PARIS,

IN

1802 and 1814.

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IN

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWO,

AND

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN

BY THE

Rev. WILLIAM SHEPHERD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1814.

TO

WILLIAM ROSCOE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

WITHOUT the ceremony of a previous solicitation for permission, I inscribe the following pages to you. To this I am impelled by the consideration that the journeys which they record, were principally occasioned by a love of Literature and the Arts, which at an early period of my life I imbibed under your friendly instructions, and that they were made during those intervals of Peace, the obtaining of which was ever the object of your political exertions.

You have been already apprised, by personal communication, that I

was much pleased by my visits to the French metropolis. Believe me, however, when I declare that my observation of the condition of a foreign land, only tends to confirm, in my mind, that reverence for the Institutions of my native country in which I was educated; and which has been strongly confirmed, both by your precepts, as inculcated in the confidential intercourse of friendship, and by your example, as exhibited in the whole tenor of your public life.

That national tranquillity and domestic happiness may long continue to gratify your truly honourable and benevolent feelings, is the ardent wish, of

Your obliged Friend,

WILLIAM SHEPHERD.

Gateacre, Aug. 23d. 1814.

PREFACE.

IN submitting this little work to general perusal, I am anxious that it should be judged merely by the criterion of its pretensions. It purports only to show how an individual, limited in point of time and property, may pleasantly and profitably spend a few weeks in Paris. A plain tale will account for its publication. As a means of enforcing accuracy of observation, it has long been my habit to note down in writing the most interesting objects and circumstances, that from time to time have occurred in the course of the journies which I have undertaken either on business or in the pursuit of pleasure. The memorandums which I had made during my trip to

Paris in 1802, I reduced into the form of a manuscript journal, which was, I may say, for some years, in almost constant requisition among my friends. When I lately returned from the French metropolis, applications for a sight of my diary became so numerous, that I foresaw much trouble in superintending its circulation. In this embarrassment I recollected to have heard of an honest quaker, who resided in the back settlements of America, and who, finding himself absolutely eaten up by transient passengers, set up the sign of the Dun Cow, after which, though he did not make any profit, he enjoyed the comforts of a quiet house. Upon this hint I have committed both my Journals to the press. If any thing more than what accrued to the American accrues to me, "lucro apponam."

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PART I.

THE astonishing events, of which Paris had been the theatre in the course of the revolution, having excited the attention, not only of the thinking classes of the British community, but even of the ignorant and the indifferent, it was naturally to be expected that, on the return of peace, multitudes of the English would be impelled, by motives of curiosity, to visit that famous capital. To those who were warmed by a love of literature and of the liberal arts, the numerous and well-filled libraries which were there opened to men of letters, and especially the splendid assemblage of the finest specimens of sculp-

ture and painting, the spoils of vanquished Italy which adorned the gallery of the Louvre, presented a resistless temptation to cross the channel. Sharing in the general eagerness, I determined to spend the greater part of the summer holidays of 1802, in the French metropolis. This determination was no sooner announced to my friends, than I found that I should by no means be at a loss for want of travelling companions. In a very short time a party of six was formed for the expedition, and I was under the necessity of informing new applicants, that our arrangements were so far settled, that our company could not conveniently admit of any increase. By the accidents, however, which commonly intervene to prevent the execution of preconcerted schemes, my companions were, at length, reduced to three in number, namely, Mrs. S., Miss R., and Mr. B. R.

After a full discussion of the most convenient mode of travelling, we were unanimously of opinion, that, in so long a journey as that which we were undertaking, it would be a matter of the utmost

importance to avoid the delay and risk incident to the removal of luggage from one vehicle to another: with this view we hired a stout and roomy carriage, at the rate of five shillings per day. The comfort which we purchased by this bargain was, I am persuaded, the cheapest commodity which we met with in the whole course of our expedition. As the aforesaid carriage could not conveniently contain four persons, Mr. R. and myself undertook alternately to ride post-horses. This arrangement tended of course to expedite our progress, as the equestrian, acting as avant courier, got the horses ready at every stage, so that we proceeded with the least possible delay.

On Tuesday morning the 15th of June, immediately after breakfast, we took our departure from Gateacre. The circumstance of our being attended by Mr. R.'s father and his brothers, who accompanied us for the space of a mile before they took their leave, and the friendly attentions of several of our neighbours, who were waiting in the road to bid us farewell, gave our journey somewhat of a

serious and formidable aspect. No doubt the idea of visiting a foreign land includes more of danger and difficulty than that of an equal extent of peregrination in our native country. But, in point of fact, a trip to Paris is attended with less inconvenience, and, perhaps, less peril also, than many people now living have formerly experienced in travelling from Lancashire to London. Even if balloons and sub-aqueous boats are put out of the question, we greatly excel our ancestors in the arts of safe and expeditious locomotion.

At noon we arrived at Bostock-hall, where we took up our quarters for the night.

On Wednesday morning, June 16th, we left Bostock, about seven o'clock. In our way to Newcastle we called at L. W., where we spent an hour with Mr. C. and his family. Then continuing our journey we proceeded, without any remarkable incident, as far as Coleshill, where we slept.

Leaving Coleshill at about six o'clock in the morning of Thursday the 17th of June, we stopped to breakfast at Coventry.

As I was following the waiter up the stairs of the King's Head I was hailed by a voice, which, though it seemed familiar to my ear, I did not immediately recollect. On turning round I was agreeably surprized to see my friend Mr. F., who was then on his return from Paris, accompanied by Mr. T. C. Our parties were instantly united at the breakfast-table, and we spent a very interesting half hour in receiving from these gentlemen an account of divers of their adventures. They were also so kind as to communicate to us some useful instructions with regard to the mode of travelling in France, and the style of living in Paris. Having made the most of the time which we could conveniently spend with these unlooked-for friends, we hastened away from Coventry, and about ten o'clock in the evening we entered St. Alban's. The principal inn of this town being full of guests, we were obliged to lodge in a mean tavern, where we met with very indifferent accommodations. By the smell and general appearance of the room into which we were introduced, I suspect that

our arrival dislodged a club of smokers and punch-drinkers. Our beds were far from being of the first quality; and upon the whole I regarded this night's entertainment as an excellent preparative for the inconveniences which we expected to experience on the continent.

We put ourselves in motion at so early an hour, on Friday June 18, that by eleven o'clock a. m. we arrived in London, where we procured good apartments at Osborn's hotel in the Adelphi. My first care, after we were settled in our lodgings, was to procure the necessary passports. With this view Mr. R. and myself waited on Mons. Carenac, secretary to Citizen Otto the minister of the French Republic. That gentleman received us with the utmost civility, and after filling the blanks of two passports with the description of our persons, &c. he desired us to call again the next day, when they would be signed and ready for delivery. From his house we went to Lord Hawkesbury's office in Downing Street. Here we met with a reception very different from that which we had

experienced from the agents of the Great Nation. On my requesting one of the people in waiting in the antichamber to inform me to whom I must make application for a passport to enable me to go to France, the jack-in-office (who by the bye was no higher in degree than a porter) measured me with his eye from top to toe, and then said "where is your letter of recommendation?" "Letter of recommendation!" said I a good deal surprised, "I did not know that any such document was necessary" — "Sir, you can have no passport without one." — "And pray Sir whose recommendation must I procure?" — "You must bring a letter from some banker, — or" (laying mighty stress upon the penultimate word) "from some *rich* man." — "Can I speak to Lord Hawkesbury's secretary?" "No Sir, he is not in the office." Finding that I could not penetrate beyond the threshold of the Treasury, without stronger interest than *my business and my address*, I made an ungracious retreat; inwardly, and I believe audibly, maledicting the new privilege which the wealthy seemed to have

lately acquired, the privilege of judging who were to be permitted to take a journey to Paris. I determined, however, to return to the charge the next day, armed with a letter from Joseph Denison, Esq. who I trusted was rich enough in all conscience to be possessed of the requisite discernment, and who I was persuaded would in virtue of a certain sum of money, which our party had lodged in his hands, deem us amply qualified to visit the head quarters of sedition without danger of contamination. Calling, however, at Messrs. Cadell and Davies's in my way to the city, I found there a letter of recommendation to Mr. Merry, which had been procured for me by the kindness of Mr. M. Emboldened by this instance of that gentleman's politeness, I wrote to him stating our difficulty, and requesting that he would have the goodness to extend his kindness so far as to use his interest to procure us a passport. With this request he readily complied, and favoured me with a letter, informing me at what time I must be at Downing Street the next day, and naming a gentleman in

the office who at his instance would expedite my business.

In pursuance of Mr. M.'s directions, I presented myself at the Treasury at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon. On mentioning the name of the gentleman to whom I had been recommended by Mr. M. I was without hesitation ushered into his apartment by the same attendant who had treated me so cavalierly the day before. After a short conversation, the clerk was proceeding to make out our passport, when we were interrupted by the appearance of a noble Lord, who came personally to apply for a similar document on behalf of one of his friends, who had, like myself, been ordered to produce a voucher for his good behaviour. From a conversation which took place between this peer and the secretary, I found that His Majesty's ministers were determined to be very scrupulous in granting permission to British subjects to go to France. The secretary observed that this was absolutely necessary, as of late many equivocal characters had flocked from England to Paris, where

they had conducted themselves very improperly. Whether the transgressions of these offenders were of a moral or political nature, or whether they were simply sins against good manners, I could not gather from the context of the secretary's discourse. But when I considered that the recommendation of a banker, or of a rich man, was of itself a sufficient testimonial of character, I could not help thinking that the discrimination of ministers could not be very nice; and when, on receiving my passport, I was charged 2l. 4s. 6d. as a fee of office, I concluded that the *gens de bureau* would not be very industrious in putting obstacles in the way of those who stood in need of these costly licences.

In order that we might, from the freshness of memory, be enabled to make a comparison between the magnificence of the public spectacles of London and of Paris, we went in the evening to the Italian Opera. The singing was of course good, and the ballet very striking, but the indifference of the audience, and their total inattention to the opera, gave a flatness to the exhibition,

which I am persuaded no relish for exquisite music could conquer. When it is evident that a large assemblage of people do not enjoy the cause of their meeting together, the general languor spreads its infection to the performer and the amateur. The rudeness of the fashionable mob, which after the close of the performance crowded the avenues of the house, would have disgraced Sadler's Wells or the Royalty Theatre.

