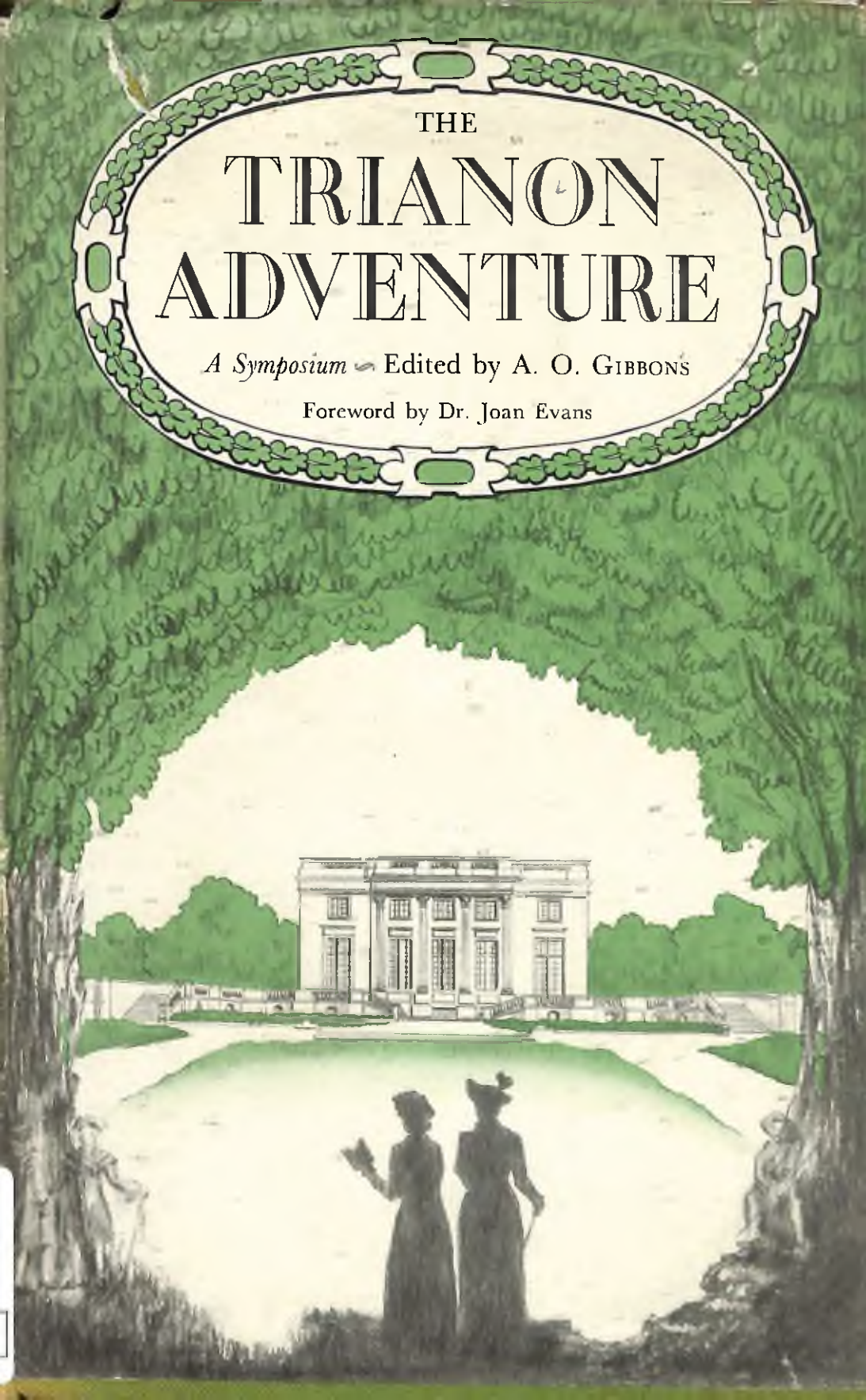
THE TRIANON ADVENTURE

A Symposium — Edited by A. O. Gibbons

Foreword by Dr. Joan Evans



THE account Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain gave of their experiences at the Petit Trianon is undoubtedly "the greatest ghost story of all time", not only because of its intrinsic interest but also because of the problems which it poses, which have been the subject of a vast amount of debate and research over the years. The present book is a dispassionate and objective study of these problems and is largely the fruit of patient research on the part of A. O. and Ena Gibbons. Various new facts have been discovered as a result of their practical work on the site combined with searches in archives in Versailles and elsewhere, and the conclusions arrived at tend to support, in the main, the original stories of Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain.

The other contributors are: G. W. Lambert, C.B., President of the Society for Psychical Research, who develops a fresh interpretation of the story; and the late C. Harold Ridge, F.S.A., who deals with the background of the story and its documents.

The book also contains not only the narratives known as M2 and J2 but also those known as M1 and J1, which for many years have not been available in printed form. Finally there is included a statement from one to whom Miss Jourdain recounted her experience shortly after its occurence. This statement throws fresh light upon important aspects of the problem.

The book is illustrated with numerous photographs and reproductions of old pictures and plans.

21s. net

The Petit Trianon

West façade of the *maison*, from the Jardin Français, showing the central and right-hand staircases from *perron* to *parterre*. Two round windows at ground level on the left, served, with two others on the same flank, to light the passage to the Jeu de Bague. Similar windows to the right, put in for symmetry, reveal the roof of Gabriel's original *souterrain* to the kitchen block. The newel to the right marks the turn of walls bounding the Chapel Courtyard (see Plate 15).

Photo: Yvon, Paris

THE TRIANON ADVENTURE

A Symposium

". . . we have felt we were trustees for something bigger than could be at present understood and that we must bravely make it public and put up with the inevitable incredulity which would follow."

(From a letter written by Miss C. A. E. Moberly)

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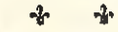
Contents

Illustrations

Foreword

BY JOAN EVANS



"IT was a great venture to speak openly of a personal experience." So begins the Authors' Preface to the first edition of *An Adventure*, published in 1911. The simple statement serves to remind us how greatly times have changed; nowadays the exploitation of personal experience of any kind has become a commonplace.

Such a reminder is needed. The fact that *An Adventure* is still in print in a modern edition and can still be read with interest makes it easy to forget that the authors belonged to the Victorian age; and the fact that they were both connected with an Oxford women's college tends to make them seem more closely contemporary than their dates permit.

Charlotte Anne Elizabeth Moberly was born in 1846: she was one of the Victorian women who could say (as one of them once did to me) that they received their education at their father's table. Miss Moberly's father, Headmaster of Winchester and then Bishop of Salisbury, was well qualified to give such a desultory education; and the process was continued when as a woman in her twenties and thirties she acted as his secretary.

Miss Jourdain, born in 1864, had had the benefit of a more formal education, first at a private school in Manchester, and then at Lady Margaret Hall at Oxford, where she had achieved a second in history.

Another thing that has to be remembered is that in 1901 they did not know each other well. Even many of the people who

knew them in the years after 1902, when they began to work together at St. Hugh's, do not find it easy to recall that they had not been lifelong friends. In August 1901, however, they had only recently been introduced by a common friend, and they were spending a few days in Paris together with the deliberate intent of discovering if they were congenial. Miss Moberly was looking for a new Vice-Principal to work under her at St. Hugh's Hall; and Miss Jourdain was much tempted by the prospect of returning to Oxford. Yet she was headmistress and part owner of a successful private school at Watford, and it would clearly have been extremely imprudent to give it up unless the Oxford appointment was likely to prove permanent and congenial. Miss Moberly, too, wished to know more of her prospective colleague before she persuaded her to take a step which, because it was irrevocable, would make her responsible for Miss Jourdain's future. Both women were naturally reticent; both accepted the Victorian code of conventional behaviour; and both were aware of the unexpressed fact that each was on approval with the other. They got on well, and enjoyed their sight-seeing without stiffness; but there was as yet no intimacy. The calm and steady friendship that was to mean much to them for the rest of their lives had hardly yet begun.

It was, therefore, perfectly natural that they should not remark to each other at the time upon any strangenesses they noticed in their visit to the Petit Trianon, and equally natural that Miss Moberly should have first recorded them in a letter to her sister Alice. That the sister seems not to have kept the letter is evidentially regrettable, but no less natural.

Neither Miss Moberly nor Miss Jourdain had received the vestige of a scientific education; neither understood the nature of scientific evidence. They had not the remotest idea that people's opinion of the authenticity of their experience might depend on the promptness with which it was recorded. Many people have written of their psychical experiences in the last fifty years, and the necessity of an immediate record is now a commonplace; in 1901, the fact was hardly recognized outside a small

circle. When in 1911 The Society for Psychical Research demanded—perhaps not very tactfully—further evidence than their signed statements, admittedly made a little time after *An Adventure* happened, their natural reaction was to feel that their word had been doubted. This feeling coloured all their relations with the Society—a society which, in any case, they tended to distrust because it concerned itself with spiritualism, which to them was tabu.

When they came to make their own investigation of their experience, after its indirect dismissal by the Society for Psychical Research as of no importance, another disability was revealed. Miss Moberly had no academic training; her ideas of historical research were largely derived from her godmother, Charlotte Yonge, while Miss Jourdain belonged to a generation of university graduates who regarded research rather as a dilettante's luxury—a view not uncommon in Jowett's Oxford—and thought that academic learning acquired at an Oxford women's college should be devoted to giving a younger generation of women the education that she and her contemporaries had so hardly won for themselves. She had worked with much concentration to cover the syllabus of the Honour School of Modern History but had done no subsequent research. She was one of a country parson's family of ten, and had to earn her living. Both women had a wholesome idea of the unimportance of their psychic experience in comparison with their everyday task of administering a school and college, and carried out their inquiries at odd moments. When Miss Jourdain came to Oxford, as Vice-Principal, in October 1902, she found herself quite as busy as she had done at Watford. The College in those days had no Bursar, no Secretary, and an honorary non-resident Treasurer; Miss Jourdain had to do the work now done by these officers and their staffs, and had, besides, to act as Tutor in French.

They planned and tackled their researches in an amateurish way, with little sense of the relative value of primary and secondary evidence, and a very sketchy idea of such fundamentals as the organization of the French royal household. Miss Jourdain

(who was responsible for the researches) certainly had learned enough to go to the original archives, even if she sometimes got lost in their intricacies; and at least she discovered enough to make the strangeness of the story notable.

At the time they were done, such researches were in any case not easy. The officials of the Third Republic were in the years after 1901 inclined to discourage "royalist" researchers unless they held important official positions. For most people current legend sufficed. In 1928 Miss Moberly wrote to a member of her college: "We have seen tourists using it (*An Adventure*) as a guide book, and have ourselves been taken by one of the regular men (who formerly laughed at us for asking such a question, or said that the meeting of the Queen with the messenger took place at the Hameau) straight to the true place of the Queen's grotto which was destroyed in 1789. People are now shewn the sites as common knowledge which we with the greatest difficulty hunted up in the Archives Nationales and the Bibliothèque Nationale and made known. Miss Jourdain actually broke the seals of the 'wages book' which had been placed there after the King's death and had given us the whole history of the making of the grotto and the 'ravin du petit pont' with its little cascade which we actually crossed over in 1901—all of which disappeared for good and all in 1792 immediately after the death of the Queen."

The "results of research" printed in *An Adventure* are an engaging part of the book, for they retain something of the thrill of discovery. For this reason they have sometimes been regarded on the same level of interest as the experiences they attempt to elucidate. What matters, however, is the adventure itself; on this, and on this alone, any further attempts at research and explanation must be based.

This was clearly recognized in the first critical study of the book, published by Mr. J. R. Sturge Whiting in 1937,[1] when both Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain were dead. His work—unfavourable as it was to the supernatural experience, though

[1] *The Mystery of Versailles, a complete Solution* (Rider & Co., 1937).

not to the veracity of the authors—had the great advantage of being based on a close study of the terrain of the Petit Trianon. A second book, published by Mr. Landale Johnston in 1945,[1] was written in the war years and could not enjoy these advantages. Quite recently Mrs. Iremonger has published a further volume,[2] of which much is occupied by a study of the lives of the authors, both before and after their "Adventure." It does not suggest that Mrs. Iremonger has been particularly interested in the history and topography of the Petit Trianon.

It was, therefore, a pleasure when Mr. C. H. Ridge, whom I knew as a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, told me that two friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, had over a period of years discussed *An Adventure* with him and had recently done much work at the Petit Trianon and in the relevant archives. Their work indeed had enabled them to recreate the fullest vision yet possible of the visible background of the story. Mr. Ridge very kindly made me known to them, and in their disinterested honesty and historical acumen I found the qualities which I feel are needed in the investigation of any historical puzzle. For this, I think, is what *An Adventure* is; not merely a ghost story told by two women widely known and respected by their contemporaries, but also, it would seem, a glimpse of the historic past. It is this remarkable possibility which gives their original story its astonishing vitality.

J. E.

Wotton-under-Edge.

[1] *The Trianon Case, A Review of the Evidence* (Arthur H. Stockwell, 1945).
[2] *The Ghosts of Versailles* (Faber & Faber, 1957). She provides a full account of the authors' difficulties with the S.P.R.

The Petit Trianon and Its Personages

BY A. O. GIBBONS

THE Château of Versailles itself is majestic and elaborate, with its ornate gilding, its staircases, mirrors and marbles, displaying the skill of its sculptors and painters; the Petit Trianon is aloof, secluded and intimately beautiful.

On a squared foundation, this small country house, with its walls of mellowed St. Leu stone, lies surrounded by its own silent woods, its waters and landscape gardens—a refuge for anyone to-day who seeks to hide from noise and clatter or who would relive the life of the eighteenth century of France.

A first glimpse of the beauty of the little palace is best enjoyed either from the main southern entrance, across the Cour d'Honneur, or from the west across the Jardin Français (Frontispiece).

It was built to the command of Louis XV by the Royal Architect, Gabriel, and was set at the most distant end of the extensive formal gardens, nursery beds, potting sheds and horticultural arrangements which adjoined the park of the Grand Trianon and of which the King was inordinately proud. It was not an entirely selfish project on his part, as the house was intended for the further delight of his mistress, the Marquise de Pompadour.

It was commenced in 1762 but during the ensuing years of building Madame la Marquise declined in health and in 1764 she died. Madame Dubarry came to occupy the royal bed as the new *maîtresse en titre* and it was she who accompanied the King

when the house was opened in 1770 and who took up her occasional residence there.

Both the exterior and interior are gems of French domestic architecture; indeed they are generally recognized as supreme examples of an art that has vanished.

Four years after its completion Louis XV, falling ill there of smallpox, was moved to Versailles where he died on 10 May 1774. The new King, his grandson, Louis XVI, gave the Petit Trianon and its grounds to his Queen, Marie Antoinette; it is certain that much of its interest arises from the way in which it has been hallowed by the memory of its last tragic owner.

Within a short time many of the valuable horticultural features cherished by Louis XV were swept away; new paths, groves, bosquets, rivers, waterfalls, bridges and pavilions—of Love and Music—were forced upon a receptive landscape. A number of these exist to this day for the visitor to see, together with a little village, or Hameau, where the Queen amongst her fairy farm cottages, played as shepherdess, as milkmaid, as baker's assistant, and also as singer and actress in her own private theatre.

Some of the features of this dreamlike place had fallen into sad neglect. World Wars I and II, and the years immediately following them, each brought periods of inattention but to-day Les Amis de Versailles are steadily repairing all that is within their scope, so that it is once more possible to walk over the ground not only as it was fifty years ago, but almost as it was during the reign of Marie Antoinette.

There are several outstanding personages who contributed to the original construction, development and maintenance of the Petit Trianon and its gardens. The most prominent are Jacques-Ange Gabriel, Architect to Louis XV; Claude and Antoine Richard the Royal Gardeners, both under Louis XV and the Queen Marie Antoinette; Richard Mique, Architect to the Queen; and Bonnefoy du Plan, Concierge to the Queen.[1] (Plate 1.)

[1] Although the most diligent search has been made no portrait of either Claude or Antoine Richard has so far been discovered.

It is important in probing the significance of *An Adventure* that these diverse characters and their works should be examined. They were the people above all others whose thoughts and inspirations and unceasing loyal service created and tended each small detail of this intimate royal retreat.

Jacques-Ange Gabriel (1698–1782) had already achieved many buildings of major distinction before he began the construction of the Petit Trianon in 1762, amongst them the Gardemeuble and the Hôtel Crillon on the Place de la Concorde in Paris. He had also been largely responsible for the restoration of the Louvre.

The site originally given to the Royal Architect was a complex one, the arrangements of the proposed building being governed by two very distinct levels. Formal trellis-work bounded the limits of the already established Jardin Français, and it was at the eastern extremity of this garden that Gabriel drew the base-line of the foundations for the house. (Plate 2.) The slopes, which ran down both east and south behind the trellis, were levelled to some ten feet below the Jardin Français, and along the southern portion Gabriel subsequently placed the Chapel and the kitchen block with its accommodation for servants, *gardes* and the Concierge himself.

It will be seen that by 1770, the date when the little Maison was ready for the King, Gabriel was a man of seventy-two, yet, on His Majesty's further instructions, he completed the major part of the kitchen block in 1772 and the Chapel in 1773. (Plate 3.)

There were to be additions to the kitchen buildings, and elsewhere, but Gabriel's work at the Petit Trianon was virtually finished at the time of the death of his royal master in May, 1774. Louis le Bien Aimé was taken to the resting-place of his forebears at Saint-Denis and an epoch came to an end.

Gabriel was, at the Petit Trianon, the innovator of a new style. Gone with the preceding years were the flamboyant cartouches of military arms, the panelled scroll-work and the elaboration of classical mythologies. The new palace breathed forth a gentle charm and dignity. Its decoration was one of rustic calm, with

flowers, ears of wheat, the instruments of simple country music, tools from the gardening-shed, and even a straw hat or a linnet's cage, the emblems entwined in natural harmony within the panels to impress upon the beholder the delights around him.

The trim green alleys and floral carpets in which the *maison* was set were kept at perfection by the royal gardeners, Claude and Antoine Richard, father and son. Richard *père* was of Irish stock. "James II, King of England, forced to seek refuge in France following the revolt of his subjects, came to live in the Château de Saint-Germain, which Louis XIV had generously offered as a residence. Amongst his followers was François Richard, a gardener. One of the personages at the Court of James, who had followed the King into exile, was a great lover of flowers, like most Englishmen, and when he bought a property of his own at Saint-Germain he asked François Richard to suggest a gardener capable of taking charge of the new garden. François sent his son Claude." [1]

At this time François himself had become head gardener at the house of the Chancelier d'Aligre, in Saint-Germain, and the son had been born in 1705.[2]

It was not long before the garden that had been put under Claude's care became both marvellous and famous. He was a man of great natural intelligence and was responsible for the introduction and perfection of hothouses, a system of growing then unknown in France. Then the rice amateur, his master, took a quite unexpected step: he gave the garden and its contents to his gardener.[3]

This generosity had its embarrassment, for Claude Richard scarcely had the personal means to support it. However, "he made the hearth of his hothouse furnaces the hearth of his family," and everything continued to prosper.

[1] *Histoire de Versailles*, J. A. Le Roi (P. Oswald, Versailles), II, page 229.

[2] *Les Richards*, G. Ramond (Favye, Thiers, 1930); Library of Jardin des Plantes, Paris.

[3] The Abbé Caron in his "Notice sur Antoine Richard" (Claude's son) unhappily omits the name of this wealthy benefactor.

He became friends with Lemonnier and Linnaeus, the celebrated botanists, and "as we can see from the letters of these two savants in the Société d'Agriculture, Versailles, and from those of the gardener himself, he was not only intelligent and expert but was equally a distinguished savant." [1]

The sale of out-of-season flowers, raised in his then unique hothouses, was not only remunerative but also provocative of comment. His fame grew and eventually Louis XV paid him a visit to examine his methods, his flowers and his plants.

Having decided upon developing the park and gardens of the Petit Trianon, the King offered Richard the post of gardener. This was at the end of 1753. To Claude, however, parting from his plants at Saint-Germain, where he had absolute control, was so distressing that he consented to his appointment only on condition that he took orders from none but the King himself.[2, 3]

Under royal patronage Richard's work became even more generally known: plants necessary for medicine, for food, for the arts, plants particularly suited to garden ornamentation, were cultivated, catalogued, seeded, crossed and widely distributed throughout Europe. Even research into grain diseases was successfully undertaken.

During this period, Claude was engaged not only with the cares of his work but also with those of raising his large family. One of his sons, Antoine,[4] who was later to succeed him, was becoming an expert botanist. Born in 1735, he had received a good literary education at the College of Versailles, followed by courses of instruction at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.[5] He was sent by the French Government in 1760 on the first of those lengthy expeditions which were to lead him to many parts of the world in search of rare plants, bulbs, trees and shrubs.

In 1765 he was appointed Jardinier-botaniste-adjoint to his

[1] *Histoire de Versailles*, J. A. Le Roi, II, page 231.
[2] *Les Richards*.
[3] Le Roi, *ibid.*, II, page 232.
[4] *Le Petit Trianon*, G. Desjardins, page 16.
[5] *Les Richards*.

father at the Petit Trianon. He was a man of thirty-nine at the time of the death of Louis XV in 1774.

With the immediate presentation of the Petit Trianon to Marie Antoinette by Louis XVI, a different régime was to begin, exhibiting further tableaux of more lively nature and with different extravagances. The Comtesse Dubarry had already been sent into exile. The *serviteurs* of the domain awaited gravely the coming and the commands of the Queen.

It was but a month and two days after the King's death that Marie Antoinette held an impetuous housewarming (6 June, 1774), and within an intimate circle of relations and friends first began to realize the exciting possibilities of her new toy. Much was perfect and was to be left unchanged, but the tempting canvas of the gardens afforded great scope for painting upon it as fancy dictated. To be able to impose at will wayward novelties which might even change the very landscape, to plan and enjoy magnificent spectacles, to play simply or to dine tranquilly in the chosen settings offered an allurement which was not to be resisted.

New appointments, new liveries, and more lavish displays of royal entertainment were to give rise to further legends around the graceful *maison* which Gabriel had created. It was inevitable that the gift of the Petit Trianon and its dependencies should stimulate the young Queen to fresh ventures.

Clearances were abruptly demanded of the head-gardeners, Claude and Antoine Richard, over a large area, where under the indulgent, interested but now dead grandfather of the King horticultural history had been made and recorded.

It is easy to imagine the chagrin of these well-established men. The Queen might favour a possible change in their uniforms (which had been "Trianon green with silver") to her royal "red with silver,"[1] but this was no recompense for the wholesale abandonment of botanical research and development; and the

[1] Details communicated by G. W. Lambert, President of the Society for Psychical Research. (See pages 75–9.)

imminent disruption in the plan of the gardens cannot have been welcomed by its head-gardeners.

Claude appears to have chosen this moment to pass into virtual retirement, although he continued to live at the Petit Trianon and to interest himself in the work of his son, who now took the title of Jardinier de la Reine. The Queen, regardless of the traditions of both garden and gardeners, was so anxious for a fashionable layout that she requested a project from Antoine Richard for a new garden. Unhappily his plan fell short of those illogical but skilful brilliancies which constitute "fashion" and his scheme was rejected as mediocre.

This mediocrity is easily recognizable. Because of his affection for the plants, bedded by either his father or himself, Richard in great measure planned to retain the layout on the north side created under Louis XV, merely moving the Greenhouse a little further away from the *maison*. Upon the ground thus available he was content to propose yet another formal French Garden and to suggest a similar formality for the east side of the house.

Thus, in effect, the three garden sides of the *maison* were to be variations without vistas, each complying with the exact mathematical precision of the gardens of the main Château, and to gain their effects from repetition without novelty.

Another designer was quick to come forward, with greater success. This was the amateur gardener, the Comte de Caraman,[1] who was introduced to the Queen by the Princesse de Beauvau. He had already designed two Anglo-Chinese gardens for himself. One was at Roissy and the other at his town house in the Rue Saint-Dominique (Number 28), in Paris. His plan was accepted and several painful consequences for Antoine Richard inevitably followed.

The first warning of the changes which were to occur came very swiftly. A little over six months after Marie Antoinette had received her "Maison de Trianon," notices were being displayed advertising the sale of "trees, fully grown, trees for

[1] Caraman, Comte de, Victor Maurice de Riquet, 1727-1807. A hero at eighteen, at the battle of Fontenoy.

avenues, decorative and trimmed trees "[1]: in fact the cherished stock from the nursery garden.

The next step was the acknowledgment of the Comte de Caraman as designer of the new gardens, with, thirdly, a proviso that if there was to be architectural dominance in any garden feature the new Intendant des Bâtiments de la Reine, replacing the retired Gabriel,[2] was to undertake its supervision.

This was Richard Mique (Plate 1). He was born on 18 September 1728, and was, therefore, in his forty-sixth year when he took up his appointment in 1774. One tends to think of him not so much as a solid practitioner, like his predecessor, but rather as an exhibition architect, for much of his work was largely ephemeral, inspired and exacted by caprice. Yet he has to his credit the magnificent barracks at Nancy, together with the monumental gates of Sainte-Catharine and of Saint-Stanislas, in the old capital of Lorraine. He also built the Couvent des Ursulines (now the Lycée) in the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, at Versailles, for Marie Leszczynska, the Queen of Louis XV.

