The French Clandestine Press in Holland.¹

THE free press that existed in Holland at a very critical period of European history is a subject the examination of which will yield some facts of interest and reflections not altogether uninteresting. M. Hatin in his work *Les Gazettes de Hollande et la Presse clandestine au 17^{me} et 18^{me} Siècles*, 8vo., 1865, has collected with extraordinary industry and sagacity a number of particulars that throw a flood of light on this peculiar phase of modern literature. There were three circumstances that contributed mainly to the establishment and remarkable development of the foreign French press. The first and most obvious was the fettered condition of the press at home. M. Renandot, the privileged proprietor of *La Gazette de France*, which he founded in 1631, was not allowed to overpass the limits of strictly official communications. The limitation gave a certain dignity and authenticity to the newspaper, but was ill calculated to gratify curiosity, a passion in which the sons of Gaul have never been deficient. To escape censorship, the genius of the press had to fly across the frontier to cities where the printing office was open to all comers. The second and more active cause of the success of clandestine journalism was the expatriation of political, theological and literary malcontents, who joyfully seized the opportunity of publishing their opinions and of castigating their enemies in safety. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes largely increased the number of writers hostile to the French Government, and many an expelled Huguenot poured forth the bitterness of his heart in the columns of a Dutch Gazette. The third and most nourishing element of these exotics of the low countries was the universally powerful incentive—cupidity. The ministers of the French king winked at the introduction into the kingdom of uncensored papers, not only for the sake of the information they thus cheaply obtained, but

¹ Communicated to the Sixteenth Annual Meeting of the Library Association, Aberdeen, September, 1893.

frequently for a consideration in the shape of money paid into the Foreign Office. The farmers of the French Post Office, persons of no small influence, were directly interested in the transport and sale of foreign newspapers, by which they secured a profit of at least three hundred per cent. From the three causes thus indicated arose a contraband French periodical literature that existed for more than a century, and that in liberty, not to say licence of thought and language, has never been surpassed. England has in her day been the refuge of foreign journalists, banned and banished from their home, but the liberty allowed to these free-lances was never abused so outrageously as was the same freedom accorded to French refugees in Holland a century ago.

The *Courrier de l'Europe* of Latour, in the last century, *Peltier's Newspaper* in the days of the First Napoleon, and more recently still Herzen's Russian paper, the *Kolokol* are instances of the audacity with which writers have assailed from London the reigning powers in their own land. But no country in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries gave birth to so many periodicals of every kind, as did Holland. In 1779, nine foreign gazettes were received in Paris twice every week, from their several homes in Amsterdam, The Hague, Leyden, Utrecht, Cleves, Altona, Brussels, Cologne and Deux-Ponts. The *Gazette de la Haye* was published even three times a week. Many of these gazettes dated their origin far back into the seventeenth century. An allusion is made to them in Fletcher's "Fair Maid of the Inn" produced in 1625, where Foroboses promises the Coxcomb a spirit of intelligence properly qualified "the ghost of some lying stationer, a spirit shall look as if butter would not melt in his mouth; a new *Mercurius Gallo Belgicus*." The price of the Dutch-French papers was high, much higher than that of the *Gazette de France*, the proprietors of which, nevertheless, complained bitterly, and with reason, of the invasion of their privilege, which the authorities permitted to continue. At first the administration of the post office tried to appropriate the exclusive sale of the foreign gazettes, but the murmurs of the book-sellers led to the transfer of the retail business to David, "one of the trade." The dry sterility of the official papers stimulated more and more the demand for the gossiping, newsmongering Dutch prints, and Palissot, that foe of encyclopædists and friend to place, conceived "the new idea," as he imagined, of retailing the foreign gazettes all over the country. Against the novelty

of the idea David protested, and claimed the monopoly of the sale of unlicensed papers throughout the kingdom. The contest for an illegal privilege could not be brought before a legal tribunal. It became a contest of Court favour, and as Palissot had the honour of sharing his mistress with the Duc de Choiseul, David was fain to make a compromise and allow the author of the *Dunciade* a part of his profits, on condition that the latter procured from the minister, letters patent confirming and legalising the concession originally granted only by the farmers of the Postal Revenue. This was accomplished, and the price of the papers was considerably reduced.