On Sunday morning, June 20, at seven o'clock we left Osborn's hotel, and passing over Blackheath, proceeded by Dartford, Sittingbourne, Rochester, and Canterbury, to Dover. The country through which our route lay was very hilly, but it presented us with many beautiful prospects, particularly with occasional glimpses of the Thames, and frequent views of the Medway, both crowded with shipping; the views about Chatham were singularly striking, being composed of the fortress, the men of war lying in the mid-stream of the Medway, and the town extending along the banks of that river. In the neighbourhood of Canterbury the country presents

a pleasant intermixture of hop grounds, corn fields, rich meadows and pastures. Beyond Canterbury we passed over a very extensive tract of common land called Barham Downs. These downs are elevated and command an extensive view to the right: at the approach of evening the road began to extend through a narrow winding valley, at the extremity of which we discerned, through the gradually increasing gloom, the keep of Dover Castle, magnificently towering over the subjacent town.

We arrived at the Ship Inn about eight o'clock, and were immediately waited upon by Mr. Sharp, captain of the Venus packet boat, with whom we engaged our passage at the price of one guinea for each person, and two guineas for the carriage.

The whole of the morning of Monday, June 21, was employed in getting our baggage passed at the Custom House and in superintending its embarkation, and that of our vehicle. Having parted with almost all our cash, we had no circulating medium left, but Bank of England notes. I expected according to the information

contained in Phillip's "Guide to Paris," that the Dover bankers would, upon receiving a proper premium, give us French money in exchange for our paper. I was therefore not a little surprised, when on my applying for that purpose at the house of Messrs. Minet and Fector, I was informed that no such thing as French coin was to be had in Dover: and I was a good deal startled when, on my requesting them to let me have cash for a twenty pound Bank note, they observed that they declined such transactions through fear of forgeries, but that I could pass the note in question at Calais. It immediately occurred to my mind, if these people who are in the daily habit of examining Bank of England paper, dare not receive it from a stranger, *a fortiori* will the innkeepers of Calais be apprehensive of fraud, and we may possibly be detained till we can procure letters of credit on that town. These reflections did not by any means tend to increase my veneration for those paper pillars of British credit, the works of Abraham Newland, which, in my present mood, appeared to me in no other

light but as the sources of embarrassment, and guides to the gallows. In the midst of my meditations on this subject, I received notice that the packet was ready to sail, and our party immediately went on board. Captain Sharp had a very full complement of passengers, who, while the vessel was working out of the dock, were very talkative and noisy. But no sooner did we get clear of the quay than the motion of the vessel at once stilled the uproar. Some of the most merry and clamorous, now looked wonderfully serious, and became as mute as the tenants of the element upon which we were journeying. In the course of a few minutes all the wash-hand basons on board were put in requisition, and circulated from patient to patient, with astonishing rapidity. Mrs. S. and Mr. R. were among the most violently indisposed, and were soon obliged to quit the deck and retire to bed. Miss R. and myself bore the voyage very stoutly. When we were advanced almost half way across the channel, I was pensively meditating on the state of our finances, which I suppose clouded my

countenance with more than usual gravity. This circumstance attracted the notice of a French gentleman, who observed to me, that he was afraid by my looks that I was beginning to be indisposed. I assured him that he was mistaken. This commencement led to a long conversation, in the course of which I was induced by the politeness of his behaviour freely to communicate to him the subject of my anxiety, the signs of which he had mistaken for symptoms of illness. My new acquaintance soon set my mind at ease by assuring me that he did not think we should experience any difficulty in negociating our paper money at Calais; but, if that should happen to be the case, he would with pleasure accommodate me with money sufficient to carry us to Paris. I must confess that this instance of friendliness to an utter stranger excited my astonishment as well as my gratitude. It was not till I had received from this good Samaritan the abovementioned generous offer that I was even acquainted with his name, which, on my expressing to him a wish to know to whom I was so

signally obliged, he informed me was Du B.; and it was with mutual pleasure that we found, in the course of our ensuing conversation, that he was in habits of intimate correspondence with some of my friends.

After a most favourable passage, we arrived at Calais precisely at half past four o'clock. On our entrance into the harbour, the packet boat was instantly crowded with the runners of the different inns, each importunately inviting the passengers to their respective houses. M. du B. with considerate kindness had advised us to fix ourselves in the same hotel with himself, in order, that if we should meet with any embarrassments he might be at hand to assist us. We accordingly most thankfully consigned our luggage to the care of the servants of Mons. Meurice, at whose house M. du B. intended to fix his quarters. When we had landed we were conducted by one of our host's waiters to a small room on the outside of the walls of the town, where our passports were examined by a municipal officer, dressed in an uniform

of blue, turned up with red, with a large cocked hat decorated with the tri-coloured cockade. Thence we were conducted to a kind of guard-house, close to the gates, where such part of our baggage as was necessary for our immediate accommodation was inspected by the custom-house officers. This service was performed very minutely, but without any insolence or impertinence. We were now permitted to enter the town, and immediately repaired to our hotel, where we ordered tea. As we were reposing ourselves in the parlour which was assigned us, we were all on a sudden besieged by a number of porters, each of whom most clamorously asserted that he had carried a part of our baggage. Of these we had no sooner got rid by giving them some loose silver, than another shoal broke into the room, the nature of whose demand we could not comprehend. At length one imposing silence on the rest (for they were all speaking together) undertook to explain their business in English, and repeated two or three times, with great emphasis and violent action, *light, light.* To

this I replied in French, that we had been favoured with no light, but that of the sun, for which I did not conceive myself under any obligation to pay them any fees. Here we had a renewal of clamour, with still more violent gesticulation. At length I discovered, that *light* was intended to signify *ladder*, and that our visitors were the proprietors of that convenience by the aid of which we had ascended from the packet-boat to the quay. We were again obliged to put our hands into our pockets, but in order to prevent the intrusion of any more of these banditti, I put our party under the protection of the master of the house, and for farther security locked the door.

After this tumult had subsided the chief waiter came to inform me, that before our carriage could pass the custom-house, we must give bond that we would not dispose of it in France, and that as a security for the performance of our covenant, we should be obliged to deposit at the custom-house, about one half of its real value. This was a

most unpleasant annunciation, as the payment of one half the value of the carriage would have entirely exhausted the sum which I had reserved for our travelling expences to Paris. In this exigency we were reduced to the necessity of trespassing upon the goodness of Mr. du B., who no sooner understood how we were circumstanced, than by the medium of a Mons. Quillet, one of his correspondents in Calais, he lodged in the custom-house the necessary pledge, and about six o'clock we had the satisfaction of seeing our vehicle arrive in the court yard of the hotel.

In the evening we walked in the town, which is clean and neat, but does not contain any remarkable public edifices. The most conspicuous of these structures is the Hotel de Ville, situated in the great square. In this square we saw the tree of liberty, a young plant which seemed sickly and drooping; too faithful an emblem, I am afraid, of its prototype. In the course of our walk we did not see many very striking objects; but the novelty of the scene kept our attention

on the alert. The system of building large houses in a quadrangular form, with the windows of the best apartments arranged round a court, gives an air of dullness to the French towns, which forms a striking contrast with the sprightly aspect of those of England. Our ladies were surprized to see the women walking about without bonnets; and the men with their ears adorned with large ear-rings presented a no less strange spectacle to Mr. R. and myself. The shops appeared to be well supplied with goods, but did not present so brilliant a spectacle as those of London. From the ramparts we looked towards the English coast, and then returned to our hotel, where we soon sat down to a good supper. The transactions of the packet boat had however so quelled our appetites, that we did not do much honour to the French cookery, by the copiousness of our meal. Our abstinence, indeed greatly astonished the waiter, a lad of a very ingenuous countenance, who gave us a most lively idea of Sterne's La Fleur. So much

was he surprized when I desired him to clear the table, that he exclaimed *vraiment vous etes de tres petits mangeurs.* After supper we were visited by the steward of the house, who brought with him a folio book, in which he desired us to write our names, the place whence we came, and whither we were going. Upon enquiring into the reason why we were required to do this, we were informed, that all inn-keepers in the French garrison towns are obliged every evening to give in to the commandant a list of their guests, and the above-mentioned particulars of their history and destination. Soon after we had complied with this military requisition, we retired to our apartments, which we found neat and comfortable.

On Monday morning, the 21st of June, M. du B. favoured us with his company to breakfast. Sterne beautifully observes, in his Sentimental Journey "you take a withering twig and put it in the ground, and then you water it, because you have planted it?" In the spirit of this principle M. du B. having in a manner

enabled us to proceed to Paris, proposed to take us under his protection during our journey thither. Fearing, that in consequence of our evident ignorance of French customs, we should be imposed upon on the road, he invited us to travel in company with himself and two of his friends who were proceeding to Paris in a voiture. Nothing could have been more welcome to us than this invitation. Finding that it would be necessary for us to procure fresh passports from the commissary of the district, we repaired to the proper office as soon as it was open, and at the end of two hours after our application was made, we procured these vexatious documents. This time was employed in getting some little repairs done to our carriage, and in fitting to it a pair of shafts instead of the pole. By the laws of posting in France, carriages which are furnished with a pole are obliged to take a greater number of horses than those which are provided with shafts, so that the Louis which we paid for a pair of shafts was money well laid out, and was the means of saving us

considerable expence.. Having received our passports, and settled our account at the hotel, we took our departure from Calais, being assured by the femme de chambre and the garçon that we should find Paris a charming city. Our chaise was drawn by three horses which were harnessed abreast of each other. The harness displayed very little leather, being principally composed of ropes. Calais appears to be strongly fortified on the land side. Before we entered the suburbs we passed through five different gates. When we had proceeded about a mile we passed a fort, the cannon of which command a causeway elevated above the low grounds, which extend to the town, and which can, upon emergency, be laid under water. After travelling about an hour and a quarter through a road which presented nothing interesting except some occasional views of the British channel, we changed horses at Hautbuisson, a large solitary post-house, situated on a considerable eminence. From Hautbuisson we proceeded to Beaupré, otherwise called Marquise,

a small and ill-built town. The next post is Boulogne-sur-mer. On our approach to the gates of this town we were stopped by a municipal officer, who after examining our passports suffered us to proceed. As we passed rapidly on, only stopping at the post-house to change horses, we could make no particular observations on this town; the old fortifications of which, however, appearing through trees which skirt the outside of the walls, have an interesting air of grandeur. From Boulogne we proceeded through Samers and Cormont, two inconsiderable places, to Montrieuil-sur-mer, where we intended to pass the night. Montrieuil is situated on a commanding eminence, and must, in former times, have been an impregnable fortress. In this stage I was the avant courier, and being charged with the important commission of ordering supper, I repaired for that purpose to the Cour de la France, the best inn which the town afforded. As it was at least ten o'clock when I arrived there, I caused no small bustle in the house, by announcing my-

