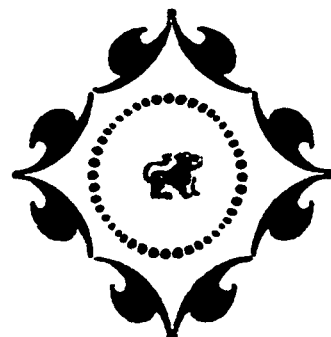


ADVENTURES OF  
**Joseph-Alexandre de Chabrier de Peloubet**  
AT THE TIME  
OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION  
*Together with Some Account of*  
HIS FOREBEARS IN FRANCE  
&  
THE FOUNDING OF THE  
PELOUBET FAMILY IN AMERICA



*Edited by Harold A. Small*

SAN FRANCISCO

1953

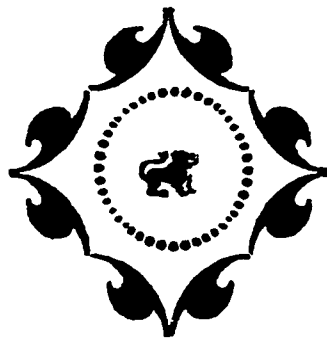




**JOSEPH-ALEXANDRE DE CHABRIER DE PELOUBET**



## P R E F A C E



*Joseph-Alexandre de Chabrier de Peloubet,\* the progenitor of all the American Peloubets, was a royalist who served with the emigrés in the invasion of France which was turned back at Valmy in 1792, and who miraculously escaped the guillotine in 1793. Intending to reclaim family property on the island of Réunion in the Indian Ocean, he came to America in 1803, and here, at first by force of circumstances, he stayed. Sometime late in his life he wrote for his children an account of his adventures in 1791-92. This manuscript, written in French, came into the custody of his grandson, Rev. Francis N. Peloubet, long a resident of Natick, and later of Auburndale, Massachusetts, distinguished as the author of Peloubet's Select Notes on the International Sunday School Lessons and the editor of the International Bible Dictionary.*

*\*Pronounced in French, Pay'-loo'-bay'; anglicized by my grandfather as, Pe-loo'-bet; by others of the family, Pel'-oo-by.*

*From time to time members of the family proposed to translate this manuscript and print it as a supplement to the small volume of Family Records which had been printed in 1892.\* But although there were several attempts, no one got very far with the translation, for the French was antique and colloquial, while the handwriting was often difficult to decipher. So, still veiled, nearly a century after it was written, Joseph-Alexandre's story was confided to the hands of my mother, Grace Peloubet Farquhar. On her behalf, my brother, Samuel T. Farquhar and I sought a solution for the problem of translation. We found a graduate student at the University of California who could translate the eighteenth century provincial French and who could even read the writing. We engaged her to do the work, and the language barrier was at last overcome.*

*But a task yet remained. While the story now revealed seemed to us interesting, frankly there was much that could to advantage be left out. Moreover, the language, in its literal translation, was awkward. So my brother and I consulted Harold A. Small, editor of the University of California Press, for an opinion. He thought something could*

\*Family records of Joseph Alexander de Chabrier de Peloubet, the first of the name in the United States, with the funeral address of his eldest son, L. M. F. Chabrier Peloubet, who died Nov. 28, 1885. *Printed for the family.* (37 pages. Preface by Joseph Peloubet. Printed at Rahway, N. J.; 1892.)

*be done with it, and that it was worth doing. He became so much interested that he not only undertook the editing but did a considerable amount of research on obscure passages and on old French names and words. For the editing, the notes, the arrangement of the historical and genealogical material, and for his large part in the narration, we are indebted to Harold A. Small.*

*Many preoccupations delayed further progress for a time, and neither my mother nor my brother lived to see the completed work. It is, alas, too late for many others who would have enjoyed seeing these memoirs so well presented. But those who remain and those yet to come will, I am sure, be glad to have this record of their emigré ancestor and his French progenitors.*

*Although intended primarily for the descendants of the Peloubets, and hence weighted with family records, this first-hand account of an episode of revolutionary France, will, it is hoped, have some interest for students and historians of that period.*

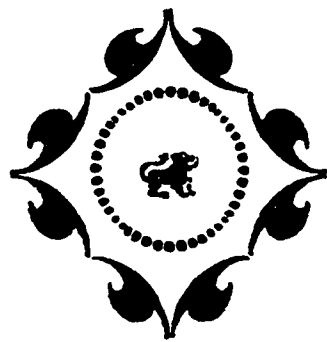
FRANCIS PELOUBET FARQUHAR

Berkeley, California

February, 1953

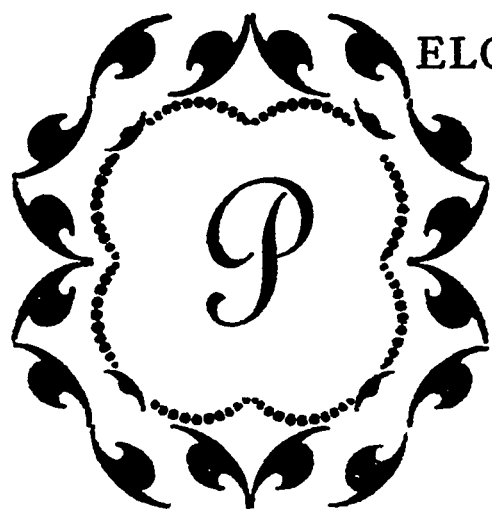






THE PELOUBETS  
IN FRANCE





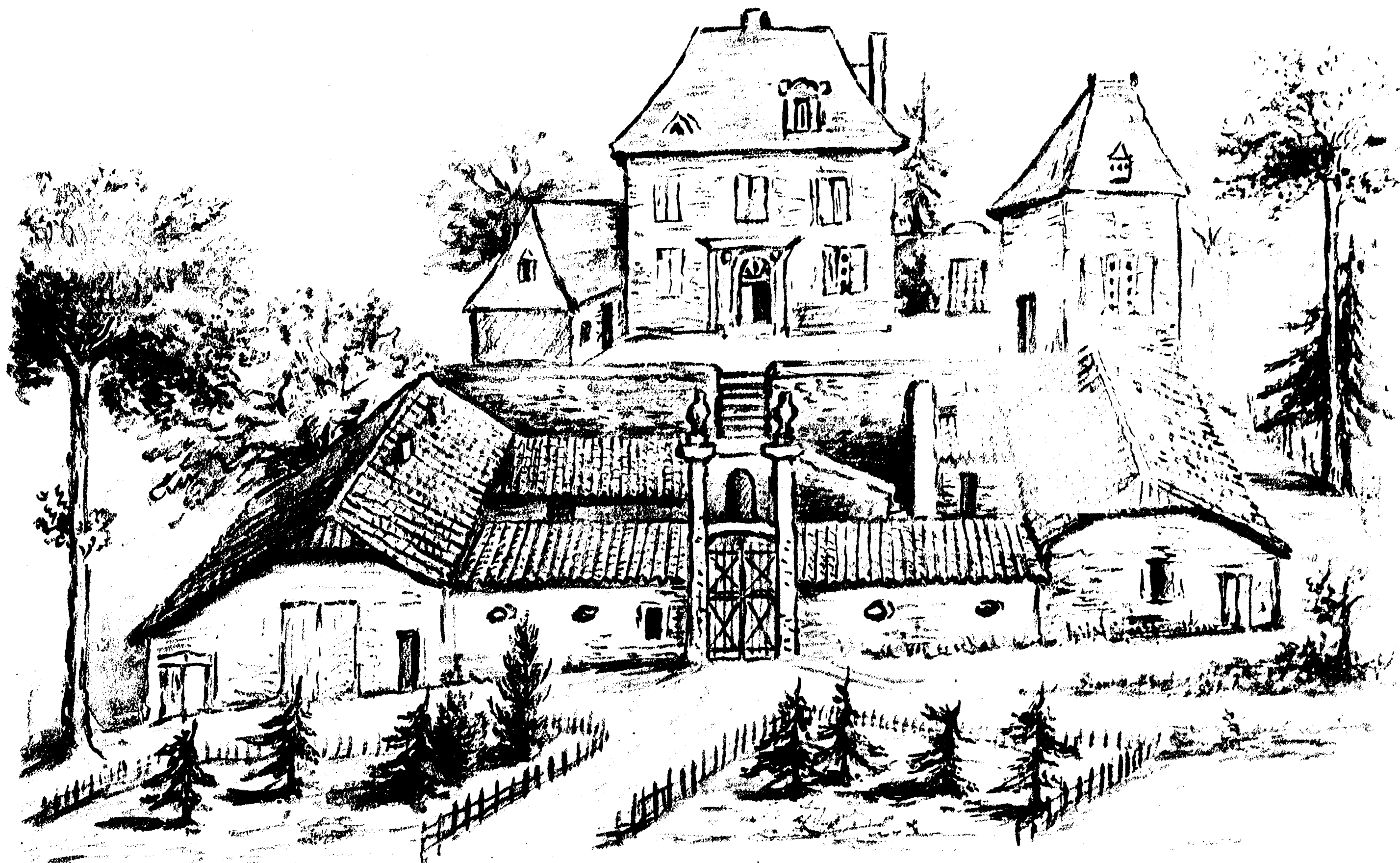
ELOUBET is the name of a property near the village of Lauzun in southern France. Present-day terminology would place it in the canton de Lauzun, arrondissement de Marmande, département de Lot-et-Garonne, some forty-five kilometers northwest of Agen and seventy-five kilometers southeast of Bordeaux. In Joseph-Alexandre's time, one would have said it was in Agenois.

In the time of Louis XI, a certain Pierre de Chabrier moved from the diocese of Périgueux to that of Sarlat, on the borders of Périgord and Agenois, and rented from Jean de Caumont, the lord of Lauzun, a holding called the Pech de Lestre; the legal instrument, the oldest in which the name Chabrier is to be found, is dated January 27, 1466. For more than a hundred years thereafter, the descendants of Pierre de Chabrier lived round Lauzun. At the end of the sixteenth century, one of them, Jean de Chabrier, Sieur du Pech, was secretary to Gabriel-Nompar de Caumont, Comte de Lauzun; and for having taken part with his lord in the important affairs of that epoch, on

the side of Henry of Navarre, he was rewarded in 1603 —after the King of Navarre had become King Henry IV of France—with letters patent of nobility for himself and his descendants. His second son, Gabriel, was the founder of the Peloubet branch of the family.