Nothing will convey more impressively the opinion entertained of those old Dutch Gazettes by contemporaries than the supposition of writers of the period that Louis XIV. was nettled into the war of 1672 by the remarks printed in the newspapers of Holland. It was the war in which England bore so ignominious a part, and was really the result of many vexations that rankled in the mind of the "grand roi" after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. "War began again," wrote the Marquis de la Fare, "with no other aim than the abasement of Holland, whose news-writers were too insolent." The abasement of the United Provinces was no doubt ardently desired by Louis, who abominated Dutch freedom in all its forms—free religion, free government and free press. There is no doubt the French King had the rude papers read to him, and learned in that way many a truth which his courtiers would not have dared to utter in his hearing. Nevertheless, sorry would have been the plight of any candid writer of the sort who had chanced to fall into the clutches of the grand monarch. The popular opinion, at least on this point, may be inferred from the general acceptance of the story of the man in the iron cage, a story which, founded upon an incident that occurred after the death of Louis XIV., serves to show the perils which then beset the promoters of free printing. Mr. Hatin has exploded the current version of the tale which was to the effect that a journalist at Frankfort, named Dubourg, so vigorously and pertinaciously assailed Louis XIV. that the King at length ordered his police minister to get possession of the obnoxious writer—in defiance of international law—that he was accordingly seized one night in Frankfort by strange men, gagged, and hurried across the frontier into France, where he finally underwent a horrible imprisonment at Mont St. Michel, confined in an iron cage.

The truth of the matter seems to be that Dubourg, whose real name was Victor de la Castagne, was a writer who indulged habitually in unscrupulous libels, fled from Paris to Frankfort, there received payment for his abusive productions from foreign courts, and in 1745 was seized by agents of the French government and committed to the charge of the monks of Mont St. Michel with instructions to keep him in an iron cage in one of their vaults. This horrible punishment, which is proved to have been carried into execution, the unfortunate man bore for a year and four days, and then died raving mad, "without repentance and in despair," says the official report, "after having torn up all his clothes." The libel which called down this terrible vengeance appeared in a series of letters published under the name of "The Chinese Spy." There is, certes, venom enough in the following passage: "Europe has an Agrippina whose husband Claudius does not reign but only obeys. His occupation is to adopt, approve, applaud. Agrippina commands with absolute authority; her opinions prevail in the Council; she punishes, rewards, condemns and absolves; her power is without limit. If the youthful Nero is not yet in the place of Britannica, it is because Claudius lives still. All measures, however, are taken. Great God! what resources do not people find in the secrets of chemistry! The tenderness of a mother is very ingenious!" The odious insinuation of the last line must have recurred to the hapless wretch in his caged vault with new poignancy when he thought of the diabolical ingenuity of his own punishment. An official, reporting on the expenses incurred by the reverend fathers in this matter, writes: "They have also had the cage covered with seven or eight thick planks, for the water in bad weather oozing through the vault fell into the cage and greatly incommoded the prisoner." One would think it did. That cool official remark gives a realistic touch to the picture that is dreadfully significant.

To return to the Holland gazettes. Their chief merit lay in their dissemination of other than the patented news of the licensed papers, the reticence of which may be guessed from one single fact, namely, that in 1789, the *Gazette de France* contained no account of the destruction of the Bastille. Their literary quality was not such as to inspire respect, either for the writers or their style. The expatriated Huguenots had not many Bayles among their number. The great author of the Dictionary looked down from the height of his erudition with superb dis-

