The Pamphlets of Montfaucon: A Collection of Political Writings, Addresses, and Contemporary Responses Concerning Adrien-Henri de Montfaucon, 1789–1848

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1294.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	General (non relationship-focused)
Fandoms:	French History RPF, Historical Fiction - Fandom, Bridgerton - All Media Types
Character:	Original Male Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Epistolary Documentary Collection
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of The Tale of Two Artists
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-05 Words: 1,297 Chapters: 3/?

The Pamphlets of Montfaucon: A Collection of Political Writings, Addresses, and Contemporary Responses Concerning Adrien-Henri de Montfaucon, 1789–1848

by IACyper9

Summary

A collection of the writings penned by, and penned against, Adrien-Henri de Montfaucon.

This is a supplementary work for "The Tale of Two Artists".

Chapter 1: The Whistledown Expose: Vicomte - Chapter 11

Dearest Gentle Reader, London has long since proven her remarkable talent for overlooking what sits directly before her eyes. This has become nonesomore abundantly clear than in the case of the one Vicomte de Montfaucon. A staple memory ingrained in the younger generation of the Ton, the Vicomte has long since been allowed to wander our most respected drawing rooms with nothing more than a paintbrush, a ragged appearance, and a personality quite unlike the gentlemen who surround him. It should be considered fortunate, then, that the Vicomte's eccentricity has long been mistaken for innocence.

The Revolution, as we are all aware, was not so considerate towards those of noble blood. For a family such as the Montfaucon's, this goes double, devoted so as they were to the old order, rather than France's great experiment at liberty. So, dearest reader, how can it be that when the entire Montfaucon family met their fate during the Terror, what was so different about our mysterious Vicomte that he escaped the blade free and unharmed?

It appears, dear reader, that the Vicomte's artistic pursuits were not confined to landscapes and the agreeable views of the countryside which now decorate so many of the houses in England, and beyond, if the rumor among collectors are to be believed. In his youth, it seems, our dear Vicomte served as recordkeeper, and later, as pamphleteer and propagandist for causes much less popular in the drawing rooms of London, and men whose name requires no introduction to the well informed. Robespierre. Saint-Just. Architects of Terror.

Finally, dear reader, we get to perhaps the most damning, and most controversial, piece of evidence regarding the enigma that is Vicomte de Montfaucon. The painting, notably not done by the Vicomte, that bears his name. 'Montfaucon at the Scaffold', sometimes titled 'Citizen Montfaucon at the Scaffold', or perhaps 'The Libertine Montfaucon at the Scaffold', is oft considered one of the most important regarding the final days of the Terror. For those familiar with its many incarnations, for several copies, not all carbon copies, have been created by different artists, they will recall the depiction of a young aristocrat, revealed to have been the Vicomte himself after much research, collapsed at the foot of the guillotine, overcome by a grief that some have deemed rather more intimate than friendship ought to permit. Whether such interpretations reveal anything of the subject himself, or merely the appetites of those who have repeated them, is a question this author shall leave to the reader. And if the Vicomte de Montfaucon has kept such company, and concealed such a past, what might his present companions discover should they look a little closer?

Chapter 2: “A Puppy in the Pack: The Most Unusual Education of the Young Montfaucon”: Citizen - Chapter 5

One wonders what manner of education the young Vicomte received in the salons of his family, that he now finds himself so perfectly at ease among the most licentious elements of the capital.

At an age when other young gentlemen are occupied with their tutors, their estates, and the proper cultivation of their manners, this particular scion of nobility appears to have discovered rather more agreeable company in the assembly rooms of those who would see the very foundations of France overturned. It is enough that one might almost suspect that the boy has mistaken rebellion for refinement.

Simply being present is egregious enough, but it seems that is not all the young Montfaucon is content to do. The Montfaucon heir has apparently taken to lending his talents to the printed provocations of Monsieur Desmoulins, whose pen has already done considerable service to the cause of disorder. Sketches and illustrations, we are told, are supplied by the young man himself. It is a peculiar occupation for one born to a name and inheritance, to spend his afternoons furnishing the enemies of the Crown with pictures by which to adorn their little declarations of virtue.

One must also wonder whether the young gentleman has entirely forgotten the obligations which accompany his station. His betrothed is seldom seen upon his arm, and the usual attentions expected of a gentleman of his rank appear to occupy remarkably little of his time. Instead, he is frequently observed in the company of certain gentlemen of the Jacobin persuasion, to whom he seems to afford an attentiveness quite disproportionate to his years. Whether this is youthful admiration, political devotion, or some other peculiarity of temperament, we shall leave to the reader's imagination.

And so we find the heir of Montfaucon, not in the company of his intended bride, nor in the pursuit of those accomplishments befitting his birth, but trailing after the self-appointed instructors of the nation. A little cur among the hounds, eager to imitate their cries, though perhaps not yet old enough to understand what it is they hunt. It is a curious spectacle, and one which ought surely to occasion some concern in the household that has permitted it. France has no shortage of young men eager to play at revolution. It remains to be seen whether the young Vicomte shall ever remember that he was born to something more.

Chapter 3: “The Favorite of the Republic: The Libertine Montfaucon”: Citizen - Chapter 6

There are, among the many curious spectacles afforded us by the present order of things, few more remarkable than the continued presence of Citizen Montfaucon in the company of those who now presume to guide the Republic. The young aristocratic scribbler, who has so readily abandoned the duties of his station in favor of consorting with the most radical elements of our political assemblies, has apparently found himself quite at home among men whose principles he professes to share. Yet one might reasonably ask by what merit a youth of such tender years has secured so privileged a place in their confidence. His writings? His political understanding? Or perhaps some other, rather more personal, qualification?

The young Montfaucon is rarely seen far from Citizen Saint-Just, whose interest in the young aristocrat appears to extend beyond politics. Indeed, Citizen Montfaucon is reputed to be rather too fond of the company of his own sex, and his attachment to the more prominent gentlemen of the Republic has not escaped notice. It is a curious thing, is it not, that a young man so recently arrived at political life should find himself so frequently in the confidence of those whose influence extends throughout the nation? One might almost suspect that his advancement owes less to the force of his arguments than to the particular affections of those who hear them.

There are whispers, moreover, that the young citizen has not confined his attentions to a single patron. If the more persistent accounts are to be believed, he has shared the rooms of, and perhaps beyond, every man whose hand guided the Republic, and perhaps a few whose hands would be better occupied elsewhere. Whether these reports possess any foundation is, of course, a matter for the reader to judge. Yet it is difficult not to observe how conveniently the young Montfaucon's fortunes have risen alongside the favor of certain influential gentlemen. A young man may possess considerable ambition, but one wonders how much talent is required when so many doors are already opened for him.

And what, finally, are we to make of this curious little aristocrat who has exchanged the privileges of his birth for the company of those who claim to have abolished privilege itself? Does Citizen Montfaucon truly serve the Republic, or has he merely discovered that the old distinctions of rank may be exchanged for newer and considerably more intimate forms of patronage? The people deserve representatives whose place is earned through merit and devotion, not young favorites whose influence appears to rest upon the goodwill of powerful men. Perhaps, before the Republic entrusts him with any further responsibility, Citizen Montfaucon might first explain precisely what service he has rendered to deserve it.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!