to be one of his best pieces of writing. This encouraged him to make another serious adventure into prose.

[1] ***Corresp. Gén.*, I I , 34, 36.**

CHAPTER II

THE HERMITAGE

THE Academy of Dijon in 1753 announced the subject for another prize-essay: the origin of inequality among men. Impressed with this grand question, Jean-Jacques was surprised that the Academy had dared to propose it. As it had shown this courage, Jean-Jacques thought that he could do no less than write about it and enter the competition.

In order to be able to meditate on the grand subject, he made an expedition into the country with Thérèse and stayed for a week at Saint-Germain. He reckons this as one of the most agreeable " promenades " in his life. They lodged with some women friends of Thérèse with whom she could be left while he walked in the forest. He passed the whole of each day in the depth of the forest, and sought and found there the image of primitive equality. Readers of the *Discourse on Inequality* which he wrote after his return to Paris will have no difficulty in remarking the " natural " rural or woodland scenes among which it was conceived. It failed to win the prize, which was adjudged to a speedily forgotten work by a certain Abbé Talbert. Nor has it ever found any great number of readers. Yet it is the basis and the essential part of all Jean-Jacques' political and social philosophy. He distinguishes between " natural" inequality which is the result of stature, health and intellect, and " moral " and " political " inequality which is the result of law and society. With " natural " inequality mankind can interfere little, but " moral " and " political " inequality, according to Jean-Jacques, is an ill that society can remedy.

The week at Saint-Germain did good to Jean-Jacques' health and made him long to leave the town permanently

for the country. He felt so well that he resolved to have no more to do with doctors or medicines, and said farewell to them for ever.

Gauffecourt, a Geneva friend in business at Paris, was going to Geneva and proposed that Jean-Jacques should accompany him and share his carriage. Jean-Jacques consented and took Therese with him. When they reached Lyons he and Thérèse left Gauffecourt and travelled by way of Chambéry, where he visited Madame de Warens. Could this be the Madame de Warens, once so brilliant, to whom the curé Pontverre had sent Jean-Jacques ? She had grown old and, he says, ugly. He besought her to come to France and live with him and Thérèse. She preferred to stay in Savoy and draw her pension which, Jean-Jacques says, was still punctually paid to her, although she got little good from it. Perhaps Madame de Warens was not attracted by the idea of a home with Thérèse. Jean-Jacques gave her some money and went on to Geneva. A little later she came to see him at Grange Canal, near Geneva, in Chablais. He had to give her money for her return journey. Before leaving, Madame de Warens bestowed her last piece of jewellery, a small ring, upon Thérèse, who, however, refused to accept it. This was the moment, writes Jean-Jacques, to follow Madame de Warens to her last hour, to acquit his debt. But he did nothing. " I groaned over her, but I did not follow. Of all the remorse which I have felt in my life, this is the keenest and the most permanent." As the owner of Les Charmettes (M. de Conzié) said later in a letter to a friend, Jean-Jacques let himself be tied to his discreditable *blanchisseuse.*[1]

Jean-Jacques had a wonderful reception at Geneva. Fêted and caressed, he became filled with patriotic zeal and felt keenly the fact that he was not a citizen. For though he had not, so far as is known, for years been a practising Catholic, he was still nominally Catholic and so ineligible for civic rights in the republic of Geneva.

[1] *Corresp. Gén,,* I, 342.

He reflected that as the Gospel was the same for all Christians, the fundamental dogma only differing in those parts which no one understood, it belonged in each country to the sovereign to fix both the form of worship and the unintelligible dogma. Consequently it was the duty of the citizen to admit the dogma and to follow the cult prescribed by the law. Intercourse with the Encyclopaedists, he says, far from shaking his faith, had strengthened his natural aversion from disputes and parties. The study of man and of the universe had shown him everywhere the final causes and the intelligence which directed them. "Judging that for a reasonable man there were not two ways of being Christian, I judged also that everything which is form and discipline was, in each country, the mainspring of the laws. From this principle, so social, so pacific, which has drawn upon me so much cruel persecution, it followed that, wishing to be citizen, I ought to be Protestant, and enter again the cult established in my country." He had said (but that was over twenty years ago) that nothing would efface his religion—the Catholic religion—from his soul.[1] Jean-Jacques now received instruction from the pastor of the parish in which he was lodging, and was received into the Calvinist Church of Geneva before a commission of six. They had hesitated on account of his relations with Thérèse, but somehow they managed to overcome this scruple.[2] Thus he received again his citizenship and was inscribed on the roll of civic guards, was assessed for an annual tax of eighteen florins and was present at an extraordinary general council. He was so pleased with all this that he thought only of returning to Paris to place Monsieur and Madame Le Vasseur in some secure retreat, and come back and live at Geneva with Thérèse.

During this period of residence of four months at Geneva, July to October, 1754, Jean-Jacques and Therese

[1] To Mdlle. Giraud, 1731 : *Corresp. Gen.,* I, 9.
[2] *Cotresp. Gén.,* II, 93.

lived at Eaux Vives on the Mont Blanc side of the lake, in a small house and garden belonging to a cousin of his. Every morning he went to the lakeside to feed the fishes with bread-crumbs. Gradually he trained the fishes to come at a regular hour and if he was late, they were waiting for him.[1]

He continued as much as possible to ply his trade of copyist, but (as he wrote to Madame Dupin) in such a little city this made "very thin soup."[2] In spite of the society which he enjoyed in Geneva, Jean-Jacques did not lose his taste for solitary walks, during which he planned literary works; some of these he later executed, such as the *Institutions politiques.* He also began translating the *Histories* of Tacitus and completed one book. It was his invariable habit now to carry paper and pencil with him on his walks. He and Thérèse were taken by his friends the de Lues for a magnificent journey by boat round the lake. The voyage took six days (22nd to 27th September), in beautiful weather. His impressions of these enchanting waters and glorious shores, the rock of Meillerie and the mountains, were later written down in *La Nouvelle Heloïse.* But he did not carry out his design of residing permanently in Geneva, for when he went back to Paris and the *Discourse on Inequality* was published, he found that the Geneva magistrates did not feel pleased with it nor honoured by the dedication of it which he had made to them. As a matter of fact he says that he was not really very anxious to reside in Geneva. He had heard that Voltaire was living there now "I knew," he writes, "that that man would make a revolution there. That I would find in my native city the tone, the airs, the manners which were driving me from Paris." Correspondence with Voltaire concerning the *Discourse on Inequality* had only confirmed this view :

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* II, 378. The house marked with a plaque, just off the Chamonix road near La Grande Boissière, was, apparently, not where Jean-Jacques stayed.

[2] 20th July, 1754. *Corresp. Gén.,* If, 95.

" From thai time I regarded Geneva as lost for me," The date of his departure was 10th October, 1754. Guillaume de Luc, son of his friend, Jean-Francois de Luc, on the way to England, stayed with him at Paris from 30th October to 18th November, 1754. For the next sixteen months Jean-Jacques was in Paris, partly occupied in seeing the *Discourse on Inequality* through the press.

In that last winter at Paris Jean-Jacques saw the seventeenth-century man of letters, Fontenelle, who had been famous while a contemporary of Molière, lead off in a dance at Madame Helvétius' with a girl of four years old.[1] Fontenelle was then ninety-eight.

He was soon compensated for any disappointment over Geneva by the offer of a cottage in the country, just exactly the kind of place he might have dreamed of, in the Forest of Montmorency. Dr. Tronchin of Geneva had very kindly offered medical service to him, but Jean-Jacques felt that he could not go to Geneva, partly because he could not earn a living by copying music there, partly because he had Thérèse and Madame Le Vasseur on his hands. Madame d'Epinay knew all this, and on 16th March, 1756, wrote to him offering him the Hermitage—five rooms, a kitchen, a cellar, a vegetable garden, a well of spring-water, the forest for a garden.[2] M. d'Epinay was adding a wing to the château of La Chevrette. Shortly after this letter, Jean-Jacques had gone out with Madame d'Epinay to the château to see the building going on. He had previously stayed at the château, but though given every liberty and entertained with the best cheer, he had been irked by having to live " in another person's house." * Doubtless Madame d'Epinay had noticed this. On this occasion they took a walk from the château through the park to the lake which was on the very edge of the forest. Here there had been a small ruined lodge called the

[1] *Corresp Gin.,* II, 160 (20th February, 1755).
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* II, 260.
[3] *Corresp, Gén.,* II, 29.

Hermitage *(l'Hermitage).* He had noticed this lodge before and had once remarked to Madame d'Epinay : " What a delicious habitation ! Here is a refuge just made for me." This time, however, he was surprised to see, instead of the old tumble-down building, an entirely new little house, most conveniently planned, for three people. Madame d'Epinay had detached some workers and materials from the building operations at the château and had constructed the lodge for Jean-Jacques. It was one of those delightful surprises which a clever woman can sometimes arrange for her friends. Madame d'Epinay had done it either to prevent Jean-Jacques going off to live in Geneva, or to compensate him for not being able to live there. She even furnished the Hermitage, and he had to leave his own furniture in store at Paris.[1] Baron d'Holbach, in spite of Jean-Jacques' sharp words with him, kindly helped to find an alms-house where old M. Le Vasseur could be left; and there, neglected by his family, the old man soon died. Soon everything was ready for the move. Jean-Jacques had still two thousand francs left over from the proceeds of the *Devin du Village.* His work as a musical copyist, which he could do as well in the country as at Paris, would supply the rest that was needed for the household, consisting of Madame Le Vasseur, Therese and himself. He paid a brief visit to Lyons (for he wrote a letter from there on 2nd April to his Geneva friend Gauffecourt). At last he was ready to leave Paris. " It was on 9th April, 1756, that I quitted the city never to live there again."[2] This was his intention; but he did live there again.

Jean-Jacques had often cast his mind back, with a deep feeling of nostalgia, to his youthful life in the Savoyard country, at Annecy, Chambéry, Les Charmettes ; and particularly to that long walk which finished with

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* II, 267.

[1] *Confessions,* II, 178. This statement does not take account of a few visits made from time to time to Paris from Montmorency.

meeting the two girls on horseback, the ride to Toune, the supper in the château, the cherries in the orchard.

The Hermitage rendered all these delightful memories more vivid and gave him the means of beginning life in the country again. Although the weather was cold when he and the two women took up their abode at the Hermitage, with a little snow on the ground, flowers were beginning to show themselves. There were violets and primroses. The trees were beginning to bud. On the night of his arrival, Jean-Jacques heard the first song of the nightingale, which sang from a tree almost at his window. Waking early next morning, he thought he was still in the Rue de Grenelle until he saw the branches outside his window begin to quiver. Then he cried with ecstasy : " At last all my wishes are fulfilled." He gave the whole of that day, not to arranging his belongings in the house, but to his walks in the country. Before night came he had explored all the paths around the house, and knew all the copses and thickets. The more he saw of it, the more convinced he was that it all just exactly suited him. " This place, solitary rather than savage, transported me in idea to the end of the world." It was scarcely believable that all these beauties of nature were within twelve miles of Paris.

After some days spent simply in enjoying the country—*a mon delire champetre*—he settled down to the task of arranging his papers and planning his work. He decided to devote the mornings to copying music, as he had usually done before, and to spend the afternoons walking in the forest, always, of course, with his note-book and pencil, for he could do his best writing and thinking out of doors. He came back in the evening for supper with Thérèse and her mother. At first he took Thérèse on some of his walks, but as she had no ideas and little facility of expression, they soon ran out of conversation. In any case, his inclination was always for solitary walking. His mind was pleasantly occupied and he enjoyed the exercise. He was a philosopher who " did not envy

people the carriage which prevented them from using their legs."[1] He believed that he would be able at the Hermitage to carry out a good many of the works which he had planned in Paris but had been unable to execute there on account of the many distractions.

> I think that I fairly well accomplished this purpose. For a man often ill, often at La Chevrette, at Epinay, at Eaubonne, at the Château de Montmorency, often assailed at his own home by inquisitive idlers, and always occupied half the day with copying, if the works which I wrote in the six years passed at the Hermitage and Montmorency were counted and estimated, it will be found, I am confident, that if I wasted my time during that period, this was at any rate not through idleness.[2]

He was able to be of some practical service to Madame d'Epinay by keeping an eye on the gardener at the Hermitage who was selling his mistress's peaches in the market at Montmorency and was otherwise cheating her. Madame d'Epinay told Jean-Jacques to dismiss the gardener. This he did, and another was engaged instead.[3]

Among the books which he had " on the stocks " *(sur le chantier)* was his *Institutions politiques.* He had been meditating on this for some twelve years and trying to write for some six years, but he had never found the appropriate circumstances in which he could work continuously at it. The more his experience widened, the more convinced he became that everything in a people's life was conditioned by its politics. " No people will ever be anything except what the nature of its government will make it." The *Institutions politiques* might not be approved by the European governments, but the French government did not take any action against residents on account of books printed outside France. Geneva was not so liberal in this respect, and held its residents responsible for works printed elsewhere. This was one of the reasons which influenced Jean-Jacques when he

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* II, 200.
[2] *Confessions,* 179.
[3] *Corresp. Gin.,* II, 342, 344 (September, 1756); III, 271.

was considering whether he should accept Madame d'Epinay's offer of the Hermitage in preference to Geneva. He was confident that the French Government would respect its own laws ; he believed that it was on the whole pleased to have a distinguished writer residing in France. Jean-Jacques on his side, though in theory he hated the despotism of the *Ancien Regime,* in practice had a deep affection for France and the French. The *Discourse on Inequality* had been published (1755) in Holland, by the bookseller Rey. Only a part of the *Institutions politiques* was ever published. This was the *Contrat Social.* Jean-Jacques destroyed the rest.

Another work on which Jean-Jacques was engaged was the making of selections from the manuscripts of the Abbe de Saint Pierre, who died in 1743. Madame Dupin was one of the three or four ladies who had made much of the excellent Abbe', " spoiled " him, in fact, according to Jean-Jacques. He had left an enormous quantity of manuscripts, works composed for the public good, but all based upon the assumption that men shaped their course of action by reason. Madame Dupin procured the work for Jean-Jacques from the Comte de Saint Pierre, the Abbe's heir, but the twenty-three volumes of manuscript were found not to lend themselves easily to a scheme of selection. Nevertheless there was one good result: Jean-Jacques' essay on the Abbe's *Project for Perpetual Peace.* While at the Hermitage, he was also thinking out a scheme of education for a grandson of Madame Dupin, a work which ultimately developed into the novel of *Emile.* For wet days, when he could not go out, he had his *Dictionary of Music* to work at. For this work the Royal Library at Paris let him borrow books, and keep them at the Hermitage. The only things which marred his pleasure were that Madame d'Epinay, not unreasonably, expected to see him fairly often at La Chevrette; and people who had nothing to do came out Jrom Paris to visit him and wasted his time; and his mother-in-law was a sort of leech who bled him for the

benefit of her greedy, grown-up offspring. Nevertheless, all things considered, he had long, happy, fruitful years at the Hermitage, untroubled by fashions and fashionable society. He lived simply, intellectually, and close to nature. This life completed his reform. Not that he ever thought he had been bad. He writes : " Until then, I had been good ; but from now I became virtuous or at least intoxicated for virtue. This intoxication had begun in my head, but it passed into my heart" This effervescence, as he calls it, lasted for four years. " Hence was born my sudden eloquence, hence this fire truly celestial which spread through my books, which embraced me, although for forty years not the slightest spark of it had escaped from me because it was not then kindled."

Nevertheless, not everything was going well with him. He was undoubtedly becoming eccentric, dressing bizarrely and adopting a rough manner. He was apt to see treachery all around him and to suspect nearly all his friends. Voltaire was not exactly a friend : they seem never to have actually met. They were, naturally, known to each other as men of letters. In 1756 Voltaire sent a copy of his poem on the earthquake at Lisbon to Jean-Jacques, who read it and disagreed with the point of view of the author. " His God," Jean-Jacques commented in the *Confessions,* " is only a maleficent Being." Jean-Jacques believed in the beneficence of the Supreme Being, and also that practically all the ills which afflicted men were brought upon men by themselves. Even the Lisbon earthquake was a disaster only because people lived in artificial towns, with houses too high and too close together. He wrote this in a long letter[1] to Voltaire, which he sent to Voltaire's physician at Geneva, Dr. Tronchin, asking Tronchin to hand on the letter or to suppress it at his own discretion. Jean-Jacques added a few words to the effect that Voltaire would be all the better for " such representations " (meaning the letter of criticism) from his friends; and that if he wrote fewer works, his glory

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* II, 303-324.

would not be less and the respect in which he was held would be greater. All this might be true enough, but Voltaire was not usually the man to take such remarks kindly if Tronchin handed them on along with the letter on the earthquake. Voltaire, however, replied with a kind letter, inviting Jean-Jacques to visit him at Les Delices.[1] *J'at ete chartne de la reponse de M. de Voltaire,* Jean-Jacques wrote to Dr. Tronchin on 25th January, 1757.[2] A later reply, Jean-Jacques says, was no less than the celebrated novel *Candide,* which—at first sight at any rate—simply describes the topsy-turviness of the world, the unreason of mankind and the evil of blind chance, for instance in Chapter V about the earthquake at Lisbon.

Jean-Jacques, apparently, only went two or three times to Paris in the period that he resided at the Hermitage. Nor did his friends come to him frequently, for as a matter of fact he did not like having his time taken up by visits. The friend he most liked to see was Diderot, who, however, was difficult to catch, being a man, apparently, of extreme unpunctuality and never to be depended upon to keep his appointments. Considering himself (not without reason) to be neglected by some friends, persecuted by others, and not very happy in his domestic circle, Jean-Jacques took refuge in a dream-world of his own. More and more his memory dwelt upon the two beautiful girls with whom he had ridden to the Château of Toune, upon the whole expedition, the picnic, the laughter, gaiety, innocence. The girls assumed living form in his mind, the one dark, the other blonde. Soon he was weaving or rather living a complete romance with them. One of the girls was to have a lover, who of course was Jean-Jacques, though he was given another name ; and the other girl was to be the tender friend and confidante of both. Out of this romance, this inner life of romantic, unhappy Jean-Jacques, grew the novel called *La Nouvelle*

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* II, 328.
[2] *Corresp. Gén..,* III, 8.

Heloise, the story of the love of Julie and Saint-Preux and the friendship for each of Julie's cousin Claire. A romance, if it is to be put into story form, must have a scene. The Forest of Montmorency might have served for this. He thought also of laying the scene in Thessaly, and this region would have done, only he had never seen it. Then he thought of the Borromean Isles, which he had visited on his way home from Venice. One thing that he was char about was that he needed a lake, as well as woods and mountains and streams. At last he fixed upon Lake Leman and placed the first part of the story at Vevey, and the later at Clarens, places which he remembered well and with keen pleasure owing to his long, rambling walks from Lausanne.

Jean-Jacques adopted the letter-form, already popularized by Richardson, for his novel; but except that he had the simple story in his head, the first two parts of this novel (which is quite long) were written without any particular plan. As an idea occurred to him, or the mood seized him, he wrote out a letter, until he had a considerable numbei, without any special order or connection with each other. Readers of *La Nouvelle Heloise* will agree with his remark that Parts I and I I, made out of these letters, have a good deal of verbiage which is absent from the later parts.

While he was engaged on this work (from summer, 1756), and living the romance in his own mind, he had a visit—" unfortunately not the last," he remarks—from the Comtesse d'Houdetot, sister-in-law of Madame d'Epinay. He had known her before her marriage (which proved to be not particularly happy), and had met her several times at La Chevrette. She was something over thirty years of age, beautiful and charming, with a simple, sympathetic manner. She was fond of walking, and from La Chevrette had made several walks with Jean-Jacques. Both walkers, both fond of nature and the open air, they never found conversation lapse between them.

Madame d'Houdetot's arrival at the Hermitage was

like the opening of a novel. Driving out from Paris, her coachman made a mistake in the route, and the carriage stuck fast in the mud. The countess descended from the carriage and made the rest of the journey on foot. She soon left her fine shoes also stuck in the mud, and came on to the Hermitage shouting with laughter in some borrowed high boots. She was wet through and had to change into some of Thérèse's clothes, and then to eat a rustic meal which she greatly enjoyed. The visit was brief, but was a great success. Afterwards she sent a cheerful note, saying that she was returning the under-clothes *(hordes)* which he had lent to her and that she had found a better way of going home than coming.[1] She promised to return. The promise was not fulfilled until the following year, but the delay did not save Jean-Jacques.

He spent the autumn of that year (1756) busy with the task, which he voluntarily undertook, of acting as guard or overseer for M. d'Epinay's orchards. The gardener was shamelessly pillaging his master. Jean-Jacques had him dismissed, and was compelled to borrow a gun in order to defend himself and the Hermitage at night from the furious man, but the fruit-harvest was thrice as great as those of previous years. All this distracted him from his romantic writing, but when winter came and the short days and long nights, he felt that he had no resource for his spirit but the two charming girls of his story. As a matter of fact his increasing correspondence was an intellectual and emotional resource. Down to the year 1755 he had never kept the letters which he received. He now began carefully to keep not only letters to himself, but also copies of those which he wrote.

He says that he felt a little ashamed when he found himself gradually coming into the position of writing a long sentimental novel of domestic life. It was almost shocking,[2] he felt, that with his austere principles about

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* II, 329.

[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* II, 219.

literature and philosophy he should be found devoting his time to an effeminate work, breathing love and softness. He overcame this feeling, however, and continued to write. His creative, artistic nature urged him to express himself. In addition, he had two other motives: one was to describe and fortify manners of conjugal honesty, which he held to be at the basis of all social order. The second was to allay the storm which had arisen over the *Encyclopédic* between *chrétiens* and *philosophes,* who were behaving towards each other like mad wolves—*hups enragés.* Jean-Jacques says that he was afraid of a civil war beginning. He had already uttered hard truths to the contestants to which they had not listened. " I thought of another expedient which, in my simplicity, appeared to me admirable. This was to soften their reciprocal hatred by destroying their prejudices, and to show to each party the merit and virtue of the other." He admits that by this expectation he was falling into the fault which he had ascribed to the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, that of regarding men as being guided by reason in their public affairs. Nevertheless, with zeal worthy of the motive which inspired him, he described the characters of the sentimental, religious Julie and of her admirable husband Wolmar, so tolerant, so firmly based on common sense and reason, in the hope that he would make the two contending parties not only amicable in the eyes of the public but amiable to each other. This, of course, proved to be a vain hope. Thus, during that winter of 1756-57, he wrote the first two parts of *Julie ou La Nouvelle Heloise* with " inexpressible pleasure," using the finest paper that he could purchase, gilt at the edges, sprinkling the page (for this was before the days of blotting-paper) with an azure and silver powder, and tying the pages or quires together with the most exquisite blue thread. In the evenings, as all three sat by the fire, he read and re-read the two parts to Therese and Madame Le Vasseur. Therese, without saying a word, wept sympathetic tears with him. Madame Le Vasseur understood none of it,

but sat tranquilly, only saying when Jean-Jacques paused for a moment: *Monsieur, celà est bien beau.*

There had been a design, favoured by Dr. Tronchin, that Jean-Jacques should become Librarian of the City of Geneva. He had, however, refused to consider this. *Je ne sais point de Grec, tres peu de Latin, et n'ai pas la moindre mémoir e,* he wrote to Tronchin.[1]

Spring (1757) brought an access of his "tender delirium " and for the last two parts of Julie he composed letters, throbbing, he claims, with the ecstasy in which he wrote. Particularly he cites the Elys6e letter (Part IV, Letter XI) and the description of the " promenade " (or sailing) on the lake (Part IV, Letter XVII). " Whoever, reading these two letters, does not feel his heart soften and melt in the tenderness that inspired me to write them, ought to shut the book : such a one is not made to be a judge of the things of sentiment." The " tender delirium " in which he wrote Part IV of *Julie* was the result of a growing passion, overwhelming, hopeless, for the brilliant lady of the rain and mud of last summer.

The coming of spring brought another visit from Madame d'Houdetot. Her husband's service as captain of the royal gendarmerie took him away from her; and her great friend, M. de Saint-Lambert, was with the army on campaign in Germany, for France was now deeply engaged in the " Seven Years' War." Madame d'Houdetot had rented a house at Eaubonne in the Valley of Montmorency, about three miles (a league) from the Hermitage. It was from Eaubonne that she made her second visit to Jean-Jacques, coming on horseback in man's attire. Jean-Jacques did not much like this masquerading, but for once in his life he was caught by the romantic air of the incident, and this time he fell completely in love. The countess was not yet thirty, and though not beautiful, she had vivacity and sweetness of disposition. She was natural, simple and agreeable, full of gaiety, abounding in charming sallies. Though

[1] **27th February, 1757.** ***Corresp. Gin.*****, III, 14.**

rather imprudent, she was straightforward and honourable. She soon formed a close friendship with Jean-Jacques, but she clearly was never in love with him, and he realized that this was so. He wrote enormous letters of sheer rhapsody to her, knowing, or at any rate believing, that she would not read all he wrote ; but to write them gave him pleasure and some relief.[1] It was not because of his hopeless passion that he ultimately had to leave the Hermitage, nor because of any scandal, for there was none, but apparently because his morbid sensitiveness and suspicion convinced him that his other great feminine friend, Madame d'Epinay, was jealous. He became difficult, fretful, quarrelsome with her, and finally broke with her, his benefactress and friend, altogether. The Comtesse d'Houdetot was an innocent cause of all this.

For some six months the romance endured between the countess, under thirty years, and Jean-Jacques, aged forty-five. For three months he saw her almost every day. Either he made the walk from the Hermitage by the charming little hills of Andilly to Eaubonne ; or, as they were both fond of walking, Madame d'Houdetot and he met half-way, on a low ridge or natural terrace with the grandiose name of Mont Olympe. Sometimes their walks took the direction opposite from Eaubonne, to La Chevrette, and Jean-Jacques believed that Madame d'Epinay watched them out of a window of the château. " Such," he declares, " were the last fine days which I have counted on the earth ; and here commences the long tissue of the misfortunes of my life where you will find little interruption."[2] By October, 1757, the romance of Jean-Jacques and Madame d'Houdetot was over and they were writing friendly letters to each other in a quiet tone.

Madame d'Epinay's kindness to him had in no way visibly diminished. In the previous cold weather he had been touched by receiving a charming letter from her and a packet containing one of her petticoats of English flannel

[1] *Corresp. Gén.*, III, 97.
[2] *Confessions*, book ix, *ad fin.*

which she had not worn,[1] with instructions that he should make himself a flannel waistcoat out of it. Now (about 29th June, 1757) he had a letter from her sympathetically inquiring after his health, for she had not seen him at La Chevrette for a week, and suggesting that if he had any private troubles, he should confide in her. Jean-Jacques naturally took offence at once, and replied in a note of four lines that outraged innocence would find a defender.[2] At this Madame d'Epinay became alarmed, and wrote hurriedly to ask what was wrong and to say that if he did not come to see her that evening she would set out herself next day, however bad the weather, to see him. Jean-Jacques at once answered : " I cannot come to see you, nor receive your visit, so long as the disquiet in which I am endures. The trust of which you speak no longer exists, and it will not be easy for you to recover it." He went further and said that he had two friends, worthy of loving each other. Someone, in order to divide them, had made one of them jealous of him ; that this was not a very adroit plan but was " the most convenient for mischievousness " *{le plus commode à la méchanceté)* ; he added brutally: *et cette mechancete, c'est vous que j'en soupfonne.* " No," he declares, " I would never pardon you. I will become your irreconcilable enemy. Your secrets alone shall be respected." To this Madame d'Epinay replied, obviously in great distress : " I did not understand your letter of this morning. I do not know what I am saying. . . . Adieu, I shall be hard put to it to pardon you. You will come when you wish."[3]

This correspondence had passed rapidly by hand between La Chevrette and the Hermitage. On thinking it over, Jean-Jacques came to the reasonable conclusion that he must either leave the Hermitage or go personally and

[1] *Corresp. Ge'n.,* II, 358. (Mme. d'Epinay to J.-J.R., December, 1756.) In the *Confessions,* II, 212, he wrongly quotes Mme. d'K. as writing that she **had** worn it.

[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* **III,** 83. The version in the *Confessions* has l'*innocence aecusie,* but **the** original autograph has l'*innocence outragee.*

[3] *Confessions,* **III, 14.**

see Madame d'Epinay and make up the quarrel. He chose the second alternative, and went to La Chevrette. Madame d'Epinay, when he was shown in, instead of upbraiding him or asking for explanations, threw her arms round his neck and burst into tears. After some irrelevant remarks, they went down to supper. Jean-Jacques expected to have to make explanations after the meal. None was demanded. Soon they were on the old footing. Time passed away, and Jean-Jacques at last believed that Madame d'Epinay had forgotten the whole incident.

In the next months Jean-Jacques' relations with Madame d'Epinay were perfectly friendly. He composed a *motet* for the dedication of the chapel at La Chevrette. It was performed *en grand orchestre* and received warm approbation. Nevertheless all was not well with Jean-Jacques. He had quarrelled with one of his best friends, Diderot, who had written in a published dialogue called *Lefils naturel:* " It is only the wicked man who is lonely " (// n'*y a que le mediant qui soit seul).* In a letter to Jean-Jacques he had said that Jean-Jacques was the only exception that he could think of, and had added : " There would be something more to say about this, if one could speak of it without angering you." He had also found fault with Jean-Jacques for keeping Madame Le Vasseur, " a woman of eighty years," in the country. Madame d'Epinay, to whom Jean-Jacques had told all this in a letter, advised him not to take it to heart: *Mon ami, soyez en garde contre la fermentation qu'occasionne souvent un mot fdcheux entendu dans la solitude,*[1] On her advice he made up the quarrel and accepted an invitation to stay with Diderot in Paris. There he read some of *Julie* to Diderot, who offered some useful criticism. The reconciliation, however, was not complete. Towards Grimm, too, Jean-Jacques became cold, believing that this now fashionable Saxon wanted to appear socially superior to him.

[1] Diderot to Jean-Jacques, 10th March, 1757 ; J.-J. R. to Madame d'Epinay, 13th March, 1757 ; Madame d'Epinay to J.-J. R., 14th March, !757- *Corresp. Gen.,* III, 19-22.

He also suspected that Grimm was conspiring to destroy his business as a musical copyist. On Madame d'Epinay's advice, however, he resolved, as in the case of Diderot, to visit Grimm with a view to restoring the old good terms. Grimm (according to Jean-Jacques) received him *en empereur romain.* At the end of the interview he left Grimm's presence, he declares, like a pupil who had been reprimanded by his tutor. All this was naturally disappointing, disheartening, to a man who, as he says, "had made friendship the idol of his heart." It was nothing, however, compared with what was to come—"the great revolution of my destiny, the catastrophe which has divided my life into two so different parts."

The occasion of this terrible revolution appears rather insignificant. One day, in the autumn of 1757, Madame d'Epinay asked him to see her at La Chevrette. When he entered her room, she told him that her chest was troubling her and that it was necessary for her to go to Geneva and consult Dr. Tronchin. She was going to take her son and his tutor with her. And she added, quite naturally and as it were casually: "And you, my bear, will you not come also?" *(Et vous, mon ours, ne viendrez-vous pas aussi.) Mon ours* was her usual playful name for him. Jean-Jacques could not take it seriously that she should ask him, in his bad state of health, to make such a journey in so inclement a season of the year. Madame d'Epinay herself seemed scarcely to expect him to assent. She was looking forward eagerly herself to the journey, which was to begin in a fortnight. Jean-Jacques' refusal had one good effect, as Madame d'Epinay's husband promised to accompany her. Two years earlier Jean-Jacques had advised Madame d'Epinay to keep to Dr. Tronchin's regime but to leave his drugs alone.[1]

[1] *Corresp. Gen.*, II, 147. Madame Macdonald (I, 271) suggests that Mme. d'Epinay went to Geneva to be confined with a child by Grimm, and that Jean-Jacques knew of this and refused to put himself in an equivocal position by accompanying her, though naturally he could not give the reason. The fact, however, that Mme. d'Epinay's husband consented to accompany her, though it does not make the story of the confinement impossible, seems to make it on the whole improbable.

The Geneva affair was not ended, however, for in a few days he received a letter from Diderot (18th October, 1757), urging the duty of accompanying Madame d'Epinay, with the words: "For myself, if I could not bear the carriage, I would seize a staff and follow her." This letter naturally drew a tart reply from Jean-Jacques: "You will agree with me that to prescribe so emphatically what I ought to do, without your being in a position to judge the circumstances, is, my dear philosopher, to reason like a simple blockhead" *(c'est, mon cher philosophe, opiner en franc etourdi).* After this he went to Madame d'Epinay at La Chevrette to read her the Diderot letter and the reply. When he entered the room he found Grimm with Madame d'Epinay. Jean-Jacques boldly read aloud the two letters, which, he says, made a great impression. Grimm did not dare to face Jean-Jacques' glances; "but in the same instant in the depths of his heart he swore my destruction; and I am sure," adds Jean-Jacques, "that they concerted it together before separating."

All of this looks like the making of a mountain out of less than a molehill on the part of Jean-Jacques, who was now morbid, self-centred, hyper-sensitive and filled with the sense of real or imaginary grievances. Yet there can be no doubt that there was, if not a conspiracy, a lot of malicious, collusive backbiting and scandal against Jean-Jacques. The manuscript of that curious novel called the *Memoires de Madame d'Epinay,* shows alterations and interpolations in Madame d'Epinay's hand, adverse to Jean-Jacques' reputation. An examination of the manuscript seems to prove that Madame d'Epinay worked the malicious traits about Jean-Jacques into her book from notes supplied by Diderot and Grimm.[1]

Jean-Jacques had one more meeting with Madame d'Epinay at La Chevrette to say good bye to her before she left for Paris on her way to Geneva. She had once told him that if friends proved false, she did not let this trouble her. She just left them. "I wrap

[1] F. Macdonald, *Jean-Jacques Rousseau,* I, 88-90.

myself up in my mantle," she said, and added : " Would you like half of it ? "[1] At that time, as he then acknowledged, he had accepted the half and found joy in it, by going into residence at the Hermitage.[2] But now the time for sharing was past. On the same day as he said good-bye to Madame d'Epinay he dined with Madame d'Houdetot at Eaubonne, to say good-bye to her, although she was not making a journey. She urged him not to give up his residence at the Hermitage, at any rate for the present. Jean-Jacques consented, but could not forbear from writing a letter to Grimm, justifying himself for not going to Geneva. Grimm replied in the tone of a superior man : " Remain quietly at your Hermitage. In the course of time I will give you my advice." *{Tenez-vous tranquille à voire Hermitage. Je vous ferai passer mon avis à temps.)* Jean-Jacques in indignation returned the letter to him, A week later a letter arrived from Madame d'Epinay dated from Geneva which, he says, convinced him that she was in concert with Grimm to crush him. He immediately replied from the Hermitage (23rd November, 1757): " Friendship is extinct between us "; but he added, rather strangely, that though he wished to quit the Hermitage, he would stay there until spring, in deference to the wishes of his friends. This was too much for Madame d'Epinay, who replied forthwith from Geneva (1st December, 1757): " Since you wish to quit the Hermitage and ought to do so, I am astonished that your friends have retained you. For myself, I do not consult my friends about my duties, and I have nothing more to say to you about yours."[3] Madame d'Houdetot, who came out in this crisis as a very loyal, wise friend, had been working hard to reconcile him with Madame d'Epinay and had written him long letters.

[1] *Mimoires de Mme. d'Epinay,* **ed.** Boiteau, **II, 122, quoted in** *Corresp. Geń.,* II, 266.

[2] *Corresp. Gin.,* II, 280.

[3] *Corresp. Geń.,* **III,** 227.

Jean-Jacques received this letter about 8th December.[1] He at once resolved to depart—indeed, he can scarcely be considered to have been left with any choice in the matter. Nevertheless he takes credit to himself for his resolution : " My courage was higher than it had ever been " and " It was necessary to depart immediately, in whatever condition I was, even if I should have to sleep in the forest or on the snow with which the ground was then covered "—immediately meant in a week's time. Within a week he would hand over the keys of the Hermitage to the bailiff at La Chevrette. Madame d'Epinay, he says, had not counted upon his firmness of resolution, upon his feeling of honour and indignation. After her arrival in Geneva, she wrote to him (17th January, 1758) to say that she would like to regard what had passed as a misunderstanding. He did not reply to this letter, and here all their correspondence ended. Fortune came to the aid of his boldness : *La fortune aida mon audace.* This is what he says in the *Confessions* and it is not untrue. But he does not there state what is now known from his correspondence, that a month before receiving Madame d'Epinay's letter he had made arrangements to go to Montmorency.[2] M. Mathas, the man of affairs and estate-agent of the Prince de Conde, heard of Jean-Jacques' embarrassment, and offered him a small house in his, M. Mathas', own garden, at Mont Louis, Montmorency. Jean-Jacques accepted with alacrity, and contracted to take the house on rent (fifty *livres a* month). He hastily purchased some furniture, which, added to a few things which he already possessed, would be enough for himself and Therese; for he had determined that he would not keep Madame Le Vasseur any longer. On 15th December he gave up the keys of the Hermitage, and he and Therese made the three-mile removal to Montmorency. Madame Le Vasseur had been sent off

[1] **Not 10th** December, as he says in the Confessions ; see letter to **Mme. d'**Houdetot, 10th December, 1757, in *Corresp. Gin.,* I l l , 223.

[2] To Coindet, **7th** November, 1757; *Corresp Gen.,* I l l , 183.

the same day to Paris with her furniture and other effects, and some money added by Jean-Jacques, who also undertook to pay for her board with her family or elsewhere. On leaving the Hermitage Jean-Jacques wrote a letter of thanks to Monsieur d'Epinay for allowing him the use of the house. To this he received a kind reply. The two men continued in good relations with each other. Also, just after he left the Hermitage, he wrote from Montmorency to Madame d'Houdetot (17th December, 1757) to say that if she did not wish to continue correspondence with him he would understand and would not importune her further ; and then immediately, as no answer came, he wrote off again (19th December): " Your barbarism is inconceivable ; it is not like you. Your silence is a refinement of cruelty which has no equal." Madame d'Houdetot, who had many letters to write and who was tired and unwell, did reply, as she normally would, after a few days, and the correspondence continued until the following March (1758). Meanwhile he was making a copy for her of the manuscript of *Julie,* for which she tried to insist upon paying at the usual rates for copying; but he would accept nothing.[1]

Thus miserably ended the period of residence at the Hermitage which had begun so auspiciously one year and eight months previously and had endured, almost to the end, so happily for all those concerned in it. Jean-Jacques was convinced that jealousy on the part of his friends, of Diderot and Grimm for his literary success and celebrity, and of Madame d'Epinay for his cordiality with the Countess d'Houdetot, was responsible for the final disaster. Grimm had prophesied to Madame d'Epinay, when she invited Jean-Jacques to live in the Hermitage, that " solitude will complete the darkening of his imagination. He will see all his friends as unjust, ungrateful, and you most of all if you refuse just once to be at his orders."[2]

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* III, 238, 239.
[2] *Mémoires de Mme, d'Epinay,* ed. Boiteau, II, 128.

CHAPTER III

LE MARfiCHAL ET LA MARÊCHALE DE LUXEMBOURG

MONT LOUIS was a small lodge, or cottage, badly needing repair, in the park of the great house known as the Château of Montmorency. The lodge had a garden, and at the foot of the garden a grotto or, as Jean-Jacques calls it, a donjon, with a roof, but otherwise open to the air. This donjon was of the kind common in eighteenth-century gardens and parks; it terminated a terraced walk and commanded a view of the lake and valley of Montmorency and " the simple but respectable Château of Saint Gratien, the home of the virtuous Catinat" (this was Louis XIV's eminent but modest general, Marshal of France, whom Jean-Jacques greatly admired). Jean-Jacques put a table and chair in it and used it as a study, although the time of the year was winter and the neighbourhood was rather damp. The circumstances of his removal from the Hermitage to Mont Louis were not propitious for him. The terrible quarrel with his old friends, his ejection in the depth of winter from his pleasant home, the mystery, darkness and conspiracy with which he believed himself to be surrounded, were terribly disturbing to his nervous disposition. His spirit of independence was as firm as ever, indeed firmer. His lively friend Deleyre wrote to him from Paris : " I laughed greatly the other day at hearing that you had refused a hundred *louis* from the Prince de Clermont while you could not pay for your washing."[1] He refused to receive from Madame d'Epinay reimbursement of the wages which

[1] 3rd January, 1758 ; *Corresp. Gen.*, III, 251.

he had paid out to the gardener at the Hermitage.[1] His friend, J. F. De Luc, of Geneva, sent him six *louis* as a loan to repay when he pleased, but he returned them at once. A rich farmer-general of taxes, M. de Buchelay, gave him work, probably some political tract or treatise, to copy, and sent him 120 francs for doing it. Jean-Jacques acknowledged the receipt, kept 18 francs, and returned 102 (10th May, 1758).

He was saved from distraction by a fortunate piece of work that fell in his way at this time. The Encyclopedic was in course of publication. Shortly after his arrival at Mont Louis he received the seventh volume. It contained an article by D'Alembert on Geneva in which it was pointed out that the Republic of Geneva did not permit comedy.[2] D'Alembert devoted a substantial part of the article to urging that a theatre of comedy should be established there. As soon as he read this article, Jean-Jacques, in an access of nostalgia for his native city and of virtuous indignation against this counsel of corruption, wrote in three weeks the long *Lettre à M. d'Alembert,* a remarkable treatise on literature, morality, art, with a certain amount of biographical material, including the magnificent description of the mountain-settlement at Neuchâtel.[3] It is really a book of about 40,000 words. Through most of February, 1758, although there was snow and ice on the ground, Jean-Jacques went to the donjon for two hours in the morning and again for two hours after dinner. "Without other fire than that of my heart, I composed in three weeks my letter to D'Alembert on the spectacles. This (for *Julie* was not half finished) is the first of my writings which I have

[1] **J.-J. prints Madame d'Epinay's letter (17th January, 1758) in the *Confessions,* III, 51, and says that he did not answer it. But his answer (refusing the reimbursement rather brutally) is in *Corresp. Gen.,* III, 272-3, dated 20th February, 1758.**

[2] **After the publication of Jean-Jacques' reply he learned that Voltaire had something to do with the composition of the article. *(Corresp. Gen.,* IV, 91.)**

[3] ***Corresp. Gen.,* III, 300.**

found real pleasure in composing." He took occasion in the preface (for the *Letter to D'Alembert* was published) to allude, in an allegorical but perfectly clear manner, to his final breach with Diderot: "I had an Aristarchus, severe and judicious. I no longer have him, nor do I wish to have," The *Letter to D'Alembert* (in spite of its attack on the comedies of Molière) had a great success ; the publisher, Rey of Amsterdam, paid him thirty *louis* (about £30) for the manuscript. D'Alembert, after reading it in proof, said that it gave him great pleasure. Jean-Jacques ordered Rey to send the proof to D'Alembert. It was acting on the advice of D'Alembert and also of Turgot (who read it in proof) that M. de Malesherbes authorized its introduction into France.

