

BELGIUM UNDER THE GERMAN OCCUPATION. (1916)

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE 2

Brand WHITLOCK

Chapter **XXVII**. The *Orangerie*.

The custom which always prevailed in Brussels, as in many capitals, for the diplomats to live in their Legations — that is, to have their chancelleries in their homes — while not without its advantages is not lacking in its drawbacks. In those conditions in which we found ourselves it was doubly trying, for the day never ended, the work was never done, the shop was never closed. I was called at all hours, and as the callers were usually on some desperate errand I could not deny them. Night after night I would go up to my chamber with the appeals of some half-frantic wife, whose husband was condemned and waiting to be shot, in my ears ; and I used to listen to similar heart-breaking tales before I could make my toilet in the morning. Save for the brief and fatiguing visit to America we had scarcely been out of Brussels since the war began, and never out of its depressing atmosphere ; an afternoon at Ravenstein now and then, a luncheon or a tea or a dinner at some friend's, were the only respites we had. With the coming of Mr. Ruddock I was relieved of much of the routine work in the Legation, and he could discuss and settle many

questions with the Germans. And so when August came I took a house in the charming Faubourg of Uccle, which, though but a quarter of an hour from the Legation, nevertheless gave the illusion of being in the country. It was known as the *Orangerie* and was a sort of dependency of the *château* of M. Josse Allard. It stood at one end of



the park of the *château* in the midst of trees which, by their ingenious planting, concealed it from all the new houses that had sprung up in that quiet commune of Greater Brussels. It had a terrace that overlooked a pretty garden, planted that summer in beets, whose broad yellowing leaves replaced the green of the lawns, and the whole horizon was hedged about by trees, with red roofs showing through their interstices, and there were two tall sentinel poplars that looked like cypresses against the serene evening sky. It had a large *salon* furnished in Louis XVI, a library, a dining-room, a great veranda closed in glass for rainy days, and the master's chambers, all on one floor.

I could scarcely wait for the night to come when we should go there, so eager was I to

escape the tram-cars that, under the deprivations of the occupation, each day rattled more and more, and each night screeched around the corner of the Rue Belliard with louder squeals as grease grew rarer. To this was added the rumble of German motor-lorries, the snort of the motors of German officers, the *fiacres* rattling over the streets wherein the paving was never renewed any more, trains filled with soldiers bumping over the crossing, cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck, the crossing bell with its invariable five notes, out of tune and ending on a flat minor, the loud clumping of wooden shoes, the people talking in the streets, and all that. And above all, the imperative ring at the door — these were to be left behind, and would have to await the office hours in the morning. That first evening came, and I read ***Jean Christophe*** for awhile, and then, with conscious relish, prepared for sleep ...

Such sylvan stillness ! Only the trees rustling their leaves like whispered secrets outside my window ! Then insects — strange, unknown, entomological noises ; and then, slowly emerging one by one out of the silence, the howls and yelps of a whole countryside of dogs, baying the moon, if there was a moon. And our own dogs no better — Tai-Tai screaming in the room where Marie had interned her, and Kin-Kung whimpering with homesickness all night. There was a steeple clock, well enough, no doubt, in its time, those olden days of witches and evil spirits and sundials, before

there was a clock in every household and a watch in every pocket, or at least on every wrist. It boomed away, its heavy notes borne on the east wind directly through my open window and to the very centre of the tympanum of my startled ear. It struck the quarter and the half hours, with trills and variations, so that after concluding one announcement it could have had only three or four minutes to prepare itself for the next, its mission being, I suppose, to keep mankind alert and ever on the *qui vive*. Somewhere a man was trying to master the art of playing the bugle. Then at dawn the birds began to scuffle and to sing — that joyous matutinal chorus ...

But one accustoms one's self to everything, even to sleeping in the country, and by and by I had adjusted myself to these sounds and they took their place in my subconsciousness, as had the rumbling trains and the squeaking trams and the roisterers turned out of the cabarets at the Gare de Luxembourg, singing at midnight, or the *Landsturm* hymning at dawn the latest German victory.