self as the precursor of six hungry travellers. The host immediately fell to cooking, while, having taken my station in the chimney corner, I watched the process with all the interest naturally excited on such an occasion by a very keen appetite. At the end of about half an hour after my arrival my fellow-travellers drove up to the door, when the ladies were formally introduced to M. du B's friends, the one of whom was named T. the other G. The latter was tall and thin in person, and the paleness of his countenance indicated a feeble constitution. T. was corpulent and stout, and his round plump visage indicated that his corporeal far exceeded his mental powers. When I first beheld him, I immediately classed him among the *fruges consumere nati*, and his conduct on his arrival in the inn confirmed me in my classification: for he had no sooner alighted from the voiture, than he enquired with earnest impatience for his supper. Finding that it was not ready, he expressed the utmost surprize, and instantly darted into the kitchen, and with considerable em-

phasis of phrase, backed by the most expressive gesticulation, began to give directions to the landlord, who, under his superintendance, soon served up a very comfortable repast. To the excellence of Mons. Varenne's cookery our fellow-traveller bore unequivocal testimony. Inserting the corner of his napkin in the upper button-hole of his jacket, he fell upon the soup, the omelette, and the pigeons, with a voracity equal to that of the parasite who favoured Gil Blas with his company in the town of Pennaflor, every now and then pressing the ladies to follow his example. The ladies were unfortunately too much fatigued to enjoy their supper; and Mons. T., who regarded hearty eating as the sole indication of true enjoyment of life, expressed his concern at their want of appetite in the most pathetic terms. Soon after supper they escaped from the testimonies of his compassion by retiring to rest.

In the course of this day's journey we found the road very good. The country through which we passed was hilly, but

not being inclosed, and being almost destitute of wood, it did not present to the eye that interesting variety which is afforded by the intersection of trees and hedges. It was, however, well cultivated, and was chiefly in tillage. The crop seemed to be abundant, but I learned, upon inquiry, that the farmers expected only a middling harvest. Very few cottages occurred on the road side. Those which we saw, by their stone window-cases, their sash-panes, and by their general appearance, put me strongly in mind of the houses of the peasantry in Scotland. This recollection was strengthened by the sunburnt countenances and hard-features of the lower orders of women, who appeared to be almost exclusively employed, not only in the lighter but in the more laborious departments of agriculture.

Mr. R. and I found the bidets or galloways, which are kept for the use of those who ride post, much livelier, easier, and safer than the worn-out post-horses of England.

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of a multitude eager to destroy the very vestiges of a system of religion which had, for so many centuries, reigned with absolute sway over the human intellect.

The postillion, who drove us from Calais, wore a pair of light boots, whence I concluded that the Age of Reason had banished the old cumbrous jack-boots, which are, in England, so copious a subject of ridicule. But at Hautbuisson, and at all the other stages, the legs of our drivers were cased in the ancient armour. Indeed, the boots seemed to increase in dimensions in direct proportion to our nearer approach to the metropolis.

At six o'clock on Wednesday morning, June 23d, we left Montrieuil, and proceeded rapidly through Nampont, Bernay, and Nouvron, to Abbeville. As it happened to be my turn to have the honour of being the outrider on this last stage, while I was waiting for the arrival of the rest of the party, I stept into a large church, which was situated near the post-house. I was surprized to find, that, though this edifice, in other respects, exhibited evident

marks of revolutionary rage, it contained several pictures, which were not at all damaged. This ænigma was, however, explained to me by a woman, who officiously came to attend me; and, among other matters, informed me, that these pictures had been lately presented to the church by the curé, who had been appointed to do duty there since the restitution of religion. After conversing for some time with this woman I dismissed her with the gift of a few pence, wishing to be left to my own meditations. These were, however, soon interrupted by a "lean unwashed artificer;" who, presuming that Monsieur was a stranger, would with pleasure explain to him the subjects of the paintings. This new cicisbeo informed me, that, at the commencement of the revolution, many great *seigneurs* had fled from Abbeville; but that, during the whole course of that awful political struggle, no blood had been shed in that place. Whilst we were conversing together, I observed a gentleman come out of a small cabinet adjoining to the high altar, before which he knelt

down, and began his devotions. On my asking my guide, whether this gentleman was a priest, he answered no ; — but that he was a private individual, who every day spent the hours from eight till twelve o'clock in repeating his prayers; and who, on Sundays, resumed this religious exercise at two o'clock in the afternoon, and continued it till midnight. *Vraiment, Monsieur,* said my conductor, with every token of admiration in his countenance, — *vraiment, c'est un brave homme !* There was certainly something prepossessing in the physiognomy and manner of this devotee, but I could not help thinking that he would better discharge his duty by abstracting a large portion of the above-mentioned time from prayer, and dedicating it to more active exertion in the cause of goodness.

My fellow-travellers being arrived, we continued our journey passing on to Ailly, where we began to talk of dinner, and determined to take that meal at the next town which is called Flixcourt. On this important occasion the powers of Mons. T. were roused into full activity.

Justly entertaining strong doubts as to my abilities in catering, he proposed to take my post as avant courier, to which arrangement I readily consented. He accordingly mounted the bidet, which happened to be the smallest which had occurred in the whole course of our journey; and cracking a large whip which he had borrowed at the post-house, he set off with great eclat and galloped away to Flixcourt. At this place he played the part of a truly active citizen, for, though on his arrival the pigeons had to undergo the operation of killing, (of which circumstance he apprized us with a most expressive gesture,) by the time our carriages drove into the court a most choice repast was ready to be set upon the table. Though the ladies to-day made a much better figure in the use of their knives and forks than they had done yesterday, Mons. T. still thought their diet much too spare, and, with great emotion, declared his apprehensions that they would absolutely expire on the road through inanition. I assured him that I would guarantee their holding out as far

as Paris: so we proceeded through Pecquigny to Amiens. At this city I stept into a church, where I found about two hundred people occupied in their devotions. This church was spacious, and elegant in point of architecture, but it had been stript of its organ, and of all its other ecclesiastical ornaments. I was glad, however, to observe, that the fury of the rabble had spared a very handsome marble monument, which is situated near the high altar. When on my entrance into Amiens, I galloped up to the post-house on my bidet, I observed five and twenty women sitting and chatting very merrily on the sunny side of the street opposite to that building. This coterie did not honour me with any notice, but when the carriages appeared they rose with precipitation — their chearfulness was at once transmuted into misery, and in the most melancholy tones, they implored charity *pour l'amour de Dieu*, declaring that they were dying for want of bread. Would other travellers give no more to these mendicants than we did, they would soon give

give up the trade of begging. Hastening from their yell, we rapidly passed through Hebecourt to Flers. At the latter place I had a long conversation with an ancient dame, the mistress of a cabaret, where I prepared a little refreshment against the coming of our party. On my assuring mine hostess, among other things, that I thought the French ladies *tres belles, et extrememement piquantes*, she made a very eloquent eulogium on English cutlery, and concluded her harangue by begging of me an English pen-knife. I was really sorry that I could not gratify her wishes in this respect, but gave her something to purchase such an article should an opportunity ever occur; and in return for my kindness she presented me with a pinch of snuff. Whilst this ceremony was passing, her husband entered the room. Pointing to a tree which I observed in the market place, I asked the good man if that was the tree of liberty; to which question, with a ghastly grin, he answered in the affirmative. Then looking through the window, I saw the church,

which appeared to be dismantled. This circumstance induced me to ask him whether their new priest had yet fixed his residence among them? "*Oui, Monsieur,*" said Boniface. "I am afraid, my friend", said I, "you now allow those good folks but a scanty salary." "Those who do not work, and are not in the way of raising a family," replied the landlord, "do not deserve a large one." As I could not controvert the abstract proposition laid down in this doctrine, I did not attempt to argue the case. The rattling of our carriage wheels, indeed, now closed our conference. After the ladies had taken a little milk, which I had prepared for them, we continued our route to Bretueil, where we took up our lodgings for the night; Monsieur T. again assuming the weighty office of superintending the cooking of our supper.

On Thursday morning June 24, after a most refreshing sleep, we again commenced our labours, and hurried through Wavigny and St. Juste to Clermont. As we ascended the steep hill on which this town is built we found almost all the

houses in the street through which we passed in a manner covered with white counterpanes; many of these were profusely ornamented with garlands of flowers, whilst others were more simply adorned with a few roses affixed to them at equal distances. The street was lined on each side with people, from one of whom I enquired the reason of these appearances of festivity, and was informed that this day was the feast of St. John, and that we should soon meet the procession of the host. We accordingly encountered that pious cavalcade about the middle of the town. It was preceded by a man holding a kind of flag or banner. After him came a number of boys arrayed in surplices. These boys were followed by a man who sounded a deep key-note upon a bourdon, a crooked instrument which resembled a serpent. Next marched the chief priest, who, preceding the host, borne under a canopy, intonated the prayers in concert with several of his brethren, who followed him in a group. The procession was closed by a company of women, who, whining in chorus, main-

tained, with little interruption, a hollow moaning kind of noise; some with much apparent devotion, others with evident indifference. The respect which our postillion paid to this religious ceremony, in stopping the chaise till it had passed, gave us an opportunity of seeing it to the best advantage. From Clermont we proceeded to Lingueville, and thence to Chantilly. The route from Chantilly to Paris is very pleasant; the road being skirted on each side by lofty trees, and the distant prospects affording a rich variety of gentle hills, many of which are adorned with chateaus embosomed in woods. Here too, we began to travel through gardens and vineyards, which seemed to be secured from depredation by no other guard than the honest habits of the passengers. Passing through Luzarches and Ecouen, we arrived at about half past three o'clock at the pleasant town of St. Denis, which, at the time of the mortal antipathy which the Great Nation all on a sudden conceived against the whole army of holy men was rebaptized by the name of Franciade. Here