chain upon the gazettes and upon "the fellows who live by them, who, to get bread, gloze and asperse with the extremest indiscretion, and sometimes without any sort of judgment." Voltaire wrote: "The French gazettes done abroad are rarely written with purity, and have contributed not a little to the corruption of the language." Racine goes further, and brings forward a curious proof of the decadence of the language he did so much to raise. "My dear son," he wrote in 1691, "you please me by sending news, but have a care not to look into the Holland gazettes, for besides that we have them as well as you, you might acquire from them certain worthless expressions, like the word to *recruit* which you make use of, instead of which you ought to say to *make recruits*." One smiles to think of the probable state of the feeling of the French purist were he now alive, if he felt a pang at so small an innovation when *Athalie* was on the stage. What opinion had been formed of these light skirmishers of literature seventy years before by a purist of our own—a man of no mean stamp—may be seen in Ben Jonson's "Staple of News." Ben had been in Holland, and was not likely to let anything escape his keen observation, and when the day came for annihilating poor Nathaniel Butler, the *London News* writer, the vials of dramatic wrath were poured out in this fine satire, which appeared in 1625, and which bears unmistakable marks of the author's Dutch reminiscences. One can almost fancy that Jonson's pride of intellect revolted at the notion of a popular diffusion of information by means of news letters as much as at the quality of the information itself. Learning, in his belief, was for choice spirits; the tree of knowledge, guarded with the flaming sword, was not to be plucked by the common herd.

The news, too, the trashy news, sold like any other staple in the market—measured out by the groat's worth to every countrywoman who wanted to carry a present "down to her vicar on a Saturday." Gossips Mirth, Tattle, Expectation and Censure are the four gentlewomen whom Jonson places on the stage to pronounce on the merits of his play, and their remarks, as might be expected from the low origin of the speakers, are anything but complimentary. Cymbal, who stands in the comedy for Nathaniel Butler, describes his office, where, he says:—

"I have my several rolls and files
Of news by the alphabet and all put up
Under their heads; but those, too, subdivided
Into authentical and apocryphal—
Or news of doubtful credit, as barbers' news,
And tailors' news, porters' and watermen's news.

Where to, besides the Coranti and Gazetti
 I have the news of the season,
 As vacation news, term news and Christmas news ;
 And news of the faction,
 As the reformed news, Protestant news and Pontifical news ;
 Of all which several, the daybooks, characters and precedents are kept,
 Together with the names of special friends,
 And men of correspondence in the country."

The curious point in this play is that the dramatist's elaborate description of the machinery of the news-office, written evidently with intention to cast ridicule upon the whole enterprise and show its inherent badness, has become in our day by the mere march of events, almost a literal account of what, to talented editors and gentle readers of the present day, is a sober reality. To write down and print history as it enacts itself day by day or week by week cannot be very criminal or impertinent. Yet the actors of history did not like it, for reflection, if not criticism, ensued. A bigoted king or blundering general found himself unexpectedly covered with shame by the act of an obscure news-writer. An instance of the kind is related by St. Simon, who stigmatises as a libel a newspaper statement that "our own correspondents" will think very mild. When the Prince of Orange in 1695 invested Namur with part of his army, he left the remaining part under Vandemont to oppose the French forces in the field. Villeroy, the French commander, saw a good chance of closing round the Dutch army and took measures with the Duke of Maine, who commanded the left, to draw near to the enemy. On July 13th he wrote to the king that everything was ready and the battle would take place on the morrow. Unfortunately, Maine was so dilatory that the Dutch got away and no battle was fought, to the immense disgust of Louis XIV., who was hourly expecting news of a victory by which his favourite son, then but twenty-five years old, would obtain great glory. While waiting for detailed despatches he listened to the accounts of the Holland gazettes. The first that he heard read was full of extravagant praise of the Duke of Maine, who was said to have performed prodigies of valour in a severe engagement fought on the French left, that, being carried off the field in a litter, covered with wounds, the progress of the action was interrupted, and Vandemont availed himself of the opportunity to escape.