And the little change was needed. The nerves of every one were overstrained. M. Francqui, suddenly ordered by his physician to take a rest, had gone to Emmanuel Janssen's country place near La Hulpe ; Villalobar was in Spain ; M. Blancas (1), the Argentine Minister, had gone on the long voyage to his far-off home, and when all of one's associates have left town one has the

impression that every one is out of town. The Germans had not left town, but there was a lull in our troubles, and when Mr. Kellogg and his wife came to us for the week-end we could talk of home and other things than war and the *ravitaillement* and German morals and manners. The Allards had gone to their *château* for the summer, and we had the presence of these delightful friends : Van Holder, the painter, was not far away ; Baron Janssen was at Wolvendael, not many rods from us on the other side of Uccle ; and the Ruddocks had taken a *château* for the summer on the Drève de Lorraine, on the other side of the Bois (de la Cambre). The morning ride to the Legation through the Bois was pleasant, and on Sundays there were strolls to Saint-Job, which all Belgian artists love to paint, and to Drogenbos, where there is a little church that is in the purest Flemish Gothic.

When Mr. Hoover came over from London we tried to induce him to relax, and through long Sunday afternoons we tried to talk of other things than calories. We failed in that ; he would never rest ; his tireless mind was always at work on the problem of food for the nations. I used to warn him that if he went on he risked the ironic fate of becoming the greatest authority on food on this planet, and of ruining his own digestion in the process, so that when he had it all scientifically rationed he would be unable to eat his own share.

He would sit silently thinking, thinking, and one day out of his cogitations he said suddenly :

"How would it do to have each American city adopt a ruined Belgian or French city ?"

And he began unfolding the new scheme then forming in his mind for the rehabilitation of the devastated portions of Belgium and northern France; he was evolving his plan to have each city in America adopt, as it were, a Belgian or a French town and provide for its reconstruction.

He had come to Brussels late in July, and, M. Francqui turning his dark eyes on him with that droll expression that always adumbrated some pleasantry, had asked :

"Any bombs ?"

Mr. Hoover's visits were always and necessarily coincident with some new crisis in the *ravitaillement* ; he would arrive and announce it while we sat shivering with apprehension, and M. Francqui called these announcements "*bombs*" insisting that Mr. Hoover always carried at least one in his pocket. M. Francqui would get up and walk briskly around the room with his short, sturdy steps, plunge his hands one after the other into his pockets, and withdrawing them quickly make brisk motions as though he were throwing bombs right and left, to illustrate Mr. Hoover's progress through the world. The bomb this time was a demand of the British Government that the whole of the crop in the north of France be reserved to the civil

population of the invaded territory, and when we had discussed it, and Mr. Hoover had returned to London, Mr. Kellogg went down to Charleville, where the German General Staff had its headquarters, to introduce the pleasant topic of conversation.

The work was growing constantly more and more difficult because the feeling against America was always mounting ; the Germans resented that steady exercise of the pressure from Washington which prevented them from employing their beloved weapon of the submarine ; the German newspapers were clamouring for submarine activities. Germany was proceeding to her logical and inevitable destiny of a military dictatorship ; the only question was how long von Bethmann could resist the influence of *Messieurs les Militaires*. One of the officials at Brussels, when asked by an American newspaper correspondent, then lately in Brussels with a German cicerone, what they would do with the Belgians in case America were drawn into the war, had replied :

"*We'd let them starve.*"

Thus Mr. Kellogg's work in the north of France was made more and more difficult, and we could count ourselves fortunate in having one of his intelligence and tact to discuss and arrange it.

M. Mitilineu, the Rumanian *Chargé*, had had a letter from a friend in France, saying that "*on sent l'arôme de la paix !*" but we had no such

delicate olfactories. Indeed, our senses told us otherwise, and when Ouang Yung Pao, the Chinese Minister, came to tell me that he was going away, and that he had no intention of returning — and would I look after his Legation and help his secretaries if they had any trouble ? — I could imagine thoughts behind his inscrutable countenance that showed him to be of our mind.

However, there was the usual condemnation to be concerned about ; a Belgian railway employee named Adelin Collon, with three others, had been condemned for spying or for treason, and was about to be shot. And we had the usual difficulty over the *courier*. The Germans were always reporting to us that the *Militaires* insisted that the diplomats were sending letters. I had not sent any, or delivered any, but new exactions were constantly being made.

"*But what proof have we that you do not send them ?*" a German official bluntly asked me one day.