we had a view of the magnificent Gothic cathedral, which was formerly the cemetery of the kings of France. Few edifices have suffered more by the active hand of revolutionary violence than this cathedral. In pursuance of a decree of the Convention it was visited by a number of commissioners, who proceeded systematically to strip it of the insignia of the Gallic monarchy, which formerly constituted its proudest ornaments. Under the direction of these political Goths the repose of deceased Royalty was violated. Not only were the monuments of the kings demolished, but their coffins were torn from their receptacles, their remains were scattered abroad, and the lead in which their bodies had been enclosed was melted and converted into bullets. When the barbarians who had committed those outrages had finished their work of destruction, they addressed to their constituents a proces-verbal, describing the nature and extent of their operations, which is not one of the least interesting documents relating to the period of revolutionary fanaticism.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the walls of Paris. We found the barriers guarded by soldiers and officers of the police, two of whom ordered our carriage to stop, and demanded our passports. As we were waiting whilst these documents were examined, I could not help reflecting on the facility which the establishment of such checks upon the liberty of ingress and egress had afforded to revolutionary murderers, in the perpetration of the most atrocious crimes. Whenever Robespierre wished to destroy the virtuous senators, or the generous citizens, whose daring spirit prompted them to bear open testimony against his crimes, he issued the fatal mandate. — The guards stationed at the barriers were reinforced by revolutionary agents — Paris was hermetically sealed — the victims of the tyrant's rage were deprived even of the hope of escaping. For, if when driven from their asylums by the blood-hounds, who by means of domiciliary visits hunted down the devoted prey, they ventured to try their fortune at the gates of the city, the

strict scrutiny which they there underwent almost infallibly betrayed them into the hands of their executioners. How many countenances have turned pale — how many hearts have ached at the sight of these horrid portals. So much was I impressed with these considerations, that though I was well assured that our passports were strictly regular, I felt a slight degree of uneasiness, till we received them from the examiners, with permission to proceed into the city. Mr. F. had recommended to us the hotel de Bretagne, rue de la Loi; but, on our applying to the landlord of that house, we found that he could not accommodate us with lodging. We were equally disappointed at the hotel du Carousel, and at two or three other places whither we were directed by an English gentleman, who, seeing our embarrassment, had the politeness to send his servant to assist us in gaining a settlement. At length returning to the rue de la Loi, we made the necessary enquiries at the hotel de Toscane, the handsomé hostess of which shewed me an elegant parlour, and two

good lodging rooms, which she purposed to let for ten Louis per week. As I was absolutely tired of running up and down one pair of stairs after another, and as I suspected that we might possibly go farther and fare worse, I agreed to these extravagant terms. As, however, the apartments in question were occupied by a party who were on the eve of their departure, Madame intimated to me that we could not enter upon them till the next day, and that, *provisoirement*, we should be under the necessity of taking up our quarters *en haut*, — or, in plain English, in the garret. We accordingly climbed up five pair of stairs, and were shewn into apartments which, notwithstanding the altitude of their situation, were elegantly furnished, and promised to weary travellers a considerable degree of comfort. Our first care was to send for dinner from a neighbouring restaurateur's. Whilst we were occupied in this repast, the landlord came to suggest to us, that we should find a valet de place extremely useful during our residence in Paris.

We cordially agreed with him in opinion, and at his recommendation we hired a smart young fellow, of about twenty years of age, the lobes of whose ears were distended by a pair of golden or gilded earrings, of about the size of the circle of wire in which prudent house-wives collect their keys. Henri, for this was the name of our new domestic, had been a great traveller, he had visited Italy, and had served an English gentleman at the siege of Porto Ferrajo—and if his own word could be taken as evidence, he could speak Italian as well as his native tongue. When we had dispatched our dinner, we were conducted by Henri to the chateau of the Thuilleries. As we approached the front of this extensive edifice by the Place du Carousel, I distinctly saw the positions occupied by the Marseillois, and the Swiss, on the eventful 10th of August, 1792, the day when Louis XVI. driven by the fury of the populace into *the hall of the National Assembly, was a* witness of the debate which ended in his deposition, and in the declaration that,

France was thenceforth a Republic, one and indivisible.

The iron gates which lead into the court of the chateau, are flanked by two standards of iron work, made after the model of the Roman ensign; differing indeed from it in no other respect, than that a cock supplies the place of the eagle, and R. F. (Republique Française) glitters on the tablet instead of S.P.Q.R. On the front of the chateau I observed the imposing inscription LIBERTE' EGALITE' INDIVISIBILITE' DE LA REPUBLIQUE. In the windows, and in the balcony of a large apartment under the dome, we saw several officers and soldiers of the consular guard then on duty, who appeared to be beguiling the tediousness of their service, by observing the ever changing multitude of passengers, who were proceeding through the chateau, on their way to and from the gardens. Following this multitude, we entered the vestibule, where we saw the grand stair-case, which on the 10th of August, 1792, was strewed with the

dead bodies of its brave defenders, the Swiss guards. We then pressed forward into the gardens, which are very extensive, and laid out in the old style, being composed of straight alleys, bordered by trees and extensive terraces, ornamented by statues. Among the principal curiosities of this place are, a great number of orange trees, the beauty of which is, however, completely destroyed by the sheers of the tasteless gardeners, who have completely trimmed away all the interesting extravagances of nature, and reduced them to the monotonous exactness of so many vegetable globes. Vast crowds of people were taking their evening walk in the garden. The females were well dressed, but the males were very slovenly in their apparel, and had the appearance of journey-men barbers, rather than of gentlemen. Directing our course through the central alley, we proceeded to the Place Louis XV. alias Place de la Revolution, alias Place de la Concorde. In the middle of this square, the feeble and unfortunate Louis XVI. terminated his wretched existence

by the axe of the guillotine. Here, too, the Brissots, the Vergniauds, the Guadets, the Carras, and the Sillerys, were taught by sad experience, that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation, than the children of light" — that in revolutionary struggles, those whose virtue renders them scrupulous about the means of preserving power, must sink in a conflict with the hardened adventurers, whose hearts are strangers to the emotions of pity, or of shame. Here also Danton learnt, too late, that cowardly despotism bears no brother near the throne — and Robespierre beheld in the countenances of the multitude who witnessed his miserable end, the joy which enlivens the heart of a whole nation, when its oppressor is led forth to pay the forfeit of his atrocious deeds. The spot where the fatal engine of destruction has been so frequently erected, is marked by a wooden railing. I should like to dive into the emotions of Bonaparte, when he passes this "field of Blood" where so many revolutionary chieftains have bowed their head to the stroke of death.

From the Place de la Concorde we directed our course by the Quai de la Conference to the Quai du Louvre. Here our valet pointed out to us the balcony whence Charles IX. fired upon his Protestant subjects who were flying from the daggers of the assassins on the ever memorable day of St. Bartholomew. In the heat of the revolution an inscription was placed under this gallery, recording an anecdote so disgraceful to Royalty; but *Bonaparte has lately caused this inscription* to be effaced. Irregular rulers who esteem themselves established in power, are not eager to propagate reflections upon "regular governments." From the Quai du Louvre we walked to the Palais Royal. This is an extensive edifice, built in the form of a parallelogram, inclosing a large garden, which is ornamented with trees and laid out in straight gravel walks. It was formerly the property and residence of the late Duke of Orleans, who converted the apartments on the ground floor into shops, the rent of which composed a considerable part of his overgrown revenue. These shops are well

furnished, and by the skilful arrangement of the commodities which they contain, they make a very brilliant appearance. As they are arranged under piazzas, they are conveniently accessible in the worst of weather. The crowds which are perpetually bustling through these piazzas, and the groups which occupy the gardens, some lounging along the alleys, others sitting in luxurious indolence in chairs, which are let out for hire to the weary pedestrian, form a very interesting spectacle. When we arrived at this resort of the busy and the gay, it was just lighted up, and appeared in all its glory. The hurry and bustle which we could observe through the windows of the coffee-houses and gaming-houses that occupy the whole extent of the first story, indicated that this was the time and place of the high change of dissipation.

Returning to the hotel de Toscane, we took some fruit for supper, and being fatigued by our day's journey and our walk, we retired at an early hour to bed — to bed — but not to rest. — I had not slept above a quarter of an hour before

I awoke and found myself in an absolute fever, which I soon discovered to be occasioned by the venomous bites of immense hosts of bugs. During the whole of the night "I was full of tossings and turnings to and fro," and was truly thankful to see the returning dawn. Mrs. S. fully sympathized in my sufferings, and we found on enquiry, that Miss R. was no less disagreeably situated than ourselves. As soon as I quitted my bed of torment, I informed myself by the help of my French dictionary of the French appellation of our troublesome visitants, and as soon as Madame was stirring I exhibited a formal complaint, on the subject of this most alarming grievance. When I begged her to observe how my face was swelled, assuring her that it might be fairly taken as a sample of the condition of my whole carcase; Madame summoned into her countenance a large portion of commiseration, and said that she was extremely chagrined by the circumstance; but if Monsieur had been so good as to ring the bell when he found himself annoyed, her

people would have arranged a bed for him on the floor of his apartment, where he might have slept in perfect security. I begged to be informed whether we must consider this resource as our security in the apartments to which we were soon to be transferred, and was glad to hear her assure us that we should not there find the troublesome guests who had made such inroads upon our comfort, in the higher regions. Balancing Madame's positive assertion against the probability of the emigration of these insects from one part of a house to another, I entertained hopes that we might escape any further annoyance, and determined to bear the present inconvenience with all the patience which I could muster. Soon after breakfast on Friday the 25th June, Mr. R. and myself, after conducting the ladies to the gallery of the Louvre went to present our letters of credit to Mons. Peregeaux. We then repaired to the bureau of the district, where our passports underwent an inspection, in consequence of which we received certain papers which we were ordered to carry as soon as possible to the

prefecture of the police. After this business was finished we returned to the gallery of the Louvre. It is impossible for language to do justice to the wonderful *coup d'œil* afforded by this magnificent apartment, which forms a vista of 1300 feet in length, the sides of which are richly ornamented by the most exquisite productions of the pencil, selected by the eye of taste from the vast repositories of conquered Germany and Italy. Here the *chefs d'œuvres* of Raphael, Titian, Caracci, Domenichino, Poussin, Rembrant; in short of all the most illustrious masters of the graphic art are exhibited in such rich profusion, that in wandering through the maze of beauty, the eye knows not where to rest. A due examination of these inestimable pictures would occupy the leisure of a whole life, — their value can be justly appreciated only by enlightened professors. It would therefore be highly presumptuous in the unlearned traveller to record more than the general impression which he received from this spectacle. I shall therefore only say, that highly as my expectations had been

wound up, by the perusal of the criticisms made on many of these pictures by connoisseurs, who had travelled in the countries whence they had been lately removed, the paintings themselves left the conceptions of my imagination at an immeasurable length behind. After taking a survey of these treasures, I went into the apartments appropriated to the reception of antique statues. Here when I found myself surrounded by the works of Phidias, Praxiteles, and Xeuxis, works which for so many centuries before the Christian æra, had excited the enthusiastic admiration of enlightened Greece, and which the bold spirit of the Romans durst not aspire to emulate, I could hardly persuade myself of the reality of the scene which was exhibited to my view, — and when I proceeded to gaze with minute attention on the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Mirmillo-moriens, and the other pieces of sculpture with which the engravings and casts, that I had consulted in the course of my classical studies had made me familiar, I soon found that no copy was adequate to represent the spirit of the

august originals. What a lesson does this collection give on the instability of human things! These breathing marbles were the splendid fruits of the victories gained by the armies of Rome over the degenerate Greeks. The Romans have degenerated in their turn, and the prize of valour has been wrested from their feeble hands, by the descendants of those Gauls, whom they once compelled to submit to the yoke of slavery. Who can deem it an impossible supposition, that, in the course of revolving years, it may be transferred by the hand of victory from the Seine to the Neva, from Paris to Petersburgh.*