Gabriel de Chabrier, entering the military service at the age of seventeen, served in the armies of Henry IV's last years, and afterward in the forces with which Louis XIII contended against ambitious great lords and later crushed the Huguenot revolt in the South. In 1617 he was honored with command of the garrison at Rethel. In 1622 he especially distinguished himself at the siege of Tonneins, where he was so severely wounded that he was invalided home. After that engagement, he seems to have renounced his military career and attended solely to the aggrandizement of his property. By a deed dated September 27, 1632, he purchased from Antoine de Courson, an aged spendthrift, the estate of Peloubet. Thereafter, the name of Peloubet was added to his own.

Peloubet had belonged, in the fifteenth century, to the Marcillac family, and at the end of the sixteenth to the family du Roncon. When Anne du Roncon, a wealthy orphan, was married to Antoine de Courson, the property became her husband's; but he was extravagant, a bad manager, and ran quickly through his wife's fortune. "Having cut down many full-grown trees, and left uncared for a fine house of his wife's, and even let the vineyards go to waste, he caused to



CHATEAU DE PELOUBET, NEAR LAUZUN, FRANCE  
East front, as it appeared about 1890



be built on his wife's land a house in the style of a pavilion\* . . . ”; and hence it is that Peloubet, at the time of its purchase by Gabriel de Chabrier, for 8,300 *livres tournois*,† is described as consisting of a stone house built in the style of a pavilion, with another house below it, and buildings joining the two; also a farmer's dwelling, barns, wells, fields, meadows, woods, vineyards, and so forth; and pew and burial rights in the churches of St. Macaire and St. Nazaire. The new owner acquired other lands and rents, thus establishing his mundane accounts comfortably on the right side of the ledger; and squared accounts with his conscience besides—“Having perhaps to reproach himself for some such peccadilloes as were then common among men of arms, he was minded to do a pious deed, and caused a chapel to be built at Peloubet; and at his request the Bishop of Sarlat, in 1644, gave him permission to have masses said in the chapel of his ‘château’ of Peloubet.”

The family fortunes were apparently to be further advanced by Gabriel's eldest son, Jean de Chabrier, Seigneur de la Canétie, “of very great promise,” who early adopted the profession of arms and who became, at twenty-two, a Gentleman in Ordinary to King Louis XIV. But at twenty-five, not long after he had succeeded his father as lord of Peloubet, he lost his

\*Probably a somewhat ornate structure, patterned after the minor symmetrical parts of grand architectural ensembles of the time.

†The *livre tournois* was a franc of 20 sous, minted at Tours.

life in a quarrel, in which swords were drawn, between himself and his next younger brother François on the one side and their cousins Lévy and Henri de Longueval on the other.

That quarrel cost Peloubet dear. There was a good deal of expensive litigation as the mother and brother of the slain young nobleman sought—vainly, as it proved—to bring the guilty cousins to book. The estate was heavily embarrassed when, after François died childless in early manhood, it passed to the third brother, Guillaume. The family feud continued, and Guillaume also became involved in lawsuits, on that and other accounts. Nevertheless, he left to his eldest son Jacques a tidy property, which passed in turn to Jacques's son Michel-François, the father of Joseph-Alexandre.

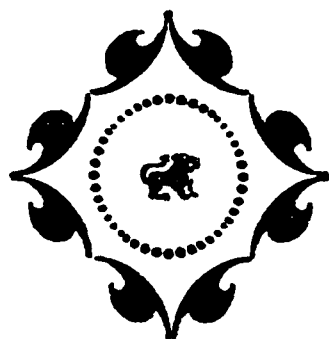
The French Revolution then disrupted the entire Old Regime; the royalist nobles were dispossessed, and Peloubet, like many another ancient property, was seized and sequestered. In October, 1794—the year III of the Republic—Michel-François received notice that part of his property was restored to him; but he was then too old and broken to mend his fortunes. He died at Peloubet, June 5, 1796. After his death, the estate, in consequence of its embarrassments in troublous times, was sold. It had been in the possession of the Chabrier family for a little more than a century and a half.

At the time of the Revolution, three of Michel-



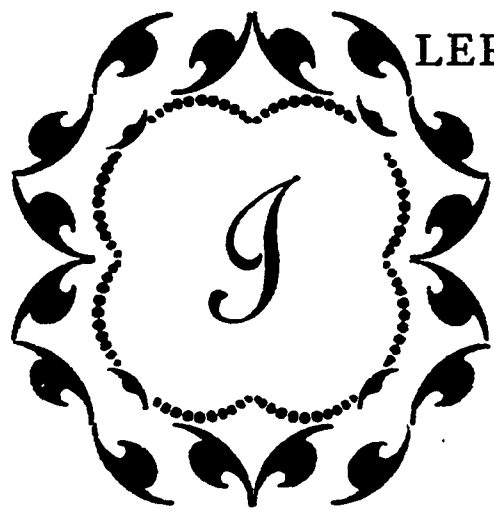
François's five sons were professional soldiers serving the Monarchy. The two eldest were members of the King's Life-Guards. Another was an officer in the Regiment of Angoulême. Joseph-Alexandre had been rejected for service in the Life-Guards only because he was a little short of stature. He had become a pilot in the merchant marine, and for eleven years had been better used to a deck than a highway; yet when many young nobles—two of his soldier brothers among them—left France for the Rhine and took up arms with the forces of Prussians and Austrians assembling there, hoping to recover France for the Monarchy, Joseph-Alexandre set out with two of his cousins, *on foot*, to join the army of émigrés. But let him tell his own story.





ALEXANDRE DE PELOUBET  
ÉMIGRÉ





LEFT HOME on the 11th of October, 1791. As I made my farewells to all the family, I saw tears in my father's eyes. "Dear father," I said, "I have always known how to obey you; say the word, and I will not leave." "My dear son," he replied, "it is your duty; do it and go."

I departed, and not far from home I found two of my cousins who were waiting for me so that we might go together. We set out, and slept at Bergerac, four leagues from the paternal roof-tree. The next day we started at sun-up and proceeded three leagues before we found an inn, where we stopped an hour and a half. When we had breakfasted we went on until eleven o'clock, when we stopped again to rest and eat. Believe me, at twenty-seven I thought a man could never be tired, but I must confess that I was the one most often so. After resting three hours we resumed our journey in order to reach Périgueux. We walked until ten o'clock at night and then entered the first inn we came to. Now the first thing an innkeeper asks is what you would like for supper. "Ask my com-

pany," said I. "As for me, I only want a bed; I am worn out."

Toward noon of the following day we had to leave our road for one leading to the right which would take us to the home of M. le Président d'Augeard.\* He gave me a letter to Mme. la Comtesse de Trévière, at Paris. This lengthened our journey by about three leagues. My companions ate and drank heartily. We went to bed, and all slept soundly.

The next day, we left the town of Périgueux before sunrise and took the road for Limoges, an important city, the capital of Limousin. It took us two days to get there. This time I could say, "I'm not tired;" truly, I wasn't.

This region supplies beef to Paris, and produces many vegetables, and chestnuts besides: the city is full of trade. We stayed there three days.

We left early in the morning and set out for Vierzon, a small town in Berry. We arrived there very late, worn out with fatigue. The innkeeper asked us if we would like some fish for supper. "Eels," he said; "I will have some cooked for you." "Do, Monsieur; and be as quick as you can." When all was ready, he came to call us and we went to the room where the table was set. He told us with a laugh that they had two kinds of eels. "What do you mean? We know of only one kind. Tell us the name of the other." "What, Mes-

\*In France, a *président* is a presiding judge. The Augeard family was prolific in men of law.

sieurs! You can never have passed through this town before or you would know that here we eat rock eels." "I'd like to taste those first," said one of my cousins; and he helped himself and began to eat. "Truly these eels are very good. I like them better than the others." While he was eating and talking at the same time, we ate the others. He didn't notice. "I dare say," he remarked, "you like the river eels better than the rock kind." We went to bed and slept well.

Berry is a superb country: to both right and left of the highroad there is nothing but flat land, far-spreading and exceptionally fertile. Setting out before sunrise, as usual, we left Vierzon and took the road to Orléans. We got there in three days, well after nightfall.

Orléans is a large city, thirty leagues from Paris. The countryside is rather pleasant. The highway is superb; it is paved with squared stones from six to eight inches through and has a sidewalk on each side for travelers on foot. Along this road one finds good-sized villages at short intervals. Travelers like this country because they can find a resting place whenever they choose.

We stayed at Orléans three days. Leaving in the morning, after a good breakfast, we took the fine highway mentioned above, walked all day as usual, and arrived at a village of three thousand inhabitants where we put up at a good cheap hotel. Before day-break the next morning we left this place and took again that wonderful highway which seemed to refresh

rather than tire us. We came to another village, smaller than the first but much prettier, and had the pleasure of seeing it all at our leisure before nightfall. The inhabitants, affable folk, were out enjoying a promenade. This little community gave the impression of being well-to-do; and indeed we had a good supper. Very early next morning we left the town behind us. Still the fine highway was our guide.

We determined to reach Paris within three days; and we were not disappointed, for we entered it in the afternoon, after two days and a half. We put up in the Rue Git-le-cœur, at the Hôtel d'Inde. As the hotels in Paris offer lodging but not food, we went to the Rue de la Seine to a restaurant I knew of. After a good supper there for thirty sous apiece we went back to our hotel to sleep. We all were tired, yet we wanted to decide before going to bed what we were going to do the next day. As for me, I had my letter to deliver to the Comtesse de Trévière, and two of my sisters to visit. We decided that we should need a week. My two cousins, never having seen Paris, were eager to take in the sights.

The next day we breakfasted at the same restaurant, after which we returned to our lodgings in the Rue Git-le-cœur. I said to my cousins, "I think I should deliver my letter. Wait for me here. I shall be back soon, as I am only going to No. 46, Rue de la Seine, which is near by." I took my letter and set out.

When I arrived at the Comtesse de Trévière's, the



porter accepted my letter, went inside with it, and almost at once returned to tell me that the Comtesse was not just then at home and that I should leave my name and address. I did so, and went back to rejoin my cousins.

As I entered the room where they were, I said, "What shall we do? It is almost noon, and it seems to me it would be best to wait two or three hours; we shall have plenty of time to walk the streets." We rested for two hours and then went to our restaurant to dine. I assure you we had no common appetite. It is indeed agreeable to travel afoot; one always feels tiptop—and one has the pleasure of viewing a beautiful countryside, regions one has never seen. Try it and you will see that I am not misleading you.

At two o'clock we left and directed our steps toward the Palais-Royal. We entered, and my two companions, who had never seen such large buildings, remarked on the folly of erecting houses so spacious. They thought the proprietor would have done better to build two dozen houses; he would then take in more rent.