I looked at him in amazement an instant, and then :

"*The best proof in the world*", I replied. "*Because I tell you so.*"

He stared at me uncomprehending, and incapable of comprehending. The Belgians called it *la mentalité allemande*, and the mentality was the result of the German system, which, holding all men venal, and moved only by selfish and mean

motives, and convinced that honour and good-will do not exist and sway the majority of men, put its reliance on force instead of on reason. It was precisely that fact that made dealing with them so difficult ; it was that which poisoned the very atmosphere we breathed. In it men became suspicious and distrustful, in spite of their better selves, and all through that summer we had petty difficulties that were even more wearying than the great ones. There were many complex questions in the exercise of the control of the imported food-stuffs and, what was much more difficult, of the native products, and much of our time was occupied in discussions of these details.

But for long weeks our preoccupying anxiety continued to be the disposition of the crop in the north of France, and Mr. Hoover and Mr. Kellogg went with the Baron von der Lancken to Berlin, where there was to be a great war council over the question. They returned several days later with the encouraging report that the question was settled, in principle at least. They had found a human obstacle in the fact that the Germans complained of the Belgians having more to eat than the Germans, and there was much sentiment in favour of rationing the Belgians on the same economic scale to which the German appetite was then being restrained and adjusted. After Mr. Hoover and Mr. Kellogg had given me the news, sitting there on the glass veranda of the Orangerie, they gave me an

interesting account of their meeting with General von Sauberzweig.

The former Military Governor of Brussels was then discharging the functions of Quartermaster-General on the General Staff at Charleville. He happened to be in Berlin, and through Baron von der Lancken asked Mr. Hoover and Mr. Kellogg if they would have tea with him at his hotel. They accepted, and the General at once entered into a justification of his course in the case of Edith Cavell. He referred to himself, in lugubrious irony, as "*the murderer*" as to her — he was speaking German, in which Mr. Kellogg was thoroughly proficient — as "*die Cavell*". His explanation, advanced in justification of his conduct, was that Miss Cavell had been at the head of an extensive conspiracy to send young men to the Front to kill Germans ; his own son had just been the victim of a terrible wound, blinded for life by a bullet that traversed his head just behind the eyes ; perhaps, argued von Sauberzweig, the boy had been shot by one of these very young men whom Miss Cavell had aided to reach the Front. He said that Miss Cavell was entitled to no sympathy as a nurse since she was paid for her professional services, and that he could not have reversed or altered the judgment of the military court that had tried and sentenced her without reflecting on the judgment of his brother officers. General Sauberzweig insisted

upon discussing the case, much to the embarrassment of his guests, who were of another mind about it, and he gave them the impression of a man haunted by remorse and pursued by some insatiable, irresistible impulse to discuss this subject that seemed to lay so heavily on his mind.

Mr. Hoover had brought to me some specimens of German numismatic art, among them a medallion struck in celebration of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and a brutal caricature of our President, both of them amazing evidences of German taste and culture. On the theory, attributed to Talleyrand, that indelicacy is worse than crime, one could better understand the hideous and revolting deed that doomed the lovely ship and its precious cargo, than one could understand the mind that would seek some artistic expression of the national satisfaction in it. The expression was not artistic, but it was fitting in its own intrinsic ugliness, and placed beside Belgian or French medals, since those two nations excel in the art, it might perhaps serve in a collection as a fitting symbol of the *Kultur* it celebrated.

Before a week had passed, however, Mr. Kellogg was not so sanguine as to the agreement on the crop, the vast and insuperable difficulty in settling a question with the Germans being that it is never settled, even after an agreement has been reached. The matter had been arranged in principle, but more difficult problems were

encountered when we came to apply the principles. It had been agreed at Berlin that the crops should be reserved to the native population ; then, one day, half sick with despair, Mr. Kellogg came to tell me that a German officer had arrived from Berlin to say that it would not be done. Then three weeks more of discussion, argument, debate, until, one Saturday afternoon, Mr. Kellogg arrived radiant and happy, his honest face all smiles, and he drew from his pocket and waved in triumph a paper, the signed agreement regarding those precious crops. He had won it fairly from the German General Staff, had obtained many concessions, preserving to the French four-fifths of all the food products raised on their own invaded soil. There was only one condition attached, and that was a characteristic one — England was to make no capital of the fact in her newspapers ! It was a fine victory for Mr. Kellogg, and we were happy in felicitating him on it, and in that spirit we went over to the *château* to dine with the Allards, for the Kelloggs were spending the week-end with us.