The Comte de Caraman's general plan for the gardens, after its acceptance in 1774, was severely scrutinized in all particulars by the Comte d'Angiviller, Director of the King's Buildings, who instructed Mique to effect every possible economy in design and execution. None the less the Lake, the Belvédère and the *rochers* to the north of the *maison* were completed by the summer of 1781.

In 1776 Mique was instructed by Marie Antoinette to erect a Jeu de Bague.[3] This was an extremely whimsical fancy of the time and as such appealed to the Queen. It consisted of a kind of merry-go-round, tinselled and gaudy, where men and women players seated on peacocks and dragons on the revolving platform tilted with little lances at rings suspended from the canopy

[1] Poster of 15 December 1774. (Bibliothèque de Versailles.)

[2] Gabriel requested his retirement in September 1774 and left with a pension of 20,000 livres on 15 February 1775. He died in 1782. *Le Château de Versailles*, Dussieux (L. Bernard, Versailles, 1881).

[3] For fuller descriptions see de Nolhac and Desjardins. The centre of the Jeu de Bague is marked to-day by a very old lime-tree.

above. (Plate 4.) Mique was required to embellish his original design still further in 1781.

It was he again who was, later, solely responsible for the design and construction of both the Temple de l'Amour and the Hameau. But his most beautiful enterprise in the Petit Trianon grounds was that of the creation of the Queen's Theatre. Built in only thirteen months, it was ready in 1778, and remains to-day a most perfect and practical conception.[1]

Mique carried out many alterations in the little palace, contriving a Boudoir for the Queen, wherein, by an ingenious mechanism, mirrors rising from the floor replaced the normal shutters of the period. He also devised and furnished the Library. However, his greatest architectural achievement at the *maison* itself was the addition to Gabriel's original *perrons* on the west side. Until our researches in 1956 revealed new evidence it had always been assumed by even the foremost authorities in France that the present *perrons* giving on to the Jardin Français were to the design and construction of Gabriel. Plate 17 is but one of a series of drawings by Richard Mique[2] which furnish full proof that he designed and implemented the side *perrons*.[3] The accounts and notes of Mique supporting this work complete the story, and these facts have been placed before the authorities at Versailles. The addition, commencing as an expedient, served the practical purpose of providing the corridor leading to the Queen's Door (for access to the Jeu de Bague on the north side of the *parterre*), replacing the flower-bed which Gabriel had put there as partner to one on the south side under which he had successfully concealed the flat stone roof of the passage giving access to the kitchen block. It was in 1781 that Mique constructed these *prolongations* of the central terraces and their terminal flights of steps, which to-day so admirably complete the presentation of the structure as seen from the Jardin Français.

In about the same year he had also completed, at the urgent

[1] Recently it has been very accurately restored.

[2] *Arch. Nat.* O[1] 1886.

[3] *Ibid.* O[1] 1877.

request of the Queen, the more mundane but most necessary task of the alterations and additions to Gabriel's kitchen block.

Frequently to be seen in these busy kitchens, in the elegant gardens, in the exquisite Theatre, and in the salons of the *maison*, was Marie Antoinette's tireless "household manager." In fact he must have been observed everywhere, taking and giving instructions, busily gesticulating and "making final arrangements." This was Monsieur Bonnefoy du Plan, who took up his office under the Queen in 1776.[1]

As a character he is worthy of notice, if only for the fact that passing safely through the perils of the Revolution he outlived the royal régime and very many of the notable persons who had played prominent parts in it. The Queen's household, with its own special security arrangements, was exceedingly extensive, and "the personage in charge of this internal police who had under his orders the 'Swiss,' the floor-polishers and other people necessary for the Queen's service, bore the modest title of 'Concierge,' which corresponded in the royal establishment not to a door-keeper carrying out menial tasks but to a functionary at once considerable and of some honour. The Sieur Bonnefoy du Plan, 'Concierge du Petit Trianon,' was also 'Keeper of the Queen's Furniture' . . . The portrait which Boze has left of him shows a small dry face, which is frank and open, above grey silk ornamented with gold thread. (Plate 1.) We see him as even ready to defend his position and to increase its importance. The son of an officer . . . he had always lived in Versailles and from his youth had acquired the art of making himself necessary. Escaping the scaffold he was created Baron de Charmel, under the Empire." [2]

Quite how, either in the days of the original kitchens beneath the *maison*, or of Gabriel's new buildings, or even of the augmentations of Mique, it was ever possible to ensure satisfactory service of a hot meal in the royal dining-room remains a mystery.

[1] In April, supplanting a certain M. Fortin.

[2] *Le Trianon de Marie Antoinette*, Pierre de Nolhac (Calmann Levy, Paris, 1926).

The "Tables volantes" of M. Loriot had soon proved to be of no help.[1] (Plate 5.) Conceived primarily to eliminate stair service, their ponderous counterweight mechanisms saved no time and entailed additional hot-plates. Marie Antoinette made no use of them and indeed eliminated as many of the *réchauffoir* braziers, within and near the *maison*, as possible, owing to the smell of burning charcoal which mounted into the apartments.

The main kitchens[2] (Plate 6), ten feet below the level of the Jardin Français, with relatively small upper windows, closely screened by trees on the garden side, must have been extremely ill-lit. The collisions of two-way traffic through the twisting passages, the negotiation of staircases and odd steps, made the service a most exacting task. The Pâtisserie, which produced pastry and pie-crust for hot dishes, was at least one hundred and twenty yards from the dining-room.

Only the most thorough organization, supervision and teamwork can have overcome the multitude of problems before the "household manager." From a note by M. Bonnefoy himself it seems that amongst other affairs he had to cope with about one thousand pieces of dirty linen every normal day, and after a spectacle or ball this figure was easily doubled. Such a total seems to have covered those meals which were served in the now demolished Salon Frais, *fêtes champêtres*, galas in the grounds, special dinners, and buffets in the Theatre and in the rooms of the Hameau.[3]

During the Exhibition at Versailles in 1955 of the souvenirs of Marie Antoinette, a design for a mobile *buanderie*, or laundry

[1] The mechanism invented by M. Loriot consisted of a counterweighted table, to be laid with covers and food whilst in the kitchen below the dining-room. At a signal a section of parquet in the dining-room floor was to open and the table ascend to a practical level. Course was to follow course without visible service, whilst an unfolding metal rose closed the floor opening during the re-servicing of the table. Louis XV had caused two of these Tables Volantes to be installed in the kitchens of the *maison* for the inauguration in 1770, and it was this royal whim which rendered Gabriel's original basement inadequate. The grooves of the counterweights still exist as perfect examples of smooth stone-masonry.

[2] See also Plate 23.

[3] *Le Petit Trianon*, Desjardins, pages 190, 195.

wash-house, was shown. It was a wooden building with a trussed roof above the ground floor. Therein it was proposed to employ a total of about three hundred *blanchisseuses*. How this cumbersome contraption was to be moved, erected or dismantled is not clear, but it is indicative of the demands made by Bonnefoy du Plan's royal mistress.

It became essential to apply the same sort of ingenuity to solving problems of accommodation. Contrived in the lofts, over the sleeping quarters provided directly above the kitchens, were additional congested spaces for the extra women of the Queen, her hairdressers, coachmen, postilions, sword-and-pike officers, a further laundry and a large waiting-room below for those not invited to " the repast." In spite of all this the capacity of the quarters was insufficient. To supplement it and to lodge persons of the Queen's entourage, temporary wooden pavilions were devised and first used in 1781. " This innovation appeared to be so accommodating that it was, thereafter, generally employed. Henceforth, wherever the Court moved, its peregrinations were followed by a convoy of waggons carrying the frames of those transportable houses, with glasswork, roofs, carpets and appropriate furniture. They rose as an enchantment like villages, and disappeared in a flash . . . leaving as their only trace a charge on the Royal Treasury." [1]

A charge on the Royal Treasury—the country, in financial straits and full of fomented unrest, was not to accommodate these extravagant follies of the Petit Trianon much longer. Economy and retraction, practised too late, an interest by the Queen in public affairs, also far too late, were forerunners of the sad October days of 1789.

During the early afternoon of the fifth of that month Marie Antoinette went for the last time to her beloved country house. It was there that, alone, she received a hurried note from the Minister, Monsieur le Comte de Saint-Priest, recalling her to the main Château. He had also recalled the King from hunting in the woods of Meudon, for a violent mob, moving with the same

[1] *Le Petit Trianon*, Desjardins, page 195.

relentlessness as the downpouring rain which accompanied it, was on its way from Paris to seize the Royal family.

The story of that night in the palace at Versailles has been told and retold many times, but one brief incident, of no general significance and unrecorded in the broad accounts, is of interest here. It is given in *Les Légendes de Trianon*—

" On 5/6th October 1789, Antoine Richard was at the Palace, having helped to protect the Royal family, and at the moment when the Queen, carrying the Dauphin, appeared on the great staircase on her way to the carriage, he stepped forward at the risk of his life and offered to take the little prince and put him in safety. Richard was preserved from the mob by a tall under-gardener (Christophe) who, with ' *une force héraculéienne* ' carried him, fainting in his arms, from the Palace to the Trianon." [1]

It was the end of another epoch, although perhaps that was not realized at the time. After the loyal but futile resistance of their Gardes Suisses, the King and Queen and their family were taken to Paris by the angry, organized rabble. For what? No one really knew, so the uprooting from their traditional home at Versailles was by few accepted as final. It was to many a matter only for surmise, but it led to imprisonment, appalling degradation, false witness and execution: it was part of the crumbling of France.

Within four short years the " small, graceful, ambient Presence " which had dominated the Petit Trianon shed her last sad tears.

Mique was summoned for his final task for his Queen when the Royal family was carried off from Versailles to the Tuileries Palace, in Paris. He was instructed to put in order, overnight, accommodation for the People's hostages, and to throw out, on the instant, the heterogeneous " grace-and-favour " tenants who had lived there during the seventy-five-year absence of the monarchy. He arrived at the Tuileries, that October evening,

[1] The book published in 1878 (Lefort, Lille) is a series of anecdotes collected by Mme Julie Lavergne. Most of them are derived from contemporary actors in the Trianon story.

" like one demented," to set about the impossible transformation of the squalid hive which time had fostered. Used to the demands of the emergencies of frivolous entertainment, he applied his skill to the emergency of tragedy.

Mique and his son were guillotined in 1794; the documents of the " Affaire," with the papers of accusation, lie in the Archives Départementales at Versailles.

The Revolution was established. Representatives of the People came to assess the treasures of the Petit Trianon. Sales were held and in the wretched days that followed the *maison* was stripped of almost all its treasures. The furniture, the fittings, the hangings, silverware and porcelains were sold. Even the garden tools disappeared. The Concierge, Bonnefoy du Plan, was resourcefully and successfully eluding condemnation, but one figure remained within the net.

This was the travelled, able, disappointed gardener, Antoine Richard. For him the halcyon days were forever gone—indeed their fading had begun from that moment when news had come to him and his father [1] of the passing of their royal benefactor, Louis le Bien Aimé. There had followed for them both, and for Antoine in particular, many years of disquiet: the period of constant demolition and reconstruction, cutting down and the uprooting, the irksome dictations of the amateur Caraman, the autocracies of Mique, and the vagaries of the royal mistress who had established Antoine's inferiority at the outset by rejecting his " Projet " in 1774.

Loyal to the Trianon and his life's work, even during those months when calamity overtook the monarchy and money was withheld, Antoine Richard borrowed upon his own security to pay those working under him. Confronted with the seasonal encroachment of weeds throughout the gardens, he was able to arrange only for the care of those rarer plants which had formed the basis of the royal collections. Although the King and Queen were dead and most of the courtly visitors he had known had either fled the country or, like Madame Du Barry, with head

[1] Claude Richard died 1784, having retired in 1782. *Les Richards.*

severed from body, were lying in a common grave, Richard's destiny was tied to the gardens he loved so well. When Delacroix, the Commissaire of the Revolutionary Convention at Versailles, announced a proposal to demolish the *maison* and dissipate the estate, Citoyen Antoine Richard resisted courageously, dangerously alone, and finding a sudden eloquence to plead, above all, the loss to France of much which was unique in horticulture. He argued with such despairing strength that the *décret* of demolition was finally revoked.

To besmirch, however, was the order of the day. The Queen's little palace must serve the People and was therefore let to a showman who provided public fêtes and accommodated the ladies of the town.[1]

Forced at last to leave the gardens in 1795, Richard was able to transfer a number of the hothouse plants to two horticultural schools in Versailles of which he had been accorded the supervision.

About the year 1803, Napoleon visited the Petit Trianon and stated that it was his intention to reassemble and re-employ those who had served there during the time of Marie Antoinette. But he ignored Richard and his penury,[2] for in 1805 Louis Toussaint Charpentier was appointed as Head-gardener.[3] Presumably his having fought at Marengo swayed the militant First Consul's decision, for as a former under-gardener, beneath Richard (he had been known as Jean de l'Eau, because he brought daily water from Ville d'Avray to the Queen's table), he was but one of several who might have been considered for the post.

[1] *Histoire de Versailles*, Le Roi, II, page 240.

[2] Antoine was equally disregarded by his own nephew and grand-nephew, Louis-Claude and Achille, who were at this period as famous and well-circumstanced in the world of horticulture as their uncle once had been. Both were carrying out botanical research under the aegis of the State.

[3] Charpentier had married Marie-Anne Lemaignon (b. 1775), the daughter of another under-gardener, and their son Alexandre subsequently followed in his father's appointment as Jardinier-en-Chef, holding office for over fifty years. (*Les Légendes de Trianon*, Mme J. Lavergne). Marie-Anne was " identified " by the authors of *An Adventure*, without substantiation, as being the girl at the cottage seen by Miss Jourdain.

Civic reappointments took from Richard his positions as Principal of the Schools, and the time eventually came when he was forced to realize his last remaining asset, which was a library of rare books on botany. These sold, sickness befell him " and forgotten by all, despoiled of everything, even hope, he died the 28 January 1807,[1] at the age of seventy-two, leaving a widow and three children in straitened circumstances, after a life of earnest work and wise behaviour." [2, 3]

Without Antoine Richard's selfless devotion, which saved the Petit Trianon and its gardens, *An Adventure* could never have been written.

[1] At No. 25, Rue St. Honoré, Versailles. Le Roi, p. 228 (II).

[2] L'Abbé Caron. Obituary notice cited by Desjardins, *Le Petit-Trianon*, page 362.

[3] Sharing his longevity but not his misery, was the amateur who had usurped his standing thirty-three years before, replacing it with fashionable gardening. This was Comte de Caraman, who, dying in the same year, had, by judicious alliance, a Duc and a Marquis as his heirs.

The Written Narratives of the Ghost Story

Let us now consider the two narratives which form the true core of *An Adventure* and upon which the publication of 1911 was based. These accounts tell us clearly and succinctly what the ladies believed befell them on that distant afternoon.

MISS MOBERLY'S ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST VISIT TO THE PETIT TRIANON[1]

August, 1901

After some days of sight-seeing in Paris, to which we were almost strangers, on an August afternoon, 1901, Miss Jourdain and I went to Versailles. We had very hazy ideas as to where it was or what there was to be seen. Both of us thought it might prove to be a dull expedition. We went by train, and walked through the rooms and galleries of the Palace with interest, though we constantly regretted our inability through ignorance to feel properly the charm of the place. My knowledge of French history was limited to the very little I had learnt in the schoolroom, historical novels, and the first volume of Justin McCarthy's French Revolution, which was one of the books Miss Charlotte Yonge and I read aloud to one another the last time that I stayed at Otterbourne. Over thirty years before my

[1] Version in the Bodleian Library. MS. Eng. Misc., D. 252, fol. 11.

brother had written a prize poem on Marie Antoinette for whom at the time I had felt much enthusiasm. But the German occupation was chiefly in our minds, and Miss Jourdain and I thought and spoke of it several times.

We sat down in the Salle des Glaces, where a very sweet air was blowing in at the open windows over the flower-beds below, and finding that there was time to spare, I suggested our going to the Petit Trianon. My sole knowledge of it was from a magazine article read as a girl, from which I received a general impression that it was a farmhouse where the Queen had amused herself.

Looking in Baedeker's map we saw the sort of direction and that there were two Trianons, and set off. By not asking the way we went an unnecessarily long way round—by the great flight of steps by the fountains and down the central avenue as far as the head of the long pond. The weather had been very hot all the week, but on this day the sky was a little overcast and the sun shaded. There was a lively wind blowing, and the woods were looking their best, and we both felt particularly vigorous. It was a most enjoyable walk.

After reaching the beginning of the long water we struck away to the right down a woodland glade until we came obliquely to the other water close to the building, which we rightly concluded to be the Grand Trianon. We passed it on our left hand, and came up to a broad green drive perfectly deserted. If we had followed it we should have come immediately to the Petit Trianon, but not knowing its position, we crossed the drive and went up a lane in front of us. I was surprised that Miss Jourdain did not ask the way from a woman who was shaking a white cloth out of the window of a building at the corner of the land, but followed, supposing that she knew where she was going to. Talking about Oxford and mutual acquaintances there, we went up the lane, and then made a sharp turn to the right past some buildings. We looked in at an open doorway and saw the end of a carved staircase, but as no one was about we did not like to go in. There were three paths in front of us, and as we saw two

men a little ahead on the centre one, we followed it and asked them the way. Afterwards we spoke of them as gardeners, because we remembered a wheelbarrow of some kind close by and the look of a pointed spade, but they were really very dignified officials, dressed in long greyish-green coats with small three-cornered hats. They directed us straight on.

We walked briskly forward, talking as before, but from the moment we left the lane an extraordinary depression had come over me, which in spite of every effort to shake off, steadily deepened. There seemed to be absolutely no reason for it; I was not at all tired, and was becoming more interested in my surroundings. I was anxious that my companion should not discover the sudden gloom upon my spirits, which had become quite overpowering on reaching the point where the path ended, being crossed by another, right and left.

In front of us was a wood, within which, and over-shadowed by trees, was a light garden kiosk, circular, and like a small bandstand, by which a man was sitting. There was no green sward, but the ground was covered with rough grass and dead leaves as in a wood. The place was so shut in that we could not see beyond it. Everything suddenly looked unnatural, therefore, unpleasant; even the trees behind the building seemed to have become flat and lifeless, *like a wood worked on tapestry*. There were no effects of light and shade, and no wind stirred the trees. It was all intensely still.

The man sitting close to the kiosk (who had on a cloak and a large shady hat) turned his head and looked at us. That was the culmination of my peculiar sensations, and I felt a moment of genuine alarm. The man's face was most repulsive—its expression odious. His complexion was very dark and rough. I said to Miss Jourdain, "Which is our way?" but thought "nothing will induce me to go to the left." It was with great relief at that moment to hear someone running up to us in breathless haste. Connecting the sound with the garden officials, I turned and ascertained that there was no one on the paths, either to the side or behind; but almost at the same moment I suddenly perceived

another man quite close to us, behind and rather to the left hand, who had, apparently, just come either over or through the rock (or whatever it was) that shut out the view at the junction of the paths. The suddenness of his appearance was something of a shock.

The second man was distinctly a gentleman; he was tall, with large dark eyes, and had crisp, curling black hair under the same large sombrero hat. He was handsome, and the effect of the hair was to make him look like an old picture. His face was glowing red as though with great exertion—as though he had come a long way. At first I thought he was sunburnt, but a second look satisfied me that the colour was from heat, not sunburning. He had on a dark cloak wrapped across him like a scarf, one end flying out in his prodigious hurry. He looked greatly excited as he called out to us, "Mesdames, Mesdames," or ("Madame" pronounced more as the other), "il ne faut (pronounced *fou*) pas passer par là." He then waved his arm, and said with great animation, "par ici . . . cherchez la maison." [1]

I was so surprised at his eagerness that I looked up at him again, and to this he responded with a little backward movement and a most peculiar smile. Though I could not follow all he said, it was clear that he was determined that we should go to the right and not to the left. As this fell in with my own wish, I went instantly towards a little bridge on the right, and turning my head to join Miss Jourdain in thanking him, found, to my surprise, that he was not there, but the running began again and from the sound it was close behind us.

Silently we passed over the small rustic bridge which crossed a tiny ravine. So close to us when on the bridge that we could have touched it with our right hands, a thread-like cascade fell down from a height down a pretty green bank, where ferns grew between stones. Where the little trickle of water went to I did not see, but it gave me the impression that we were near other water, though I saw none.

[1] The man said a great deal more we could not catch.

Beyond the little bridge our pathway led under trees; it skirted a narrow meadow of long grass, bounded on the further side by trees, and very much overshadowed by trees growing in it. This gave the whole place a sombre look suggestive of dampness, and shut out the view of the house until we were close to it. The house was a square solidly-built small country house;—quite different from what I expected. The long windows looking north into the English garden (where we were) were shuttered. There was a terrace round the north and west sides of the house, and on the rough grass which grew quite up to the terrace and with her back to it, a lady was sitting, holding out a paper as though to look at it at arm's length. I supposed her to be sketching, and to have brought her own campstool. It seemed as though she must be making a study of trees, for they grew close in front of her, and there seemed to be nothing else to sketch. She saw us, and when we passed close by on her left hand, she turned and looked full at us. It was not a young face, and (though rather pretty) it did not attract me. She had on a shady white hat perched on a good deal of fair hair that fluffed around her forehead. Her light summer dress was arranged on her shoulders in handkerchief fashion, and there was a little line of either green or gold near the edge of the handkerchief, which showed me that it was *over*, and not tucked into, her bodice, which was cut low. Her dress was long-waisted, with a good deal of fullness in the skirt, which seemed to be short. I thought she was a tourist, but that her dress was old-fashioned and rather unusual (though people were wearing fichu bodices that summer). I looked straight at her; but some indescribable feeling made me turn away annoyed at her being there.

We went up the steps on to the terrace, my impression being that they led up direct from the English garden; but I was beginning to feel as though we were walking in a dream—the stillness and oppressiveness were so unnatural. Again I saw the lady, this time from behind, and noticed that her fichu was pale green. It was rather a relief to me that Miss Jourdain did not propose to ask her whether we could enter the house from that side.

We crossed the terrace to the south-west corner and looked over into the courtyard; and then turned back, and fancying that one of the long windows overlooking the French garden was unshuttered we were going towards it when we were interrupted. The terrace was prolonged at right angles in front of what seemed to be a second house. The door of it suddenly opened, and a young man stepped out on to the terrace, banging the door behind him. He had the jaunty manner of a footman, but no livery, and called to us, saying that the way into the house was by the courtyard and offered to show us the way round. He looked inquisitively amused as he walked by us down the French garden till we came to an entrance into the front drive. We came out so near the first lane we had been in to make me wonder why the garden officials had not directed us back instead of telling us to go forward.

When we were in the front entrance hall we were kept waiting for the arrival of a merry French wedding party. They walked arm in arm in a long procession round the rooms, and we were at the back—too far off from the guide to hear much of his story. We were very much interested, and felt quite lively again. Coming out of the courtyard we took a little carriage which was standing there, and drove back to the Hôtel des Réservoirs in Versailles, where we had tea [1]; but we were neither of us inclined to talk, and did not mention any of the events of the afternoon. After tea we walked back to the station, looking on the way for the Tennis Court.

On the way back to Paris the setting sun at last burst out from under the clouds, bathing the distant Versailles woods in glowing light—Valérien standing out in front a mass of deep purple. Again and again the thought occurred—Was Marie Antoinette really much at Trianon and did she see it for the last time long before the final drive to Paris accompanied by the mob?

For a whole week we never alluded to that afternoon, nor did I think about it until I began writing a descriptive letter of our

[1] I remember that on account of the wind I put on my coat.

expeditions of the week before. As the scenes came back, one by one, the same sensation of dreamy unnatural oppression came over me so strongly that I stopped writing, and said to Miss Jourdain, "Do you think that the Petit Trianon is haunted?" Her answer was prompt, "Yes, I do." I asked her where she felt it, and she said, "In the garden where we met the two men, but not only there." She then described her feeling of depression and anxiety which began at the same point as it did with me, and how she tried not to let me know it. Talking it over we fully realised, for the first time, the theatrical appearance of the man who spoke to us, the inappropriateness of the wrapped cloak on a warm summer afternoon, the unaccountableness of his coming and going, the excited running which seemed to begin and end close to us, and yet always out of sight, and the extreme earnestness with which he desired us to go one way and not another. I said that the thought had come into my mind that the two men were going to fight a duel, and that they were waiting until we were gone. Miss Jourdain owned to disliking the thought of passing the man of the kiosk.

We did not speak again of the incident during my stay in Paris, though we visited the Conciergerie prisons, and the tombs of Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette at Saint-Denis, where all was clear and fresh and natural.

Three months later Miss Jourdain came to stay with me at Oxford, and on Sunday, 10th November 1901, we returned to the subject, and I said, "If we had known that a lady was sitting so near us sketching it would have made all the difference, for we should have asked the way." She replied that she had seen no lady. I reminded her of the person sitting under the terrace: but Miss Jourdain declared that there was no one there. I exclaimed that it was impossible that she should not have seen the individual; for we were walking side by side and walked straight up to her, passed her and looked down upon her from the terrace. It was inconceivable to us both that she should not have seen the lady but the fact was quite certain that Miss Jourdain had been unconscious of her presence though we had both been

rather on the look-out for someone who would reassure us as to whether we were trespassing or not.

Finding that we had a new element of mystery, and doubting how far we had seen any of the same things, we resolved to write down independent accounts of our expeditions to Trianon, read up its history, and make every inquiry about the place. Miss Jourdain returned to Watford the same evening, and two days later I received from her a very interesting letter giving the result of her first enquiries.