We left the Palais-Royal, crossed the river by way of the Pont-Neuf, and came to the Hôtel des Invalides with its lofty tower.\* When I saw it I remembered a little anecdote. Two friends were passing, one day, beneath this tower. One asked the other, "Do you see that mouse running about up there?" The other

\*We would say, dome.

answered, "I don't see it, but I hear its footsteps."

After my companions had viewed this structure we started back to our lodgings. It was near nightfall and as our restaurant was on the way we went in for supper. We made no plans for the next day. We rose, indeed, rather late; it was almost time to go to the restaurant. We went there, ate our breakfast, and returned to our hotel with the intention of not going out again until three or four in the afternoon, to see the Louvre and the gardens of the Tuileries.

A few hours had passed when our host came to inform us that a carriage was at the door for M. Alexandre Peloubet. "I am he, Monsieur. Please tell the coachman that I'm coming right down." To my cousins I said, "Good-bye. If I'm not here by twelve don't wait your dinner for me. I'll be back in time to do what we planned. Don't miss your dinner, I beg of you." And I went down.

The coachman was at the door, and said, "Madame la Comtesse de Trévière has sent for you. She would like to see you. Get in." I didn't lose a moment, but jumped in; the coachman whipped up his horses; and off we went. In less than a quarter of an hour we were at the Comtesse's door. The porter was there, and led me to her. She bade him withdraw, then took me by the hand and led me to another room, where we greeted each other becomingly.

"Monsieur Peloubet, the letter you handed to my porter came from Monsieur le Président d'Augeard.

He recommends you to me most warmly. He tells me a thousand good things of you and asks me to help you in your ventures. Indeed I shall do my best for you. I can give you only fifty gold louis. I wish you all success."

She then rose and said, "Monsieur Peloubet, shall we dine? Afterward I will give you the fifty gold louis."

"Madame, it is too much. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your kindness. I fear I am imposing on you."

"No, no, Monsieur Peloubet. No one gives me more pleasure than you do. Come, let us sit at table."

We sat down to dinner. I assure you that even if I had not had an appetite, the dishes that were on the table and their savory odors would have given me one. She served me a choice morsel. I ate it with pleasure and zest. When we had had enough meat a good dessert was brought in, consisting of excellent fruit and several kinds of preserves. After that came two cups of coffee, and then a glass of anisette, which concluded the meal. The servants cleared the table and went away, doubtless to the kitchen.

The Comtesse gave me the fifty gold louis. "I hope, Monsieur Peloubet, that this will suffice you; and I hope you will soon return. Kindly remember No. 46, Rue de la Seine. Good-bye, Monsieur Peloubet. Good luck!" She withdrew to her private apartments.

The coachman came to tell me, "The carriage is ready." I climbed in, and he returned me to my lodg-

ing in the Rue Git-le-cœur. I went up to our room and found my companions sleeping.

“Up, up! It’s time to go; it is after three.”

“We are ready; but first we want to know how you made out.”

“A good dinner, and fifty gold louis, which I have in my pocket, for dessert.”

“Oh, Alexandre, it isn’t possible. You are telling us a story.”

“So, young fellows, I am telling you a story!” With a laugh I flung the fifty goldpieces on the table. “Now will you believe me? Another time, I’ll tell you nothing. That’s what you get for calling me a storyteller. Come, let’s be off!”

We left, and went straight to the Louvre, crossing the river by way of the Pont-Neuf. We wanted to enter the palace, but the guard told us we could not; no one enters except on Sunday at the hour of the King’s mass.

At the Tuileries, where all those beautiful walks are, we stayed two or three hours. We all were tired then, so we made our way to the restaurant for supper. It was almost night. We returned to our lodging.

“What have we to do tomorrow? By the way, I must go to Saint-Denis to see my sisters. You may come with me if you like. I think they would be glad to see you; you are their cousins.”

We stayed up until ten o’clock, without company, talking of one thing and another, then went to bed

and slept the night through. In the morning, breakfast came first as usual, after which we left. Once we were outside the city, we took one of those little wickerwork carriages, which for twenty-four sous brought us to Saint-Denis.

Arriving at the convent where my sisters were, we found them in good health. After we had paid them the usual brotherly compliments, they conducted us to the refectory, where the mother superior received us very kindly. When we had answered their questions, which took some time, I said, "Cousins, we must go; it is almost noon." But the mother superior and my sisters said to us, "No, not yet; you must eat first"; and a few minutes later a sister came to announce that all was ready. "Come, Messieurs," said the mother superior, "let us go to the other side." There the table was set. "Be seated," she said; and then she and my sisters went out. We ate well—as nuns' feeding goes.

The mother superior asked me if I had money enough for my journey. I answered her, "Madame, I cannot say; it depends on how long I must stay out of the country." "I have always heard said," she remarked, "that it is better to have too much than too little;" and she offered me five gold louis, which I put in my pocket. I thanked her heartily.

Bidding her and my sisters farewell, we started back to Paris. We were soon there, and rested the remainder of the day, laying plans for the morrow. My cousins,

and I too, were by then tired of walking the streets. We decided to resume our journey at an early hour the next morning, taking the road to French Flanders and Germany.

“Good-bye, Paris.” We left at daybreak.\* Three leagues from the city we stopped at a village in a lovely countryside, breakfasted rather hurriedly, and went on. We walked until noon and stopped for two hours at another village, much larger than the first. We dined; but nothing of interest occurred that I should tell my readers. The night brought us to a rather pretty city on the borders of Picardy; at least I think that is where it was, since we had perry† to drink at supper. We made twelve leagues on our first day out from Paris.

The next day I said to my companions, “Buck up! We haven’t more than eighty leagues to go from the frontier to Coblenz. Let’s start before breakfast.” And off we went, fresh as a rose at morning except that our legs were swollen. We stopped only once that day, and that was for the night. We were very tired. We asked for supper, as our stomachs were empty. When the supper was ready the innkeeper called us to the dining room. We needed no urging. I assure you, we did justice to what was set before us; a cat, I think, could not have made a meal of what we left. As soon as we had finished, we went to bed and slept sweetly and long.

\*November 1, 1791.

†Perry (*poiré*) is a fermented liquor made from pears.

[The account of walking, eating, and sleeping continues, with much repetition of the same details. In three days' time they reached Cambrai, and put up at "a good hotel near the big clock that has the Twelve Apostles who strike the hours at noon and midnight." It was here, the narrator remembers, that Fénelon wrote his *Télémaque*.

[As the travelers went on toward Douai, they noticed, on either side of the highway, "fine fields and pear orchards, and windmills in great numbers, used for making oil from poppy seeds and the seeds of turnips. The inhabitants eat both in their salads. As for me, I don't like the taste. They also use the oil in their lamps. I think the best use one can put it to is in painting."

[They came next to Lille, with its triple rampart. "It does not have a large population; fortress cities never do. At least thirty thousand men are needed to defend it. The people live in cellars, like the Americans—a very curious thing. You also see teams of dogs, harnessed in pairs, pulling carts full of coal, which their master, going from door to door, offers for sale; also oil, and peat, which they burn as well as coal. There is not a piece of firewood in the entire countryside."

[The landlord of their inn at Lille told them they were but three leagues from the frontier and that he had a carriage which was to leave the next day with four passengers and with accommodation for them

too, if they wished. At supper, the narrator “wanted to know whether the wine in Flanders was good” and ordered a bottle of Bordeaux. “It was brought, and I filled my cousins’ glasses and my own. ‘Well, what do you think of it?’ ‘It is drinkable,’ they allowed, ‘but we would rather have the home product.’ I tasted it and agreed with them. We ended by emptying the bottle, but declared it was the first and last time we would drink any; we would stick to beer.”

[Next morning the carriage awaited them, and as they rolled over the border, “Good-bye, fair France,” they said, “and all thy shining lands. We are loath to leave thee.”

[ They went on, by way of Liège, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Julier, to Cologne.\* “One of the products there, which they call *eau de Cologne*, they supply to all Europe, and make a big profit.” The morning after they got to Cologne, they left by canalboat for Coblenz. “We were told that we should arrive by evening, but I could not believe it. The boat was drawn by only two horses, and I doubt it made as much as two miles an hour. We had to be patient. We had plenty of time for gazing to starboard and larboard, but we saw nothing very extraordinary.”

[At Coblenz, which they reached between nine and ten o’clock that night, “quite a number of persons were awaiting the arrival of the boat. Seeing a man

\*They arrived at Cologne on November 20, 1791, forty days after leaving home.



I knew, I got quickly ashore. It was a man named Richard, one of my former neighbors and a relative. My cousins also knew him. He was both surprised and pleased to see us. He took us home with him."

["Now," said Richard, when they had breakfasted next morning, "what shall I do with you? You shouldn't think of trying to scrape along from one day to the next; you know that money is soon spent. Today I'll get Alexandre admitted to the King's Life-Guards.\* He will have eighty francs a month. Board only costs thirty; but one must have linen and other things, and one's laundry done. The rest won't amount to much. As for you," addressing the cousins, "you will be enrolled in an infantry regiment that is just now being filled up;—that is, if you wish to. You are not being forced, understand; you are independent as long as you have money. But you will do well to take service in the regiment I speak of. It will be made up entirely of Frenchmen. Your pay will let you live decently. Well, what do you say? Do you want to stay here,† or not?" "We'll stay," they said, "and enlist in the new regiment." "Good, my friends; you shall have rank of some sort before you go to bed tonight. After dinner, you shall all go with me; meanwhile, I have business to attend to."

\*The *maison militaire du Roi* (King's Household Troops) had been re-organized on foreign soil. It included the *gardes du corps* (Life-Guards).

†That is, at Coblenz. Military units of émigrés were being formed at other Rhine cities as well.

[The bustling Richard was as good as his word. That afternoon, he took them first to the Duc de Villeroi's. Alexandre was presented, and told the nobleman that he was awaiting his brothers and would be pleased to enter the same Guards company as theirs, to which Villeroi made no objection. Richard then took them to M. de Comarque, a brother-in-law of Alexandre's brother Gabriel. The two cousins were at once enrolled in the new regiment, with the grade of *sergent*—as we might say, assistant to the company quartermaster sergeant—and pay of fifty francs a month. "You will have to change your lodgings," Richard told them. "You are too far away from your regiment, here. I am sorry, of course; but we shall have the pleasure of seeing one another often. Alexandre and I will stay together since we are in the same outfit. He is waiting for his two brothers, and doubtless will leave with them for Boppard to join Noailles's company, which is quartered there."