The administrators of the French government exercise the greatest liberality in facilitating the access to these galleries, which are open without fee or reward to strangers every day, from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon, and to the Parisians three days in the week. On these days they are crowded

* The reader will not fail to remark that this supposition which was made in 1802, was in 1814 near being verified.

with visitants, many of which are of the lowest classes of the community. For the preservation of order, centinels are stationed at the doors of the apartments, and curators attend to prevent any one from damaging the pictures. Inscriptions affixed at proper distances, warn the visitors to respect the national property, and in order to prevent accidents, gentlemen are obliged to leave their canes, and ladies their fans and parasols at the door, in the custody of a woman who returns them to their owners, when they quit the gallery. In order that the owner of each of these articles may be readily ascertained, the persons who deposit them take a ticket, the counterpart of which is affixed to their property, and on their exhibiting this ticket, they receive the cane or parasol which corresponds with its number.

Leaving the gallery of the Louvre about three o'clock, Mr. R. and I, after conducting the ladies home, went to the Palais Royal, where we read the English newspapers at the Caffé d'Angleterre, which house is regularly supplied with

the Morning Chronicle, the Sun, and the Times. From the Palais Royal we walked to the Thuilleries; here I observed some workmen employed in gilding four bronze horses, placed at proper distances on pedestals in the range of iron railing, which separates the court of the chateau from the Carousel. The destiny of these horses is somewhat singular. They first adorned a triumphal arch erected at Rome in honour of Nero. After the lapse of upwards of two hundred years, they were transported by Constantine the Great to the newly founded capital of the Eastern empire, where they constituted the principal ornament of the hippodrome. When the Venetians made themselves masters of Constantinople in the twelfth century, they took possession of these statues, conveyed them back to Italy, and placed them on the façade of the church of St. Mark at Venice, where they lately became the prey of the Gallic invaders, who removed them to Paris.

In the evening we took a box at the Opera National, where we were gratified by one of the most exquisite drama-

tic performances which I ever attended in my life. The opera was Œdipe à Colone, the words of which were composed by Guillard, and the music by Sacchini. Considerable interest seemed to be excited in the audience by the first appearance of a new actor in the character of Polinice. This performer, whose name I do not recollect, acquitted himself to the satisfaction of a crowded house. The magnificence of the scenery, the correctness of the costume of the actors, the feeling manner in which they delivered the recitative, and sung the airs, and the excellence of the music, conspired to make a most enchanting impression on the senses. The dances were truly astonishing, the agility, the grace, and the precision of the chorusses, merited the loud encomiums which were bestowed upon them by the amateurs. But when Vestris gave to the most difficult exertions of the limbs, all the elegance of apparent ease, the spectators were absolutely enraptured; they sat in breathless expectation, and all their faculties seemed to be suspended on his "light fantas-

tic toe." Indeed, the pleasure of the scene was not a little enhanced by the lively interest of the audience. I never before witnessed in any theatre, such silence, such attention, such evident sympathy in the proceedings of the stage. Every person present appeared to be a critic. Every individual seemed to attend for the purpose of being amused by the drama; and I am confident that if any box-lobby loungers had ventured to make the least disturbance, they would have severely felt the effects of the general indignation. To the disgrace of Englishmen it must be confessed, that there is a striking contrast between the decorum of a Parisian, and the tumult of a London theatre.

On Saturday Mr. R. and myself, after escorting the ladies to the gallery of the Louvre, went to the præfecture of the police, where we procured cartes de sureté, a kind of licence to stay in Paris for a limited time, and to travel in the department of the Seine, and in the communes of Sevres, Meudon, and St. Cloud. In this licence the hotel where

we lodged was specified, and we were apprized, that if we changed the place of our residence, we must immediately give notice of our new abode to the præfect of the police. This business being concluded, I went to the hotel of Mr. Merry, the English minister plenipotentiary, in order to present to that gentleman a letter of introduction, which had been procured for me, by Mr. M. Mr. Merry being engaged in making up dispatches, I sent in my letter by the porter, and received from the minister a message, requesting me to call again in an hour's time. With this request I complied, but on my re-appearance I was informed, that Mr. Merry had that moment received a courier from England, nd begged that I would call again tomorrow. Taking my departure from Mr. Merry's I rejoined my companions at the gallery of the Louvre, where we spent the time most luxuriously, till the clock striking four warned us to depart. The gallery was as usual almost crowded with visitors, among whom I observed a Turk or Moor, who seemed to be much

interested by the paintings, and who was conversing in English with some of my countrymen, who paid him particular attention.

In the evening we took a box at the Comedie Française, where we attended at the representation of Beaumarchais' famous comedie, La Folle Journée, ou le Mariage de Figaro. The acting appeared to me to be in the first style. I was particularly pleased with Figaro and Suzanna; but the rapidity of pronunciation incident to comic dialogue, caused me frequently to lose the thread of their discourse. On the whole, however, I was much gratified. The chief consul was present at the play, but he sat so far retired in his box, that it was difficult to catch a glimpse of him. Neither his entrance, nor his exit, excited any emotion in the audience, who were as decorous in their manners, and as intent upon the business of the drama, as the spectators of last night's opera.

In the course of this day I sent to Miss Helen Maria Williams two letters of introduction, which I had procured from

Doctors Currie and Gregory. These letters so far availed me that Miss W. immediately sent me a polite note, intimating that she was sorry that the bustle and confusion occasioned by a change of residence would not permit her for a day or two to see company at her own home, but that she would give me the earliest notice of her being settled in her new house, where she would be then happy to see me.

On Sunday morning, the 27th, we went to hear high mass in the church of Notre Dame. On our way to this venerable Gothic edifice, we observed that about one half of the shops were open, and the other half shut. If our observation was tolerably correct it would of course ascertain the opinion of the bourgeois of Paris, on the reverence due to the Sabbath. I was amused with a kind of compromise which some shopkeepers seemed to make between religion and avarice, by shutting their windows and exposing their commodities at their doors. On the whole there was little of the outward and visible signs of Sunday. One

distinguishing symptom (if the expression may be allowed) of this day was totally wanting, — the ringing of bells. I presume that these noisy annunciators of prayers and curses, of weddings and deaths, of joy and sorrow, had been all melted and converted into coin during the Revolution. When we arrived at the church, the procession of the host had just begun to move up one of the side aisles. Penetrating the crowd which was assembled in the nave, we proceeded to the choir, and ascended into a gallery whence we had a full view of almost the whole extent of the church. Our attention was of course attracted by the procession, which was preceded by a number of boys, drest in white vestments, and bearing tapers. These were followed by eight or ten priests, who moved on in slow and solemn state, singing as they walked. Then appeared the distributors of the incense, who dispensed the grateful odour from silver urns suspended from their waists by a chain of the same metal. The elegance and grace with which they managed these sacred vases

would well entitle them to the appellation of clerical Vestris's. In the centre of the procession was borne the canopy which covered the host. This canopy was surrounded by ecclesiastics, and followed by pious votaries, who chaunted the service as they marched along. The chorus which they formed was rendered more deep by the sound of an instrument, similar in tone to a bassoon. The voices of the priests were nicely in tune with this instrument, and the harmony which they produced had a very fine effect. The procession was flanked on each side by a party of soldiers, who I presume attended for the purpose of protecting the ceremony from the insults of those who are dissatisfied with the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion. At the elevation of the host, the commanding officer of the military gave the word in a tone of voice which echoed through the vaulted roofs of the church. At this signal the drums beat, the swell of the organ mingled with the warlike note — the soldiers kneeling on one knee, fixed the butt-end of their muskets

on the pavement, and continued in that attitude till, on the cessation of the sound of the drums and organ the word of command was given, and they arose. After the procession had made the circuit of the inside of the church, the chief priests advanced to the high altar, were they performed the mass, their voices being occasionally assisted by the organ. At various intervals voluntaries were played upon this instrument, some of which were absolutely jiggs. On the whole our visit to Notre Dame presented to us a strange mixture of religious solemnity, military state, and levity. In the course of the service two collections of money occurred, the first for the benefit of the church, the second for the relief of the poor. Of the multitudes which were assembled to day in this vast edifice, I do not believe that more than two hundred repaired thither for religious purposes. The rest seemed to be composed only of persons, who were attracted by motives of curiosity.

When the mass was ended, we left the

church of Notre Dame, and drove to the spot where once stood the Bastille. The towers and the outward walls of this once formidable edifice are so completely rased, that not a trace of them is to be seen. The two inner courts remain, and are converted into barracks. Among the interesting reflections which the contemplation of this memorable spot must excite in every thinking mind, the following appears to me the most serious; that however easy a matter it may be to destroy fortresses and prisons, and all the implements of despotism, it is a most difficult task to maintain the principles of liberty in their full vigour and unsullied purity, and to organize a constitution of government, which will protect the rights of citizens, and secure the public happiness. For have not the identical people, who braved death in combating the long established power of the Capets, cringed beneath the bloody sceptre of Robespierre? And do they not even now bow in dumb submission before the throne of Bonaparte? These reflections

were renewed and confirmed when we proceeded to the Temple. This edifice, which has acquired a melancoly fame, in consequence of its having been selected by the National Convention, as the prison of Louis XVI. is now used as a place of confinement, for state prisoners of all ranks. If the information which I obtained be correct, the mandate of the second Cromwell, is of itself sufficient to cause those whom he deems enemies to his domineering influence, to be arrested and immured within the walls of this new Bastille.

From the Temple we drove along the Boulevards to the church of St. Madelaine, where the remains of Louis XVI. were interred amidst the bodies of the unfortunate people who had been crushed to death in the Place de Louis XV. on the day of his marriage, and of the assailants who had fallen before the Thuilleries, on the 10th of August, 1792.

Soon after our return home I received a visit from a gentleman, who waited on me on the part of Miss Williams, with

an invitation to tea on Tuesday evening, which I readily accepted.