The rest of the year 1758 passed away quietly for Jean-Jacques. He calls himself lazy, yet he was tirelessly industrious. He only worked, however, at what interested him. *Je veux travailler, mais à mafantaisie,* he once wrote to Madame d'Epinay.[1] Nevertheless his conscientious music-copying must have entailed severe application. He was finishing *Julie* (to which he now begins to allude more commonly as *La Nouvelle Helo'ise),* and he was also making the fair manuscript copy of it, " at so much a page," on superfine paper for Madame d'Houdetot. This beautifully written copy, without any crossing out or blemish, is preserved, along with Jean-Jacques' letter announcing its dispatch (22nd February, 1758). Madame d'Houdetot's letter, at last agreeing not to send money until he wanted it, was sent in March.[2] Later he did accept payment.[3] On 26th October he received an unexpected invitation to dinner at La Chevrette from Monsieur d'Epinay, to whom he had sent a copy of the *Letter to D' Alembert.* He knew that Madame d'Epinay could not be there and accepted the invitation. The

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* II, 265.

[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* III, 292, 308. The MS. copy of *Julie* is in the possession of the family of the Comte de Fremy *(Ibid.,* III, 293, n. 2).

[3] *Corresp. Gen.,* IV, 75-76.

dinner was on a Sunday. He went in one of M. d'Epinay's carriages from Mont Louis. M. and Madame Dupin, M. de Francueil, M. and Madame d'Houdetot and other of his friends were present. " My arrival," he writes, " made a sensation." Every individual in the company seemed animated with a single desire to reassure him and to put him at his ease. " It is only French hearts which understand these delicate attentions." The dinner-party did him good and he was glad that he had not refused.

By the end of the winter, he tranquilly finished writing *La Nouvelle Heloïse*, and sent it to the excellent Rey, publisher of Amsterdam ; the book did not, however, appear until early in 1761. The equable and peaceable life—*vie égale et paisible*—at Mont Louis, writing his romance in the donjon, walking in the park of Montmorency and having no grand friends and no strong loves, suited him admirably. He felt like the mountain-dwellers of the Haut-Valais of Switzerland, content with their " almost automatic life " mentioned in his letter to Voltaire on the earthquake at Lisbon.[1] He came to the conclusion that associations of simple goodwill, with a substantial basis of equality, and without any restriction of freedom, are the charm of social life. He made friends with some interesting, quiet, scholarly men in the neighbourhood : Mauléon, a rising barrister who spent his holidays on his mother's estate at Saint-Brice a mile or two away; Guérin, a bookseller, a man of spirit, well-read and of amiable character, who had a house at Saint-Brice, and who introduced Jean-Jacques to an Amsterdam publisher, Jean Néaulme; and Maltor, curé of Grosley, near Saint-Brice, who had the conversation of a man of the world and a man of affairs. And there were two rather mysterious old gentlemen, M. Ferraud and M. Minard, who were supposed to be disguised priests, belonging to the proscribed Jansenist persuasion. They lived at Paris, but had a little house for holidays at Montmorency where

[1] *Corresp. Gén.*, II, 309.

they kept no servant and did all their own work. Jean-Jacques found their conversation a little tiresome but he endured it because he could have games of chess with them. Finally there was M. Mathas, the Prince of Condé's steward, who was a good fellow, *un bonhomme.* The Dupins had a country-house at Clichy, and Jean-Jacques occasionally went there for a day or two. Madame Dupin's daughter, Madame de Chenonceaux, rented a small house quite near, at Deuil. Jean-Jacques often visited her there, and she visited him at Mont Louis. Although he had broken with the *coterie holbachique,* that is, with Diderot, Grimm and all the *philosophes* who were to be found at Baron d'Holbach's salon, he still had many friends in Paris, but he scarcely ever went there. He had one particularly useful acquaintance there, whom he had only once met, M. Lamoignon de Malesherbes, first president of the Cour des Aides in the Parlement of Paris. M. de Malesherbes had charge of the Parlement library, and he gave Jean-Jacques, who was a great reader, valuable facilities. When *La Nouvelle Heloise* was being printed at at Amsterdam, he allowed Jean-Jacques to have the proofs, which were fairly heavy, sent to the address of the library ; they thus travelled free through the post, and then he franked them on from Paris to Mont Louis. Until this arrangement was made, the charges for carriage of proofs were using up more than all the money that Jean-Jacques was receiving for the book.[1] M. de Malesherbes also carefully caused to be cut out of the published volume which was to be presented to Madame de Pompadour this sentence : " the wife of a charcoal-burner is more worthy of respect than the mistress of a prince," and he had a new page printed and carefully inserted. Jean-Jacques believed, however, that some busybodies drew her attention to the difference between her volume and the rest. M. de Malesherbes also procured for him the offer of regular work for the *Journal des Savants.* The stipend was 800 *livres* a year. The work was only the extracting

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* IV, 351.

or criticism of two books a month. After consideration, however, Jean-Jacques refused the offer. He felt that he wrote best, "with a certain heat," when in the mood. He was not going to bind himself to write to order. He wrote what he liked; and when a work was published, he considered it to be finished. He told his friend the pastor Vernes, at Geneva, that he never read the critiques.[1]

In fact, Jean-Jacques was thinking of abandoning writing altogether. Although he regarded himself as a man of letters he was not like the rest who could do their daily stint and write *par métier*. "I never could write," he says, "except by passion." Having quarrelled with Diderot and the *coterie holbachique*, he did not want to have any relations with them. Yet it was impossible, he says, to follow the profession of letters without having relations with the other men of letters. He had sufficient funds for the near future. The *Letter to D'Alembert* (which was reprinted in 1759) brought in an extra thirty *louis* and the *Nouvelle Héloise*, before publication, another ninety *louis*—altogether about £125.[2] He would finish off *Emile*, and expected to realise another thousand *ecus* for that. There were two other works *sur le chantier : Political Institutions* and *Dictionary of Music*. He looked forward to completing these at his leisure, but did not expect much pecuniary profit from them. He would have sufficient money, however, to purchase an annuity for himself. Rey of Amsterdam, a most candid publisher, confessed that his author was making money for him : *J'ay gagné avec l'impression de vos ouvrages*. He told Jean-Jacques later (7th December, 1761) that he had made 10,000 livres from *La Nouvelle Héloise*. This was a different style from that of Jean-Jacques' Paris publisher, Pissot, who was much more cautious in expression. Whenever Jean-Jacques inquired how his books were selling, Pissot

[1] *Corresp. Gen.*, IV, 133.

[2] Rey paid him in instalments in the year 1759 ninety louis (2,160 francs) on account for *La Nouvelle Heloise*. (*Corresp. Gen.*, IV., 193.)

replied " *passablement*"[1] Rey, who was extremely generous, felt that the *Nouvelle Heloise* was doing well enough for him to allow Therese a sum of three hundred francs a year. And Grimm, for some unknown reason, heaped coals of fire on Jean-Jacques' head by pensioning off Madame Le Vasseur on condition that she stayed in the country at Dueil.[2] So the future of Jean-Jacques and his dependants was reasonably assured, on the assumption, of course, that he lived quietly.

He was nearly forty-seven years old. His way of life now, as always, was simple, but his grand friends, who thought that they were saving his pocket by their attentions, cost him a great deal of money.

> I felt more than ever and from daily experience that association with people in better circumstances is always disadvantageous to the weaker party. Living with wealthy people who belonged to a sphere other than that I had chosen, and without a house like theirs, I was obliged to imitate them in many ways ; and tiny expenses which meant nothing to them were as ruinous to me as they were indispensable. Suppose a man goes to stay in a country house ; he is waited on by his lackey at table as well as in his bedroom ; he sends him to fetch everything he needs ; having no direct contact with the servants of the house, not even seeing them, he gives them gifts only when and how he likes ; but I being alone and without a servant was at the mercy of the servants of the house, whose good graces it was absolutely necessary to win in order to avoid a great deal of suffering ; and as I was treated as the equal of their master, I had also to treat the servants as he did, and even do more for them than others, because as a matter of fact I needed their service more. It might be different in houses where there were only a few servants, but in those that I frequented there were many, all very supercilious, thievish and alert—that is, where their own interests were concerned, and the rascals knew how to act so that I had need of them all in turn. The Parisian ladies who have so much intelligence have no real idea of this, and

[1] ***Corresp. Gen.*, IV, 126, 338.**

[2] **Madame Macdonald *(op. cit.*, I, 170) suggests that Grimm's pension was in the nature of " hush-money," Madame le Vasseur being privy to the plot, which involved interception of letters, for defaming J.-J. R.**

through wishing to save my purse they ruined me. If I were about to sup in town at some little distance from my house, instead of letting me send for a cab, the lady of the house would have her carriage out to fetch me : she was very glad to spare me the twenty-four *sous* for the cab ; as for the crown which I gave to the lackey and the coachman, she never thought of it. A lady would write to me at the Hermitage or at Montmorency from Paris ; regretting the four *sous* for delivery which the letter would have cost me, she sent the money by one of her servants, who arrived on foot bathed in perspiration and to whom I gave something for his dinner and a crown besides, which he certainly well deserved. Did she propose that I should spend a week or a fortnight with her in the country, she would say to herself: " It will be a saving for the poor man at any rate ; during that time his food will cost him nothing." She did not reflect that during that time I should do no work—that my household and my rent, my laundry and my clothes, would go on all the same —that I would have to pay my barber double and that it would not fail to cost me more to live at her house than at my own. Although I limited my little gratuities to those houses only where I habitually lived, they did not fail to be ruinous to me. I can affirm that I certainly disbursed twenty-five crowns at Madame d'Houdetot's house at Eaubonne, where I slept not more than four or five times, and more than a hundred pistoles both at Epinay and La Chevrette during the five or six years when I frequented them most. Such expenses are inevitable for a man of my temperament who does not know how to get anything for himself, nor contrive for himself in any way, nor endure the sight of a servant who grumbles and serves you with a bad grace. Even at Madame Dupin's house, where I was one of the family and where I did the servants a thousand kindnesses, I never received any from them except at the point of my money. In the end, I had to renounce these little presents altogether which my position no longer allowed me to make, and it was then that I was made to feel still more severely the inconvenience of mingling with people of different circumstances from my own.

Further, if that life had been more to my taste I might have consoled myself for a heavy expense which was devoted to my pleasures; but to ruin oneself only to be bored was quite unbearable ; and I had felt the weight of this style of living in such good earnest that, having profited by an interval of

liberty which I happened then to be enjoying, I determined to perpetuate it, to renounce for ever grand society, the composition of books and all literary business, and to shut myself up for the rest of my life in the narrow and peaceful sphere to which I was born ![1]

If his friends tried to save his expenses, or merely to make him a small present, as anyone may do to his friend, he was up in arms at once. The Marquise de Créqui, one of his best correspondents, once sent him four " pullets of le Mans " (which were particularly good for eating) along with a letter of the usual interesting gossip, partly about her son who was fighting in Germany. Jean-Jacques replied that he would have had every pleasure from her letter if she had not sent the present. " What can I do with four *poulardes ?* " he wrote testily. He had given two away to people for whom he cared nothing. After some more scolding: *Voilà ce qu'on gagne à me faire des présens.*[2]

In addition to the annuity which he expected to purchase, there was also the remunerated work of copying music which he was still practising. This, however, entailed residence near Paris, where his clients were. He hoped to move to some more secluded place, and as this would entail giving up the copying, and he was afraid of *ennui,* he proposed to carry out a suggestion of Rey, his publisher, to write his memoirs. Such is the origin of the *Confessions,* which, however, were not begun until some years later (1764).

All these plans came to nothing at the time. Circumstances intervened to induce him to stay in the forest and valley of Montmorency, and he never quitted the pen—few or no writers ever really do so, as long as they are alive.

The ancient Château of Montmorency, originally belonging to the distinguished family of that name, had passed into the hands of the Condé family, who changed the name of the château to Enghien ; of this, however,

[1] *Confessions,* **III, 74-6.**
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* **IV, 157, 158.**

there was nothing left but an old feudal tower. A new château had been built, with Croiset *le Pauvre* as architect and Le Nostre as landscape gardener—a superb mansion of vast yet simple proportions. At this time the Due de Luxembourg, a Marshal of France, was tenant of it. He was a Montmorency, great-grandson of that Due de Montmorency-Bouteville who was executed under a decree of Cardinal Richelieu against duelling in 1628; and he was grandson of the famous Marshal Luxembourg of the reign of Louis XIV. The Montmorency estates had been confiscated when the Due de Montmorency-Bouteville was executed, and had passed to the House of Conde. The present Luxembourg, who came to the estates of his ancestors only as a tenant, was a capable soldier. He had fought in Bohemia under Marshal Belleisle in the Austrian Succession War, and attained the rank of Marshal of France on the outbreak of the Seven Years War in 1756. As a soldier he scarcely merited this high military rank, but he was a very worthy gentleman to whose kindness Jean-Jacques was to owe much; and he could write very simple, honest, charming letters, never long.[1]

M. and Madame de Luxembourg were in the habit of spending six or eight weeks every year at Montmorency. In Easter time or the summer of 1758 they invited Jean-Jacques to supper. He politely refused. Other invitations followed from time to time, with the same result. At last, in April, 1759,[2] the Marshal himself, accompanied by five or six other people, called at Mont Louis. After this Jean-Jacques had no resource but to return the call, and thus he was once more in the net of high society from which he believed himself to have shaken free. He went to the château in great trepidation, for Madame de Luxembourg had the reputation of being rather mischievous. No sooner, however, did he see her than he was subdued. She was charming. The Marshal, a

[1] *Corresp. Gen.*, IV, 232, 258.
[1] *Corresp. Gin.*, IV, 230,

grand seigneur, but also a good, simple man, treated the morose and sensitive recluse on a footing of complete equality. Jean-Jacques promptly availed himself of this facility; and the two men, the Marshal of France, so influential at court, and the writer and copier of music, associated in a spirit of tolerance and independence from which neither ever departed. M. and Madame de Luxembourg equally respected Jean-Jacques' scruples. They never offered to procure him a place or to put their credit at his disposal, except once when Madame de Luxembourg wished him to stand for the *Académie frangaise*. Jean-Jacques declined.

When the Marshal with his four or five gentlemen first called at Mont Louis, Jean-Jacques was afraid to take the party upstairs to his own room in case their weight should bring down the floor. So he took them off to the donjon, explaining to the Marshal that his own cottage was insecure. The Marshal told Madame de Luxembourg when he went home ; the result was that they offered Jean-Jacques, until Mont Louis could be repaired, an apartment in the château, or, if he preferred, a lodge standing by itself in the middle of the park called the Petit Château. Jean-Jacques, of course, chose this, only to stay there until Mont Louis was put in order again[1].

The park of the Château of Montmorency was not flat like that of La Chevrette, but undulating, made up of hillocks and hollows, a piece of country of the kind that a clever landscape-gardener can make to look vast and remote. Le Nostre had made the most of his opportunities, constructing a grand terrace on the highest ground by the château, planting thickets, flooding one of the hollows or small valleys to create a lake. Below the terrace, where the ground opened out towards the lake, was the great glass orangery ; and between the orangery and the lake was the Petit Château, which Jean-Jacques was to have. He found it enchanting. It was little, simple, elegant. The celebrated painter, Le Brun, had originally built it

[1] *Confessions*, III, 81.

and decorated it and lived in it; and though it had since been rebuilt, the original design had been maintained. To anyone looking down from the terrace towards the Petit Château, it seemed absolutely surrounded by water, and in effect, it practically was so, being in a hollow and in the angle of the lake. This situation was rather damp, so the architect had pierced the facade with a *péristyle à jour,* an open columnal balcony, between the first and third story.[1] This permitted air to circulate through the whole edifice and kept it dry. To Jean-Jacques the Petit Château was more than a lodge in the wilderness : it brought back to him his journey from Venice by the Italian lakes. In its grassy hollow, environed by the great pool of Montmorency, it was an enchanted isle, " Isola Bella," like the most lovely of the three *lies Borromées* in Lago Maggiore.

This charming house had, in addition to the ground floor, four suites of apartments : Jean-Jacques was given his choice. He took the simplest and smallest. He had a kitchen and, above this, two rooms furnished in white and blue. " It was in this deep and delicious solitude, surrounded by wood and water, to the accompaniment of concerts of birds of every variety, in the perfume of orange-flower, that I composed in a continual ecstasy the fifth book of *fimile.* I owe in large part the fresh colouring of this work to the lively impression of the place in which I wrote it,"

> With what eagerness I ran each morning at sunrise to breathe the fragrant air on the peristyle ! What good café au lait I took *tête à tête* with my Thérèse ! My cat and my dog gave us company. This party alone would have sufficed for my whole life, without experiencing a moment of *ennui.* I was in the terrestrial paradise. I lived there with as much innocence, and I tasted there the same happiness.[2]

The only trouble was that the delicious out-of-door life seduced him from copying and writing, and his living

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* IV, 252 (21st May, 1759).

[2] *Confessions,* III, 82.

depended on this. " If the country needs rain," he wrote to M. de Lorenzi, a friend of the Marshal de Luxembourg, " I have great need of it also."[1]

When July (1759) came round, M. and Madame de Luxembourg arrived at the great château. Jean-Jacques could not avoid responding to their many kindnesses. In the mornings he went to pay his respects to madame, and stayed to dinner. In the afternoons he walked with the Marshal; but he seldom stayed to supper on account of the great number of people, and also because supper was too late for him. Nevertheless he had to meet and talk with the grand people. Soon he was being fêted and spoiled by them. He took to speaking with them on terms of familiarity and equality, but soon found (or thought he found) that while they never varied from their politeness towards him, there was an inseparable barrier between him and them. Even with Madame de Luxembourg he did not feel completely at ease until he thought of reading to her *La Nouvelle Héloïse,* which was now going through press. Every morning at ten o'clock he went to her bedroom to read; the Marshal came too. The readings were an enormous success until the defeat of the French army at Minden (1st August, 1759) recalled the Marshal to service. Madame de Luxembourg was enchanted with *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and talked of nothing else for a time. Jean-Jacques had to sit next her at table. She ordered a copy of *La Nouvelle Héloïse* to be made for herself in manuscript at " so much a page," as Jean-Jacques was also doing for Madame d'Houdetot. In spite of frequent indolence, he was, on the whole, amazingly industrious. *La Nouvelle Héloïse* is over 300,000 words. He not only executed Madame de Luxembourg's copy as well as Madame d'Houdetot's, but he added a whole part or section to the Luxembourg copy called *Les Aventures de Milord Edouard* (the friend of Saint-Preux), which exists in no other version, for he destroyed the original manuscript of it.

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* IV 252 (21st May, 1759)-

When the repairs to Mont Louis had been completed, he and Thérèse returned there, but he kept the key of the Petit Château and retained his suite there as a *maison de campagne*, a country house or cottage. He was not going to give up those *joltś dejeuners du pėristyle*, and he occasionally spent two or three days at a time in the little château. He was now thoroughly content with his situation. " I was at that time perhaps the best and most agreeably lodged individual in Europe." He was, indeed, in delightful circumstances : a charming lodge in a green, wooded, hilly countryside; another beautiful little apartment by the lake, to supply just that change of scene, without dislocation or disturbance, which a writer from time to time requires; and the spirited intellectual society of the great château whenever he liked. Even the " donjon " summer-house at the end of the terrace with the grand view had been made just right by the addition of a glass door and a fireplace. The walls of the donjon were decorated with engravings, among them one of Frederick the Great of Prussia. Underneath this picture was the verse:

// pense en philosophe, il se conduit en roi
(" He thinks like a philosopher ; he behaves like a king.")

Jean-Jacques who had a passion for justice, did not mean this as a compliment. To one of his correspondents he wrote: " You are not unaware that I am myself an admirer of the talents of the King of Prussia, and not at all his partisan. I can neither esteem nor love a man without principles, who tramples under foot the whole law of nations, who does not believe in virtue, but regards it as a lure with which to amuse fools, and who began his Machiavellianism by refuting Machiavel."[1] He did not know that one day he would be indebted to Frederick for shelter and protection.

He improved the terrace itself by fitting in two lime-trees (probably in tubs) in the two rows of lime-trees

[1] *Corresp. Gin.*, IV, 149-150 (to Lenieps, 4th December, 1758).

already growing there, and training all of them to form an arbour, a *cabinet de verdure.* Into this he brought a table and stone benches, and surrounded them with lilac, syringa and honeysuckle. Outside, along the middle of the terrace, parallel to the two rows of limes, he made a border or bed of flowers. " This terrace, higher than that of the château, with a view at least as fine, on which I had tamed multitudes of birds, served as a parlour in which to receive M. and Madame de Luxembourg, M. le Due de Villeroy, M. le Prince de Tingry, M. le Marquis d'Armentières, Madame la Duchesse de Montmorency, Madame la Duchesse de Boufflers, Madame la Comtesse de Valentinois, Madame la Comtesse de Boufflers, and other persons of this rank, who, from the château, did not disdain to make, by a very fatiguing ascent, the pilgrimage of Mont Louis." The Marquise de Verdelin, who had a neighbouring mansion, became a good friend to him and kind correspondent, although she nearly lost the testy hermit's favour by buying some tea for him at his expense but not charging him for the box. She had to explain that she had received the box for nothing from a friend. When any of these grand acquaintances commissioned him to copy music for them and supplied the paper, because they wished it to be of a certain form or style (or perhaps to save him expense) he carefully deducted the price of the paper from his fee which he received.[1] These visits and these acquaintances were due to the Luxembourgs, whose simple kindness Jean-Jacques keenly appreciated. Once overcome with tenderness, he said to M. de Luxembourg : " Ah, Monsieur le Maréchal, I hated the great people before I knew you, and I hate them all the more since you have made me so surely understand how easy it is for them to make themselves adored."[2] The château and its company were well enough, but Jean-Jacques remained faithful to his love of the " equal and simple life," *la vie egale et simple,*

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* V, 4, 6, 237.
[2] *Confessions,* III, 87.

of his domestic establishment in the lodge of Mont Louis and with the people of the village. He had added to the friends already mentioned a mason called Pilleu, and after dinner at the château he says that he went off with eagerness to have supper with Pilleu, sometimes at the mason's home, sometimes at his own. His grand friends could not always depend on his company even when he promised to come. A threat of rain was enough to make him fail to appear at Madame Dupin's house, though he wrote next day a nice letter of apology.[1]

Château life and cottage life; his donjon, his lodge, his peristyle; long solitary walks in the forest: Jean-Jacques was having all this in perfection. In addition he could have had Paris life, too, had he wanted it. There was always a room for him at the Hôtel du Luxembourg in the Boulevard Montmartre in Paris ; and Jean-Jacques, who had only been a very few times to the great city since he first went out to the Hermitage, now went occasionally for just one night at a time. He was driven there from Montmorency in a carriage, and entered the Hôtel du Luxembourg by the garden. Thus he was able to say that he never put his foot on the pavement of Paris.

It was now two years since Jean-Jacques had left the Hermitage and had taken up his residence at Mont Louis, Montmorency. These years, 1759 and 1760, were happy and fruitful: they saw the completion of *La Nouvelle Heloise,* the writing of a good deal of E*mile,* and of the early drafts of the *Contrat Social.* Also Jean-Jacques' six year old *Extrait du Projet de Paix Perpetuelle* was taken out of limbo and was published by Bastide at Paris; for this Jean-Jacques received in December, 1760, twelve *louis* (say £12). It was published in the spring of 1761. These years were the time of the ripening of his friendship with the Luxembourgs and particularly with the genuinely good and steady Marshal. No one could help being fond of these two good people. He wanted to make the manuscript copy of *Julie* gratuitously for Madame

[1] ***Corresp. Gin.,* V, 189,**

la Maréchale, who, however, insisted on paying for it.[1]

The next two years, 1761 and 1762, were to be years of increasing alarms, culminating in the kind of catastrophe which occurred almost rhythmically every four or five years in Jean-Jacques* life. These catastrophes were all primarily due to himself. His troubles were really all self-made. For though he was naturally lovable and had troops of people who were friendly or wished to be friendly with him, he had ill-wishers too; and his contempt for them, his suspiciousness of them, converted them into enemies. Nevertheless, his brooding imagination probably made them out to be worse enemies than they really were.

The Luxembourgs regularly made two visits a year to Montmorency, one at Easter and one in summer. During the Easter visit of 1760 Jean-Jacques finished reading aloud from the manuscript of *La Nouvelle Heloise* to Madame. In the summer visit he began reading aloud from the manuscript of E*mile,* but it did not go so well as *Julie ;* either it was not to Madame de Luxembourg's taste or else she was simply tired of so much reading. Nevertheless she showed keen interest in his literary efforts, said that he was not securing good enough terms from his publishers, and persuaded him to let her negotiate for the publication of *Emile.* She also used her influence at Versailles at the request of Jean-Jacques (who had been asked by D'Alembert to intervene) to bring about the release of the Abbe Morellet. This *philosophe* had been put in the Bastille for an indiscreet literary work. *Grace a vous, mon cher Philosophe,* D'Alembert wrote to Jean-Jacques (August, 1760), l'*Abbe est sorti de la Bastille.*[2] On the other hand, Jean-Jacques fell foul of Voltaire again, because his letter of 1756 to Voltaire about the earthquake of Lisbon had now got into circulation, being printed at Berlin. Jean-Jacques wrote very angrily to him, plainly

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* **IV, 322, 323.**
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* **V, 174.**

showing that he suspected Voltaire at Geneva of having divulged the letter. He added quite unnecessarily : " It is you who make a sojourn in my country insupportable for me. It is you who will make me die in a foreign land, deprived of all the consolations of the dying. . . . I hate you, in a word, since you have willed this ; but I hate you as a man still more worthy to love you if you had willed it."[1] Dr. Tronchin was mixed up in the quarrel with Voltaire. In the previous year Jean-Jacques had written to Tronchin at Geneva about an extraordinary medical case which had occurred at Montmorency. The doctor replied with some excellent medical observations and advice, but included a quite irrelevant lecture to Jean-Jacques against misanthropy. Jean-Jacques could never keep quiet; he *must* reply, very tartly. " The friend of truth finds also that there are malicious *(malveillans)* men everywhere, and I have no need to go so far to look for them." Tronchin showed the letter to Voltaire, who took this sentence as alluding to himself. It appears also that Tronchin, whom Jean-Jacques had informed in confidence about the children abandoned to the *Enfants-Trolives,* also disclosed this to Voltaire. This knowledge not unnaturally confirmed Voltaire in a growing prejudice against Jean-Jacques.[1]

From these petty yet irritating troubles, Jean-Jacques was diverted by pleasant attentions from the Prince de Conti, who visited him twice at Mont Louis, played and lost at chess with him in the donjon, and sent him in succession two baskets of game. Jean-Jacques liked the visits very much, but the presents of game shocked his sense of independence. So he told the Comtesse de Boufflers, who was the Prince's mistress, that he could not receive any more. He liked, he wrote, everything in the Prince, " except his title, and his conversation better than his gifts." *J'aime mieux sa conversation que ses dons.* It is true that M. le Maréchal de Luxembourg sent

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* IV, 197-203.
[2] *Corresp. Gen,* V, 135.

him game and he accepted it, but " M. le Maréchal de Luxembourg and I are in a unique case." *Je suis à lui.*[1] This was in autumn of the year 1760, when *La Nouvelle Héloïse* was going through Rey's press. When 1761 came round it was published in six volumes, and at once everybody was talking about the book.

His publisher, the candid Rey of Amsterdam, gives interesting information about the edition in a letter of 23rd October, 1760. He was printing 4,000 copies. Of these, he had contracted to place 2,000 with Paris booksellers to be sold throughout France. Of the remaining 2,000 he hoped to sell 300 in Holland, and 500 in London, Geneva, and Germany. Most of the rest would have to be sold gradually at future times in shops. He obtained a wholesale price of eight French *livres* for each copy ; if he sold the whole edition he would receive, not allowing for bad debts or spoiled copies, 32,000 *livres.* After all costs had been met, he expected to have a profit of 10,000 *livres* (say £400). The booksellers sold each copy to the public for, apparently, sixteen *livres.* Jean-Jacques himself was to have 1,000 *ecus* (£125) from the publisher for *Heloise* and the *Letter to D'Alembert.*

The booksellers in the Rue Saint-Jacques and the Palais Royal were besieged by people wanting to buy. A second edition was at once published in France. Stanislaus, ex-King of Poland, had* read it in manuscript (brought to his notice by Madame d'Houdetot and her lover Saint-Lambert) and was enchanted. Madame la Dauphine, daughter-in-law of Louis XV and mother of the subsequent king, Louis XVI, told Madame de Luxembourg that it was a " ravishing " work. Among a very large number of letters of appreciation he received one from D'Alembert and one from Necker. The opinion of men of letters was divided, but in society there was only one opinion. Women especially Were " intoxicated " with it. Curiously, its success was greatest in the rather artificial society of Paris, and least among the simple

[1] *Corresp. Gen.*, V, 211 (7th October, 1760).

families of Switzerland which it described so beautifully. It was not that friendship, love, virtue, reigned particularly at Paris, but that there did reign an exquisite sense which made people appreciate those things. The hearts of the worldly men and women were transported at the image of these amiable qualities ; they admired in others the pure, tender, honest sentiments which they themselves no longer possessed. " Corruption," writes Jean-Jacques, " is now everywhere the same ; there exist neither manners nor virtues in Europe ; but if there still exists some love for them, this is to be found at Paris."[1] An English translation (Jean-Jacques called it *La Julie Angloise)* was published in summer, 1761.

Jean-Jacques is his own best critic. It is true that in a moment of exasperation he called *La Nouvelle Heloise* " a sort of insipid and flat novel " *(une espèce de fade et plat roman)* but this was not his real and permanent opinion.[2] In the *Confessions,* looking back upon it, he admits that the first half of *La Nouvelle Heloise* is rather long, but points out that the work improves as it goes on. He places Part IV, the description of the life of Julie, Wolmar and Saint-Preux at Clarens, alongside of the *Princesse de Clèves,* Lafayette's touching love-story of French high life in the reign of King Henry I I . And both these works had their chief success at Court. " It is only in the grand world," writes Jean-Jacques, " that people acquire the *finesses* of heart with which the work is filled." This is a curious comment from the apostle of " nature," the man whose philosophy was that society only spoiled what nature had made good. The unique character of the book, he says, is in " the simplicity of the subject, and the chain of interest which, concentrated in three individuals, is sustained through six volumes, without episode, without romantic adventure, without naughtiness of any sort, neither in the personages nor in the actions." *La Nouvelle Heloise* has many fewer characters in it than

[1] ***Corresp. Gen.,* V, 224-5•**
[2] ***Corresp. Gen.,* V, 270, 289.**

has one of Richardson's novels, and in this respect, Jean-Jacques claims, is superior. It is much easier to make an interesting story out of a large and constantly increasing gallery of protraits than to sustain the interest of readers in the same objects throughout. " The simplicity of the subject adds to the beauty of the work. The novels of Richardson, superior in so many other matters, cannot, in this respect, enter into comparison with mine. He is dead, however, I know, and I know the reason ; but he will arise again." This is Jean-Jacques' noble tribute to Richardson in the *Confessions.* Years after *La Nouvelle Heloise* was published, a Paris bookseller, Panckoucke, asked him to undertake an abridgement of Richardson's novels. Jean-Jacques declined, though he said, truly, that Richardson would " incontestably" benefit by abridgement. Jean-Jacques was able to read Richardson's novels in French translation.[1]

La Nouvelle Heloise came out in February, 1761, though Jean-Jacques in the *Confessions* gives the date as the end of **1760 :**

> **It came out at the beginning of the Carnival. A newsman took a copy to Madame the Princess of Talmont[2] one day when there was a ball at the Opera. After supper she had herself attired to go to it, and, while waiting for the time to come, she began to read the new novel. At midnight she ordered her carriage and continued to read. They came and told her the carriage was at the door; she did not reply. The servants, realizing that she was oblivious of everything, came to tell her that it was two o'clock. " There is still no hurry," said she, continuing to read. Some time after, her watch having stopped, she rang to know what time it was. They told her it was four o'clock. " That being so," said she, " it is too late to go to the Ball; put up the horses." She had herself undressed, and spent the rest of the night reading.**

He received letters from ladies who signed themselves " Julie " or " Claire," and for a time his correspondence is largely taken up with this unexpected result of *La*

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* **XI, 83 (25th May, 1764).**

[2] **It was not she, but another lady, whose name I do not know, but I am assured of the facts (note of J.-J. R.,** ***Confessions).***

Nouvelle Heloïse. He was known to be at work on a " Treatise concerning Education " *(Emile)* and people were now talking about it. Madame d'Houdetot had ordered a manuscript copy of it for herself.

Meanwhile Jean-Jacques, now a white-haired, ageing, unhealthy man of fifty, felt that things were not going well with him at Montmorency. As there were no longer any readings aloud, he was not now admitted to the chamber of Madame de Luxembourg, nor had he a special place by her at the dinner-table. He still dined at the château regularly, but took no pleasure in this : there always were too many people at dinner, and yet M. de Luxembourg himself never appeared there, for he did not dine. Jean-Jacques took to staying for supper, which was usually taken after he and the Marshal had been for a good long walk together. They returned from their walks just comfortably tired, and then supped in a very long, leisurely, agreeable fashion. It was a restful meal: M. de Luxembourg made up for taking no dinner by being gourmand at supper; Madame de Luxembourg presided with great charm. Often there were just the three together. On returning from their walks, the Marshal and Jean-Jacques were always glad if they saw no marks of carriage-wheels on the gravel sweep in front of the main door. There were always many such signs of visitors earlier in the day, but the gravel-sweep was raked smooth immediately afterwards.

The Luxembourgs had great private sorrows. In the first year that Jean-Jacques knew them they lost the Duchesse de Villeroy, sister of M. de Luxembourg; in the second, their daughter, the Princesse de Robeck. In the third they lost both their son and grandson. Jean-Jacques, who had no faith in physicians, said that they cost the life of the grandson, sole surviving hope of the Luxembourg house. The poor child was in the hands of a doctor called Bordeu, who starved him. Sometimes Madame de Boufflers would bring the boy on a visit from the château to Mont Louis, and Thérèse would

give him something to eat. Jean-Jacques frequently remonstrated with the Marshal, by word and writing. "How I deplored the miseries of grandeur," he says, "when I saw this unique heir of so great property, of so great a name, of so many titles and dignities, devour with the avidity of a beggar a poor little piece of bread! But what I said or did was in vain. The doctor triumphed, and the child died of hunger."

All Jean-Jacques' social relations seemed to be going more or less wrong. He believed that Madame de Pompadour was against him because of his phrase about a prince's mistress in *La Nouvelle Heloise.* The Chevalier de Lorenzi, who was a man of confidence about Court, suggested that he should write some work in praise of her, but Jean-Jacques indignantly refused. The rising star in politics at this time was the very able statesman, the Due de Choiseul, who was to rescue France from the hopeless impasse of the "Seven Years War," partly by negotiation, partly by obtaining an additional ally, and generally by infusing energy into the now cumbrous, deteriorating administration of the *Ancien Regime.* Jean-Jacques was a great admirer of Choiseul, who occasionally came to Montmorency and supped with M. de Luxembourg; the minister had even held out hopes that Jean-Jacques might again find a place in the diplomatic service. Jean-Jacques had long ago given up ambition for the career; nevertheless, he was a great admirer of Choiseul's diplomacy, particularly of the *Facte de Famille* of August, 1761, which had restored the active alliance of France and Spain. Jean-Jacques at this time was putting the finishing touches to the *Social Contract,* so he took the opportunity of inserting a reference to the achievement of the Duke: "the finest eulogy," he claimed later, "that any minister has received." The passage in the *Social Contract* (which does not mention Choiseul by name) is: "There are reasons for extending and reasons for contracting frontiers, and it is not the least talent of **the** politician to find between them the proportion most

advantageous for the preservation of the state." [1] Jean-Jacques had the impression that this eulogy displeased Madame de Pompadour, to whom Choiseul owed his promotion as *Premier Ministre.* The ladies, in fact, seemed (according to him) all to be turning against Jean-Jacques. Madame de Luxembourg acted as if she resented his influence with the Marshal, and seldom left them both alone for long. Madame de Boufflers had what he calls, with charming disregard of his own habits, the mania for writing. This great lady wrote a tragedy in prose, called L'*Esclave genereux,* which was highly praised in the *salons.* She showed it to Jean-Jacques who, after reading it, felt bound to inform her that it had a great resemblance to an obscure English play called *Oroonoko.* Madame de Boufflers seems to have thanked him a little acidly for the information ; and though he never spoke of the " plagiarism " to anybody else, he believed that he suffered in much the same way as Gil Bias did for speaking too plainly to the preaching archbishop. Madame de Boufflers, who was a very charming great lady, soon recovered from any pique that she felt. She wrote delightful letters to him, and often came to Montmorency to visit him, or else she made an appointment at St. Denis or some neighbouring village ; and there, bringing some third party with her, she would give Jean-Jacques dinner at an inn. At other times the dinner was in Jean-Jacques' apartment.

Madame de Luxembourg had taken care of the manuscript of E*mile, ou l'Education* in order to find it a publisher; and Jean-Jacques had also made her the *confidante* of his domestic life, of his relations with Therese and the deposition of his children. He gave her the information in a letter of 12th June, 1761, because he expected to die soon and he wished Madame de Luxembourg to take an interest in Therese after he was gone. It was largely remorse for his treatment of his children (he said) which had induced him to write the

[1] ***Contrat Social,* livre ii, chapter ix.**

Traite de l'Education (Emile).[1] The good lady was touched with the story and sent her *valet de Chambre* to the *Enfants-Trouvés* in order to trace at any rate the eldest child, on whose swaddling-clothes Jean-Jacques had marked a number some twelve years previously. Nothing, however, was discovered from a search in the registers of the hospital.[2] Jean-Jacques felt relieved at the result, for an identification in the register would not have carried conviction to his mind that the child was really his, and therefore he calmly writes : " I would not have tasted in all its charm the true sentiment of nature."

At last Madame de Luxembourg completed the arrangements for the publication of *Emile.* It was to have two publishers, Duchesne of Paris and Néaulme of Amsterdam. The legal agreement was made between Jean-Jacques and Duchesne, who paid the author 6,000 francs for all the rights and made his own terms with the Amsterdam publisher. Rey would have liked to have had the business, but Néaulme was the correspondent of Guérin, a Paris bookseller and friend of Jean-Jacques ; and besides, Jean-Jacques was discontented with Rey, apparently because of delays in the dispatch of proofs when *Julie* was going through the press. Nevertheless, about the same time Jean-Jacques also himself made an agreement with Rey for bringing out the *Contrat Social*; he was to receive for this 1,000 francs. With the proceeds of these two books, and of his other publications, he expected to realize a capital of 9,000 or 10,000 francs, sufficient to purchase a small annuity secured on his own life or that of Thérèse. To this would be added the 300 francs annuity which Rey now (28th April, 1762) agreed to pay to Thérèse during her lifetime.[3] They, or at any rate he, could be content

[1] *Corresp. Gen.*, **V I , 146.**

[2] **Madame Macdonald, after herself inspecting the registers, is of opinion that this disproves the existence of any children at all of Jean-Jacques. See above p. 135 n.**

[3] *Corresp. Gen.*, **V I I , 94.**

with little. At Montmorency he had often experienced dire poverty, though his well-to-do friends would gladly have relieved him. He was resolute, however, in his purpose to earn his own living. Now, he planned, he would have a competence and they would then leave Montmorency and its society, to find complete quiet in a province, probably somewhere in Touraine. This plan was made impossible by the catastrophe of the following year. Or sometimes he thought he would live in or near Paris, gaining an income not by writing books, but by " copying the things of someone else," and he suggested to Madame Dupin that he might resume his old position as her amanuensis.[1]

Jean-Jacques' health was never very good during these four years at Montmorency, and in the autumn of 1761 he fell seriously ill, and remained ill the rest of the winter. His physical *malaise* naturally increased his mental *malaise.* At the same time he was troubled by letters from various people—some anonymous—which added to his nervousness. One letter, for instance, was from a councillor of the Parlement of Paris. This man asked his advice about a refuge for himself and his family, suggesting Geneva or some Swiss abode. This letter confirmed Jean-Jacques in his view that the constitution and administration of France were declining and were threatened with collapse. In another letter he was asked to accept a commission to write in defence of a certain Parlement which was in trouble with the Royal Government. Although the *Confessions* do not mention the name of the writer of the second letter, the original is in the Neuchatel Library and is reproduced in the *Correspondance Generate.* It shows that the writer was the famous President De Brosses, who had a long and celebrated dispute with Voltaire. He was charged to offer Jean-Jacques a commission to draft remonstrances and memoranda for the Parlement of Dijon. The necessary materials and information would be sent to him. The

[1] *Corresp. Gin.,* V, 291 (nth December, 1760).

President assured Jean-Jacques that the work offered to him was honest and legal, and this was doubtless true. Jean-Jacques, however, suspected a trap, as the President De Brosses was " in close relations with the Encyclopaedists and Holbachians,"[1] and declined to undertake the work.

His persecution-mania was growing worse. He believed himself to be dying, and that the Jesuits (who as a matter of fact were losing all their influence and were expelled from France eleven years later) had a plot in hand to crush him. He believed too that Grimm and the *coterie holbachique* were designing to drive him from his retreat at Montmorency ; it was to justify himself against them that he wrote four autobiographical *Letters to M. de Malesherbes,* the influential *Premier Président de la Cour des Aides,* These letters, which are alive with force and movement, were, he says, " the only thing which 1 have written with facility in all my life." M. de Malesherbes, who was well-disposed and friendly, showed the letters in the literary circle of Paris.