[When the narrator's brothers arrived, Richard, Alexandre, and the cousins went to meet them at the Duc de Villeroi's. Richard warned them, "One must speak to the Duc with the greatest respect," and when they were admitted to the nobleman's presence they went in "les chapeaux à la main." The brothers were there. "At last!" said Alexandre. "It is high time you came; you have had me on tenterhooks for a week, as Richard, who has been looking out for us, will tell you. And now, what next?" It was Villeroi who an-

swered. "You," he said to Alexandre, "will go with your brothers to Boppard, where their company is stationed." "Oui, Monsieur le Duc."

[Next day, the Peloubets said good-bye to Richard and their cousins and, at nine o'clock, left by boat for Boppard, some dozen miles or so up the Rhine. "I asked the captain when we should arrive. He answered, 'A little before night, Monsieur.' 'Yes,' I said, 'just barely before night, I judge; we are moving at a snail's pace. Your horses look as if they might die before we get there.' The captain laughed. 'They will be coming back tomorrow morning,' he said." The boat reached Boppard, as the captain had said it would, a little before sunset. Quite a number of Guardsmen were there to meet it, among them some relatives and friends of the Peloubets, and the brothers had a warm welcome. M. La Place, one of the eldest among the Guardsmen, put them up at his lodgings.

[The next morning, Alexandre was the earliest one up, and went for a walk along the river to take the country air. "I was retracing my steps and nearing our lodgings again, when I caught sight of our canal-boat, with the same two horses. The captain hailed me and said, 'You see, Monsieur, I told you the honest truth.' 'Captain,' said I, 'believe me, I meant no offense when I said your horses would be dead before they got here.' He laughed again."

[M. La Place took the Peloubets, at ten o'clock, to M. de Saint-Georges, who commanded, in the absence

of the nominal commander, the company in which they were to serve. "May I present," he said, "the Chevalier de Peloubet\* and his two juniors. The latter wish to join your company." "I am quite willing; I know the family well enough for that." He ordered the juniors to be entered on the company register. "The Chevalier and Monsieur La Place will tell you what you need to know. Behave yourselves." He advanced them half a month's pay. The entire company turned out to congratulate them, on their return, and they bore the cost of the dinner which was just then ready, and bought wine; and all made merry.]

Boppard [the narrator continues] is a small and very old city beside the Rhine. It was almost destroyed by Louis XIV; cannonballs are still to be seen in the city walls. It is fairly populous, and the inhabitants profess the Roman Catholic religion.

In all Trèves† the soil is very fertile and supplies the wants of the people. The lands on both sides of the river are mountainous. The vineyards there are flourishing, good wine is made, and there are grapes for the table. Good beer is brewed, also. There are all kinds of fruit, except peaches; an abundance of vegeta-

\*Gabriel Chabrier de Peloubet is thus called throughout the narrative; a younger brother of his grandfather Jacques had likewise been called the Chevalier de Peloubet. Gabriel had been a member of the *gardes du corps* since the age of fourteen, and was now forty-one. Gabriel-Sévérin, who had been a lieutenant in the Regiment of Angoulême, was now forty. Alexandre was twenty-seven.

†The Archbishopric of Trèves.

bles; quantities of butter and cheese; and grain that makes good bread—cheap, too.

The river is magnificent. Its flow is rapid; one can go downstream with ease, but it is hard work to make headway against the current. The Rhine flows into Holland and there loses its name because it divides into three or four branches.

If you go up the river to Basle in Switzerland, you will see a rich and beautiful country, for the most part level, with large and comely cities on either hand. I shall give you the names of all these places, those inland as well as those along the river. The name of the first—starting down from Basle—is Huningue. It is well fortified. The second is Fribourg in Breisgau, which also is quite strong. The third, Carlsruhe, is fortified only at one end, but is charming by reason of its regularity. The Prince—the Margrave of Baden-Baden—makes his residence here; he has a superb palace. The fourth city is Durlach, which is very old—it was there that the Prince resided a hundred years ago. The fifth, Rastatt, a large and beautiful city, is nine miles from Carlsruhe by the same route. The sixth, Strasbourg in Alsace, belonging to France, is a very large and strong city; it requires thirty or forty thousand men to defend it. It stands on the left bank of the Rhine and commands a charming prospect over the surrounding plain. The seventh, Mannheim, on the right bank, is not a large city, but is strongly fortified. There is a plain all round it, and the soil is

fertile, supplying enough food for all the people of the region. It is a pleasant country, and Mannheim is well filled. The eighth, Mayence, is a principality.\* The city is rather large, numbering fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants. It is not fortified, but is a thriving business center. Surrounding it on both sides of the river is a rich and beautiful countryside. The Main flows into the Rhine just opposite the city, and between the two rivers is a locality called the Rheingau which has a great reputation from the wine that is made there. It is superior to all the wines of Germany. I myself have tasted it, and could find no fault with it.

Going up the Main, within a day's journey you come to Francfort, a very large, populous, and busy city where they have, each year, a fair that lasts two weeks. It is a free city, and governs itself, paying a tribute to the Emperor. The dominant religion is Catholic, but there are many Lutherans, and Jews as well. The city is well fortified, and I have heard said that it has fifty thousand inhabitants. One of its churches has a lofty stone tower, and every Sunday at noon the Lutherans mount to the top of it, which is flat, and have singing and music; I have seen and heard them. The land round about is good, but the terrain is very uneven though there are no high mountains.

If you go up eastward a dozen leagues, you will see a charming city named Louisbourg. It is in the princi-

\*An archbishopric, like Trèves.

pality of Baden-Baden.\* It is built on a height, from which one views a wide prospect that enchants the eye. It is neither fortified nor very populous, but is the loveliest city in all that region.

If you would go to Boppard, take boat at Mayence and you will get there before night. That is what I did; the next morning at six o'clock I leaped on the boat and left. I saw nothing of interest that would give pleasure to my readers. We stopped to eat; I don't remember the name of the place, but I know it was a pleasant one. After an hour we left, and arrived at six o'clock, before nightfall. I paid the captain my two florins and went to M. La Place's, where I had left my two brothers and the company.

I arrived at an opportune moment; they were just going in to supper. "Come, Alexandre," they said, "sit down; you must be hungry indeed after your long trip." "You are right, Messieurs; my stomach is ordering a prime snack right away." They all laughed, and took their seats at table. We had a good supper that suited our appetites perfectly. I had just that prime snack my stomach had been crying for, and at once it felt much better. All the others knew how to satisfy theirs, I am sure, for next to nothing was left.

\*Louisbourg (Ludwigsburg) is a dozen leagues east of Carlsruhe, not Frankfurt, and is in Württemberg, not Baden. Built to order, from 1704 to 1718, by Duke Eberhard Ludwig, it was the Versailles of the little duchy of Württemberg.

“Now,” said M. La Place, who was our corporal, “we must look out for our new Guardsmen. They must learn their business. Séverin and Alexandre, some day this week we shall start a riding school; you must learn to ride and drill. Stick to it, and do as your instructors tell you, and the day will come when you will go on duty. After a tour of duty, you may amuse yourselves;—go for a walk in the country, if you wish. But every day you must report for orders at the Château. I think it will be at three in the afternoon; you will be told. Tomorrow we shall go to see M. de Saint-Georges, to find out whether your uniforms are ready. You can’t go on duty without them.”

While we await the uniforms, I shall give my readers a brief description of the city. It is on the left bank of the Rhine. The port is a good one and agreeable to look at. There is a brisk business, it seems, with places on both sides of the river, at Coblenz and at Mayence. There is a customhouse that collects duties on goods entering Boppard. The city is built partly of slate and partly of stone; a few houses are of wood. The environs of the city are quite agreeable. The soil is very good. Hops are plentiful for making beer. There are orchards all round the city, and much of the land is in gardens.

To the south of the town is a high hill, and at the top of it a hermitage. I climbed up there twice. When my friends would ask, “Why risk a broken neck?” I would reply, “If you take care, it isn’t dangerous; there’s a footpath.” We decided to go up together,



and set out; in less than an hour we arrived safely enough. We found the hermit there. He was getting his dinner ready, and although we didn't find out how it tasted, by the smell it must have been good. He offered to share it with us, but we refused and told him we would walk in his garden while he had his meal. The garden was small but pretty, and very clean. There was a pretty courtyard, too. The house was composed of one room and a kitchen, very clean and attractive. The air was bracing. I began to feel cold, and said to my friends, "We'll have to get back to town and warm up at our lodgings." At this the hermit said, "I'll go with you. I go down to the city once a day." We left, he leading the way and telling us repeatedly that if we were not afraid we wouldn't fall. We got back at last to the city and went to our lodgings. The hermit came along with us; he knew M. La Place, who received him as warmly as he did our comrades. The hermit was a young man, and had a pleasing countenance. M. La Place took a plate and put a bit of money on it; we all followed his example; and the collection was given to the hermit, who then went away. He was going to buy provisions for a whole week, M. La Place told us; he had nothing to live on except what was given him; he came every Sunday, regardless of the weather, to church, and often on a weekday also; he was well liked by everyone, never asked for anything, and was always sure of help from his friends.

We went to bed. Toward midnight we were awakened by thunder crashing all round, and terrifying flashes of lightning that were almost continuous. After half an hour we heard on all sides the cry of "Fire! Fire!" We looked out of the window, and it seemed as if the whole city was ablaze. We snatched up our clothes as quickly as we could and went down to the street. Then we saw that the tower of the parish church was burning; its wooden part was destroyed, but the church remained intact. The people were in despair. Day came; all was serene; the danger was past. The tower, which was partly of stone, was rebuilt in eight or ten days, higher and lovelier than before.

[This was the day they were to get their uniforms. Alexandre and Séverin were outfitted with uniform coat and breeches of royal blue,\* and were told to come back the next day for hat and boots. Nothing seemed more important than to try on the new clothes, which they did, and wore them to dinner; and afterward Alexandre went out for a walk.]

I went down along the Rhine bank as far as the city extended, but saw nothing that would interest my readers. I turned to the left and walked a little way among the cultivated grounds, which are almost entirely in gardens and orchards, very pretty. I again took a left turn, which led me to the highroad ending in the square by the church the tower of which had

\*Blue was the distinguishing color of the *gardes du corps*. The uniforms were showy.

been struck by lightning a few days before. Again, what I saw was about the same. There are quantities of hops—I think a good deal of beer is made there,—and always the gardens and fruit trees, many of them pear trees. Pears are much in demand. They are eaten all the year round, which is advantageous if one has a large household. The gardens produce in abundance a kind of pea which they call “coffee.” I have tasted it, but it didn’t please me; it is bitter as gall.