A new Nonce had come to Brussels, Monseigneur Locatelli, and he was dining at the Allards that evening, as was Monsieur le Doyen d'Uccle, a delightful elderly man who seldom left the peaceful walls of his *curé* a few blocks away. He was rotund, as a *curé* should be, and jolly, and concerned for us, since he asked me if his clock

troubled me. I reassured his kindly interest by telling him that I had soon grown used to it, and we fell to talking about a little drama, a kind of tragedy in its way, even in the midst of the great tragedy in which we lived.

Some time in the previous winter an American, Mr. N_ , who, after long years in the Klondike, had emerged from the wilderness with the fortune he had accumulated, and made the long journey all the way from Alaska to Brussels to settle some business pending there. He had come to call on me at the Legation, a pale, frail man, whose white hair and lean, wrinkled visage showed what price he had paid for his fortune and gave him the appearance of the prematurely old. He had left some papers in my charge, saying that he was going to enter a hospital for a few days to undergo some minor surgical operation. A few days later I heard that he was dead, and one morning, as he was our countryman, Mr. Watts, our Consul-General, Gibson, and I had gone to the church to attend his funeral — the only mourners there. It was a grey day, and a dreary, pathetic little last scene in a life of such toil. The good doyen had been with him at the end, and the American had said, almost with his last breath :

"I was going to be a gentleman — and now I have to go away."

We had fixed on that Sunday for one of those excursions to which a friend of mine always refers

as "*pleasure exertions*", and we were up and away in the rain the following morning to see the château de Gaasbeek, not far from Brussels. An ancient fortress of the Middle Ages, it stood there surrounded by its mast, lifting its battlemented towers into the grey sky just as it did in the days when it had withstood the repeated assaults of Spaniards and Frenchmen and of the malcontents of its own land, in those skirmishes that used to be called battles. Count Egmont once lived there, and there is a great staircase that bears his name. The Lion of Flanders is still rampant on the heavy walls of the tower above the postern gate and the portcullis. The benefits of sightseeing, however, depend upon the mood one is in, and we were too much in and of the monstrous tragedy just then darkening and sickening the world to respond to the suggestion of the souvenirs of those other tragedies that have so regularly punctuated the progress of mankind. It seemed to me, indeed, as I wandered about, to be one of those sights which Dr. Samuel Johnson (1779), speaking to Boswell of the Giants' Causeway (2), classified as worth seeing, but not worth going to see. Kellogg and I, in that comparative study of ancient and modern culture which our position in Belgium enabled us to make, were fascinated by the *oubliette* and looked down into it a long while, trying to realise the sensations of the poor victims who had perished in its dark and evil depths. The human race did not

seem to us just then to have made much progress, except in the application of the mechanical arts to those various deviltries in which it grows more and more prodigal and proficient, and because of that fact the *châtelaine* of Gaasbeek, who lives there only for a short while in the summer, evoking perhaps out of its past some reminiscence of the olden *grandeur* that was built up in the pain and misery and cruelty of those times, had prudently hidden away the best of its collections and furnishings lest German visitors, in their search for culture, should have them hauled off to ornament other castles beyond the storied Rhine.

But Monday morning would come soon, bringing with it the cares of control and *Zentralen*, the two problems that were to dog us to the very end. It would be as wearying to read of all those details as it would be to write them, almost as wearying as it was to live and to struggle with them. They involved the question of excess vegetables raised in Belgium, and of fats which the Germans were intent on getting into Germany to eke out their exiguous nourishment, and we spent many hours in discussions with the Germans in the yellow Louis XVI *salon* and in the American Legation.

The *Zentralen* continued to spring up like mushrooms of some noxious variety. The Germans had just organised a new one to monopolise and distribute butter, and had fixed a maximum price,

and the result was — as it always has been in history from the time of the French Revolution, wherever maximum prices have been decreed by statute, the law of things in general being so much more potent than the laws of man — the result was that butter seemed to exist no more anywhere in the world.