The *Contrat Social* was published by Rey in Amsterdam in May, 1762. Jean-Jacques, a curious mixture of timidity and boldness, never dreamt of withholding the work from publication ; at the same time he took the precaution of having it published outside France and introduced openly and legally into the country, and he also reckoned on his eulogium of M. de Choiseul to keep him safe. Even the tolerant M. de Malesherbes, however, could not authorize circulation in France, and copies sent by Rey for sale in Paris had to be returned to him.[2] Even in Geneva no sale could be contracted for.[3] Rey was left with an edition of 5,000 copies on his hands, which he could only dispose of with difficulty in Germany, Great Britain and other countries. Nevertheless he

[1] *Corresp. Gin.,* **VII, 33-34 (3rd January, 1762). For De Brosses and Voltaire, see Lytton Strachey, *Portraits in Miniature* (1931), pp. 70-86.**
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* **VII, 221, 255.**
[3] *Corresp. Gen.,* **VII, 259.**

refused to accept any compensation from Jean-Jacques. " You sold me the manuscript," was all he answered.[1]

According to what may perhaps be called the law of compensation in human affairs, he began at this time to experience physical relief in the bladder trouble which for years had been contributing to derange him. The good Marshal, seeing the increasing hypochondria and distressing physical disability of his nervous and morose friend, brought out from Paris a skilful surgeon, Friar Côme, and had a thorough investigation made. The Marshal had the courage, " certainly rare and meritorious in a *grand seigneur*," to stay with Jean-Jacques throughout the whole operation. Friar Côme at first believed that he found a stone in the bladder, but after further soundings came to the conclusion that there was none. He ended by telling Jean-Jacques that though he would suffer a good deal, he would live a long time. Thus reassured, knowing what was wrong with him and being delivered from imaginary physical ailments, his mind became easier and his health actually improved: his malady troubled him for the next nine or ten years less than it had—a benefit which he acknowledged was largely owed to the friendship of M. de Luxembourg. As Jean-Jacques still persisted in saying that he must leave Montmorency, the good Marshal even offered him a new home in the Château of Merlou, about thirty-six miles from Paris. Jean-Jacques, however, declined this offer when he found out that the château really belonged to Madame de Luxembourg, not to the Marshal.

Emile, ou l'Education was to be his last book. To Lenieps, who had enquired how he occupied himself, he wrote (nth December, 1760): " You ought to know, and I believe I have told you, that I have quitted for life the trade of author. There remains one old sin for me to expiate in the press ; after which, the public will hear me no more spoken of."[2] This one thing remaining in the

[1] *Corresp. Gen.*, **VII, 280.**
[2] *Corresp. Gen.*, **V, 290.**

The house in which " Emile " was written

press was *Entile,* and it was this which brought on the catastrophe. He had not stopped in time.

At last *Entile* appeared on 23rd May, 1762, in the same month as the *Contrat Social.* Jean-Jacques had cautiously arranged with Madame de Luxembourg, who had charged herself with the negotiations, that the book should, through arrangements made by a Paris publisher, Gu6rin, be printed and published in Holland (with Neaulme of the Hague), although his contract was with Duchesne of Paris.[1] Nevertheless *Emile* was in fact printed at Paris by Duchesne with a fraudulent imprint (to which Jean-Jacques was privy), *La Haye, Neaulme,* 1762. It was subsequently, in the same year, reprinted in Holland, but the first printing had brought Jean-Jacques within the French laws against unauthorized books, for it had not passed the censor; and all the copies on sale in Paris were seized by order of M. de Malesherbes. He was certainly badly used by Duchesne. Three months before the publication, knowing that the printing was going on in Paris (because he was passing the proof sheets), he had written to Duchesne : " If, at the time of our treaty, I had not been assured that you would print in Holland, I would never have signed."[2] Moultou, one of his clerical friends in Geneva, wrote to him in some concern. Jean-Jacques, however, answered reassuringly : " The French are naturally humane and hospitable. What would they gain by persecuting a poor invalid ? " (16th February, 1762).

The impression made by *Entile* on the public was disappointing. Jean-Jacques considered it to be his " worthiest and best book." Yet " no work ever had so much private praises and so little public approbation." D' Alembert wrote privately in terms of warm appreciation, but took care not to sign the letter. Duclos, a very old Paris friend, avoided altogether writing a letter about it. Everybody or nearly everybody was afraid of the *Profession de Foi du*

[1] *Corresp. Geń.,* **V I I , 165.**

[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* **V I I , 104 (12th February, 1762).**

Vicaire Savoyard at the end of the book. Its lack of public success, however, cannot have been due to its religious sentiments, which were certainly not uncongenial to the sceptical, cultured classes of France. It suffered in comparison with *La Nouvelle Heloise,* for it is not really a novel or romance but a tract, or rather a series of tracts, on Education : on the way in which a boy should be brought up from birth to the age of twenty or twenty-one. Interspersed with the tracts on Education are essays on Language, Speech, Music, Taste, Happiness, Friendship, Love, Marriage, Religion, and Virtue. Only in Book V, and then only after a great deal of didactic writing about sex and women, is a romance introduced to show the correct method of blameless courtship and marriage, the love of Émile and Sophie. Although Jean-Jacques wrote *Smile* " with ecstasy," the reader does not easily participate in this as he does in regard to *La Nouvelle Heloise.* In writing *Emile,* Jean-Jacques renewed some of the joy with which he had composed his first novel, for *Emile* is obviously the sequel. Jean-Jacques always *lived* the characters of his books. In *La Nouvelle Heloise* he was Saint-Preux, the tutor. *J'ay bien reconnu mon ancien amy Rousseau dans le portrait qu'il fait des Valaisiens,* wrote M. de Francueil to him after the publication of the novel.[1] At the end of the novel Julie dies, but leaves a family. In *Emile* Jean-Jacques educates her son and marries him off happily and virtuously, to live like his virtuous if not altogether happy mother. As a tract on education, the book is full of suggestions, but its main plan or method is not of great practical use, for as Faguet has pointed out, every child cannot have a whole-time tutor—and a perfectly wise one—to himself. There is, however, something practical in his general principle, which is that education should be domestic. We need not approve of his references to " those laughable establishments called Colleges "[2] in order to be able to sympathize, as

[1] ***Corresp. Gén.,* V, 353.**
[2] **E*mile,* book i.**

he sympathized, with those grand Paris ladies whose sons were taken from them to become ensigns in the army, and whose daughters were educated in nunneries. It may be claimed for Jean-Jacques that he established (perhaps it should be said, re-established) the home as a place of education, though he went too far when he made out that it was the only place for education until the pupil reached adolescence. There are many true things in E*mile* and also a good deal of nostalgia, of Jean-Jacques thinking of his own bad upbringing, his desultory and often dissolute way of life. In *Emile* he lived an orderly, harmonious domestic life and, by implication, acknowledged and expiated his faults.[1]

Jean-Jacques knew that he was incurring risk in allowing *Émile* to be published in France, but he had a genuine passion for civil liberty and, in spite of his constitutional timidity, he was prepared to suffer for his opinions. Besides, the influential Madame de Luxembourg had arranged the publication, and his friend M. de Malesherbes, who was chief censor and was aware of all the circumstances, had raised no objection. He seems to have been less uneasy about the effect of the *Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar* than about a reference towards the end of E*mile* to the hardships of peasants whose patches of corn-land were nightly ravaged by the sacred game, boars and deer, of their noble masters.[2] The Prince de Conti, who had been friendly with him, was one of the greatest and most exacting preservers of wild game. The Prince, however, bore no ill-will against him, but on the contrary gave him warning when danger was threatening.

This year the Luxembourgs began their summer visit to Montmorency rather earlier than usual. They were surprisingly silent about the *Social Contract* and *Entile,* though everybody at Paris was talking about these books.

[1] See the beautiful page of commentary in C. W.Hendell, Jean-Jacques *Rousseau, Moralist* (1934), I I, 122.

[2] *Confessions,* I I I, 135.

One morning, however, the Marshal remarked to Jean-Jacques : " Have you spoken ill of M. de Choiseul in the *Social Contract ?* " Jean-Jacques, surprised, pointed out that on the contrary he had given Choiseul " the finest eulogy that ever minister received—and from a pen that was not given to praising," " Ah ! " exclaimed with energy the usually tranquil Marshal, " you must do the same thing in the other book, or be more clear." On 4th June the sale of *Smile* had been prohibited in France; and the Parlement of Paris, which was in bad favour with the Crown and wanted to justify itself against suspicions of heterodoxy, was said to be about to take action against Jean-Jacques. " The only man in France who believes in God," wrote Jean-Jacques to Moultou, " has to be the victim of the defenders of Christianity."[1] The Duchesse de Boufflers, who was influential with the Prince de Conti, suggested that his noble friends, powerful at Court, might have him arrested by *lettre de cachet* and kept in the Bastille for a few weeks. This would save him from the Parlement, which had no jurisdiction over state prisoners. The king's power of arbitrary arrest and of confining individuals at his pleasure in the Bastille was sometimes used for the convenience of the prisoners themselves. This plan, however, was not put into effect in this case. The Marshal received word privately that the Parlement was going to issue on 9th June a decree for the arrest of Jean-Jacques.

All these warnings were given out with the hope that Jean-Jacques would flee from France. He was, however, disinclined to do so. Partly he did not fully believe that the authorities would proceed against him, for he was innocent, and the documents about the publication of *Smile* in Madame de Luxembourg's possession would prove this. Also the idea of defying the authorities for the sake of liberty of thought and of expression appealed to his chivalrous soul. And he was so worried and ill that he expected not to have long to live anyhow, and he

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* VII, 282 (7th June, 1762).

was so desperate that he did not care whether he lay sick in prison or anywhere else. Yet his mercurial disposition still gave him some good moments, and he spent the evening of 8th June (1762)—the day before he was to be arrested—in company with his two Oratorian friends, Fathers Alemanni and Mandard, at Les Champeaux, near Mont Louis. They picniced in the open air with excellent appetite, and having forgotten to bring glasses, sucked their wine out of the bottles through barley-straws, taking care to choose the biggest straws so as to be able to *pomper a` qui mieux mieux.* " I was never gayer in my life " he writes.

That night he lay, according to his custom, resting in bed. This time he was longer than usual in going to sleep, and read right through the book of *Judges* : the Bible formed his usual bedtime reading and he had been through it five or six times. For some reason or other, this was the last time that he read the Bible, or at any rate that part (Chapter XIX) which contains the dreadful story of the Levite of Ephraim. In his present excited condition, the story (which obviously could be applied to the plight of himself and Therese) affected him deeply, and he was in a restless dream when a noise and light awakened him. It was Therèse introducing a messenger with a letter from Madame de Luxembourg enclosing a letter from the Prince de Conti :[1] this stated that in spite of all the Prince's efforts, Parlement was going to proceed with the full rigour of the law at 7 o'clock on that very morning (9th June, 1762). It was now 2 a.m. Madame de Luxembourg had just gone to bed, but could not sleep and would like to see him.

He dressed at once and hastened to the château. He found Madame de Luxembourg greatly agitated, not only on his account, but also on account of herself and the Marshal, for they were both compiomised and now seriously in danger over the affair of Em*ile*.[2] " This

[1] **Madame de Luxembourg's letter is reproduced in *Corresp. Gén.*, VII, 286.**

[2] **M. Josephson, *Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (1931), 380-82.**

decided me," writes Jean-Jacques, " to sacrifice my fame to her tranquillity, and to do for her, on this occasion, what nothing would have made me do for myeslf."

Now that he had decided to flee, his first thought was to go to Geneva, but he reflected that the *Discourse on Inequality* was remembered against him there; that the French Government could easily influence the Geneva authorities, for the republic was closely associated with France ; and that Dr. Tronchin there was an enemy to him. So he made up his mind to go to a canton of Switzerland, and to stay there until he should see a more favouring disposition towards him at Geneva. He spent the rest of the morning at the château with the Marshal going through old letters and papers (hastily brought from Mont Louis), sorting out those that were noc to be kept and those that should be preserved. The task could not be accomplished in the time, so the Marshal offered to complete it himself, and to keep all the papers that should be preserved in the château and to burn the rest. Therese came over from Mont Louis to say good-bye to him. The ushers from the Parlement who would come to seize him were expected to arrive about 10 a.m., but at 4 o'clock, when Jean-Jacques felt that at last he must really go away, they had not yet appeared. He was going to travel post, and as he had no chaise of his own, the Marshal gave him a cabriolet and lent him horses and one of his own postilions as far as the first stage, where post-horses and a public postilion had been reserved for him. The ladies of the family—Madame de Luxembourg, Madame de Mirepoix—assembled on the *entresol* (stair-case-landing) of the château, said good-bye, and embraced him. The Marshal stood beside them, deadly pale, saying nothing. He insisted upon accompanying Jean-Jacques to the chaise which was waiting in the stables beside the horse-trough. Together in silence they went through the garden. Jean-Jacques had a key of his own for the gate of the park. He opened the gate and, still without speaking a word, handed over the key to the Marshal, who

received it with unexpected emotion. The time for parting from this old and tried friend had come for Jean-Jacques. It was as bitter a moment as he had ever experienced. They embraced for long, in silence; each seemed to feel that it was their last adieu.

Almost as soon as he had driven away, on the road between La Basse and Montmorency, four men dressed in black drove by in a carriage. As they passed they smiled and saluted him. They were the Parlement ushers. He heard subsequently that the decree of arrest which, according to the warnings sent to him, was to have been issued at 7 a.m., actually appeared only at midday. The road took him through Paris. His cabriolet was open : several people recognized him and saluted. From Paris he took the road towards Lyons, calling on the way at the Château of Villeroy, where M. de Villeroy, brother-in-law of M. de Luxembourg, received him kindly. He went on. The mercenary postmasters and postilions treated him badly. Nevertheless, like many imaginative people, he found that the dangers and discomforts which he had dreaded were less formidable when actually met. And he easily forgot his sufferings and remembered his good times. Besides, he had the inexhaustible resource of the genuine man of letters : he could write and so escape into his own world. The story of the Levi te of Ephraim was running in his head, and also the *Idylles* of Gessner,[1] which the translator, Hubert, had sent him. He conceived the idea of writing a poem on the Levite, and in three days he composed the first three of the four " chants " in prose. As always happened when he found that he was writing easily and with pleasure (for in general he did not write with ease), he believed that the work was very good. In spite of the horror of the subject, which he considered fundamentally abominable, the poem, in his judgment, was tender, fresh-coloured, picturesque, beautiful with antique simplicity. " I never re-read it, I never shall

[1] Saloms Gessner or Geszner, 1730-1787, bookseller of Zürich, was called " the Idyllic Poet." He was a popular writer of Nature poetry in Germany.

re-read it, without feeling within me the applause of a heart without bitterness, which, far from being soured by its misfortunes, consoles itself with itself, and finds its compensation within." He challenges all the philosophers (for he never considered himself one) to behave with equal detachment in similar circumstances.

Instead of going by Lyons, Jean-Jacques went by Salins, and so on to the Swiss frontier at Pontarlier, where he found no difficulty in crossing into the canton of Berne. He descended from the chaise and knelt down, kissed the earth, and exclaimed : " Heaven, protector of virtue, I praise you, I touch a land of liberty." The postilion thought him mad. He re-entered the chaise and in a few hours was at his destination, the house to which his oldest friend, Daniel Roguin, had retired, at Yverdon. The date was probably 14th June, 1762, for on 15th June he wrote to M. de Luxembourg: " At last I have set foot in this land of justice and liberty, which I ought never to have left."

On thinking over the whole strange episode of his " escape" and the many warnings that he received previously, Jean-Jacques wondered whether it was not all just a plot of Grimm and the *coterie holbachique.* For it certainly looked as if influential people wanted him to fly, and also that the authorities did not want to arrest him. The warnings that he would be " decreed " at 7 a.m., and the actual issuing of the decree only five hours later, made him suspect a ruse. That Madame de Luxembourg, being so deeply implicated in the publication of *Emile,* wished him to flee, he had little doubt. That the authorities did not want to catch him is quite clear. He had originally meant to stand firm and to brave it out, defying the authorities to arrest him ; when he was safe in Switzerland he began to think that if he had done so, he would have been equally safe at Mont Louis. Of course nobody will ever know.

CHAPTER IV

VAL DE TRAVERS AND THE LAC DE BIENNE

AT Yverdon Jean-Jacques was in charming country L and among a family of warm-hearted friends. He had left Thérèse behind him at Mont Louis and now he wrote to her (17th June, 1762): *Ma chère enfant, vous apprendrez avec grand plaisir que je suis en sureté.* He besought her to follow him if she could, but only if she felt that this would suit her. " Take your own counsel, my dear child, and see if you can support my retreat." He had to wait a little, but in due course she came, though not to Yverdon. This charming town at the south end of the Lake of Neuchâtel (famous later as the place of Pestalozzi and his school) would have suited Jean-Jacques well enough if a certain tension had not developed between him and M. Roguin ; for he threw his influence on the side of M. Roguin's niece, Madame Boy de la Tour, to help prevent her daughter marrying Colonel Roguin, the nephew of Jean-Jacques* host. Not that the good M. Roguin showed any kind of inhospitality. He and all his family warmly pressed Jean-Jacques to make his home at Yverdon ; but as a matter of fact the Senate of Berne signified that it did not care to have the author of the *Contrat Social* and the *Vicaire Savoyard* in its territory. To go to Geneva was impossible, for E*mile* had been burned there, and Jean-Jacques had been "decreed" on 18th June. His situation now looked desperate, if he could not be safe in France, Switzerland or Geneva. He still had good friends. Coindet, an employee in the bank of Thelusson and Necker at Paris, wrote offering to go with him anywhere.[1] Jean-Jacques, though he was in the habit of accepting Coindet's services

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* VII, 290 (14th June, 1762).

in exchanging and remitting money, and occasionally gave him lunch, was apt to make fun of him. Now he could appreciate the bank-clerk's faithful heart. He did not, however, accept Coindet's offer of sacrifice.

At this juncture Jean-Jacques was saved by Madame Boy de la Tour, who placed at his disposal an empty house which she (or rather her son) owned, quite near Yverdon (though separated by a mountain), at Motiers-Travers in the County of Neuchâtel, under the sovereignty of Frederick the Great of Prussia. The house was furnished, and as Jean-Jacques refused to receive anything for nothing, Madame Boy de la Tour charged him a rent of 30 French *livres* monthly (about 25s.), saying, no doubt truly, that she had never made anything by the house and had often lent it to friends gratuitously. After a time, his books arrived from Montmorency, and with occasional additions which he made, he had a small library of 500 volumes, including the Encyclopaedia in nine volumes, with its plates.[1] It was D'Alembert who had suggested the principality of Neuchâtel as a refuge for Jean-Jacques, and had offered to use his influence with Frederick the Great in order to obtain facilities for residence there.[2]

The Val de Travers is only two or three miles from Yverdon on the other side of the mountain. Jean-Jacques made the journey on 9th July, 1762, to Motiers, and stayed there for something over three years. He was not forgotten. M. de Conzié, the owner of Les Charmettes, invited him to revisit the delicious "hermitage,"[3] but Jean-Jacques did not go.

What is now the Swiss canton of Neuchâtel was in those days a principality of the King of Prussia. It had originally been a sovereign territory of the French Dukes of Longueville, and on their becoming extinct in 1707, passed, after a decision given by the Estates of the

[1] *Corresp. Gén.*, X, 155.
[2] *Corresp. Gen.*, VII, 295 (15th June, 1762).
[3] *Corresp. Gen.*, I, 330,

Principality, to the House of Prussia by inheritance. Its constitution was like that of the Swiss cantons, that is to say, it was an aristocratic republic with a council and representative assembly; but in addition it had a royal Governor, appointed by the King of Prussia. Curiously, though France was at war with Prussia from 1756 to 1763, and though Neuchâtel was a region absolutely exposed on the French frontier and altogether out of reach of the Kingdom of Prussia, the Principality was left in peace by the French. Jean-Jacques says that the inhabitants were well-educated : most of them read books and had little libraries of their own. They were good talkers, " courtiers in smocks," and were called the Gascons of Switzerland.[1]

The Royal Prussian Governor of Neuchâtel when Jean-Jacques went there was George Keith, hereditary Earl Marischal of Scotland, the elder of two famous brothers, Jacobites, in the Prussian service. Both George and James Keith had taken part in the Jacobite rebellion of 1715 in Scotland, and had saved themselves by flight and exile. The younger brother, after service in the Spanish and Russian armies, entered the service of Frederick the Great, and rose to be a Prussian field-marshal. He was killed at the battle of Hochkirch in 1758. After he came to know Lord Keith (the Earl Marischal) Jean-Jacques—in spite of having foresworn " the *triste* career of writer "—thought of writing the younger brother's life. Lord Keith, however, discouraged him: *Probus vixityfortis obiit,* was all he would say.[2] The elder brother, George Keith, the Earl Marischal, entered the Prussian diplomatic service, and after undertaking important missions for the king, became Governor of Neuchâtel. He was a *grand seigneur*', tall, thin, dignified, a republican and a philosopher. It was characteristic of the age in which he lived that this man, of antique Roman virtue and austere character, should have the warm friendship

[1] **To M. de Luxembourg, 10th January, 1763 ; *Corresp. Gen.*, IX, 13. The letter is a long description of Switzerland, written in answer to an enquiry from M. de Luxembourg.**

[2] ***Corresp. Gen.*, X, 372.**

of the great Frederick, however different their characters and political views. Jean-Jacques was a republican too, and all over Europe was known to be such. This might make him privately acceptable to Lord Keith, but was not a recommendation to the great Frederick. Moreover, Jean-Jacques' passion for justice inspired him with a profound aversion for the King of Prussia, whose cynical policy of *raison d'état* denied " respect for natural law and all human duties." He believed, however, that Frederick was a big enough man to be magnanimous, and he was not disappointed. Entering the principality of Neuchâtel without authorization, he took up his abode at Motiers and then wrote to the Governor, asking for protection.[1] Lord Keith responded kindly and invited Jean-Jacques to come and see him in the Castle of Neuchâtel. The interview between the fugitive, fantastic exile and the " illustrious and virtuous Scotsman " was the beginning of a warm friendship Lord Keith received Jean-Jacques under Prussian protection and in the meanwhile wrote to King Frederick for confirmation of this action. The king not only replied with approval, but also, with one of those magnificent gestures characteristic of the *grande noblesse,* charged the Governor of Neuchâtel to give the exile free lodging, wood, grain, and wine Jean-Jacques declined the gift, although he was touched by the offer, and by the king's delicacy in not directly offering money.[2] " From this moment," he writes, " I took as much interest in his glory, as I had until then found injustice in his success."

About a fortnight after Jean-Jacques had taken up his residence in the principality, Thérèse arrived (20th July, 1762), so the curious manage of the pair, the *savant* and the *servante,* was renewed at Motiers. She brought a

[1] To Keith, nth July, 1762, *Corresp. Gén.,* VIII, 6. **A** letter of Jean-Jacques addressed to Frederick II is reproduced in the same volume (p. 7), and is couched in very proud and independent language. But it is **not** certain that it was ever sent to the king.

[2] In the *Confessions* Jean-Jacques says that Frederick did offer money (12 *louts).* But the letters of Lord Keith and Arnim prove **that the king** expressly chose to offer not money, but ** kind." *Corresp. Gen.,* VIII, **217,** 226.

banker's receipt for funds or effects which he had left behind and which, in spite of Parlement's decree of confiscation, the Luxembourgs had been able to save for him. Jean-Jacques, of course, scanned the receipt very closely in order to make sure that he was not receiving too much. He found a small overpayment in his favour and at once drew Madame de Luxenbourg's attention to it.

The village of Motiers is on the right bank of the river Reuss, about seventeen miles from Neuchâtel. The Val de Travers shows nature in the picturesque, almost savage, character, which appealed to Jean-Jacques as much as the soft green parkland and woodland of Montmorency. Voltaire regarded Motiers and the valley as a " dark palace " worthy of a misanthrope.

C'est de Rousseau le digne et noir palais.

In the valley there was (and is still) a huge mine or underground lake of asphalt of which the inhabitants were very proud. They ascribed their gaiety somehow to the virtue of the asphalt. The house was in the village and was roomy and comfortable. It had two stories with a wooden gallery or balcony upstairs looking on to a small court and the village street. He could walk in the gallery, sheltered from rain or snow, and had a view of a superb cascade from it. He had declined an offer from Lord Keith of quarters in the Tour Cassee in the Castle of Neuchâtel.

The storm raised by the *Contrat Social,* and by E*mile* (prohibited not only in France and Geneva but also in Holland), the anguish of his uprooting from Montmorency, combined with his constitutional indolence, had determined Jean-Jacques to give up writing, except for compiling his memoirs or " Confessions " which would not be published until after his death. This sort of decision—to give up writing for the public—is, of course, often made by writers, particularly by such as compose their work only in a condition of excitement and nervous strain which

entails effort and nervous exhaustion. Nevertheless, few writers carry out their decision completely, and Jean-Jacques was like the rest—he went on with, or rather he returned to, his writing from time to time, for amusement or, more commonly, when moved by his passion for justice and humanity. M. de Malesherbes was right when he wrote to Jean-Jacques : " You announce, Monsieur, a retreat from literature which I flatter myself you will not effect."[1] He had one or two works on hand or in view which did not excite or exhaust him ; such were his *Dictionary of Music*', which he had been compiling for ten years, and two projected works, a *Botanical Dictionary* and the *Confessions.* Besides all this, he had an enormous and incessant private correspondence. Besides his friends, people quite unknown to him wrote him letters criticizing his books or asking for explanations. To these he replied patiently and often at quite remarkable length. The collected edition of this correspondence—letters to and from him, so far as they have been preserved •—amounts to twenty-one volumes. The postage on letters was collected on delivery, and the charge upon his slender income must have been very great, with letters at two or three francs each. Nevertheless, he never restricted his correspondence in any way, but on the contrary was continually increasing it; and he protested, unsuccessfully, to Madame de Luxembourg who managed to pay in advance for the letters which she sent as well as, of course, those which she received from him.[2] He saved a little money, at the cost of some little delay in his correspondence, by an arrangement with the Director of Posts (French) at Pontarlier. The Director kept all the letters which came addressed to Jean-Jacques throughout each week. On Saturday he made them up into one packet, and sent this on to Motiers. Jean-Jacques spent the next week in writing (but not dispatching) answers to the letters which had arrived in the Saturday

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* V, 132 (17th June, 1760).
[2] *Corresp. Gên.,* IX, 17.

packet. At the end of the week he took all the letters which he had written as answers, made them into one packet, and sent this to the Director of Posts at Pontarlier, who would open the packet and send the individual letters on their way.[1] This system lightened the postage charges between Pontarlier and Motiers. Jean-Jacques also took advantage of a weekly messenger who went from Motiers to Geneva, taking letters for distribution from there through the posts and bringing back to Motiers letters which had come in to the post office at Geneva.[2] Considerate correspondents in that age realized that to write letters, rather than to receive them, was a privilege. " I will take advantage *discreetly* of the permission which you have given me to write to you from time to time," one of Jean-Jacques* correspondents assured him.[3] He was very particular about using elegant paper, and he wrote, though small, in a neat, careful hand. By means of this continual interchange of letters he continued to enjoy the intellectual society that was congenial to him, in spite of physical separation and frequent changes of abode, and he continued also to exercise the influence upon public life and public opinion which his published works had already begun. Among others who consulted him on education was Prince Louis of Würtemberg. The prince, who did not inherit his duchy until many years later, was resident at this time in a country house near Lausanne, called Renans. The letters of the prince and Jean-Jacques are in Volume X of the *Correspondance Générate.*

Besides his correspondence, he had during his time in the Val de Travers actual association with some men of mark and talent, the natural associates of a genius. The chief of these was Lord Keith, the governor of the principality, in whose hands were his life and fortune.

[1] **To Mme. de la Tour de Franqueville, 2nd October, 1763.** ***Corresp. Gen.,*** **X, 153.**

[2] ***Corresp. Gén.,*** **X I , 82.**

[3] ***Corresp. Gen.,*** **X I , 357.**

The first occasion on which Jean-Jacques met this powerful personage, in the Castle of Neuchâtel, was, or at any rate was meant to be, purely official. The *chatelain* of the Val de Travers, a M. Martinet, accompanied him and introduced him. The governor, an aged, austere aristocrat, dignified, with a noble countenance, awaited them, seated on a sofa. Jean-Jacques, who could never get through a prepared speech, stumbled through his compliments and thanks somehow, and was surprised when Lord Keith quietly answered as if Jean-Jacques had been in the castle for a week. The *chatelain*—deferential, correct, awed by the official circumstances of the occasion, —remained standing. Jean-Jacques looked at the governor and saw something kindly in the old Scotsman's eyes. He at once stepped to the sofa and sat down by the Governor's side. Lord Keith, without showing the least surprise, began to speak in a pleased, familiar tone; he was saying to himself, thought Jean-Jacques : " This man is not a Neuchâtelois."

Lord Keith had the sweetest—and the rarest—quality of old age, the capacity for warm sentiment, and for making new friends. He wrote delightful letters to Jean-Jacques, which are preserved. The Hereditary Earl Marischal and the outcast man of letters found that their characters were congenial. Lord Keith came over to Motiers on pretence of shooting quails, and stayed two days in the village without touching a gun. He invited Jean-Jacques to visit him at his château, Colombier, about six leagues from Motiers. The two men became almost indispensable to each other—so Jean-Jacques wrote. He formed the habit of going to Château Colombier once a fortnight and staying for twenty-four hours. As this was a longish journey, he generally did it in two stages, sleeping on the way at the village of Brot. Lord Keith would have had him live permanently at the Château Colombier, and pressed him to keep the room which he usually occupied. Jean-Jacques, however, said **that** he was freer in his own house, and that he preferred

to make visits to his friend. Lord Keith was pleased with this frankness. He was a pleasant old gentleman with a dry humour. Jean-Jacques said the Marischal made Scotland in Switzerland, l'*Ecosse au milieu de la Suisse.* He was a friend of Hume, whom he called *le bon David;* and he wrote frequent letters to Jean-Jacques about *châteaux en Espagne:* the Marischal, Jean-Jacques and Hume were to set up bachelor quarters in Keith Hall and spend the rest of their lives seeing just as much of each other as they cared. Through the Marischal Jean-Jacques kept in touch with Hume throughout the Val de Travers period.

The "Seven Years War" was drawing to a close. Preliminaries of peace between France and England were signed on 3rd November, 1762. This made peace between Austria and Prussia, the allies of England and France respectively, practically certain to be made soon (peace was actually made in February, 1763). Jean-Jacques expected the great Frederick, now at the height of his military and political glory, to give himself over to the works of peace and recovery, and to be the arbiter, as he had been the terror, of Europe. Seeing, however, that Frederick did not disarm, Jean-Jacques wrote him a letter on this subject. Lord Keith forwarded it. Frederick did not answer the letter, but some time afterwards, when Lord Keith went to Berlin, told the Earl Marischal (but *sans aigreur)* that Jean-Jacques had given him (the king) a good scolding.[1] The letter is preserved in the Archives at Berlin, and has been included in the *Correspondance Générale.*

SIRE,

You are my protector and my benefactor, and I have a heari fashioned for gratitude ; I wish to pay my debt to you if I can.

You wish to give me bread : are there none of your subjects who lack it ?

[1] Lord Keith wrote to Jean-Jacques from Berlin that Frederick **had** praised Jean-Jacques*[4] for his disinterestedness"—*Corresp. Gin.,* IX, **317. The** letter to Frederick is in *Corresp. Gin.,* VIII, **224.**

Take away the sword from before my eyes : it dazzles me and wounds me. It has done its work only too well, and the sceptre has been abandoned. The career of kings of your mettle is long and you have still far to go. However, time presses, and you have not a moment to lose. Sound your heart well, O Frederick I Can you make up your mind to die without having been the greatest of men ?

Might I see Frederick, the just and the redoubtable, covering his realms with a happy people of whom he is the father, then I, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the enemy of kings, should die of joy at the foot of his throne.

May Your Majesty deign to accept my devotion and very profound respect.

J.-J. ROUSSEAU.

MOTIERS-TRAVERS,
nth November, 1762.

Jean-Jacques made some good friends in the village or neighbourhood, including a Colonel Pavy who introduced him to M. du Peyrou. He describes du Peyrou, who lived at Neuchâtel, as an American, son of a commandant of the Dutch colony of Surinam. He was very rich and intellectual, though rather dry and silent, like a Dutchman. Though not old, he was deaf and gouty. All this contributed to his reflective, philosophic appearance. Jean-Jacques said to himself: *Void un penseur,* and gradually made friends with him. Du Peyrou stood very effectively by him in the bad times that were coming.

He had no lack of society ; in fact, he seems to have had almost as many casual visitors as he had when he was at Montmorency, within a few miles of Paris. People wholly unknown to him came to visit him, sometimes in a humble guise to suit his republican tastes. One day two men arrived at Motiers on foot, each leading a mule which carried their small baggage. They put up at the inn and looked after their mules themselves. The word went round the village that they were smugglers, *contrabandiers.* The next thing that happened was the *contrabandiers* calling upon Jean-Jacques. As a matter of fact they turned out to be two French gentlemen: one

the Comte de la Tour du Pin, from Dauphiné ; the other a M. Dastrier, from Carpentras, a retired officer of merit who had put his Cross of St. Louis in his pocket so as to preserve his *incognito.* Jean-Jacques found their conversation agreeable and interesting. He was attracted, too, by their manner of travelling. They frequently revisited him and the acquaintance ripened and endured, although Jean-Jacques soon discovered that they and he really had very little in common. His fame at Motiers seemed greater than ever. He corresponded with Prince Louis of Wiirtemberg, who was living now at Lausanne, a friend of Gibbon. The prince wished to have his daughter educated according to the principles of *Emile,* and desired Jean-Jacques to suggest a scheme. Jean-Jacques, however, showed great unwillingness to give such advice.

The conversation of cultured French gentlemen and ladies was well enough if it did not take up too much time, but Jean-Jacques suffered agonies from the banal conversation of local callers and local society. He had absolutely no small-talk, and simply could not bear to sit in company listening to trivialities about the weather or about individuals. Apart from all this he was never bored. His fresh and lively imagination provided him with pleasant activity of mind and spirit. Like Cicero, he could say that he was never less alone than when alone. Indoors, wiiting to his innumerable correspondents, collecting material for his *Dictionary of Music,* jotting down the notes of an old song, he was perfectly happy. Out of doors, walking, " herborizing," watching the birds, surveying nature, he was perfectly happy too. He was ready enough for company, lunch or supper with a friend, at home or, after a walk together, at a village inn or tavern among the mountains. But to sit by the hour in the company of local society, tongue-tied and condemned to listen to the endless trickle or stream of inanities which passed for conversation, was a torture, a *supplice insupportable,* all the worse because there was no escape to be seen. At last, however, Jean-Jacques hit upon a

plan. He took to making laces, and brought out his cushion and pins whenever he was in company. The pleasant, rhythmic exercise of making laces prevented him from fidgeting, filled in the long gaps between his occasional remarks. It was practically useful too, for anybody will accept a present of laces and will find them helpful some time or other. He gave laces as presents. When young women friends of his were going to be married, he gave them a packet of laces as a present on condition that they should nurse their children themselves. He was very fond of the d'Ivernois girls, daughters of the procurator-general of Neuchâtel. The elder daughter received a packet of laces and fulfilled the condition; but the younger, Isabelle, who was Jean-Jacques' especial friend, though she had the laces too, and also had children, could not carry out the bargain. Lord Keith wrote to Jean-Jacques about two months after Jean-Jacques' arrival at Motiers, explaining that he must not speak or write, so as not to "set fire to the house." Lord Keith added, however, that he would not enforce this understanding too literally. "I would be very much annoyed if we had nothing more from you than laces, even though you make them to the last degree of perfection."[1] One or two of the letters of congratulation and advice to the young brides with which Jean-Jacques accompanied his presents became quite famous. The letter written to the elder d'Ivernois sister, on 13th September, 1762, the eve of her marriage, went the round of the world, Jean-Jacques says in the *Confessions.* This is the letter:

> Here is this beautiful wedding present which you wanted; if you have too many just now, see to it as a good housewife that you soon make use of it. Under happy auspices wear this emblem of the bonds of sweetness and love in which you will keep your happy husband immeshed, and imagine that to wear a lace woven by the hand that wrote of the duty of mothers, is to pledge yourself to fulfil it.[2]

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* VIII, 84.
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* VIII, 124.

Jean-Jacques liked Isabelle, and sent her and her mother small presents—once some asparagus.[1]

Sometimes Jean-Jacques was somewhat embarrassed with the ardour of his correspondents, and the long memoranda—volumes of them—which some expected him to read. A young aristocrat, officer in the regiment of Limousin, a brilliant figure in the Paris *salons*, called Seguier de Saint-Brisson, had occasionally visited him at Montmorency. Now Jean-Jacques heard by letter from him that he was sacrificing everything in order to carry out in his life the principles of E*mile*. He was resigning his commission in the army, and was going to learn a trade, that of carpenter. Jean-Jacques at once replied, using all his powers of persuasion to dissuade him from this course. The persuasion succeeded. M. de Saint-Brisson withdrew his resignation from the regiment. Cured of one folly, he embarked on another which, writes Jean-Jacques, was " less shocking, but scarcely to my taste: he became an author." He wrote two or three pamphlets which showed some talent, but Jean-Jacques did not encourage him by paying compliments.

Being now (1762-3) fifty years old, Jean-Jacques was beginning to lose his older friends by death. He was to lose the Maréchal de Luxembourg in May, 1764. Jean-Jacques' exile did not interrupt their friendship. They had corresponded regularly with each other. The good Marshal wanted to know the kind of village, the kind of country, in which his friend was living. In answer, Jean-Jacques wrote two of his longest and best private letters, intimate and splendid descriptions of the Swiss countryside, of the Val de Travers and of Motiers.[2] M. de Luxembourg still occasionally went for a spell of country

[1] *Corresp.* **Gen., XI, 76. The characteristic letter, sent with a present of** *lacets* **to Isabelle d'Ivernois before her marriage, is** *Corresp.* **Gen., XI, 76. Its date is 14th May, 1764, just after the asparagus, letter. Isabelle's married name was Madame Guyenet. J.-J. R. gave her, besides** *lacets*, **a copy of one of his works which may be identified as a particularly superbly bound** *La Nouvelle He'loise* **of the Neuchatel edition, 1764 (***Corresp. Gen.***, XI, 78, n.i.).**

[2] *Corresp. Gen.*, **IX, 6. (20th January and 28th January, 1763.)**

life to Montmorency. He wrote (18th April, 1763) that he had spent Holy Week there, but it was no longer the same. "It has lost all its pleasantness for me. I no longer looked, on returning from a walk, to see if there were tracks of carriages in the courtyard. Walking bored me and the mornings were terribly long."

A death which affected Jean-Jacques less acutely was that of Madame de Warens. She died, if not in poverty, at any rate in extremely reduced circumstances, at Chambery on 29th July, 1762.[1] His rather curious conscience does not seem to have troubled him much, if at all, because of his treatment of his benefactress. He had not written to her since he left Montmorency.

His eccentricities were becoming pronounced. He believed himself to be the victim of persecution and plots, and yet he made himself more than ever conspicuous and bizarre by adopting Armenian dress: long robe or *cafetan,* girdle, and bonnet bordered with fur. The notion of assuming this strange garb may be traced back to the time when he was secretary to the Greek archimandrite in 1731. More recently, at Montmorency, he had known an Armenian tailor who came out from Paris occasionally to visit a relation. His uncertain health, his kidney troubles, made it convenient, he says, to wear the long robe. This man had made him an Armenian habit and the bill has been preserved (100 *livres).*[2] Jean-Jacques' appearance in Armenian dress at Montmorency had excited such a storm against him that he had postponed the adoption of it.

After coming to Motiers Jean-Jacques felt, he says, that in view of his having been received back into the Reformed Church, he ought not to neglect public worship. It is probable that there was prudence in this intention as well as the idea of duty and good citizenship. To

[1] Houssaye, *Les Charmettes,* 260, reproduces the entry of the date of death and other details from the parish register of Saint-Pierre du Lemenc, where Madame de Warens was buried.

[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* VII, 167.

communicate publicly in church would help the friends, like Moult ou, at Geneva, who were trying to combat the charge against him there of irreligion. Jean-Jacques wrote to the local minister, M. de Montmollin, declaring that he professed *la Religion chrétienne reformée* and that it was only the intolerant and sanguinary dogmas of the Roman Church which he attacked and destroyed in his book *(fimile).*[1] Having done this he waited quietly, expecting to be refused Communion by the minister, but assured that in any case he would have acted rightly and removed from himself the responsibility for not communicating. Pastor de Montmollin replied that he and his elders would regard it as a great honour to have him in their flock. " Never in all my days," writes Jean-Jacques, " had I a greater surprise or a more consoling." So he went to Communion, and the pastor let him come even in the Armenian habit.