After dinner we visited Frascati, which is a kind of tea-gardens, situated on the Boulevards, at the extremity of the rue de la Loi. This garden is not very extensive, but it is laid out with much taste, and exhibits, in its narrow space, a surprising variety of objects. At the entrance, a kind of gallery, lined with mirrors, leads into a square building, divided into several apartments, all of which are fitted up for the purpose of taking refreshments. The garden itself is divided into two parts, by a central walk or alley. On each side of this walk are erected small pillars, round which are entwined wood-bines, passion flowers, and several other species of parasitic plants. The capitals of these pillars are connected by rods of iron, to which are attached the names of the most celebrated ancient and modern poets; among which I particularly distinguished my countrymen Pope, Dryden, and Milton. At the end of the central walk, there is a beautiful piece of rock-work forming a grotto,

over which is stretched a pavilion of painted canvas. The remainder of this extremity of the garden is judiciously diversified with miniature eminences, covered with shrubs, with shady walks, and arbours; the whole adorned with statues, each of which holds in its hand a small lamp. This is a truly tasteful mode of illumination, and I could easily give credit to our valet's assertion, that the lighting of these lamps produces a very fine effect. No money is required for admission into Frascati. The profits of the proprietors arise from the sale of ices and other refreshments.

On Monday, June 28, at ten o'clock in the morning, I went to the National Library, which is situated in the rue de la Loi, at no very great distance from the hotel de Toscane. At the door of this, as of every other public institution, a centinel is posted. When I entered the gateway, the soldier on duty civilly informed me, that I could not be admitted to day, at the same time, pointing out to my observation an advertisement affixed to the folding doors, announcing, that

though the library was every day open to men of letters, those whose visits were occasioned merely by motives of curiosity, were admitted only on Wednesdays and Fridays. When I had perused this notice I turned to the centinel and said —"But my good friend, I am a man of letters?" On this annunciation of my character, the guardian of literature put his hand to his hat with a most respectful air, and desired me to have the goodness to walk up stairs, where, he said, he did not doubt that I should meet with every accommodation. The honest soldier was not mistaken. On my arrival in the first apartment, I addressed myself to a gentleman who was sitting at a table, and was instantly informed by him to which of the curators I must apply for certain manuscripts, which I wished to consult. This curator was the celebrated La Porte du Theil, who received me with the greatest politeness, and was no sooner apprised of the object of my visit, than he set about searching for the manuscripts which I wished to examine. The promptitude with which they were

found was a satisfactory proof, that this vast collection of literary curiosities is kept in very good order. Mons. La Porte's assistant having furnished me with materials for writing, I seated myself at a table, which was, soon after my arrival, occupied by about a dozen students. Here I read and made extracts from the Journal of Paris Grassus for an hour; at the expiration of which time Mr. R. and the ladies interrupted my labours by a summons to accompany them on their morning's excursion. When I had joined the party we drove first to the hotel of the British minister, who honoured me with a short audience, in which he treated me with all civility, and said that he should be glad to render me any service which lay in his power during my stay in Paris.—He also advised me to be early in my application for passports, when our party intended to return to England, as the French offices were not well organized, and the delivery of papers, which must pass through them, was frequently delayed and neglected. When I had taken my leave of Mr. Merry, we went

to the Hopital des Invalides, a spacious and magnificent edifice, the asylum of superannuated and disabled soldiers. This building is composed of five courts. In a large hall over the principal entrance is a library, lately presented to the institution by Bonaparte. This collection of books, by beguiling the wearisomness incident to decrepitude and gradual decay, must add much to the comforts of such of the inhabitants of this mansion, as have acquired a taste for reading. This gift of the first consul does not seem to be neglected. I was glad to find the library occupied by about a score of respectable looking veterans, who appeared to be intent on their several studies. From the library we were conducted to the kitchen, which is a spacious apartment well provided with the proper utensils. We then ascended to the reservoir, which is supplied with water by means of a pump worked by four horses. Hence we were conducted to the apartments where the linen of the Invalids is deposited, and delivered out after it has been washed. The skilful regularity with

which this department of the dŏmestic œconomy is conducted, merits no small degree of praise. From the examination of the minutiæ of this part of the establishment we passed, by a violent transition, to the chapel, which, during the reign of infidelity, was designated by the appellation of the Temple of Mars. This is a spacious and elegant apartment of an oblong form, paved with marble, and ornamented with decorations which must be highly interesting to the feelings of the veteran, with pictures of the battles in which the arms of France have been victorious, and by the standards which were taken from the enemies of the Republic in the course of the late war. Among these trophies of victory, which are said to be eighteen hundred in number, I could discern only two belonging to my native country. Over the entrance into the chapel, there is a beautiful organ, and at the opposite end is a kind of pavilion, from the tesselated pavement of which we saw, with pleasing astonishment, the cupola of the great dome. This cupola, as well as four

smaller ones by which it is flanked, is wonderfully lightsome, and richly adorned with brilliant paintings. On the right hand side of the pavilion is the monument of the great Turenne; which, together with the body of that illustrious general was removed thither from the abbey of St. Denis, at the time when, in pursuance of the decree of the convention, the sepulchres of the kings of France were consigned to destruction. Upon the whole, I have seen few apartments which appear to me comparable in beauty to the chapel of the Invalides. The front of the hospital has, however, no pretension to elegance of architecture. Near the principal entrance we saw the four sculptured captives which formerly appeared to writhe in agony at the base of the statue of Louis XV. in the centre of the Place de la Concorde. The excellence of their workmanship, I suppose caused these images to be preserved. But the sentiment of veneration for the arts was not sufficiently strong to rescue from demolition the effigy of the monarch. When, indeed, the sternness of

republicanism refused to spare the once adored semblance of Henry IV. how could it be expected that the statue of the detested slave of Maintenon and Pompadour could escape the general proscription levelled against the insignia of royalty?

From the Invalides we proceeded to the Ecole Militaire, an institution, which, as its name imports, was formerly appropriated to the education of military officers, but which is now the principal residence of the consular horse-guards. At the gates of the building we found a number of centinels under the command of a sergeant, who demanded our tickets of admission. As we were not provided with these documents, he refused to let us enter, but on our appealing to his politeness by announcing ourselves as English strangers, he sent a message to the commandant, who, without delay, dispatched a soldier, to announce to us his permission to visit the interior of the building, and who informed us that he was ordered to attend us in our walk. The Ecole Militaire consists of several

courts, in which the various divisions of the guards are commodiously lodged. In one of these courts was a park of light artillery. The inner front of the edifice is constructed in a beautiful style of architecture, and is surmounted by a handsome dome. Our conductor informed us that he had accompanied Bonaparte on his expedition into Egypt, and had been taken prisoner by the Turks in the island of Corfu. He said that he had experienced very hard treatment during the term of his captivity, having been sent to Constantinople, where he was chained to one of his fellow prisoners, and compelled to work as a slave. In this situation he was seen by Sir Sidney Smith, who spoke to him with great kindness, and gave him money to provide himself with necessaries.

Our conductor having shewn us every thing which was likely to be interesting to us, we offered him a six-livre piece by way of gratuity. This present, however, he politely but peremptorily declined accepting, observing that the consular guards never expected any reward

for shewing civility to strangers. This is a punctilio which I believe influences the conduct of few private soldiers in any service. At least, I greatly fear, that in a Brisish grenadier it would have been completely drowned in the idea of a quart of ale.

Almost every spot in Paris is revolutionary classic ground. From the hospital of the Invalids the insurgents of the fourteenth of July procured the arms which enabled them to take the Bastille. Opposite to the front of the Ecole Militaire is the Champ de Mars, where the king and the people of France took the famous oath of allegiance to the constition — an oath, in the violation of which, both parties were so precipate that it is difficult to decide which led the way in the guilt of perjury. The elevation of the ground, in the shape of an immense amphitheatre, still marks the situation occupied by the vast multitude which performed and witnessed that striking ceremony.

From the Ecole Militaire we drove to the Louvre, where Mr. R. and I left the

ladies in the picture gallery, and went to call upon general Kosciusko, to whom I had been charged by one of his English friends personally to deliver a packet of letters. We found this great, though unfortunate hero, in a small garden near one of the barriers. He seemed to inform us, with some little pride, that he cultivated this spot with his own hands. The countenance of Kosciusko is open and chearful — his manners are polished and conciliating. On my expressing my satisfaction at seeing him walk without difficulty, he assured me that he was entirely recovered from the wounds which he received on that disastrous day on which the fate of Poland was decided.

After conversing with the general for about twenty minutes, we returned home to dinner. In the afternoon our party accompanied me to the Salpetriere, a large hospital situated at the south-eastern extremity of the city, to the principal physician of which, Monsieur Pinel, I was furnished with a letter of introduction. As Mons. Pinel was gone into the country, I left my letter with the porter,

who understanding that I had brought this epistle to the Medecin en Chef, from one of his English friends, expressed his regret at Mons. Pinel's absence, but offered to do the hospitalities of the place, by shewing us the lunatics, for whose accommodation a large portion of this great building is appropriated. I thanked him for his kindness, of which, however, I declined to avail myself, telling him that we had opportunities enough of seeing madmen in our own country.

At a small distance from the Saltpetriere is the Jardin des Plantes, or Botanic Garden, which we visited on our return home. This garden is of an oblong form, about a quarter of a French league in length, by one-twelfth of the same measurement in breadth. We had not time to walk along its whole extent, and we did not posses sufficient knowledge of botany to estimate the value of the plants with which it is plentifully stocked. It is laid out in a formal manner, and its strait alleys seemed to be frequented by people of all classes. I did not, however, observe any signs of de-

predation. This circumstance may, perhaps, be attributed as much to a very impressive admonition inscribed on a tablet which is fixed in a conspicuous place in the entrance of the garden, as to the centinels who attend to preserve order. Many striking incidents recorded by the pen of history, show how easily the Parisians are led by sentiment. In the evening I went with Mr. R. to read the papers in the Palais Royal, which seemed to be more crowded and gay than ever.