Eggs, too, were another object of the rage for regulation ; the Germans had taken a census of the hens in Flanders, and issued a decree scientifically based on the result, demanding a certain number of thousands of eggs — so many hens, so many eggs. And we wondered how the poor hens thenceforth were to keep out of the *Kommandantur*. It was quite impossible to live up to so many regulations. Mr. Prestiss Gray, one of the officials of the C.R.B., had an experience of the difficulty when he drove with another C.R.B. man to Vilvorde one afternoon in that month of August. The *Passierschein* for the Commission motor in which he was riding authorised the car to contain five occupants ; the sentinels at Vilvorde looked at the document, examined the car, and announced that as there were only two men in the car it could not pass. Mr. Gray explained, invoked the theory that the greater included the less, but no ; that pass called for five men and there were only two ; there was something suspicious in the circumstances, and Mr. Gray must produce three more men — or not pass.

The Germans were beginning to regulate the restaurants, reducing the number of courses and the amount of meat that could be served, to which we could have no objection, for the meals that the German officers could procure in restaurants, when the rumour of them got back to Germany, served to increase the difficulty of keeping the *ravitaillement* in operation at all.

It was in that month of August that the circle of our friends was still further reduced by the death of the Baroness Lambert. The authorities had consented to give her a *laissez-passer* ; she had gone to Paris, and the Baron had followed in the anxiety of the news of her illness. She died in her house at Paris, another victim of the war which had brought her so much sorrow. Her passing left a void in Brussels, where her brilliancy, her beauty, and her hospitality had made her popular in her circle. She was a woman of stately beauty, and she had seemed to fade and to decline almost visibly under the burden of that black woe which the war had brought to her land. It affected her as something compromising her innate distinction, as though it were an affront, a personal humiliation. And Brussels was a sadder place without her. The *salons* in the great house on the Avenue Marnix had been closed ever since the war, but she had continued to receive her friends ; there was always a little group of them there at tea-time, and we often dined there. There seemed, too, an added

touch of regret that she could not live to see that day that was spoken of as "*when the King comes back*". It was what almost all were trying to live for, the one hope to which people clung, the one incentive that kept them alive. "*After the war*", every one would say, in that imperative need of hope, in that supreme desire to return to normal life. And death seemed somehow more tragic and more sad in these circumstances, when every one wished to see the war end, prayed to wake from the long and monstrous nightmare.

The war seemed to add another tragedy to old age. I have a picture in my memory of that most charming of aristocratic old gentlemen, Count John d'Oultremont, sitting in the library of his ancient home there in the Rue Bréderode, behind the Palace of the King. It was a romantic, rambling old house, with wings and winding halls and passages, with an interior of soft, faded tapestries, Louis XIV furnishings, and the dull sheen of old portraits — one of them of the Count himself when he was a young and handsome officer of the *Guides*, in the days when they called him "*le beau d'Oultremont*". He sat there, as it were, waiting.

"*Je suis né dans cette maison*", he remarked to me one evening after dinner, "*et j'espère y mourir*".

His step seemed not so firm as he took his morning constitutional along the boulevard, and his form was bending. When I heard not long ago that

he had been roused from his bed at night by the *Polizei* and within the hour hurried off to Germany as a hostage, I thought of what he had said that night. He was already ill, and when he got to Germany the Germans offered to release him to go home, but he refused to accept their favours unless his companions, other gentlemen of Brussels who had been arrested with him, were released also, an attitude worthy of the nobleman who as Grand Maréchal of the court of Leopold II had so gracefully done the honours to the German Emperor when he was a guest of the Belgians in Brussels.

"*J'espère y mourir*". It seemed very little to ask of fate, and the fates granted his prayer, perhaps sooner than might have been had he not been dragged off to a German prison as a hostage, for he barely reached home from his exile in time to die.

He was not the only one of the old family to be arrested ; the Countess Georges d'Oultremont spent a while in prison in the summer under notice, on a charge of having despatched letters, I believe; she was ill at the time, and when the *Polizei* ransacked her home, just around the corner from the Legation, they found and bore away some cards bearing the prayer : "*Sacré Coeur de Jésus, protège la Belgique !*" Even prayers, it seemed, were incriminating.

