

Trianon, which had been formerly built for Madame de Montespan. *Louis*, was a great builder; he had a compass in his eye for precision, proportion, symmetry, but he had no taste.

The new castle was just emerging from the ground, when the king perceived a defect in the lines of a window. *Louvois*, naturally brutal, and too much spoiled by favour to submit patiently to a correction even from his master, disputed with vehemence and obstinately insisted on it that the window was right; the king turned his back upon him and took a walk in another part of the building.

Next day he meets *Le Notre*, a good architect, celebrated for having first improved the taste of gardening in France; and carrying it to a high degree of perfection: He asks him, if he had been at Trianon, the architect answers he had not: The king explains to him what had offended his eye, and orders him to go there. The next day he meets him again—the same question; the same answer; and soon the day after. The king easily perceived that the architect did not choose either to find him in the wrong, or to blame *Louis*; he grew displeased, commanded him to repair the next day to Trianon, where he should be himself, and summon *Louis* too.

There was no way of escaping this; the king saw them both next day at Trianon. The first question was about the window. *Louis* disputed: *Le Notre* stood silent.—The king orders him to draw lines, to measure and to report what he had found. Whilst he was employed, *Louis* enraged at this verification, scolded aloud, and obstinately persisted that the window was of dimensions exactly similar to the rest. When all had been well examined he asks *Le Notre* what was the result—*Le Notre* begins to stutter; the king catches fire, and orders him to speak out. *Le Notre* now owns that the king was in the right, and details the faults he had found. He no sooner had ended, when the king turned to *Louis* told him, there was no bearing this obstinacy any longer; that had it not been for his observation, the whole would have been built awry; and must have come down again as soon as built; and in a word, gave him a most unmerciful dressing. *Louis*, desperate at this scene which happened in the presence of courtiers, workmen and servants, returns home in a fit of rage; he there finds *Sr. Fouquet*, *Villereux*, the Chevalier de *Negret*, the two *Tilladits*, and some other intimate friends, all much alarmed to see him in this state.

'All is over,' says he, 'I have forever

'lost the king, by the manner in which he has just now abused me for a window. The only resource left me, is a war, which may turn him from his buildings and make me necessary; and by God he shall have it!'

In fact, some months afterwards, he kept his word: And in spite of the king and the other powers made it a general one. A war which ruined France at home, did not extend its limits, notwithstanding the prosperity of its arms, and ended in disgrace.

HISTORICAL PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE DE LAUZUN.

[From the *faris*.]

THE Duke of Lauzun was a little, fair, well made man, of a haughty spirit, with a commanding but rather an unpleasant physiognomy, ambitious, full of caprice, fantastic, jealous, perpetually overshooting his mark, always discontented, unlettered, naturally gloomy, solitary and savage, but noble in his manners, and a ready friend, whenever he professed to be so, which was but seldom the case; not a bad father, the professed enemy of all indifferent characters, with an eye turned to find out defects and discover the ridiculous: brave in the extreme, and even dangerously bold. As a courtier, insolent and sneaking by turns, full of resources, industry, intrigues, and even meannesses, to attain his ends, equally feared by the minister and the court.

He arrived at court, from Gascoigny, poor, and a younger brother, under the name of Peguilhem. The marshal de Grammont, a cousin german of his father, who was then all powerful at court, took care of him: he was introduced under the name of Marquis to the king, became his favourite, was made colonel of a new created regiment of dragoons, and soon after field-marshal. The duke of Mazarin, already retired from court, intended to resign his place of grand master of artillery: Peguilhem had an immediate scent of it, and asked it of the king, who promised it, but enjoined him to keep it secret for some days: The day which the king had fixed on for declaring him publicly, Peguilhem, who had the rank of first gentleman of the bed chamber, went to attend the king's coming from the council of finance in an antichamber, unfrequented by any but the immediate attendants; he there found *Nyest*, first valet de chambre, on duty, who enquired