Across the river is a very pretty village called Camp, where there is a monastery of friars called Récollets who speak French. We go there every Sunday to hear the divine service; also on the weekday when benediction is said.

[The next day the two brothers went to M. de Saint-Georges’s headquarters. The company was not yet there. They went to the supply room and each took the pair of boots that fitted him best, and a three-cornered hat adorned with gold lace. Alexandre then went to visit a M. Pichon, an old Frenchman who had been a dispenser of medicines in the army of Louis XV. “He didn’t want to return to France, but preferred to stay in Boppard with his two daughters, who support him, for he now has nothing. He makes a fair interpreter for the company. His daughters do laundering and make a good number of florins, which are worth more than forty French sous apiece. He has a rather good house, well furnished.”]

M. La Place told us, after dinner, of an order he

had received from M. de Saint-Georges. He was to begin our instruction at once; and we commenced that very day at three o'clock—an hour of horsemanship and an hour of drill,—finishing at five. This was repeated four times a week for nine months. At the end of this time we all were ready for the campaign.

We were only awaiting the King of Prussia's army, which was expected to arrive any day. At last we learned that it had crossed the Rhine at Düsseldorf on the first of August and was on its way to the plain of Trèves,\* near that city and south of the Moselle. We continued in our expectations for some days further, when at last the order came for us to leave, on the tenth of the month, for the plain, where we were to be reviewed.

As we had still a few days to wait, we all had time to visit our friends and make our farewells. I had a friend—he should indeed be called a good friend—who had nothing that I could not call mine if I wished. How many times he offered me his purse and made me take ten gold louis! When I was about to go, he again offered it to me. I refused it, assuring him that I had enough for the campaign. "At any rate," he said, "if you are ever in need please don't hesitate to write me, and I'll send you whatever sum you want. If you get leave, come spend it with us. I will pay your way both coming and going." I took leave of him

\*The Prussian army assembled near Coblenz on July 19, left on July 30, and arrived at Trèves on August 5.

and his family and thanked him for all his kindness. I also went to say good-bye to M. Pichon and his two daughters.

The corporal told us that we were to leave the next morning at ten o'clock. "The trumpets will give you notice tonight, between sundown and dark. I urge you, Messieurs, not to leave without first paying your debts, if you have any." As I recall, I heard the trumpets sounding the departure for the next morning at ten. We were just then at supper. When we had finished, we went out to where they were still blowing, and stayed until they ceased. A crowd had gathered, and the delightful effect of the fanfare pleased them no end. We went back to our lodgings and told M. La Place to make up our accounts. There were quite a number of us, so that it took some time; but at last he came with the bill, and we paid him in French money. He thanked us warmly, wished us good health and good luck, and said, "I shall not take leave of you until you are out of the city. We'll have to be up bright and early tomorrow. We should turn in now, if you ask me." I answered that it was still too early. "Stay up alone then," said he, "if that suits you."

By the way, I must tell my readers the name of the good friend I have mentioned above. He is Jean Thomas, a tinsmith in the big square where we heard the trumpets.

I rejoined my comrades, who were fast asleep. It certainly would have been inconsiderate to wake them,

even though it was only eight o'clock; so I went to bed too, to await the next day.

Next morning I heard a shout of "It's day! Get up! You'll soon hear the trumpets." It was Corporal La Place. We rose and went down to our common room. "Now for our last breakfast in Boppard, my friends. To table! And eat enough to last out the day, for we shall have no dinner." We didn't eat more than usual; our appetites were not yet up; it was too early.

We are ready, now, to bid farewell to Boppard. But it is not yet eight o'clock, and we must wait for the trumpets to call us.—There they blow. To the square!—All is ready; but we have yet half an hour to wait before it is ten o'clock. M. Thomas, my good friend, comes to shake hands with me.

Ten o'clock sounds. M. de Saint-Georges bids the trumpets blow "To horse!" We form in column, ready to march, our wagon train at the rear. The whole town has turned out, all eyes and ears for the pageant and the fanfare. A single trumpet sounds the advance, and the column moves; slowly at first: the street is crowded with townsfolk, who wave and wish us good luck. Once outside the city we mend our pace.

It takes us two full days to reach the plain of Trèves, near the city of that name. Toward noon of the first day, we halt near a stream. The water is sparkling, and very good; almost all of us drink of it, and we water our mounts too. An officer commands, "To horse, and forward!" Toward five o'clock we reach

a large village, where we find our quarters ready.

I should tell you that when an army marches, someone is sent ahead to arrange for quarters, or to find the most suitable place for a camp for both horses and men. For each three mounts there is a horse handler, who looks out for them; he is called a *palefrenier*, and is paid for his service. The owner of a horse has only to see to it that he does his duty. My two brothers and I had one that was a fine fellow; he did his duty well and was most serviceable to us. He was our cook. Since it cost him nothing, he ate as much as he liked.

Next morning, the trumpet sounded at daybreak for our departure. The troops were up in an instant, every man getting ready to start at a moment's notice. It was yet an hour before we heard, once more, the command to march. We were instantly in the saddle. The column filed off, and we marched until noon, when we halted at another large and pretty village, where we found good water for our horses and quenched our own thirst as well. "Come, comrades, to horse! The trumpets are blowing." The column set off at a faster pace, and at three o'clock we reached the plain of Trèves. By five everything was in order. The horses were hitched to stakes, three by each tent, and all had fodder. The horse handler had only our supper to prepare.

We were the first to arrive.—The Scots,\* and Vil-

\*The *gardes écossais* were traditionally one of the companies of the *gardes du corps*. Originally composed of Scots, the company had become Scotch in nothing but name.

leroi's company, will doubtless come tonight, since tomorrow we are to be reviewed; the order would be for nothing, otherwise. Here it is past seven and they haven't come yet. They must have left late, yesterday.—We ate our frugal supper and went to sleep in our beds that were new to us.—I wake up, and look at my watch. It is two hours past midnight, and all is still. "Sleep on," I tell my brothers; "there's nothing stirring."—And I must have gone back to sleep myself, for I did not hear the trumpets of the two companies that arrived at break of day. They made camp and had everything in order by seven o'clock. The review was to be held at noon, and we were all that had yet come. But after an hour or so the cavalry regiments began to arrive; and at last, at ten o'clock, all were on hand.

It was already a fine sight to see. Soon we would hear the trumpets from all sides. "I should say, brothers, we had best eat a bite before we mount." "Right you are, Alexandre; it's a good idea, for who knows when it will be over—perhaps not till evening."

The trumpets sound "To horse! To horse!" In half an hour all was ready. Our three companies — Villeroy's, the Scots, and Noailles's — formed a square. The Emperor, the King of Prussia, and our Princes were together.\* There were three bands of trumpeters:

\*The Emperor was Francis II, the last Holy Roman Emperor (after 1806, Francis I of Austria); the King of Prussia, Frederick William II; the French Princes, the Comte de Provence (afterward Louis XVIII) and the Comte d'Artois (afterward Charles X).



the German, the Prussian, and our Princes' own. Their fanfare would have enchanted you. They were in the lead. Then came Their Majesties. The three companies of the King's Life-Guards were reviewed first, after which Their Majesties rode off toward a large body of cavalry, which was about half a mile away. We were then directed to withdraw to our camp, and did so at once. We all were weary and dull from sitting our horses for three or four hours without stirring. As it was still early, I told the horse handler to get supper for us only after he had seen to the horses. It was soon ready; good bread and cheese, and two eggs apiece. Our cook shared equally with us; we treated him like a brother, as he deserved. We sat on our beds in the tent and supped well enough. M. La Place, our corporal, came to our new *pension* to tell us that we should not be leaving for three days. This suited us perfectly. As he went away, he said he would tell us exactly when. We thanked him.

You may wonder, my readers, how we live in the field. Under a piece of canvas, quite comfortably, I assure you. We go to market every day and buy what suits us best; but we have to have money, for credit is nonexistent. The market follows us wherever we go and stops wherever we stop. There are men called *cantiniers*, you see, who carry all sorts of provisions. They stay at the rear with the army's baggage. Their wives are with them—*vivandières*, they are called,—who do the army's washing.

[The next day, they visited their relatives and friends in Villeroi's camp; and the next, they went to see the cavalry camp. "It formed a lengthened square, the tents ranged in straight lines, and every squadron had its pennon flying. There were twenty-six thousand men in the camp, and we saw none of our acquaintances." On the third day, as the corporal had warned them, the army broke camp and marched.\* The next day, they stayed in camp all day.† It rained. They thought of taking a walk when the rain should stop; but they didn't, and were bored. When, after supper that evening, they left their tent for a turn in the fresh air, Jean the horse handler said, "I think I hear cannon. Do you, Messieurs?" "Cannon, sure enough. Tomorrow morning we'll know what happened." Morning came, and again they heard the distant firing; but they heard no news, and the army stayed in camp all day. And again the next morning they heard the far-off sound, and speculated whether the army would move before some place had been taken, perhaps Verdun or Longwy. Another day passed, and another; the army did not move; and the brothers took walks into the countryside, north, south, east, and west, saw that potatoes were grown, and had some with their pork, which seems to have been their chief staple besides the inevitable bread and cheese, with beer to wash it down. The corporal thought they would move the

\*To Grevenmaker, in Luxembourg.

†At Stadtbredimus. They stayed there ten days.

next day, and told them that Verdun was now in the possession of the Prussians. But the next day came and the army did not move. The brothers heard that Verdun and Longwy had been taken\* and that the Prussian army was marching toward Chalons in Champagne.

[The next day, the army broke camp and marched to Verdun. In the afternoon, as the troops topped a rise and started down the farther side, the brothers saw "on the left the field of the Prussians' last battle, strewn with corpses that had not yet been removed. There were at least two thousand. We were told that they had been there three days—which was not hard to believe, they stank so. They had all been stripped white, which made us shudder with horror." But at Verdun, which they reached at five o'clock, their supper appetites were as sharp as ever, and they were pleased at having fresh butter for their bread.]

Verdun is a small city, delightfully situated in the middle of a little plain, and well fortified. Its inhabitants number ten or twelve thousand. Six days ago the Prussians almost destroyed it—there were burned-out ashes everywhere, and not a house undamaged;—in short, we could not use it for quarters. Its commerce is in sweetmeats, with which it supplies France and the neighboring countries. The climate is excellent. The soil is fertile, producing enough to feed the people: there are all sorts of vegetables and an abundance of

\*Longwy fell on August 23; Verdun, September 2.

fruit. Peaches do not grow there; but the vineyards thrive, and a fairly good wine is made. There are hops, too, and the beer is very good. There is good bread also.