C. A. E. Moberly.

November, 1901.

MISS JOURDAIN'S ACCOUNT OF HER FIRST VISIT TO THE PETIT TRIANON IN 1901

August, 1901

In the summer of 1900 I stayed in Paris for the first time, and in the course of that summer took a flat and furnished it, intending to place a French lady there in charge of my elder schoolgirls from Watford. Paris was quite new to me, and beyond seeing the picture galleries and one or two churches I made no expeditions except to shops, for the Exhibition of 1900 was going on, and all my free time was spent in seeing it with my French friends. The next summer, however, 1901, when, after several months at my school in England, I came back to Paris, it was to take the first opportunity possible of having a visitor to stay there: and I asked Miss Moberly to come with me.

Miss Moberly suggested our seeing the historic part of Paris in something like chronological order, and I looked forward to seeing it practically for the first time with her. We decided to go to Versailles one day, though rather reluctantly, as we felt it was diverging from our plan to go there too soon. I did not know what to expect, as my ignorance of the place and its significance was extreme. So we looked up general directions in Baedeker, and trusted to finding our way at the time.

After spending some time in the Palace, we went down by the

terraces and struck to the right to find the Petit Trianon. We walked for some distance down a wooded alley, and then came upon the buildings of the Grand Trianon, before which we did not delay. We went on in the direction of the Petit Trianon, but just before reaching what we knew afterwards to be the main entrance I saw a gate leading to a path cut deep below the level of the ground above, and as the way was open and had the look of an entrance that was used, I said, "Shall we try this path? it must lead to the house," and we followed it. To our right we saw some farm-buildings looking very empty and deserted; implements (among others a plough) were lying about; we looked in, but saw no one. The impression was saddening, but it was not until we reached the crest of the rising ground where there was a garden that I began to feel as if we had lost our way, and as if something were wrong. There were two men there in official dress (greenish in colour), with something in their hands; it might have been a staff. A wheelbarrow and some other gardening tools were near them. They told us in answer to my inquiry, to go straight on. I remember repeating my question, because they answered in a seemingly casual and mechanical way, but only got the same answer in the same manner. As we were standing there I saw to the right a detached solidly built cottage, with stone steps at the door. A woman and a girl were standing at the doorway, and I particularly noticed their unusual dress: Both wore white kerchiefs tucked into the bodice, and the girl's dress, though she looked thirteen or fourteen only, was down to her ankles. The woman was passing a jug to the girl, who wore a close white cap.[1]

Following the direction of the two men we walked on: but the path pointed out to us seemed to lead away from where we imagined the Petit Trianon to be; and there was a feeling of

[1] The woman was standing on the steps, bending slightly forward, holding a jug in her hand. The girl was looking up at her from below with her hands raised, but nothing in them. She might have been just going to take the jug or have just given it up. Her light brown hair escaped from under her cap. I remember that both seemed to pause for an instant, as in a tableau vivant; but we passed on, and I did not see the end.

depression and loneliness about the place. I began to feel as if I were walking in my sleep; the heavy dreaminess was oppressive. At last we came upon a path crossing ours, and saw in front of us a building consisting of some columns roofed in, and set back in the trees. Seated on the steps was a man with a heavy black cloak round his shoulders, and wearing a slouch hat. At that moment the eerie feeling which had begun in the garden culminated in a definite impression of something uncanny and fear-inspiring. The man slowly turned his face, which was marked by smallpox: his complexion was very dark. The expression was very evil and yet unseeing, and though I did not feel that he was looking particularly at us, I felt a repugnance to going past him. But I did not wish to show the feeling, which I thought was meaningless, and we talked about the best way to turn, and decided to go to the right.

Suddenly we heard a man running behind us: he shouted " Mesdames, mesdames," and when I turned he said in an accent that seemed to me to be unusual that our way lay in another direction. " Il ne faut " (pronounced *fou*) " pas passer par là." He then made a gesture, adding " par ici . . . cherchez la maison." Though we were surprised to be addressed, we were glad of the direction, and I thanked him. The man ran off with a curious smile on his face: the running ceased as abruptly as it had begun, not far from where we stood. I remember that the man was youngish-looking, with a florid complexion and rather long dark hair. I do not remember the dress, except that the material was dark and heavy.

We walked on, crossing a small bridge that went across a green bank, high on our right hand and shelving down below as to a very small overshadowed pool of water glimmering some way off. A tiny stream descended from above us, so small as to seem to lose itself before reaching the little pool. We then followed a narrow path till almost imediately we came upon the English garden front of the Petit Trianon. The place was deserted; but as we approached the terrace I remember drawing my skirt away with a feeling as though someone were near and

I had to make room, and then wondering why I did it. While we were on the terrace a boy came out of the door of a second building which opened on to it, and I still have the sound in my ears of his slamming it behind him. He then directed us to go round to the other entrance, and, seeing us hesitate, with the peculiar smile of suppressed mockery offered to show us the way. We passed through the French garden, part of which was walled in by trees. The feeling of dreariness was very strong there, and continued until we actually reached the front entrance to the Petit Trianon and looked round the rooms in the wake of a French wedding-party. Afterwards we drove back to the Rue des Réservoirs.

The impression returned to me at intervals during the week that followed, but I did not speak of it again until Miss Moberly asked me if I thought the Petit Trianon was haunted, and I said Yes. Then, too, the inconsistency of the dress and behaviour of the man with an August afternoon at Versailles struck me. We had only this one conversation about the two men. Nothing else passed between us in Paris.

It was not till three months later, when I was staying at St. Hugh's Hall, that Miss Moberly casually mentioned the lady, and almost refused to believe that I had not seen her. How that happened was quite inexplicable to me, for I believed myself to be looking about on all sides, and it was not so much that I did not remember her as that I could have said no one was there. But as she said it, I remembered my impression at the moment of there being more people than I could see, though I did not tell her this.

The same evening, 10th November, 1901, I returned to Watford. Curiously enough, the next morning I had to give one of a set of lessons on the French Revolution for the Higher Certificate, and it struck me for the first time with great interest that the 10th August had a special significance in French history, and that we had been at Trianon on the anniversary of the day.

That evening when I was preparing to write down my experiences, Mdlle M., daughter of Professor M. whose home was in

Paris came into my room, and I asked her, just on the chance, if she knew any story about the haunting of the Petit Trianon. (I had not mentioned our story to her before, nor indeed to anyone.) She said directly that she remembered hearing from her friends the J—— at Versailles that on a certain day in August Marie Antoinette is regularly seen sitting outside in the garden front of the Petit Trianon, with a light flapping hat and a pink dress. More than this, that the place, especially the farm, the garden, and the path by the water, are peopled with those who used to be with her there; in fact that all the occupations and amusements reproduce themselves there for a day and a night. I then told her our story, and when I quoted the words that the man spoke to us, and imitated as well as I could his accent, she immediately said that it was the Austrian pronunciation of French. I had privately thought that he spoke old [1] French. Immediately afterwards I wrote and told this to Miss Moberly.

E. F. JOURDAIN.

December, 1901.

[1] By "old" I mean old or unusual form, perhaps surviving in provincial French.

An Analysis

BY M. E. AND A. O. GIBBONS

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"Topography is a sure criterion by which is to be discerned the greater or less exactitude of an account or a report, and everything which does not agree with it may be considered to be imaginary or erroneous."

G. LENÔTRE

Miss Moberly's and Miss Jourdain's mutually agreed feeling that the Trianon was haunted led to much letter-writing to friends and the general tone of the replies started the ladies on a long process of probing and investigation. Had they dismissed or disregarded the disquiet which their experience had aroused in them they would possibly never have returned, and would have been content to the last to believe that what they had seen was a normal tourist's view.

So provocative were their discoveries that they spent many years searching for an explanation. They did not find that explanation, but the conviction that they had been witnesses of something extraordinary was sufficiently strong for its shadow to continue to affect, in one way or another, the remainder of their lives. When their book was published in 1911 they had already accomplished ten years of self-imposed research.

The undeniable fact is, therefore, that a series of strangely apprehended events, compressed into a brief half hour on a summer afternoon, had made an ineradicable impression on two susceptible, God-fearing minds. Whilst there may be numerous

instances where an inexplicable occurrence has influenced someone, it would be interesting to find a case where equal tenacity for elucidation, misdirected or not, has been displayed. This in itself is a measure of the depth to which the experience left its mark.

Shorn of all confusion, of their own or other people's making, a simple story emerges from the narratives, and with it a simple problem. The question is: having said that they saw *A* and *B*, and spoke with *X* or *Y*, what evidence is there that *A*, *B*, *X*, or *Y* ever existed in the form in which Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain say they saw or heard them?

That is the problem. For the sceptic it has no interest and this book is not for him. He dismisses the story as a rigmarole on the assumption that the ladies could not have seen *A* or *B* because they did not exist at the time.

Is it a problem which arises from a hoax? Quite apart from its unthinkable aimlessness and waste of time, a hoax could never have withstood the scrutiny of fifty years. Its preparation would presuppose much laborious reading, and much careful collaboration. The short acquaintanceship of the ladies before the visit in 1901 makes the collaboration impossible and to suggest, as some critics have done, that one or the other, or both, found sufficient information in the works of Carlyle or Charlotte M. Yonge to enable them to fabricate their narratives, is plainly stupid. A hoax not infrequently collapses through over-elaboration, but such elaboration is always preparatory and never retrospective.

Is it a problem for the mathematician? If it is he must start with four or more dimensions; the three which measure space, plus the fourth at least, which is Time. These he can combine into a formula of convenience, but this holds no expression within the imagination. He therefore cannot transmit a possible solution except in terms of formulæ. These, to the sceptic, are joyfully meaningless, although he will blindly applaud them if they serve his altar of derogation, but they are regretted by the person of imagination because they cannot stand upon a common ground of comprehension.

It is thus a problem which must be approached on the charitable assumption of the ladies' own belief in their story. What, if anything, is there to support it?

Let us rejoin them in the surprise which awaited them on their return to the scene.

They found, firstly, that there were no longer three clearly defined paths from which to choose and inquiry showed that no plough had been listed amongst the tools at the Petit Trianon for many years. The gateway, through which they had had a glimpse of a well-kept drive, was derelict and the drive a tangle of weeds. They learnt that no officials wearing the costumes they had remarked were at the Trianon in 1901. There was no cottage where Miss Jourdain had seen it, nor any cottagers dressed like her woman and girl.

They had continued, after leaving the officials, by a route which they could never identify afterwards. The little kiosk was not to be found, nor was the ravine with the bridge over it. No men could be traced who would be wearing the costumes of the man by the kiosk or the Running Man. The means whereby the young man could have come to them from the Chapel, on a level, did not exist, nor was there a gap in the kitchen buildings such as that through which they later thought he had led them to the outside roadway.

The principal method that we used to analyse, prove or disprove the joint narratives is that adopted when undertaking a field-task. The identification of sites, or of still existing buildings, with those shown on old maps and plans, is the first step. Deduction of the position of erections which have long since disappeared follows by examination of contemporary records. In our work on these lines at Trianon the evidence obtained has not infrequently led to some quite astonishing confirmations, although it is now fifty-seven years since the experience occurred, and the period of time in which the "existence" may be located runs from 1770 to 1901.

An example of the second, or complementary method, may be given here, for in this instance the yield from documentary

research is extremely gratifying. It contributes to the period much that has lain overlooked and it is therefore with considerable satisfaction that we offer for publication for the first time such details as are relevant to *An Adventure*.

Our reading had shown that three albums of the Petit Trianon had been prepared for Marie Antoinette, as souvenirs (although this fact was apparently unknown to either Miss Moberly or Miss Jourdain). These mementoes had been variously presented, and the one in which we were particularly interested, dated 1786, with water-colour illustrations by Châtelet, had been sent to the Queen's brother, the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria. Was this album still in existence? Research had told us that it was known as the " Album Modène," and had also disclosed the information that the Archduke had married Beatrice, a daughter of the d'Este family of Modena, in Italy. Reference to this town in our encyclopedia showed that it is notable to-day for three main objects of interest; its cathedral, its ducal palace and the Bibliotheca Estense. Application to the Library revealed that the Album was resting there, and the courteous reply included not only a list of all the *gouache* illustrations by Châtelet which it contained but also of the plans and drawings by Mique accompanying them. An unattached photographer in Modena successfully provided copies, writing to us earnestly: " I hope my work like you and I am plenty more at your ordre." His work is to be seen in Plates 4, 9, 11, 24.

This Album is a most important find, because we are at last able to present an authentic map by Mique of the grounds in 1786; we are able also to confirm that the man seated by the kiosk might have been clothed exactly as the ladies described him, for Plate 24 shows just such a figure. The contemporary drawings of the Belvédère and the Jeu de Bague are of great historical interest.

Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain were, in their " Researches," provokingly too prone, upon the vaguest detail, to resort to wayward references—often quite inconclusive—adducing them as proofs. Within this labyrinth of their contriving, which

frequently disregards physical observation, many interested investigators have laboured and collapsed. There is, indeed, a kind of hypnosis in the red-herring trails left in the tangle of their inquiries: that is to say that each line of inquiry has a fascination of its own, but the lines are not made to converge. They separate, cross, double back and sometimes they terminate in wishful thinking.

Often a major point or essential detail in the narratives is neglected in their " Researches," being overlooked or even omitted. It would be unfair to accuse them of a lack of ability to see or observe—two very different processes—for it is remarkable what they, as haphazard tourists, factually recollected from their brief visit. Yet it is fair to quarrel with them over what they did to those recollections. The opening stages of the story, which were so capable of dramatic verification, are marred in this way.

The reader has already been given some part of the history of the Petit Trianon, its topography and the background of those who contrived it, and has also been presented with the narratives M2 and J2. In the present analysis the footsteps of Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain are followed as closely as possible from the indications which they give; investigations have been grouped largely in the manner which they adopted in their own publication. Their conjectural route is to be found on the folded inset.

We shall now attempt to discover what basis of truth can lie behind the mystery of *An Adventure*.

THE PLOUGH, THE COTTAGE, THE KIOSK AND THE PELOUSE

Having walked through the wooded park of the main Château, Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain reached the palace of the Grand Trianon.

Instead of passing in an orthodox manner along the roadway, the Allée des Deux Trianons, leading directly to the *maison* of the Petit Trianon, they went down the shady, sunken lane which still lies to the right of the Grand Trianon forecourt. The lane, spanned by a bridge, was in 1901 as it is to-day, but originally

it had been a broad double avenue of trees with a grass carpet separating the two roads. Of such an arrangement they mention nothing, so it is probable that their experiences had not yet commenced, although by this blunder of direction it would appear that they entered the domain of *An Adventure*.

It was not long before they came upon the first matter which, in retrospective discussion, seemed peculiar. As the lane opened out they found themselves confronted by the green beside the *logement du Corps des Gardes*, and by a choice of "three paths" which they might follow (Plate 7). It was at this point that Miss Jourdain alone noticed a plough lying on the grass. She gives no detail of any peculiarity of design noteworthy or recognizable. There had been a plough made for Louis XV which had been kept until the Revolution when it was sold. A print was found of this actual implement, but, as Miss Jourdain observes, its "share was buried in the ground and could not be compared." As she omitted, however, to describe with what it might have been compared we will never know whether it had any characteristic which might make it identifiable.

The implement cannot be summarily dismissed, however. Miss Jourdain's recognition of it as a plough, or her first assumption that it was one, was probably based upon the form of its handle. At least her finding of the print in 1907, at Gosselin's on the Quai des Grands-Augustins, Paris, confirmed her own impression. What she did not come to know, after all her searching for it, was its very odd significance.

The print,[1] as may be seen in the Bodleian papers, shows the plough being used in February, 1769, by the Dauphin. This Dauphin was obviously not Louis XV's son but his grandson, the future Louis XVI and husband of Marie Antoinette. M. André Castelot[2] has just published the fact that when Marie Antoinette's mother, the Empress of Austria, asked for a portrait of her prospective son-in-law, Louis XV sent to Vienna three engravings of "the Dauphin ploughing." The King possibly thought that this

[1] First published in the *Mercure de France*, September 1769.
[2] *Marie Antoinette*, André Castelot, page 20.

portrayal of his fifteen-year-old grandson was the "latest thing." It indicated his physical robustness and was therefore worthy; but being found inadequate as a likeness it was quickly followed by two miniatures.

If the royal pair, in later years, noticed this solitary implement they must have laughed together, the Queen remembering that the very first picture which she had had of her husband showed him as a princely ploughman in the fields by the Trianon. That would have been its intimate, royal significance.

The ladies' researches disclosed something else, however. They found from the testimony of Julie Lavergne that a copy of the engraving hung in gardener Richard's house. Recalling that the elder Richard had come to Versailles in 1753 it may have served as a souvenir to him of tuition given to the royal ploughman. Here, perhaps, lies its other significance.

It is at this moment in their walk that the curious sharing and coalescing of a series of visions really begins to develop.

The "path to the right," although now completely grass-grown, is still identifiable as a cobbled road leading to a wide double gateway which exists in the wall running beside the green. Within these "opened" gates they "saw" a road curving away between a grove of trees. Had they followed this route it would have returned them higher up, by a little *ruelle* and another gate, to the central path.

They did not follow it, however, and during all subsequent visits, except one, these then derelict gates were affirmedly shut. The exception was in 1908, when as Miss Jourdain passed them again they suddenly seemed to melt away into nothingness, revealing the trees and drive "seen" seven years before. This later experience provoked some research, for the ladies had previously paid but little attention to the establishment of the gates in 1901, assuming them to be open in a normal manner.

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thinking that it was unimportant, whereas it was the reverse. It was the first dramatic beginning of their joint adventure, and rewritten in a factual manner the episode becomes " our eyes were enabled to see through closed and solid gates to a well-kept drive in a grove of trees, and for one of us this happened twice. When we peered through chinks and knotholes later all we saw was an unkempt wilderness."

The ladies never seemed to have had a clear appreciation of the function of the walled-in area served by the cobbled road. They christened it " Cottage Enclosure " and subsequently took photographs of thatched roofs showing above the wall. The gabled thatching, however, covered two Glacières (Plate 8). These were insulated pit buildings dating from at least 1753, wherein blocks of ice, dug in winter from the adjacent reservoir or the Canal, were stored against use in summer.

These features, the road, the gateway, the drive and the Glacières are all definable, under dereliction and overgrowth, to-day, and were, therefore, almost certainly equally identifiable in 1901. Yet, though ignorant of its significance, the ladies seem to have glimpsed the ensemble in its prime.

It was at that moment, when they surveyed their choice of three routes, that they caught sight of the " two officials," whom they refer to as gardeners or Gardes, standing a little way off on the central path, and decided to go to them in the hope of obtaining some direction to the *maison*.

No detail is given of the brief exchange of words which occurred when Miss Jourdain asked the men the way, but the implication of the reply received, in repetition, is of great interest. They both write in their narratives that they were told to go " straight on." The phrase could only have been " allez tout droit " and it is probable that with their unpractised French the word " droit " momentarily dominated the instruction, explaining why they came to turn to the right at the first opportunity.

Research upon the possible posts held by these two " officials," based upon their costume, led the ladies into much speculation

and the assembly of many unrelated facts. These points are fully discussed by Mr. Guy W. Lambert later in this book.

Whilst talking to them, however, Miss Jourdain had her next reported experience. She saw a woman and a young girl standing in front of a nearby cottage. Miss Moberly did not perceive this scene, although she clearly saw the men.

According to Miss Jourdain the cottage was positioned a few steps above the *ruelle* whence they would have emerged if they had taken the right-hand path, but when she re-visited the site the following year there was no sign of it. If it had once existed it obviously stood against the wall of the Gardeners' enclosure. A map of Contant de la Motte, copyist of Mique, suggests that there was a building on this very site. The ladies say in their " Researches " : " a photograph shows this," referring to a snapshot[1] (which is lodged in the Bodleian Library) of the main wall as it skirts the roadway on to which the cottage supposedly abutted.

The marks of plaster rendering, present but ill-defined in the fading print, are quite obliterated to-day. The break in the coping which they remarked, together with a vertical string, also seem to have disappeared. There are no traces indicating that the side walls of a cottage were ever bonded to the main wall. The cottage, if it existed, was apparently built to rest against the wall and was easily demolished.

To-day the roadway is bordered on the right by trees and high shrubberies of box, which, screening the wall, nevertheless leave broad gaps between them and the masonry. Within this space, at the base of the wall, a horizontal stone course projects by about six inches. It commences some fifteen feet from the corner of the *ruelle* and continues at the same level for about twenty-two and a half feet.

Our conversations with various officials at Versailles had never brought any light to bear on the possible existence of a cottage at this point. There would be agreement that some sort of

[1] *Maps of Versailles*, etc., page 13 (MS. Eng. Misc. C. 257), Bodleian Library, Oxford.

"*appentis*" or "*hangar*" could, of course, have stood there once, but certainly not for many, many years. No one remembered, and the snapshot in the Bodleian Library would not have helped, even if we had had it. Whilst the words used furthered our idea of a "lean-to" those irrefutable traces in the wall had gone and any amount of antiquated photographic evidence would probably have met with the same kindly shrug which greeted our indication of the present stone course. Yes, *parfaitement*, it was without doubt a projection, and why not?

This attitude, always one of extreme friendliness, is understandable. The inquiry meant nothing. It really did not matter to these nice people whether a cottage or building stood here over a hundred and fifty years ago, and their reaction indicates how futile would be an application for permission to dig to find out.

It was therefore necessary to adopt expedients of our own. There is in the Rue de la Paroisse, Versailles, a hardware shop. There we purchased a utility-grade kitchen poker, having decided that by harmless probing in the soft loamy soil behind the box hedge the foundations of the walls of our cottage might still be traced.

This indeed proved to be the case; they were found projecting at right angles from the wall. They may well have formed the ends of a building with the intermediate one carrying a partition to make two ground-floor rooms, in accordance with the simple structure which Miss Jourdain later sketched. Joists laid for a floor upon the stone course still existing would have necessitated those two, or even three, steps from road to ground floor of the cottage which are also shown in Miss Jourdain's drawing in the Bodleian Library.[1]

A cottage or building definitely existed where Miss Jourdain said she saw it, but the endeavours of the ladies to identify the woman and girl remain inconclusive.

Having been told by the two men that they should proceed ahead the ladies nowhere make it clear precisely what they did.

[1] MS. Eng. Misc. C. 257, page 13.

It seems probable that they passed behind the Gardener's house into his yard, emerging lower down towards the Petit Trianon itself, possibly through the *porte d'entrée*, leading from his frames and potting-sheds. At all events they were soon confronted by trees and once again by alternative paths, one to the left and the other to the right.

Near the left-hand path was a kiosk, on the steps of which a repulsive-looking man in a slouch hat and cloak was sitting—his aspect being so forbidding that they had an immediate inclination to choose the right-hand path which led to a little bridge.

Prolonged research by many, many people has not yet established beyond all doubt the former existence of this kiosk—"a small circular building, having pillars and a low surrounding wall."

The ladies position "our Kiosk" as within some yards of the Gardener's house. In 1904 Miss Moberly made a rough sketch of it, showing a background suggestion of trees. The impression is given of a small circular pillared pavilion in a wood; no steps are indicated. It probably represents her recollection, and as the ladies had approached the kiosk directly from the Gardener's buildings the background of trees is most likely to have been correct.

Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain always assumed that the unaccountable scenery they saw was that which existed during the time of Marie Antoinette; they even associated it with the year 1789, and sought their evidences accordingly.

None of the three albums which Marie Antoinette had had prepared as souvenirs of the Petit Trianon and its gardens makes mention of this kiosk, nor does it appear on any plan of the Trianon made during the time of her enjoyment of the domain.

It is established that no kiosk that fulfils the requirements of the narrative has been erected since the time of the Revolution. In the absence of proof, despite meticulous research, of its existence during the reign of Marie Antoinette, we are inevitably led to speculate upon the possibility that a kiosk might have stood there during the time of Louis le Bien-Aimé.

But then, one asks, who would have used such a summer-house? It was the very antithesis of a gazebo, for the encompassing trees denied all views except towards the Gardener's house and buildings, or across the nursery beds and frames which occupied what is to-day a little garden of flower-beds set in a well-kept lawn.

In such a position a kiosk could, of course, have been a summer-house provided by Louis XV for the enjoyment of the Richard family, but, equally well, and more probably, it might have been intended that musicians might play there whilst the King and Claude Richard walked contentedly among the nursery beds nearby. It is well established that royal master and gardener spent many hours chatting together in this pleasant manner, and strains of music would have given just that luxury of setting which royalty demanded. After all, the French phrase for a bandstand is but *kiosque à musique*.

At all events, gardener's summer-house or royal bandstand, it was a feature likely to be prominent in the demolition list when *rochers*, ravines and cascading waters were to be created for Marie Antoinette.

Certainly, long escarpments, hillocks or *massifs*, arose; successfully screening the Gardener's house from the *maison*, encroaching upon the area of the nursery beds and undoubtedly engulfing any little kiosk. Utility was separated from ornament, and on the ornamental side, under the lee of tree-crowned mounds a new *pavillon*, the Belvédère, was placed. It was 1781, however, before the last piece of its intricate decoration of carving and painting was completed.

