

most importunate creditors. But as time passed, his difficulties increased, and at length he was ready to beg or borrow from those he would once have held at a distance.

In May, 1832, the consulate was abolished, and the unfortunate Beau left without the means of subsistence. His creditors beset him on all sides as soon as the royal emblems were removed from his doorway. So, as a last resource, Mr. Armstrong went to England to represent the case to his friends. In the meanwhile, to add to his misery, Brummell was seized with paralysis, and narrowly escaped death. The return of Mr. Armstrong, however, threw a gleam of sunshine over the clouded path of the Beau, for he brought sufficient funds, contributed by Brummell's generous friends, to pay his debts in full.

The story of Brummell's life from this period is a mournful one. His temporary relief from the persecutions of his creditors enabled him, it is true, to regain health and tranquillity of mind; and an allowance of one hundred and twenty pounds a year from his friends in England might have sufficed for his support had he given up his extravagant and senseless expenses. But these he would not relinquish. He still ordered boot-polish, at five francs per bottle, from Paris, and his neckcloths were, as spotless as ever. Soon he had drifted into debt as deeply as before. Another embassy to England was undertaken by Mr. Armstrong, who returned with the means of again satisfying Brummell's creditors; but the anxiety and annoyance he had undergone brought on a second attack of paralysis, from which he with difficulty recovered. And now the crowning misfortune befell him. The banker in Calais, seeing no prospect of the repayment of Brummell's debt now that the consulate was closed, arrested him and put him in prison. The horrors of captivity in such a place, surrounded by scoundrels and felons, and compelled to associate with them, must have been unbearable to a man of the refined tastes and feelings of Brummell. Indeed, when he was released some months afterwards by the efforts of generous friends, he left the jail with broken health and spirits and a decaying intellect. After this time he gradually sank, till at last his mind was almost gone. The doors of his friends became closed against him, owing to

his imbecility and uncleanly habits. One house only remained open to him till the last; and as he feebly crept along the street, supporting himself by the wall, on his way to the house of this true friend, the very children mocked and jeered him, so odd and deplorably forlorn was his appearance. In this home poor Brummell always found a welcome and a warm seat before the fire, where he could doze till the fragrant tea was poured out.

For some months before his death, Brummell was not only afflicted with the total loss of intellect, but with a complication of diseases, which rendered attendance on him both troublesome and disagreeable. At last an asylum was found for him in an institution for the insane, kept by the nuns of the Bon Sauveur at Caen. To this comfortable retreat he was removed, and there he remained until his life came to a close. The nun who attended him gave the following description of the last scene:

"On the evening of his death, about an hour before he expired, his debility having become extreme, I observed him assume an appearance of intense anxiety and fear, and he fixed his eyes upon me with an expression of entreaty, raising his hands towards me as he lay in the bed, as though asking for assistance, but saying nothing. Upon this I requested him to repeat after me the *acte de contrition* of the Roman ritual, as in our prayer-books. He immediately consented, and repeated after me, in an earnest manner, that form of prayer. He then became more composed, and laid his head down on one side; but this tranquillity was interrupted about an hour after by his turning himself over and uttering a cry, at the same time appearing to be in pain. He soon, however, turned himself back, with his face towards the wall, after which he never moved,—dying imperceptibly."

He died on the 30th of March, 1840, and lies buried in the Protestant cemetery at Caen.

So perished this unfortunate—so reads the history of his wasted life. Blessed with excellent abilities, liberal education, and large fortune, he devoted them all to the attainment of an empty notoriety, and spent the time which might have been employed in some useful and worthy pursuit, in the whirl of