Tuesday, June 29. This morning from ten o'clock till two I spent at the National Library, in making extracts from the Journal of Paris Grassus. The apartments were again occupied by a great number of students, among whom I observed a Turk intently occupied in perusing an oriental manuscript. From two o'clock till four I lounged in the picture-gallery of the Louvre, and then returned home. We had the pleasure of Mr. du B.'s company to dinner. In the evening I accompanied him and the R.'s to the opera. The drama was Armide,

a subject which affords full scope for that magnificent stage effect for which the French theatre is so justly celebrated. I was so much pleased with the spectacle and the music, that when the hour arrived at which I was engaged to attend Mrs. S. to Miss Williams's tea-party, I heartily wished I could have divided myself. Reluctantly leaving the fate of Armida undetermined, I took a fiacre, and after calling for Mrs. S. drove to Miss W.'s house on the Quai Malaquais. Here we found a numerous assemblage of natives of various parts of Europe, some French gentlemen, members of the legislative body — the ex-director Carnot — a Neapolitan Principessa — a Bishop of the same country — a Polish countess — the ci-devant viceroy of Sardinia — several English gentlemen — and though last, not least, General Kosciusko. This party was soon divided into various groups, each of which was engaged in its peculiar subject of conversation. I could not but admire the judicious politeness with which our hostess equally distributed her attentions among her

numerous guests, and I was not a little gratified by her requesting me, after I had the honour of two or three conversations with her, to attend Mrs. S. to her assemblies as often as we could make it convenient, during our stay in Paris; and I thought that I was assured of the sincerity of her invitation when, on my intimating my fears, that the attention due to our fellow-travellers would prevent us from availing ourselves of her kindness, she begged that this objection might be obviated by our fellow-travellers accompanying us on our future visits to the Quai Malaquais. After spending a most agreeable evening, we took leave of Miss W. at about eleven o'clock.

On Wednesday, June 30th, at ten o'clock in the morning, I resumed my seat at the National Library, which I continued to occupy till two in the afternoon. Whilst I was busy examining and copying a manuscript of Poggio's dialogue on the important subject, *An seni sit uxor ducenda?* Mr. R. escorted the ladies to the Gobelins, the Botanic Garden, and the palace and gardens of the Luxem-

burg. In the evening we went to a kind of amphitheatre erected on the Boulevards, where we saw divers feats of horsemanship performed by a company of equestrians. As I had never attended at Astley's exhibition of a similar nature, I could not institute a comparison between the Parisian and London equitation; and I can only say, that I was astonished by the dexterity with which most of these performers, and especially a young woman, daughter to the manager, executed a variety of difficult manœuvres. The interest which my neighbour, a little girl of about five years of age, took in the spectacle was also a great source of amusement to me. At every new exertion of skill her large black eyes were strained to their full extent: — she clapped her hands and beat her feet against the ground, and absolutely screamed with pleasure; but when, in the course of the evening, one of the performers gave the signal to his horse to lie down prostrate on the ground, and stood on its body, I was highly pleased to observe that she shewed symptoms of great distress, cry-

ing out aloud, *Ah, pauvre bête!* and ordering the man to torment his horse no longer.

On Thursday morning, July 1st, while I was as usual employed in the National Library, the rest of the party went to hear the Abbé Sicard read a lecture on the instruction of the deaf and dumb. The Abbé illustrated his doctrine by the examination of two or three of his pupils. His lecture was very numerously attended. In the evening we went to the Comedie Française, to see the Cinna of Corneille. The performance of this drama was excellent. I had no idea that so much interest could have been excited in my mind by the representation of a French tragedy. The pronunciation of the actors was so distinct, and their action so just, and so much feeling did they display, that I absolutely overlooked the enormous length of the dramatic harangues which had so often annoyed me in my closet. I was also much pleased by the strict attention paid to the minutiæ of costume in the dresses of the performers. Cinna, habited in his white toga, with his arm

bare from the elbow, shod with sandals, and his short and black hair simply combed over his forehead, made a truly Roman appearance. The First Consul was present, but, as usual, he kept himself retired in the corner of his box, and was not noticed by the audience. If the sentiments of the frequenters of the Comedie Française may be regarded as an epitome of the opinion of the nation at large, I should conclude, from the observations which I made this evening, that the people of France are weary of the republican system. One solitary plebeian made a few attempts to excite an applause of divers democratic sentiments; but he was indignantly silenced by the rest of the audience. On the contrary, the following lines were received with a thunder of approbation:

"Mais quand le peuple est maître on n'agit qu'en tumulte,
"La voix de la raison jamais ne se consulte;
"Les honneurs sont vendus aux plus ambitieux,
"L'autorité livrée aux plus seditieux:
"Ces petits souverains qu'il fait pour un année,
"Voyant d'un temps si court leur puissance bornée,

" Des plus heureux desseins font avorter le fruit,
" De peur de les laisser a celui qui les suit,
" Comme ils ont peu de part au bien dont ils ordonnent.
" Dans le champ du public largement ils moissonnent,
" Assurés que chacun leur pardonne aisement,
" Esperant a son tour un pareil traitement :
" Le pire des etats c'est l'etat populaire."

The following speech also seemed to kindle the general feeling :

" Le ciel a trop fait voir en de tels attentats
" Qu'il hait les assassins et punit les ingrats,
" Et quoiqu'on entreprenne et quoiqu'on execute,
" Quand il eleve un trône il en venge la chute ;
" Il se met du parti de ceux qu'il fait regner :
" Le coup dont on les tue est long tems a saigner."

The tragedy of Cinna contains so many passages strikingly applicable to the present circumstances of the French nation, that I am inclined to conjecture that Bonaparte ordered it to be represented with a view of feeling the pulse of the good people of Paris. In this case the experiment must have been perfectly satisfactory to his feelings, for the Parisians, seemed to be ripe for the eleva-

tion of an Augustus to the imperial throne *.

Friday July 2d. This morning we spent three or four delightful hours in the Musée National des Monumens François, — an institution which was projected and organized by Citizen Lenoir. This enlightened artist, scandalized by the destruction of the monuments of ancient art, which modern barbarism had proscribed in all the provinces of the republic, requested permission from the Convention to collect and combine their scattered fragments; and, after restoring them as nearly as possible to their primitive state, to deposit them in a large convent situated in the rue des Petits Augustines. His petition was happily granted, and sufficient funds were assigned him to enter upon his meritorious undertaking, which he began with spirit, and which he has conducted with singular judgment and success. To his industry and sagacity the Republic is indebted for the

* In point of fact, two years after this was written, Bonaparte was declared, or rather declared himself Emperor.

restoration of upwards of five hundred Gallic monuments, which he has arranged in the several apartments of the convent. By classing these specimens of art according to the ages in which they were respectively produced, he has contrived to give an excellent elucidation of the state of sculpture in France at every period from the decline of the Roman Empire to the end of the reign of Louis XV. In the distribution of the several classes Lenoir has evinced a considerable degree of judgment. The dim religious gloom of the apartments destined for the reception of the recumbent figures of the saints and warriors of the middle ages, lends the rude efforts of art an interest which they do not in themselves possess. The more exquisite productions of the time of Francis I. and the well-wrought sculptures of the age of Louis XIV. are disposed in the lightsome halls, where their beauties will be best discerned. In the garden of the convent, which is planted with acacias and willows, he has deposited several ancient tomb-stones. Here the English traveller will not fail to distin-

by an eager desire to finger his money as soon as possible. The next time I visit Westminster Abbey, or the library and cathedral of Christ Church in Oxford, I shall, I am persuaded, think, if not say, — " they order these matters better in France."

Mr. du B. having frequently rallied us on the extravagance of our living, Mr. R. and I agreed to day to witness his superior management in procuring a cheap and good dinner. We accordingly accompanied him to a Restaurateur's in the Palais Royal, when we were introduced into a large room crowded with guests, each party being accommodated with a separate table. Here we ordered a dinner consisting of the following articles, 1. soup, 2. bouillé, 3. pigeons à la crapandine, 4. veal cutlets, 5. beef steak. For this ample repast, together with a plate of cherries, and two bottles of common wine, generally known by the name of vin ordinaire, or vin du pays, we paid in the whole, a six livre piece, that is to say, twenty pence English a head. In the evening Mr. du B. accom-

panied our party, to see the opera of Semiramis. The music of this opera, which was composed by a Frenchman, was by no means excellent. The chorusses were superior to the solo airs, or to the recitative; but the greatest interest of this evening's amusement, was derived from the magnificence of the spectacle. The dancing was as usual most captivating. A Frenchman who sat in the next box to ours, observed to me, with manifest exultation of heart, that it was impossible to carry the art to a higher degree of excellence, than that to which it had already attained on the French stage.

On Saturday morning, July 3, I spent an hour in transcribing a manuscript in the National Library. At eleven o'clock, Mr. R. called upon me, and for the first time, I walked through all the rooms of this magnificent establishment. The collection of books is truly astonishing. It is said to consist of three hundred thousand volumes. One apartment is entirely occupied by cabinets of medals, and specimens of ancient armour, lamps and domestic utensils. Among the rest I

distinguished the famous silver shield of Scipio, which was found in the bottom of the Rhone. An ancient bath of purple granite was also an object well worthy the attention of the curious traveller. In another part of the library we saw a prodigiously large pair of globes, which I suppose are kept more for show than use. The long tables which are arranged through almost the whole extent of the first room, were surrounded by two or three hundred students, among whom were some ladies.

From the National Library, Mr. R. and I went to Mr. Merry's, to enquire what steps it would be necessary to take, in order to procure passports to enable us to return to England. On my showing the secretary of legation, the passports which we had procured from Lord Hawkesbury, he informed us, that it was of itself sufficient for our purpose, and advised us by no means to make any application at the French offices, where we should experience every possible inconvenience and delay. I was very much rejoiced to hear that we were al-

ready possessed of a licence to revisit our fire sides; but was somewhat alarmed, when Mr. Secretary added to his declaration, "if you meet with any difficulties in this matter apply to us." I thought the word *if* had an ominous sound; and as the difficulties in question were not likely to arise till we arrived at Calais, I did not by any means relish the idea of running the risk of being obliged to seek redress against detention, by corresponding with the British minister at the distance of two hundred miles. I determined therefore to consult some of my friends on the subject. In the mean time, as I wished to witness the form of legal proceedings in France, I went, accompanied by Mr. R. to the Palais de la Justice, where my hair-dresser had this morning informed me the courts of law were open. The Palais de la Justice is a very large building, consisting of an elegant façade, adorned with columns of the Doric order, and two wings. Ascending a handsome staircase, we entered a large hall, where we found attornies and lawyers, walking to and fro with bags full of

papers, and a considerable number of people of all descriptions, some of whom were attracted thither by business, others by curiosity. In short the scene here presented, was exactly similar to that which occurs during term time in Westminster or Guildhall. After lounging in this hall for a few minutes we followed a crowd which moved up a narrow staircase into the criminal court. Here the first object which struck my eyes was the culprit, who was seated between two gens d'armes, upon an elevated bench on the left hand of the judge. I cannot help thinking this arrangement better than that adopted in the English courts of judicature. It has often struck me as a barbarous practice to compel a man, who is impeached of a capital crime, to stand for hours together, and as is sometimes the case, with his limbs loaded with fetters, at a time when he ought to have every faculty of mind and body in full command, in order to conduct his defence. Nor am I aware of any good reason, why a prisoner on trial should be placed in such a position, as to conceal