All this is not fantasy without supporting fact. It is true that scrutiny of accounts paid to musicians at the Trianon has not yet been successful in discovering mention of their playing in this part of the garden, but two documents of particular significance occur in O[1] 1874, a carton in the series " Maisons du Roi " in the Archives Nationales. This box contains miscellaneous papers covering the end of the reign of Louis XV and the beginning of that of Louis XVI.

The first matter of interest is an account " for work done in clearing ground to form terraces " in that part of the gardens where the Belvédère, the *rocher* and part of the Lake now stand. The accounts seem to be in the handwriting of Antoine Richard (who was responsible for the payment and indeed the engagement of the labourers). They are certified by Mique and supported by a sketch-drawing showing the ground divided into lots or parcels.

The second document, dated 1776, a much more detailed account dealing with the same area, has the arresting item: " Digging out and freeing from stones another part adjoining the circular pavilion—27 × 15 toises." [1]

This is the first evidence found that a circular pavilion existed in that part of the garden where the ladies say they saw one. Moreover this evidence does confine the date of their vision, for the little kiosk cannot have survived after 1776, by which date it must of necessity have been swept away by the general transformations in the area.

The repulsive pock-marked man whom they saw lounging upon the steps of the pavilion, and the Running Man who entered the scene so dramatically (and so much to their relief) are discussed later together with the other persons encountered.[2]

Having taken the right-hand path they traversed " a small rustic bridge which crossed a tiny ravine." No one has yet satisfactorily located either of these features so it is understandable that many attempts have been made to divert the steps of the ladies to make them pass over the *rocher* bridge of to-day.[3]

There are two strong reasons, however, against such explanations. The first is the clear denial by both ladies, after several

[1] A toise equalled approximately 6·4 feet.

[2] See page 63.

[3] In his *Mystery of Versailles* (Rider, 1937), Sturge Whiting convinced himself of this by proving the existence of concealed tanks and pipes on top of the *rocher* itself, which provided trickling cascades such as the ladies remarked. But what was possible there was possible elsewhere. It is known from accounts in the Archives that a ravine was excavated, but how long it endured is conjectural as the whole of that area underwent many changes.

subsequent visits, that they did this. The second reason is composed of three negatives: they did not see the Belvédère, they did not see the very recognizable *rocher* itself nor its bridge, and they did not see the Lake. Certainly Miss Moberly admits she had the impression of being near water, " although I saw none."

It would have been impossible to avoid seeing these things if indeed the ladies had passed over the present *rocher* bridge. (Plate 9.) It seems, therefore, that either these features were not yet established (they were commenced in 1778), or that, coming from the *porte d'entrée* the ladies' route passed through the trees of the western mounds so that the more easterly features were hidden from them by the foliage.

Without any remaining physical evidence, however, it is impossible to take sides for or against the ladies in their belief in the ravine and its bridge. Yet they produce proofs of the existence of the ravine itself which are impressive. They cite two references to it from Mique's accounts and plans,[1] and very remarkably they state in their researches how Miss Jourdain, when she was about to examine a gardeners' wage book in the Archives Nationales, in 1908, had had to ask that the seals of it, affixed at the time of the Revolution, should be broken. Therein she found a detail that " there must have been such a ravine in that part of the grounds." At the same date they say " an old map was found . . . showing a small bridge in the right position relatively to the lakes." Contrary to their usual meticulous practice the ladies do not give any detail for locating this map and searching has so far failed to find it.

Moving on down the path, Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain came to the English Garden, or *pelouse*, which lies between the Belvédère, the Lake and the Maison. (Plate 10.)

To-day this is a lush meadow, devoid of trees, open to the sky, busy with the hum of bees, the chirp of crickets and with butterflies flitting in the sunshine amongst the wild flowers. Its rich green beauty is framed by the little *bosquets* which grace its boundaries.

Arch. Nat., O¹ 1875, O¹ 1882.

In 1901, however, Miss Moberly saw only a damp, sombre field " encircled by trees and very much over-shadowed by trees growing in it."

Reference to M2 and J2 enables us to compare the separate accounts given of this walk beside the meadow. Miss Jourdain's is very brief and matter of fact. It reports nothing remarkable. Indeed it could be the casual visitor's view in 1901 or, indeed, in 1958.

Miss Moberly's account, on the other hand, is very much fuller, but it seems a little inexplicable when one considers the history of the *pelouse* itself. This was laid out in 1775 and Desjardins was quite explicit when he wrote: " the (old) Orangerie was to disappear, also the flower-garden in front, finally to make way for a *pelouse*, with scattered trees."

It is this last phrase " scattered trees " (" *parsemée d'arbres* ")[1] with which Miss Moberly seeks, in the " Researches," to explain the trees which were in the *pelouse*, imparting such a miserable gloom to the scene. That was not its true significance, however, for Desjardins' words, read in context, are an indication that the planting of scattered trees was only projected, for there is every evidence that the first conception of a green sward was retained and the trees were not planted.

The *pelouse* was so often the scene of fairs and fêtes, given by the Queen to her friends, or to entertain her brothers on their visits, that its very openness enhanced its utility. Moreover, a contemporary painting by Lespinasse,[2] the plan of Mique in 1786 (Plate 11) and two distinct views of the Jeu de Bague (Plate 4) show the *pelouse* as an open green. Only two major trees to the north-east corner are to be seen.

What, therefore, can be made of Miss Moberly's reported view and the difference in the accounts? The details and the question are so closely linked to the next section that they receive further consideration there.

[1] Desjardins, page 120, *Arch. Nat.*, O¹ 1875, O¹ 1877.
[2] Desjardins, page 53.

THE LADY AND THE JEU DE BAGUE

We may think that Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain, up to the point of reaching the English Garden, had perhaps been moving in some kind of shared trance-like state, each seeing objects and persons relating to the year 1774 or thereabouts. Yet it would seem that whatever the ladies' impressions before, by or beyond the Gardener's house, the influence, if any, was for one of them being as imperceptibly withdrawn as it had been imposed.

The presence or absence of trees on the *pelouse* can establish a theory on what was about to take place. As they approach the *maison* Miss Moberly alone is to see the seated woman who seems to be sketching these same trees which one has every reason to believe never existed in the eighteenth century. Miss Jourdain is oblivious of this figure, except as regards her reported involuntary withdrawal of her skirt as she accompanied her companion along the path. Moreover, she appears to have been only vaguely conscious of a barrier to her right.

It has always been assumed that at this point it was Miss Moberly who was looking back into the past; but if indeed it were Miss Jourdain who was still influenced, her "barrier" might well have been the wall which Gabriel had built before 1774, partly hidden by the ornamental groves before it which were relics of the former flower-garden on the north side of the *maison*.

From their accounts the ladies appear to have entered the path well down the side of the open grassland. Miss Moberly comments upon the narrowness of the meadow. A map by Marcel Lambert (1898), which appears in the Fifth Edition, defines this narrowness by showing the presence of certain intruding trees in the area where Miss Moberly says she saw them. It suggests that Miss Moberly was not *en rapport* and that these were twentieth century trees which were removed before she returned to the scene in 1904.

But what of the seated figure—the Lady? A synopsis of the account could read "Here is a woman, on a low seat, located by its proximity to a certain bush immediately below a terrace." Miss Moberly, however, goes to some length to describe her costume and the lady is thought to be sketching. Her action of holding her "sketching paper" in front of her at arm's length is also detailed, together with her closer scrutiny, by the bending of her head forwards, to see the "strangers" as they moved towards her.

Later, Miss Moberly examines a portrait by Wertmüller [1] and infers that the Lady is identifiable as Marie Antoinette. Marie Antoinette had made sketches in her youth but it seems to have been an accomplishment which she did not develop. There is no known evidence of landscape drawing from her hand, nor indeed of her having continued to exercise her earlier talents, except that, in common with other women of fashion, she received lessons from M. Redouté in flower painting.

Miss Moberly's recollection does not equip the "Queen" with the necessary board or pad which would have given a foundation or backing for her work. Moreover, the Queen suffered from myopia, or shortsightedness.[2]

Wertmüller painted two portraits of Marie Antoinette and the one with which Miss Moberly chose to identify the seated figure was that executed in 1785. (Plate 12.) It had been commissioned by the Queen as a gift to the King of Sweden, Gustavus III, following a visit which he paid to the Petit Trianon.[3] When the picture was shown publicly it was badly received by the critics who found it "cold and with neither majesty nor grace."

Madame Campan, Governess to the Royal children, however, found it an admirable likeness. She seems to have been almost alone in her praise, for even the Royal recipient when acknowledging the gift twelve months later, though applauding the skill of the painter, said it did not flatter the model. The remark may

[1] Wertmüller, Adolph Ulrik, 1751–1811.

[2] It is recorded that the Queen had lenses fixed in her fan, the better to see her companions. Her eyesight was in fact as bad as that of the King, and so deteriorated in the last four tragic years, with her tears, misery and despair in prison, that, finally, she could barely see at all.

[3] Only the features are reproduced here, not the entire canvas.

have been either a gallant or a diplomatic one, but it was also very possibly correct. It is the face of a pleasant *bourgeoise* woman, who, except for a kind of contentment and secret amusement in her glance, bred of her assured position, might be any one of a thousand women. Indeed, in her second account Miss Moberly admits: " I thought she was a tourist but that her dress was old-fashioned and rather unusual. (Though people were wearing fichu bodices that summer.)"

In the " Researches " Miss Moberly qualifies her statement still further. She says " her light-coloured skirt, white fichu and straw hat were in the present fashion." The dress journals for the summer of 1901, to be seen in the British Museum Newspaper Library at Colindale, confirm this remark, making it even easier to believe that the Lady may have been a living middle-class woman, with clothes " rather dowdy in the general effect."

What reliable deduction can be made from all this ? A long-sighted woman, with a prominent nose, dressed unpretentiously, is seated apparently trying to draw tree stems and she is accepted as " a tourist." This recollection suggests she was a foreigner to France and not dressed in the fashion of that country. The clothing is in fact recognized as in the English taste of 1901, with which Miss Moberly was familiar.

Before tracing the steps of the ladies from the *pelouse* to the terraces of the Maison some comment must be made upon the Jeu de Bague, if only for the very reason that neither of the ladies " saw " this bold, tinselled construction, which was painted in garish colours and was quite tasteless.

Desjardins describes the very first suggestion for a Jeu de Bague, and although it was never executed to this design the details give an idea of the grotesque setting which was the background of the game. Even when it came to be erected in 1776 it proved to be a conception which passed through more than one stage of development. Firstly it was a simple roundabout, masked by trees and shrubs on the west and the run of the north to south wall which Gabriel had built from the newel of the *parterre*. (Plate 22.) The mechanism was primitive, enabling

the players, seated on carved stools on a revolving platform—the ladies on peacocks and the gentlemen on dragons—to tilt at rings hung from a stationary canopy. (Plate 4.)

Five years later, in 1781, the old straight wall was demolished and a semicircular one replaced it with its open chord facing the *pelouse*. Trees married the northern extremity of the semi-circle to the bosquets of the English Garden, and between the original roundabout and the new encircling wall was erected the ornate spectators' covered gallery, with its three pagoda-like towers.

The authors saw none of this, although they walked along the old path which had skirted the feature. Juxtaposition of such an affair to the exquisite classical beauty of the Trianon itself must have been surprisingly incongruous.[1]

Thus from the evidence presented it is logical to assume that Miss Jourdain was " seeing " conditions prior to the building of the Jeu de Bague, whilst Miss Moberly, her attention fixed on the seated figure, looked upon a scene which even if it was not that of 1901 was at least one which obtained after " the barrier " had gone and after the roundabout had been destroyed during the Revolution, or after its brief reinstatement by Napoleon when it subsequently disappeared for ever, giving place to the present circular gravelled space occupied by an old lime-tree.[2]

The ladies' surmise that it was an old path on which they approached the *maison* is correct and it would have led them very close to where the Lady was seated. It is probable that she was sitting just off the present path and Miss Moberly's first narrative (see Appendix I) clearly states that they passed by the seated figure's " left hand." In the " Researches " it is said that they passed her " on their left hand," which also agrees.

[1] *La Revue de Paris* printed an article in December, 1952, by the late Léon Rey, concerning an identification of the kiosk with the Jeu de Bague. Unfortunately the article is muddled and inconclusive, abounding in untenable suppositions.

[2] This tree is infested by small colonies of the bright red beetle *Pyrrhocoris Apterus*, known to the children of the Paris suburbs as *cherche-midi*, because it seeks the sunlight. To local children, however, the beetle is known as a *suisse*, its colour recalling the scarlet uniform of the *gardes* of the old Court.

They must, in fact, have then passed behind her to reach the *perron* steps leading to the north-west terrace of the *maison*, and no heed need be paid to any suggestion concerning their use of other steps, for they did not exist and never have existed.

AN UNREHEARSED INCIDENT

This note concerns an incident of which no capital was made either by Miss Moberly or Miss Jourdain. It is welcomed for its lack of recognition, which makes it an example of the veracity of *An Adventure*.

As the ladies approached the house along the path by the *pelouse*, they tell us: "the place was deserted . . . the long windows looking north into the English Garden were shuttered." This same closure obtained upon the western *perrons* until they reached the south-west corner. Here they fancied that the shutters were folded back and it was towards this particular window that they were turning when the Chapel Man appeared.

Having, some minutes later and under his guidance, reached the Allée des Deux Trianons, they found, on apparently correct instructions, the Cour d'Honneur, and joined a French wedding party of 1901 going through those same rooms which lay behind the shutters so recently remarked.

The authors had approached a seemingly sealed house, empty of its owner and with only efficient caretaker service available. Then within a few minutes they were in public rooms on a conducted visit, with all the shutters folded back.

The question of shading the rooms from sunlight, by means of the shutters, does not arise, for it will be recalled that the ladies described the day as dull and overcast.

For such a tour the shutters would, of necessity, have had to be open, otherwise darkness would have shrouded the rooms behind them. Thus the aspect of the house, as they saw it first by way of the English Garden, was quite irreconcilable with the traffic of a sightseers' day in 1901.

The one "unshuttered" window at the south-west corner gives into an antechamber, and although it has not yet been

possible to verify the fact, a possible usage of the room, amongst many others which entailed unrestricted daylight, was to be found in its admirable situation for a concierge control of the main internal staircase of the *maison* together with the external staircases of its *perrons*.

The ladies missed these points and so did not cloud them with explanations, but the recollection emphasizes the strangeness of their reported experience. No specific conclusion can be drawn except that the house appeared to be closed when actually it could not have been.

THE CHAPEL MAN AND THE WAY OUT

Seemingly, as they went up the steps from the *pelouse* to the terrace Miss Moberly, who, in our argument, had temporarily fallen out of trance, was again re-entering the condition which she had intermittently shared with Miss Jourdain during their walk. Very significantly she remarks that the lady's fichu, as she looked down from the terrace upon her, was "becoming green" as though, perhaps, the solid figure was fading away, allowing the colour of the meadow to percolate through what had been for some moments a reality, but was now dissolving fast.

Miss Moberly also recalls her impression at this moment "I was beginning to feel as if we were walking in a dream."

By the time they had reached the south-west terrace above the *parterre*, and were loitering a little to look through the one window which was unshuttered, they appear to have been observed by a young man who came hurriedly to intercept them.

Apart from many possible positions in the *maison* itself from which they might have been seen, and whence, by bell communication, a concierge or *garde* could have been summoned, there were several vantage points for watchful eyes not far from where the young man first appeared.

The ladies say in their "Researches": ". . . the door of a building at right angles to the house suddenly opened and a young man came out. . . ."

The " building at right angles " was the long kitchen block with, at its eastern end near to the *maison*, the private Chapel built for Louis XV. The only two doorways by which persons might have emerged from the " building " are but a few feet apart and both give on to a small terrace which, in turn, has a flight of steps leading down to the Jardin Français. (Plates 13 and 15.)

The nearest pair of doors to the *maison* are those of the Chapel. They are wholly of simply panelled wood and they give direct access from the terrace to the Tribune Royale. The second pair of doors, just a little further to the west, are half-glazed. They open on to a landing on the first floor of a staircase communicating with the Cour des Cuisines, and serving the interior of the kitchen apartments and offices (Plate 14).

Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain were both of the opinion that the door from which the young man appeared so suddenly was that of the Chapel, and in this they were almost certainly incorrect. He would not, after sighting them from somewhere in the buildings, have hurried, by means of the internal door of the landing, along the Tribune Royale and so out through the Chapel doors. A watching position would inevitably have been established on the landing behind the glazed doors of the interior staff staircase, and to search for " strangers " a *garde* or servant would have come out from this particular exit.

Evidence of wear upon the various steps (Plate 15) and upon the hand-rails, clearly indicates a busy traffic route through the glazed door to the Jardin Français . . . feet scurrying from the kitchen buildings at the behest of Bonnefoy du Plan, or his predecessor, or some other authority, but never attempting the locked doors of the Chapel.

In the course of their subsequent inquiries the ladies were to discover that both sets of doors had been locked for many years and that the floorings of both Tribune Royale and landing were alike broken and unusable. Collapse, cobwebs, rust and decay existed and the Bodleian Library files include photographs clearly confirming this.

From this it is obvious at once that, from whatever point this Chapel Man had espied them, he was not a corporeal person. As an observer within the buildings he had, of necessity, to make ultimate use of the internal landing if he was to emerge into the area of the *parterre* or the Jardin Français.

The upper and lower staircases which served it had fallen, sharing their insecurity with the landing itself and the floor of the Tribune Royale. If indeed he appeared to the ladies he could only have negotiated these wretched, crumbling hazards without the flesh and blood of 1901.

In the Green Notebook in the Bodleian Library on page 80 there is a report[1] by Miss Jourdain that her colleague had said, " When the man came out of that door I saw there was something red inside."

They did not publish this impression but if it was indeed so and if it is admissible for debate, the recollection can assist in identifying which particular door was used by the Chapel Man.

The two sets of double doors have certain points in common. Firstly, they open inwards. Thus the " slamming " mentioned by the ladies would have been better expressed by " pulling to." It is a small point, indicating to anyone how the doors are hung, but obviously at the time of their visit they had not remarked the detail. The second point of resemblance is that the halves furthest from them, as they stood by the unshuttered window, carry in each case the lock and handle, whilst those nearest them, the inside vertical bolts. Those with the handles were, naturally, those generally used, as is definitely shown by the step in the case of the glazed (staff) doors, although the appropriate Chapel step, whilst showing some wear, is almost undefaced. These halves of the two pairs of doors are therefore those to be considered as the most probable.

The behaviour of the Chapel Man is more interesting and more extraordinary than that of any of the other characters. One

[1] The entry is with those of 1907 but it does not show when the statement was actually made.

may read the narratives a dozen times without realizing that he alone is credited with seeming to have moved something of this present century. He slammed a door, one or other of two which are still there: or at least he apparently did this.

But more careful scrutiny of the narratives shows not that the ladies saw the door move but that they assumed that it had moved because the sound of its slamming had reached them both and Miss Moberly had had her impression of something red inside it. When their attention had become suitably fixed on the Chapel Man he was already before the door about to come to them.

There were two crimson velvet armchairs in the Tribune Royale standing in 1901 as isolated relics of the monarchy. Had they been in their eighteenth-century position they would have been close to the balcony front, thus remaining hidden from the ladies even when the door was assumed to have been opened. Suppose however that they were out of position and were but a few feet behind the door. They would again be masked for the ladies were occupying a very critical position where they stood with regard to seeing even a few inches into the Chapel.

A mirror on the face of the door might have permitted a glimpse of the armchairs as it swung inwards. But there was no mirror and the door was of solid wood. Thus the evidence accumulates against the employment by the Chapel Man of the half-door of the Tribune Royale.

Let us now consider the alternative—the staff door from the landing. The ladies' " Researches " give the name of the Suisse in charge of the *porte du perron de la Chapelle* in 1789. The description of his station is theirs and, although the date and the name " Lagrange " may be noted, what is significant is that there was a *gardien* appointed to supervise this " doorway of the terrace and steps of the Chapel."

Where would the doorkeeper sit? Obviously his place would be such that it left free the door used for normal, single traffic. He would be therefore behind the second half-door, which was

generally bolted, a position which possibly put him out of the ladies' range. Yet upon the opening of the door—inwards—his image, in its red uniform, would be reflected in the half-glazing as he sat in his place, thus providing the transitory colour impression for Miss Moberly before her attention was diverted to the Chapel Man himself.

This is a surprising thought, for quite apart from the probability in our argument that the *porte du perron* was, both by mode and usage, the entrance adopted by him, one returns to the speculation concerning the movement of an actual door.

As a theory it is unacceptable, nor does it seem necessary to substitute a " ghostly " door in its place to satisfy the optical laws governing the reflection. It presupposes the presence of a Suisse, or at least of his uniform on a chair, but if the afternoon's occurrences were an enactment of the eighteenth century it is permissible to assume that either the one or the other was there.

Rather does it seem therefore that, whatever agency was responsible for the phenomena imposed two manifestations of commonplace happenings, a reflection and a sound, to accentuate the appearance of the Chapel Man before the ladies.

Once upon the Chapel terrace there was in 1901, as to-day, no alternative route by which the young man could have reached the ladies' side. He would descend the Chapel terrace steps, run beside the high wall of the Chapel Courtyard (Plate 15), disappearing from view for the brief time it took him to reach the newel of the *parterre*, when, once more in view, he would turn right, mount the steps of the southern *perron* to hasten along it until he reached the spot where the ladies stood. No other way has existed in living memory; but that is not to say no other way ever existed.

Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain both aver clearly, and with much certainty, that he came to them " very quickly on a level " and that " we did not lose sight of the man." If they are correct it follows that for a period at least there must have been some alternative to the present route. Early in their inquiries the ladies were told a legend that there was once " a covered way for

Marie Antoinette to pass between the *maison* and the Chapel." This may, indeed, have been true but neither Miss Moberly nor Miss Jourdain ever clearly appreciated the practical difficulties of constructing such an amenity, nor tried to establish chronologically when it might have been erected.

When, in 1773, Gabriel provided a Royal Chapel at the King's urgent command, the general mass of kitchen offices was already built and in use. The Courtyard, uniting the house to its dependencies, was originally known as the Cour des Pages. Its cloister-like interior was married to the outer walls by pent roofs protecting the service passage-ways beneath[1] (Plate 16). The convenience of a covered walk from *maison* to Chapel seems to have been considered but the problems involved appear to have defeated Gabriel himself, although one questions whether he did not purposely present his project unimaginatively because he disliked the thought so much. There are two drawings in the Archives Nationales showing a hideous tunnel-like construction, similar to the covered fly-overs to be seen connecting platforms at many modern railway stations. It is so appalling in its lack of design and its incongruity that it is small wonder that it was never carried out.

At the same time it is probable that the architectural difficulty which ensured abandonment of the project was to be found at that end of the covered way which it would be necessary to join to the *maison*. At this period the *perrons* on the *parterre* existed only in the short centralized form in which Gabriel designed them (Plate 5). Beneath the present terraces and steps, flanking the sides of the little garden, there were, originally, further gravelled spaces and flower beds. The problem of flying the covered way over the gap between the wall by the *réchauffoir* to the *perron* by the antechamber in such a manner as to make it practical and at the same time acceptable as part of a beautiful and balanced façade, was obviously insuperable.

In any case it is quite clear that the ladies never looked upon

[1] The first drawing shows Gabriel's elevation of the arrangement at the time of the construction of the Chapel, its terrace and steps.

such a construction. Indeed its hypothetical glazing and roof might well have obscured the Chapel Man's approach.

In 1781, however, certain architectural changes were carried out on this side of the *maison* which make it just possible that the ladies' account is correct.

The Jeu de Bague was perhaps at the height of its popularity and Marie Antoinette requested that Mique should contrive for her a private corridor from the *maison* to the spectators' gallery which half encircled the game.

Mique's ingenuity enabled him to carry out the Queen's wishes superbly by means of "*prolongations des perrons*"—necessary on the north to enclose the last few yards of the royal corridor and desirable on the south to maintain the symmetry of the façade. Thus terraces, joining Gabriel's original short central *perrons*, swept left and right down the sides of the *parterre*, terminating in the present graceful flights of steps. (Plate 17.)

The difficulty of providing a connecting walk between the terrace of the Chapel and the terrace of the *maison* was immediately diminished. The wooden posts which supported the pent cloister-roofing in the Chapel Courtyard were at this time increased from the six of Gabriel's design to ten in number. This may have been to permit them to carry extra weight and it is reasonable to wonder whether for a few years the cloisters were provided with flat intercommunicating roofs along which one might have passed. But here it must be noted that the Chapel terrace is two feet lower than the level of the *perrons*, and the Chapel Man could never have come to the ladies quite literally "on a level." Somewhere along his route he would have had to mount three or four steps. This point, perhaps unnoticed and certainly unreported by any investigators hitherto, is brought forward for the first time in this book. Taking as a common level the coping-stones which connect both the Chapel and the newel-post, and the newel-post and the balustrade of the *perrons*, any gauge, even an umbrella, will reveal the discrepancy. To achieve a communicating way would not have been difficult: it would have run along the Chapel Courtyard side of the

newelled wall, having, by two steps at its start and two more at its right-angled turn, picked up the two-foot difference with ease. It would then pass over the solidly built *réchauffoir* roof to give on to the prolongation of the *perron* through an opening made in the upper courses of the original bastion wall of the *parterre*. (Plate 19.)