On August 29 the rumour ran through Brussels that Rumania had entered the war on the side of the Allies. There was a rush to the Avenue Louise to see if the blue, yellow, and red flag had come down. The next day the rumour was confirmed, and on the last day of the month M. Mitilineu — "*Mittie*", as we called him — came with his pretty wife to bid us *au revoir*. They were leaving the next day for Holland and thence to Havre. Two or three days later I met Mitilineu far out on the Avenue Terveuren walking with his bull dog along the *parterres* under the trees. At the last moment the Germans would not allow them to leave, alleging that the Rumanians had prevented the German Minister from leaving Bukarest. They were held there for a whole fortnight of anxiety, and then finally allowed to go to Holland — but by way of Denmark ! They were escorted on the long detour by Count von Moltke through Germany and Schleswig-Holstein, to the Danish frontier, and there, after Count von Moltke had left them, they were compelled to wait for days and to sleep at night with sentinels constantly at the door.*

The family of the Burgomaster, M. Lemonnier, constantly the object of pitiless and petty persecution, had again been involved in difficulties. One day, September 15, 1916, two Germans from the secret police appeared at M. Lemonnier's residence in the Avenue Louise and the Burgomaster being absent asked to see Madame

Lemonnier. When she appeared they demanded eight hundred marks. Surprised, she asked why she should give them this sum, and they said it was because she had been condemned by the German tribunal at Namur to pay that amount as a fine.

Madame Lemonnier was stupefied. She had never been haled before the tribunal at Namur, had had no notice of any action against her, had never been informed that she was charged with any offense, had never been interrogated, had not been in Namur for more than two years, in fact knew nothing about it. The two German agents told her that unless she paid this sum at once they would seize her furniture. She refused, and they took away some vases and other *objets d'art*. Madame Lemonnier caused an inquiry to be made, and was informed that she had been condemned by the tribunal at Namur, without any notice, without any opportunity to be heard or to defend herself — on the unsupported statement of a person who claimed that she had received printed matter offensive to Germany, which had been sent by Madame Lemonnier. Some weeks later German policemen came again to the residence of the Burgomaster, took out the furniture, piled it up on the sidewalk, loaded it on a cart, and a few days later, having inserted notices in the so-called newspapers published in Brussels that the furniture

of the Burgomaster would be sold for the payment of debt, put the furniture up at auction and sold it.

Brand WITHLOCK

London ; William HEINEMANN ; 1919.

Footnotes.

* M. Mitilieu has since died in a sanatorium in France. – B.W.

French translation : « *L'Orangerie* » in WHITLOCK, Brand ; chapitre XX (1916) in *La Belgique sous l'occupation allemande : mémoires du ministre d'Amérique à Bruxelles* ; (Paris ; Berger-Levrault ; 1922) pages 359-363.

It would be interesting compare with what **Paul MAX** (cousin of the *bourgmestre Adolphe MAX*) told about the same day in his *Journal de guerre* (*Notes d'un Bruxellois pendant l'Occupation 1914-1918*) :
http://www.museedelavilledebruxelles.be/fileadmin/user_upload/publications/Fichier_PDF/Fonte/Journal_de%20guerre_de_Paul_Max_bdef.pdf

It would also be interesting compare with what [Louis GILLE](#), [Alphonse OOMS](#) et [Paul DELANDSHEERE](#) told about the same days in *50 mois d'occupation allemande* (Volume 2 : 1916) :
<http://www.idesetautres.be/?p=ides&mod=iea&smod=ieaFictions&part=belgique100>

(1) Alberto BLANCAS :

Roberto J. **Payró** ; “*La actuación del Doctor Blancas*” in *La Nación* ; 17/2/1919 :

<http://www.idesetautres.be/upload/PAYRO%20ACTUACION%20DOCTOR%20BLANCAS%201914-.pdf>

French version :

<http://www.idesetautres.be/upload/PAYRO%20ACTION%20DOCTEUR%20BLANCAS%201914-.pdf>

BERT ; « *Une primeur pour nos lecteurs. Sous l'Occupation : M. Roberto J. Payró* », in **Le Cri de Belgique** (organe hebdomadaire des intérêts belges dans l'Amérique du sud) ; Buenos Aires ; 17 janvier 1920, numéro 223.

<http://idesetautres.be/upload/19150922%20ARRESTATION%20PAYRO%20CRI%20DE%20BELGIQUE%2019200117.pdf>

(2) *Dr. Johnson speaking to Boswell of the Giants' Causeway*. Travel to Ireland.

Samuel Johnson 12 October 1779

James Boswell, Life of Samuel Johnson (1791)

<https://ratiocinativa.wordpress.com/2013/06/08/on-the-giants-causeway-samuel-johnson/>