[They ate well and heartily, as usual. "As long as this keeps up, we'll need no doctor, God willing; I don't like even the best comforts of a hospital."

[The next day, they visited their friends, and the corporal told them they would march at one o'clock the following afternoon and would push on, the day thereafter, to Champigneul, in Champagne. Two days later, he told them they would march at ten o'clock the following morning and would spend the night in the Champagne barrens.\* "That name frightens me," said Alexandre; "I'm afraid we'll find no provisions there."

[This time the corporal was right: they marched at ten o'clock the next day and reached Champigneul at five. The troops were quartered in the town. The three brothers had a room to themselves, and a kitchen, a good stable and hay for their horses, and water just outside the door. They expected to stay for two weeks at least.

[After breakfast the next morning, they went for a walk. "We went down along a stream that debouches on the plain, and saw an oak tree extraordinary for its size and the way in which it has been made to grow. It has branches longer than you would believe; five

\*The *Champagne pouilleuse* is still so called because the soil, which is chalky, is unproductive.

hundred men could drill beneath them. They are held up by stakes in ordered rows. Altogether it is a striking sight . . . Water is plentiful here, but I don't like it; when you draw it up, it is white as milk, from the marl that lies a foot or so below the surface of the soil throughout all this region. The water in the river Marne\* becomes white as soon as you stir up the bottom. The horses don't much like it. The country hereabout is irrigated, especially in the near vicinity of Champigneul. It makes me think of Bloomfield, in America, which is also well irrigated, only the water is much better there."

[After dinner they walked east of the village to where the Marne flows. The French army commanded by Dumouriez was camped on the right bank of the river. "We climbed a little height that commanded a view of both banks and saw easily enough both armies, the Prussian and that of Dumouriez. The river lay between them. It was a sight to see. Detachments from both armies were patrolling along the river, and sometimes would stop to talk back and forth. We went down to the riverbank to see better, and the soldiers opposite presented arms: they could see by our uniforms that we were of the King's Life-Guards. We talked with some of their officers, who invited us to visit their camp. We had difficulty in understanding them. They were good-looking chaps, and very polite. I asked them if they thought we should soon have any

\**Marne* is French for marl.

fighting. They said they didn't know for sure, but that we might expect a battle on the twenty-first of the month. I said the same rumor was current in our billets. I invited them to visit us: "You will find us at No. 24,\* in Champigneul." They said they would come. And we parted good friends.

[The next day, they went to find the corporal, on the chance that he might have news, and found him sitting on his bed of hay. He told them he knew nothing beyond the rumor, which had been circulating for several days, that there would be a battle on the twenty-first. "I'm afraid it will come to no good," he said. "We, too," said Alexandre; "but time will tell." On their return for dinner, the horse handler had no news, either.]

Thionville was still under siege.† We sometimes heard the sound of cannon, and at night saw flashes from the bombshells. It is a strongly fortified place and will cost the King of Prussia many men if he takes it—and he may not take it.

Champigneul [the narrator here throws in a description] is a fairly large village; of about two thousand inhabitants, in peacetime. It is on a plain a short distance from the Marne. It is built, in part, of the native limestone, and its whiteness makes it visible from a

\*The number of their billet?

†The Austrians invested Thionville on August 29. They were joined by the Comte de Provence's army of émigrés on September 3, and both forces bombarded the town on the night of September 5-6. Thionville did not fall.

distance. The church and its lofty pointed tower are built of the same stone. Altogether it is a pretty town, and really uncommon. It lies between two strongholds, Thionville to the south and Montmédy to the north.\* It is the first of these places that is under siege.

[In the afternoon the brothers set out afoot to visit headquarters, which was in the direction of Montmédy.] It took us more than an hour to get there. The guard let us go in. The Princes came to meet us. "You are out for a walk, Messieurs?" "Yes; we have come to tender our respects and assurances of our loyalty." We saw our captain, M. de Saint-Georges, and he asked us what news of our corps. We told him, "There is none. In fact, sir, we are all pretty much down in the mouth. We've been at Champigneul more than a week already, and we know no more of what is going on than we did the first day we came. It doesn't seem right. I'm afraid the interview between the King of Prussia and General Dumouriez will be no help to us. I hope I'm wrong; but don't forget what an old-timer has told you. Now, we'll go. Have you any message, sir, that you would have us take back to the corps?" "No, Messieurs; none, thank you." We returned by the way we had come.

\*Champigneul-Champagne is some 10 kilometers west of Châlons-sur-Marne. Actually, it is farther south than either Montmédy or Thionville, but not "south" of the one place or "north" of the other. Montmédy is more than 100 kilometers northeast of Champigneul-Champagne, and Thionville some 150 kilometers in the same general direction but farther to the east and a little south.

[Next day the corporal told Alexandre: "I doubt we shall see any battles. The campaign is petering out. Here it is the sixteenth, and I see no preparations for the twenty-first." "I think," said Alexandre, "we'll soon see Longwy and Luxembourg. This conference between the King of Prussia and Dumouriez is only to wind up the campaign and put us in winter quarters, or else it means that we clear out entirely; at least, that's the way it looks to me." He then went out to shoot rabbits, killed a fat one, and invited the corporal and two other friends to dine on rabbit, fresh pork, bread, and beer. "How I wish," said one of his guests at table, "that we might eat a rabbit at home, this winter! But why dream of the impossible?" "What do you think, Corporal, of our long stay here? We've been here two weeks, and know no more than we did when we came. Today is the eighteenth, and still we hear nothing about the twenty-first. Ah, well! Patience! Two days more—and we'll be in retreat. If you do learn anything, Messieurs, be sure to let us know." "I will," said the corporal; "don't worry." And they took their leave and went back to their billets.

[After dinner, as the brothers set out for a walk in the village, Alexandre told the horse handler: "Maybe we'll learn something definite. I think I've heard someone say that the day after tomorrow we'll be starting back. It will be one thing or the other—fight or retreat." They learned nothing that day; but the next, when they once more asked the corporal what



news, he said, "None will that please you, my friends. At nine or ten tomorrow morning we begin our retreat. Tonight at dusk the trumpets will announce it. If you hadn't come, I would have gone to tell you about it." "What route will the army take?" "For Longwy and Luxembourg." "I told you four days ago, Corporal, that we'd be going that way; remember?" "So you did, Alexandre; and to tell you the truth, I thought so too. In two days we'll be the King's Life-Guards no longer." "If that's what happens, I'll be going back to Boppard, to our first camp, where we shall be gentlemen with nothing to do but eat and drink, take walks in the country, and admire the view." When night fell, however, the trumpets did not sound.

[The next morning they learned that there had been a misunderstanding about the orders; it was at ten o'clock the next day that they were to go. "Tonight," the corporal told them, "the trumpets will sound our departure for tomorrow morning—unless the orders are changed, which I doubt." "Do you think, Corporal, that tomorrow night we shall be at Longwy?" "I hope so. For more than two weeks, now, the horses have had no work to do; we should be able to cover twice as much ground as usual, with no trouble at all."

[That evening, the brothers went into the village, and heard an old Guardsman say that the retreat they were to make was only a strategic movement. "He was telling this to someone who put no faith in it and

who told him that in two days he would be a Guardsman no more. One of them is wrong; and I dare say it's the other that is right. Tomorrow night we shall know."

[The next day, at the order "To horse!" they mounted and rode to the highway at the north end of the village, where they took their places.] The three companies were drawn up in column. We awaited the order to march. "March!" The column filed off. "Good-bye again, fair and fertile land! We are going for good."\*

We came to headquarters, which was in the midst of troops that had been garrisoning Montmédy, and halted. The enemy had taken possession of the highway so that we were cut off. We did not know in what strength they were. They had some masked batteries, which we had no knowledge of until after they had fired on our column. A ball carried away my portmanteau and killed the horse which the man at my right was riding. This man's name was Richard. Catching sight of an enemy vedette, he shouldered his musket the wrong way to and ran toward him as if deserting. When he got near enough, he righted his musket, fired, and killed the vedette, and then took the dead man's horse and returned to the ranks.

\*The famous battle of Valmy was fought on this day, September 20, 1792. Although it was "rather a cannonade than a battle," the Allied commander was obliged to break off the action—and the campaign. The émigrés were not engaged at Valmy.

M. d'Autichamp\* sent an aide to find out what enemy force this was. They were concealed in a grove of tall trees, and only came out to shoot and then go back in again. M. d'Autichamp placed himself at the head of his corps, the *gendarmes à pied*, and, supported by the *Royal-allemand*† and the Regiment of Versigny, both of which were mounted, advanced on the impudent enemy and routed them, killing some and making prisoners of others. The highway was soon cleared and the column resumed its march.

The aide had met an unhappy fate. He took one man prisoner but neglected to make him give up his gun, and the prisoner fired on him and killed him. The assassin then tried to make off, but the cavalrymen, hearing the shot, dashed up at full gallop to see what had happened. They stopped the man and asked him who had fired the shot they had just heard. He replied that it was he; that he had killed one of our officers who had taken him prisoner. "And I ask for no mercy." "You know that would be useless." They drew their swords and cut him to pieces. He was not a soldier, but a man from a near-by village. The cavalry were so incensed at this murderer that they set fire to all the villages round about; from our column we could count nine or ten. Then we saw none but the aged and children, in tears. Almost every one of them

\*The Marquis d'Autichamp commanded the *gendarmes*, one of the corps composing the *maison du Roi*.

†A cavalry regiment which was composed in large part of Germans.

had a long stick with a bit of white cloth at the end of it, to show us that they were royalists. It was pathetic and deplorable. All day we saw flames and smoke. I think the garrison of Montmédy must long have remembered the manner of its departure.\*

We marched until we came to a small village where we watered our horses. It was then three o'clock. The village was the first we came to that was untouched by fire. It took us about twenty minutes to water the horses, and then we set off again. We kept up a rapid pace, as we wanted to make Longwy by nightfall. At six o'clock we were still three leagues short of our goal. At eight precisely we arrived, and found our billets ready for both men and horses. Each repaired to his own. Ours was outside the town, on the highway to Luxembourg. We were well received by the inhabitants. They offered to take our *assignats*† if we had any that were worth their face value in silver. There were some among us who had, and these profited by the offer.

[The next day, they marched at nine o'clock, setting off at a brisk pace, both to arrive the sooner and to have the more time for winding up the company's affairs. At ten they reached a frontier village in Luxembourg.] The three companies were then and there dis-

\*For the entire incident see Arthur Chuquet, *Les Guerres de la Révolution*, Vol. III, p. 225.

†Paper money, printed for the French Princes. It was rapidly depreciating in value.