Although Gabriel had bonded and coved major stones as between Chapel, terrace and newelled wall (still existing unchanged to-day) (Plate 18), it would have been perfectly possible for Mique to have sawn down from the coping, leaving the bonding *in situ*, until he approached the coved pavement flags upon which he could place his first rising step which would lead on to the new pathway. (Plate 19.)

It is evident that the top coping has, at some period, been withdrawn and replaced in a botched fashion: equally the little hand-rail coming up the left-hand side of the Chapel steps does not terminate in a workmanlike and happy manner where it now meets the newelled wall.

In the Bodleian Library file (MS. Eng. Misc., D 245, page 70), the inquirer encounters a tantalizing hint. On the left-hand side of her written notes concerning research in the Archives Nationales, Miss Jourdain has made a pencil sketch. Annotated in English and bearing the numerals " 1835 " it covers the area between the Chapel and the *maison*, and indicated upon it is a route similar to the one suggested as a possibility. Whether this sketch emanated from some theory, discussion, or authentic source will never now be known. There are drawn upon it steps, rising through, or towards an opening made in Gabriel's newelled wall, betraying an unconscious appreciation by someone of the two-foot discrepancy in levels—a matter which appears to have been entirely overlooked in the researches not only of the ladies but of all other investigators. It seems certain that Miss Jourdain never realized how near the probable truth she was.

It can be maintained, therefore, that after 1781 there was no physical difficulty in constructing a communicating way for the

Queen, along which the Chapel Man coming from his door could have reached the ladies in a manner which would in general have satisfied their: " in full view . . . on a level." But if it was constructed it is equally certain that it had vanished well before the first half of the next century had passed.

Desjardins, Le Roi and similar accredited archivists, accumulating their material, would undoubtedly have met with hearsay evidence, even if they had found no records of the creation or demolition of the way.

The covering of the *réchauffoir* still exists as a reinstated roof, but the cloister sections have disappeared from the Courtyard, possibly because the wooden posts supporting them rotted away and were not replaced. It is most probable that during the time of Louis-Philippe (1830–48) the newelled wall was once more reunited to the bonded-in stones of the Chapel and the gap in the bastion resealed, together with its coping.

All vestige of the communicating way would have gone.

Is there significance in those cryptic figures " 1835 " upon Miss Jourdain's waif of a sketch? Did she chance upon some record of the year 1835? It is a date which would accord with the supposition that Louis-Philippe's well-meaning tidying of the Petit Trianon, which in fact occurred, included amongst other matters orders to his jobbing builders to remove the remains of the now futile and unsafe communicating way.

There remains to be considered the last and the most inexplicable episode of *An Adventure*.

Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain say that when the young man reached them he " evidently did not want us to stand on the terrace so near to the house and forced us to move away." Their immediate confusion and uncertainty caused him to " offer to show us the way." Both ladies in their accounts say that he walked with them " down the French Garden until we came to an entrance into the front drive." In itself this statement is quite understandable and straightforward: one can to-day follow a similar route, turning off to the left approximately one

hundred yards down the Jardin Français, skirting the end of the former kitchen block, and passing through a small doorway in the boundary wall of the estate directly into the Allée des Deux Trianons.

When the ladies revisited the site together some time later in order to retrace their footsteps, however, they question whether they left the Jardin Français in 1901 by this simple exit. It is true that their statements are somewhat confused: in M2 Miss Moberly says she was surprised to find they had come out into the public roadway so near to the lane where they had first entered, but later on, in the "Researches," the ladies jointly agree that the way out which they took was "much nearer the Chapel" and that it was wide enough for a coach to pass through. So convinced of this hypothesis did they become that all their inquiries were directed towards finding evidence of a carriage-way having passed through the kitchen buildings at some former time.

They succeeded in satisfying themselves that they had come upon adequate proof when they found the plan by Contant de la Motte (said to be copied from an original by Mique, dated 1783). Unfortunately, however, this is not a proof which will bear serious scrutiny in the light of the history of that part of the Petit Trianon gardens, and the evidence of all other maps and plans concerning it. In the de la Motte drawing there are several definite errors and, unfortunately, his disposition of the kitchen buildings intersected by a gap must be considered disastrously inaccurate.

Knowledge of the one-time existence of a road through to the Ménagerie in the pertinent area is a promising beginning, but when the development of the ground which this road traversed is traced it can be established irrefutably that the southern end of the Allée de la Ménagerie was obliterated by 1771 at the latest (Plates 3 and 22). This was the date by which Gabriel completed the new kitchen buildings, staff quarters and the apartments for the Concierge. These had spread westwards from the Cour d'Honneur until they had cut across and sealed

the southern end of the old Allée for ever (Plate 20). In the garden itself the formal marginal shrubbery ran the full length of the façade without a break, as, indeed it does to-day.

This suppression of the road is entirely understandable, for interest in the old Ménagerie had waned and in fact it was dispersed after the death of Louis XV. There would, therefore, be no point in re-opening the Allée which led nowhere and had no purpose.

Similarly there was no reason to create a way through for carriages at some other point along the buildings and there is no evidence to support such a plan. Physical difficulties existed which it would have been extremely difficult to solve. For three-quarters of the total length of the block there is a definite ten-foot drop in level between the Jardin Français and the Allée des Deux Trianons (Plate 21).[1] This would present problems of incline, head-room and adjustment of first-floor planning. The supreme difficulty, however, would have been to vouchsafe the space at all. There was never enough and it was for this reason that Mique was commanded by Marie Antoinette in 1781 to add to the accommodation. This he did by absorbing the garden of the Concierge, completely replanning the upper rooms of the block, and moving the Lavoir of Gabriel (Plate 22). His plan of the kitchens of 1781 (Plate 6) is still accurate to-day and permits no belief in a "way through."

When, however, Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain came to study the façade of the kitchen buildings on the Jardin Français, examining them yard by yard, they found what they felt to be further proof of their story. They saw signs of some extraneous construction, which they describe as an "ivy-covered buttress." Of this they asked a friend to take several photographs, prints of which are in the Bodleian Library file. They assumed that the masonry formed part of an archway through which they were shown out by the Chapel Man.

All evidence of this extruding stonework has now disappeared

[1] See also Plate 14, taken from the Cour des Cuisines up the staircase which gives on to the *perron* of the Chapel, via the door of the Concierge.

but on a visit in the early twenties it was seen by one of us, who was unable to come to any conclusion although he pondered upon its significance. There are many possible explanations but all are speculative.

One could imagine the necessity of a commodious access to this hive of activity. It is obvious that when entertaining took place in the *maison* itself or in the English garden, domestic and culinary traffic could circulate to the east, through the *souterrain* and the Chapel Courtyard cloisters, but when, as frequently happened, there was to be an elaborate party in the Jardin Français or the Pavillon de Musique it would seem natural to provide a service opening on the garden side of the buildings. Again there is no evidence of this, nor any acceptable position where it might have penetrated. It would have been impossible to intrude a passage through one of the major purpose-named kitchens, and in any case if the ladies had been directed by the Chapel Man into such an opening surely they would have carried away some recollection of its circumstance. They would have passed from the garden into the interior of a strange building and have rapidly found themselves in a labyrinth from which they could only have emerged by descending two or more turns of ancient stairs. That would not conceivably have been a way out which they would forget (Plates 6 and 23).

More important than all that is the amazing precedent they would have been creating. Living persons of 1901, they would have been passing through the masonry of 1901; between the ghostly walls of the eighteenth century but through some half a dozen solid walls of their own time.

It is this untenable and retrospective idea which has cast more doubt upon the veracity of the ladies than any other incident in the whole of *An Adventure*. It can only be suggested that over the ensuing years of investigation, particularly delayed with regard to this part of their experience (they first discovered the "buttress" in 1910), they tended to distil from the chaos of recollection of a truly amazing afternoon something which satisfied a conviction rather than a fact. It may well be that those final

minutes covered a transition period when judgment and detail were lost.

The field task has been undertaken and is over. Many visits to the site have resulted in a detailed survey of the route, with the taking of numerous photographs, only a few of which can be reproduced here.

These assembled data have been checked and rechecked with official records. The many maps and plans of the period proved of varying reliability: if a chart came from the hands of a gardener then the garden features were correct and the architectural ones either scanty or inaccurate; and if from the drawing-board of an architect the converse was equally true. It has been necessary to make careful distinction between a *projet* and what ultimately became a *fait accompli*, and frequently the documents themselves give no indication by title or endorsement with which they are concerned.

Contemporary engravings or illustrations were sometimes distorted by artistic licence, and diaries, journals and memoirs of eye-witnesses usually record biased and irrelevant details.

The most trustworthy guide to the many changes at the Petit Trianon is to be found in the Royal Accounts, now lodged in the Archives Nationales, but even these are incomplete, for, as in England, historic documents relating to one subject are often dispersed among different museums, libraries, departments, state record offices and sometimes even the collections of private persons (Plate 22).

Within its practical limits the field-task method has proved the existence of the three paths, of the "well-kept drive" and the "thatched cottages" within the Glacière enclosure, and of a building where the cottagers were seen. It has confirmed the route taken by the ladies about the *perrons* of the *maison* itself and their way out. Documentary research, enabling the method to be re-applied, has established the details and location of the Jeu de Bague, and also the possibility of the "level way" of the Chapel Man. Scrutiny of other original papers has provided

evidence of a hitherto unrecorded "*pavillon circulaire*" in the appropriate area, and has disclosed accounts covering the excavation of an artificial ravine nearby.

The field-task method, however, cannot attempt the identification of the eight characters encountered, any more than it can throw light upon the few quoted words of the Running Man, or the implied directions of the two officials or the Chapel Man.

Is it possible, through analysis based purely upon descriptions given of these persons, to classify them into time, type and identity? The first distinguishing factor is their dress. This denotes the period, and the station of the person within that period. Next come the features, which could only further identification if chance provided a portrait which could be agreed. For seven of the eight characters it is reasonable to assume, by costume, that they were out of time, but the eighth could easily have been accommodated in 1901. This exception is the seated figure, seen by Miss Moberly alone and believed by her to be Marie Antoinette. Regrettable though it may be to discard this participant of such possible importance and romantic interest, she is for want of confirmation not acceptable. The likeness to the Queen of the Wertmüller portrait (Plate 12) is extremely debatable: no other representation of the regal Marie Antoinette suggested a resemblance to a *bourgeoise* woman, or to a 1901 tourist.

The two cottagers are readily acceptable as part of the strange experience. They are none the less completely unidentifiable. There remains no record of the occupants of a cottage, nor is it axiomatic that either woman or girl resided there. The ladies' research into this incident is quite inconclusive.

The Chapel Man is equally impossible to name: Miss Moberly says "he had the jaunty manner of a footman, but no livery"; Miss Jourdain calls him "a boy." He was, from their brief but graphic verbal picture, the embodiment of the eager young manservant "inquisitively amused," with the "peculiar smile of suppressed mockery," the veiled impudence which has persisted in household service.

The Running Man fares little better: he has some air of authority which might denote a senior footman, or even a Court page, drawn from a noble family ("he was distinctly a gentleman"), but it is still not possible to establish who he was, and Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain realized the futility of attempting this.

The silent menace of the man seated on the steps of the kiosk, however, so impressed the ladies that when they came upon a similarly repulsive character in history they felt that they had been successful in establishing an identity.

The man was dark, pockmarked and evil looking. He wore a rather distinctive costume. He was presumed by Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain to be the Comte de Vaudreuil, a Creole nobleman in attendance at the Court.

Vaudreuil is said to have played "Almaviva" in the "Barber of Seville," whereby he started a fashion for a certain kind of slouch hat and cloak. This was in 1785. The hitherto unpublished reproduction from Châtelet's Album (Plate 24) show that the costume was in general usage a year later. It seems, therefore, that if indeed Vaudreuil had popularized these garments, his remaining attribute amongst men so dressed would be his pockmarked face, again, in itself, not an uncommon distinction at that time.

His character was not a pleasant one; unfortunately he was numbered amongst the Queen's closest associates and was largely the instigator of the gaming parties held from time to time at the Trianon. "I have," says Madame de Boigne, "often seen him in London, without ever discovering that distinction with which his contemporaries have credited him. . . . I have heard his ingratitude, speaking of the Queen with the utmost impropriety."[1]

Vaudreuil left France in the July of 1789 in the very first party of *émigrés*, the day following the fall of the Bastille in Paris.

The identification of the two men said to have been dressed in greyish-green coats and small three-cornered hats, was never clearly resolved by the two ladies. Their over-zealous research

[1] *Mémoires de la Comtese de Boigne*, Plon-Nourrit et Cie, Paris, 1907), page 22.

confused details of Royal livery and military uniforms, and nothing conclusive emerged. The more recent investigations carried out by Mr. G. W. Lambert, and debated by him in his "Additional Investigations" later in this book, largely establish his belief that the "two dignified, thoughtful-looking officials" were senior gardeners, and not guards as Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain suggested.

It is worthy of remark that of the eight characters seen six are apparently members of the royal staff, or within the servitor class. Even the seated lady might have been a woman of the household, or kin to a royal servant, if she were not the Queen or a 1901 tourist. The hypothetical Comte de Vaudreuil alone seems the odd man out, appearing only as the essential of malignity, which is, perchance, how he was regarded by the Queen's servants.

A Speculation

BY A. O. GIBBONS

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

"All I want to maintain, then, is that there is nothing self-contradictory or logically absurd in the hypothesis that memories, desires and images can exist in the absence of a physical brain."

HENRY H. PRICE (Wykeham Professor of Logic, University of Oxford)

PSYCHICAL research, after seventy years of investigation, has left open the question of survival after death. During the same period, however, it has established, for some at least, proofs of telepathy. How telepathy is accomplished remains, at present, a mystery; nor is it yet possible to train anyone for it and natural "sensitives" have to be sought. Telepathy is considered, by the majority of researchers, to account for most, if not all, para-normal experiences.

Mr. G. N. M. Tyrrell, in his Myers Memorial Lecture to the Society for Psychical Research,[1] treating of *An Adventure* says: "Granted that the knowledge was somewhere in existence of what the gardens were like in 1789 and that somewhere there was an agent to give dynamic force to the idea. . . . There is no need, on this view, to invoke retrocognition." That is to say there is no need to endow the ladies with a knowledge of the past (already) supernaturally acquired.

With these considerations in mind is it possible to realize how

[1] *Apparitions* (S.P.R. edition, 1943).

and why *An Adventure* happened? There must have been, surely, the opportunity, probably the very rare opportunity, of "agents" to transmit and "sensitives" to receive at a convenient time and in the right place when other conditions, about which one cannot even guess, were propitious.[1]

It so happens that the writer has had many years' experience in the theatre (as indeed had his collaborator, C. H. Ridge) and it is natural to him to suggest to the reader that the Misses Moberly and Jourdain stumbled into some kind of out-of-date play (not in any sense real) which was being presented at the Petit Trianon on that 10th day of August 1901 by the "agent."

This analogy is used purely for the purpose of making *An Adventure* into a connected and possible story from the point of view of modern psychical research.

Remarkably, the two ladies had been given parts in the play, for had not some of the characters either modified their lines, or been assigned additional ones to accommodate the intruders?

The trend of these lines and the entrances and exits of the disembodied actors, seem to have expressed a wish, on the part of some all-seeing stage director, for the removal of the ladies as quickly as possible from his scene. It is almost as though this *régisseur-général*, this actor-manager, had whispered: "Yes, I know that you have strayed on to my stage. I saw you come on from the wrong side and I know that your object is to reach the Petit Trianon. Very well, mesdames, with the least possible fuss I will have you shepherded across, speedily, unobtrusively, as though you were in the play yourselves. I shall respectfully observe your desire to go off on the other side . . . you will pass, on your way, a few pieces of old scenery, a platform or two, which we are forced to use, but if you will accept the décor and the atmosphere of our theatre you will quickly reach the security of the wings. Allons!"

At first sight this may seem a very fanciful statement but it is a logical deduction from the ladies' accounts. It has one or two

[1] I am indebted to C. H. Ridge, for these introductory observations (A.O.G.).

aspects which may be aligned and upon which a theory may be advanced.

One incontrovertible fact emerges at once. At no time did the ladies, jointly or separately, walk upon anything but the *terra firma* and solid masonry of 1901. Once they imagined some intangible, aerial path—the crossing of the ravine—but this is capable of simple explanation within the bounds of the theory to be formulated. Factually the women did not and could not do this thing: they were essentially physically grounded.

The second fact is that they did not touch or walk upon any part of the "provided" platform. Indeed the Chapel Man persuaded them away from the ephemeral construction which he had used himself to the security of Mique's stone prolongation.

Finally, some of the characters, like the woman and the girl, and the man by the kiosk, were apparently mere stage properties and, like the wheelbarrow and the plough, only part of the overall dressing of the scene.

Let us pursue this analogy of the stage and assume an actor-manager, and believe also that he had the disposition of the routeing for the footsteps of the ladies themselves. However bizarre the costumed figures of 1901 may have appeared to him, their entities seem to have been appreciated. So let us follow them, step by step, as they enter the realms of this unsuspected animated ensemble.

A cyclorama defining the grounds of the original Petit Trianon, and masking the additional up or back-stage area where the Hameau finds itself, seems to form the backcloth. The acting area, in front of this, limits the contours of the whole of *An Adventure* and contains within itself the scenery, the properties, the big- and small-part actors, and the ladies.

They enter. The first corner has the plough, lying on the green, and beyond it, spanning the gates of the Glacière enclosure —open or not in 1901—is a scenic flat, so accurately painted that a view of a well-kept drive threading a grove of trees is presented.

They did not actually know what was behind the gates, but

they describe accurately from this picture what was there over a hundred years before.

Then, while catching sight of the two men in long greenish-grey coats further up the lane, whose gravity impressed them greatly, Miss Jourdain suddenly perceived a cottage with a woman and girl before it. The existence of a building capable of forming the model for this scenic superimposition has been proved. In 1901 it was viewed as a reality but no words were exchanged with either of the cottagers who were quite motionless "as in a *tableau vivant*," nor was there any attempt to touch the dwelling.

The ladies did, however, accost the two men and inquire the way. These grave, preoccupied persons somewhat curtly directed them forwards. Turning through the gardener's yard they entered an area where the actor-manager's arrangements were a trifle bewildering . . . bewildering perhaps because so much was subsequently read into them: much which was quite immaterial to the original passage across the stage. However, one piece of provided scenery showed a kiosk, with a man seated upon its steps: "The expression was very evil and yet unseeing." There followed next such scenic contriving as led the ladies to believe that whilst in reality they walked upon solid ground in fantasy they traversed a ravine. Again the accuracy of the scene-painting, a lively reminiscence of the long since filled-in ravine which had stood upon the site where they found themselves, was such that a conviction of reality remained with them ever afterwards.

For the completion of the walk the actor-manager had only three more theatrical devices to provide. The first, which went unchallenged, was the closed shutters within the windows of the *maison*. The second was the elaborate platform for the Chapel Man's use, which is of extraordinary interest.

Either of the doors from which he might have emerged into the ladies' view (and they have confused them) had no practicality in 1901.

The Tribune was derelict and sealed, whilst the internal landing and staircase to the Concierge's door had utterly collapsed

(Plate 14). For the disembodied man to join the ladies on the south-west *perron*, as they looked about for an entrance to the *maison*, a way through the hypothetical gap in the balustrade was possible. For him it was a normal usage of nothingness: but for them it was not possible to pass through the replaced masonry.

Assuming that the Chapel Man, like the other actors, was governed by the actor-manager and that his instructions were to see the ladies off the stage as quickly as possible, why did he take the route which they have reported? The shortest way to the Cour d'Honneur would have been, disregarding the illusory stability of his long-since decayed path "*de plain pied*," to have taken them up the Chapel steps, through the Concierge's door, down the stairs, across the Cour des Cuisines and with a sharp turn to the left bow himself away from them as the main entrance to the Petit Trianon became immediately visible.

The phrase *de plain pied* is taken from the ladies' "Researches" and they applied it to mean "on a level," but obviously were unaware that there was a physical difference of two feet to be taken into account.

He did not do this, because he was "aware" that the physical feet of Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain could not descend a broken-down landing and staircase.

He therefore conveyed them down the Jardin Français. As they crossed the Allée de la Ménagerie (Plate 20) the ladies saw the third and final piece of scenery which the actor-manager of *An Adventure* had decreed. This, in front of the wall of the kitchen block, was a view of a roadway "wide enough for a coach" which gave on to the Allée des deux Trianons.

Again the Chapel Man was "aware" that he could not walk his charges through a succession of stone walls and, moreover, accomplish the ten-foot drop to the level of the kitchen courtyard (Plate 23). So he took them the 1901 way round, bringing them out into the avenue almost, as Miss Moberly says, "where we came in."

Thus a simplification begins to be possible.

The ladies, however their Edwardian clothes were regarded for acceptance, seem to have participated as interlopers throughout. Their feet on the ground, they listened three times to the actors—if only from mundane anxiety. accepting, as they were being accepted, the grave men in green who sent them on, the Running Man who directed them towards their objective and the Chapel Man who so extricated them that they were able to make a dignified exit and find their goal. To reach this objective of the *maison* was, it must be remembered, the whole purpose of their visit.

The wherefore of the enactment and its perpetual lonely continuance seems inexplicable. There are, however, further attested evidences, testimonies set down by others who have caught a glimpse of this spectral masque of the Petit Trianon, which seemingly persists through some strange self-regeneration.

The question of Why must remain unanswered. The question of How might be ventured a step further. So far the stage analogy may have served towards an understanding of the overall picture: it is a reasonable parallel, for the whole essence of stagecraft is that illusion should become reality. But now it is necessary to think a little more deeply about the similes themselves. Obviously the terms " scenery," " property " or " platform," which have been used hitherto, do not imply any physical objects as in a normal theatre. No actual three-dimensional screen, painted to a point equalling vivid reality, is inferred, any more than that the properties or the platform are of durable construction.

Thus there is no assertion of finite vision based upon the optical behaviour of the human retina, its nerve cells, and subsequent transmission to and translation by the brain. What is suggested, however, is that, by some agency, an image of reality as it once existed has again been made available to a living brain, for direct appreciation by psychical perception. Nor is it claimed that the image has been reconjured from the dead memory of some dead person. Such a picture would necessarily be vague in

the extreme. It is suggested that the agency, the " faculty " of the actor-manager himself makes it possible to present the image of a landscape or particular actuality, even to the precise detail of a blade of grass, so accurately that the recipient of the image can be convinced of reality. The superimposition of the image is so forceful that the real, everyday background is subjugated and obliterated.

Indeed this is exactly what appears to have befallen the ladies. Their experience had seemed to them completely real and it was only after several days that the strangeness of the whole matter began to become apparent to each of them, although each kept her own counsel. The reality of the impressions began to seem questionable as their logical powers reasserted themselves and the commonplaces of life flowed past. Their disquiet was first comforted by an agreement that the Trianon " was haunted."

A barrier to the newly ripening friendship was broken down by this, each, until then, fearing not ridicule but at least perhaps a kindly smile of disbelief from the other.

Much of the assumption of haunting was based upon their recollection of the strangeness of behaviour of the characters whom they had encountered. They had either been dressed or had spoken in a peculiar manner. But Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain did not at first question those parts of the background which later proved not to be of 1901. Why should they? Indeed, how could they?

Had they never returned they would have believed until their deaths that the landscape features were actually as they " saw " them. Mutual questioning of the possible authenticity of the characters, however, led to an examination of the gloomy and depressing backgrounds against which the semblances had moved. The recollections of these possibly grew stronger the more they thought of them, for by then they were both convinced that the presentation had not been normal.

It had been a first visit: in due course, after the letter-writing to friends already noticed, they resolved upon a re-examination, only to find that practically nothing was in agreement with what

they had seen in 1901. Here then is the crux of *An Adventure*, the thing that is tormenting and difficult to explain.

What of the agent? If one assumes a ghost or a manifested spirit, or several of them, as is presumable in this instance, a co-ordinator is clearly essential if the enactment is to have any coherence or homogeneity of presentation: someone who knows fully the actors and their costumes, their background, their work, their speech and, above all, the scenery apposite for them. All this presupposes possession of a faculty for releasing or engendering revivifying details which shall not only accord with that section of the play which is being presented but which shall have regard to strangers who may inadvertently enter the production.

How was it possible to possess this co-ordinating knowledge? Had there ever been a man who at any specific period in the history of the *maison*, from its inauguration until the advent of Napoleon, could faithfully pronounce upon all the external details, who could review and reassess the alterations, the extensions and the suppressions?

Yes, indeed, such a man had existed and he had lived in, and lived for, those parts of the Trianon where all the events recorded by the ladies took place.

This was Antoine Richard,[1] who had been uniquely and more intimately associated with the estate (from the time of the resident appointment of his father Claude in 1753 and his own position as head-gardener between 1765 and 1795), than any other person. He had seen every change and every transformation through the course of these forty-two eventful years. He had known, or knew of, almost everyone who was privileged to enter the domain when it was the refuge of a tired King seeking seclusion with his chosen *petite amie*, or when it was the refuge of a Queen desiring distraction, frivolity and the satisfaction of every whim regardless of cost. Who better able to say: "There

[1] The theories of Mr. G. W. Lambert, President of the Society for Psychical Research, are put forward in the section that follows and indicate the qualifying potentiality of this man as agent.

used to be, twenty-five years ago, a flowerbed where the steps are. It always had the first spring flowers . . . a little bandstand stood here during the days of the old King. He liked to have music when he spent the afternoon among the nursery beds, talking with my father."