All things consideied, he was faring pretty well at Motiers, and for a time at any rate his only concern was the cost of living and the problem of funds. There was good milk and cheese and wine in the valley, but poor bread, no vegetables, and indifferent meat, because al! the good valley-raised meat was sent to Geneva and Neuchâtel. He avoided the poor bread by arranging for Thérèse to make it at home. He had plenty of exercise, for there are excellent walks in and near the valley, and he was equally interested in inspecting plants, rocks, caves, waterfalls and mountains. He found living in the Val de Travers rather dear. He was spending about 60 *louis (£60* or perhaps worth 60 guineas) a year. When he left Montmorency he had a capital of 150 *louis* or rather more. He had practically given up writing for the public, and his music-copying was at an end. The *Dictionary of Music* which he now placed with the publisher Duchesne was worth 100 *louis* cash, and a life annuity of 100 crowns (about £12 4s. od.).[2] He arranged with

[1] 24th August, 1762 ; *Corresp. Gen.,* VIII, **82-3.**
[2] *Confessions,* **III, 182,**

a syndicate of Neuchâtelois and a Lyons bookseller for the publication of a collected edition of his works in six quarto volumes, in return for a lump sum of 1,000 crowns and an annuity of 1,600 *livres de France.* About this time, (August, 1763), however, the Procureur-Général Tronchin of Geneva published an attack on him called *Lettres écrites de la Campagne.* Jean-Jacques replied with *Lettres ecrites de la Montagne,* a justification of himself and a criticism of the constitution and church of Geneva. This work aroused such a storm that the Neuchâtelois syndicate abandoned the plan of publishing the collected edition. When, however, in September, 1765, Jean-Jacques had to quit Motiers, his financial future was assured by du Peyrou, who substituted himself for the syndicate, and agreed to bring out the collected edition and to act in general as Jean-Jacques' literary executor. Lord Keith left Neuchâtel (30th April, 1763), and also quitted the service of Frederick of Prussia. He had previously made his peace with George II and recovered, by paying, his ancestral estates in Scotland. Now Keith offered Jean-Jacques an annuity of 1,200 francs. Jean-Jacques accepted half. Keith set aside a capital sum, sufficient to produce the annuity, and du Peyrou took charge of it. After Jean-Jacques' death Thérèse was to have two-thirds of the annuity for the rest of her life. With the pension that the publisher Rey of Amsterdam was paying to Thérèse she would have seven hundred francs a year. Jean-Jacques' income, accordingly, seems to have been now made up as follows : from du Peyrou, on account of the rights for the collected edition, 1,600 *livres de France* (about *£64);* from Lord Keith's annuity, 600 francs ; from Duchesne of Paris for the *Dictionary of Music* and previous works, 300 francs; Rey's annuity (paid to Thérèse) 300 francs. These are the sums mentioned in the *Confessions.* He still had some savings from his already published works, which had been fairly profitable. His small capital funds, brought from Montmorency, were invested in a Lyons bank

belonging to the family of Madame Boy de la Tour. This good friend also acted when she was at Lyons as purchaser for his clothes and other necessities. In nearly every letter that he wrote to her he asked for something to be bought—so much cloth for a new *cafetan*, a pair of warm slippers because his feet became very cold when he sat at table reading or writing, some coffee—he was very fond of coffee. She sent the accounts for all this to Jean-Jacques who paid them punctually, but she seems to have carefully undercharged him. Altogether Jean-Jacques, though not well-off, was not really in need of money ; he must have had about £150 a year, and he was able to dispense small sums in charity.[1]

Jean-Jacques writes that he enjoyed his period of residence at Motiers. His health must have improved there. For some months after his arrival it was obviously poor. The pastor, Montmollin, said that his health was daily growing worse : *la santé est faible et chancelante et qui dépérit journellement.* Later, however, Jean-Jacques became fairly active. He began to pay visits; on one occasion (July, 1764) he stayed for a fortnight with " Papa Roguin " at Yverdon. His particularly persistent friend, M. d'lvernois, banker, of Geneva, who could not read through one of Jean-Jacques' books and had nothing in common with him, nevertheless by sheer importunity became a familiar and companion. M. d'Ivernois several times stayed at Motiers with Jean-Jacques. On another occasion they made an expedition together (on foot, as was still Jean-Jacques' custom) and spent three days in an inn at Goumoins. He had friends, he could walk, botanize, carry on his correspondence, and he had renounced the trade of writer, *métier funeste.*[2] Of course he could not really keep his hands off the pen, and when Monseigncur de Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris, publicly condemned *fitnile* as an " abominable book, calculated to

[1] ***Corresp. Gen.,*** VIII, **156.**

[2] ***Confessions,*** **III, 165-6.**

upset natural law and to destroy the foundations of the Christian religion," he replied with the long and eloquent *Lettre à M. de Beaumont.* It is perhaps his most masterly piece of writing, and in effect was really addressed, perhaps more than to the Catholic Archbishop of Paris, to the Genevese authorities who had condemned E*mile* as irreligious. Jean-Jacques felt more than anything else the ill-will of his Genevese compatriots towards him. The *Lettre* was published in March, 1763, by Rey at Amsterdam, and obtained great success. By the time it was being printed, Jean-Jacques seems to have regretted writing it. He sent a copy to M. de Malesherbes, who, in spite of the " decreeing " of *Smile,* remained in friendly touch with him. Jean-Jacques excused himself for this *misérable écrit* on the ground that he had allowed himself to be stung into replying to the Archbishop, and declared that it would be his last *sottise* of this kind.[1] The Archbishop, who was a bold man and something of a philosopher himself, is said to have been struck to earth, *atterre,* by the letter. He never spoke of Jean-Jacques Rousseau again.[2] Rey paid Jean-Jacques a round sum for the manuscript, and he was able to send 500 copies of the book for sale in Rouen, apparently under the protection of the Estates of Normandy. Nowhere else in France was he able to have it sold publicly, although it was not formally condemned by the Parlement of Paris, as *Smile* was. Anybody who wanted to do so seems to have purchased a copy without difficulty (until they were sold out), probably from *colporteurs* who hawked books everywhere. The letter comprises two parts. The first is autobiographical, and tells how Jean-Jacques became unexpectedly a successful author when he was nearly forty—" at the age when people usually cease to write"—and had gained fame but lost his friends and peace of mind. And now " the States of Europe

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* IX, 153. (To Malesherbes, 6th March, 1763.)

[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* X, 23 (Lenieps to J.-J. R., 12th July, 1763). Note of Brizard in *Petits Chefs d'Oeuvres de J.-J. Rousseau* (1864), p. 374.

league themselves against the son of a watchmaker ! " The second part is a vigorous and dignified defence of his religion, which he boldly says is and remains that of the *Profession de foi du Vicaire Savoyard,* " Monseigncur, I am Christian, sincerely Christian, according to the doctrine of the Evangel. I am Christian, not as a disciple of the priests, but as a disciple of Jesus Christ. My master subtleized little (*a peu subtilise)* on dogmas and insisted much on duties. He prescribed rather good works than articles of faith. He only ordered men to believe what was necessary for being good. When He summed up the law and the prophets, it was more in deeds of virtue than in formulas of belief; and He has told me through Himself and His apostles that he who loves his brother accomplishes the law." In the same month as the *Lettres écrites de la Campagne* began to appear at Geneva, Jean-Jacques' Amsterdam publisher, the generous Rey, paid him a visit at Motiers, apparently for a week. Rey hospitably pressed him to take up his residence at Amsterdam.

Jean-Jacques' reply to the attack from Geneva was less successful. The *Lettres ecrites de la Montague* (August, 1764), as published, have a valuable preface giving a description of the constitution of Geneva. They were composed in the greatest secrecy ; and in the correspondence about them, during printing and publication, a cipher was used by Jean-Jacques to conceal the names of his friends.[1] The *Lettres* (for which Rey gave him 1,000 *livres)* are a long defence of himself. A modern commentator declares that they practically destroyed the long rule of the patricians.[2] Jean-Jacques says that they were useful to his defenders at Geneva. Their chief point is to the effect that the magistrates had " decreed " him unconstitutionally. He professed to be indifferent to his treatment here, but there is no doubt that, living as he now was doing more and more in the memories of his

[1] J. S. Spink, *Jean-Jacques Rousseau et Geneve* (1934), p. 241.
[2] *Ibid.,* p. 246.

youth, the present estrangement of Geneva was as iron entering into his soul. The Tronchin family, Jean-Robert, the Procureur-Général (whom Jean-Jacques called *le jongleur),* and Theodore, the famous doctor, with perhaps Voltaire, were largely responsible for the trouble. He had shortly before (1763) sent a notification to the magistrates resigning his citizenship of Geneva, his *ingrate patrie,* as he calls the city in this passage of the *Confessions.* In the letter itself (dated 12th May, 1763) he makes no such charge. It is beautifully expressed, sad, dignified and courteous, composed obviously without passion, for the handwriting is careful, neat, clear.[1] Lord Keith and Moultou had both tried to dissuade him from taking this step. The Council of Geneva accepted the resignation and registered it in their archives. So now Jean-Jacques, in the event of his having to leave Neuchâtel, would have no citizenship, no " nationality." He had taken the step of resigning Geneva citizenship at the very worst possible time for himself. His " letters of naturality " did not make him a citizen of the principality, but only conferred the legal right to live and hold property there ; they expressly debarred him from claiming the rights of Neuchâtelois subjects in case of his residing outside the principality.

The storm which had been blowing up now broke. That there was a storm cannot be doubted. Lord Keith, before leaving his governorship and Neuchâtel, had granted " letters of naturality " to Jean-Jacques, securing him and his heirs in perpetuity rights of residence and property in the principality, and thus guaranteeing his safety and protection. Keith had also written, the night before leaving Neuchâtel: " I depart to-morrow, not without disquietude about your health and with the sincere desire to see you again with the good David (Hume) in our hermitage . . . *Bonjour et bonsoir."* He had advised Jean-Jacques to take up residence in the royal castle in

[1] Facsimile in *Corresp. Gen.,* IX, 284. For Rey's purchase of the MSS. for 1,000 livers, see *Corresp. Gen.,* XI, 143.

Neuchâtel.[1] His departure increased Jean-Jacques' nervousness: "*Je perds mon protecteur*," he wrote to Madame de Verdelin. Nevertheless his legal position seemed fairly strong. In the period of his residence in the Val de Travers he received, in addition to the letters of naturality procured for him by Lord Keith, the citizenship (*bourgeoisie)* of the communes of Motiers and Couvet, and membership of the society of marksmen called l'*Abbaye de l'arquebuse de Couvet*.[2] Jean-Jacques for some years had been seeing spies and persecutors everywhere. He ought to have been happy enough in the Val de Travers, botanizing with his not too exciting friend, M. d'Ivernois, the Genevese merchant with whom he went off occasionally for two or three days at a time to a mountain inn, or in company of some other friend. " I have delicious days," he wrote to Madame de Boufflers (26th August, 1764), " wandering without care, without aim, without purpose, from wood to wood and from rock to rock, dreaming always and never thinking. I would give the whole world to know botany; it is the veritable occupation of a walking body and an idle spirit." In the same month he made an expedition as far as Nyon, where he had an aunt (Madame Goncerut), to whom he was kind and to whom he later paid a pension. The old lady could not get it out of her head that Jean-Jacques' *gouvernante* was not Thérèse Le Vasseur but Mademoiselle Serre, the bright-faced girl whom he had seen at Lyons over thirty years ago. On this occasion, August, 1764, when Jean-Jacques was just outside Nyon, he heard that a " numerous company " had been waiting two days for him at Thonon. It was eight o'clock in the evening. He at once took a boat across the lake (Lac Leman) to Thonon and spent the night there. Next day he felt unwell, and went straight back to Motiers.[3] He was

[1] *Lettres de Naturalité* (16th April, 1763), reproduced in *Corresp. Gin.,* Appendix II. Keith's farewell letter (29th April), *ibid.,* p. 261.

[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* XII, 202.

[3] *Corresp. Gen.,* XII, **214** (cf. **119).**

beginning to put together notes for the *Confessions* or actually writing them. He was arranging for the general edition of his works. His fantastic Armenian garb and his reputation as a stranger, a controversial writer, a disturber of faith, naturally attracted dubious attention locally. A letter which he wrote to Madame Boy de la Tour suggests that the inhabitants of the valley objected to the presence of Therese in his house : this was the cause of *leur regards curieux, leur brutales doubles ententes, et leur sots chuchêteries* (sic). He thought them " the vilest and most poisonous people."[1]

Probably his dress, his solitary rambles, his brooding aspect, had as much as anything else to do with the trouble. The small boys of the Val de Travers sometimes threw stones at him and probably shouted something, jeered a little. Stones were thrown at the shuttered windows at night and fell on to the balcony, causing disturbance to his dog, Sultan, sleeping there. Jean-Jacques believed that the whole populace of the valley was being roused against him.

Among the numerous visitors attracted to Motiers by Jean-Jacques' fame was James Boswell, an ardent young Scotsman, filled with a love of letters and of writing, and with an eager and ingenuous desire to meet eminent people. He had studied at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow ; had spent a year in London, where he formed a life-long friendship with Dr. Johnson ; and in the winter of the year 1763-64 attended lectures on law at the University of Utrecht. Having completed this course of study, he persuaded his father, who was a Scottish Judge (Lord Auchinleck) to let him have a year of travel. A journey through Germany to Switzerland brought him to the Val de Travers. He wrote a very characteristic letter to Jean-Jacques (in French), 3rd December, 1764, beginning :

> I am a Scottish gentleman of ancient family. You know my rank. I am twenty-four years old. You know my age. Sixteen

[1] 14th August, 1763, *Corresp. Gen.*, X, 77.

> months ago I left Great Britain as an islander, scarcely knowing a word of French. I have been in Holland and in Germany, but not yet in France. You will, accordingly, excuse my speech. I am travelling with a genuine desire of perfecting myself. I have come here in the hope of seeing you.

Boswell realized that Jean-Jacques' " retreat of exquisite genius and elevated piety" was beset by importunate people, but he pleaded specially for himself:

> I present myself, Sir, as a man of singular merit. As a man who has a sensitive heart, a lively and melancholy spirit. Ah ! if all that I have suffered does not give me singular merit with M. Rousseau, why was I thus created ? why has he so written ?

The irrepressible young man concluded his letter by saying that in spite of his enthusiasm, he thought that he would rather not see Jean-Jacques at all than find him with company. *J'attends avec impatience voire reponse.*[1]

Everybody was good-natured with Boswell, and Jean-Jacques, like him, had *un coeur sensible.* He named a day for the young man's visit. There is no record, from Jean-Jacques' side, of the interview, which took place on 3rd December, 1764, but there is, of course, from the ready pen of Boswell. The conversation reads like a page from the *Life of Samuel Johnson,* except that it was conducted in French. Jean-Jacques was very gracious to the enthusiastic young Scotsman, and said that Scotland was a land of liberty. They exchanged remarks about the Earl Marischal, who had given Boswell a letter of introduction to Jean-Jacques, though as a matter of fact Boswell did not show the letter, having inadvertently left it behind at Neuchâtel. They talked about *Heloise* and E*mile.* Jean-Jacques admitted, in spite of the misfortunes that his writings had brought upon him, that his books had saved his life; he had given up physicians. They spoke of philosophy and theology. When Boswell took his departure, Jean-Jacques accompanied him to the outer door. Boswell visited Jean-

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XII, 112-114. Jean-Jacques preserved Boswell's letter, though Boswell did not preserve Jean-Jacques' reply.

Jacques on the following day (4th December) and again on 5th December.

Anxious to be completely understood, Boswell left a record of his life with the sage, which, if as frank as Jean - Jacques' *Confessions,* must have contained a remarkable list of dissipations which the young man intermittently regretted and frequently repeated. He felt ennobled by Jean-Jacques' counsel and encouragement. He wanted to return, bringing with him a portrait of the Earl Marischal—" that illustrious oak of Scotland." " You will see me, and I would leave your house for the world with two or three simple and noble principles, and I would be a Man for the rest of my life."

The enthusiastic young man went on to Geneva and was favoured by Voltaire with an hour's conversation. He wrote (in French) from Geneva, 31st December, 1764, about this to Jean-Jacques, and took the opportunity to ask for further advice.

> I leave to-morrow for Italy. I pray you give me advice how to acquit myself so as to profit the most by this Country of the Fine Arts. I love Antiquities. I love Painting. I shall have the best opportunities for perfecting myself in both. I have a real Taste for Music. I sing quite well. I play the flute a little ; but I despise it. I began two years ago to learn the Violin. But I found it so difficult that I quitted it. I did wrong. Tell me, should not I apply myself really to music up to a certain point ? Tell me which should be my instrument.

He went on to confess an incident in his life which apparently had not gone into the autobiographical sketch left behind with Jean-Jacques at Motiers. On his way through Germany Boswell had been insulted at table by a Frenchman whom, however, he had first provoked. Thereupon he had taken the Frenchman out into the garden, had apologized for his (Boswell's) provocation, and had declared : " But you have made use of a word which a man of honour cannot suffer, and I require

[1] ***The Private Papers of James Boswell from Malahide Castle,*** **in the collection of Lieut.-Col. Isham, edited by Geoffrey Scott (1928), IV, 55.**

satisfaction"; adding, however: "If it is possible to avoid a quarrel, I would be much charmed, because I was in the wrong." And he assured Jean-Jacques: "I spoke to him with the *sang froid* of a philosopher who was determined to do his duty." The French officer, who was a *brave homme,* answered: "Sir, I will do as you wish." They returned to the company, made their excuses one to the other, and embraced. The affair was finished. To Jean-Jacques Boswell confided that he was of a *tempérament craintif* and that his education had done everything to make him the "slave of fear." "But I have a soul capable of breaking these vile chains and of making me feel nobly the courage which a Man ought to have." His object in telling the story was to ascertain Jean-Jacques' opinion about duels, for not enough had been said about this in l'*Heloise.*[1]

Doubtless Jean-Jacques, as his habit was, replied carefully and at length to this serious query, but his letter has not been found. Jean-Jacques, who had been invited to go to Corsica and to prepare a constitution for the Corsicans (in revolt against the Republic of Genoa), gave Boswell a letter of introduction to General Paoli, the Corsican leader. The young Scotsman, however, was not going to miss the chance of seeing Italy fairly thoroughly. He travelled leisurely through North Italy, spending two days at Parma, in company with Alexandre de Leyre, Jean-Jacques' good friend and correspondent attached to the French embassy there.[2] Three months later (nth May, 1765) he wrote to Jean-Jacques from Rome: "I have almost finished my tour of Italy. I have seen with enthusiasm the classical places, and the remains of the grandeur of the ancient Romans. I have seen Architecture, Statues, Pictures. And I believe that I have formed my taste up to a certain point." He added: "Dare I confess to you that my conduct has not been as virtuous as I expected when you gave me advice for

[1] ***Corresp. Gén.*, XII, 188-90. (Geneva, 31st December, 1764.)**

[2] ***Corresp. Gen.*, XIII, 19.**

my life ? "[1] He had promised to spend a few days, on the way back, with de Leyre at Parma. He was still determined to go to Corsica ; and in effect he did go, embarking at Leghorn about the end of August, 1765, and spending three months there in General Paoli's society. The result was Boswell's first book—and a good one which had great success—*Account of Corsica,* published in 1768.

Jean-Jacques was beginning to put together notes for his *Confessions,* or was actually writing them. They were to be perfectly frank, and he was confident that frankness was the best defence. On 13th January, 1765, he writes to a friend, M. Duclos, that a " frightful libel " had been published at Geneva based on materials furnished by Madame d'Epinay.

> God preserve me, however, from imitating her even in defending myself 1 But without revealing secrets which she confided to me, enough of those which I do not have from her remain to let her know as much as is necessary of the matters relating to me. She does not believe me to be so well informed ; but since she forces me to it, she will learn some day how discreet I have been. I confess to you, however, that I still have difficulty in overcoming my repugnance, and I shall at least take measures so that nothing appears in my life-time.[2]

When he began seriously to address himself to the task of writing his *Confessions* he was astonished at the amount of material at his disposal: old letters, notes, memoranda. The " storm" aroused by the *Lettres écrites de la Montagne* had given him a shock. He was not afraid : *mon état habituel est le courage,* he wrote—and truly—to du Peyrou (7th March, 1765); yet he could not but agree with his fashionable correspondent " Marianne " (Madame de la Tour de Franqueville, whom he had never seen), when she wrote: " I wish that you were less illustrious and more tranquil."[2] So he resolved absolutely

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIII, 303. Boswell's letters to Jean-Jacques are also in G. B. Tinker, *The Letters of James Bosivell* (1924), vol. i.

[2] *Corresp, Gen.,* XII, 223.

to write no more books for publication, but just to see a collected edition of his works through the press, and to write his *Confessions*, "the grand enterprise of my life." L'*ouvrage est deja commence*, he wrote to Rey, his Amsterdam publisher (18th March, 1765). Although not to be published in his life-time, the *Confessions* were to make some money for him. His expenditure over the last seventeen years had been 1,600 francs annually (about £60—£70 for himself and Thérèse together). The collected edition (not to include the *Confessions)*, which the Neuchâtelois syndicate was arranging to publish, was to provide him with this sum, an annuity of 1,600 francs, for the rest of his life. The design for a collected edition had, however, failed, *manqué*, owing to the Neuchâtelois Council of State's refusal to authorize publication—another sign of the "storm" aroused by the *Lettres écrites de la Montagne*. So Jean-Jacques wanted Rey to take over the scheme of a collected edition. As, however, he (Jean-Jacques) would not be able to be present in Amsterdam personally to see the edition through the press, the publication might not be so profitable to Rey as it would have been if carried through in Neuchâtel. Jean-Jacques, therefore, with his habitual scrupulousness, offered to let Rey have the rights of the collected edition in return for an annuity of 1,000 francs, and in addition the rights in the *Confessions* (not yet written and only to be published after his death) for an annuity of 600 francs. Thus the total of 1,600 francs annually necessary to keep him and Thérèse would be secured.[1] In the end it was not Rey (who already was sufficiently heavily committed for the present and future with the annuity of 300 francs to Thérèse), but du Peyrou, as already related, who took upon himself the liability and the rights in the collected edition.

From the moment of the publication of the *Lettres écrites de la Montagne* the storm had been gathering round Jean-Jacques in the principality of Neuchâtel. In

[1] *Corresp. Gen.*, XIII, 133.

February, 1765, the book was prohibited by the magistracy. The town crier of Neuchâtel proclaimed—according to du Peyrou perhaps deliberately—that "the book is prohibited as containing things contrary to what is *reprehensible* in our Holy Religion."[1]

The Protestant clergy of Neuchâtel, and particularly M. de Montmollin, who had admitted him to Communion, were now against him. The *Lettres écrites de la Montague* had been too much for them. Jean-Jacques was surprised that they should be so enraged against him, for, as he wrote to Madame de Verdelin, who was a Catholic, *je n'ai trouve que des amis dans votre Clerge.* He mentions some of these gentle priests: the Oratorian Fathers; the austere curé of Montmorency; the venerable curé of Groslay. In the Protestant clergy he now found "furies"—"the Inquisition of Goa are lambs compared with them." He sighed: "Ah, Madame, if I could only be allowed to die in a Catholic country!"[2] There was not much doubt about what the clergy of the valley and Principality wanted—*les ministres me chassent d'ici.*

On 8th March, 1765, M. de Montmollin called and informed him that excommunication was inevitable. Jean-Jacques offered, apparently on the advice of du Peyrou, to sign an engagement not to publish any new work on any religious matter or on anything that could displease the State.[3] He was cited to appear before the Consistory on 28th March, but did not go, as he had been too unwell (he wrote to Madame de Verdelin) to go out of doors for the last five months. Nevertheless, for the time being at any rate, the designs of the clergy—*pauvres petites marionettes de bois*—ended in smoke.[4] The Neuchâtel Council of State, on the intervention of Frederick the Great (through the good offices of the Earl

[1] *Corresp. Gén.*, XIII, 34 (from du Peyrou, 21st February, 1765).

[2] *Corresp. Gén.*, XIII, 87 (To Mme. de Verdelin, 8th March, 1765).

[3] *Corresp. Gen.*, XIII, 94, 194, 197.

[4] *Corresp. Gen.*, XIII, **175, 189.**

Marischal, who was at Berlin) accepted Jean-Jacques* letter promising silence and entered it in their registers.[1]

Although the ministers had failed to chase him from the valley, and a period of quiet ensued, Jean-Jacques was convinced that he would have to go. Many of his letters written about this time discuss possible places of refuge. Frederick the Great remarked to the Earl Marischal at Sans Souci: " Why doesn't he come here, if they continue to trouble him where he is ? " (*que ne vient-il ici, si on continue a l'inquieter ou il est ?)* The Earl Marischal also suggested England and (as Jean-Jacques objected that he did not know English) the Channel Islands, where French was spoken. Alternatively, he pointed out to Jean-Jacques that in Silesia he would not be tormented by fools. General Seydlitz, who commanded there, was one of the most tender-hearted men in the world and was *probite' personifiee.*"[2] The good old Marischal also sent fifty *louis* (taking care to call this only a loan), which Jean-Jacques refused to accept outright but promised to draw if he needed them for having to pack up and make a long journey. Madame de Verdelin wrote from the convent which she maintained near Paris, suggesting England for a retreat. She did not like the Engish, although here (presumably in Paris society) people raise altars to them : *on leur dresse ici des autels.* She sent 1,000 francs for her friend's journey, but Jean-Jacques insisted that this sum, too, should be placed on deposit to be drawn only in case of need. He was arranging to publish his *Dictionary of Music* with Duchesne of Paris, and was making a very good contract, very favourable to himself; but when the Duchesne firm sent him a letter of exchange, a lump sum of fifty *louis* outside the contract terms, he returned it and wrote sharply to enquire for what it was due. The publisher sent it back to him saying that this last edition of four or five of his works which they had published had proved much more

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIII, 198, 202.
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIII, 217 (11th April, 1765).

profitable than they expected, and so they had sent him an extra sum over and above what they had already paid to him, because they considered the extra to be due to him.[1] He was the most honest man in the world: his nearly desperate situation did not in the least diminish his scrupulousness. M. d'Ivernois sent some wine and oil. "Gifts rain upon us from all sides," he humorously wrote to Madame de Verdelin.

The Earl Marischal wrote to a friend in the Council of Ten at Venice and prepared the way for a safe retreat in the sunny scene of Jean-Jacques' youthful diplomatic mission; and he offered also to use his influence at the Court of Sardinia to obtain leave for Jean-Jacques to go and live in Savoy[2]—at Chambéry, probably, for Jean-Jacques seems to have been hankering after Les Charmettes now. And again, quite near Motiers but outside the Principality there was a M. de Vautravers, who had married an Englishwoman and lived in a house called Rockhall, by the Lake of Bienne. Jean-Jacques planned to retire there. In May, 1765, he paid a visit to Rockhall and carried away two copies of an English translation of E*mile*: M. de Vautravers wanted to give the volumes as a present, but Jean-Jacques sent him a *louts neuf,* twenty-two shillings.

Du Peyrou, who was a wealthy man, fond of buying land and building, offered him a retreat at Crassier (Madame Necker's birthplace, between Geneva and Lausanne), and at one time he actually decided to go and reside there,[3] at Souchiè or at la Coudre. M. Francis Louis d'Escherney had a house for him at Cornaux. The Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, who enjoyed reading his works, wrote and urged him to come and stay at Gotha for a few days, and, if he chose, to reside there permanently: *Si vous avez besoin de retraite vous n'en trouverez jamais*

[1] *Corresp. Gén.*, XIII, 345, XIV, in.

[2] *Corresp. Gén.*, XIII, 104 (to Prince Louis of Würtemberg, nth March, 1765).

[3] *Corresp. Gén.*, XIV, 4 (10th June, 1765), 21.

de plus sure et de plus tranquille que chez nous.[1] Buttafuco and Paoli were anxious for him to find his security in Corsica (warning him to bring his own sheets and bedding with him) and to become their legislator and constitution-maker. After a lengthy correspondence about this offer, he definitely declined.[2] Believing that the Parlement would no longer trouble him, he thought of going to Paris and taking an apartment near the Luxembourg or *à la campagne.* Residence in Paris would avoid the heavy charges for postage of the proofs of the *Dictionary of Music,* which was going through the press of Messrs. Duchesne. As soon as the Duchesne firm heard that he thought of coming to stay in Paris, they offered him an apartment of their own, which " happened " to be vacant in their place of business and habitation.[3]

Surely it is one of the most curious things in history. This dejected, invalid man of letters desired nothing except to be left to himself with his botany-books and his small annuity. He was protected by the most powerful king in Europe (Frederick); by a grand-ducal court (Saxe-Gotha); by a famous diplomat (the Earl Marischal); by a prince in the line of succession to a throne (Louis of Würtemberg); and by a host of wealthy and influential friends—the Marquise de Verdelin, the Marquise de Luxembourg, the Comtesse de Boufflers, the Comtesse de Chenonceaux, Du Peyrou, Madame Boy de la Tour, many more. Yet he was being driven out of his quiet valley by two or three little Protestant clergy, the chief of whom, M. de Montmollin, was said to be *menteur, ivrogne.paillard, tracassier* (liar, drunkard, miserable, pettifogging creature).

Sometimes it almost seemed as if he had too many friends, or at any rate too many acquaintances. Great care and ingenuity were required on his part to avoid receiving presents. *J'ai receu le vin, j'ai refeu l'huille;*

[1] From the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, 4th May, 1765 ; *Corresp. Gen.,* XIII, 289-290.

[2] To Buttafuco, 26th May, 1765; *Coucsp. Gen,* XIII, 334.

[3] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIV, 116 (29th August, 1765).

les biens me pleuvent de tous cotes, he wrote to M. d'Ivernois (8th April, 1765). He was continually receiving letters from some friend, such as Prince Louis of Würtemberg (who now lived at Monrepos, near Lausanne), Du Peyrou, Daniel Roguin, or some other, saying that M. So-and-So would be in Neuchâtel at a certain time and would greatly like to call upon Jean-Jacques. 77 *me vient du monde des quatre coins de l'Europe,* he wrote to d'lvernois. Often the visit was courteously accepted. Sometimes Jean-Jacques wrote and refused, pointing out his many difficulties, particularly his ill-health, which at this time kept him to his room for *eight months in the year.*[1] The charge for letters sent through the post to him was now so heavy that he decided to refuse to accept delivery of letters from strangers—*ne pouvant plus y suffire.*[2] The letters that came through Pontarlier offered little difficulty because they were made up there into one parcel, but those that came through Geneva and other centres arrived separately. Unfortunately he quarrelled with the post-master at Motiers near the end of his stay in the Val de Travers and refused to receive letters from this source too (to Jequier, 2nd September, 1765).[3] He mentions seventeen letters arriving all together. The mere reading of these, at any rate those written by strangers, not to speak of answering them, was a heavy burden, and the mail often brought bulky manuscripts, *grands memoires,* or pamphlets and monographs, sent for his inspection and approval. The writers expected Jean-Jacques to read these works carefully, to give a considered answer, and to give it *promptly.*[4] It is no wonder that Jean-Jacques felt very unsettled in mind and spirit throughout those first six months of the year 1765.

With May he could issue from his room and even leave the house. He made the journey to M. de Vautravers,

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIII, 330.
[2] 22nd April, 1765, *ibid.,* 255 ; cf. XIV, 99.
[3] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIV, 124.
[4] *Corresp. Gen.,* XII, 237,

near the Lake of Bienne; to the Roguins at Yverdon, because Madame Boy de la Tour was on a visit there and was ill; and to La Ferrière, where he developed fever and a quinsy and was confined to the inn. This last journey was a great disappointment. He had arranged to meet Colonel de Pury and M. Du Peyrou there, and the party was to make a botanizing expedition. " Do not forget among our provisions," he had written to du Peyrou, " coffee, sugar, coffee-pot, briquet, and all the apparatus ..for making coffee in the woods when one wants it. Take Linnaeus and Sauvages, some amusing book, and some game to amuse a group of people, in case we are kept indoors by bad weather. It is necessary to take every precaution to prevent idleness and boredom" *(le desceuvrement et l'ennui).*[1] Unfortunately Du Peyrou's gout did not permit him to go to La Ferrière, and Colonel de Pury's letter, containing this information, did not reach Jean-Jacques in time to stop him. In July Jean-Jacques took a trip to Brot, and he had " eight or ten charming days on the lie de St. Pierre (or Ile de la Motte, as he sometimes called it) in the Lake of Bienne: the Bailiff of Nidau, M. de Graffenried, had come over the water and dined very pleasantly with him."[2]

Though the Neuchâtel Council of State prevented the ministers, whom Jean-Jacques compared to brigands and furious wolves *(loups enragés),* from excommunicating him,[3] they would not let him remain quiet. Montmollin began to stir up the populace of the Val de Travers against him. There remains the analysis of a sermon—and, judged by this analysis, a very eloquent and powerful sermon—delivered at Motiers by Montmollin against the wicked—defined as the impious, incredulous, the hypocrites, and the impenitent sinners.[4] There can be

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* XIV, 5 (nth June, 1765). Sauvages or Le Sauvage was a botanist.

[2] To M. d'lvernois (20th July, 1765): *Corresp. Gen.,* XIV, 45,

[3] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIII, 305.

[4] *Corresp. Gén.,* XIV, 362-3, *Appendice,*

no doubt that the congregation would take the sermon as applying directly to Jean-Jacques, the celebrated and impudent author of the *Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard* and *Lettres ećrites de la Montagne,* living in their midst. His strange Armenian dress, though the inhabitants of the valley had tolerated it for the last year or so, could be turned into an object of ill-will. Prince Louis of Wurtemberg had advised him to adopt the Polish *bekerche,* which was wide, ample, warm, good for walking in. Prince Louis had often used it on campaigns. Jean-Jacques, however, neglected the advice.

Jean-Jacques' situation at Motiers was becoming practically impossible to maintain. Though Montmollin and the inhabitants of Motiers were the immediate agents of his expulsion, he imputes a good deal of the blame to Voltaire, working against him from Geneva. Voltaire, he wrote to Madame de Verdelin, *se vante hautement de me faire chasser d'ici.* To the great man himself Jean-Jacques wrote : " If M. de Voltaire has said that instead of having been secretary of the Ambassador of France at Venice I was his valet, M. de Voltaire has lied impudently."[1]

Shortly before the storm burst Jean-Jacques had a great pleasure, a visit at last—so often planned—from Madame de Verdelin. *Je ne connoissois,* he had lately written to Dr. Tissot of Lausanne, *qu'un seul bonheur dans la vie : c'ėtoit Vamitiė.*[2] He could have no more faithful friend than this charming lady, who had so many duties, so many troubles of her own, yet extended to him in a constant correspondence unfailing sympathy and interest. In August, 1765, she was at Bourbonne-les-Bains with her desperately ill daughter. " I count upon dining with you, and not to leave you the next day until the latest possible moment," she wrote on 7th August from Bourbonne. She was as good as her word. On the

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIII, 347 (31st May, 1765). The previous passage cited from the letter to Madame de Verdelin is in XIII, 170.

[2] *Corresp. Geh.,* XIII, 174.

way home she deposited her daughter and her maid-servant at Besançon, left her heavy carriage there too, hired a chaise, and came on with her own horses along the mountain-roads to Motiers. She dined and stayed the night of 1st September in Jean-Jacques' house. She accompanied him on his walks, tranquillized him, gave him good advice.

Jean-Jacques had not communicated at the church for six months. He had been confined to his room ; besides, as he said, he was not *aguerri aux communions.*[1]

The stone-throwing seems to have gone on intermittently. On 1st September, 1765, M. de Montmollin delivered the sermon, already mentioned, against impious and wicked persons. It was the "Tocsin of Motiers." On 6th September, 1765, there occurred the great *emeute,* the riot of cut-throats, the *coupe-jarrets,* as Jean-Jacques now called the congregation of M. de Montmollin. Although some critics have thrown doubt upon the "lapidation," it was clearly very serious. The account given by Jean-Jacques in the *Confessions* is confirmed in a letter written by him to Guy (correspondent of his Paris publishers, Duchesne), dated 7th September, the day after the riot; and also in a letter dated 12th September, "C. G. d'Ivernois, Counsellor of State, to F. H. d'Ivernois," Jean-Jacques' Geneva merchant friend. The account of Jean-Jacques in the *Confessions* is that in the night of 6th September, 1765, the night of the fair at Motiers, a big stone came hurtling through the kitchen, broke open the door of his bedroom, and fell just short of his bed. He rose and found Therese in a panic in the kitchen. Together they cowered in a corner while stones fell thick and fast. The *chatelain* of the valley was aroused, and came from his house to quell the disturbance. When he saw the floor of the balcony strewn with pebbles: "*Mon Dieu,* it is a quarry!" he exclaimed. The magistrates of Neuchâtel now advised him to leave the valley, although they offered a reward for evidence

[1] To du Peyrou, 8th August, 1765 ; *Corresp. Geh.,* XIV, 83.

leading to conviction of the authors of the violence.[1] The only question now was where to go.

As a matter of fact, the poor, hunted " heretic " had a remarkable number of offers of safe refuge. In addition to the kings, princes, noblemen, and ladies already mentioned, Madame de Verdelin had arranged that he could have a home in England under the care of David Hume or Horace Walpole. Hume, in fact, had sent an invitation when Jean-Jacques had to quit Montmorency. Rey would have received him at Amsterdam. Jean-Jacques was now particularly touched by an offer of a retreat conveyed to him by the people of the neighbouring commune of Cuvet, which had made him a burgess. Cuvet, however, was too near Motiers. To go to England or Russia—apart from the question of expense (£10 carriage fare to England)[2]—would, he felt, involve him in leaving Thérèse behind; and to travel alone without his *gouvernante* had too much of *un air de Bohème*[3] to suit this stern moralist. In effect, he had his place prepared. He had already sojourned a few days on the Ile de St. Pierre in the Lac de Bienne and had dined with M. Graffenried, the bailiff of Nidau. On 30th August, 1765, he received permission from the Director of the Pourtalès Hospital at Berne to reside on the lie de St. Pierre. The Director added that he wished to *ignorer très parfaitement* Jean-Jacques' residence there. The reason for this was that the Estates of Canton Berne, apparently on advice from Geneva, had formally forbidden Jean-Jacques to stay in the Canton.

Jean-Jacques still clung to the lakes and mountains. " I had such an attachment for Switzerland,[0] he writes in the *Confessions,* " that I could not resolve to quit it as long as it was possible to live there. So I took the opportunity to execute a project which had occupied me for some months."

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* XIV, 148.
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* XII, 331.
[3] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIII, 255.

CHAPTER V

LAC DE BIENNE

ABOUT ten miles to the north-east of Motiers, and almost continuing the Lake of Neuchâtel (with which it is connected by a few miles of river), is the Lake of Bienne in the Canton of Berne. About nine miles long and two wide, it offers the large prospects, the views of mountain, valley, pasture, and woodland, and of the expanse of glistening water, which make Swiss lakes so enchanting, so reposeful to an observer. Half way along the lake, and about three-quarters of a mile from the north-west bank, is the little Isle of St. Pierre. It belonged to the Hospital Pourtalès of Berne.

Stopping by the way with du Pcyrou at Neuchâtel on ioth September, 1765, Jean-Jacques went on to the lle de Saint Pierre on the same or following day. Du Peyrou took charge of his trunks, and also received Thérèse, who, however, was soon to follow him to the island. He quaintly says in the *Confessions* that Thérèse, as a *bonne Catholique,* could not be permanently left in the Protestant country of Neuchâtel. Du Peyrou took charge of letters sent to Jean-Jacques. The forwarding of letters by boatmen across the lake cost ten times the ordinary postage rates. Moreover, letters brought by boatmen could not be refused by the addressee on delivery. Accordingly, Jean-Jacques found himself involved in " frightful expenses for useless letters " *{des frais ejfroyables en lettres inutiles)* and had to implore du Peyrou either to refuse to receive Jean-Jacques' letters at Neuchâtel or else to keep them until he could find a less costly way of forwarding them. " I hoped," he wrote to du Peyrou, " to have in this island the advantage that letters would arrive with difficulty ; on the contrary, I

am overwhelmed with them from all quarters." Something had to be done to avoid the " cascades." He himself, patient and constant letter-writer though he was, had fallen behind-hand with his correspondence during the recent troubles and the removal to the isle, and owed " multitudes of letters." The only way to catch up would be to write from morning to night, which he could not do—especially " on this island." Besides, he had come away from Motiers without paper and ink, so he asked du Peyrou to send him a supply, and to see that the ink was packed so that it did not spill on the way.[1] Thérèse came on with the trunks about 29th September. The hospital authorities at Berne had given their steward or receiver (who had the only house on the island) authority to receive Jean-Jacques and Therese as lodgers. Jean-Jacques says in the *Confessions* that he had to pay pretty heavily for board and lodging, but under the arrangements made between him and du Peyrou for publishing the collected edition the money difficulty was overcome. He had some ready money. He left fifty *louis* (about £50) on his book-case at Motiers, but Thérèse saw the money before she left and brought it with her.

The thoughtful, quaintly romantic people of the eighteenth century were always attracted by the idea of Robinson Crusoe and his island. Jean-Jacques, in whom the taste for solitude and nature was so strong, was now beginning a " Robinsonade." *Vous me rappelez Robinson,* de Leyre wrote to him from Parma.[2] He hoped to spend the rest of his days on the island.

The Ile de Saint Pierre, rising steeply out of the lake, is only about a mile and a half in circumference, yet it has in this small space all the richness of Nature—meadow, vineyard, woodland, valley, hill. Nature's " landscape gardening" has so distributed the thickets, fields, and declivities that as the whole island can never be seen at

[1] To du Peyrou, 18th September, 1765. *Corresp. Gen.,* XIV, 162 ; *cf.* pp. 154, 159.

[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIV, 262.

one view, it appears to be much larger than it is. On the high ridge of the island, covered with magnificent oaks, a long avenue had been cut, and in the midst of the avenue a circular clearing, a *grand salon,* as Jean-Jacques calls it. There, during the season of vine-gathering, the inhabitants assembled from the neighbouring shores on Sundays, to dance and make merry. Except on these rare holidays, the island was a delicious solitude. The solitary house of the receiver, vast and commodious, was concealed in a hollow so as to be sheltered from the winds. From the high places of the island the beautiful oval of the lake could be viewed, and the peaceful, well-populated shores and slopes of the mainland, the pastures, vineyards and vine-terraces of the foothills and the high range of the mountains beyond. Here on his island Jean-Jacques made his adieux to the world, leaving, it is true, the field free to his calumniators, but leaving also, he felt, in his writings a witness to his noble enthusiasms, to the consistency of his principles and his conduct. He was sure that amid his faults and feebleness, and his inaptitude to support a yoke, people would nevertheless recognize in him a man just, good, without bitterness, without hate, without jealousy, prompt to recognize his own faults, still more prompt to forget those of others, seeking his happiness only in the gentle and loving passions, and showing in every action sincerity to the point of imprudence, to the very extreme of disinterestedness.

It took Jean-Jacques, naturally, a little time to settle down in the island and to feel that he would like to stay there for good. The *vie champêtre,* however, could not fail quickly to assert its old ascendancy over him. " If I remain here," he writes to du Peyrou on ist October, " I wish to devote myself entirely with these good people to life in the fields and the affairs of the countryside " *(a la vie champêtre et aux soins de la compagne).* And to Daniel Roguin, whom he now calls his *cher Papa* (having quite overcome the little coolness over the question of the niece's engagement) he writes, 4th October: " I begin to taste

a little tranquillity." Soon—a sure sign that the nerve-storm was passing away—he began to hanker after the reports of the world and the newspapers, and on 15th October he writes asking du Peyrou to send him from time to time a bundle of the gazettes. He doesn't mind how old or infrequent the bundles are, " provided that there is no interruption in the series." He also wanted better razors; the two that du Peyrou had given him on the journey to the island were already spoiled. He needs at least four and they must be sharper than the previous ones. Du Peyrou promised to visit the island and to bring " stronger " razors *(des rasoirs plus forts).* Razors and papers seem to have been about all he wanted, except coffee, to which he was always very partial. Du Peyrou had interests in Dutch colonial plantations. He and his mother sent Jean-Jacques ten pounds of extremely select coffee; but Jean-Jacques, who was never behind-hand in respect to presents, sent Madame du Peyrou *mère* ten measures of pippins *(pommes reinettes).*[1]

" In a sense, then," he continues, " I took leave of my age and contemporaries, and made my adieux to the world, confining myself in that isle for the rest of my days," *vivre sans gêne dans un loisir éternel.* For though he hated the enforced leisure of company when he had to sit " nailed to a chair, or upright planted like a sentry without moving hand or foot, daring neither to run nor leap, to sing nor shout," he loved the busy leisure of his own free time, " beginning a hundred things without finishing one of them " (this was something of an exaggeration), making projects and abandoning them, following the caprice of the moment and—if he were out of doors—botanizing. For to walk among the fields and woods, along the paths, botanizing, was just the sort of leisurely study that charmingly filled the void in his day, occupying the mind without producing " the delirium of imagination." *Errer nonchalamment dans les bois et dans la campagne*—"to*wander nonchalantly in wooded or open country,

[1] ***Corresp. Gen.*, XIV, 179-181.**

mechanically here and there to pick a flower or break a twig, to browse upon the hay almost by chance, observing a thousand and a thousand times the same things and always with the same interest, because I always forgot them, was sufficient for eternity without a moment of boredom." The most innocent things amused him. Madame de Verdelin's invalid daughter had sent him a *bilboquet,* a cup-and-ball. *Son bilboquet,* he wrote to the mother (1st October, 1765), *m'est ici d'une grande ressource.*

He was then just suited for his little island. " I have always loved the water passionately; to see it casts me into a delicious reverie, although often without definite object. I did not fail on rising, when it was fine, to hasten to the terrace, inhale the wholesome, fresh air of the morning and let my eyes rise to the horizon of this beautiful lake whose environing banks and mountains enchanted my sight. I know no worthier homage to the Deity than this silent admiration which the contemplation of His works evokes and which does not express itself by systematic acts. I understand how the inhabitants of cities, who see nothing but walls, streets and crimes, have little faith ; but I cannot understand how countrymen, and particularly solitary individuals, can have none. How does not their soul lift itself a hundred times a day in ecstasy to the author of the wonders which strike them ?" Jean-Jacques required " the ravishing spectacle of nature " to arouse this elevation of spirit. In his room he prayed " less frequently and more dryly." But a beautiful landscape filled him with wonder and thankfulness, silent or expressed in the simple " Oh ! " which a good bishop said was the best of prayers.