This was mortifying enough to the royal father, who knew enough of the facts to suspect the raillery of the *Gazetier*, but his grief and anger knew no bounds when in the succeeding number

of the gazette the previous statement was retracted and the safety of the young Duke unwounded was made the subject of malicious congratulations. Certes, it was not agreeable to any of these spoiled children of fortune to be "couché dans la gazette de Hollande," but the right of publicity once admitted, a blundering general could hardly have been treated more gently than was the Duke of Maine in this instance.

It was, however, the bare fact of publication that constituted the main grievance. The Refugees were bitterly upbraided with their designs against the safety and honour of the King. They are styled by the author of *Avis aux Réfugiés*, "feverish writers who regulate the paroxysms of their own disorder, some having it fortnightly, others once a month, and others again three or four times a week. Many of their papers, continues the same caustic critic, appear on the same day. Thus you not only have manna falling at your door every morning like your daily loaf, but on certain days the allowance is multiplied in a frightful manner. This competition obliges the writers to struggle for the preference. It is a contest of who shall retail the most false news or predictions of evil omen against France, and who shall accompany them with the most passionate and insulting sneers. What can be said of those regulated scraps of news called *Lardons* which run through France, murdering reputations with every post. Can anything be more insolent? If the savages of America with all their cannibal ferocity were to become gazette writers, could they trample under foot more than is now done the decencies and proprieties of life?"

Again, we are told that these papers have but one end in view, that is, "by reasoning upon all events that occur to make foreign princes and nations believe that they ought to make war upon the King of France." *Delenda Carthago!* War to the king whose intolerance caused such deep and still gaping wounds, whose ambition threatened the safety of the asylum to which his victims had fled.

The word *Lardon* seems to have been applied to certain slips of news printed separately from the Gazette, and generally delivered with it to subscribers. The smartest and most amusing personalities found their way into this light receptacle, and as the French say of a man pierced with many arrows that he is *bien lardé* the metaphor was applied to these shafts of wit and sarcasm that were manufactured in Holland. In France the *Lardonniers* were the most hated of all the foreign newspaper

writers, simply because they were most read. Vauban, with true military instinct, suggested that the enemy should be met with weapons like his own, and that a band of Anti-Lardonniers and Anti-Gazetiers in the pay of the king should be organised. "The enemies of France," he writes, "have published and publish every day an infinitude of defamatory libels against her and against the sacred person of the king and against his ministers. France abounds in sharp pens—it is only necessary to choose a certain number of the keenest and employ them. The king could easily do it without incurring expense, as he might bestow places of two, three, four, five to six thousand livres as rewards for those who succeed." The graduated scale of recompenses shows that Vauban had in his mind writers of various degrees of force and ability. No scheme of the kind, however, was carried out, but the Editor of *Le Mercure galant* spontaneously undertook the contest and failed pitifully, even according to Bayle, who heartily despised the Gazettes and Lardons. A defender of the French king and a fierce assailant of William of Orange, did indeed present himself in the person of Eustache Le Noble de Tennelières, whose works were as diligently burnt by the common hangman in the towns of Holland as ever had been the grossest Dutch libels in any town of France. From 1688 to 1709 he published a dozen volumes of monthly pamphlets under the form of dialogues, which made considerable noise. He called them by the general title of "The Political Touchstone," but as the first dialogue was between Pasquin and Marforio they were better known by the name of Pasquinades. King William and his Queen form the frequent subject of these colloquies, as may be seen from the titles of one or two among them: "The Coronation of Guillemot and Guillemette with the sermon of the great Doctor Burnet," "The Banquet of Guillemot," "The Library of King Guillemot," &c., &c. Generally the substance of each number was taken from the leading events of the preceding month. Bayle thought highly of Le Noble's talents: "He has infinite wit and extensive reading," writes the philosopher. "He knows how to treat a subject gallantly, cavalierly; he knows both ancient and modern philosophy and takes Lucian for his model."