Richard's life from 1774 onwards was one of emotional distress, growing greater as allegiance to his Queen strengthened itself and culminating in the loss of her, the Royal family and, finally, in the loss of his beloved gardens. His tragedy, ending with the bitterness of a near-pauper's death, was as complete as the Fates could have wished.

With his love for each tree, each flower, each graceful glade, the Trianon was mirrored in Richard's soul. It was impressed on him and he on it, for ever. It was so deeply loved that he would risk his life for it. These are not idle words: he risked it absolutely when he pleaded alone before the Revolutionary Convention for the saving of its beauty, a beauty which was anathema to the *citoyens* of Versailles.

Here then was a man who could play the role of the actor-manager, a man through whose eyes one might perceive the imaged environment which he had so meticulously observed during life and who could, in some hallucinatory way transmit to others faithful glimpses of that bygone reality. If the identification of him as the younger man of the two grave, green-clad figures is plausible he was not only stage-manager but also, as is not uncommon in the theatre, actor as well.

His role seems upon further examination to be distinctly that of a go-between who was capable of triggering off visions and pseudo-realities from a vast occult storeroom. Is there detectable an anxiety on the part of the agent to satisfy his wandering visitors, to imbue their minds with the details of his transitory drama? Perhaps it is not at once perceptible yet it may be inferred that he has virtually done everything for them. Is there a reciprocal anxiety on their part, his collaborators, to accept his projected impressions? It is only faintly discernible in their immediate behaviour, although the after-effect endured throughout their

lifetimes. The basis of the whole experience seems to be that of reciprocity, with a subtle bond between the participants, a soundless directed whisper which brought them together on that 10 August, 1901.

Was there any precedent for this unconscious alliance? In the case of Miss Moberly there might well have been:[1] the case of Miss Jourdain is not so certain, yet her "clairvoyance" seems to have been more regular, for she not only saw and heard all the details of the first visit, with the exception of the lady, but had further experiences on subsequent occasions.

Given, therefore, reciprocity, making emission and absorption possible, the How seems explicable as a silent call to enter the stage, even in an unorthodox way: an unquestioning readiness on the part of the ladies to do so and to be utterly receptive to the " triggerings " which were effected.

[1] Light is thrown upon her sensitivity in *Four Victorian Ladies of Wiltshire* (Edith Olivier, Faber & Faber, 1945).

Additional Investigations

BY GUY W. LAMBERT, C.B.

President of The Society for Psychical Research, 1956

ON page 82 Mr. Ridge refers to some views put forward by me in the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research* (July–Oct. 1953, March–April 1954 and March 1955). In three articles, under the general title " Antoine Richard's Garden," I developed a fresh interpretation of *An Adventure* on the following lines.

If each incident in the narratives is represented by a dot on a plan of the gardens, it is at once noticeable that the greatest density of dots is in the neighbourhood of the Gardener's house. None of the dots is in the *maison*, all are in the gardens. In so far as the incidents might be regarded as an expression of the interests of some individual to whom, by inference, they can be attributed, the dots certainly suggest someone whose sympathies are allied more keenly to the gardens than to the *maison*. The eighteenth-century aspect of much that was seen by the ladies suggests in this sphere the likely possibility of Antoine Richard, the Gardener to the Queen, who, as Mr. Gibbons has remarked, establishes a stronger claim than anyone else to be the " actor-manager " of any reconstruction of the Trianon Garden before the eyes of posterity.

The fact that the two ladies did not see certain very obvious features which were there in 1789, notably the Belvédère and the Jeu de Bague, suggests to me that the visions relate to a date before those structures were built. The most probable year

appears to be 1774: the year in which Louis XV died. Indeed, a later date is practically ruled out by the following curious piece of information which has only recently come to light.

Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain both saw two men in long green (or greenish) coats, wearing three-cornered hats. They were carrying in their hands something which Miss Moberly thought was a spade and Miss Jourdain thought might have been a staff. The view that the things were staves seems, on reflection, to have been preferred, as they were more in keeping with the dignified dress. At the time they were " seen " they were almost at once assumed to be gardeners (see page 99), and that is probably correct. Much later, however, as the result of research they are described as "Guards." It is nevertheless clear that the men were civilian officials and all the research references to different kinds of military uniform are beside the mark. If they had been military guards they would have carried some sort of weapon and not staves.

The whole of the research note in *An Adventure* about uniforms is very misleading, as the authors have confused three different kinds of dress, namely (1) servants' livery, (2) court dress worn by guests at the Petit Trianon in Marie Antoinette's time and (3) military uniform.

The first alone is relevant here. Desjardins[1] tells us that at Versailles all the servants (*tout le service*)—and that presumably means both the indoor and the outdoor staff—wore the King's livery, which was red, white and blue; and that at the Trianon " *la domesticité* "—which, presumably, means the indoor servants only—wore the Queen's livery, which was red and silver. The inference is that in the time of Louis XVI the outdoor servants at the Trianon wore the King's livery. In either case the body cloth of the coat was red: so the two men were clearly not wearing the livery which within a short period of his accession was laid down by Louis XVI. (In a footnote on page 55 of the third edition of *An Adventure* the authors not only misquote Desjardins as to the colours of the King's and Queen's liveries,

[1] *Le Petit Trianon*, Desjardins, page 81.

but also cite in support of their mis-statement two other references to passages which relate to court dress and not livery, thereby adding to the confusion.) In the time of Louis XV the gardeners at the Petit Trianon had worn green, a fact of which the two authors were clearly unaware. This is proved by a document in the Archives Nationales (O^1 984/468) containing a number of proposals for carrying on the administration of the Trianon and obviously put forward within a few weeks of the death of Louis XV.

The last of the proposals, all of which were approved, was that " as the Richards are in green, they ought to be in red with blue velvet facings."

In the summer of 1774, but not afterwards, a visitor to the Petit Trianon entering by the gardener's gate might well have encountered two men, " one older than the other," wearing green livery, and looking " very grave " following the recent death of their benefactor.

In a picture of the Jeu de Bague[1] (Plate 4) there are in the foreground two women who may very well be the Queen and her sister-in-law, Princess Elizabeth, with two children, presumably the little Princess Royal and the Dauphin. Behind them walks a man wearing a three-cornered hat, a long skirted coat, and stockings of a lighter colour that might be white. He carries before him in ceremonial fashion a long staff. That figure could conceivably represent Antoine Richard accompanying the Royal party on their walk round the garden.

The year 1774, as the reader has seen, was one of crisis for Antoine Richard. It is difficult to imagine how dreams and crises of long ago can make themselves felt to strangers of a much later generation. But just as a psychiatrist examines the material of the dreams of his patient, and finds in it symbolic indications of emotional crises of childhood, so, in the case of waking dreams which appear to be generated by a particular place, it seems worth while to examine the material for signs of emotional crises experienced in its past. To many this might

[1] Collection Parmentier.

seem an unlikely analogy, but *An Adventure* and similar recordings make it unwise to conclude that such probings must necessarily fail to produce a pertinent result.

One of these other incidents relating to the Trianon garden must be briefly related here, because it confirms the view that the gardener is the central figure of the visionary scenes.

In October 1928 two other Englishwomen staying in Paris paid a visit to the Petit Trianon. Both are sure that they had not previously read *An Adventure*, or heard the story of it. To avoid the crowd, they entered by the Gardener's Gate, as Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain had done in 1901, and found themselves similarly overcome by an unaccountable feeling of depression. Very soon after entering they saw " an old man in green and silver uniform, approaching down a side avenue." He shouted at them in unintelligible French, and when the two visitors looked back to see where he had gone, he had vanished. Miss C. M. Burrow, the elder of the two, remembered that the man was wearing a long green skirted coat, edged with silver braid, having multiple collars and broad cuffs, buckled shoes, stockings, which to the best of her recollection were white, and a stick with knob and tassel. On his head was a three-cornered hat with a rather high turn-up brim, also braided. A sketch of him which she did from memory is shown on Plate 25.

It is difficult to attribute all this detail to Miss Burrow's ordinary store of memories, as she had no idea who the man might be nor what clothing it would be appropriate for an old-time (or present) gardener to wear. If she had acquired knowledge of *An Adventure*, and had forgotten it, it is unlikely that she would have seen no-one but an old gardener; and if she had studied the detailed history of the place in Marie Antoinette's time, she would have expected to see the gardener in red livery, with blue cuffs.

The theory that the gardener was the central figure of the story was not put forward until 1953, years after Miss Burrow made her sketch.

Whether the details about the silver braid and multiple collars

on the coat are accurate from the historical point of view is uncertain. No description or picture sufficiently meticulous to throw light on the matter has yet been discovered. But it is very remarkable that the coat was green, a colour which, as explained above, was changed to red in 1774 or early in 1775. The *tout ensemble* of the man's wear was quite appropriate to the year 1774 and the fact that he carried a stick showed that he was a civilian official, presumably of the same description as the " two officials," carrying staves, seen by Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain in 1901.

In 1774 Claude Richard and his son Antoine lived in the two gardeners' houses at the Trianon. The elder would have been sixty-nine and the younger thirty-nine. Of the two men seen in 1901 " one seemed to be older than the other." Miss Burrow thought the age of the man she and her companion saw in 1928 was " sixty-ish."

But the significance of the colour of the mens' livery, noted on two separate occasions to be green, can leave no reasonable doubt in the mind of an investigator.

The writer of these Notes believes that Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain, whatever mistakes may have been made, in their records and their research, did have an adventure.

The Background of the Story and Its Documents

BY C. HAROLD RIDGE, F.S.A.

In the preceding sections *An Adventure* has been described and analysed. Of equal interest and importance, however, is the examination of the various documents which the ladies wrote; the reception of them; and their struggles and researches, which led ultimately to publication in 1911 and have remained controversial ever since.

Of the partners, Miss Jourdain was obviously responsible for most of the meticulous work in the Archives Nationales and elsewhere. Miss Moberly seems to have been the instinctive editor. They were both what is sometimes termed " sensitives." Miss Edith Olivier in her *Four Victorian Ladies of Wiltshire* (Faber & Faber, 1945) discusses other psychic adventures of Miss Moberly; and Miss Jourdain too, it is reported, had her own psychic experiences. This is important. It may well be that only to " sensitives " are vouchsafed such visions.

Miss Jourdain's psychic faculties were active again at the Petit Trianon on two occasions after the first joint adventure. As they throw further light upon parts of the story it is proposed to cite certain extracts from them later, but it should be remembered that the narratives M2 and J2 are those which made the main approach to the public and can be regarded for most purposes as standing complete and self-contained.

Gibbons has given his opinion of the researches upon which

the ladies embarked to find support for their narratives (page 32). It was felt that the authors, and others following them, had devoted far too much time to inquiries into documentary evidence at the expense of investigations possible on the site. It was considered that a more careful and detailed examination of the route and buildings should be undertaken, particularly with a view to proving or disproving the possibility of the final incident developed in their " Researches," when, if the authors were correct, they had passed through a carriage-way in the middle of the kitchen block—that is to say, through what was, in 1901, a series of stone walls.

In spite of the lapse of time and the apparent coldness of the scent, the history of such a famous complex of buildings as the Petit Trianon is known and can be studied on the site to-day. For various reasons such a visit has for the present writer been impracticable, but Gibbons, an old friend, who has also found the greatest interest in examining the story over a period of thirty years and who is well acquainted as a result of very many personal visits with the buildings and gardens of the Petit Trianon—where he has frequently enjoyed the privilege of special permission from the authorities to facilitate his investigations—undertook to make archaeological investigations when visiting Versailles in the summer of 1955.

He and his wife spent a number of days at the Petit Trianon and went back again several times during the autumn and in the spring of 1956.

New discoveries and recent research have indeed thrown further light upon this cherished ghost story; the Gibbons's work as much as any. A strengthened feeling rightly remains that something abnormal did happen to those two Adventurers the Misses Moberly and Jourdain. A most valuable contribution to the inquiries is the finding and publication of certain illustrations from the Souvenir Album, commissioned by Marie Antoinette of the artist Châtelet in 1786, including an accurate map by the royal architect, Mique. This album was located by Gibbons and the details are here published for the first time.

Critics have sometimes sought to wreck the story out of hand, but in 1953 one writer at least published a comprehending, constructive appreciation, and seemed to offer an acceptable explanation. No-one, probably, is better qualified to examine the psychic aspect than Guy William Lambert, President of the Society for Psychical Research. A firm and erudite reading of the problem and extensive personal research have enabled him to align details which have in the past remained not only obscure but continually frustrating. At the same time his notebook remains open to receive and consider new findings as they become known. His remarks appear under the heading " Additional Investigations."

Dr. Joan Evans, as literary executrix to the ladies, has kindly allowed their papers to be printed, and I would like to record the sincere thanks of the authors for her collaboration.

To return to the compilation by Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain of these essential documents which started fifty-six years ago: at the risk of being wearisome the facts must once more be outlined. Having paid their initial visit to the Petit Trianon in August 1901, they were agreed before parting some days later that the place " was haunted." The agreement came when Miss Moberly was writing a letter home, recording the details of her holiday in France.

Much capital has been made of the fact that this letter has never been found. Its insignificance has been exalted into significance because of its loss. At best it probably contained a first impression—very valuable but not sufficiently so to imply that its loss might suggest it was never written or deliberately suppressed.

Then some two months later, in England, Miss Jourdain found that she had not seen the " seated lady," and Miss Moberly, for her part, had not seen the cottage and its occupants. This provoked them to write separate accounts which they exchanged and they were suitably bewildered by their agreement on so many other separate matters.

As a result, within the following three weeks, they say, they

wrote two more accounts, M2 and J2, merely dated " November 1901 " and " December 1901."

At this point it should be emphasized that neither of the ladies was writing for posterity. They had no idea that these manuscripts, written primarily for their own satisfaction and then for that of their friends, describing an odd and singular experience, were to gain any notoriety. The friends gave appropriate criticisms, doubtless with questions and observations. But in this interchange the handwritten foolscap sheets became torn and disfigured. When in 1906 they started the Green Notebook, now lodged in the Bodleian Library, they considered it necessary to make fair copies of M2 and J2 and the dog-eared originals were lost or destroyed. For this regrettable clearing-up the ladies have never been forgiven by some critics.

It was not until October 1902, that their experience came to the notice of any official body. The occasion was a party in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, when they had an opportunity of talking with Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, who urged them to tell their story to the Society for Psychical Research and recommended that they should send their very first accounts.

This they did with negative results, as they were given to understand, in a roundabout way, that it was not a case likely to be of interest. They were a little ruffled by this dismissal and averred, there and then, their determination to search for the truth of the matter themselves. It was for this reason that they started quietly, without guidance, upon the " Researches " which have subsequently met with much adverse criticism.

Neither they nor the S.P.R. had very much to go upon. The full significance of this adventure did not dawn upon them until July 1904 at the earliest. Then they paid their second visit together to the Trianon, when Miss Moberly discovered for the first time that there was little to confirm the impressions received in 1901. Miss Jourdain had warned her of this but the realization was overwhelming. From this moment onwards their researches became exceedingly important to them.

It was in 1911 that they first published *An Adventure* and the

book met with the widest interest. The greatest ghost story of all time was born.

Since then several important criticisms, both for and against, have been written, whilst contemporary reviews of each of the four subsequent editions have provided a cross-section of opinion through the years. It must be impressed upon the reader that none of the trite explanations proffered, such as the making of a film or the presence of costumed masqueraders for tableaux, pageants, or photographic records thereof, has been substantiated. Each rumoured " solution " has been checked, run to its source and disproved. The authorities at Versailles gave written statements to the ladies that, permission being necessary, they could aver that none of these activities took place in August 1901.

The more recent legend of " death-bed confessions of a hoax upon the world " is utterly untrue.

After the abortive attempt in October 1902 to interest the S.P.R. in their story no contact is revealed by either the Bodleian Library or the Society files until February 1911, when the publishers (Macmillan) put the authors in touch with the Society's Secretary.

Unfortunately matters went very little more happily than they had done before and it was not until 1913 that some sort of truce existed. The letters which passed between the two parties are to be seen in the Bodleian Library and it is sufficient to say that the misunderstanding was based upon confusion over the first and second narratives, with ample reference to the regrettable loss of the originals of M2 and J2.

The Society has, in fact, constituted an experienced court of judgment; a court which has not yet reached its final decision and from which voices speaking both for and against " the defendants " have been heard.

In 1949–50 Mr. W. H. Salter (President of the S.P.R. 1947–48), wrote somewhat fully upon the evidence put forward (Vol. 35, *The Journal*), stressing certain weaknesses of the narratives when examined by the Society's standards. By that time no less than four editions had been published.

Mr. Salter points to its several deficiencies—

(*a*) Delay of three months before anything is written, except for an account written home by Miss Moberly, which she never recovered (see page 22).

(*b*) Knowledge of local " ghost stories " of Marie Antoinette may have influenced the written account.

(*c*) Omission of the first written accounts in all but the second edition.

(*d*) Each had read the first account of the other before writing her second story.

(*e*) There is some internal evidence that the second account was written more than three weeks after the first. He would put the second account as after 2 January, 1902.

(*f*) The amplifications in the second account are suspect. As their accounts and comments grow, Mr. Salter observes, so the descriptions of the behaviour and appearance of the characters are such as to make it more difficult to fit these persons into the actual scene of 1901.

At the Society all four original statements (two by each of the women) have been pasted on to cards in parallel columns for easy comparison and for those who attach importance to the differences a study of this kind is well repaid.

The S.P.R. very rightly prefers that a statement on any paranormal experience should be written directly after the event. It is also desirable that expert cross-examination follows immediately. The first was not done in the case we are considering; belated application for the second was denied; but the questions and observations of friends on M1 and J1 resulted in M2 and J2. With that we must be content.

In criminal trials the evidence upon which the jury delivers its verdict, after examination-in-chief followed by the cross-examination of the witnesses, is very different from that in the original depositions. Sometimes indeed, there is little resemblance between them. The jury, moreover, must try to keep their minds free from what they have read or heard of the case before the trial. Yet a true verdict is arrived at in possibly ninety-nine

cases in every hundred. In our case the original depositions are represented by M1 and J1 and our readers (our jury) must try not to be prejudiced by any previous study they may have made of our case. Very few, unless trained to do so, could make a complete and satisfactory statement of an adventure of their own. At least one amplified account would be found necessary and expert cross-examination would produce a modified version still further amplified.

The natural wish to be able to put as full an account as possible before their friends led to their amplification of the original documents M1 and J1 and the establishment of M2 and J2 as evidence upon which they were willing to stand trial. M1 and J1 are reprinted as an Appendix for comparison by the reader, having appeared publicly only once before in the somewhat rare second edition. Scrutiny does not reveal any serious discrepancy in the statements. A comparison of the visions does not produce discrepancy so much as individuality in the separate narratives. A similar finding, after accepting the facts of amplification, is also true in the consideration of M2 and J2.

As has been pointed out (page 30) there is a simple, common story threading through all the narratives. For our purpose we have investigated M2 and J2 because that is how the ladies published their experience. M1 and J1 would have served almost equally well, although the ladies themselves deemed them inadequate.

Yet it must be admitted at once that when M2 and J2 were first composed editing of recollections crept in. The incident of the two men first encountered is a good example: Miss Moberly in M2 combines under an editorial "we" all the descriptions originally set down of this incident in M1 and J1 and J2. The result is comprehensive but vague and one is left with wheelbarrows, staves, spades, ploughs, presumed gardeners or dignified officials.

But what of the accusations of "embellishment"?

An excellent example is that the ladies are frequently interpreted as saying that they "left the French Garden through a

stone wall." How preposterous! They never said it, either in M1, J1, M2 or J2. They suggested it years afterwards in their "Researches" because, having found an inaccurate map by one Contant de la Motte they apparently wished to think it. The criticism should be directed against the "Researches" and not at the story as they originally and implicitly wrote it. The story is the thing, not their well-meaning but ill-directed explanations of it.

Miss Jourdain had other psychic experiences at the Petit Trianon. These were recorded in January 1902 (as J3). They concern additional characters, speech, and music, but they add nothing which illuminates the joint ghost story. They illustrate Miss Jourdain's susceptibilities and possibly suggest that the atmosphere of the Trianon was a congenial one for her psychic gifts.

A further detail is to be found, however, in an Appendix to *An Adventure*. It was noted as occurring in September 1908.

Here Miss Jourdain records that after taking numerous photographs on a sunny, unremarkable afternoon, she found that the limited time left to her could best be used by leaving the grounds by the way that she and Miss Moberly had taken in 1901 to enter them. That is to say she came down the path where they had encountered the two gardeners.

Two women, sitting in the shade by the gates on the green, which had been open in 1901 to reveal the "well-kept drive," were conducting a shrill altercation. Miss Jourdain hurried on down the sloping path to where she was to turn left into the sunken lane. As she reached this point she became conscious that the familiar feelings of depression were again closing in upon her, cloaking and subduing the voices of the disputing women. She looked back to find the gates melting away and the background of trees once more becoming visible through them "as on our original visit."

This incident is cited as reflecting Miss Jourdain's clairvoyant faculty. Even her own comment is enlightening here: "... so little did I expect any repetition of the old phenomena after the

innumerable uneventful visits I had paid to the Trianon since the winter of 1902."

If *An Adventure* had occurred in England it is certain that many writers would have carried out their own investigations and checking on the site, but Versailles is some way off. One man, however, did go there with the set purpose of research and wrote an interesting book under the title of *The Mystery of Versailles: A Complete Solution.* This was J. R. Sturge Whiting. He attempted a commonsense, rational explanation, but this is largely unsatisfactory owing to his disregard of those facts which he could not accommodate within the limits of his argument. He had, however, the helpful idea of indicating the possible route followed by the ladies, although this commendable notion loses value as he glosses over those portions of the route where his own researches do not enable him to be precise.

It is, nevertheless, a well-presented, fair criticism, which should be read by anyone who is interested in the subject.

The authors were not without their champions; for the defence a lawyer entered the field. *The Trianon Case: A Review of Evidence*, by Landale Johnston, was published in 1945, but unfortunately here is an instance where the author's lack of familiarity with the setting leads to mis-statement. The book was written during the course of the second World War: Mr. Johnston, a retired Indian Civil Servant, had never visited the Petit Trianon and could not then do so.

Since compiling *The Trianon Adventure* the authors of this symposium have read *The Ghosts of Versailles* by Lucille Iremonger (Faber & Faber), but it has not been considered necessary to alter the opinions here expressed on the characters of the two ladies.

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Appendix I

MI

(*Miss Moberly's first account of the visit of* 10 *August* 1901, *dated* 25 *November* 1901. *Written before seeing Miss Jourdain's account of the* 25 *November* 1901.)

On Saturday, August 10th, 1901, Miss Jourdain and I went to Versailles from Paris. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when we left the Palace to find the Petit Trianon. By going straight down the central avenue at the back of the Palace, we probably went the longest way. When we turned off to the right hand, we walked through a wide woodland glade, very pretty and very much deserted.

The weather had been very hot for some time and we congratulated ourselves on having a grey day for our expedition, it was still very warm, but the sky was a little overcast and the sun uncertain and mostly shaded. There was a lively air blowing; full of summer scents, and the woods were looking their best. The walk was most enjoyable and we were both feeling particularly vigorous. When we started our minds were full of the German occupation, but we soon began talking about our mutual acquaintances in England, and paid but little attention to our surroundings.

We reached a broad drive which crossed our glade, and saw in front of us, a little to the left, a building which we believed to be the Grand Trianon. We did not go to it, but looked about for the Petit Trianon. Instead of asking the way, as I expected

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Appendix I

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M1

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The weather had been very hot for some time and we congratulated ourselves on having a grey day for our expedition, it was still very warm, but the sky was a little overcast and the sun uncertain and mostly shaded. There was a lively air blowing; full of summer scents, and the woods were looking their best. The walk was most enjoyable and we were both feeling particularly vigorous. When we started our minds were full of the German occupation, but we soon began talking about our mutual acquaintances in England, and paid but little attention to our surroundings.

We reached a broad drive which crossed our glade, and saw in front of us, a little to the left, a building which we believed to be the Grand Trianon. We did not go to it, but looked about for the Petit Trianon. Instead of asking the way, as I expected

her to do from a woman who was shaking a cloth into the drive from a doorway of a building on the right hand, Miss Jourdain crossed the drive and went down a country lane in front of us. This was done so decidedly that I thought she knew the way.

We followed the lane some way, but fancying we were going too far, we made a sharp turn to the right past some deserted buildings which we thought at first might be the house we were looking for. We looked in at some doors, but did not do more as no one seemed to be there.

Then we walked on again by a slightly ascending path with rough ground on one side. Seeing two men further on, we went up to them and asked the way. They appeared to be gardeners (as one had a spade), dressed in greyish-green coats and small three-cornered hats. They directed us straight on. We walked on briskly, talking as before, but from the moment we left the lane an extraordinary depression had come over me, which in spite of every effort to shake off, steadily deepened.

There seemed to be absolutely no cause for it, and I was anxious that my companion should not discover the sudden gloom that became quite overpowering on reaching the point where the path we were following joined another path crossing it from left to right.

In front of us was a slope leading down to the stream, which on our right hand fell over stones and was crossed by a rustic bridge. To our left beyond the slope stood the erection which we later found to be the Temple de l'Amour.[1] I said "I wonder which is our way" and thought instantly after, "Nothing will induce me to go to the left." Everything looked unnatural, and therefore unpleasant; even the woods behind the Temple seemed to have become flat and lifeless like a wood worked on tapestry.