The life of a *solitaire* appealed to Jean-Jacques more than to Therese, but as a matter of fact the Ile de St. Pierre was not absolutely void of society. There was the receiver or steward and his wife, and from Nidau on the mainland the steward's sisters-in-law often came on visit. So without undue concern about Therese Jean-Jacques

(who liked a little occasional society himself) made an " essay in the quiet life," hoping that it would last his time on earth.

Botany was his chief occupation on the isle. It is true that he usually had some letters to write after breakfast, for he attended to his large correspondence, groaning over it a good deal. And there was always sorting of papers to be done for the collected edition of his works. But as soon as he could he was out and away with his Linnaeus' *Systema Naturae* under his arm. He was one of the early appreciators of the genius of Linnaeus, whom he considered, alone except for Ludwig of Leipsic (1709-1773), to have regarded botany as a naturalist and as a philosopher. His only criticism of Linnaeus was that this *grand observateur* had confined his studies too much to herbariums and gardens, and not sufficiently to " nature itself." " As for me, who took for garden the entire isle, as soon as I needed to make or to verify any observation, I ran into the wood or meadows, the book under my arm. There, I lay on the ground beside the plant in question, to examine it on the spot at my ease." Contrary to Flagon, chief physician to Louis XIV, who knew all the plants of the Jardin des Plantes and nothing of the country, Jean-Jacques knew " something " of the work of nature but nothing of that of the gardener. In spite of his professed resolution to give up writing, he could not forbear planning a book, the *Flora petrinsularis,* " The Flora of the Island of Peter " ; and for this purpose he divided his little island into districts, effectively to study every flower and blade of grass. Soon his room in the receiver's house was full, not with books (for though his boxes had arrived, he did not unpack them), but with flowers and dried grasses.

The morning was passed in this wholesome study, mainly out of doors. After dinner Jean-Jacques was simply lazy—lazy and care-free. Often on calm days he would hasten away with his dog from the dinner-table and enter a small boat which he had learned to propel

with a single oar. The moment of pushing off from the island and seeing the land recede gave him a shiver of joy. Then he would propel the boat over the lake, sometimes approaching quite close to the shore but never landing. Often leaving the boat to drift at the mercy of the wind and water, he would lie on his back and give himself over to aimless reverie, until feeling the very presence of sky and water, of lake-side, wood and mountain, he would exclaim with tenderness : " O nature ! O my mother ! here I am under your sole guard ; here there is no clever and cunning man to interpose between you and me." He could have wished the lake to be the ocean—the wide ocean which he had never seen, for the lagoons of Venice were not that. Sometimes when the setting sun warned him that the day was passing, he was so far away that he had to work hard with his solitary oar in order to arrive home before dark. Yet because his dog did not like such long " watches " on the water, he generally varied them by a walk. This they could take by disembarking on an islet which was a sort of appendage to the lie de Saint Pierre, and there he would walk for an hour or two or simply lie out on the grass on the top of the little hill, giving himself up to the pleasure of gazing at the lake and its environs, or to examining and dissecting the flowers within reach, or like another Robinson Crusoe to building (in imagination only) a dwelling on that little isle. He often bathed from the shady banks in its limpid water. He brought rabbits from the mainland to populate the islet, which became all the more interesting to him and attracted more frequent visits on account of these new inhabitants. The high ground of the little island, the margin by the water, each in its different way nourished his fancy. From the " terrace" he had the superb and ravishing view of the lake and banks, crowned on one side with nearby mountains, on the other broadening into rich and fertile plains over which the eye reached to the distant, bluish mountains closing the horizon.

> On the approach of evening I used to come down from the hilly parts of the island and was glad to sit down beside the lake on the strand in some sheltered corner; there the noise of the waves and the restlessness of the water filling my senses and banishing any other kind of restlessness, plunged my soul into a delicious reverie in which darkness often used to come upon me unawares. The ebb and flow of the water with its continual noise growing louder now and then, and making an unbroken impression on eye and ear, supplied the place of those activities of the mind which my reverie quelled, and were enough to make me enjoy my existence without having the trouble of thinking. From time to time a brief and feeble thought about the instability of the things of this world was aroused by the sight of the surface of the water, but soon these slight impressions were blotted out by the uniformity of its perpetual movement, which lulled me, and without any active help on the part of my soul, continued to absorb me so much that I could hardly tear myself away when summoned by the hour and the accustomed signal.[1]

The lie de Saint Pierre had orchards and vineyards which were " harvested " in summer for the good of the hospital. Jean-Jacques and Therese helped. One day a friend, M. Kirchberger from Berne, came to visit him on the isle and found Jean-Jacques perched on a high tree with, attached to his waist, a sack so heavy with apples that he could not move. When the sack was full, it was lowered to the ground by a rope.

They all lived happily in the receiver's commodious house, and sometimes made little expeditions together on the lake. And on these fine summer evenings after supper they would all go up to the terrace, strolling along it, to breathe the air from the lake in all its freshness. There was a pavilion or summer house in which they rested, talked, laughed, sang some old song worth all the modern rigmarole, going in at last to bed content with their day and only desiring another like it on the morrow.

Though he remembered with pleasure these pleasant strolls and conversations, what remained most in his mind

[1] *Les Reveries du Promeneur solitaire,* **cinquieme promenade.**

in after years was the sheer peace of being alone and at one with nature, of being conscious only of the sentiment of existence—like God, he says boldly, *comme Dieu.* " Delivered from all the terrestrial passions which the tumult of social life engenders, my soul frequently would soar above this atmosphere and associate in advance with the celestial intelligences to whose number it hopes in a short time to be added."[1] Alas, he was not to be permitted to live out the rest of his days upon his tranquil island.

Jean-Jacques had only been five weeks and two days (nth September to 17th October, 1765) on the island, a period of residence very occasionally varied by brief visits to Neuchâtel, Bienne, Yverdon and Nidau, when he received a letter from the *bailli* of Nidau, in whose government was the lle de Saint-Pierre, with an order to quit. The bailiff wrote most reluctantly, but he had no choice in the matter. The magistrates of Berne had decided that Jean-Jacques must leave the canton. When he read the order he thought that he was dreaming. *On me chasse d'ici,* he wrote laconically, almost mechanically, to Du Peyrou. He wrote (17th October) a dignified letter in acknowledgment to the bailiff, asking for a few weeks respite in order that he might make the necessary arrangements for departing and for finding another home. Three days later (20th October) he wrote a second pathetic letter, saying that as no neighbouring state would receive him, he could see only one possible resource. This, however terrifying it might appear, he would take without repugnance, indeed with alacrity. This last resource was that their excellencies the magistrates of Berne should permit him to pass the rest of his days in one of their castles. He would live at his own charges and would give a guarantee never to be an expense to them. He would submit to have neither paper nor pen, nor any communication with the outside world, except what was absolutely necessary, to be conducted through the men in charge of him. All that he asked for himself was the use of a few

[1] ***Les Rêveries du Promeneur solitaire,* cinquième promenade, *ad. fin.***

books and liberty to walk occasionally in a garden. He was not afraid of the loss of liberty, for *his* liberty was not in the power of men; neither walls nor keys could take it from him. Far from assenting to this, the authorities informed him on 21st October that he must quit the territory of Berne on the following Saturday.[1] There was another " little island " besides Saint-Pierre in which Jean-Jacques was interested, named Corsica. At the end of Chapter X of the *Contrat Social* he had written : " I have a presentiment that one day this little island will astonish Europe"; and some thirty years later Napoleon Bonaparte went out from it and did astonish Europe. At Motiers he had been approached through correspondence by two Corsicans, M. Buttafuoco, captain in the French army, regiment " Royal Italian," and by the celebrated Paoli. Corsica was at this time in revolt against its " lord," the Genevese republic, and was endeavouring to establish itself as an independent state. Jean-Jacques was asked to draft laws and a constitution for it. Now, ordered to leave Berne, he thought of going to Corsica. Enquiries, however, which he made about the island had a discouraging result: he obtained a " terrible picture " of a rough and comfortless country, not a place for a sick man. Besides, rumours were flying about that the French Government had made or was making a treaty with the Genoese by which France would acquire Corsica—as did indeed actually happen later, in 1768. So Jean-Jacques gave up the design of going there, but he wrote (apparently at Motiers) a Project of Constitution for Corsica. Lord Keith, now returned to Berlin from his successful visit to the Court of King George III, had invited Jean-Jacques to go to Berlin, but Jean-Jacques had decided to go to England, although with the coming of the cold weather he was not in a condition to leave his room. " My resolution is taken, however," he wrote from the He de Saint-Pierre on 18th October, 1765, to Madame de Verdelin, " and to

[1] *Corresp. Gen.*, XIV, 208.

deliver once and for all my infirmities and my old age from these continual proscriptions, I have determined to go to England, the sole country where there remains some liberty for mankind." The invitation which on leaving Montmorency he had received from David Hume still held good, and as a matter of fact, his letter of 18th October to Madame de Verdelin, saying that he was determined to go to England, must have passed on the way, near the end of its journey, another letter from David Hume, written from Fontainebleau on 22nd October, pressing him warmly to come to England. Hume's letter (the address of which—*a Monsieur Rousseau a l'IIle Saint Pierre au Canton de Berne en Suisse*—is in Madame de Verdelin's handwriting) said that " the commerce of letters " was a bond between them. He had already written to a friend in England (doubtless Richard Davenport) to ensure that Jean-Jacques should have a house to go to. Hume himself would gladly have gone to meet him in Switzerland, but he was under instructions as *charge d'affaires* at the English Embassy at Paris to go immediately to London in order to present a report. Jean-Jacques would be able to live frugally in London on the fruits of his work, for " the booksellers of London offer authors more money than those of Paris."[1]

Although given short notice to quit, Jean-Jacques stayed on from day to day. On 23 rd October he wrote from the island, bidding adieu to Daniel Roguin, *cher papa.* On 24th October he wrote, still from the island, to Madame de Boufflers, saying that he was going to leave at once for Berlin, meaning to stay the winter there (with the Earl Marischal) and then to go on to England, " there to profit by the directions of M. Hume." To Du Peyrou he wrote asking for an exact itinerary of the route, with the names of towns, townships *(bourgs),* places, and good inns. Du Peyrou could send the information to him at Basle or Frankfort.[2] On 25th October, 1765, Jean-

[1] ***Corresp. Gen.*, XIV, 217-8.**
[2] ***Corresp, Gen.*, XIV, 222.**

Jacques left his island. For the time being, Thérèse was left behind. His first stop was at the little town of Bienne, which—another of the astonishing things about eighteenth-century Europe—was an independent city-state inside and surrounded by Canton Berne. As soon as he stepped out of the boat at Bienne, citizens welcomed him, accompanied him to the inn (where they all dined together) and urged him to stay in their free city. Jean-Jacques at first was persuaded and believed that all was well. " I remain at Bienne, resolved to pass the winter there," he wrote to Du Peyrou on 27th October. His friends found a lodging for him, a horrid little back room on the third floor looking on to a court or yard where odoriferous chamois-skins were being cured. This, along with the sour looks which he saw, or thought that he saw, on the faces of the passers-by when he went into the street, was too much for Jean-Jacques. *On m'a trompe,* he wrote to Du Peyrou on 28th October. After three days he had decided to quit Bienne. " I leave to-morrow, before they chase me away." The magistrates of Berne were at the bottom of this trouble. The *bailli* of Nidau came to Bienne and gave him a passport. Jean-Jacques hired a chaise and set off for Berlin (29th October, 1765).

CHAPTER VI

PARIS

JEAN-JACQUES left Bienne determined to go to Berlin, to Lord Keith, and made the journey along the valleys to Bâle, arriving there on 30th October, 1765, then onwards to Strasbourg, which he reached on 2nd November, feeling rather ill, suffering from the effects of bad roads and bad weather. He seems to have been in no difficulty for funds. Travelling in those days was fairly expensive, as well as uncomfortable. From Geneva or Yverdon or Zurich to London the through fare quoted by the Swiss couriers and agents was ten *louis*, about £10, to which meals and bed at the inns would have to be added. Du Peyrou furnished him with letters of credit in case he should be in need of funds.[1] Madame de Verdelin sent him six hundred francs, but he returned them at once.[2]

Jean-Jacques put up at the inn, the Auberge de la Fleur, and stayed there for the winter, although he wrote to Madame de Verdelin that it was a *manvais cabaret.* Jean-Jacques always liked the French people. The Strasbourgers were warm-hearted and hospitable. The governor, Marechal de Contades, paid him marked attention. The prospect of a winter journey to Berlin was bleak and forbidding, so he stayed where he was. Five weeks passed pleasantly. There was a good opera at Strasbourg. The *Devin du Village* was performed there in Jean-Jacques' honour with great success a week after his arrival. He received numerous visits, yet had time to go on with his botanical dictionary. As far as his personal safety was concerned, he could have stayed at Strasbourg

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIV, 230.
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIV, 274.

all his life, for the decree of arrest which had caused his flight from Montmorency was now a dead letter. He continued work on the *Confessions* and wrote to du Peyrou for the copies which he had kept of his letters written before 20th June, 1762. Though he dined out a good deal at Strasbourg, he was still all for solitude as a general thing, and for living in the country. And he had any number of offers of a château or a lodge from old friends : from M. de Saint-Lambert, Madame d'Houdetot, Madame de Verdelin and others. Rey, the most generous of the generous eighteenth - century publishers, sent his confidential clerk *(commis)* who, no doubt, had business to do on the way, to conduct Jean-Jacques to Amsterdam, but Jean-Jacques said that he could not face the Dutch winter. At last he accepted the old and repeated offer of hospitality from David Hume, who was a friend of Madame de Verdelin and Madame de Boufflers and who through them kept in touch with Jean-Jacques on the journey. Hume, who was ready to leave Paris now, put off his journey several weeks in order to wait for him so as to go with him to England. Jean-Jacques had enjoyed Strasbourg. *Je regrette VAlsace,* he wrote to Madame de Verdelin on 4th December, 1765. He had found a *chaise de poste d'emprunt* by which he could travel at his own pace and choose his own stages. Leaving Strasbourg on 9th December (armed with a royal passport, procured by Madame de Verdelin) he travelled in leisurely fashion, through Lunéville, Nancy, Toul, Epernay (where he had a terrible night and thought he would never see the day), and Meaux, arriving at Paris on Monday, 17th December, 1765. He was dreadfully fatigued, yet, as he wrote to Du Peyrou, " in fairly good condition "—provided that he could have two or three days' repose. He spent the first night at the house of his dead friend, the publisher Duchesne, whose widow now carried on the business in the Rue Saint Jacques. After this he accepted an invitation to the Prince de Conti's house (formerly the Due de Simon's) in the Temple. This was sanctuary-

ground, but Jean-Jacques was anyhow perfectly safe with his royal passport.

As soon as he was established in his apartment at the Hôtel de Saint Simon, his old friends of the fashionable world called to see him. He let it be known that he was " at home," and sent out formal invitations, in the third person, inviting company to come for music ; for instance :

> If M. de Luze cares to hear music, he can do so on coming to-night to the Hôtel de Saint Simon, and he will be received with the greatest pleasure.

He did not pay visits, but he received them between nine in the morning and one o'clock, and between three o'clock and six. He was rather amused (and pleased) at the thronging of the great world : "I am here in my Hôtel de Saint Simon," he wrote to Du Peyrou, " like Sancho on his isle, Barataria, on view all day." Naturally nothing of all this affected his simplicity of habits or firmness of character, and he scrupulously sent back to Du Peyrou and d'lvernois any of the letters of credit which they had given him when he left Bienne and which he had managed not to use. The pathetic letter which he had written to the magistrates of Berne asking to be shut up for life had now got into circulation and was being read with deep interest. The Dauphin (father of the future Louis XVI) was dying when Jean-Jacques arrived in Paris; he read the letter on his death-bed and was deeply affected by it.[1]

The " mysterious correspondence," as he rightly called it, between "Marianne" (Madame de la Tour de Franqueville) and himself was still in progress. Madame de la Tour, of course, learned that he was in Paris and wrote to him, sending the letter through Madame de Luxembourg. Jean-Jacques replied coolly that she might consider it indiscreet if he visited her, and besides he did not pay visits. He did not give his address in this letter. Madame de la Tour replied to this somewhat bitterly and included a pointed " Adieu, *Monsieur,"* instead of " Jean-Jacques."

[1] **To d'lvernois, 18th December, 1765 ;** ***Corresp. Gen.,*** **XIV, 330.**

Four days later, however (28th December, 1765), she wrote to say that she asked him to appoint a day for seeing her. She had doubtless found out his address from Madame de Luxembourg. He replied briefly—in three lines—but not unkindly, that it would give him great pleasure if she thought it *à propos* to come. The meeting took place on 1 st January, 1766 ;[1] and after this they were Marianne and Jean-Jacques in their letters to each other again.

Jean-Jacques' host, the Prince de Conti, entertained him magnificently in order to show respect and esteem for him, and would have liked to have given him permanent lodging in one of his châteaux in the country. Perhaps Jean-Jacques should have accepted this offer, but his nerves had become bad again. The concourse of visitors made him feel as if he were part of a public show. " I cannot bear any longer to be on this public theatre," he wrote on 26th December to his Geneva friend De Luze, who was in Paris and was going to accompany him to London : and he begged De Luze to advance the date of departure from the 15th to the 2nd January. Hume had given his consent to this. Jean-Jacques' fortnight in Paris had not been unprofitable ; he had made progress with writing the *Confessions.*[2] The departure from Paris, announced to the public for 2nd January, 1766, took place actually on Saturday, 4th January, at 11 a.m. The party—David Hume, De Luze, a valet, Jean-Jacques, and his dog Sultan, travelled in two chaises, changing their places from time to time.

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* XV, 4.
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* XV, 2.

CHAPTER VII

ENGLAND

DAVID HUME was an eighteenth-century character of the best type—reasonable, tolerant, sociable, a citizen of the world. Born in 1711, the younger son of a Scots laird, he was brought up in the somewhat Spartan, yet intellectual and sociable, conditions of the Scottish gentry of that age, who were much influenced by French culture and claret. Passing through Edinburgh University—one of the most severely scientific and rational schools of that period—he went to France, La Flèche in Maine (now Department of the Sarthe), upon a small allowance of money from his father, and (as he said) dreamed the dream of his philosophy. His *Treatise on Human Nature*—published in 1739, when he was twenty-eight years old—was years later to awaken Immanuel Kant of Konigsberg out of his "dogmatic slumber." The political chiefs of those days appreciated men of letteis and philosophy. Hume obtained a place in public life and in 1763-66 was secretary to Lord Hertford, British ambassador in Paris, and was a *habitué* of all the notable salons—of Mesdames d'Holbach, Helvétius, du Deffand, of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse and the rest. Intellectually he had much in common with Jean-Jacques : a love of justice, freedom, tolerance ; a profound interest in morals and—along with profound scepticism—in spiritual things. "Mr. Hume," wrote Jean-Jacques to Madame de Boufflers, "is the most genuine philosopher whom I know of, and the only historian who has ever written with impartiality."[1] His character was far different, however, from Jean-Jacques'. Hume was lofty in soul, noble and serene in spirit, tranquil in temperament,

[1] **From** Motiers, **2nd** August, **1762;** *Corresp. Gén* , VIII, **71.**

intensely fond of his friends, of the genial club-life of the times, of conversation, of company ; without vanity and without fears. Infinitely good as he was to Jean-Jacques, they never were congenial, never were on really good terms, and, except for the journey to London, never saw much of each other.

The journey did not pass without incident. At Roye, where they spent the first night on the way, they had supper and then slept in the same room. There were three beds for the three gentlemen. The room was small. Jean-Jacques went to bed first, De Luze second, Hume third. Describing the incident, months afterwards, to Du Peyrou, Jean-Jacques drew a plan of the room (the sketch and the original letter are in the Neuchâtel Library), showing the three beds, the door, table, fireplace. " I can see him (Hume) still, putting on his nightshirt with its narrow pleated sleeves." Doubtless Jean-Jacques, after racketing along the roads in the chaise, had a bad night; probably Hume had a bad night too, was restless. In the middle of the night, Jean-Jacques heard him (or thought he heard him) mutter several times : *Je tiens Jean-Jacques Rousseau.*[1] The rest of the journey, which was taken in very leisurely fashion, passed without further incident. The crossing of the Channel from Calais on the evening of 9th January took twelve hours in foul weather. Jean-Jacques passed the whole of the time on deck : " I was less sick than M. Hume," he wrote to Madame de Boufflers, " but I was wet and frozen."[2] The disembarkation in the " land of liberty" affected Jean-Jacques like his crossing from France into Switzerland after fleeing from Montmorency. He embraced Hume in a silent transport of joy. On Monday, 13th January, they drove into London and alighted at the house of Hume's friend and man of business, John Stewart, in York Buildings, Buckingham Street, Strand. They stayed there for a fortnight. Jean-Jacques, as a friend of the people, admired the difference

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XVI, 90-91, 156.
[2] From Wootton, 5th April, 1766.

between the mud of Paris streets and the cleanness of the London pavement for foot-passengers. " By those footpaths *(trottoirs),"* he remarked, " I see that the people are respected."[1]

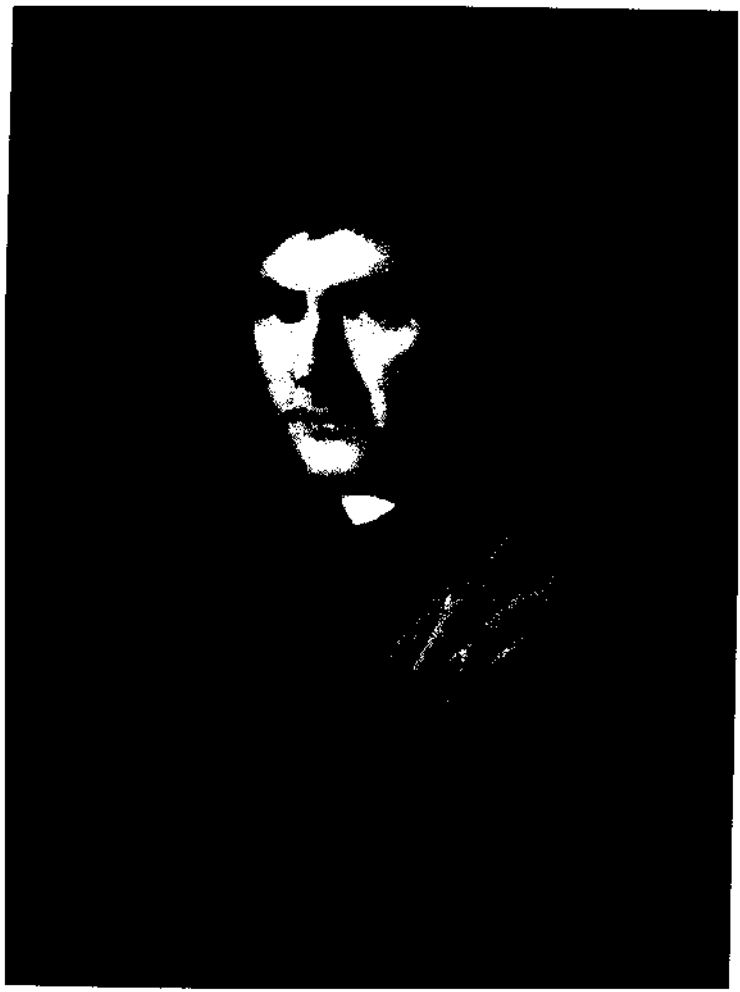
Jean-Jacques had a splendid reception at London. It is true that the people in the streets regarded him and his Armenian *cafetan* as bizarre : they followed him in crowds ; but the liberally-minded political gentry hastened to call on him : the Duke of York; Charles William Ferdinand, Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, a hero of the Seven Years War (later of the Napoleonic War); Earl Harcourt, and others. Hume took him to the theatre, where he sat in the box of Garrick, so that the King and Queen could at any rate see him. Proud republican though he was, he was pleased with what he called (in a letter to Madame de Boufflers, 19th January, 1766) his *accueil distinguè ;* but he did not return any of the visits. A " command performance" was arranged by David Garrick at Drury Lane, because George I I I had expressed a wish to see him. The King, on application from Hume, offered him a pension, which Jean-Jacques very ungraciously accepted and renounced after drawing it for a year. The literary dictator, however, Dr. Johnson, would have none of him. Discussing the alleged felicity of the savage with Boswell three years earlier, Johnson had asserted : " Rousseau and all those who deal in paradoxes are led away by a childish desire of novelty." Now, while Jean-Jacques was in England (though after he had left London), they discussed him at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street. Boswell had recently returned from the Continent, bringing Thérèse with him to join Jean-Jacques (about 14th February). He had been five weeks in Corsica and had returned through France with his enthusiasm for Jean-Jacques undimmed. At Lyons he heard that Jean-Jacques was going to England, and wrote (6th January, 1766): " I promise myself perfect

[1] Courtois, *op. cit.,* 15 n., quoting *European Magazine,* February, 1791, vol. 19, p. 96.

satisfaction in getting you to know Mr. Johnson, of whom I spoke to you at Motiers, and of whom you said : 'I would love that man, I would respect him.' " On BoswelPs return to London, Johnson said sarcastically to him: " It seems, Sir, you have kept very good company abroad, Rousseau and Wilkes ! " Boswell made no attempt to defend his " gay friend " (meaning Wilkes), but stood up for Rousseau. Johnson, however, would admit nothing in his favour : " I think him one of the worst of men : a rascal who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him ; and it is a shame that he is protected in this country. . . . Rousseau, Sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation, than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations." Johnson, at any rate, gave him credit for cleverness : " Rousseau *knows* he is talking nonsense and laughs at the world for staring at him." " How so, Sir ? " asked Boswell. Why, Sir," replied Johnson, " a man who talks nonsense so well must know that he is talking nonsense."[1]

Jean-Jacques wrote to Madame de Boufflers (16th January, 1766) that he had an " ardent desire " to leave London; he wanted the country and solitude. Hume went out to Fulham with him, to look at a lodging which turned out to be very dirty. Then he obtained an offer of quarters for Jean-Jacques from a Welsh gentleman who had on his estate an old monastery tenanted by a farmer. This appealed to Jean-Jacques as a place exactly to his taste, absolutely solitary, in " a remote and savage country." The Chevalier D'Eon, the eccentric Frenchman who wore women's clothes, wrote to him that Wales was *la Suisse de l'Angleterre*.[2] This plan too, however, fell through. He took lodgings (29th January) for about six weeks at a grocer's in the village of Chiswick, where his presence in the shop greatly increased the number of

[1] Boswell's *Life of Johnson, sub anno* 1763, 1766, 1769.
[2] *Cones p. Gén.,* XV, 64.



Rousseau
From the portrait by Allan Ramsay (Scottish National Portrait Gallery)

customers. Me learned to understand English, but not to speak it. On one of his walks he lost Sultan, but the dog later turned up by himself. Thérèse now joined him (14th February). He enjoyed walks by the Thames, collecting flowers. From time to time he went up to London, and sat for his portrait to the celebrated painter, Allan Ramsay, at the charges of Hume. This picture, the head and shoulders of Jean-Jacques in Armenian fur cap and purple furred robe, is now in the National Gallery, Edinburgh. He had prospects of a home in the Isle of Wight, at Plymouth, in Cornwall, and in Surrey, where the Rev. Daniel Malthus (father of the future author of the *Essay on Population)* made him welcome. Malthus had visited Jean-Jacques at Motiers. He now had both him and Thérèse at what he called his *petite maison de campagne,* the Rookery, Dorking. Jean-Jacques thought of taking a lease of a house in Surrey, and with this end in view inspected several properties, including Wootton Place, the historic estate of the Evelyn family near Dorking. Hume and other tactful British friends were able to make everything astonishingly cheap for Jean-Jacques, who always insisted on paying his way, but he can scarcely have been under the illusion that he could lease Wootton Place. He was not without some shrewdness in financial matters and even while in England was making enquiries about placing some of his slender funds in French Government stock.[1] His English bankers were Lacadou and Drake, Union Court, Broad Street, London. While offers of lodgings were pouring in from English people, another came from Russia, from Count Gregory Orloff (famous favourite of Catherine II), whom he had never seen. The Earl Marischal, always thoughtful and kind, wrote from Potsdam to say that he had found just the right place for Jean-Jacques—a house in a great wood, three miles from Plymouth. It belonged to a Baron Wolf, a good, honest man, gentle and tranquil, who would leave Jean-Jacques alone. Jean-Jacques declined this

[1] To M. d'lvcrnois, from Chisvvick, 23 rd February, 1766.

offer, though it was kept open for him for months.[1] He now accepted an offer of board and lodging for £30 a year at another Wootton, not belonging to the Evelyns, but to Richard Davenport, a cultured, generous landowner who had married the daughter of a City merchant. The last night in London (17th March) was spent at Hume's chambers in Lisle Street, the only occasion on which Jean-Jacques actually lodged with Hume at all. Hume had not been disappointed in his *protégé*. "My pupil," he wrote to Madame de Boufflers after the journey from Paris to London, "has arrived in good health; he is very amiable; always polite; often gay; ordinarily sociable. He shows little knowledge of himself when he believes that he is made for solitude. His heart is excellent and full of warmth. In our conversations he is sometimes so animated as to be inspired." Th6rèse, however, was in a different category. Before he saw her he had written: "That woman is the greatest obstacle to any establishment. M. De Luze, our companion on the journey, says that she is considered to be mischievous, quarrelsome, a gossip, and the chief cause of his decision to leave Switzerland . . . that she has the ascendancy over him of a nurse over a child."[2]

On 18th March, Jean-Jacques, Th6r&se, the dog and the baggage set off for Wootton in Staffordshire, driving in one of Mr. Davenport's carriages which Jean-Jacques was told had to go to Wootton on the master's business and bring something back to London. When he reached Wootton Jean-Jacques discovered that this was a pious fraud and he was indignant. In a letter to Hume, expressing thanks for friendship and kindness, he alluded to the carriage, and stated his belief that Hume was in the secret, and declared that he could forgive the ruse if it did not happen twice.[3]

He had an amazing knack of settling in beautiful,

[1] **Earl Marischal to J.-J. R., 28th February and 20th April, 1766; *Corresp. Gin.*, XV, 81, 191.**

[2] **Hume to Mme. de Boufflers, 19th January, 1766; *Corresp. Gen.*, XV, 22.**

[3] From Wootton, 22nd March, 1766; *Corresp. Gen.*, **XV, 117-8.**

quiet country places. Wootton Hall is a fairly big mansion of pleasing architecture, standing in a park, near Dovedale in the Peak District. Mr. Davenport spent only one month in the year in it, but there was always a staff of servants. Jean-Jacques found that he could not understand their speech ; the Staffordshire dialect was beyond him. Therese communicated with them by signs. As everywhere, he received callers, but he escaped a good deal of society because not all his neighbours spoke French. He continued his large correspondence, enjoining all who wrote to him to address their letters to Lacadou and Drake in London. Later, Mr. Davenport would collect these letters and bring them up to Wootton, thus saving the heavy charges on the carriage of single letters for a hundred and fifty miles from London. He was also engaged in writing his *Confessions*, which he had begun at Motiers. Besides this, there was botany, a constant resource indoors and outdoors, an occupation which charmed him more and more every day.[1] It was a life very much like that at Montmorency. Long daily walks, botany, some writing, much desultory thinking. And there was a gradually ripening friendship with a congenial neighbour, acquainted with the French tongue, Bernard Granville of Calwich Hall, a grandson of the Beville Granville (or Grenville) who was killed in the battle of Lansdown, above Bath, fighting for King Charles I. Their visits to each other were frequent. Jean-Jacques liked the walk to Calwich Hall, sometimes meeting on the way a flock of sheep tended by Mary Dewes, the niece of Granville, who had presented her with the flock. Granville frequently sent a present to Wootton Hall, a turkey or some bottles of wine. Jean-Jacques was at pains to find presents to send in return, a trout or a roebuck, doubtless supplied by the Wootton gamekeeper. He became very fond of Mary Dewes, who was twenty years old, and when he returned to France they continued to correspond. When she married and had a family she endeavoured to educate her children on the

[1] **To Madame de Boufflers, 5th April, 1766.**

principles of Rousseau. Altogether the Wootton period was not a bad time for Jean-Jacques, although his obsessions were growing worse. He still believed that he was being persecuted and plotted against, and the man that he fixed upon as the culprit was—Hume! Shortly after their coming to England together, Hume had remarked that Jean-Jacques, though gentle, affectionate, disinterested, had a tendency to nourish, against his best friends, unjust suspicions.[1] There is a terrible letter to Madame de Verdelin written from Wootton on 9th April in which Jean-Jacques goes over the indications of Hume's "treason." One piece of evidence, though it had not struck Jean-Jacques as such at the time, was the words which Hume had uttered in his sleep at Roye on the journey from Paris to London. Later, when Jean-Jacques spent his last night in London at Hume's chambers in Lisle Street, he had suspected treason; then, deeming the suspicion unworthy, had thrown himself upon his host's neck, crying: "No! David Hume is not a traitor." But David had neither shown anger nor tenderness. He received the embrace tranquilly, and had tapped Jean-Jacques several times, saying: *Mon cher Monsieur! quoi done, mon cher Monsieur,* Jean-Jacques thought this very strange and suspicious behaviour. Hume soon left for Paris, remarking that Jean-Jacques was heading for Bedlam.

Life at Wootton Park and in Dovedale could not for the testy invalid revive the charm of Montmorency and the Hermitage. Yet Jean-Jacques enjoyed the countryside and even the company. Davenport came for his month in early summer, 1766. Thérèse cooked French dishes for him. The Malthuses came on a long visit to Wootton Hall. At Granville's house, Calwich, Jean-Jacques met in the summer months a magnificent company, which must have recalled that of Montmorency: Viscountess Andover, the Countess Cowper, Lord Shrewsbury, the Duchess of Portland, and many others. He and the

[1] To the Marquise de Barbantine, 16th February, 1766; *Corresp. Gén.*, XV, 62.

Duchess " herborized " together in the Calwich gardens and park and made expeditions on foot among the hills of the Peak District. The active-spirited duchess led the invalid, slow-moving Jean-Jacques in his long Armenian *cafetan,* into some difficult places and astonished him by her walking powers, though she was at fifty-four only three years younger than he. After the summer they never saw each other again, but continued to correspond for the rest of Jean-Jacques' life. Jean-Jacques also paid a visit of three days in August to Davenport at Davenport Hall, Cheshire, only about ten miles from Wootton. Long after he had left Staffordshire the country-people remembered the strange, kindly foreigner in the fur cap and long robe, whom they called Ross Hall (" Rousseau "), and his companion Madam Zell (" Mademoiselle ") ; they remembered his wanderings about the countryside, his visits to cottages and his presents of herbs and receipts for herbal medicines, his charities to the poor, his fondness for children in spite of the children's natural alarm and tendency to fly from his somewhat alarming appearance.[1]

Living in England was not particularly dear in those days, but Jean-Jacques spent considerable sums in many small gifts, to children, to poor families, to domestic servants. He kept a very careful account of these petty expenses and found that in little over four months at Wootton they amounted to thirty-seven guineas.[2] When his books arrived at London in seven packing-cases (dispatched by du Peyrou from the lle de Saint Pierre), in August, 1766, he resolved to sell them. They cost £16 for carriage and £14 for customs duties. The British Treasury, however, some months later, after application by Jean-Jacques' friends, as an act of grace refunded the dues which had been paid. The books, rather over a thousand in number, realized £99; Davenport bought the whole edition of the *Encyclopedic* for £34, and Louis Dutens, a collector patronized by George III, purchased the rest of

[1] William and Mary Howitt, *Visits to Remarkable Places* (1840),pp.511 -13.
[2] Courtois, *op. cit.,* 167.

the collection for £65. At the same time Jean-Jacques also sold his collection of engravings for £16 11s. 7d.[1] He only retained the portraits of George **III** and Lord Keith, and of course his botany books.

Residence at Wootton, in spite of walks, botanizing, and agreeable parties at Calwich Hall, was not altogether a success. The truth probably is that Jean-Jacques, writing the first part of the *Confessions*, and living over again in imagination his walks under the clear skies of Savoy and Vaud, his life at Les Charmettes, could not transfer the ancient charm to Wootton and Staffordshire. The summer months were pleasant enough even for a sick man, but autumn and winter, with Calwich Hall empty and no friends within it, were depressing. Two things in particular were troubling this touchy exile. One thing was the pension of £100 which King George **III** awarded him and which, in a letter to General Conway, 22nd May, 1766, he had accepted "from the best of kings." The other thing was his account with Davenport: he suspected that Davenport was letting him have board and lodging and other conveniences too cheaply. At first the royal pension was kept secret, in order not to excite public clamour; even when it was made public, as it was in 1767, Jean-Jacques did not feel comfortable about drawing it, and having received a year's income, renounced the rest after returning to France. With regard to Davenport, Jean-Jacques became more and more uneasy as the winter of 1766 drew on. The servants at Wootton Hall became surly and made him feel that he and Therese were a burden to them. At last on 22nd December, 1766, he wrote to Davenport and said point-blank that he must know how the account stood or—"you will not take it amiss that I provide for my retreat as I can." Davenport was slow in answering this query, though the correspondence continued on other subjects in friendly fashion. He waited until the sale of Jean-Jacques' books was arranged. At last, probably at **the**

[1] William and Mary Howitt, *Visits to Remarkable Places* (1840), p. 77.

end of March or beginning of April, 1767 (the letter appears not to be extant), he wrote to say that, after setting off the sums realized from the sale of Jean-Jacques' books (which Davenport received) against the expenses for board and lodging at Wootton and other outgoings, he was in debt to Jean-Jacques for a sum of between £30 and £40.[1]

So far all seemed fairly well externally. Throughout the previous summer, however, a storm had been brewing and finally broke out by the end of June, 1766 ; and its results, combined with Jean-Jacques' idea that Davenport was undercharging him, were (doubtless aided by home-sickness for France) to produce a sudden flight from Wootton. The kernel of the whole business is the celebrated quarrel with Hume. Something has already been said about this. Apparently it really started from Hume's kind endeavours to procure Jean-Jacques a royal pension. Jean-Jacques was pleased with the award, yet soon came to conceive that Hume's solicitude for procuring it was part of a plot to dishonour him. Also, after coming to London in Hume's company, he was warmly received in public, and then later the public (so Jean-Jacques thought) grew cool: here machinations of Hume were also suspected. A letter came to Jean-Jacques' knowledge, alleged to be written by the King of Prussia, inviting him to come to Berlin, but in ironical and contemptuous terms. It ended with an offer to procure any more misfortunes that Jean-Jacques liked, as he was always looking for new ones ; the king promised : " I will cease to persecute you when you cease to find your glory in being persecuted." The letter, signed (being written in French) " Frederic," was a *jeu d'esprit* of Horace Walpole, and was soon known to be such. It circulated in the Paris salons and no doubt caused a good deal of mirth. Jean-Jacques, though he knew that it was the work of Horace Walpole, thought or rather divined that

[1] **See the reference in *Davenport to Rousseau,* 18th May, 1767, in Courtois, 195.**

Hume, a friend of Walpole, was in the plot; for Hume does seem to have contributed a phrase or quip to the letter. Other circumstances came into his mind—Hume's muttering in his sleep at Roye, *Je tiens Jean-Jacques Rousseau ;* his tranquillity when Jean-Jacques embraced him in Lisle Street and protested that David Hume could not be a traitor ; also Hume's friendship with D'Alembert, Holbach, Voltaire, and other of Jean-Jacques' "enemies." Brooding over all this through the summer of 1766 at Wootton, Jean-Jacques at last wrote one of the sort of letters which, when received by a friend, should either be unanswered or simply acknowledged. *Vous, vous êtes tnal cache,* Jean-Jacques wrote : " You bring me to England, in appearance to procure me a refuge, and in effect to dishonour me." Hume is trying to deceive the public. " I know, however, one man whom you will not deceive, that is, yourself." He ends : " This is the last letter which you will receive from me." (23rd June, 1766.) Hume, who was kindly and tolerant and a great advocate of " reason," replied to this letter seriously and at some length. He began: " As I am conscious of having ever acted towards you the most friendly part; of having given you the most tender, the most active Proofs of sincere Affection, you may judge of my extreme Surprise in perusing your Epistle." He protested his innocence vigorously and claimed the privilege of proving it. This called forth (10th July, 1766) another epistle from Jean-Jacques (though he had declared that he would not write another), and this time the size of a pamphlet; it is over 7,500 words in length. In this (written like the last in a beautiful careful script, evidence of great coolness and deliberation) he goes over all his old suspicions of plotting, treachery, opening of letters in transit and the rest. Towards the end he says : " I am the most unhappy of human beings if you are guilty; I am the vilest if you are innocent." Hume passed on Jean-Jacques' letters to Davenport, who did his best to mediate, and did no good thereby. The whole affair soon got into the clubs

and salons. All " Europe," that is, the republic of letters, rang with it: Adam Smith wrote from Paris to Hume, who was at this time Under-Secretary of State in London : " I am thoroughly convinced that Rousseau is as great a Rascal as you, and every man here believes him to be." He wisely advised Hume not to publish anything about it. Silence was best. " By endeavouring to unmask before the Public this hypocritical Pedant, you run the risk of disturbing the tranquillity of your whole life. By letting him alone he cannot give you a fortnight's uneasiness." Madame de Boufflers did not hide her indignation. She wrote to Jean-Jacques: " M. Hume has sent me the outrageous letter that you have written to him. I never saw anything like it. All your friends are reduced to consternation and silence. . . . *Madame la Maréchale de Luxembourg et moi nous attendons impatiemment vos explications sur cette incomprehensible conduite."*[1]

Davenport came to be somehow included, not indeed in Jean-Jacques' suspicions, but in his displeasure. Although the matter of accounting (down to Christmas, 1766) was settled between them early in 1767, Jean-Jacques was not satisfied. He requested to see his host and to go into the accounts again, but Davenport was at London or at Davenport Hall, Cheshire, and did not visit Jean-Jacques. He was, in fact, busy winding up the business affairs in connection with the sale of Jean-Jacques' books, the recovery of the custom-duties charged upon them, and such matters. He and Jean-Jacques exchanged letters quite harmoniously on these points in the early months of 1767 ; and Jean-Jacques, applying at this time to General Conway for his pension, employed Davenport as his agent.[2] Before payment could begin,

[1] Adam Smith's and Madame de Boufflers' letters are printed in Greig, *Letters of David Hume* (1932), II, 409, 421.