At times the keen shafts of the Holland Gazettes provoked the various powers of Europe to make strong representations to the States General on the subject. Protests came not only from Paris, but from Madrid, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Stockholm and

London. Decrees, of which M. Hatin gives a curious list, were made, suspending the papers, or even suppressing them. The law was difficult to carry into effect, because the towns in which the papers were printed felt a thoroughly municipal jealousy of encroachment on their liberties, and the States were unwilling to push matters to extremities in an unpopular cause. Therefore, when with diplomatic complaisance the Government of Holland forbade the issue of a gazette to please Count d'Avaux, or Prince Kourakin, or Charles the Second, the paper would drop its name for a few numbers, and with protean facility appear under another title and as conducted by a different editor. Sometimes these changes were accompanied by circumstances sufficiently grotesque. Thus the numbers of the *Amsterdam Gazette*, which appeared on the 18th and 22nd of April, 1672, bore instead of the usual title, the following: "Disinterested relation of him who made the *Amsterdam Gazette*," and instead of the printer's name, these words: "Printed on the road, going to establish ourselves in a neutral place, thence to send you the —" news, doubtless, was the following word, which has been snipped off by the fatal shears of the binder who bound the volume referred to in the Imperial Library at Paris. The number of the 28th April resumes the old title, after which comes the following announcement: "Not knowing what place will be neutral in this part of the country we resume our former wanderings until divine Providence shall have otherwise disposed."

The history of the so-called *Leyden Gazette* is not without interest. Being printed at Leyden, it acquired in foreign countries its cognomen, but the title printed on every number was "Extraordinary news from divers places." Its existence extended from 1608 to 1798. Founded by one La Font, it passed from the hands of his grand-daughter in 1738 into the possession of Stephen Luzac, whose name appears at the foot of the sheet for the long period of sixty years. Of a Huguenot family he, his father and brother fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and took refuge in Leyden, where the brother John became a bookseller, while Stephen found employment in the newspaper office. His management of the Gazette when it came into his hands was highly creditable. It soon acquired a European reputation for accuracy and good faith. It was scarcely less famous for an audacious frankness that provoked many bitter complaints. Prince Poninski, a Pole of

considerable importance in his time and country, and who, not unprofitably to himself, supported the Saxon faction in the Diet, wrote to the Grand Pensionary to complain of the "insolent gazetier." Stephen cannot understand what has aroused the Prince's bile or excited his resentment against a paper "that only repeated what was said in stronger terms all the world over," and he goes on to praise "the great resources of a man who, in the space of a few months, had risen from a mediocre condition to one of the greatest magnificence." Clearly Luzac was an awkward man to deal with in a personal contest. His lofty style of sarcasm is a great advance upon the scurrility of unhappy Dubourg and his school. Complaints and "reclamations" came from many sides. To the French ambassador he wrote an able reply, showing that he could not be tender to one government and suppress what he learnt about its affairs without exhibiting similar indulgence to other governments, and if he were to do that his paper would lose all interest and historical value. "I ask you yourself," he writes, "how much you would care for my Gazette? how much any one would care who wish only for a true picture of the affairs of the world? If the facts reported are false, or the paragraphs communicated imaginary, they cannot stand before an enlightened public; if the facts are true and the communications authentic, there is no motive for suppressing them, and to exact the suppression is dishonourable." The man who wrote these and other manly words to the same effect in 1774 had a true feeling of the dignity of journalism when such feeling it is to be feared was not very general.

John Luzac, son of the bookseller already mentioned and a distinguished Greek scholar and jurist, became his uncle's partner in the Gazette in 1772, and contributed greatly to enhance the high character it had already secured. Friend and correspondent of John Adams and of Washington, he did what then seemed an ill service to Great Britain by encouraging the American colonists in their revolt against the mother country. The more "united provinces or states" there were in the world, the better for humanity, he seems to have thought, and it became a citizen of the Batavian republic to assist in the formation of an American republic. "America is under great obligations to the writings and conduct of men like you," wrote Washington to him on one occasion. The best contemporary intelligence of the American War of Independence is to be found in the Leyden