There was a man sitting on the balustrade of the Temple, who turned his head and looked at us. That was the culmination of

[1] We thought this because the Temple de l'Amour was mentioned in the guide-book. Miss Jourdain first saw the real Temple de l'Amour in January, 1902, and I saw it in July, 1904.

my vague distress; it gave way to a moment of genuine alarm. His face was most repulsive, and he seemed to scowl. It was with great relief that we heard at that moment someone running up to us in breathless haste, and connecting the sound with the gardeners, I turned and perceived a man close to us, apparently coming over the rock (or whatever it was) that filled the corner at the divergence of the path to the left. He was a tall, handsome man, with dark eyes and crisp curling black hair under a large sombrero hat. His face was very red,—I thought to myself "How sunburnt you are," adding immediately the thought, "It is not the colour of sunburning." Though I could not follow the words he said, there was no doubt about his intense eagerness that we should not go to the left, but *should* go to the right. As this fell in with my wish, I went instantly towards the bridge, turning my head to join in with Miss Jourdain's expression of gratitude. By doing so, I was able to see that he was on neither path nor on the slope, but I did not think about it at the time.

Very soon after crossing the little bridge, we came in sight of the back and side of the house,—a square, well-built stone house with a raised terrace. The long windows at the back of the house were shuttered, and in front of them under the balustrade, a lady was sitting on a seat on the lawn, apparently sketching or reading. I thought "After all we were not so much alone as we had fancied." She seemed busy, and was leaning forward; but when we passed on her left hand, she turned her head and looked at us. It was not a young face, and though rather pretty, it was not attractive. She had a shady white straw hat somewhat perched on a good deal of fair hair. Her light summer dress was arranged in handkerchief fashion on her shoulders, and there was a little line of either green or gold near the edge of the handkerchief. Her dress seemed to be short in front but as she was sitting carelessly I cannot be sure of this. For the same reason, I perceived no distinction about her figure. She had a sheet of paper in her hand, and I had an impression that there was nothing on it. There was something unattractive about her

expression, and after looking full at her, I suddenly turned away.

We went on to the terrace, and as we stood there I saw her again from behind and noticed that her muslin fichu behind was pale green. I believed her to be a tourist, and wondered that anyone could sit in such a dreary place that still seemed to be full of unnatural darkness, and was relieved that Miss Jourdain did not suggest enquiring the way from her.

A young man came out of a garden doorway and told us that we could only enter the house from the front courtyard, and directed us down another path parallel with the one on which we had met the gardeners. He looked amused as he walked with us. Finding that we had to get back to the Avenue, I wondered why the gardeners had made us come such an unnecessarily long way round. We soon came to the opening leading into the drive that went past the front entrance. We went over the house in company with a large merry French wedding party, and the interest of the rooms made me put aside the thought of the garden experience. We drove back to Versailles for tea, both of us rather silent, but not mentioning the Trianon at all. We looked about for the Tennis Court, and then went back to Paris by train.

For several days we never mentioned these things, nor did I think of them until I was writing home a descriptive letter of all our expeditions, amongst others that to the Petit Trianon. As the scenes came back one by one, the same extraordinary sensation of being closed in and of deathly stillness came back so strongly that I stopped writing and said to Miss Jourdain: "Do you think the Petit Trianon is haunted?" her answer was prompt: "Yes I do." I begged her to say how and where and on hearing almost an exact replica of my experience we discussed it together, and then I realised for the first time the theatrical appearance of the man who came behind us—the inappropriateness of the wrapped cloak on a hot August afternoon, the unaccountableness of his coming and going and the excited running.

That was all then; but in the following November Miss Jourdain and I met again, and, recalling the incidents, I mentioned the lady as a person we might have referred to for direction, and learned to my amazement that my companion had seen no lady. This was quite unaccountable, for we were walking side by side, she was visible some way off, we passed her close by, and I had seen her again from the terrace. Only my belief that she was an ordinary person had caused me not to mention her before.

(Signed) C. A. E. MOBERLY.
(Dated) November 25, 1901.

JI

(*Miss Jourdain's first account of the visit of the* 10 *August* 1901, *dated* 28 *November* 1901. *Written before seeing Miss Moberly's account of the* 25 *November* 1901.)

ON Saturday, August 10th, 1901, Miss Moberly and I went to Versailles. After spending some time in the Palace, we went down by the terraces and struck to the right to find the Petit Trianon, tracing our way by Baedeker's plan. We walked for some distance down a wooded alley, and then came upon the buildings of the Grand Trianon, before which we did not delay. We went on in the direction of the Petit Trianon, but just before reaching what we afterwards knew to be the main entrance I saw a gate leading to a path cut out deep below the level of the ground above, and as the way was open, and had the look of an entrance that was used, I said: "shall we try this path? it must lead to the house," and we followed it. To our right we soon saw some farm buildings looking empty and deserted, implements were lying about; we looked in, but saw no one. The impression was saddening, but it was not until we reached the crest of the rising ground where there was a garden that I began to feel as if there was something wrong. There were two men there in official dress (greenish in colour), with something in their

hands. They told us, in answer to my enquiry, to go straight on. I remember repeating my question because they answered in a casual way; but we only got the same answer, in the same manner. We walked on: the path pointed out to us seemed to lead away from where we imagined the Petit Trianon to be, and there was a feeling of depression and loneliness about the place. We passed a building like a farmhouse: I saw a woman and a girl come out of it, the girl had a mug in her hands. At last we came upon a path crossing ours, and saw to our left a building which we afterwards recognised as the Temple de l'Amour.[1] *Seated* below the balustrade on the steps was a man with a heavy black cloak round his shoulders and a slouch hat. At that moment the eerie feeling which had begun in the garden culminated in a definite impression of something uncanny and fear-inspiring. The man slowly turned his face. His expression was very evil and yet unseeing, and though I did not feel that he was looking particularly at us I felt a repugnance to going past him. But I did not wish to show the feeling, which I thought was meaningless, and we talked about the best way to turn and decided to go to the right. As we walked, I found myself wondering whether anyone had ever stumbled over from the path into the water on our left. Suddenly we heard a man running behind us: he shouted " Mesdames, mesdames," and when I turned he said (in an accent that seemed to me unusual) that our way was to the right—not to the left. Though we were surprised to be addressed, we were glad of the direction, and I thanked him. The man ran off with a curious smile on his face. The steps ceased as suddenly as they had begun not far from where we stood. I remember that the man was young-looking with a florid complexion and rather long dark hair. I do not remember the dress except for an impression that the material was dark and heavy. Almost immediately we came upon the garden front of the Petit Trianon,

[1] At the time of writing this I had seen no picture of the Temple, nor been back to the place. I meant that, seeing the name in Baedeker's *Guide*, we both took it for granted that that was the name of our building though from the first moment Miss Moberly had called it the kiosk.

and though I remember drawing my skirt away as if someone was there (when we came up the steps of the terrace), and then wondering why I did it, I do not remember seeing anyone until a boy came out who directed us to go round to the other entrance. On our way we passed through a garden, part of which was walled in by trees. The feeling of dreariness was very strong there, and continued until we actually reached the front entrance to the Petit Trianon, and looked round the rooms in the wake of a French wedding party. Afterwards we drove back to the Palace.

The impression returned to me at intervals during the week that followed, but I did not speak of it till Miss Moberly asked me if I thought the Petit Trianon was haunted and I said yes. Then, too, the inconsistency of the dress and the behaviour of the men with an August afternoon at Versailles struck me.

Since then I notice that the impression of the time spent in the garden of the Petit Trianon does not recur to me naturally, but can only be recalled by an effort. I now recollect it clearly chiefly because I have fixed the memory of it by speaking of it and by writing down the facts, otherwise I should have lost the detail and only remembered the strange impression produced. But at the time the details were so clear that I never thought of suspecting anything unreal in the occurrences.

(Signed) E. JOURDAIN.
(Dated) November 28th, 1901.

Appendix II

A Contribution to the Study of
An Adventure

(*The following pages are based upon an interview with Mrs. P. B. Greer, née Peggy Bowen-Colthurst, a pupil of Miss Moberly and of Miss Jourdain.*)

An interesting confirmation of Miss Jourdain's calm acceptance of the strangeness of the occurrence at the Petit Trianon is afforded by one who heard some details shortly after the events had taken place. The opportunity arose at the commencement of a finishing course which the listener was taking with three other young women at Miss Jourdain's *pension* in Paris.

Miss Jourdain had secured a suitable flat at 270, Boulevard Raspail, in the summer of 1900, but it was not until a year later that she was able to make use of it. Before the students were due to arrive she took the opportunity to invite Miss Moberly to stay upon their first holiday together, and it was during this time that they made their expedition of 10 August to Versailles.

Some days later, her visit ended, Miss Moberly returned to England, but not before the two had agreed that something very peculiar had happened, in short that the Trianon was " haunted."

The four students arrived at the *pension* during the first week or so of September. Miss Peggy Bowen-Colthurst, who had been a senior at Miss Jourdain's school in Watford, came for six months whilst awaiting a vacancy at St. Hugh's Hall, Oxford,

to which she had won a scholarship in History. She has given the following information.

" At all times Miss Jourdain was approachable and gave a lively sympathy to any problems we brought to her. She had been my headmistress for some years and I had come to know her well; before she left Paris, in September, 1901, to return to Corran, her school at Watford, she made an opportunity to give me an account of her visit to the Petit Trianon with Miss Moberly.

" She gave me a vivid series of pictures of what she saw in order that I might carry the details in my mind when looking for old prints in the shops on the quays of the Seine. This she commissioned me to do in my free time.

" She stressed having seen two gardeners first of all and later a man with a black slouch hat, black cloak, and an evil pock-marked face. She told me that, having entered the grounds by a lane, they had walked up a little hill and had lost their way in some rough woodland and then, descending by another path, had come upon the Palace. She did not use the words ghosts or apparitions, or say that the Trianon was haunted, but she told me how strange everything had seemed and about the novel appearance of certain clipped hedges which she said they had seen before they had become lost in the woodland. She commissioned me to try and find anything which would verify what the gardens and personalities looked like in the past. It would appear that at the time that Miss Jourdain spoke to me she had already realized that she and Miss Moberly had had an uncommon experience, as if ' a curtain separating them from the past had been lifted.' "

On Thursday afternoons the four students were at liberty to use their time as they wished. The rest of the week was spent in attending lectures at the Sorbonne and elsewhere, educational visits, and much French conversation at an evangelical seminary nearby, together with a great deal of reading up of the subjects presented during the week.

" I was partially successful in my search as I was able to find pictures showing the clipped hedges but I never found any prints of uniforms which fitted the descriptions.

" I have been asked why Miss Jourdain did not suggest that I should make a journey to Versailles, but such a question is ill-considered. What, indeed, could I have done to help Miss Jourdain if I had gone there? At all events opportunity has not carried me there to this day."

On November 10th Miss Jourdain, having travelled to Oxford to see Miss Moberly, had discovered that her companion had seen a " seated lady " who had been invisible to herself. It was because of this mystifying difference, with others, that they decided to write independent records and to compare them.

The short visit over, Miss Jourdain, as the narrative (J2) states, told the story to Mlle Ménégoz, a young French mistress at Corran, the Watford school, and partner in the *pension* venture, repeating her intense surprise at Miss Moberly's announcement. Mlle Ménégoz immediately suggested that Miss Moberly had most probably seen an apparition of Marie Antoinette, and as Miss Jourdain's letter of thanks to Miss Moberly mentions this, the readiness of the ladies to accept the " seated lady " as the Queen seems to have been established almost at once.

It will be recalled that Miss Jourdain states very categorically, when reporting her conversation with Mlle Ménégoz that she " had not mentioned our story to her before, nor indeed to anyone." This is a readily understandable although somewhat loose statement, for until that time there was not a story of any kind to mention; nor can the précis given to Miss Bowen-Colthurst be regarded as such. The remarks made in the *pension* were Miss Jourdain's unagreed, personal recollections, for the specific purpose of guidance in a search for prints and vouchsafed nothing more. Yet the date of their pronouncement is of value because it establishes Miss Jourdain's immediate interest in probing the matter.

" During the Christmas holidays, when Miss Jourdain was once more in Paris she told me of the woman that Miss Moberly had seen and she had not. In the New Year she again visited the Petit Trianon and the same evening she spoke to me about it. She told me that she had entered the gardens by a different way

and that she had been unsuccessful in finding what she had hoped for, but that she had been considerably puzzled by hearing music in the deserted grounds on that cold, winter afternoon. I have no particular recollections of anything else being told me at this period.

" I left the *pension* at Easter, 1902, to go to St. Hugh's Hall, the term before Miss Jourdain became Vice-Principal to Miss Moberly there, so I did not see Miss Jourdain in Paris again.

" During the following four years little enough was said of *An Adventure*, but about half way through my studies Miss Jourdain, having been to France as usual during the winter, said that she was inclined to think that they had now hit upon a possible interpretation of their peculiar experience of 1901.

" This was that the characters they had observed had been members of the Court, dressed for their parts in the Barber of Seville, as it was played in Marie Antoinette's time at the Petit Trianon.

" The ' Spanish Man '—that was the familiar title given by Miss Jourdain to the man with the pock-marked face who, seated by the garden pavilion, fitted Almaviva in the play; the servants' and the chorus' uniforms were those of the period and she had come across a miniature of the Queen in the part of Rosine which she thought might agree with Miss Moberly's remembrance of the ' seated lady '. I never saw the little painting and I do not know where it is to be found to-day."

This explanation of *An Adventure* must have been discarded almost at once, although its consideration seems to date from the visit paid by Miss Jourdain to the Comédie Française in January, 1904, to see a performance of Beaumarchais' musical work. There Almaviva's costume served to identify the Comte de Vaudreuil as the man by the pavilion. Miss Moberly had, of course satisfied herself as early as 1902 that the face of the " seated lady " was that of the Queen in the Wertmüller portrait, and the face in the miniature was not to be reconciled with it. This may have been the principal detail which led to the rejection of the theory of the royal players.

"It has always seemed curious to me that the fact that both Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain are said to have experienced, separately, other strange visions is sometimes used as the basis for supposing they should not be believed. 'They were always seeing things . . .' is an easy derogation for the sceptic to make. Surely those who are sensitive and able to perceive an apparition on one occasion are the very people who might be expected to do so again if the mysterious conditions governing these things once more prevailed. In any event their experiences of this sort were very occasional and in no way influenced their rational outlook on life.

"Criticism has also been made of the amount of attention Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain gave to trying to solve their Adventure, but it should be understood that their first and foremost concern was to carry out the academic duties which they had undertaken, and at Oxford even many of the more privileged students were never told of the Adventure. It is certainly not surprising that it took them so long for the interrupted Researches to be completed that it was 1911 before they were able to publish. In any case I feel sure that some years went by before the thought of putting a book together came to them.

"The friendship of these two women was based on a far deeper common interest: their love of truth and goodness and their belief in scholarship and intellectual enlightenment. With a view to St. Hugh's Hall always being ripe for acceptance into the University when the time came for the admittance of women, they cared for and guided the students with extreme wisdom. The result of their forethought is shown by the high reputation enjoyed by St. Hugh's, the steady increase in the number of students and the monies left to the Hall so that a much larger building could be erected and worthily designated a College. This now exists as a witness to the work they achieved and Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain played as great a part as any in pioneering quietly and non-militantly on behalf of women and towards the eventual opening to them of the doors of the Professions of Law, Medicine and so on.

"Except as my Principal, I did not come to know Miss Moberly as closely as I did Miss Jourdain, but I appreciated her as a great woman, humble but forceful, gentle, respected and beloved. I naturally knew Miss Jourdain very much better after my four years at her Watford school, followed by four years at St. Hugh's whilst she was Vice-Principal there, and am grateful for the memory of her as a fearless, upright and loyal woman, who did her best to develop in us those same qualities. She always gave us her time and her room was open for us to go to her for advice whenever we needed to do so. She was interested in our work, our games and our personalities—and she was a good judge of character. She made it her business to look after us if we were ill and in fact did all she could to lessen any feelings we might have that we were away from our homes. This was not my experience alone, but others have readily told me of having received just the same help and understanding from her.

"Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain were women of absolute integrity."

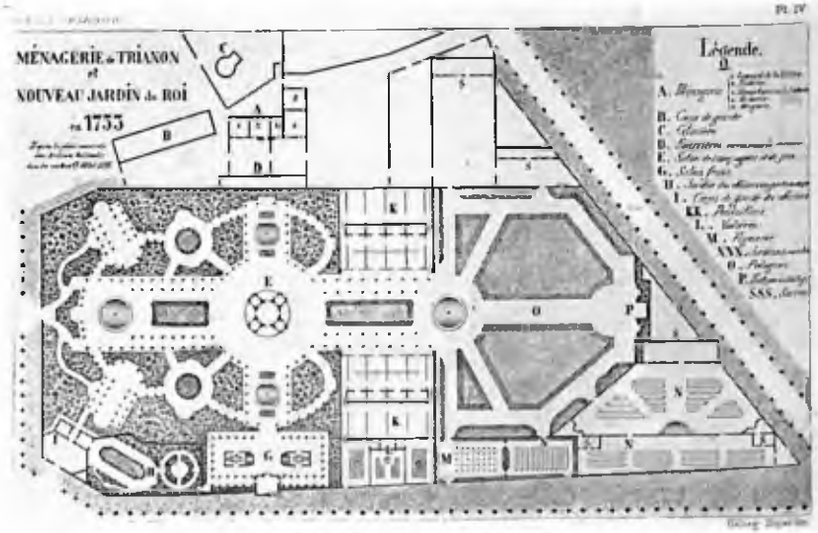
Index

1 (*a*). Jacques-Ange Gabriel (1698–1782), Architecte du Roi
Portrait by Jean-Baptiste Greuze (1725–1805)
Photo: Musée du Louvre

1 (*b*). Louis XV (1710–74)
Early pastel portrait by Quentin de la Tour (1704–88)
Photo: Musée du Louvre

1 (*c*). Bonnefoy du Plan, Concierge du Petit Trianon
Portrait (1783) by Joseph Boze (1744–1826)
Photo: Château de Versailles

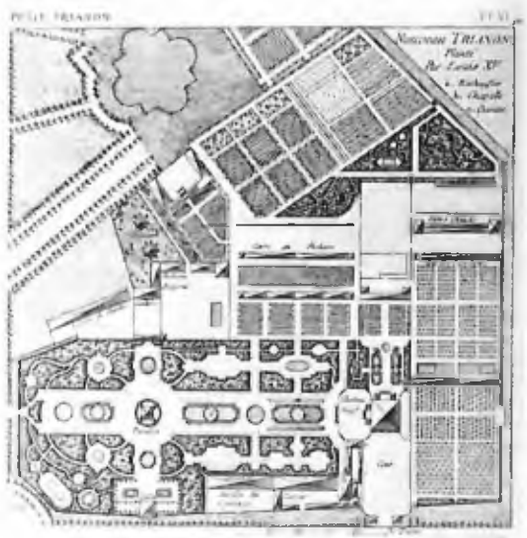
1 (*d*). Richard Mique (1728–94). Architecte de la Reine.
Portrait by Jean-Ernest Heinsius (1740–1812).
Photo: Musée Lorrain, Nancy



2. Nouveau Jardin du Roi, 1753

The triangle behind *P*, defined by the ultimately effaced diagonal avenue, covers roughly half the site later occupied by the *maison*.

Photo: Le Petit Trianon *G. Desjardins (Planche IV)*



3. Nouveau Trianon planté par Louis XV

The Petit Trianon, showing the large French garden on the west side, with the smaller one on the north. The rest of the plan bears witness to Louis XV's interest in horticulture. The whole of the lay-out was completed by 1774.

Photo: Le Petit Trianon, *G. Desjardins (Planche I I)*

Le jeu de bague, aujourd'hui disparu,
d'après une aquarelle ayant appartenu à la Reine (collection Parmentier)

4 (*a*). The Jeu de Bague

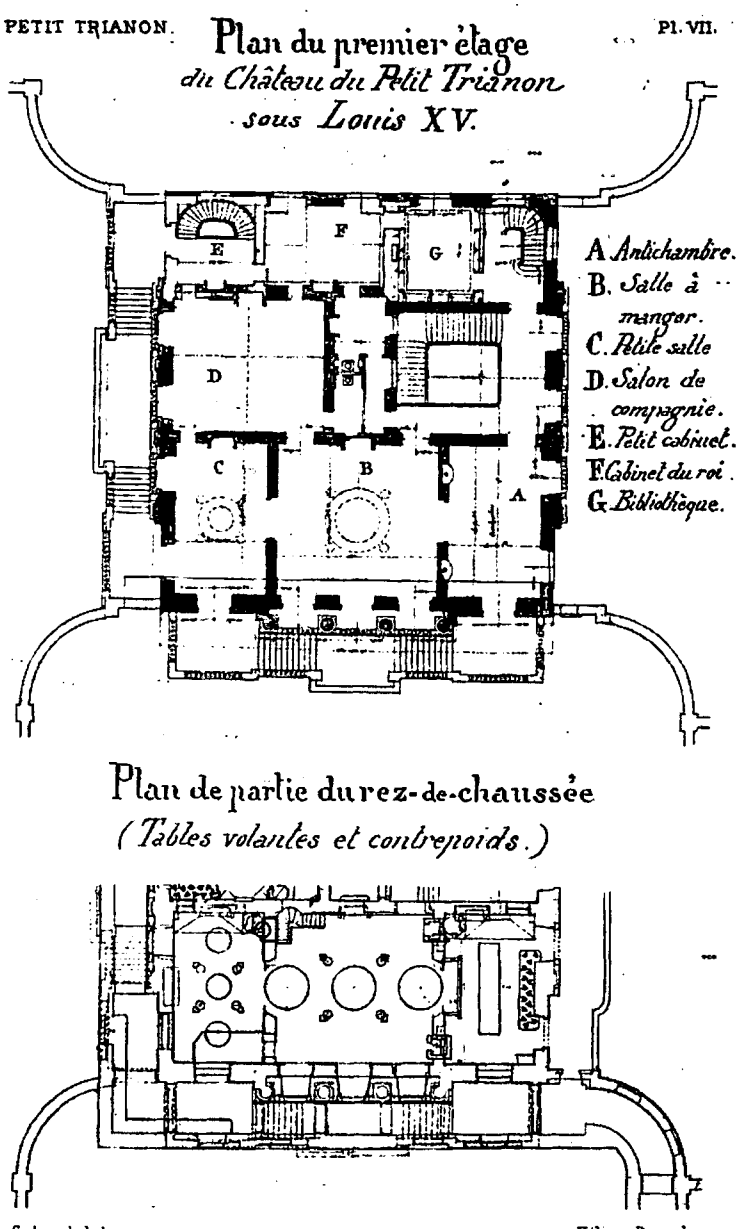
The Jeu de Bague showing the back semicircular screen which Mique erected in 1781, after the original installation.

Photo: Château de Versailles

4 (*b*). The Jeu de Bague

Painting by Châtelet of the Jeu de Bague, from the Souvenir Album (1786), sent by Marie Antoinette to Archduke Ferdinand of Austria.

Photo: Biblioteca Estense, Modena, Italy



5. Detail by Gabriel of the *maison*

Plans illustrating Gabriel's layout of the *perrons* and the corridors below them. The underground passage to the kitchens is seen at the bottom right-hand corner.

Photo: Le Petit Trianon, *G. Desjardins (Planche VII)*

6. Plan by Mique of the Chapel and Kitchens

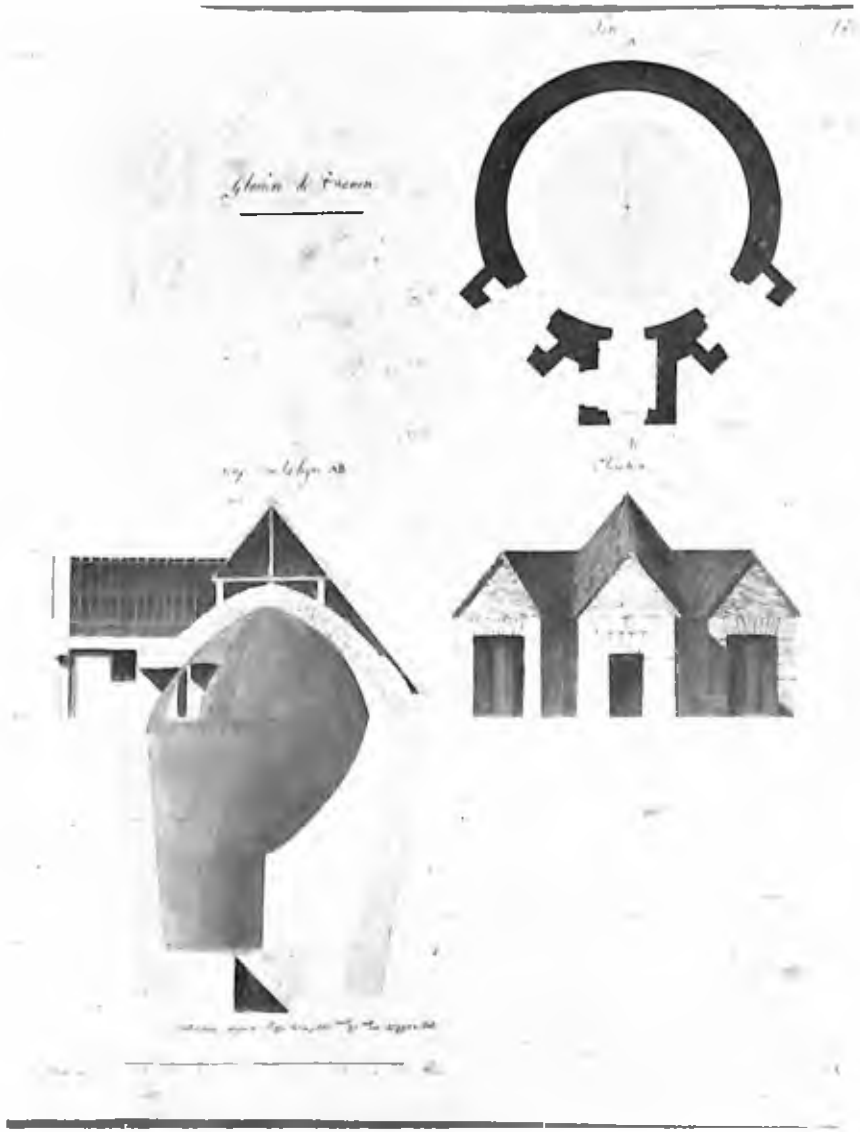
Mique's adaptation of the kitchen block, showing the original *lavoir* (adjoining X-Y) erased for his new cross-over *R-T*.