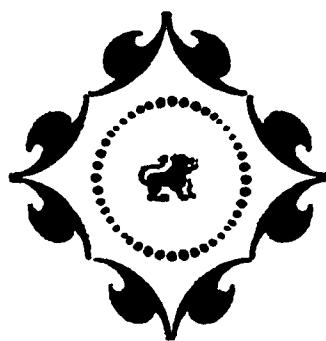
banded, so that everyone might leave by the route of his choice. To each of us was left his horse, his cloak, his portmanteau, and his uniform, and we were paid half our allowances. I asked my brothers where they intended to go, and they said they would join Condé's army.\* "Not for me. I'm going back to Boppard and down the Rhine to Holland, where I shall try to find means of getting back to France." Our corporal, M. La Place, asked me if I would take a letter to his wife at Bordeaux. "Yes, my fellow countryman, with pleasure." My brother the Chevalier gave me a letter for his wife, also. I declined taking any more; from what they said, my portmanteau would not have been big enough. A Guardsman named d'Ardenne wanted to go with me, as he too wished to return to France. This pleased me well; it meant company, and the time would thus pass the more quickly. "Come, Monsieur d'Ardenne, we must leave. Good-bye, my brothers—my comrades. I wish you better luck for the future than we have had so far."

We mounted, and rode toward the city of Luxembourg, which we reached at noon. We did not wish to stop there. We were conducted beyond the city by a soldier on duty, who went back after we had passed over the last drawbridge. Here we found Jean, who had gone on ahead, waiting for us. I told him to tie his bundle to my portmanteau so that he could go on

\*The Prince de Condé commanded an army of émigrés which had joined the Austrians under Esterhazy, in Breisgau.

easier afoot, and he did so. "Tonight we sleep at a good place on the banks of the Moselle, where tomorrow morning we'll take boat for Coblenz—that is, if we sell our horses." At sunset we came to a pretty village and put up at a good inn.

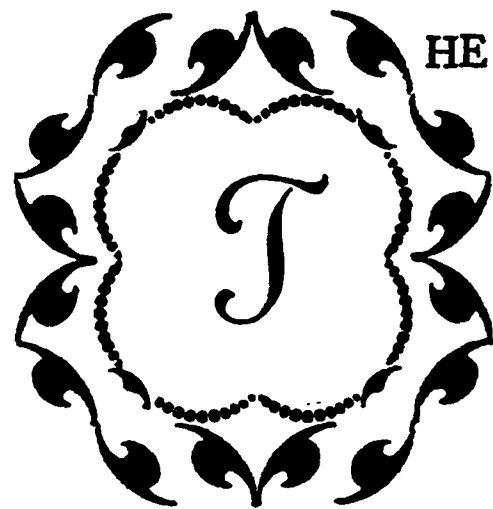
[They sold their horses to the innkeeper, Alexandre his for fifteen gold louis, and M. d'Ardenne his for ten. The next day they went by boat to Coblenz, and the next to Boppard, where M. La Place gave them a warm welcome. They decided to stop two days in Boppard for a visit. Alexandre's good friend, Jean Thomas, and all his family, overwhelmed the returning soldier with kindnesses and caresses. "You must be very short of money. I don't want you to be distressed for a single moment. You know my purse has always been open to you, and it still is." "I thank you most heartily, Monsieur Thomas, for all your kindness. I haven't been distressed—not for a single moment. I don't expect that I'll have to fall back on anyone. I've money enough to take me where I'm going." They took leave of the Thomases; and the next day, Alexandre went to see the Pichons, leaving M. d'Ardenne at La Place's. "I'll soon be back, and then we'll go find out when the boat leaves for Düsseldorf, for we must be off." [Here, with the words "I set out," the narrative is abruptly ended.]



FURTHER ADVENTURES



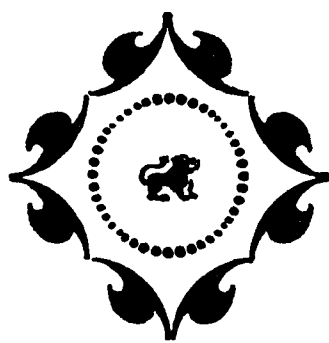




HE FRANCE that Alexandre returned to was a hazardous place for an émigré. He was with his family but a short time when he was arrested as an enemy of the Republic, thrown into prison, tried, and sentenced to the guillotine. The day was fixed for his execution. It was to have taken place at sunrise. About midnight, the jailer, probably bribed by friends of the condemned man, came to his cell and silently led him out and put him in a large room containing only a chair and a table with a lighted candle on it. So silently and quickly was the change made that it seemed like a dream. Coming to himself, the prisoner was sure it was intended for his escape. He searched for some secret door in the wall, some loose board in the floor, but in vain. Seating himself in the one chair, he almost gave up hope, when it occurred to him that he had not looked behind the table. He moved the table, and there was a hole in the wall. Letting himself into it head foremost, he wormed through, and fell some ten

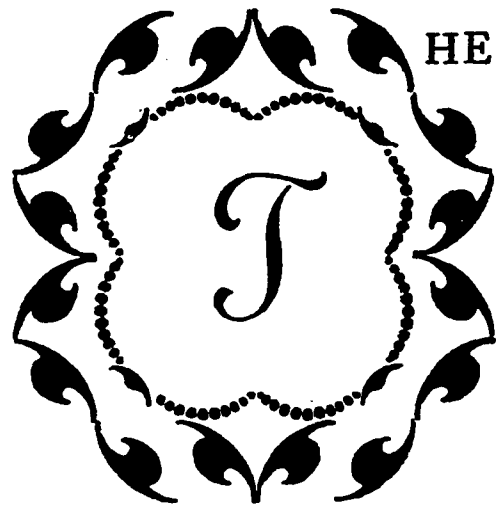
feet to the ground. He was hurt, but soon recovered; and when he got up he found that he was outside the prison, and soon gained the street. There, he was startled by the approach of a man on horseback; but the man passed him by, at the same time saying, "Under that tree are a passport and a horse." At the tree he found a passport, a horse, and a peddler's cart, and without further inquiry or delay he drove off. He never knew to whom he was indebted for his escape. Peddling his way, he once more reached the Rhine and a haven on foreign soil. To support himself in exile, he learned and practiced the trade of making musical instruments such as the flute, fife, and clarinet. He thus occupied himself until the rise of Napoleon established a new order of things.

Under the Consulate, a decree of April 26, 1802, authorized the reëntry into France of émigrés not specifically excluded by name. The Peloubets who had fled abroad could return. The family sought also the restoration of its property, and obtained certificates of indemnification, and the action of the Republican court by which they had been dispossessed was reversed on condition that they continue as citizens of the new France. But the estate of Peloubet was too heavily encumbered and, as we have already remarked, was sold. Alexandre had to look elsewhere to mend his fortunes.



THE FOUNDING OF THE  
PELOUBET FAMILY IN AMERICA





HE PELOUBETS fell heir to a supposedly handsome property on Bourbon Island—now called Réunion—in the Indian Ocean, and Alexandre was commissioned to pursue the matter in the interest of the family. Accordingly, he made his plans for a long voyage; but France then had no ships trading there, and was at war with England, so that a Frenchman could not go there on a British vessel. The only course open to him was to come to the United States and sail from an American port. He landed at New York in October, 1803. But already the English were making those reprisals on American commerce which were to lead to war in 1812, and American skippers refused to take a Frenchman aboard, because it would not be safe for him if the English cruisers in their search for contraband goods should find him.

After much delay, he sent his claims; but they were returned, to be translated into English. Bourbon Is-

land was now in English hands, and everything must be done in the English language. He had the documents translated, and again sent them to the agent of the estate, a M. Pichon. A small sum of money was received from the agent, but nothing further, except the information that so many governmental changes had taken place on the island that affairs were greatly embarrassed and the claims were of little value.

So glimmered and vanished Alexandre's dream of a fortune. The expectation of the inheritance kept him from seeking a new one in America; but in the meantime he supported himself by practicing the craft he had learned in Germany. He was one of the earliest makers, in the United States, of wind instruments fashioned from wood. For a long time he felt sure that the French government would make amends for the loss he had sustained, and this hope was fed from time to time by promises made to him by the French ambassador. To the end of his life he retained his French citizenship, since should he give it up he would forfeit the rights extended by the amnesty of 1802.

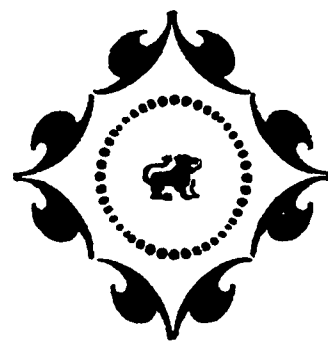
One of his friends in New York was a M. Boyer, a Frenchman who had married an American wife. In their family was a young cousin, Elizabeth Alcott, and Alexandre became acquainted with her. He could never speak much English, and she knew next to nothing of French; he was a Catholic, and she a Protestant; but they understood each other, and held their differences to be of little account. On May 5, 1805,

they were married. He was forty-one, and she was twenty. They lived in various places—Philadelphia, New York, Athens, Albany, Hudson, and Catskill. His motto seemed to be, “Push ahead; keep moving on.” They had eleven children, and in later life were neighbors to some of them, in Orange and Bloomfield, New Jersey. Alexandre died in Bloomfield in 1844, in the eighty-first year of his age. His widow survived him ten years.

The children of Alexandre and Elizabeth, from among whom the name Peloubet has been continued in America, were: Louis-Michel-François Chabrier, born 1806, in Philadelphia; Joseph Arnot Prosper, born 1807, in New York City; Alexander Olympus, born 1810, in Athens, N. Y.; William Petrie, born 1816, in Athens; Asa Blakesley, born 1819, in Athens; Sophia, born 1822, in Athens; Ellen, born 1824, in Athens; David Alcott, born 1828, in Catskill, N. Y.; Enos Ward, born 1833, in Catskill. There were also two daughters, Radegonde and Severine, born 1812 and 1813, respectively, who died in infancy. Alexandre was in his seventieth year when his last child was born.







## THE LINE OF DESCENT



A. D. 1466 Pierre de Chabrier, "an inhabitant of the Mas\* de la Girandie, in the parish of Circullo, diocese of Périgueux, took up his abode in the diocese of Sarlat, on the borders of Périgord and Agenois, in consequence of renting from the high and mighty lord Jean de Caumont, Esquire, Lord of Lauzun, Tombeboeuf and Monbahus, a holding (*bébergement*)† called the Pech‡ de Lestre, situated in the parish of St. Pastour in Sarladois and subject to the jurisdiction of Lauzun in Agenois."