[2] Hume to Adam Smith, 8th October, 1767, in Greig, *op. cit.*, II, 165. Rousseau, who had not drawn the pension offered him in 1766, applied through Davenport for payment in March, 1767 *(Davenport to Rousseau,* **19th March, 1767,** in **Courtois, 189).**

however, a new complication arose. The storm broke. On 1st May, 1767, Jean-Jacques fled from Wootton Hall, leaving a letter for his host behind him. In a later work he declared that the villagers wept at his departure.[1] His letter to Davenport was as follows:—

WOOTTON,
30th April, 1767.

The master of a house ought to know what is going on in it, above all with regard to the strangers whom he receives : if you do not know what has been going on in your house with regard to me since Christmas you are at fault: if you do know it and allow it, you are still more at fault: but the most inexcusable fault lies in having forgotten your promise and in having quietly gone off to settle at Davenport without troubling whether the man who was expecting you here according to your word of honour was comfortable or not. That is more than enough to cause me to make up my mind. To-morrow, Sir, I leave your house. I shall leave behind my small effects and those of Mile, le Vasseur and also the proceeds of my engravings and books as pledge for the expenses incurred for my supplies since Christmas. I am not ignorant of the dangers which await me or of my impotence to guard against them ; but, Sir, I have lived my life ; it only remains for me to finish courageously a career that has been honourably passed. It is easy to oppress me, but difficult to degrade me. That is what fortifies me against the dangers I am about to incur. Receive once more my warm and sincere thanks for the noble hospitality which you have bestowed on me. If it had finished as it began, I should carry away from you very tender memories which could never be effaced from my heart. Farewell, Sir; I shall often regret the house I am leaving, but I shall regret far more having had so amiable a Host and not having been able to make him my friend. J.J ROUSSEAU.

Davenport was probably not really surprised. Months previously, when he heard of the quarrel of Jean-Jacques with Hume, he had written to Hume : " I am really sorry for him, he's uneasy, frets perpetually, and looks terribly—

[1] *Rousseau, Juge de Jean-Jacques,* second dialogue, p. 158.

'tis almost impossible to conceive the oddness of his extreme sensibility, so that I conclude when he's Guilty of an error, his nerves are more in fault than his heart—things vex him . . . "[1] The last straw in the burden which Jean-Jacques had to bear at Wootton (according to the report of a gentleman who met him in Lincolnshire) was that Thérèse had a quarrel with the Wootton housekeeper, who, in revenge, threw cinders and ashes into his stew-pot.[2]

Whatever the reasons—churlishness of the servants, the damp, depressing atmosphere and appearance of a delayed spring-time, the absence of friends, the suspicion of conspiracy against his life—Jean-Jacques had decamped, " escaped " from the unseen guards that he believed to be surrounding him. Davenport knew nothing about this for another sixteen days. He was at Davenport Hall, Cheshire, confined to his room with gout; and was writing (4th May) to Jean-Jacques, inviting him and Thérèse to visit him and offering to send horses for the carriage which was at Wootton, while Jean-Jacques' letter of farewell was lying, overlooked by the negligent servants, on a table in the last guest's room at Wootton Hall. No word came to Davenport until 17th May, and then it was a letter (dated nth May) written from Spalding in Lincolnshire, over a hundred miles from Wootton Hall! How Jean-Jacques, burdened with Thérèse, reached Spalding from Wootton (still more why he chose Spalding) nobody knew or knows; obviously they did not go on foot. There were no post or diligence services across country on this route. Doubtless he hired occasional transport somehow. He seems to have gone blindly for the east coast, as being on the way to France, and having reached Spalding to have stopped there, in fear of his life in case he proceeded further. He put up at the White Hart Inn.

[1] **6th July, 1766, in Greig,** ***Letters of David Hume*** **(1932), II, 407-8.**

2 Greig ***(op. cit.),*** **II, 148.** ***(Hume to Davenport,*** **1st July, 1767.)**

To the Lord Chancellor [Lord Camden][1]

AT SPALDING IN LINCOLNSHIRE
5th May, 1767.

MY LORD,

Allow a poor foreigner, who must be under the protection of the law here, to put himself also under yours. My situation, which is very singular and little known, forces me to take an unwonted and perhaps unwise liberty, but it is my only resource. Since I have been in this district, by the proved impossibility of going further alone and without danger, I thought that the first minister of the Law must also be that of public hospitality and I venture to beg you to be good enough to find—at my expense—an authorized guide to conduct me straight and in safety to Dover where I intend to embark without bringing any complaint against anyone.

I have the honour just to assure you, my Lord, of this, that there is only one well-recognized necessity which could drive me to the step I am taking to-day and this necessity does not allow me even to go out of this state before the receipt of your orders.

I beg you to accept with my very humble request the assurance of my most profound respect, my lord.

J.-J. ROUSSEAU.

In spite of the fears expressed in this letter, Jean-Jacques does not seem to have been altogether miserable at Spalding. He had left his Armenian elothes behind him at Wootton, probably to escape attention, and now at Spalding he had a blue coat, of the style usually worn by gentlemen, made for him by the local tailor. The parson of the parish paid him visits of several hours every day and found him "cheerful, good-humoured, easy, without the least fear or complaint of any kind."[2] On nth May Jean-Jacques wrote to Davenport a letter which has not been preserved or found, but it is known that it contained a wild allegation of conspiracy. Davenport throughout the whole business is the thorough gentleman.[3]

[1] Courtois, *Davenport to Rousseau,* pp. 156-7 (it is in French).

[2] Greig, *Letters of David Hume,* II, **165** *(Hume to Adam Smith,* **8th** October, 1767).

[3] Courtois, *Davenport to Rousseau,* 93, ***Veritablement, Davenport etait un* gentleman** *au sens profond du mot.*

He mildly remonstrated with his bewildering guest. " I can't help being amazed at your talking of being in Captivity at Wootton, I have often told you you might do exactly as you pleased in that place and I promised you that if you was at any time tired of it I would give you any Assistance in my power to settle you in any other place you should make choice of. Wootton is now entirely at your service." He sent a special messenger, one of his own young serving-men, with this letter and twenty guineas for Jean-Jacques' immediate necessities. " I have sent over this boy of mine, and with him 20 Guineas. I hope you will receive it safe, draw upon me. Certainly your best way is to hire a carriage and come to Wootton." This was handsome. He added an impassioned plea : " I never was at Spalding, but have always understood it to be one of the most cursed disagreeable places in England. I cant conceive what notion could possibly make you go there, and all that flat Country is reckoned very unwholesome, especially for those, who are not natives—for God sake return out of it as soon as you can." The good man wrote to Hume (18th May, 1767) : " I learn that he [Jean-Jacques] is most excessively sick of his situation, and is returning to Wootton, as soon as, I suppose, he can well get there."

The Lord Chancellor's reply to Jean-Jacques' letter was courteous and sympathetic. It assured him that he was as safe with one of the post-boys as with any guide that the Lord Chancellor could appoint. So off he went by post-chaise. His next letter (to Davenport) is written from the *Turn at Stilton,* twenty-six miles from Spalding, on 14th May ; he was now on the road to London.

TURN AT STILTON. AT SPALDING,

14/A *May,* 1767.

SIR,

If I had some assurance that the letter which I wrote you last Monday would reach you safely and that the proposal it contained would be acceptable to you, I would await your answer here. But as the letters I write you from here by post do not

reach you, I do not expect a better fate for this one, and the uncertainty of what you may decide determines me to set out for London though I am uncertain of being able to arrive there. I have spoken to you openly in my preceding letter, and I confirm it in this, and I add that if it were possible for me to have absolute liberty for my person as well as for my letters in this house, there is no dwelling-place on this earth that I should prefer to your house at Wootton. I have such a sincere attachment to this house and to its owner that if, contrary to all expectations, I succeed in assuring myself of my liberty and in setting foot once more on the Continent, I shall have a very singular proposal to make to you. In the meantime, Sir, I beg you to leave our trunks where they are, even when you hear that I have crossed the Channel, for on this supposition I shall write to you at greater length from Calais and shall have many things to tell you : but as I do not ever expect to have this opportunity, I shall suffer the disappointment of never being able to show you my real feelings, which are very different from what you think, no doubt, regarding my sojourn in England and my stay at your house. Could I once be really free, we should soon be on good terms. With kind regards from Miss le Vasseur and myself and greetings from us both to your family and all your household,

I am,

Yours,

J.-J. ROUSSEAU.

Jean-Jacques had not waited for Davenport's answer to his letter written from Spalding, so he had not met the servant bearing the twenty guineas. He had no money, but paid his way with fragments broken off a silver fork that he carried with him. From London he went down to Dover, always in fear to the last moment that the British Government had its minions in place to detain him. He wrote to the Secretary of State, General Conway, that he had been enticed to England, and now people were trying to prevent him from leaving it. He had received "outrages" and had been living in "captivity"—"Monsieur, I desire to leave either England or life ; and I understand fully that I have no choice. The sinister manoeuvres that I see announce the fate that attends me if

I only feign to wish to embark. I am determined however, to do so, because all the horrors of death are in no whit comparable with those which surround me." Moved obviously by genuine terror, he promised the Secretary of State that he would abandon for ever the prospect of writing his memoirs and that he would never speak about Hume. In addition to other guarantees that this promise would be kept he offered, a little naïvely, to accept the royal pension which, so far, he had not drawn. " I see my last hour being made ready; I am resolved, if necessary, to go and seek it, and to perish or to be free ; there is no middle course." Nevertheless, by the same post which carried this letter, he wrote to Davenport (18th May) that having arrived within sight of the sea, he found himself really at liberty to go or stay, and so he had intended to return to Wootton. Seeing, however, in a newspaper an account of his departure from Wootton, he concluded that his offences were too great to be forgiven, and so was resolved to depart for France.[1]

At last he embarked, but still felt unsafe until the ship weighed anchor on the evening of 21st May. Next day he set foot upon France at Calais : *J'arrive id transports de joie,* he at once wrote to Du Peyrou. He also wrote to the Marquis de Mirabeau, announcing his arrival in France after " many bizarre adventures " : bizarre indeed.

[1] This letter to Davenport is summarized in Davenport's letter to Hume, 25th May, 1767 (Burton, *Life of Hume*, 1846, I I , 369) and in Hume's letter to Adam Smith (8th October, 1767 ; Greig, *Letters of David Hume*, I I , 165). Courtois, *Davenport to Rousseau,* says that he was unable to trace its owner.

CHAPTER VIII

FRANCE AT LAST

"^HE good Davenport thought that Jean-Jacques was ^ . taking a considerable risk in returning to France. He ascertained through Hume (who, although justifiably angry, would not stoop to revenge) that the Royal pension would be paid even outside France. He wrote to Hume (25th May, 1767) : " 'Tis with the greatest satisfaction I hear, this poor unfortunate man will enjoy the pension. . . . I'm sure you'll do your endeavour to save him from the Bastille, or (which I more fear) the Archbishop of Paris' prison." Hume, as a matter of fact, had already written (22nd May) to the Comtesse de Boufflers asking her, if Jean-Jacques was arrested, to use her influence in restoring him to liberty, " by representing him in his true colours, as a real and complete madman, who is an object of compassion, and can be dangerous to nobody."[1]

Jean-Jacques' health seems to have improved in England. If his mind had continued to be apprehensive, his physical condition had become more stable. People agreed that he was very eccentric, but not that he was mad. " General Conway will not allow that Rousseau is mad," wrote Hume to the Comtesse de Boufflers (19th June, 1767): " he says, he is only whimsical and capricious." Hume's final verdict was: " He is a Composition of Whim, Affectation, Wickedness, Vanity and Inquietude, with a small, if any, ingredient of Madness" (to Adam Smith, 8th October, 1767). He continues : " He is always complaining of his Health; yet I have scarce ever seen a more robust little Man of his Years."

[1] Greig, *Leilas of David Hume,* II, 140.

David Hume

From the portrait by Allan Ramsay (Scottish National Portrait Gallery)

The " escape " or journey—for amid his vacillations and apparent changes of mind, there was all through Jean-Jacques' actions in April and May, 1767, a continuing purpose to return to hear the nightingale in France—was not wholly rash. He had a home, indeed a choice of homes, to go to. The Marquis de Mirabeau, celebrated father of a more celebrated son, was ready to lodge him on any one of the numerous Mirabeau estates; the Prince de Conti, probably at the suggestion of the kind Madame de Boufflers, was equally hospitable. Jean-Jacques, though he took the precaution of wearing ordinary clothes and of using an incognito (Monsieur Jacques or Renou), knew that he was not in much danger. Yet his first idea was to go to Brussels and then to Venice. On 22nd May, 1767, he wrote from Calais to Mirabeau : " I have resolved to go to Brussels for some repose. . . . I see only one sure place foi me, that is in the State of Venice ; and in spite of the immensity of the passage, I am determined to attempt it." He hoped to be able to go by way of Paris and to see Mirabeau there. Meanwhile he gave an address, *sous le convert de Barthelemi Midy, négotiant, Amiens.* The next letter to Mirabeau was written from Amiens, where he arrived on 25th May, staying at the Hôtel des Bons Enfants. He was received with " public honours," with flattering but inconvenient attentions from citizens and the military men. So after a week's stay (until 3rd June), he passed on to Saint Denis, just outside Paris, and put up for a night at the *Trois Maillets ;* from there he seems to have gone, conducted by one of the Mirabeau servants, to Fleury, an estate of the marquis near Meudon, about five miles from Paris. Mirabeau had promised him a " desert," although so near Paris. Fleury suited him very well: " The air, the house, the garden, the park, everything is admirable," he wrote to Mirabeau on 5th June, 1767. The thoughtful marquis sent him a *gros livre de plantes.* He lost no time before he was walking all round the estate and its neighbourhood. Du Peyrou came to Paris and visited him. Madame de

Verdelin came out from Paris to see him. He longed, but did not dare, to go to Montmorency, the scene of his walks with the Maréchal de Luxembourg, " the best and most beloved of men." Though he had often and solemnly foresworn literature, he sat up all night to write a pamphlet on the politics of Geneva.[1] He was only a little over a fortnight at Fleury, which he may have thought to be rather near Paris for safety. Mirabeau offered him a home in another estate, Bignon, where there was no more to fear " than on the Congo."[2] Jean-Jacques, however, chose Trye, a château of the Prince de Conti near Gisors in Normandy, about forty-three miles north-west of Paris. There he remained for just under a year, 20th June, 1767, to about 15th June, 1768. Coindet, his faithful friend in the bank of Thelusson and Necker, accompanied him and Thérèse out to Trye. Coindet also took charge of Sultan, Jean-Jacques' dog, who seems to have been lost and then found, and he sent the dog out to Trye too with two Avignon sausages as a present for Jean-Jacques. *Le château est vieux, le pays est agréable,* wrote Jean-Jacques to the Marquis de Mirabeau (24th June, 1767).

Jean-Jacques liked château-life, as long as he had it to himself. " I hope," he wrote to Du Peyrou, " when the first embarrassments are over, to be able to pass here tranquil enough days, under the protection of the great prince who gives me this refuge." He had brought from Fleury a work of botany, a *livre desplantes,* a book of great size and value; and he was reading Mirabeau's own work, *Philosophie rurale,* without fully comprehending the thought. He closes with a message (at the request of the Prince de Conti) that Mirabeau will preserve the secrecy of Jean-Jacques' place of residence. The letter is signed " Renou," 24th June, 1767. The summer seems to have been passed chiefly in botany. There is some discussion of politics and government *(la science du gouvernement,* he

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* XVII, 105, and p. viii.
[2] *Corresp.* Gen., XVII, 84.

calls it), in which he states " the grand problem of politics—to find a form of government which puts the law above the man." If such a constitution cannot be found or made (and he confesses himself pessimistic) there is no alternative except complete despotism : *je ne vois point de milieu supportable entre la plus austère démocratic et le hobbisme le plus parfait.* He does not believe in " legal despotism " : *je ne vois là que de deux mots contradictoires.* He concludes this letter (to Mirabeau, 26th July, 1767) by asking the marquis to send him no more books and to spare his poor head, *de laisser en paix ma mourante tête.* The marquis wrote letters (to use the editor's remark) of rather " terrifying" length. He tried hard to interest Jean-Jacques in the somewhat puzzling economics of the Physiocrats.

The time passed agreeably enough at Trye, although he protested, in a letter to Mirabeau, that he much preferred a cottage to a castle. He describes his life in a letter to Davenport (who wrote that " Wootton is, and always will be at your disposal ")[1] as being " much the same as at Wootton." " I inhabit an agreeable residence where I live alone as much as I can, browsing my hay as usual without fearing anything or desiring anything." He played chess with his host, M. Manoury, *lieutenant des chasses du Prince de Conti.* He had renounced writing for the public, and read only botany books. " Laziness gains on me more and more." But, of course, he continued to " herborize" on his walks. Much time was spent in pasting flowers into albums and tracing their outline through transparent paper. He invited some guest to dinner *assez souvent.* At the end of the year he received two quarters' instalment of his English pension, payable since April last. He recognized the favour of King George in letting it be paid outside England. His board and lodging at Trye cost him nothing, but he was. determined that the Prince de Conti should be his last host. " My resolution," he wrote to the Marechale de Luxembourg,

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XVII, 121.

" is to accept no more free lodging with anyone."[1] He could not leave Trye, however, until he was assured that the Government would leave him free. He maintained his correspondence with his friends. The faithful Du Peyrou came again from Switzerland, by way of Holland (where he had business), towards the end of August; but attacked by gout at Paris, he was detained there for two months before he was well enough to come on to Gisors to visit Jean-Jacques. Coindet came out from Paris too. Coindet was a very faithful friend, ready to put himself to any amount of trouble. Jean-Jacques was not very grateful to him. *Ce Coindet,* he wrote to Du Peyrou (8th September, 1767) *qui se croit si fin, n'est qu'un fat.* He thought, too, that his enemies were again conspiring against him, poisoning the mind of the Prince de Conti, and from the first he had suspected that they were raising the peasants in the neighbourhood of Trye against him.[2] In this he believed he detected the machinations, not only of grand Paris ladies (including apparently Madame de Boufflers)[3] but also of David Hume. He thought that the prince's pampered lackeys were mocking his poverty. Madame de Verdelin believed that Thérèse's spiteful gossip to him had something to do with the trouble.[4]

Jean-Jacques, who liked fruit and vegetables, and was living in a château, as he says, " surrounded by gardens and trees, like Tantalus in the midst of waters," had little of the fare that he liked. The Prince de Conti visited Trye early in October and instead of hunting, gave up all his time to Jean-Jacques. *J'ai profité,* he writes to Du Peyrou, *de tous les moments que ce grand prince, et pour tout dire, que ce digne homme, a passés ici* (sic). When they were supping together on Saturday night, there was fruit

[1] 10th August, 1767.

[2] To Madame de Verdelin, 27th June, 1767 ; *Corresp.* Gen., XVII, no.

[3] *Corresp. Gen.,* **XVIII, 142, 146.**

[4] *Corresp. Gen.,* **XVII, 182.**

on the table for the first time for two months. Jean-Jacques remarked upon this, good-humouredly, *tout bonnement,* to His Highness. The next morning the prince sent him the salver on which the fruit had been served.[1] The prince was not blind to Jean-Jacques' troubles in the château, and offered to change all the servants, but Jean-Jacques would not agree. The prince had some cause for writing : *Vous mettez vos amis au désespoir.*[2]

Later in the year (1767) he had another pleasant and long-expected visit, this time from Du Peyrou, who with the permission of the Prince de Conti stayed in the château with Jean-Jacques for six or seven weeks (November-December, 1767). Jean-Jacques loved Du Peyrou. To write a letter to him or to receive one or even merely to think about him made Jean-Jacques feel happy. Friendship, he wrote to Madame de Verdelin, was and had been for years the sole comfort of his life, the only thing which attached him to it. He and Du Peyrou had a delightful time together at Trye. They played chess *(échecs)* for whole afternoons at a time. They discussed plants. Unfortunately Du Peyrou's health was not good. Before arriving at Trye he had been detained at Paris by an attack of gout. He had been treated with the dreadful drugs of those days, violent purges and injections into the ear of *esprit d'urine.*[3] For the first nine or ten days at the castle, however, he was gay, eating well, sleeping well, and drinking coffee with Jean-Jacques, more coffee, indeed, than Jean-Jacques thought good for him. Then he fell ill. Jean-Jacques did not think much of doctors ; Du Peyrou himself did not want one. So Jean-Jacques himself tended him. Du Peyrou's gout became bad. After this Jean-Jacques insisted upon calling in the local doctor. He developed a high fever. In his delirium he thought that Jean-Jacques was trying to poison him.[4]

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XVII, 301.
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* XVII, 321.
[3] *Corresp. Gen.,* XVII, 331.
[4] *Corresp. Gen.,* XVII, 333.

The next night, the 9th/ioth November, was the most terrible of Jean-Jacques' life. He feared that Du Peyrou would die of the illness or would commit suicide, an4 that he, Jean-Jacques, would be charged with the crime of murder. In the morning, however, Du Peyrou was better. Later he admitted in a letter (written while he was at Trye) that he had suspected Jean-Jacques simply because he was not master of himself. Gradually their relations became normal again. After Du Peyrou left Trye (probably early in January, 1768) they continued to correspond upon familiar subjects, the *brioches* of Paris which Du Peyrou liked so much, the apples which were so scarce and dear there but which could be found if one sought for them. When Du Peyrou was back at Neuchâtel, Jean-Jacques wrote that he and Thérèse were delighted to hear of his safe arrival home, and that the pleasant memory which he had left behind him went on increasing. " Thérèse and he never had a meal together but they spoke about him." The bowl from which he had been accustomed to drink his coffee was kept as an " informing memorial."[1] Du Peyrou had sent him a present of wine. Jean-Jacques, who did not like to receive presents when he could not reciprocate, accepted this one, though not very graciously. " The result is," he wrote to Du Peyrou, " as in many other cases, that one commits the fault, and the other drinks it."[2]

Botany continued to be Jean-Jacques' passion and solace, for he professed to have renounced literature forever. While Du Peyrou was convalescent from gout at Paris, he had been charged with many commissions from Jean-Jacques to buy botany books. The Paris bookshops, however, though famous then, as now, for their magnificently large and varied stock, were singularly lacking in books on botany. " It is astonishing," wrote Jean-Jacques to Du Peyrou, " at what point of crass ignorance people remain in France about this beautiful and ravishing study which

[1] *Corresp. Gin.*, XVIII, 118.
[2] *Corresp. Gin.*, XVIII, u8.

the illustrious Linnaeus has made fashionable in all the rest of Europe. While in Germany and in England the princes and the great people find their pleasure in the study of plants, it is still regarded here as an apothecary's study. You will not be able to believe what profound contempt people have conceived for me in this country on seeing me herborize. This superb carpet with which the earth is covered displays only to their eyes lotions and plasters." What a surprise for these people if they had seen the Duchess of Portland, whose herborist Jean-Jacques was, scaling rocks, where he could scarcely follow, in order to find the *chamoedrys fratescens* and the *saxifraga alpina I*[1] Having renounced literature, he still had botany (and occasionally music) with which to occupy himself. He exchanges news with Du Peyrou about flowers. Has Du Peyrou in his garden at Neuchâtel the seeds of *apocyn* which Jean-Jacques gave him ? Jean-Jacques has found it very difficult to make it grow at Trye. *En revanche,* however, he has had marvellous success with *carthamus lanatus* and *medicago scutellata et intertexta* in the " little garden " ; the *medicago* was already in flower when he wrote to Du Peyrou on ioth June, and he was counting with ever-new rapture the daily appearing of shoots and down and leaves.[2] He had a small collection of dried flowers made by himself. A young friend gave him another collection, a magnificent one, with many rare and strange plants. The arranging of this, and the amalgamation of his own small collection with it, occupied much time and labour. The result was ten great cartons or volumes, folio size, with about 1,500 distinct kinds of plants, and altogether 2,000, counting variations of the same kind. He made a box to hold the ten volumes, so that he could take it away. " This will be henceforth my only library and, provided that I am not deprived of the enjoyment of it, I defy man henceforth to make me unhappy."[3] This

[1] **To Du Peyrou, 17th October, 1767.**
[2] **To Du Peyrou, 10th June, 1768 *(Corresp. Gen.,* XVIII, 231).**
[3] **To Du Peyrou, 10th June, 1767.**

quite cheerful letter, expressing apparently almost complete contentment with his situation, must have been written very shortly before his flight from Trye, after almost a year's residence, the kind of catastrophe which now seemed to dog his steps (or rather which he brought upon himself) with almost rhythmical regularity.

None of his friends had any warning of his coming flight, nor is there any evidence to indicate that he planned it beforehand. His dependence upon the Prince de Conti's bounty irked him. He was on bad terms with the Prince de Conti's resident officer, M. Manoury. His letters, however, during the last months of his residence at Trye are mainly about botany ; or music, for his *Dictionary of Music* was going through the press (it was published at Paris in 1768); or about political disturbances among the citizens of Geneva (he kept abreast of news, for Coindet sent him the gazettes of Holland and Switzerland); or about certain money affairs. He renounced his English pension after drawing four quarters' instalments. It was not that he had any objection to George III. He really admired that generous monarch, and wrote from Trye to Earl Harcourt asking for an engraving of the king to be sent to him : " I will take care to have it suitably framed in order that the features of my august benefactor may be continually engraved before my eyes as his bounties are in my heart." He even decided to renounce his annuity payable from the fund set aside for this purpose by Lord Keith, and only forebore from doing so at this time because he could use it to repay Du Peyrou some money (2,400 *livres,* about £100) which Du Peyrou had advanced to him on account of the proposed collected edition of his works,[1] and also because Therese had a life-interest in the annuity. As for the plan of a collected edition, this was abandoned ; Jean-Jacques would have nothing more to do with publication. Nevertheless, though he thus renounced nearly all his financial resources, saying that he had always been happiest when poor, he made arrange-

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XVII, 324.

ments for paying 100 French francs a year to his aunt, who lived at Nyon, in order to enable her to have a maidservant to help her in her old age. She had brought him up (he wrote to M. d'lvernois), and he had always tenderly loved her, and he regretted not having gone to see her when he was at Motiers.[1] As his circumstances were straitened by all these arrangements he had to ask his correspondents to restrict the bulk of their letters, which in those days were paid for by the recipient on delivery. Normal charges he would gladly defray, but he found the six *livres* four *sous* which one letter from D'lvernois cost too heavy.[2]

Although, as he said, " dead to literature/' he was pleased with the publication of his *Dictionary of Music* in December, 1767. Guy, who carried on the Duchesne publishing business, had been in the Bastille, having come somehow under the weight of the law, though not by reason of any books of Jean-Jacques. He was let out of prison in July, and the task of seeing the *Dictionary of Music* through the press went on steadily. After it came out, Jean-Jacques wrote to Guy (17th February, 1768), that the book might be selling slowly but that it was a fundamental work, *un livre de fond,* which would have a market at all times, and particularly when the author was no longer alive. " I know," he added, " that musicians do not read anything, and do not even know how to read ; but I dare to say that if they read anything, they ought to read and even to study this book."

His persecution mania became intense. He even suspected Coindet and Madame de Verdelin of wishing to drive him away.[3] Most extraordinary thing of all, he allowed himself even to doubt Du Peyrou's faithfulness. Of this, it is true, he was soon reassured, though he remained rather cold towards Du Peyrou. But after

[1] To D'lvernois, 29th January, 1768, and 26th April, 1768.

[2] To D'lvernois, 26th April, 1768.

[3] *Corresp. Gen.,* XVII, 252.

refusing to answer letters, he at last wrote (18th May, 1768) and absolutely broke off relations with the faithful Coindet, who had done nothing to offend him. The château, he says, was " shut, barred and barricaded on all sides," so that he could not go beyond the courts and terrace. He had to confine his walks to the private garden of M. Manoury and the " small " garden of the château, a sunk garden, deep as a well.[1] He was not absolutely confined to the precincts, for he went to dine at Gisors, and issued forth on one or two other occasions, but seemed to notice ill-will in the neighbourhood when he did so. His relations with the prince's officer were often in acute irritation : " Manoury, whose heart is blacker than his beard, taking advantage of the absence and occupation of his master, does not cease to torment me, and wishes absolutely to drive me from here."[2] Nevertheless he mentioned that he had been outside the château-precincts once or twice ; and on another occasion (24th March, 1768) he concludes a letter to Du Peyrou, as it were cordially, with the remark that he was going to dine that day at Gisors and would post the letter there.

Although there had been a few indications of coming trouble in the letters, and he believed (as usual) that the local population was being roused against him, the crash came with the usual suddenness. On 10th June, 1768, he is writing to Du Peyrou without any hint of a desire to move, discussing the difficulty of getting the *apocyn* to grow, and the marvellous results obtained from sowing *carthamus lanatus* and *medicago scatellata* and *intexta*, which were already in flower. Within a few days afterwards he has gone, leaving a note for the Prince de Conti dated Trye-le-Château, Juin, 1768.[3]

[1] To Du Peyrou, 3rd March, 1768.

[2] To Du Peyrou, 19th February, 1768.

[3] The date seems to have been 18th June, 1768 ; *Corresp. Gen.*. XVIII, 237.

To His Highness the Prince of Conti.

TRYE-LE-CHATEAU,

June, 1768.

MONSEIGNEUR,

The members of your household without exception are not the kind of people to know me: whether they take me for a spy, or think me a respectable person, they all equally shun my sight. And so, Sir, they have spared no pains and will spare none, each manoeuvring in his own way, to render me hateful and despicable in the eyes of all and force me at last to depart from your castle. Sir, in this I must and will humour them. The kindnesses with which your serene Highness has overwhelmed me are enough to console me for all the misfortunes which await me when I leave this abode where glory and opprobrium have divided my stay. My life and my heart are yours, but my honour is my own: allow me to obey her voice which cries out to me, and to leave your home to-morrow: I venture to say that you must. Do not leave a rascal of my sort among these respectable people.

The prince, who had been ill, patiently and kindly replied that Jean-Jacques must be careful to keep away from Lyons, which was within the jurisdiction *(du ressort)* of the Parlement of Paris; and he offered Jean-Jacques another retreat " in the midst of the country of botany " *(une retraite au milieu dupays de la botanique).*[1] Jean-Jacques admitted later that nobody could have been kinder to him than this great nobleman. That he regretted his leaving or having to leave Trye is intelligible. " Alas! that beautiful residence was the refuge that I needed. I would there have forgotten in sweet repose the troubles of my life; I could there hope to find at last peaceable days, and to await there without impatience the death which otherwise I ceaselessly desired. It is too late. The fatal destiny which drags me orders otherwise my lot. If I had been the master, if the Prince himself had been the master of his own house, I would never have left Trye where he had spared nothing to render my sojourn

[1] **24th June, 1768; *Corresp. Gen.,* XVIII, 238.**

agreeable. Never Prince did so much for any private individual as he has deigned to do for me."[1]

Jean-Jacques departed alone. Thereèse was left in the care of the abbess of the convent of Gomerfontaine near Trye. He travelled by diligence and reached Lyons on 17th June, much fatigued by the journey. He put up at an inn and after a day's rest visited his old friend, Madame Boy de la Tour, at her house in the country outside Lyons. His obligations to the Boy de la Tour family, he said, were *inépuisables.* In her vineyard, there was the flower called *aristoloche* in abundance ; he had never seen it before, but now, at a glance, recognized it with a transport of joy. He made up his mind to amuse himself with making little tours in that fruitful neighbourhood, " botanical pilgrimages " *(pèlerinages de botanique)* with his collection of dried flowers and one or two botany books that he had brought from Trye.[2] Evidently he had got over his fright. He was now wearing ordinary clothes, including in cold weather a *frac* (tail-coat). A fortnight later he was still at Lyons and wrote to Du Peyrou that he was setting forth to " herborize " at the Grand Chartreuse (about seventy miles distant) with a fine and good company of botanists whom he had found and recruited in the neighbourhood, among then M. de la Tourette, " guide and chief" of the party, the Abbé Rosier, the Abb6 de Grange-Blanche. He was having a good time and wrote quite gaily about the expedition: " You won't find anything to glean after us."[3] The next letter (to Therese) was written on 25th July from Grenoble, where he had gone with the intention of going on to Chambéry to visit the grave of Madame de Warens, " that tender mother whom you have known," and to weep at the misfortune of his surviving her. He advised Thérese 10 consult the abbess with whom she was staying with regard to her future movements. Probably, he remarked with

[1] To Moultou, 5th November, 1768 ; *Corresp. Gèn.,* XVIII, **370.**
[2] To Du Peyrou, 20th June, 1768; *Corresp. Gin.,* XVIII, **240.**
[3] To Du Peyrou, 6th July, 1768.

unconscious irony, the abbess would not advise her to remain in the convent: "it is not in a community that liberty and peace are found" (certainly not the kind of liberty and peace that Therese liked). He himself was going from Grenoble that very day (25th July) to Chambéry, "supported by good passports and the protection of the powers." On application, the Due de Choiseul had supplied him with a passport. Grenoble had been his headquarters for about a month, and his bill with the *perruquier* amounted to three *louis* (£3 sterling). The visit to Chambéry was a disappointment. He saw the landlord of Les Charmettes, M. de Conzié, who received him coldly. Jean-Jacques at once scented a conspiracy. "The friend on whom I had counted had been gained," he wrote to Thérèse.[1]

There can have been little satisfaction for him in visiting Chambéry and the other scenes of his youth, so terribly contrasted with his present circumstances. On 13th August he was back at Bourgoin, a busy, neat little town of Dauphiné, on the Chambéry-Grenoble road. He stayed at the inn, *Fontaine d'Or*. Therese joined him about this time; and on 29th August in the inn he went through a home-made ceremony of marriage with her, conducted by himself in the presence of the mayor and of M. de Rosière, an officer of artillery. The scene was theatrical: the two rather puzzled witnesses; the illiterate Thérèse eager to respond to her master's recognition; Jean-Jacques, taking her hand, casting his eyes upwards as if to heaven, and pronouncing an impassioned, solemn discourse, sublime but impossible for the company to follow. All dissolved in tears, and then proceeded to dinner, where Jean-Jacques was gay, and sang at dessert two couplets specially composed by him for the occasion.[2] To Isabelle d'Ivernois, happily married under the name of Madame Guyenet, he wrote that she and he were

[1] *Corresp. Gen.*, XVIII, 269.

[2] Claretie, *J. -J. Rousseau et ses amis*, 24-5; from Champagneux, *Memoires.*

now " enrolled under the same standards." Seven years earlier, in his letter to Madame de Luxembourg containing the information about his children deposited with the *Enfants-trouvés,* he had said that a regular marriage between him and Thérèse was impossible because of their difference in religion.[1]

Residence at Bourgoin cost more than Jean-Jacques could spare, and he sometimes thought of applying for renewal of the English pension, which he was no longer drawing, though (he says) he had not formally renounced his rights. He considered favourably an invitation of Davenport (who continued to write cordially to him) that he should return to England. In fact, he wrote (2nd November, 1768) to Davenport actually proposing definitely to go to him in England and he obtained a passport from the Due de Choiseul to leave France. Davenport cordially replied that it would make him " excessively happy " to see again his " dear old friend."[2] He was urged by Louis Dutens to go to Newcastle, the city " of good-hearted hospitality " ; and he also had an idea of going to Minorca (Port Mahon), Cyprus, or the Greek Archipelago, attracted by the repute of a genial climate and of rare flowers. He turned over in his mind the possibility of going to the American colonies, which were still under British rule. He would go anywhere to get away from France : " I would quit this continent as I would the moon," he wrote to a M. Laliaud on 2nd November, 1768. The De Luc family thought that they could arrange for his safe return to Geneva. A brother-in-law of M. De Luc came to see him at Bourgoin. Jean-Jacques not only refused absolutely to consider returning to Geneva, but said that he would never even write to any Genevese—*je ne veux plus ecrire a aucun Genevois.*[3] Nor could he go to Neuchatel. He now

[1] **Jean-Jacques declared a little later that he and Therese had been mutually attached for twenty-five years, of which the last thirteen had been passed in *pure fraternity.* *(Corresp. Gen.,* XVIII, 285.)**

[2] ***Corresp. Gén.,* XVIII, 368 and n. 2.**

[3] *Corresp, Gen,* XVIII, 283.

believed that his enemies had quite turned Du Peyrou against him.[1] His Genevan friend Moultou (to whom he did go on writing) procured for him the offer of residence in the château of Lavagnac (which belonged to the Prince de Conti), and he was immensely attracted by the pleasing description he received of it. Being extremely scrupulous about money, he was vastly bothered at this time and wrote enormous letters with regard to a Neuchâtel curer of chamois-skins who made a claim against him for nine francs, alleged to have been borrowed by Jean-Jacques in 1758, although he had never been near Neuchâtel at that time.

Living at the Fontaine d'Or at Bourgoin was rather a heavy charge on Jean-Jacques' purse for himself and Thérèse. So he took a furnished apartment in a cabaret. His days passed in reading Tasso and in botanizing. Somebody lent him a coffee-mill. He made some acquaintances among the local gentry and dined out occasionally. Sometimes he would call for his host in the morning and take him for a walk before dinner. He had games of chess. During the autumn his health and spirits improved. " I have been very well for ten days," he wrote to Laliaud on 28th November, 1768. " I was gay, I had a good appetite, I made good increases to my herbal collection." He went about singing *strophes* of Tasso. As winter drew on, however, the marshy air of the valley of the Bourbre brought on a feverish condition and intensified the insomnia from which Jean-Jacques had suffered for thirty years. He sent a long description of his symptoms to Dr. Tissot of Geneva (January, 1769). He thought that he was dying and wrote to Marianne (Madame de la Tour de Francqueville): *Honorez la mémoire de voire ami* ; and to Du Peyrou : *le mal me paroit sans remède.* He became better, but Thérèse fell ill. " My room is a hospital," he wrote to Madame Delessert. As soon as he could he moved, at the end of January 1769, with

[1] ***Corresp. Gen.,*** **XVIII, 291-2 (to Mme. de Lessert, 3rd September, 1768).**

Th6rese to quarters which had been offered him on high ground, " in a perfect solitude," at Monquin, a farm belonging to a M. de Césarges. Dr. Tissot sent him some good advice which he followed, except the instruction to take cream of tartar : he did not wish to prolong his unhappy life (to Tissot, 1st February, 1769).

Monquin was congenial, " an empty, solitary house on the height," near Bourgoin. Here he remained for over a year (until May, 1770), a residence varied only by a visit, for one week (around 21st July, 1769) to Nevers in order to meet the Prince de Conti, and a week's botanical excursion in the Dauphine Alps. This expedition, which Jean-Jacques had anticipated with great pleasure, was made in the middle of August with two other gentlemen (one of them a physician), but proved to be disappointing. It rained most of the time. Jean-Jacques had hoped to recapture the blitheness of his youthful journeys. He started out gay and light-hearted, sang a little ditty of his own composition, made jokes, but he could not stir his companions out of their solemnity and formal courtesy. He found, also, that their quarters at night were uncomfortable, and that they had come too late in the season for the Alpine flowers, and too early for the seeds. Perhaps Jean-Jacques at the age of fifty-eight expected too much from the kind of expedition which is best carried out by young men: nevertheless, middle-aged and often ailing, he deserved credit for making it and going through it with spirit. The object of the expedition was to start a collection of flowers for one of the party whom Jean-Jacques had inspired with the taste for botany. About this time there was rumour of a plant with a scent which killed. The party struck a veritable forest of a strong-smelling *napel* (aconite) and as they strode through it, Jean-Jacques began to feel his head swim and almost believed that he was in the midst of the fabulous death-dealing flower. He was anxious to find on Mont Pilat a spring of ice-cold water which was reported to be fatal to any drinker of it. But instead of this " homicidal spring "

they found one of good fresh water, which they drank, and it killed none of them. Unfortunately h s dog Sultan was lost on the way, but turned up afterwards when the party had arrived home, having made a journey of thirty-six miles and crossed the Rhone alone. Jean-Jacques, too, had an accident on the journey ; he fell and hurt his hand.[1] This he cured as he did various ailments of Th6rèse and himself, by letting nature do its own work, without the aid of physicians. He had no faith in these " aiders of nature," as he ironically called them, except, of course, if he believed himself to be seriously ill, when, like everybody else, he called in the medical men.

The year at Monquin was marked by a quarrel, almost certainly by no means the first, with Thérèse, who thereupon decamped. She intended, or threatened, to place herself *en pension* in a religious community. On 12th August, 1769, Jean-Jacques wrote to her (wherever she was) a long and kindly-expressed letter, not pleading with her to return, but seriously testifying to his affection, showing that he would indeed gladly have her back, but giving her good advice in the event of her deciding to stay away. He asked her to reflect carefully on what she owed to herself as well as to him. They had meant so much to each other, he says, for twenty-five years. Their time was already far gone, and it only remained for them " to crown their unfortunate, but innocent, honest and virtuous life, by an end which honours and assures a durable future."[2] Jean-Jacques' power of eloquence always took possession of him when he was dealing with a matter of sentiment; to call the ancient and indecent *liaison* of Therese and himself innocent, honest and virtuous, was a little beyond even his ordinary faculty for self-deception. The dreadful woman did return and, curiously, seems to have been some sort of consolation to him.