"Extraordinary News." Luzac lived to see the extravagant abuse of his liberal principles in the French Revolution, the excesses of which led him to speak of the Jacobin Government as "the opprobrium of humanity destined to be for ever the execration of future ages." An order came from Paris that could not be disobeyed, and the courageous editor was deprived of two professional chairs that he held in the University of Leyden. Still holding fast by his journal and his moderate principles he was stigmatised by the French envoy as "rash and licentious, one guilty of treason against justice and truth," and thereupon his paper was suppressed in 1798. It reappeared in a few days under the management of Abraham Blussé with the title *Political News published at Leyden*, and lasted till 1804, when it was suspended for an article touching the indemnity demanded for the ancient statholder. Another slight change of name preserved the existence of the *Political Journal published at Leyden*. The annexation of Holland to France was fatal to the existence of this fine old newspaper. After its acquisition by King Louis in 1807 it sank into insignificance, and disappeared altogether in 1811, unnoticed and unknown. The family of Luzac is still represented by the widow of Louis Caspar, the brother and fellow labourer of John Luzac. She possesses the most complete set of the journal extant, covering a period of ninety-eight years, from 1712 to 1809.

Another newspaper, of wide circulation, that lived for more than a hundred years, was the *Amsterdam Gazette*, founded by Claude Jordan, who had printed the *Leyden Gazette*, but settled about 1688 at Amsterdam, as a bookseller, and started his paper with the title *New Universal Journal*. Claude must have been a man of sound practical views, if we may judge from an announcement made in the *Gazette* for 20th January, 1689: "One of our Correspondents from France having just died we want two more, and shall be glad to augment the number that we may the better serve the public. If any person wishes to fill the place he may present himself and make his proposals. We give notice, however, that we do not wish for any of those satirical minds who set themselves to tear every reputation, or to vex some private individual. Nor do we aspire to news from the Cabinet; we know that few persons have access there, and that the matter is too delicate. We only want news of which the public may be informed, which may be satisfactory and useful, and above all accurate and well-founded."

Associated in the ownership and management of the *Amsterdam Gazette* at an early period of its existence was M. Tronchin Du Breuil, a sort of Genevese prodigy, who knew Latin and Greek at the age of ten years and a half, and was Master of Arts at eleven. Over-study affected his eyesight, or he might have become a towering monument of erudition and the glory of his age. He was sent to Paris and introduced to Colbert, who soon discovered his rare abilities and offered him great employments if he would only change his religion. This he would not do, and Bossuet himself could not prevail against him. To escape from their importunities and the impending persecution of the Protestants, he left France for Holland, and began to publish in 1688, *Letters on the Affairs of the Times*, a fortnightly series of criticisms upon passing events, that still possesses considerable value. For a long time the author was unknown, and the letters were attributed to men of high literary standing, such as Bayle and others. When Du Breuil obtained the "privilege of our Lords the States of Holland and West Frisia" to publish the *Amsterdam Gazette*, Bayle, whose contempt for newspaper writers in general was unbounded, graciously remarked "If Du Breuil were the only one who had the privilege in this country, we should be considerably the gainers." According to other testimony no less reliable, this journalist was one of the highest stamp. "He possessed the art of telling the truth so as to satisfy all parties." All read him with pleasure and were surprised to find in a loose sheet, destined only to pass through the post, all the delicacy of thought and force of expression of works profoundly meditated. His recapitulation of events published at the end of every year "were models of their kind." The able editors of 1703 were indeed not behind those of the present day in literary ability, and their influence, though more circumscribed, was, as we have seen, keenly felt in the highest quarters.