Photo: Le Petit Trianon, *G. Desjardins (Planche XII)*

7. The "Three Paths"

The one leading to the closed gates is today overgrown, but its paving can be traced beneath the grass. The two "gardeners" became visible on the slope running up from the centre of the photograph.

Photo: Gibbons, 1956



8. Glacière at the Petit Trianon

Drawing showing the construction of the ice-houses which lay behind the gated wall. Their thatched roofs would have risen where the flowered foliage appears (see Plate 7).

Photo: Architect's Library, Château de Versailles

9 (*a*). The Belvédère

Painting by Châtelet of the Belvédère and Rocher Bridge, from the Souvenir Album (1786) sent by Marie Antoinette to Archduke Ferdinand of Austria.

Photo: Biblioteca Estense, Modena, Italy

9 (*b*). The Belvédère (1956)

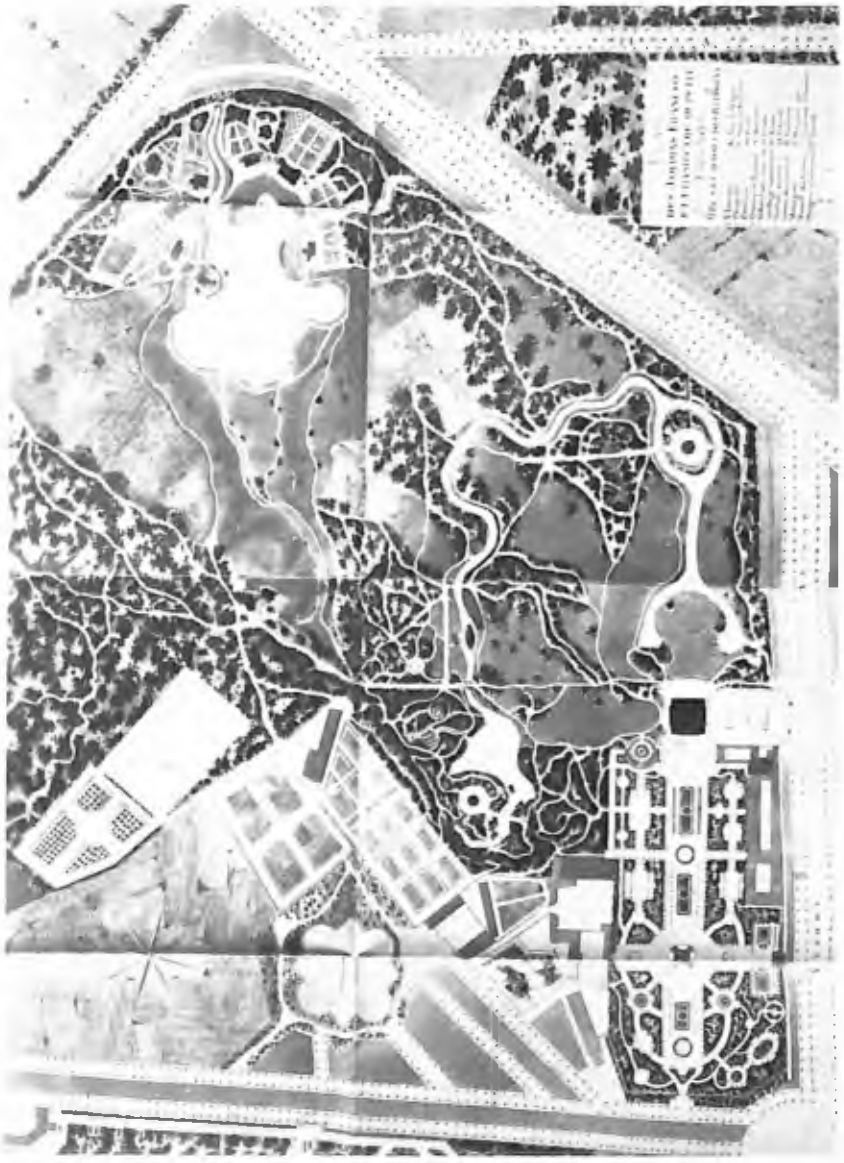
View of the Belvédère and the Rocher, with work in progress on the cleansing and replacing of the bed of the Lake.

Photo: Gibbons, 1956

10. The Pelouse

View from the *pelouse*. The chapel dormer-light is seen and to its lower right the glazed doors of the Concierge. The lime-tree, extreme right, now marks the axis of the Jeu de Bague. The old path skirts this and the rhododendrons (before which Miss Moberly had seen the "seated lady") until it reaches the visitors at the foot of the steps leading to the *perron*.

Photo: Gibbons, 1956



11. Plan by Mique from the Souvenir Album

Photo: Biblioteca Estense, Modena, Italy

12. Marie Antoinette (1755–93)

Detail of portrait by Adolf Ulrik Wertmüller (1751–1811)

Photo: National Museum, Stockholm

13. View across the *parterre* to the Kitchens

View from the *perron* where the ladies stood when the Chapel Man appeared. The glazed doors are clearly seen but the Chapel doors are obscured to-day by the tree in the Chapel Courtyard.

Photo: Gibbons, 1956

14. Door in the Cour des Cuisines

This opens on to the staircase serving the landing common to the Tribune Royale and the glazed doors of the Chapel *perron*. Trees of the Jardin Français can be seen.

Photo: Gibbons, 1956

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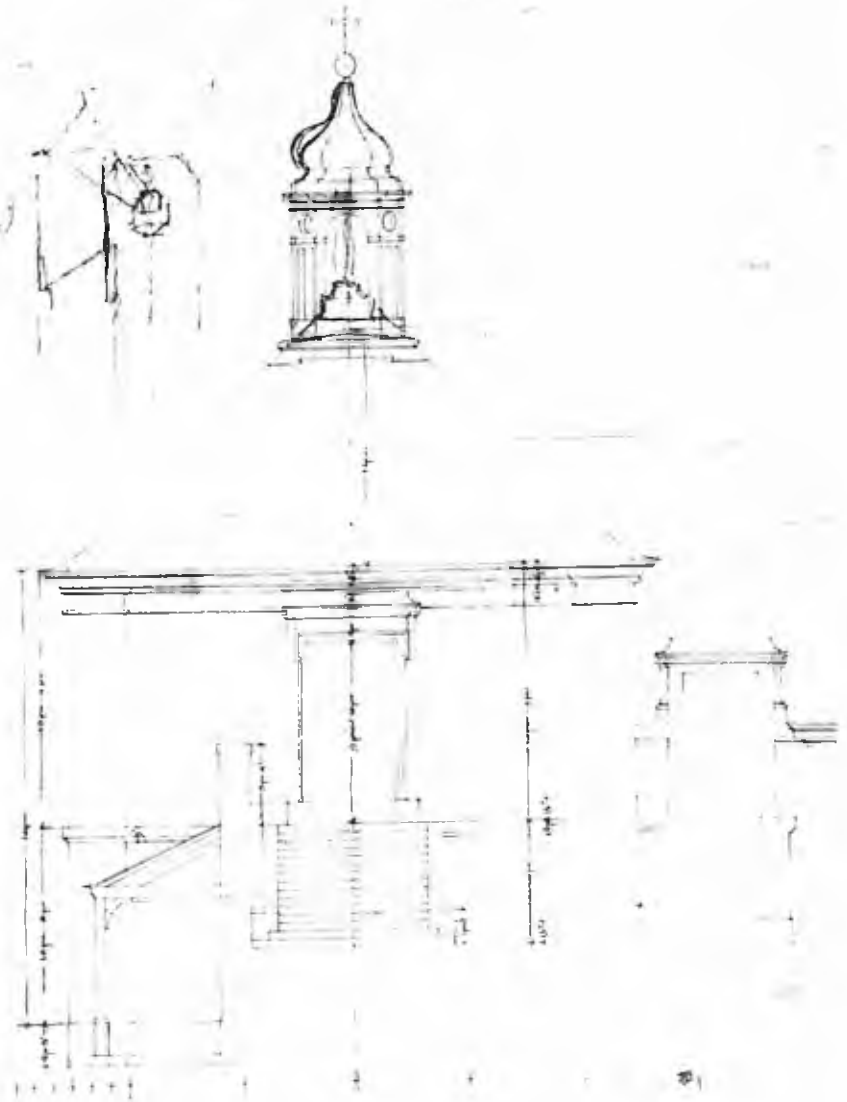
Photo: Gibbons, 1956

15. The Chapel *perron* and Doors of the Tribune Royale from the Jardin Français

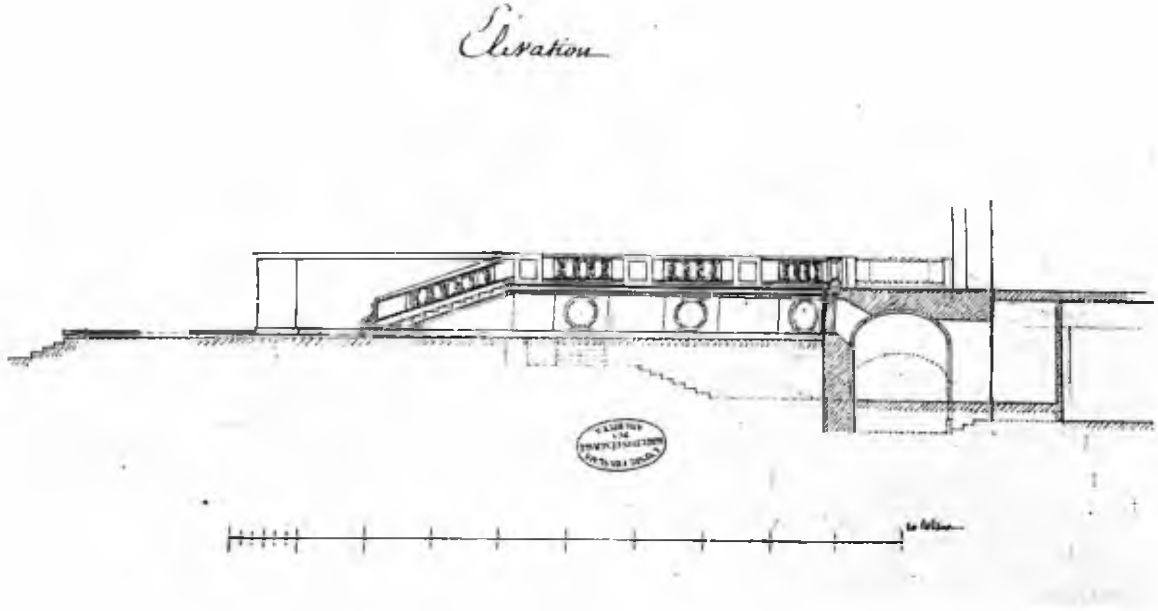
Photo: Gibbons, 1950



16. North Elevation of the Chapel by Gabriel

Showing cloister roof arrangement of the Courtyard

Photo: Archives Nationales



17. The Prolongation of Gabriel's *perrons* by Mique, in 1781

The passage to the Jeu de Bague is hard drawn, with the level close-hatched. The opposite tunnel (to the kitchen block), with its level, are shown dotted.

Photo: Archives Nationales

18. Detail of the Chapel Doors and Terrace

Pre-coved stone flags turning the corner of the Chapel *perron*, upon which the walls are set. Mique may have cut through here to commence a communicating way to the *maison* (see Plate 19).

Photo: Gibbons, 1956

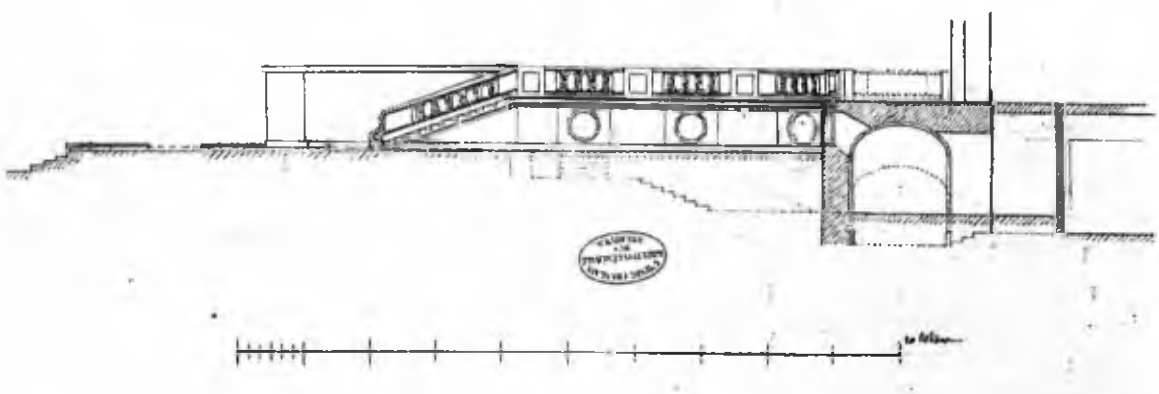


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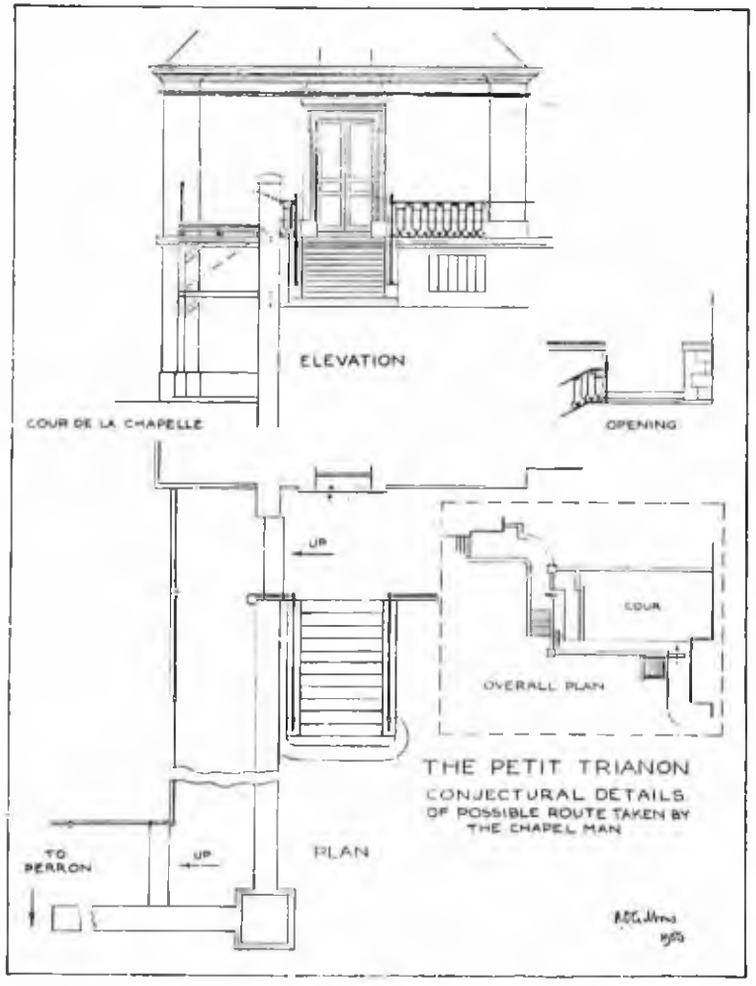
Photo: Gibbons, 1936



19. Conjectural Details of Possible Route Taken by the Chapel Man

The details are derived from Gabriel's drawing (Plate 16) with others taken on site.

20. The End of the Allée de la Ménagerie

The difference of roof levels is noticeable. The higher is that of Gabriel's first kitchen block which closed the Allée.

Photo: Gibbons, 1950

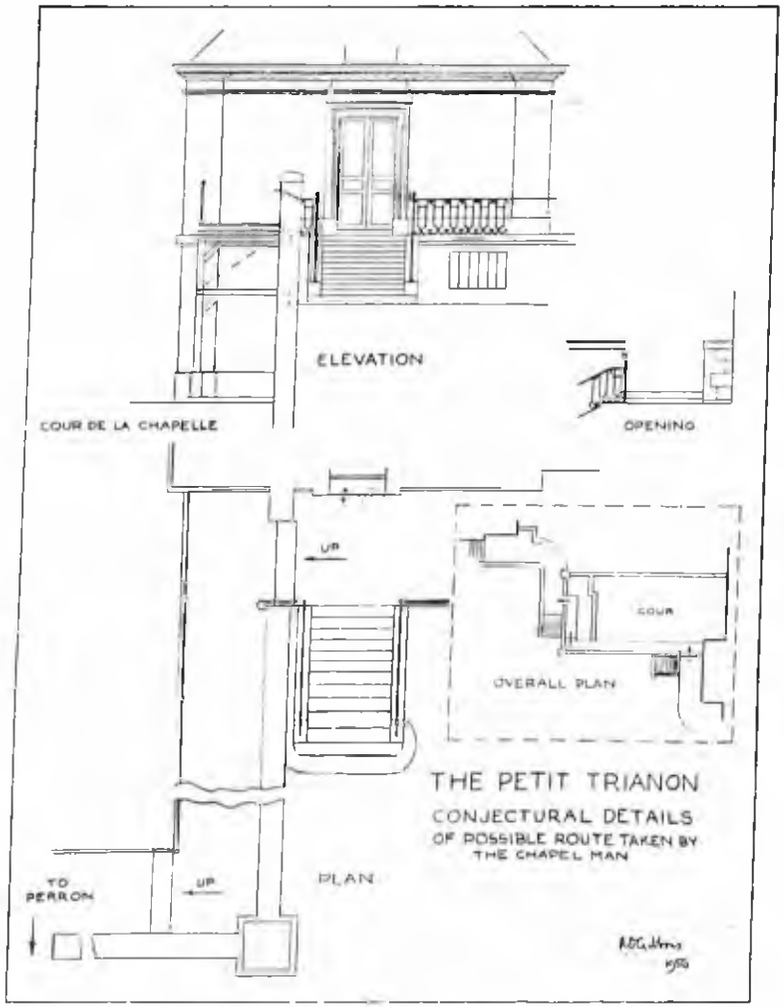


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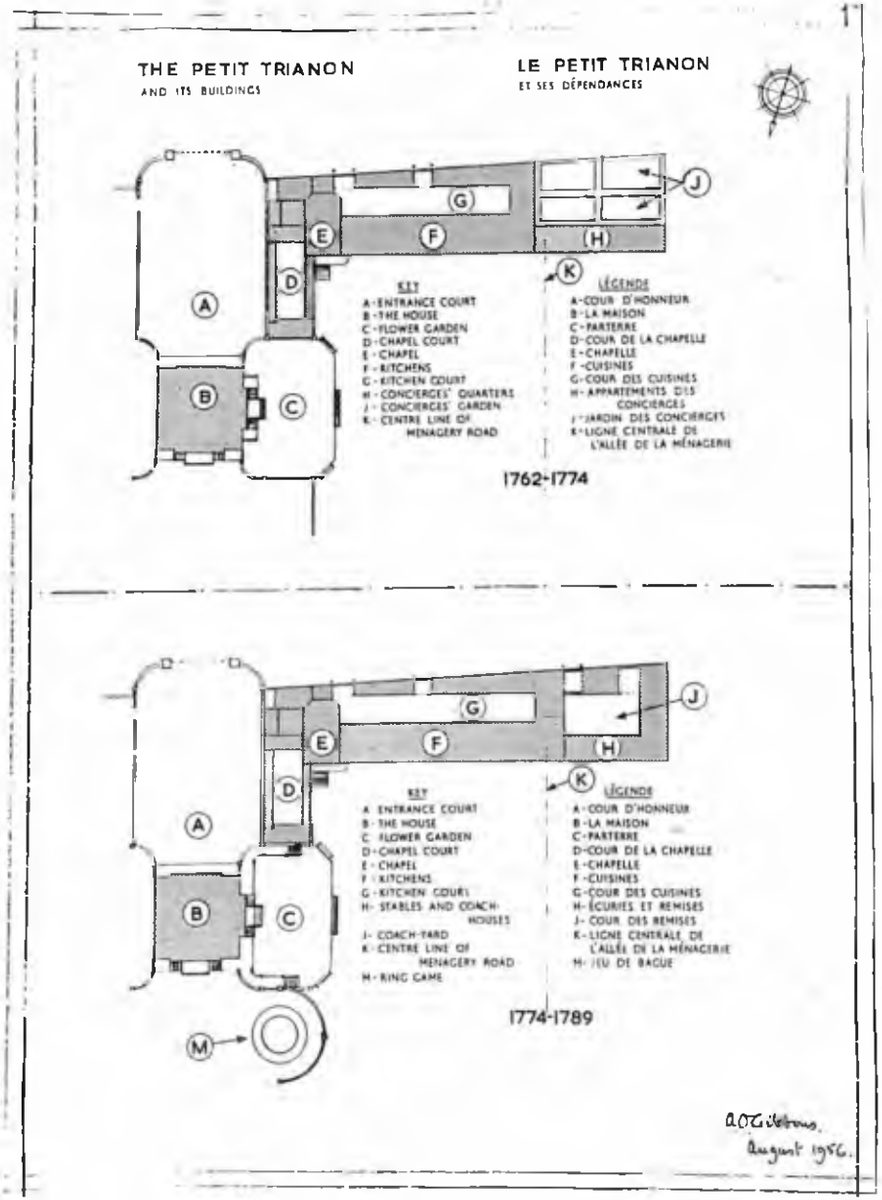
Photo: Gibbons, 1956

21. View from the Jardin Français through the Window of the Kitchen

Showing the " Grandes et Moyennes Entrées " (see Plate 6), towards the Cours des Cuisines.

Photo: Gibbons, 1956



22. The Petit Trianon 1772-4 and 1774-89

Plans showing the development of the Petit Trianon from 1762 to 1789. The lower half shows Mique's work imposed upon Gabriel's original constructions.

23. The Cour des Cuisines

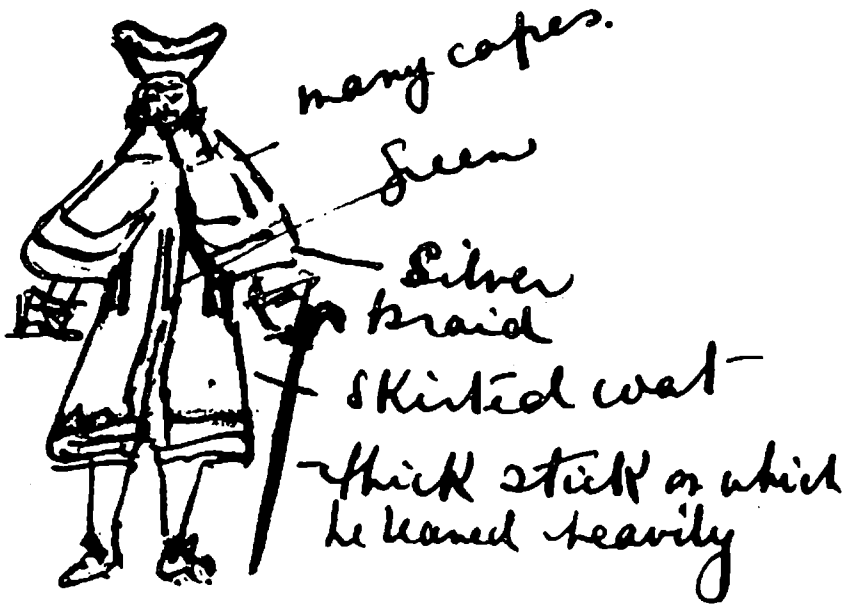
Compare with Plate 6 (in which the end doorway is marked *R*). The cobbled level is that of the Cour d'Honneur : the back walls of the kitchens retain the Jardin Français (see Plate 20).

Photo: Gibbons, 1950

24. Entrance to the Queen's Grotto

Detail of a painting by Châtelet in the Modena Album (1786), remarkable for its portrayal of the seated figure with the slouch hat and cloak.

Photo: Biblioteca Estense, Modena, Italy



25. Drawing by Miss C. M. Burrow

Rough sketch by Miss Burrow of the man whom she "saw" during a visit to the Petit Trianon in 1928

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Edited by SYLVIA DE MORSIER

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