On the whole the period of residence at Monquin did Jean-Jacques good. He was under the protection of the

[1] *Corresp. Gen,,* **XIX, 154-5, 156.**

[2] **To Madame Rousseau, 12th August", 1769.**

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Prince de Conti, who arranged that the provincial royal officials should be tolerant towards their famous though eccentric visitor. In the first months, in summer, Jean-Jacques had his leisurely study, *étude oisive,* of botany, though he protested to his friends that he was a poor scholar at it, lacking at the age of sixty (he was really only fifty-eight) youth, memory, vigour, power of observation and method.[1] In the winter, however, he could not botanize, though he could read the books and arrange the plants. The botany books, the large folios with magnificent plates, were very expensive. " I am ruined by them," he maintained, and resolved to buy no more except Haller's, which " I cannot do without." In effect, he did not have to buy it: Du Peyrou lent him a copy. Linnaeus, whom, of course, he admired enormously, he found less useful: *C'est un systeme pour les maitres.* His friends—Du Peyrou, dTvernois, Rey—were on the look-out for books to be purchased for him ; and as, owing to the slowness and uncertainty of the post, they could not consult him before purchasing, he was sometimes greatly taken aback by the price of the books they sent him, and nothing would induce him to accept them as a gift. People sent him plant-collections, too, which he could accept, as the plants grew free of charge ; but the cost of carriage, payable on delivery, sometimes appalled him. A recipient had the right to reject letters and parcels for which he could not or would not pay the carriage. Jean-Jacques sent back unopened a box of plants which arrived with eight *livres* twelve *sous* (about eight shillings) to pay. When he sent a collection of his own making to the Duchess of Portland, who was rich enough to pay for anything, he took care, through his banker friends, the Boy de la Tours of Lyons, to have it send *franche de Port.*[2] Sometimes he ordered plants to be sent to him. One lot arrived, and the sender (Liotard, a botanist of Grenoble) charged fifty francs for fifty plants. Jean-Jacques reduced the bill to thirty-six

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIX, 31.
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIX, 191.

francs and sent this sum *plus* three francs for small expenses, carriage free, to the seller.[1]

There can be no doubt that at this time Jean-Jacques was very poor. When in England he had sold his books in return for an annuity of £10 sterling. He was not drawing George Ill's pension, but he was, apparently, still drawing the Earl Marischal' subject to deductions payable to Du Peyrou in liquidation of the sums advanced by Du Peyrou on account of the abortive general edition. Altogether Jean-Jacques had just now only 600 francs a year of more or less assured income ; this calculation would include the pension of 300 francs which Rey paid to Thérèse. Living in the country, he had no paid work copying music. Moultou offered his purse. Jean-Jacques declined, writing : " My maxim is never to ask anything from those who offer to me." He was still paying the pension of 100 francs a year to his aged aunt at Nyon, who protested energetically if he did not send the money in advance of the date.[2]

The winter of 1769-70 was very hard in the neighbourhood of Monquin. The holes and hollows in the bad roads were filled with snow, twenty feet deep. Jean-Jacques took a spade and dug a path through the snow in front of his house. He was very proud of this path, and sometimes promenaded up and down it. But in general he went out little during the winter. His room was not very warm, though he kept a large wood fire burning. He wrote to Madame Boy de la Tour that he was roasted on one side and frozen on the other, and he asked her to purchase warm slippers and gloves for him. She also sent him as a gift some Spanish wine, which he enjoyed very much. In return he sent her three jars of MontpeUier fruits in syrup *{confiture),* probably brought by Moultou, who visited him at Monquin on the way from MontpeUier to Geneva. He also, inexplicably, sent her " the miserable remains of a ham which the mice had found

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* XIX, 30.
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* XIX, 224-5, 317.

quite good." Rats and mice at the house were very troublesome.

A spinet, which he hired for six months, arrived from Lyons through the good offices of Madame Boy de la Tour, and was a great resource to him. Nevertheless he was anxious to leave, as soon as winter ended and the roads became good enough. He had some of his customary troubles. The local inhabitants dug up the plants which he had put into the garden. The woman left in charge of the farm or house by Madame de Césarges was a *bandit en cotillon.* He began again to see spies everywhere and he wrote to the Prince de Conti for enlightenment, asking for permission to stay somewhere else. The Prince could only assure Jean-Jacques that these suspicions, he believed, were " not as well founded as you believe them to be " ; he knew of no " secret web," *trame secrète,* against Jean-Jacques. It was to obtain light on this " tenebrous " subject that Jean-Jacques went to see the Prince at Pougues, near Nevers (14th to 21st July, 1769). All through the winter at Monquin he was thinking of his next move. His natural candour and his hatred of falsehood urged him to place the truth about his life before his friends and acquaintances. He wrote a magnificent and daring apologia in a letter to M. de Saint-Germain, an acquaintance who lived at Bourgoin. He had finished at Trye the second part of the *Confessions,* which exposed the " plot " against him. He determined to go to Paris—without passport or protection—to earn his living by copying music, and to read from the *Confessions* to a group of his former friends, now, he believed, among his present enemies. By the middle of April the roads were in sufficiently good condition for him and Therese to make the journey with their three or four trunks and Sultan. Madame Boy de la Tour engaged a furnished apartment for them near her house at Lyons. It was only a day's journey from Monquin; they made the move on 17th April, 1770.

Jean-Jacques and Thérèse were nearly two months at

Lyons. He wrote very few letters during this residence. He had the society of the Boy de la Tour family—Madame Pierre Boy de la Tour, his great friend, who did so much shopping for him when he was at Motiers, Bourgoin and Monquin;[1] her son, Jean-Jacques, banker; her daughter, Madame Delessert; and there was also Madame Boy la Tour's aged mother, Madame Roguin, whom Jean-Jacques, always hankering after the domestic life, called *maman.* He had his *herhier* or collection of flowers and seeds, and his botany books, notably the magnificent Haller which Du Peyrou lent him. He composed little pieces of music for the *clavecin* and had the pleasure of witnessing a performance of his unpublished lyrical interlude, *Pygmalion.* It was at Lyons years before that, penniless but happy, he had passed glorious days wandering by the Rhone, singing catches to the chorus of the birds, and glorious nights under the stars, lulled to sleep by the murmuring water and wakened by the friendly birds, ready for the adventure of the new day. Jean-Jacques, though he retained, as he said, his *cceur romanesque,* could not at the age of fifty-eight recapture his youth ; but he still had the genial warmth of heart which can make friends. There was a *conseiller de la cour des monnaies* at Lyons, M. de La Tourette, author of a book of botany, with whom Jean-Jacques had previously corresponded on the subject of plants. At Lyons Jean-Jacques was often in the company of M. de La Tourette and of Me'lanie, about whom nothing more is known than that she was a friend of the *conseiller.* After leaving Lyons, Jean-Jacques wrote to M. de La Tourette about the happy times they had spent together. The letter shows how he passed those tranquil days at Lyons :—

> If it were given me to be able to choose an even and gentle way of life, I would, throughout all my days, pass the morning in work, either at copying music or at my herbal collection;

[1] 26th February, 1770 ; *Corresp. Gen.,* XIX, 233-262.

> dine with you and Mélanie ; then nourish my ear and heart for an hour or two with the sound of her voice and her harp ; then walk side by side with you for the rest of the day, herborizing and philosophizing, according to our fancy.

Before he left Lyons (which apparently was about the middle of June, 1770) he gave instructions to Du Peyrou to sell his botany books and to give away his herbal collection. After arriving at Paris, however, he wrote to Madame Boy de la Tour to send on his herbal collection with his other baggage.[1] His botany books arrived too, for Du Peyrou had bought them in, and so preserved them for his friend, even though that friend was now rather cold.

Jean-Jacques and Therese must have left Lyons about the middle of June, 1770. It took him two days to reach Dijon, where he stopped two or three days. From there he took the north-east road to Auxerre, visiting on the way Montbard, the château of the eminent Comte de Buffon. The great naturalist gave him the most friendly reception. Jean-Jacques, on his part, when taken to the high tower in the garden which served as Buffon's study, is said to have fallen on his knees and kissed the threshold of the place where the *Histoire Naturelle* was written. Buffon's assistant, Daubenton, after spending an hour or two with Jean-Jacques in the famous gardens of the château, condescended to say that he (Jean-Jacques) had already *the beginnings* and that with application he could become something of a botanist. Next day, however, when they went in pouring rain over the nursery of plants and Jean-Jacques recognized little or nothing, Daubenton changed his opinion and took no more interest. Jean-Jacques was not discouraged and botanized on the wayside from Montbard to Paris in pleasant open country or woodland which he had known in his glorious walking-journeys twenty years earlier. Therese and he arrived at

[1] From Paris, 4th July, 1770; *Corresp. Gin.*, XIX, 345-6.

Paris about the end of June, 1770, and took a room in Jean-Jacques' old house of lodging, the Hotel du Saint-Esprit, Rue Platrière. "I have resumed," he wrote to Madame Boy de la Tour, "my old lodging and my old acquaintances."[1]

[1] *Corresp. Gen.*, XIX, 346 (5th July, 1770).

CHAPTER IX

PARIS, THE LAST TIME

JEAN-JACQUES had three aims in his mind when he decided to come up to Paris, and to resume " his old lodging and his old acquaintances." One was to vindicate his candour to these people by reading to them extracts from the *Confessions.* A second was to earn by copying music the money required for living, over and above his 600 francs of annuities. A third reason was to face his enemies, the *coterie Holbachique* (or what was left of it), and even the Due de Choiseul himself. For while he was at Bourgoin he had discovered, on looking through a packet or " volume " of his old letters (the drafts of letters written by himself), a gap ; a number of letters and other papers of the Montmorency and E*mile* period were missing. " The discovery completely upset me. I saw there the key to the mysteries which surrounded me. . . . From that very instant I renounced the project of going to England, and without hesitating a moment, I resolved to expose myself, armed only with my innocence, to all the plots which power, artifice and injustice could weave against it."[1]

Of these three aims—to vindicate his candour by reading extracts from the *Confessions ;* to earn money by copying ; to face his enemies—the third proved curiously simple. He came to Paris with the old Parlementary decree of arrest still hanging over him, without protection promised by the Prince de Conti and without leave from the Due de Choiseul—and nothing happened. His enemies took no notice of him ; the conspiracy—if there ever was one in operation against him—had done its work

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XX, 19.

and was no more. Jean-Jacques lived untroubled by the authorities in Paris for nearly eight years.

The second aim—that of justifying his candour by reading from the *Confessions*—resulted in disappointment and was soon abandoned. On arriving at Paris, he had no difficulty in establishing contact with his old friends of the fashionable, cultured world: the Dupins, Chenonceaux, and the rest. In fact he was "overwhelmed with visits and dinners."[1] He had deposited (before leaving Trye) the *cahier* or manuscript of the *Confessions* with the Abbess of Gomerfontaine who had befriended him and Thérèse. He now had the manuscript sent up to Paris,[2] and gave a reading, or more probably a series of readings, at the hotel of the Comte and Comtesse d'Egmont. There were present also the Prince Pignatelli, the Marquise de Mesmes, the Marquis de Juigne. He concluded the readings at the point where the *Confessions* end, with his departure from Bienne for England. Then, pausing, he made the following declaration :—

> I have spoken the truth : if anybody knows things contrary to what I have just exposed, were they a thousand times proved, he knows them to be lies and impostures; and if he refuses to go to the bottom of them and to clear them up with me while I am alive, he loves neither justice nor truth. For myself, I declare it aloud and without fear, whosoever, even without having read my writings, will examine with his own eyes my nature, my character, my manners, my inclinations, my pleasures, my habits, and can believe me a dishonest man, is himself a man to suffocate.

He ended, and everybody was silent. Madame d'Egmont alone seemed to be moved. She was visibly agitated, **but** soon recovered herself and kept silence, like the rest of the company. This was all that Jean-Jacques got from his reading and his declaration.

It is not quite certain when this happened—probably

[1] *Corresp. Gén.*, XIX, 345.
[2] *Corresp. Gen.*, XIX, 351-2.

in 1771 or 1772. Jean-Jacques may have read the *Confessions* to several other people : he certainly did read them to the Marquise de Créqui, a friend and correspondent of twenty years. She was one of the few people from whom he would frequently accept dinner invitations. When he read the *Confessions* to her she was charmed with the idyll of Les Charmettes, but wept over the story of the theft of the ribbon at Turin, over the children deposited with the *Enfants-trouvés*, over the " horrors " related about certain women she did not know but whose feebleness might have been passed over in silence. Jean-Jacques thought that his intention in writing the *Confessions* was not being appreciated. There were other, lesser, grounds of irritation. Madame de Crequi sent him some partridges. Jean-Jacques accepted them gracefully. Encouraged, she sent him some more game. This at once evoked a rebuke in a letter of less than two lines : " Here, Madame, is much game ; it is an abuse of the right not to be refused." Nevertheless, he did not stop his visits ; but one day she wrote to say that she would not be at home in a particular week—" an excess of politeness " on her part, as she explained sadly to a friend years afterwards. This was answered by a letter from Jean-Jacques which practically said, in very chill terms, that he could visit her no more. Madame de Crequi believed that the cause of his irritation was not her letter postponing his call but her tears over the *Confessions.* But another (and last) letter of Jean-Jacques, doubtless in answer to a remonstrance from her, announced his dark suspicions that the Marquise had been drawn into the plots which were ceaselessly being woven around him. *Les ouvriers de ténèbres sont arrivés jusqu' vous.* This took place in August, 1773, when Madame de Créqui was sixty years old. She never saw him again. She died in 1803.[1]

With his old apartment Jean-Jacques also took up his old trade, that of a copyist of music at ten sous a page

[1] *Corresp, Gén.,XX,* 243, 248, 250; 251,

Si on m' laisse tranquille, j' testerai, he wrote to his Dauphiné friend, M. de Saint-Germain. His friends did not neglect him, and he complained of the concourse of idle people who prevented him from settling quietly in his old home. At first he went out to dinners, including one with an Archbishop ; but soon he began to refuse invitations. " All engagements in advance," he wrote to Madame de Berthier, " take away from me the pleasure of fulfilling them."[1] He would only make *impromptu* calls, except that he would accept invitations to dine from Madame de Chenonceaux. He refused to receive or to call upon Madame de la Tour de Franqueville, with whom, addressing her as Marianne, he had been for years in friendly correspondence, though he had only met her once.

Madame de la Tour de Franqueville comes out of the correspondence better than does Jean-Jacques. Her admiration and devotion never altered ; his works never ceased to affect her. When he returned to Paris she had read *La Nouvelle Heloise,* which is a very long book, seven or eight times. Between 4th July, 1769, and 2nd September, 1770, she wrote seven letters and received no reply. On 2nd September, 1770, she wrote an eighth letter, quite a long one, in which she pleaded for " one word " from him to say whether it would be convenient for her to visit him. This time Jean-Jacques answered in a note of about eight lines, beginning : "I do not accept, Madame, the honour which you wish to do me." For a good many months now he had been in the habit of putting four lines of verse at the head of his letters :

Pauvres aveugles que nous sommes !
del, dimasque les imposteurs,
Et force leurs barbares coeurs
À s'ouvrir aux regards des hommes.

He also was dating his letters in a rather puzzling way, for instance, " Paris 17170," which meant 4th September

[1] 13th July, 1770; *Corresp. Ge.,*XIX, 349.

1770, the date of his brief letter of refusal to Madame de la Tour de Franqueville. She replied with a letter saying that she thought of publishing their correspondence (for she had preserved his letters and copies of her own), and she concluded : " It is vain for you with your verses, your hieroglyphic date, your epithet of *madame,* your protocol formerly unused between us, to wish to place me in the general class ; I shall always occupy your heart or your memory, the one for your satisfaction, or the other for your torment."[1] After this she went off to her country house and the correspondence lapsed for six months. Returning to Paris, she wrote to Jean-Jacques on 14th April, 1771, asking him to come and see her. " I insist, then, my illustrious friend," she wrote, " on the communication of the motives of your resistance." While in the country, she had been sorting out their correspondence. ".It comprises 158 letters, of which 9 are from Madame———, 94 from me, and 55 from you. Of these 55, there are 34 in which you are at my feet, 6 in which you put me at yours, 9 in which you treat me as a simple acquaintance, and 6 in which you give yourself up to outpourings *(épanchements)* of the most intimate friendship." She renounced the project of publishing the letters while both she and he were alive. Once more she tried to move him to treat her as a friend. " Who would represent to himself the most affectionate of men, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, plunging, with a firm hand, a poisoned dagger in the bosom of friendship which, under the features of a woman whom he feared to love too much, did not cease to hold out arms ? "

This letter brought a reply, and a very acid one, from Jean-Jacques. He reminded her that he had only seen her once in his life. " Of all my correspondents you were at the same time the most exacting, the one whom I knew least, and the one who gave me least light on the things that it was important for me to know and that you were not ignorant of. This has decided me to stop a commerce

[1] 8th September, 1770 ; *Corresp. Gen.,* XIX, 367.

which was becoming burdensome and of which I would not see the true motive on your part." Evidently Jean-Jacques was very angry. The poisoned dagger phrase rankled. "Without saying to you, Madame, what I think of that phrase, I will say only that I am determined not to have for the rest of my days any connection of any kind with anyone who has thought fit to use it on such an occasion."[1] To this she replied with a vigorous letter, defending herself and the objectionable phrase, which she shrewdly suggested that he had seized upon in order to break off their correspondence. She concluded with *adieu pour jamais* (26th April, 1771).

This reply induced some relenting on Jean-Jacques* part, and he wrote (though not until July) that he would not receive her "adieu for ever." Times might change. In the meanwhile he deemed it best to interrupt their ancient liaisons until greater light—*de plus grandes lumières*—should be obtained.

To this Madame de la Tour de Franqueville replied at once, and very chivalrously. "Adieu, my dear Jean-Jacques, adieu for as long as it pleases you; I do not penetrate your views but I respect them. I will await then, with the greatest resignation, and in the most absolute silence, the return of your confidence, which I will be able greatly to enjoy, if my death does not prevent it." There was a little more explanation in the letter about a manuscript which she had sent to him; and she concluded with a request that he would let her know the baptismal and family names of Madame Rousseau. Jean-Jacques wrote in answer, without signing his name or giving the date or his address, exactly three words:

Thérèse Le Vasseur.

Nevertheless, although Jean-Jacques broke off social relations with Madame de la Tour de Franqueville, he

[1] *Corresp. Gin.*, XX, 69.

accepted music to copy from her as a business transaction. Perhaps encouraged by this she wrote (7th April, 1772), nine months after the last letter, asking if she might now come to see him. She pointed out that everybody else who wanted to do so (particularly those who had music to bring or take away) called on him without asking. Jean-Jacques admitted the reasonableness of this and allowed her to call. The meeting was friendly. They met again—altogether three times in their lives. On 24th June, 1772, however, he informed her that he must adhere to his resolution—apparently to break off all intercourse. Madame de la Tour was a remarkable lady, cultured, rich, belonging to the great world, accustomed, as she wrote to him, to give favours rather than to ask for them. Nevertheless she accepted his decision affectionately and a little humorously, alluding justly to her " unexampled attachment." She concluded : " Whatever your design, mine is for ever to do what I believe to be agreeable to you, and consequently to deliver you from my presence until you are free from the incredible suspicions which obsess you."

It is unfortunately true that Jean-Jacques was now morbidly suspicious, even of his best friends. Daniel Roguin, the old friend of Jean-Jacques and uncle of Madame Boy de la Tour, died on 27th May, 1771. Jean-Jacques heard the news not from Madame Boy, but apparently only from her daughter, Madame Delessert. He at once suspected that this was deliberate on the part of Madame Boy, that she had changed. " I am sensible of the change," he wrote to her (20th July, 1771); " whence comes it ? " This suspicion was not permanent, although he ceased to write to Madame Boy de la Tour for over nine months. He explained later, however, that his silence for the last six months of this period was only due to the large amount of copying work which had kept him " nailed to his chair."[1]

A man of genius can generally have friends if he wants

[1] *Corresp. Gén.*, XX, 139,

them. A M. Jean-Joseph Dusaulx made acquaintance with him, asked him to dine, and offered to find a good apartment for him. Jean-Jacques replied civilly (7th November, 1770), though declining the offer of an apartment and also the *soupe et rogaton* (soup and gossip), because he was going to dine with Madame de Chenonceaux. Nevertheless he probably went later to dinner with this new acquaintance, because in January, 1771, we find him writing a very friendly and graceful note inviting M. Dusaulx to a *petit souper*—" a collation on the end of a bench, with a bottle of Spanish wine." Obviously Jean-Jacques was having a little supper in a tavern, returning a dinner with M. Dusaulx, who accepted the invitation cordially. By February of the same year, however, Jean-Jacques had taken offence. Dusaulx was writing a book and had shown the manuscript to Jean-Jacques, who there saw himself, or who thought he saw himself, placed in company with another character, a hypocrite. Jean-Jacques, accordingly, wrote one of his dignified letters, reprimanding the author, hinting broadly at a " plot," at *ténèbres,* mysteries, and breaking off their correspondence. Dusaulx lost patience; he evidently regarded Jean-Jacques as being pathological. " I pity you," he wrote. " If you break with me, I know you will often regret it," and more in the same rather patronizing strain. Jean-Jacques did not take more offence at this. He replied briefly that he would think over the matter when he was cooler: *Permettez que j'attende le retour du sang froid* (10th February, 1771). A week later he wrote at some length, confirming his original decision to put a stop to their connection. Dusaulx'numerous little presents and frequent invitations to dinner were suspected. " Many little *je ne sais quoi,* too long a matter to explain, but striking when noticed, have warned me that there was some mystery in your caresses, and all have confirmed my first observations." Dusaulx' answer was to declare briefly that his conscience was clear. " I know **better** than you that I have never deceived anybody." He added,

cruelly though truly : " You have your mania, Pascal had his ; but there is this difference between you, sir, and the author of the *Provinciates*—that the sight of the imaginary precipice, which ceaselessly terrified this great man, injured him alone, whereas your too active and too real distrust wounds and defames all who approach you." Here their correspondence ended, though Dusaulx heard that Jean-Jacques always thereafter spoke well of him. They met once after this, though they did not exchange any words. It was at the upper end of the Champs Elysées, where the excavations were being made for the Etoile. Dusaulx came upon Jean-Jacques, seated beside a deep trench. At the sight of Dusaulx Jean-Jacques seemed on the point of springing forward to greet him, but checked himself. He trembled in every limb. Then, several times, he raised his hand to the sky, and pointed it down into the trench at his feet. " I understood only too well this mute language," adds Dusaulx.[1]

Jean-Jacques' old friends did not forget him. Madame Dupin sent him " an immense provision " of coffee which he accepted in his usual grudging way. When, however, Madame Boy de la Tour sent him " truffles for an army " and excellent chestnuts (doubtless *marrons glacis)* from Lyons, he accepted them from this old friend graciously. He saw something of the two sons of Madame Boy de la Tour, on a visit to Paris, and went out with them to Versailles. M. de la Tourrette came up from Lyons and they visited each other and talked of botany. M. de Conzie, the Count of Les Charmettes, the old landlord of Madame de Warens and Jean-Jacques' Chambery days, was at Paris in 1772 and paid a visit to him. He found Jean-Jacques *très content de son sort* and stouter than formerly.[2] Indeed, Jean-Jacques had too many visitors. There were too many idle people in Paris. During the time when he had just one room, he could only escape from them by frequently

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XX, 48 n.

[2] *Corresp .Gen.,* XX, 357, n. 2.

going out for walks, for which the streets of Paris, very muddy in winter, were scarcely suitable. At the end of the year 1770, however, he was able to move out of the single room (which was so damp that his botanical seeds perished in it)[1] into a two-roomed apartment of the same house on the fifth floor, in " good air " which, he said, was difficult to obtain in Paris. He furnished the apartment himself, borrowing the money to do so. He felt that in a second room he might be a little protected from importunate visitors. For people " rained upon him." The Comte de Créqui, bringing music to be copied, had two hours' delightful conversation. He would have liked to repeat it. Jean-Jacques, who did not know who the Comte was, said : " Sir, I am obliged to copy music to live ; the time that I have passed with you is taken from my work. Your conversation interests me infinitely, and it is a great sacrifice to refuse it." He added : " I beg you to believe that I do not say so to everyone." The Comte took this very honest refusal.[2] Besides going out to dinner occasionally, he went to the *comédie italienne.* His lyric scene, *Pygmalion,* was played at Montigny, but he did not go to see it. Dr. Burney translated *Le Devin du Village* into English under the title of *The Cunning Man,* and it was published along with its music. Jean-Jacques wrote a courteous letter to him. It is not known if he had any reply, though Burney certainly appreciated Jean-Jacques and wrote handsomely of him in *The History of Music.* But though friendly with his old friends and not unsociable, Jean-Jacques did nothing to extend his circle nor to meet advances half-way. He was endeavouring (he wrote to M. de Saint-Germain) to resume his retired and solitary life. " My heart is henceforth closed to new friendships," he wrote to the Marquise de Saint-Chamond. " For eight years I have searched for a soul among men; now I no longer search, and my lantern is extinguished."

[1] *Corresp. Gin.,* XX, 129.

[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* XX, 159-160.

Although for the first six months in Paris he had not enough copying work, he became busier after this. The work kept him at home all the morning. In the afternoon he was free to go to the Royal Jardin des Plantes, or to walk in the Bois de Boulogne, or Montmartre, or wherever he could find country, solitude and flowers. Thérèse could scarcely be persuaded to leave the house; some five or six times a year she would go for a walk with him; at other times he went alone. Occasionally he would have a friend to supper, when they would crack a bottle of Spanish wine and separate in time for bed by ten o'clock. His health was now *assez bien rétablie*, its previous derangement, he now thought, having been caused by twelve years' writing, which heated the blood.[1] He still maintained a correspondence, but dwindling. He told the Duke of Alba in 1772 that he no longer was in correspondence with the Earl Marischal. Yet when consulted, for instance, on the education of a boy, or on botany, he answered with genuine interest and care. Although he said that to write even a few lines (at any rate when he did not much want to write) made him feel ill, he must have spent hours on the delightful series of letters on botany which he sent to Madame Delessert. These, analysing and explaining the lily, wallflower, jonquil and other flowers, were obviously labours of love. He wrote botanical letters too to his old acquaintance and literary censor, M. Lamoignon de Malesherbes, who was now forming a herbal collection in his château in the country. Malesherbes engaged his help. Jean-Jacques accepted payment if he specially gathered seeds for flowers, but insisted on giving for nothing any specimens which he took out of his own collection of duplicates. M. de Malesherbes also procured orders from some of his friends for herbal collections which Jean-Jacques could make for them. Jean-Jacques corresponded with the great Linnaeus. "With nature and you," he wrote, "I pass delicious hours in my country walks." He went out with La Caterve of the Jardin du Roi (that is,

[1] *Corresp. Gen.*, XIX, 359.

the Jardin des Plantes) to his old haunts in the park and by the pond of Montmorency, to look for the *plantago monanthos.* To Rey he wrote that he now read nothing but botany books; but he borrowed novels from the publisher Guy to amuse Thérèse — probably to read aloud to her, for she could scarcely read herself.

When he moved into the two-roomed apartment, *au cinquième,* in 1771 and furnished it, he had a spinet. Occasionally he composed a song or two and sent them to Madame de Verdelin or Madame d'Egmont. Making these little presents gave him enormous pleasure.

Shortly after Jean-Jacques came to Paris Rey had written to ask where he was going to " fix" himself. Jean-Jacques replied : " I never know to-day what I shall do to-morrow." As a matter of fact, he soon settled down. Rather surprisingly, he was untroubled by the civic or ecclesiastical authorities ; the famous decree of the Parlement of Paris against the author of Em*ile* was, if not forgotten, obsolete. He still had the feeling of being persecuted, and in his last work, *Les Rêveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire,* written in the eighth year of his continuous residence in Paris, he wrote that all the salutation received from passers-by, if they recognized him, was to spit in his face. One of his favourite walks was to the Invalides and in the neighbourhood of the ficole Militaire. He liked to see the old soldiers who, with military politeness, saluted him as they passed. This was only so long as they did not know who he was. When they knew him for Jean-Jacques Rousseau there were no more salutations : " a disdainful air, a fierce look, succeeded to their first politeness "—so he imagined, at least. Accordingly, he regarded with all the greater pleasure a walk which he made in 1777, the year before his death, to the ficole Militaire. He went to the ferry of the Seine in order to cross the water for a walk on the lle des Cygnes. An old pensioner crossed with him. Jean-Jacques was pleased to discover that he was not

known to the pensioner. He liked the simple, frank manner of military men, and he found this poor old soldier to be a man of sense and morality. When the boat came to land Jean-Jacques paid for both of them and helped the veteran to land. The old man was grateful. Jean-Jacques wept for joy.[1]

He maintained his walking habits, at times feeling himself " more lonely in the middle of Paris than Robinson on his island."[2] In general he went alone. Paris was not very large in those days, and the way from the Rue Platriere out to the country was not long. Jean-Jacques hastened, with long strides, to gain the country. As soon as he saw a little green, he began to breathe. He had some botany books, and the Duchess of Portland sent him some more, but he had not as many as he wanted. He borrowed some books and copied them. He took to learning by heart the whole *Vegetable Kingdom* of Murray. And he was making a new, rich herbal, necessarily not of rare plants of the Alps and the sea, but of chickweed, chervil, borage, ragwort and other common flowers of the environs of Paris. " Brilliant flowers, enamelling the meadows, fresh shade, springs, woods, verdure, come and purify my imagination! " What joy as he strode forth on to such a meadow! On one of the rare expeditions, a Sunday, which Therese made with him, they dined by the Porte Maillot, then strolled through the Bois de Boulogne towards Passy as far as the royal lodge called La Muette. Here they sat down upon the grass in the shade to wait until the sun went down so that they could walk home in the coolness through Passy. A score of schoolgirls in charge of their governess, a nun, came along ; some sat down, others began to play games. A wafer-man came up (wafer-men always appeared about 8 p.m. in Paris) announcing himself with his drum and displaying his

[1] *Reveries,* Ninth Promenade.

[2] *Rousseau, Juge de Jean-Jacques,* Second Dialogue, p. 106.

roulette-board as well as his wares.[1] Jean-Jacques saw that some of the girls who had some coppers wanted to try their luck at the roulette. They asked permission of the governess, who naturally hesitated. Jean-Jacques, thereupon, said to the wafer-man : " Let all these young ladies try their luck, and I will pay for the lot." The girls, of course, all exclaimed for joy and pressed forward in a mass, but Jean-Jacques intervened, made them stand in line, take their turn in due succession at the roulette, and then pass to the other side. He also privately told the wafer-man to employ his habitual skill *en sens contraire,* that is, to see that the girls drew the best numbers on the roulette-board, " so as to make the fête still more gay "—meanwhile assuring the man that any extra expense would be met. By this means, though each girl had only one turn, there were more than a hundred wafers distributed. They would have liked to have tried again, but Jean-Jacques was inexorable—there were to be no favourites, no preferences, no discontents. Therese hinted to those who had drawn particularly good numbers to share some of their prize with the less fortunate. Thus the distribution of wafers was made more nearly equal, and the joy more general. Finally (with considerable trepidation, for he feared a rebuff) Jean-Jacques invited the governess-nun to try her luck at the roulette. She accepted with good grace, drew a number, and took what came without any self-consciousness. Jean-Jacques was infinitely grateful to her, and recognized in her action a genuine courtesy which attracted him greatly. Any disputes among the girls about the drawing of numbers were brought before

[1] This method of selling is, apparently, still in vogue, not in France, but in the Balkans. Hawkers of chocolate use it. The customers draw numbers, blanks or good numbers, out of a bag. If they draw blank they **get** no chocolate for their money. If they draw good numbers they get more than the market value. " In the long run it works out about level, **and** the hawker gets no higher rate of profit than he would if he were selling in the ordinary way. But the bag of numbers excites the gambling instinct, and helps his turnover a lot." See D. Footman, *Balkan Holiday* (1935), PP. 95-96-

Jean-Jacques as judge ; as they came up one by one to plead their case he had opportunity to notice that, though none was beautiful, their youthful charm compensated for lack of looks. The party broke up in great content of all with each other; and Jean-Jacques, for an expenditure of thirty sous, had one of the times that he could look back upon with the greatest satisfaction.[1]

The Bois de Boulogne was naturally a favourite walk. Another was along the new Boulevard that led from the neighbourhood of the Rue Platrière in the direction of Gentilly to the exit from the city at the Barrière de l'Enfer, and so out into the country. Unfortunately for Jean-Jacques' peace of mind, there was established at the Barriere a woman who sold fruit and cordial and rolls and had a small cripple boy. Jean-Jacques gave freely and listened to the patter of the poor boy, who was obviously coached by the woman and was becoming an expert professional beggar. In course of time, however, the repetition of the patter ceased to appeal, and the passage by the Barrière, the inevitable meeting and speech, became a trial. Mechanically, almost unconsciously, Jean-Jacques took to making a détour, so as to avoid the Barrière and to take the Fontainebleau road. From there he walked to the heights above the Bièvre and continued his botanizing.

Such country walks, and shorter walks which he could take at any time in the Tuileries gardens, and his observation of birds and flowers, fully occupied his leisure hours. The Seventh Promenade of *Les Rêveries du Promeneur Solitaire,* which has nothing rhetorical about it (none of the Promenades have), contains the most magnificent passage about botany ever penned. " The plants appear to have been sown with profusion on the earth like the stars in the sky, to invite man by the attraction of pleasure and curiosity to the study of nature."

[1] *Rêveries,* Ninth Promenade.

Les plantes semblent avoir ete semees avec profusion sur la terre, comme les etoiles dans le del, pour inviter Vhomme, par l'attrait du plaisir et de la curiosite, a l'etude de la nature.

The stars, however, are situated at a great distance ; and to bring them within our range preliminary studies are needed—instruments, machines, long ladders. " Plants are there naturally ; they are born under our feet and in our hands." They require, at most, very simple instruments to aid the human eye and hand. Botany is the study of a leisured and indolent solitary man : *La botanique est l'etude d'un oisif et paresseux solitaire.* And what a contrast between this and anatomy or an anatomical theatre: *Quel appareil affreux qv'un amphitheatre anatomique!* Come, brilliant flowers, and purge the mind of such objects !

These promenades in the environs of Paris naturally brought to his mind others he had made in less urban situations. Even Swiss country was not without industrial aspects. He recalled especially a long walk made alone from Motiers in the Val de Travers to the Robaila, " a mountain belonging to Justice Clerc." It was a wild and desolate scene—deep ravines, savage rocks, woods of black pines and prodigious beeches. Jean-Jacques had to lie flat on his stomach to look down the dizzy heights. He found interesting flowers—the toothed *heptaphyllos,* the *cyclamen,* the *nidus avis,* the big *lacerpitium.* Gradually, however, he ceased from botanizing, and became simply absorbed in the grandeur of the scenery and the awful solitude of his situation. A hint of pride entered into his reflections: " Without doubt I am the first man to penetrate here." He looked upon himself almost as " another Columbus." A clicking sound that he seemed to recognize was borne to his ear, and was continued. Surprised and curious, he went onwards and found, twenty paces from the place which he believed he was the first to discover—a stocking factory.

Who would ever have expected to find a factory in a precipice ? Switzerland is the only place in the world which

presents this mixture of savage nature and human industry. The whole of Switzerland is, so to speak, only a big town—streets, wider and longer than the Rue Saint Antoine, sown with forests, cut up by mountains, its scattered and isolated houses only communicating with each other by means of English gardens.

He made another expedition from Motiers with Du Peyrou, d'Escherney, Colonel de Pury and Justice Clerc to the mountain called Chasseral, from the summit of which seven lakes could be seen. There was only one house on the mountain, inhabited by a bookseller, who was said to do a very good business in the district. If this was industrialism, it was industrialism without its defects, for in Switzerland there were no "wan faces of the unhappy people who languish in the poisonous vapours of mines." The thought of the Swiss valleys carried him away in imagination to green fields, flowers, robust labourers. The truth is, Jean-Jacques did not like what was later called the "Industrial Revolution." In his younger days he had been very fond of reading Honoré d'Urfe's *Astreé*, re-reading it, he said, every year. But once he made a journey into the country of Forez (near Lyons) to view the scenes of the loves of Céladon and Astree, and the other shepherds and shepherdesses by the banks of the Lignon; he found no shepherds and shepherdesses in the countryside so charmingly described by d'Urfe a hundred years earlier—only blacksmiths and iron-workers and tool-makers. "The journey to Forez," he told Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, "took away my illusion."[1] These and similar reminiscences occupied the mind of the solitary walker as he footed it back along the new boulevard to his apartment in the Rue Platrière.

Although Jean-Jacques had told the Marquise de Saint-Chamond that he would look for no more friends and that he had extinguished his lantern, it is doubtful whether he could ever do so. For he was the kind of man whose heart never grew old. Besides, he had allowed

[1] **B. de Saint-Pierre, Œ*uvres* (1820), IX, 85. If this anecdote is true, it narrates an incident later than that described *antea*, p. 58,**

that he might " by chance " *(fortuitement)* find the man, just and true, whom he had ceased to look for.[1] In the second year of his residence in Paris he made a new friend. This was Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, an enthusiastic admirer, whose works form, as it were, in the history of the Romantic Movement a link between Jean-Jacques Rousseau on the one hand and Chateaubriand on the other, between *Le Contrat Social* and *Le Génie du Christianisme.* This disciple, like all disciples, was a kind of image of his master. He found his inspiration in Jean-Jacques ; he found what he had vaguely, for years, been looking for.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was born at Le Havre in 1737. He was given an irregular education and went to sea while still a boy. Next he was trained at Paris for the corps of military engineers, became an engineer-officer, and took part in a Government voyage of exploration to Madagascar, though he did not go beyond the Ile de France. In 1771 he was living in Paris, occupying himself with literary work. On the voyage homeward from the Ile de France, already an admirer of Jean-Jacques' works, he had written from the Cape of Good Hope to his friend, Ruhlière, saying that he looked forward to meeting the celebrated author and also, if his ship returned from the equator at the end of the European winter, to enjoy two summers in one year. Jean-Jacques, when he heard of it, was impressed by this touch of nature, and expressed readiness to receive a visit.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre had not yet written *Paul et Virginie* (which came out in 1787 in Volume IV of his *Etudes de la Nature),* but he had all the materials of the romance in his mind or soul—imagery, sentiment, wistfulness, power of expression. He had some of the qualities of Jean-Jacques, though compounded in different proportion, and he lacked Jean-Jacques' devotion to principle, his scrupulosity, his genuine humanity. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre has been described as " a

[1] *Corres p. Gen.,* XX, 47,

sentimental egoist who loved nature, birds and flowers, . . . He is an insipid, drivelling Rousseau, affected by a superabundant secretion of lachrymal glands."[1]

The first meeting of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and Jean-Jacques is described in the *Essai sur J.-J, Rousseau.*[2] His friend Ruhlière, in July, 1771, introduced him. They went to the house in the Rue Platrière nearly opposite the Hôtel de la Poste. They mounted to the fifth storey. Thérèse (whom Bernardin always refers to as Madame Rousseau) answered their knock, and conducted them through a small room, where there were neatly arranged household utensils, into a larger room where Jean-Jacques was. He was wearing a frock-coat (*redingote)* and a white bonnet and he was seated at a table copying music. He rose with a welcome smile, begged them to be seated, and engaged in conversation. Bernardin looked about curiously. Jean-Jacques was now sixty years old, thin, of medium height, with one shoulder a little higher than the other; except for this, he was well-proportioned. His complexion was brown, his cheeks red, he had a fine mouth and nose, a rounded, lofty forehead, eyes deep-seated and full of fire. Slanting lines from his nostrils to the corners of his mouth indicated his extreme sensitiveness. There was also something of sadness in the drooping of his eyebrows and the deep lines of his forehead. Nevertheless the multitude of little folds round the eyes showed a tendency to lively and rather caustic gaiety. As he spoke, his mobile countenance showed all these qualities and emotions according to the subject of conversation. Bernardin, as he watched him, found something indefinable in him—something fine, touching, worthy of compassion and respect.

The room served as bedroom as well as sitting-room. There was a spinet, on which Jean-Jacques played a few airs to the company. On the walls was a plan of the forest and park of Montmorency and a picture of King George I I I

[1] Lanson, *Histoire de la Littérature Francaise* (1916), pp. 828-829.

[2] Œ*uvres,* X, 191 ff.

of England. Thérèse sat placidly sewing. A canary sang in a cage hanging from the ceiling. Sparrows came and ate breadcrumbs on the sills of the open windows. The windows of the ante-chamber had pots of wild flowers. " The complete little *ménage* had a pleasing air of cleanness, peace and simplicity."

They talked a little about Jean-Jacques' writings. Bemardin said that he liked best the *Devin du Village* and the third volume of E*mile.* Jean-Jacques was charmed and said that the *Devin* was his favourite too. He showed Bemardin and Ruhlière his collection of seeds. He was extremely interested to hear of a specimen of the Cape *immortelle* which Bemardin had brought back from his travels. It was the *Chinchorinje,* which has " flowers like strawberries and leaves like pieces of grey cloth."

After this point, Bernardin's account, as given in the *Essai sur J.-J. Rousseau,* goes wrong.[1] He says that Jean-Jacques immediately returned the visit, and that after this the famous incident of the present of coffee took place. The letters in the *Correspondance Générale* show that what probably happened was this. On the first visit of Bemardin Jean-Jacques accompanied his visitor homeward through the Tuileries garden. As they passed a booth, they smelled coffee. " It is a perfume that pleases me," remarked Jean-Jacques. " When someone on my staircase roasts coffee, my neighbours shut their doors ; I open mine." Next day, Bemardin sent him a packet of some coffee which he had brought from the Ile de Bourbon. Jean-Jacques, thinking that it was a packet of seeds for his botanical collection, answered with a polite note (2nd August, 1771), saying that he would take the first opportunity of paying a visit to Bemardin to thank him in person and to see the Cape *immortelle.* On opening the parcel, however, and finding not innocent seeds but a very tempting gift of expensive coffee,

[1] Morley, *Rousseau* (191 o), I I , 320, was not aware of this, as he had not the *Correspondance Generale* and was therefore unable to control Bernardin's assertions.

he at once wrote off in quite another strain (3rd August):—

> **The distraction, Sir, of the company at my home on the arrival of your packet, and the belief that it was in fact foreign seeds, prevented me from opening it, and I confined myself to thanking you in haste. On looking into it, I have found that it is coffee. Sir, we have only seen each other once, and you already begin with presents. This is a little forward, it seems to me. As I am not in a position to give presents, my custom is, in order to avoid the awkwardness of unequal associations, not to see the people who gave me them. You have the power of leaving the coffee with me or of sending to take it back ; but in the first case, take it well that I thank you and that we stop at that. I pray you, Sir, to accept my very humble salutations.**

Bernardin replied that out in the lie de Bourbon the amount of coffee that he had presented would be almost valueless ; but he agreed to receive his present back. In the end, however, the matter was arranged by Bernardin accepting a root of ginseng and a book on ichthyology which somebody had sent Jean-Jacques from Montpellier and which was probably, with its plates (Jean-Jacques was very fond of engravings) something of a treasure. And all this Jean-Jacques, always more than generous, accompanied with an invitation to dinner for the next day.