A century later, one of his descendants at Lauzun was:

1. Jammes de Chabrier.

First I. 1—Jammes de Chabrier and his wife, Jeanne de Rebers, are named in the parish registers of Lauzun as grandfather and grandmother of

\**Mas*, a name formerly applied to many châteaux, and surviving in the proper names of the places where the châteaux used to be.—*Dictionnaire de Trévoux*. Here, it is apparently used of a property belonging to the Church. *Mas* nowadays means a small farmhouse.

†*Hébergement*, a word formerly signifying a noble house, a tenantable house.—*Dictionnaire de Trévoux*; from the right of a feudal lord to demand of his vassal fit lodging for himself and his train when he was traveling at a distance from his castle. *Hébergement* nowadays means shelter, entertainment, or the supplying of these; it is related to *auberge*, inn.

‡*Pech*, an old word signifying the same thing as *puy* [peak] or mountain.—*Dictionnaire de Trévoux*. It survives in a number of place names which originally were suggested by a locally striking feature of the landscape.

Mathurin de Chabrier, born July 19, 1597. They had a son:

2. Jean de Chabrier, sieur du Pech.

**Second Generation** II. 2—Jean de Chabrier, Jammes's eldest son, married in 1578 Marie de Flottes, who bore him two sons: Jacques, founder of the De Flottes branch of the family, and Gabriel, founder of the Peloubet branch. His wife died and he married, second, Louise de Longueval, daughter of Mathurin de Longueval and Isabelle Gallet, who bore him a third son, Mathurin, progenitor of the lords of La Barde. Jean de Chabrier was secretary to the Comte de Lauzun, and for having taken part with his lord in the important events of that epoch, on the side of Henry of Navarre, he was rewarded in 1603 with letters patent of nobility for himself and his descendants. His arms were: Azure, a cross argent, charged on the pale with three roses gules and on the fesse with two lions passant of the same.\*

3. i—Jacques de Chabrier, sieur de Flottes.

4. ii—Gabriel de Chabrier, sieur des Champs (Campy).

5. iii—Mathurin de Chabrier, sieur du Pech et de La Barde.

**Third Generation** III. 4—Gabriel de Chabrier, Jean's second son, was baptized at Lauzun, September 17, 1589. From 1606 to 1622 he pursued a military career, and after that applied himself to the aggrandizement of his property. In 1632 he bought Peloubet. Meanwhile, in 1620, he had married Louise de Longueval, only daughter of François de Longueval and his second wife, Antoinette de Carbonnier, daughter of Godefroy de Carbonnier, seigneur de Verdun. They had seven children, three sons:

\*"D'azur, à la croix d'argent, chargée sur le montant de trois roses de gueules et sur la traverse de deux lions passant du même."



ARMS OF JEAN DE CHABRIER

1603



6. i—Jean de Chabrier, seigneur de La Canétie, born May 3, 1622, lost his life in a quarrel in which swords were drawn, November 14, 1647.

7. ii—François de Chabrier, sieur de Lescombes, died in early manhood, without issue.

8. iii—Guillaume de Chabrier, sieur de Saint-Croix, who continues the line of descent.

—And four daughters:

Anne de Chabrier, married, in 1641, to Paul de Trévey, seigneur d'Autramat.

Marie de Chabrier, married to Gabriel d'Escatha, seigneur de Vignes.

Marie, called Marion de Chabrier, married to Jacques de Paty, sieur de Gueychon.

Jeanne, called Jeanneton de Chabrier, apparently unmarried.

**Fourth Generation** IV. 8—Guillaume de Chabrier, born in 1645, inherited from his brother François the estate of Peloubet. By judgment of M. Claude Pellot, Intendant de Guienne, rendered on May 5, 1668, Guillaume de Chabrier, écuyer, sieur de Peloubet, and his uncle Mathurin de Chabrier, écuyer, sieur du Pech et de La Barde, were confirmed in the possession of their title to nobility. Guillaume also defended possession of his property against descendants of Antoine de Courson, proving that they were descended from an illegitimate son of that former owner of Peloubet. Guillaume married, June 21, 1667, Marie Ezémar, daughter of Jean Ezémar, a bourgeois of Réole, and Jeanne de Lostan. They had six children, three sons:

9. i—Jacques de Chabrier, who continues the line of descent.

10. ii—Pierre de Chabrier, died without issue.

11. iii—Gabriel de Chabrier, called the Chevalier de

Peloubet, an officer in the Regiment of Hainaut. He married Anne de Bounet, daughter of Jean-Mathias de Bounet, chevalier, seigneur de Bussier, commandant of Fort Saint-Sauveur at Lille, a Knight of St. Louis, and Jeanne de Cahors.

—And three daughters:

Marie de Chabrier, married to Barthélemy de La Roche, sieur de Lescans.

Anne de Chabrier, married to maître Jean Grilher, a notary.

Radégonde de Chabrier, married, first, to Pierre Carias de la Tourelle, and, second, to Jean Clerc de Maurillac.

**Fifth** V. 9—Jacques de Chabrier, Guillaume's eldest son, married, April 21, 1705, Catherine Joguet, daughter of André Joguet, a bourgeois of Lauzun, and Antoinette Brousse. She bore him four children. He died in 1715, and his widow was married, second, to Joseph Montard, sieur de Lespile, to whom she bore two sons. Of the children of Jacques de Chabrier, the sons were:

12. i—Pierre de Chabrier, died in infancy.

13. ii—Michel-Francois de Chabrier, who continues the line of descent.

—And the daughters:

Marie de Chabrier, married to Gabriel de Guyon, sieur de Bellevue.

Anne de Chabrier, apparently unmarried.

**Sixth** VI. 13. Michel-Francois de Chabrier, sieur de Peloubet, was born at Peloubet, September 29, 1714. He married, February 22, 1743, Marguerite-Louise de Vendeuil, daughter of Alexandre-Daniel de Vendeuil, chevalier, and Jeanne d'Espagne, daughter of Louis d'Espagne, chevalier, seigneur de Répassac et du Chastelot, and Anne Michellet. They had ten children:



14. i—Nicholas de Chabrier, sieur de La Canétie, born August 28, 1749. He married, May 23, 1781, Marie Clerc, daughter of Pierre Clerc, a bourgeois of Saint-Avit, and Brigitte-Philippe de Laborie; and thereafter lived at Saint-Avit. He was a member of the Duc de Villeroi's company of King's Life-Guards, and became a Knight of St. Louis in 1789. His son, François-Louis, married Adélaïde Carias, daughter of M. Carias de Champelon and Marie du Rieu de Meynadié; and their only child, Antoinette-Anne, was married to M. Jean-Jules Auchier, a captain of dragoons and Knight of the Legion of Honor, who died November 4, 1877—progenitor of the Auchier branch of the family, still flourishing in France.

15. ii—Louis de Chabrier, died in infancy.

16. iii—Gabriel de Chabrier, born July 26, 1750, married, January 22, 1789, Jeanne-Louise de Comarque, daughter of Joseph de Comarque, chevalier, seigneur de Leyride, and Marie-Lucrèce de Mellet de Solignac. He was a member of the King's Life-Guards, and at the time of the Revolution he emigrated with his brother-in-law, Armand-Joseph de Comarque, who also was a Guardsman. He died sometime prior to 1804, leaving one son, Armand de Chabrier, who, under the Restoration, was a *recteur d'académie*. Armand was one of Prince Louis-Napoleon's teachers, and it appears that when the Prince-President became the Emperor Napoleon III he held M. de Chabrier in kindly remembrance. He gave him a good post in the Audit Office, and later put him in charge of the Record Office and made him a Senator. Armand de Chabrier married his cousin, Désirée de Chabrier, the daughter of his uncle Nicholas. He died in Paris, in 1871, leaving no children.

17. iv—Jean-Louis de Chabrier, born June 16, 1757, went to the West Indies in 1794. What became of him is not known.

18. v—Gabriel-Sévérin de Chabrier, born July 6, 1759, was an officer in the Regiment of Angoulême. At the time of the Revolution, he emigrated and served in the armed forces of the émigrés, as is related in Joseph-Alexandre's memoir.

19. vi—Alexandre-Joseph de Chabrier, progenitor of the American branch of the family. In the Family Records his name is given as Alexandre-Joseph, but he customarily styled himself Joseph-Alexandre.

—And four daughters:

Jeanne de Chabrier, born April 6, 1744, was married, September 9, 1788, to Louis de Bans de Caillevel, sieur de Verdun, son of Georges de Bans, sieur de Caillevel, and Marguerite d'Estut de Solminiac.

Marie de Chabrier, born March 17, 1747.

Radégonde de Chabrier, born July 4, 1766, became a religious.

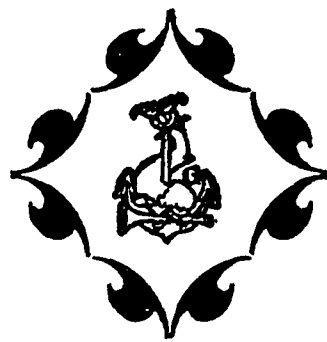
Marie-Anne de Chabrier, became a religious.

~~Seventh~~ VII. 19—Alexandre-Joseph de Chabrier de ~~Generation~~ Peloubet, born March 10, 1764, died in October, 1844. His story is the principal theme of this book. He married, May 5, 1805, Elizabeth Alcott, daughter of David Alcott (the family name previously, in England, was Alcock), of New Haven, Connecticut, later of Lunenburg (now Athens), New York, and Eunice Peck, the orphaned daughter of William Peck, a soldier of the American Revolution who died on an English prison ship at New York. They had eleven children, seven sons and four daughters—whence the numerous American branches of the family.

~~Eighth~~ VIII. 20—Louis-Michel-François Chabrier de ~~Generation~~ Peloubet (or simply Chabrier Peloubet, as he always signed his name), was born in Philadelphia, February 22, 1806. His childhood was spent chiefly in New

York City, and in Athens, Hudson, and Catskill on the Hudson. Like his father, he learned the trade of making musical instruments, and while quite young set up business for himself in New York City. In 1829 he married Harriet Hanks. Their four elder children were born in New York City. In 1836 they moved to Bloomfield, New Jersey, where all the rest of his life was spent, and where for many years he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. Here he continued to make flutes and other wind instruments of wood until 1849, when he began to manufacture cabinet organs, in which business he continued, with his son Jarvis, until his death in November 1885. Another son, Francis Nathan Peloubet, 1831-1920, is memorialized in the Dictionary of American Biography.





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