Free as the Press seemed to be in Holland, the privilege of "Our Lords the States" was not granted indiscriminately to all comers. An amusing proof of this is to be found in the humorous title of a paper that appeared in 1723 with the imprint of Cologne and Cleves. *Le Nouvelliste sans fard*, as it was called, *ou la Gazette sans privilege*, slyly suggests a comparison between the red ink of the privilege stamp and the paint which prodigal and unaustere ladies use for the augmentation of their charms. The easy virtue of the privileged newspapers excited

the spleen of the editor of the *Nouvelliste*. "Privileges," he writes, "are necessary for the setting forth of truth ; privilege in France, privilege in Italy, but privilege that nowadays is no more granted at Paris or Rome than is the entrance into the Seraglio at Constantinople. Yet to speak the truth without privilege is to lose your liberty. . . . Notwithstanding these evident dangers, I have always felt the same difficulty in holding my tongue as the barber of Midas. I am neither pensioned nor privileged to lie, and at Cologne I am in perfect security."

To conclude this desultory notice of the contreband French press, here is a glimpse of "our own correspondent" of the *Gazette of Utrecht* in 1782, and his environment of perils. The picture is drawn by one interested in its exactness, namely, one of the Paris police under the direction of M. de Vergennes. Orders were given to arrest the offending *bulletiniste* or correspondent, Fouilhoux by name, and the following description of his person is given to mark his identity. The portrait is not seductive : "Five feet four, broad shoulders, full and round, long face, high coloured, hair light chestnut in cadogan, haggard restless eyes, in a light grey camlet coat, with nankeen waistcoat and trousers. He is often at the cave (a café so called). Cadogan, it may be well to explain, was a mode of wearing the hair brushed back from the forehead and tied in a knot. This unengaging person, *Sieur Fouilhoux*, lodged in the Rue Platrière, Paris, where he received his letters under cover to Demoiselle Rosalie Thomas, who was no other than his wife. The mind of the *Sieur* was scarcely more lovely than his body, to judge from the paragraph that drew upon him the vengeance of Vergennes. The following delicate bit of news goes to prove that the *Gazette of Utrecht* was not governed by the sense and taste of a Du Breuil:—"Thursday last," wrote Fouilhoux, "the libidinous and consequently morbid Bishop De Grasse died, as was expected of him, corrupt, infectious, insolvent. Notwithstanding the leaden coffin that enclosed his putrid remains, those who had to follow to the vaults of Saint-Sulpice fled as soon as possible, for they would have perished had they not changed the atmosphere. He is celebrated for the blow which he gave to poor Fleury, Archbishop of Cambray."

The reader will perhaps pardon the grossness of the illustration in consideration of its value, in showing how low the worst of these journals could descend, and also as a proof that the offences for which the *nouvellistes* and *bulletinistes* were visited

were not always political offences, and merited sometimes the punishment meted out to them. Fouilhoux did not escape. The police agent, obedient to instructions, posted men in the café Caveau, who recognised their victim when he entered, waited for him till he left at a quarter before midnight, watched him home to make sure of his residence, and in the morning entered his apartments in force.

"We carefully sought," says the official report, "the proofs of his correspondence, but it appears that he burns all the papers he does not want. Questioned about different articles of his bulletins, he asserted, of course, that he was nothing but the echo of public rumour, and had no intention to hurt either the government or private individuals. To avoid any scene being enacted by his terrified wife at the moment of separation, I thought it well not to name the place to which I was about to conduct him. So, thinking he was only going to the Bastille or to La Forre, he bore his arrest bravely; but when he discovered that he was on the road to Bicêtre, he underwent a revolution difficult to paint to you, and all his philosophy abandoned him." Amiable police agent! poor Sieur Fouilhoux! his crime was not of so deep a dye as to merit consignment to that den of thieves, compared to which the Bastille and La Forre were places of recreation. Poor Rosalie Thomas, at home in the apartments over the "magazine of mineral waters" in the Rue Platre, looked long in vain for the return of her stout, broad-shouldered, long-faced mate with the haggard, restless eyes, that sought for news in the cafés and received his stipend from the editor at Utrecht. Ten years later, fearful scenes of death and destruction were enacted in the Bicêtre by other than the myrmidons of Vergennes. The Bastille had fallen too, and all other obstructions to news-writers and printers within the French borders. A clandestine press had no longer any place in France, and the Holland Gazettes rapidly expired.

ROBERT HARRISON.