Bernardin was at the Rousseaus' at eleven o'clock. He and Jean-Jacques conversed until half-past twelve. Therese then laid the cloth. Jean-Jacques placed a bottle of wine on the table, and asked if that would be enough. " How many are we ? " said Bernardin. " Three," replied Jean-Jacques ; " you, my wife and myself." " When I take wine," replied Bernardin, " and when I am alone, I drink half a bottle; and I drink a little more when I am with my friends." " That being so," said Jean-Jacques, " we won't have enough. I must go down to the cellar." He brought up a second bottle. Therese then served up two dishes, one of small *pates,* the other under a cover. Jean-Jacques indicated the first dish for his guest, saying : " There is yours ; the other is mine." " I eat little pastry," said Berpardin, " but I should like greatly to taste your

dish." "Oh!" replied Jean-Jacques good-naturedly, "these are both common to us; but many people do not care for this one. It is a Swiss dish, a *pot-pourri* of bacon, mutton, vegetables and chestnuts." Bernardin found it to be excellent. Next came slices of beef in a salad, then biscuits and cheese. At the end Thérèse served coffee. "I do not offer you liqueur, because I have none," said Jean-Jacques, and he made a little joke about a Cordelier friar.

Like all good intellectual repasts among friends, this was taken long and leisurely. They conversed about the Greeks and Romans, and about the Indies, particularly interesting to Jean-Jacques as a student of nature, and to Bernardin, who had just come from the isles of the Indian Ocean. After dinner Jean-Jacques read selections from some of his unpublished manuscripts—the continuation of E*mile,* the *Levite of Ephraim,* translations from Tasso. The guest suggested publication. "God forbid," said Jean-Jacques. "I wrote them for my own pleasure, and for conversation in the evening with my wife." They talked on into the summer night until Thérèse, mindful that Jean-Jacques went to bed at nine-thirty, told Bernardin that it was nine o'clock. The party had lasted ten hours and seemed to Bernardin like a moment.

Jean-Jacques returned Bernardin's visits. He was now living a normal, pleasantly busy life, and he dressed like other people. He put on his best clothes to make the visit—a round wig, well powdered and curled; a cocked hat carried under the arm; a complete suit of nankeen. "His whole exterior was modest, but extremely neat." The visit passed off satisfactorily.

After this the two men—the one thirty-five years old, the other sixty—became friends and frequent companions of each other. Bernardin observed and inquired carefully, with a view to writing the biography of his friend. He gives many details of these last tranquil years. Jean-Jacques rose at 5 a.m. in the summer, and copied music until half-past seven, when he breakfasted. During

breakfast, he arranged the flowers which he had gathered on the previous afternoon. Then he copied music until half-past twelve, when he dined. At half-past one he went out to take coffee, often in the Champs Elysees, at a cafe, once a bath-house of Madame de Pompadour, where he frequently met Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, After coffee he went herborizing in the countryside, carrying his hat under his arm even at the height of summer, in spite of Bernardin's remonstrances. He loved sun, but was afraid of rain and would not stir out of doors in bad weather. In good weather he would stay out until sunset, only returning home to supper. He went to bed at half-past nine. His health was good in these last years. Although fond of walking, his feet were tender, so he avoided the cobblestones as much as possible and walked chiefly in the meadows of Saint Gervais or in the Bois de Boulogne ; and he could make the whole tour of the Bois without showing signs of fatigue. He never smoked and had an extremely fine sense of smell, and could distinguish the scent of multitudes of flowers. He ate practically whatever came in his way, but liked best green vegetables and peas and beans, and milk and the cheeses of Switzerland, the *bon laitages de la Suisse,* particularly the cream-cheeses which one gets at various places on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. He was rather partial to biscuits, particularly some made by *patissiers* in one or two of the shops in the Palais Royal. At supper he and Therese used to drink a quarter-bottle of wine between them, but this was gradually increased to a whole bottle. *Cela nous rechauffe,* he remarked to Bernardin. Another remark was : " I do not wish to have good cheer every day, but I do not object to it." He maintained that the good things of life were only to be enjoyed in countries where there was no commerce: " The desire to convert everything into gold makes people deprive themselves of everything else." Bernardin, who had travelled much, could confirm this. In countries where cloth was manufactured, the people went almost naked. Where animals were fattened

for beef and poultry, the peasants had no butter, eggs or meat. Where they made the best cheese, the people ate black bread, as in Normandy, one of the most fertile and commercial countries known to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. In their walks he found Jean-Jacques most abstemious. It was always Bernardin who proposed a meal; and Jean-Jacques would accept, but always insisted absolutely on paying half. If Bernardin surreptitiously paid, Jean-Jacques would refuse to walk with him for some weeks, saying: " You have not kept to our agreements." One hot day, walking in the Près Saint Gervais, they took a seat under a fragrant cherry-tree in front of a large patch of gooseberry-trees with ripe, red berries. " I am thirsty," said Jean-Jacques ; " I would like to eat some gooseberries ; they are ripe ; they attract me ; but there is no means of having any of them—the owner is not here." There was nobody in sight, only a statue of Justice. " It was not the sword that he respected," comments Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, " it was the balances."

Jean-Jacques showed no curiosity in the streets of the city, but walked steadily through them with a clouded brow. As he issued from them into the country his face cleared, he became gay and serene. " Here we are now," he would say, " away from carriages, cobble-stones and men." He was short-sighted and used a lorgnette for distant objects, but he could distinguish at close quarters minute particles of flowers. The view of Mont Valerien pleased him greatly, and often at sunset he would stop and regard it silently ; it reminded him of sunsets among the mountains of Switzerland. He did not care for parks in general, and severely criticized the alterations made in that of La Muette, on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne near the Porte Maillot. The park of Sceaux pleased him best; he took Bernardin on one of their longer expeditions to see it. He mocked at the fancies of the rich who heaped up sham ruins in their grounds. Though sympathetic to nature in all its aspects, he preferred some things to others. Rivulets pleased him

more than rivers. He found the view of the sea too melancholy. Of all the seasons, he preferred spring. " As soon as the days begin to shorten," he said, " summer is finished for me." Bernardin replied that he had been spoiled by Switzerland. " If you had seen the long winters of Russia" (Bernardin had been in Russia) " you would find ours supportable."

On their walks they often stopped to hear the nightingale. " Our musicians," said Jean-Jacques, " have all imitated his high and low notes, his trills and caprices ; but his characteristics, these prolonged *piou piou,* these sobs, the sounds of groaning which touch the heart, are what none of them have been able yet to express." The sound of any bird's singing arrested his attention.

> The airs of the lark, which are heard in the fields while she escapes our sight; the rustling of the chaffinch in thickets ; the chirping of the swallow on the roofs of villages; the complaining of the turtle-dove in the wood ; the song of the warbler *(fauvette),* which he compared to that of a shepherdess by reason of its irregularity and by something *villageois* about it—all this called up in his mind the sweetest images.

" What charming effects," he remarked to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, " we could draw for our opera where country scenes are represented." They did, as a matter of fact, occasionally go to the opera. Together they were present at one of the earliest performances of Gluck's *Iphigenie* about the end of March, 1774, a performance from which Jean-Jacques went home *ravi.* He wrote to Gluck: " You have achieved what I believed was impossible until to-day." The *Devin du Village* was being performed in 1774. Probably Bernardin and he went to it too.

Bernardin describes Jean-Jacques' business transactions, for he was in the apartment one morning when servants of the gentry came in to fetch rolls of music which had been copied or to bring him some to copy. Jean-Jacques received them standing and bare-headed. To some he said : " The cost is so much," and he received their money ; to another : " How soon is it necessary to

Rousseau
After Naudet

complete the copy ?"" " My mistress," replied the domestic, " would like to have it in fifteen days." " Oh, that is not possible. I have much to do. I can only let you have it in three weeks." Sometimes he accepted the work, sometimes he refused, treating all the details of these transactions with the honesty of a faithful craftsman. He kept a register of his work. In the Second Dialogue he declares that in six years in Paris he copied more than 6,000 pages of music, at ten sous a page. The long, laborious effort fatigued him, and he made mistakes which he eliminated by careful revision and by scraping out notes and lines " with an incredible expenditure of time and trouble." Often he scraped through the paper, and had to gum new pieces on to it. At the end of the six years he was copying with the same zeal and the same pleasure as if he were " at the beginning of the business."[1] When they were alone, Bernardin asked why he did not do something more profitable with his talents. Jean-Jacques laughed. " Oh," he replied, " there are two Rousseaus in the world : one rich, or who could be if he wanted—a capricious, singular, fantastic man. That is the Rousseau of the public. The other is obliged to work in order to live, and is the one whom you see." He told Bernardin that he had received 20,000 *livres* (about £830) altogether from his literary writings. " If I had received this money all at once, I could have invested it, but I have eaten it in succession, as it came. A bookseller of Holland has given me a life-annuity of 600 *livres*, of which 300 *livres* are payable to my wife after my death ; that is all my fortune. It costs me 100 *louis* (about £100) to maintain my small household ; it is necessary for me to earn the balance." He had renounced or somehow let lapse the payments from Lord Keith and Du Peyrou. Apart from what he earned by copying music, his assured income, from investment and from the Rey and Duchesne annuities, was 800 francs a year (say £30).[2] Bernardin's

[1] ***Rousseau, Juge de Jean-Jacques*, Second Dialogue, p. 109.**

[2] ***Rousseau, Juge de Jean-Jacques*, Second Dialogue, p. 112.**

memory was a little at fault. The Dutch bookseller Rey allowed Therese 300 francs a year ; the firm of Duchesne of Paris allowed him another 300. Bernardin urged him to write. Jean-Jacques protested passionately : he wished that he had never written. Fontenelle, to whom wtiting had brought places, pensions, honours, fame, had once remarked, long ago, aftet looking at some of Jean-Jacques' essays: " I see where you will go. But matk my words. . . . As soon as you will have taken up the pen, you will lose repose and happiness." Jean-Jacques now said that Fontenelle was right. " I have only regained repose and happiness since I gave up writing. I have written nothing for ten years." He was not discontented with his worldly circumstances. " I have never been rich," he said, " but I have always lived comfortably "—*j'ai toujours vécu commodément.*[1]

As a rule Bernardin de Saint-Pierre found Jean-Jacques gay, frank, confiding; only occasionally, when he visited the apartment in the Rue Platrière, he would be rebuffed. There were times, Jean-Jacques said, when he wanted to be alone. Bernardin suggested that a sign should be placed in the window of the apartment to show when Jean-Jacques wanted company. Sometimes, when Jean-Jacques had been moody and almost rude, they did not see each other for weeks. Then a chance meeting in the Tuileries gardens or in the street would result in an invitation on the part of Jean-Jacques for Bernardin to come to dinner; or they would make an expedition, on foot of course, to Mont Valérien, to Romanville, or to the heights above Sèvres, Jean-Jacques always taking with him his stick with the little curved knife on the end for botanizing.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, like any sentimental egoist, was given to melancholy and the taste for solitude, and sometimes the solitude only made his melancholy worse. " It was J.-J. Rousseau to whom I owed the return of my health," he writes.[2] Jean-Jacques spoke without any of

[1] *Rousseau, Juge de Jean-Jacques,* Second Dialogue, p. 116.
[2] *Preamble de l'Arcadie,* in B. de Saint-Pierre, *Œuvres* (1820), IX, 15.

the vanity usually attributed to men of letters. He made no attempt to monopolize the conversation or to impose his ideas on his companion ; in fact, he was so simple and unassuming in his conversation that ordinary men took him for one of themselves. One day, returning from a long day's outing which Bernardin and Jean-Jacques made together to Mont Valérien, they were overtaken by rain at the Porte Maillot before they were through the Bois de Boulogne. So they took shelter under the chestnut trees, but found rather a lot of people just at this spot. A waiter, however, at the cafe there, saw Jean-Jacques and came up to him full of joy, saying : " *He, bien,* good man, where have you come from ? We haven't seen you for an age ! " Jean-Jacques replied tranquilly that his wife had been ill and that he himself had not been very well. " Oh, my poor man," said the waiter, " you should not be out there ; come, come, I will find you room in the house." And he led them into a high room where, though there was a crowd of people, he found them chairs and a table and brought them bread and wine. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who prided himself on his birth, remarked : " This *gargon* seems to me to be pretty familiar with you. He doesn't know you ? " " Oh," replied Jean-Jacques, " we have known each other for some years. We come from time to time here, in the good season, my wife and I, to eat a cutlet in the evening." The eagerness and familiarity of the waiter convinced Bernardin of the amount of good nature *{bonhomie)* which the sublime author of *Emile* put into his smallest action.[1]

These last eight years in Paris were calm and uneventful, except for the " Promenades." The famous *Réveries* on these " Promenades," written in the last year, are among his finest work. The tone in which they are written is fairly described not so much as resignation or contentment as tranquillity. In spite of dark references to plots and spies, the *Réveries* convince the reader that his claim to have attained " full calm " was on the whole,

[1] *Preamble de l'Arcadie,* in B. de Saint-Pierre, *Œuvres* (1820), IX, 78.

with lapses, justified, and that" the source of true happiness is in ourselves."

This friendship had endured for six years when one day towards the end of May, 1778, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre went to a place of *rendezvous* (probably in the Tuileries Gardens) to make with Jean-Jacques an expedition to Sèvres. They had recently been to Mont Valérien, only the week before, when Jean-Jacques was particularly gay. More recently, just a week before, they had walked out past the Pare de Saint-Fargeau to the Fontaine Saint-Pierre, and on the way had supped off an omelette and coffee at a wayside cabaret. Jean-Jacques was gay and almost jovial. They had finished the evening by walking home and talking of Plutarch. When they parted Jean-Jacques pressed Bernardin's hand, said how good had been that day for him, and appointed the following week for their next expedition. The week had passed and now Bernardin was waiting at the *rendezvous,* but Jean-Jacques did not come. For several days Bernardin came to the meeting place : no Jean-Jacques. At last, after a week, he went to the apartment in the Rue Platriere. Two women were carding wool in it who did not even know the name of Rousseau ; but the landlord told him that Jean-Jacques had left a fortnight before and had gone to an isolated place, sending only once for any letters at the Rue Platriere. Jean-Jacques had gone to what was to prove to be his last earthly home, at Ermenonville.

* * * * *

During the eight years at Paris, Jean-Jacques wrote at the beginning the last part of his *Confessions,* as far as they went (to 1762), and there was an opera (unpublished) called *Daphnis and Chloe,* of which a new friend, Corrancez, wrote the libretto. He also composed (it took six months of hard work) a treatise on the government of Poland. In the last year, 1778, he wrote the *Rêveries du Promeneur Solitaire,* which are certainly among his best works, showing no sign of any falling off in literary ability

or romantic spirit: only it is all quiet, chastened, mellow. Curiously, he does not mention in these reveries his walks with Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who was the companion of many of them.

In 1776 he had an accident. Coming home from a walk to Ménilmontant, he was knocked over by one of the Great Danes which rich people kept running in front of their carriages. But although badly cut in the face and bruised, he managed to walk home, and seems to have suffered no permanent injury. Why he suddenly broke off communication with Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and left Paris without warning is inexplicable.

* * * * *

The treatise on Poland was the outcome of repeated requests made by Count Wielkorski, a Polish patriot who had come to Paris to obtain counsel from the philosophers there for the sake of his unfortunate country. It was to be expected that Wielkorski would ask the help of the author of the *Contrat Social* in suggesting such improvements in the Polish constitution as would prevent the partition of the country among the hungry neighbours. Jean-Jacques, in spite of his unfortunate experiences in writing on political questions, could not refuse the call. For six months, probably between October, 1771, and April, 1772, he worked incessantly at the task, refusing to accept any fee, and putting aside, until the task was finished, the musical copying on which his livelihood depended. The incredible industry of Jean-Jacques whenever he set himself to do a definite piece of work is illustrated in this case by the two manuscripts which he made. They are the " rough " draft, comprising 87 neatly and closely written quarto pages, now in the Neuchâtel library, and the finished copy delivered to Wielkorski, which is now at Cracow.[1] Wielkorski desired to give a fee for the work and to spare Jean-Jacques* sensitiveness, and sounded Therese on the possibility

[1] **C. E. Vaughan, *The Political Writings of Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (1915), II, 373-375**

of making a present; but she assured him that it would "mortally offend" her husband.[1] He even refused to accept from Wielkorski a note of *trente sols* (about Is. 3d.) which must have been the charge, prepaid by Jean-Jacques, for delivery of the manuscript to the counts Paris address. The letter (undated) which he sent to the count with the manuscript calls it "an offering to your country." Jean-Jacques had originally intended only to make "some reflections" on certain points which the count had explained to him. As he wrote and reflected, however, he became "inflamed" with the work; ideas crowded upon him, and in the end he produced this *énorrne cahier* in *si peu d'ordre.* Anyhow, here it was, an offering to Poland : *Voici mon offrande a voire patrie.*[2]

The work itself—*Considérations sur le Gouvernement de Pologne sur sa Reforme projettée*—has not attracted much attention and is dismissed by Morley as being of no credit to Jean-Jacques.[3] Nevertheless, it contains good things, including one of the opening statements: *Une bonne institution pour la Pologne ne peut etre l'ouvrage que des Polonais* (only Poles can make a good constitution for Poland). He remarks : "In reading the history of the Government of Poland it is difficult to understand how a state of such a bizarre kind has been able to exist so long"; and not only to exist but to "conserve itself in strength." While all the other states of Europe were rushing to their ruin, Poland, depopulated, devastated, oppressed, still retained the fire of youth. The Poles love liberty and are worthy of it. Yet their liberty at times becomes anarchy, the absence or suspension of law. "To place the Law above the man is a problem in politics which I compare to that of squaring the circle in geometry." The rest of the treatise follows out the ideas of this introduction, with many more ideas as they "multiplied

[1] **Wielkorski to Girardin, 9th November, 1778, in Vaughan, *op. cit.*, 11,416.**

[2] ***Corresp, Gen.*, I I , 212.**

[3] **Morley, I I , 324.**

themselves " in his fertile mind. A remarkable passage in Chapter V maintains that the radical vice of Poland is its size. " Begin by reducing your frontiers." He adds : "Perhaps your neighbours are thinking of rendering you this service."

Within a few months Poland was dismembered of great areas by the monarchs of Russia, Prussia and Austria (May, 1772); but what was left of the kingdom reformed itself, and what Jean-Jacques wrote may have had something to do with the reform. In 1774 Wielkorski was back in Paris. On 20th April of that year Jean-Jacques wrote to him : " For a long time, Monsieur le Comte, I have perceived such a change in you with regard to me, and a *je ne sais quoi* so little natural that, in order to preserve the esteem which you have inspired in me, I am forced to suspect some mystery here, and you owe me some enlightenment." Jean-Jacques had made it a condition that his work on Poland should be kept secret, and now the secret was out. Guy (the publisher) had access to some copy of it, and said that it was in D'Alembert's possession. Jean-Jacques at once suspected a plot of his " enemies," not only D'Alembert, but Grimm and Diderot, who had been lately to St. Petersburg. On the way back, Grimm had stopped at Warsaw—*pas sans motifs.*[1] Here was material for suspicion of a conspiracy ! Wielkorski, whose conduct from first to last seems highly honourable, wrote at once to say that he had lent the manuscript to nobody except to Prince Czartoryski, and that was with Jean-Jacques' consent. D'Alembert denied that he had any copy ; but it is quite possible that his secretary had. Somebody had made a copy from Wielkorski's and was going to publish it. Wielkorski, however, put the matter before M. de Sartine, Lieutenant-General of Police in Paris, and publication was prevented. There was no need for Jean-Jacques in this case to suspect his enemies. Wielkorski's manuscript might have been copied by somebody, perhaps by his own secretary, who

[1] ***Corresp. Gén., XX, 294.***

had not a good record.[1] Jean-Jacques had lent his own draft to Necker, who had it copied; and Jean-Jacques' old friend, Coindet, who was still in Necker's bank, had a copy of it too. Although Jean-Jacques refused payment for his work on Poland, Wielkorski, after Jean-Jacques' death, paid 600 francs to the credit of Therese at his bankers. Therese, however—this is the best action ever reported of her, and it is a redeeming one—declined the money. " She thinks like her husband, and is not willing to sell you what he simply confided to you."[2]

His persecution-mania, though to a certain extent justified before he came to Paris, had no good reason during his last Paris residence. He had discarded the name of Renou from the time he left Monquin. The authorities were not troubling him. His suspicions died down, yet every now and then they revived, and in the last few years often became active again. When he broke off relations with the Marquise de Créqui in 1773 he wrote to her : " Make a ray of light to pierce this abyss of darkness in which my reason is lost." To the Comtesse de Saint-Haon, who wished to be allowed to call on him, he wrote in 1776 (23rd May): " My home and my heart are open for the rest of my life to whomever will unveil for me this abominable mystery." Everybody pretended to be ignorant of a secret which, " by the most astonishing prodigy, is a secret only for me in the whole of Europe." Unknown people could only gain admission to him if they were able to give a " categorical answer " to a circular letter which he presented to each applicant: the title of the letter (which is otherwise unknown) was *À tout Fr an fats aimant encode la justice et la ́verite.*[3] Yet all the time he was really aware that the people who by various strategies (chiefly offering music to be copied) tried to visit him were actuated only by " insulting curiosity."

[1] Vaughan, *Corresp. Gin.*, II, 408.

[2] Marquis de Girardin to Count Wielkorski, 15th January, 1779, in Vaughan, *op. cit.*, II, 417.

[3] *Corresp. Gén.*, XX, 116, n. 4.

" Anyone who only wishes to see the Rhinoceros can go, if he likes, to the fair and not to me."[1]

It is clear that Jean-Jacques, in spite of his taste for solitude, had a good deal of company. In 1774 he announced that he and Therese had made an alteration in their way of life. Having no domestic servant, and beginning to feel the weight of age, they no longer offered " pot luck " to visitors, unless they had a meal sent up from the *cabaret.* Thus in general Jean-Jacques, " for reasons of convenience rather than economy," as he wrote to Madame Delessert, no longer invited visitors whose company was agreeable to prolong their visits to the hour of repast.

Shortly after inaugurating this change he moved his lodging. He left the Hôtel de Saint-Esprit after four years' residence and took an apartment lower down in the same street (Rue Platrière), opposite the Hotel Bullion, where his new friend Corrancez lived. He liked the old apartment *au cinquième* better, but had to leave it, he wrote, on account of the " scandalous neighbourhood."[2]

He had to work hard in order to earn his living. On 17th December, 1774, he wrote to Madame Delessert that he had undertaken some work which necessitated his rising before day and working by artificial light; he preferred this to sitting up late. There is something infinitely honourable about this old man stoutly earning his own living, notwithstanding his feeble eyesight and declining strength, who refused two pensions (botl^of which he could still have drawn) and who out of his small and uncertain income was faithfully paying a hundred francs a year to an aged aunt at Nyon.[3] He was as indifferent to reputation as to money. Alexander

[1] To Madame de Saint-Haon. 23rd May, 1776; *Corresp. Gén.,* XX, 318.

[2] To Madame Delessert, 17th December, 1774; *Corresp. Gen.,* XX, 307.

[3] The two pensions were those from George I I I and the Earl Marischal, Keith. Jean-Jacques' aunt, Madame Goncerut, died on n t h November, 1774, at the age of ninety-three.

Beloselski, Russian prince and diplomatist, being at Geneva in 1775, wrote from there to Jean-Jacques regretting that the Genevese had lost a citizen who brought them so much glory. The letter from the stranger in his native place touched Jean-Jacques to the quick and called forth the most magnificent apostrophe to that lovely and radiant scene:

> Oh lake on whose banks I passed the sweet hours of my childhood, charming countryside where I saw for the first time the majestic and touching sunrise, where I felt the first emotions of the heart, the first outbursts of a genius since become too imperious and, alas ! too celebrated, I shall see you no more. These belfries which rise in the midst of oaks and firs, these lowing herds, these workshops, these factories, bizarrely scattered by torrents, in precipices, on the top of rocks, these ancient trees, these springs, these mountains which saw my birth, they will see me no more.

It was the letter from Geneva, not from the prince, that touched him ; and after this tranquil outflow of pure sentiment he concluded : " Do not write again to me, Monsieur le Prince; I could not reply to you a second time. When you return to Paris, come and see me and we shall have a talk."[1]

He spoke the same language with everybody, high or low. A new friend of the Paris period was the Duke of Alba, with whom, after Alba's return to Spain, he continued to correspond. Through Alba he was able to* re-establish communication with Carrio, the ancient friend of his Venetian days. Carrio, as a matter of fact, had already written a letter to Jean-Jacques in Paris which Jean-Jacques left for a year unanswered. The Duke brought messages from Carrio to Paris and later passed on Jean-Jacques' letter of answer ;[2] but the exchange seems to have gone no further than this. The Duke of Alba was interested in botany. He and Jean-Jacques exchanged seeds through the post. The Duke had to be

[1] *Corresp. Gén.*, XX, 314.

[2] 10th February, 1774 : *Corresp. Gén.*, XX, 283.

very careful about these courtesies : " The word *present* makes you so savage " *{le mot* pre'sent *vous effarouche si fort).*[1]. Jean-Jacques accepted some bottles of wine of La Mancha ; but when the Duke sent some cloth (probably for Therese) it was inexorably rejected on delivery. His correspondence and exchanges of seeds went on with the Duchess of Portsmouth. He would even accept a present (probably seeds), but when she added a rare and expensive botany book on the *herbarium amboinense,* he drew the line, and begged to decline it. And when the book arrived in a box he rejected it unopened at the post, although he knew that there was a letter from the duchess in it, and he greatly wanted the letter.[2] This was in 1776. He informed her by letter of what he had done ; and at this point, so far as is known, the correspondence stopped. Jean-Jacques perhaps a little too easily rejected letters or parcels on delivery, partly to save the delivery charges, partly because he was suspicious about new correspondents. As his last year in Paris passed he adopted the rule of rejecting all letters (unopened, of course) on which he did not recognize the handwriting. The rejected letters seem not to have been returned to the sender : they just disappeared in the post.[3] Occasionally, it seems, a real friend's letter was by mistake rejected along with the unknown correspondents. The truth is that Jean-Jacques, hitherto a very loyal, indeed indefatigable, letter-writer, was losing zest in correspondence. The letters to Madame Delessert stopped in 1776 at the same time as he asked her to send no more *marrons glace's :* his digestion could not deal with them. Madame de la Tour de Franqueville made an effort to arouse her one-time correspondent from a silence and indifference which, she wrote, was simply stunning, *assommante.** It was just after the accident when he had been knocked down by a dog in

[1] *Corresp. Gén.,* XX, 285.
[2] *Corresp. Gen.,* XX, 320.
[3] *Corresp. Gen.,* XX, 276.
[4] 15th November, 1776; *Corresp. Gen.,* XX, 321.

coming back from a promenade to Ménilmontant. Madame de la Tour de Franqueville inquired anxiously after him, but seems to have received no reply,

His interest in botany, which was his great resource, was at times relaxed so that (so he said, at any rate) he seemed to be losing it altogether. At one time he had packets of seeds sent from England (by the Duchess of Portland, Lord Nuneham, or Davenport) lying unopened. " So unless this fantasy revives, at the present it is extinct," The taste for walking, however, he felt sure, would never leave him—*ne me quitter a jamais ;* and this might preserve *unpeu d'herborisation.*[1] This was in 1773. As a matter of fact, the taste was not lost. In the summer of that year he made an expedition to Meudon and botanized with Malesherbes, who was an exile from court in his château at Fontainebleau. At the end of the year he wrote to Madame Delessert that advancing years and the time required for his work made him renounce long walks and and with them botany : *Uappesantissement qui m'a fait renoncer aux tongues courses et le portage d'un terns qui m'est necessaire, et dont la botanique ne me dedommageoit pas, m'ont fait d'y renoncer,*[2] Three years later he had disposed of his botany books. For some time he had only two recreations : *la promenade et la musique.* Yet in the same year his letters show him making an appointment with a botanist, M. Thouin, of the Jardin du Roy, to meet at seven in the morning at the Porte Saint Antoine to go out walking and herborizing together. Pierre Prevost, who met him occasionally, wrote to a friend in 1777 that he found Jean-Jacques always full of ardour and imagination —*toujours plein de chaleur et d'imagination*—much occupied with music, and reading nothing but Tasso, an old favourite. It was rumoured that he was making a translation of Tasso for publication, and although he denied this, it is not improbable that he was translating

[1] **7th January, 1773 ;** ***Corresp. Gen.*****, XX, 213-4.**

[2] **15th December, 1773; 23rd August, 1774; 1776;** ***Corresp. Gen.*****, XX, 278, 303, 322, 323-4-**

it into French for his own amusement. He never read his own writings, though he thought he *could* re-read *UHeloise* (and only L'*Heloise)* with pleasure.[1] The *Reveries du Promeneur Solitaire,* written in the last eight or ten months in Paris, is a perfect classic of the open air, as much a work of genius as the famous " walking " sections of the *Confessions.* In fact at this time, near the end of a long and tempestuous career, Jean-Jacques was perhaps more " himself " than at any other period : his character was stable and purified.

By the end of the year 1777 Jean-Jacques had practically decided to leave Paris, where he felt that he had no peace. That he was not living simply a recluse's life is proved by the fact that his resolve became known and offers of hospitality came forward. " M. le Commandeur de Menon " would have found him a lodging at Lyons, but, Jean-Jacques wrote, " people have taken so much trouble to make residence in towns insupportable to me that they have fully succeeded." The spectacle of their hatred at Paris " tore his heart " every day, he said. " They have reduced me to the sad alternative of fleeing from them or of hating them. I take the first choice to avoid the second." He favourably considered an offer of hospitality from Count Duprat, lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of Orleans, who had a house or estate at Hassac, south of the Loire; but Therese's health made a long winter journey difficult or impossible.[2] Yet he hoped to be able to set out some time soon, with Therese, his *herbier* (for he was again collecting and arranging flowers), and " two nightcaps and five or six shirts" ; and when in the country he would conform to established religion. " I have no aversion for the precautions which appear to you suitable for avoiding too much sensation. I have no repugnance to going to mass : on the contrary, in whatever

[1] *Corresp. Gen.,* XX, 275.

[2] To Duprat, 31st December, 1777; *Corresp. Gen.,* **XX, 326-7.** Duprat was one of the victims of the Revolutionary Tribunal in 1794 ; *ibid.,* p. 327 n.

religion it may be, I will always believe myself to be with my brothers, among those who come together to serve God." He would conform so as not to make a scandal in the neighbourhood, but he did not wish to deceive pfcople into thinking that he was Catholic.[1]

Although Jean-Jacques wrote to this friend that he, Duprat, alone had not abandoned him in his misery, there was in fact no lack of friends. In May, 1778, he was still at Paris, in what Moultou, who visited there, called *sa misérable maison.* In the same month he had a charming invitation from the Prince de Ligne, that prince of gentlemen in an age of gentlemen :

The Prince de Ligne to Rousseau.

(About May, 1778.)

I am he, Sir, who called to see you the other day. I shall not call again, although I am dying to do so ; but you dislike these assiduous attentions and those who press them upon you.

Think over my proposal; in my country, people cannot read, you will be neither admired nor persecuted there.

You shall have the key to my books and my gardens ; you shall see me there, or you shall not see me. You shall have a very small country-house there—all to yourself—a quarter of a league from mine ; you shall plant in it; you shall sow in it; you shall do whatever you like with it.

Jean-Baptiste and his spirit came to die in Flanders, but he wrote only poetry. Let Jean-Jacques and his genius come there to live ; may it be at my house or rather at your own house, that you continue to *vitam impendere vero.*

If you want still more liberty, I have a very small plot of land which is independent of everybody; the sky is lovely there ; the air is pure. It is only 80 leagues from here. I have no archbishop nor parliament there, but I have the best sheep in the world.

I have honey bees in the other dwelling-place which I offered you ; if you like them, I will leave them there; if not I will remove them elsewhere. Their republic will treat you better than Geneva, to which you have done so much honour and so much good.

[1] To Duprat, 3rd February, 1778; *Corresp. Gen.,* XX, 333-4.

> Like you, I dislike thrones and dominations; you shall rule over no one ; but no one shall rule over you. If you accept my offer, Sir, I shall come and fetch you and convey you myself to the Temple of Virtue. This will be the name of your abode, but we shall not call it so, I shall spare your modesty all the triumphs you deserve.
>
> If all this does not suit you, take it, Sir, that it has never been said. I do not know you, but I shall continue to read you and admire you without telling you so.[1]

It is not known how Jean-Jacques answered this letter ; by the time he received it, he had probably already moved out to his last home, Ermenonville. There, another offer of hospitality came from a young man, Comte de Flamenville, an officer in the *gardes franfaises,* who passionately admired Jean-Jacques' works. He seems to have visited Jean-Jacques several times, and to have established some degree of intimacy. The young man came out, with some relatives of his, to Ermenonville, but this time Jean-Jacques refused to see him. Flamenville, however, was not offended. He wrote: " Ermenonville, though very beautiful, is not solitary enough for you. I have a veritable desert to offer you. By the seaside I have, two leagues from Flamenville, opposite Guernsey and Jersey, a little estate. It has a charming situation. The air is healthy, the view over the sea from the windows is beautiful, the countryside radiant, living costs nothing. If this would suit you, you are master of it whenever you wish." Or, as an alternative, Jean-Jacques could have at the other end of one of the parks at Flamenville " a whole pavilion, forming a complete little house, also with a view of the sea. You would find there the same security, tranquillity and liberty." Such was the ardent young man's offer out of his *coeur honnête et sensible.* He wrote, with his portfolio on his knee, like a lover to his mistress ; his address until August was *à Paris, hôtel Varsovie, rue neuve des bons enfans.*[2] Again,

[1] ***Corresp. Gén.*, XX, 339 (the editor dates the letter *vers Mai*, 1778).**

[2] ***Corresp. Gén.*, XX, 342.**

we do not know the answer, if any. The good youth himself had not long to live. Some months afterwards, returning from a journey to Italy, he died of smallpox at Lyons.

In May, 1778, Jean-Jacques accepted the offer of the Marquis de Girardin and retired with Therese to Ermenonville. Th6rèse was still drawing the Rey pension, although the good publisher was dead by this time. She continued to draw it, at any rate until 1786.[1]

The Château of Ermenonville is about thirty miles from Paris on the road to Soissons. A cottage in the magnificent, highly artificial park (modelled on the Elysée of Clarens), was to be the last earthly home of this enchanting writer, this stoic of the simple life.

Jean-Jacques and Therese spent two months there. It was not unlike the Montmorency life. He walked in the park and nearby countryside, herborizing. He had told Bernardin de Saint-Pierre in his last year or two at Paris that he had given up reading and even music. Yet he composed at Ermenonville a few airs for the " little concerts " of the Girardin family. He no longer wrote letters. He was breaking up. Yet the time passed in tranquil occupations. " Indifferent to the remainder of his career, he sees it with pleasure approaching its term without accelerating this even by his wishes. I doubt if anyone ever has better or more sincerely said to God : 'Thy will be done.'"[2] On 2nd July, 1778, he had an apoplectic stroke and died on the same day.[3] He was buried by M. de Girardin in the Ile des Peuplieres, the " Poplars Islet," of the lake in the park, but six years later the body was removed to the Pantheon in Paris. On Jean-Jacques' death, M. de Girardin took charge of the manuscripts that were left — the *Confessions,*

[1] *Corresp. Geh.,* **VII, 211, n. 1, for the** receipts **preserved by Rey's heirs.**

[2] *Rousseau, Juge de Jean-Jacques,* **Second Dialogue (ed. 1857), p. 126.**

[3] Madame Macdonald *(op. cit.,* **I, 328-340) prints the Girardin account** of Jea'n-Jacques' last days ; and on **pp. 322-3 is the surgeon's *prods verbal.*** These two accounts dissipate the legend of suicide.

the *Rêveries du Promeneur Solitaire,* the draft of the *Considérations sur le Gouvernement de Pologne*—and in due course carried them to Neuchâtel, to Du Peyrou, who was preparing the Collected Edition. Du Peyrou, dying in 1794, bequeathed all his Rousseau manuscripts to the Library of Neuchâtel, where they still are.

"What have I done here below?"—*Qu'ai-je fait ici-bas?*—Jean-Jacques asks in the *Rêveries,* Second Promenade. The answer which he gives in the same passage, obviously written in dejection, that he would carry to the Author of his being, if not good works, at any rate good intentions frustrated—is not the right one. The correct answer is given by him in a conversation with Bernardin de Saint-Pierre: "I have spoken some truths"—*J'ai dit quelques vérités.* He added: "People have not listened to me." But this additional remark was unwarranted. He *had* spoken some truths; and all Europe and America had listened to him. He had given a direct message to each thoughtful, feeling man or woman. In the Second Dialogue, he says to his imaginary judge: "I have said what I knew, at any rate what I believed, to be true, good, consoling, useful."[1]

* * * * *

His faults—the errors of his youth, the defects of his character in later age—are obvious. He had a bad start in a home and from antecedents of a low moral level. "A juster appreciation of this unfortunate man," writes a Geneva critic, "will result from a study of all the documents which will help us to know the moral level of his first social circle and of his people. There are homes where one breathes an air of delicacy and innocence. . . . But it appears that our Jean-Jacques had rather mixed and muddied origins."[2] Add to this almost complete defect of moral upbringing his irregular and vagrant

[1] *Rousseau, Juge de Jean-Jacques,* Second Dialogue, p. **116.**

[2] Eugene Ritter, in the *Bulletin de l'Institut genevois,* quoted by F. Brunetiere, *Etudes critiques,* IV, serie, p. 327.

youth among some of the most vulgar social elements of the lax eighteenth century, and you have the condition, and you would think also the destiny, not only of an *enfant gate,* but, as M. Brunetiere writes, of an *enfant perdu.* The wonder is that he grew into as good a man as he did. For the essential Jean-Jacques, in spite of the shocking passages of the *Confessions,* had a fundamental Puritan strain in his character; his bias, and his abiding influence, are on the side of an austere morality.

Too much need not be made of the eccentricity, sometimes amounting to mania, which appears in certain actions and in passages of the *Confessions, Dialogues, Rêveries* and *Correspondance.* Extreme sensibility and vivid imagination are unlikely to be in the same person along with a perfectly balanced nervous system. " I have been mad all my life," Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, " or if not mad, at any rate not quite sober." Such people have moods of exaltation and depression, and are subject to fits of prolonged melancholy which give a pronounced cast to their whole life. The flashing across Jean-Jacques* brain of a vivid phrase, the sudden view of a valley or mountain, would throw him into a state of dream, and he would stand still in wonder and delight, dead as it were to the world. As he walked along country paths, the sudden vividness of some remembered or of some expected scene would overwhelm his mind and spirit till he nearly fainted. He would have to seat himself on the ground to recover. When an idea occurred, it might wholly take possession of him ; he lived through the experiences of the creatures and creations of his imagination, and this is why *La Nouvelle Héloise* vibrates with human feeling, and why he wrote E*mile* at Montmorency in " continuous ecstasy." And his literary fame, his *succès éclatant,* came also like a flood upon him, suddenly, overwhelmingly, after twenty years of romantic, unsteady, exhausting vagabondage, when he was nearly forty years old. All Europe rang with his fame. The salons buzzed with his name and his works. The great

ladies, the *haul monde* of Paris, coveted his presence and conversation. All this experience, flooding with bewildering impact upon the already unbalanced nervous system of an introspective, delicate man, might easily make the disequilibrium hopeless. Without doubt, this brilliant and, as it seemed to the people of that time, so effortless superiority of literary achievement and fame, aroused bitter jealousy among the writers and literary hacks of Paris ; and devastating as were their mutual jealousies, they would sink them to vent in chorus their spite and spleen against this unknown, irregular ex-lackey, ex-secretary, ex-seminarist and vagrant jack-of-all-trades who had suddenly carried off all the literary laurels. And as these writers and their friends—the Diderots, Grimms, D'Alemberts, and all the *Coterie holbachique*—by their vast correspondence (frequently subsidized) or fugitive writings, controlled literary opinion " from Naples to St. Petersburg," there was sufficient ground for Jean-Jacques' brooding imagination to see everywhere the evidence of a conspiracy against him. Besides all this, there was the substantial and terrifying evidence of legal decrees in the Parlement of Paris and the Council of Geneva, and a sentence of banishment from Berne; the mob and lapidation at Motiers; the burning of the *Contrat Social* in his native city.[1]

He was not selfish but subjective. He tended, more than is normal, to see the whole world in relation to himself; and this tendency, when it grows absorbing, becomes mania, the mania of the " Ego," the " I , " the *mot.* Jean-Jacques was saved—so far as he *was* saved—by his wholesome love of the open air and of walking, and by his genuine interest in other people, his humanity, though this never sufficiently competed with his interest in himself.

Doubtless he lived by sensation rather than by reason, and he paid the penalty in melancholy, depression, and sometimes despair. But what a difference this made to

[1] **Brunetière, pp. 342-3, 347-**

literature, which without him was becoming arid, prosaic, *sec.* Nearly all his prose-works are poems; he could scarcely put pen to paper without magic flowing from it; he sees into the heart of things; he feels life, nature, humanity; and he pronounces the eternal verities in prose that is poetry. Of him it might almost be said, as Macaulay says of Milton:

> His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less *in* its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced than the past is present and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead.

Everyone feels the spell, and the first reading of Rousseau remains an entrancing memory. The dry physician, the neurologist, who, in vacation by the Lake of Geneva, took up the *Confessions* one day was—like all the rest—simply *seized* by "this extraordinary book"—by the compelling eloquence, the enchanting descriptions, the incisive and profound psychology; and he then and there resolved (and carried out the resolve) to read the whole of Rousseau's works, and he wrote a profound study on the malady of the author.[1] Jean-Jacques brought nature and poetry into literature and life; and the sign of the new age, the "Romantic Age" that was coming, was the swallow which he heard (and notes in the first book of the *Confessions)* through a window in the room at Geneva, when he and his father had been reading together all through the night.

Yet this passionate writer of enchanting prose was something more than this. He was a grand dialectician. The *Contrat Social* is a song, but it is also a close and profound argument, an exposition and revelation and conclusion which have changed the course of history, and asserted for ever the claim, the need, and the sanctity of justioe and freedom. None will dispute the originality of

[1] ***J.-J. Rousseaus Krankheitsgeschichte,* by P. J. Möbius (1899).**

La Nouvelle Heloise, the foundation of the novel of manners and character; nor the originality of E*mile,* the first sound essay on Education ; nor of the *Confessions* and *Reveries,* the re-birth, or if not the re-birth, the renaissance, of nature-poetry. And who that has once known him will cease to love this buoyant and gay companion of the open air, who spent his nights under the stars, prayed to his Maker in the nimble and sweet air of a morning on the hillside, walked under sun and shade the livelong day, singing his songs, culling his flowers, receiving indelible pictures of nature's enchanting scenery, and supping in the evening at some wayside inn, in the village social circle ?

Qu'ai-jefaitici-bas? . . . J'aiditquelquesverites. It may be, remembering the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and the hideous butcheries of the Napoleonic Wars, that some will say : Jean-Jacques Rousseau came not to send peace but a sword. I cannot say. He convinced men of the need, the elementary human right, and the duty of liberty ; and, as Macaulay said of the Puritan revolution : " The final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation and mercy." They are these things and more than these : they are full and creative life for all the peoples. " I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

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