his countenance from the view of the audience. It is surely proper, that the ingenuous air of innocence wrongfully accused, should be displayed in all its dignity — nor should that lesson be lost to the public, which may be learnt from the tremulous distraction of the eye; the shame and horror which so frequently designate the consciousness of guilt. I was surprized to observe instead of a jury, five judges sitting to try the offender, who was accused of forging government securities; and I was sorry to be informed by an intelligent man, who stood next me in the crowd of spectators, that with respect to impeachments of this nature, the legislative bodies had about a fortnight ago abolished the trial by jury. The French have certainly very crude notions on the subject of criminal law. On our entrance into the court we found the judge busily employed in interrogating the prisoner, a mode of procedure which opens a wide door for the introduction of villainous artifice and juridical oppression. After the interrogation was ended, the public accuser, habited

in a black gown, examined the witnesses for the prosecution, and commented upon their evidence. Then the counsel for the prisoner made a speech in his defence. When the pleadings were finished, the judges withdrew into an inner chamber, whence they soon returned into court with a verdict of guilty. Silence was then proclaimed, and the president proceeded to sentence the prisoner to six years imprisonment in irons. From the criminal, we adjourned to one of the civil courts, where we heard an advocate pleading with wonderful gesticulation and noise, on the subject of a disputed account, litigated by two partners in trade. This limb of the law by his extravagant action, and by the stentorian exertion of his lungs, strongly recalled to my memory, the mock trial in the marriage of Figaro; and the recollection was rendered still more vivid, when a huissier with a "childish treble" voice, ever and anon, squeaked out his authoritative cry of "*silence citoyens.*"

In the evening our whole party drank tea at Miss Williams's, where we met,

among a variety of pleasing and intelligent characters, the late Vice-master of Malta, to whom the civil administration of that island had been delegated by Bonaparte after its capture by the army destined for Egypt; a Neapolitan bishop, who, having embraced the popular party, had been driven from his native country by the counter-revolution; and Holcroft, the author of Anna St. Ives and Hugh Trevor. The conversation of such a party could not fail to be amusing. The evening of course passed very pleasantly. One of her guests having presented Miss Williams with tickets of admission to the National Institute, for Tuesday next, she was so good as to transfer one of them to me.

Soon after breakfast, on Sunday July the 4th, I called on my old friend and fellow-collegian T. S., who having heard of my arrival in Paris, had yesterday left his card at our hotel. As ten years had elapsed since we had last met, we had many questions mutually to ask and answer; and in the remembrances of former times, in enquiries after the destiny

of our quondam companions, and the communication of the little adventures which we had experienced in France, time passed rapidly along. At twelve o'clock I took my leave and returned to the Hotel de Toscane, where I found my party equipped for a ride to the Bois de Boulogne, the Hyde Park of Paris, where the fashionables of both sexes display their equipages and their horsemanship. I presume we were too early in our appearance in this place of gay resort, as we met with very few equestrians and still fewer carriages. I did not, however, much regret the absence of the crowd; the beauty of the verdure which enlivened the trees of the forest, and the freshness of the country air afforded a delightful contrast to the stone walls and empoisoned heat of Paris; and the paucity of visitors gave the scenery a much more rural appearance than it would otherwise have possessed. We drove through the wood, which is, perhaps, two miles in extent, and alighted from our voiture at a beautiful house called Bagatelle. This charming place, which formerly belonged

to the Count d'Artois, has, since the Revolution, been converted into a kind of inn, or tea-garden. It consists of a small, but very neat mansion, beyond which is an elegant pavilion, furnished with a billiard-table and other instruments of amusement. The grounds are narrow in extent, but they are laid out with considerable taste, in winding walks bordered with trees and shrubs. These walks are, in various places, intersected by a rivulet, over which are thrown a number of rustic bridges, which harmonize well with the surrounding scenery. In the middle of the grounds is an artificial mount, which is elevated to such a height as to command an extensive prospect over the circumjacent country. At Bagatelle we had a dejeuné of fricaseed chickens, which, I think, would have compelled the most fastidious traveller to do justice to French cookery; and as to the champagne, it sparkled with a vivacious potency sufficient to charm and subdue even the anti-Gallican spirit of a Windham.

In the evening we went to Tivoli, a

place of public amusement situated at the extremity of the city. After purchasing our tickets at the gate, we ascended to an elevated terrace, which conducted us to a large garden. Here we found a vast concourse of people engaged in such frivolous amusements, that I could almost have imagined myself on a sudden transported to one of the lowest of our English fairs. A number of elderly and genteelly dressed people were riding on roundabouts; — many hundred couples were arranged on the grass-plots playing at battle-dore and shuttle-cock; — others were balancing each other on boards, which moved on a center; — a large crowd was enjoying the grimaces of a Merry-Andrew; — some bold adventurers were attempting to proceed along a pair of ropes attached to the bases of two triangles, by grasping a third rope extended from vertex to vertex, the whole being so nicely balanced on pivots inserted into two frames about four yards distant from each other, that the least deviation from the equilibrium caused the machine to turn round, and the adventurer fell to the ground, to

the great amusement of the spectators. In the middle of the garden there was a platform where about two hundred people were dancing to the music of a large band. I was greatly astonished with the gravity of the French dances: a gravity which, indeed, amounted to stupidity. The German waltz, as performed by the practitioners of Tivoli, was so far from answering the description given of it by Werter, that it excited no emotion in my mind but that of ridicule.

Monday, July 5th. As we had determined to leave Paris on Thursday next we thought it high time to make further enquiries about the affair of passports. For this purpose Mr. R. and I went to the præfecture of the police. Here we found a considerable number of people waiting in an anti-chamber for their turn of audience, and were, of course, obliged to submit to the general regulation; though I must observe that one of the centinels stationed in the room to keep order, observing that we were strangers, seemed disposed to give us an earlier admission into the office than was com-

patible with the strictness of the law of equality. Being at length introduced into the inner apartment, I explained our business to one of the clerks, who asked us for the passports which we had received from Mr. Otto. We informed him that we had, at the requisition of Mr. Mengaud, left them in that gentleman's office at Calais. He then directed us to apply to another clerk, to enquire whether they were transmitted to the præfecture. This gentleman, after looking twice or thrice over a heap of papers, and examining an index, declared that they were not yet arrived, and intimated to us, that till they were received we could not possibly obtain passports to return, from the præfect of the police. On our asking him what steps we must take to free ourselves from an embarrassment, which, I observed, was not occasioned by our own fault, but by the negligence of Mengaud, he advised us to apply at the office of the minister of police; but on my asking what could be done for us there, he turned abruptly away, and entered upon the business of another per-

son. With no very pleasant sensations we went to ask the advice of Mons. Perregaux, who relieved us from a good deal of uneasiness, by informing us, that as we were in possession of Lord Hawkesbury's passport, we had fortunately nothing to do with the prefecture of the police, the proceedings of which office were so intricate, that we might possibly be detained ten days or a fortnight, and that nothing more was necessary, than to get our English passport countersigned by Mons. Talleyrand. I accordingly sent to the office of foreign affairs the passport in question, inclosed in a note, requesting Mons. T. to affix the necessary signature. When I had dispatched this note, I went to renew my labours in the National Library, where I continued till two o'clock. From two to four I enjoyed a pleasant lounge in the gallery of the Louvre. In the evening we were gratified by the company of Mr. Holcroft, whose conversation indicated much shrewdness of remark, and an amiable spirit of candour, which the general strain of his writings had not led me to expect.

In the morning of Tuesday, July the 6th, I spent three hours at the National Library. After taking an early dinner, Mr. R. accompanied me to the National Institute. The hall in which this society assembles, is a noble apartment, the sides of which are ornamented with two beautiful colonnades of fluted pillars of the Corinthian order. Between the columns are placed marble statues of celebrated French statesmen and warriors. In the middle of the hall a kind of area is railed off for the accommodation of the members. Between this rail and the wall are several rows of benches, which on our entrance we found so much crowded by spectators, that we experienced no small difficulty in procuring seats. While we were waiting for the commencement of the business of the day, I had leisure to take a survey of the company, among whom my attention was particularly directed to the famous Abdallah Menou, who sat near the president's chair. In the fat stupidity of this warrior's countenance, I thought I could discern a sufficient cause of the expulsion

termination of each memoir. In short I found the proceedings of the National Institute as tedious as those of the Royal Society of London, and I was heartily glad to escape from an assemblage which, in my opinion, was chargeable with a profusive waste of time. For what benefit can be derived from the hearing of mathematical calculations, the detail of chemical experiments, and long series of profound argumentation, the comprehension of which can only be the result of patient study in the retirement of the closet? The wight who can satisfactorily decide whether it is more irksome to listen to an incomprehensible oration, or to harangue a listless and inattentive multitude, may solve the question, whether the orators or the auditors of the above-mentioned learned bodies are doomed to the more disagreeable task?

The ennui which I experienced at the National Institute served, however, to give additional interest to Miss Williams's assembly, to which the whole of our party repaired at eight o'clock in the

evening. Here we had the pleasure of meeting my friend S. and his wife and sister, and Casti the ci-devant poet-laureat to the Emperor of Germany. In the course of the evening, a gentleman, who is reputed one of the best readers in Paris, recited two poems of his own composition, which were of course received with great applause. This gentleman's voice was deep and melodious, and his enunciation was so distinct, that I could with ease understand every line of his recitation.

Whilst I was at the National Library this morning, Mr. R. called at Talleyrand's office, and was informed by his secretary that it was necessary that Mr. Merry should verify Lord Hawkesbury's signature affixed to the passport which I had transmitted for Talleyrand's counter-signature, for which purpose he would take care to send it to the British plenipotentiary's hotel, and that we might expect to receive it to-morrow.

Wednesday July 7th. As it would have been regarded as a kind of high-treason against laudable curiosity, not to

avail ourselves of the facility which we enjoyed of visiting Versailles, we resolved to dedicate this day to an inspection of that celebrated residence of the ancient court of France. We accordingly got into our voiture at half past eight o'clock, and driving through the Champs Elysées, we quickly passed the barriers of Paris. The road to Versailles is the most pleasant in the environs of the capital. The first half of it extends along the banks of the Seine, which presents an ever-changing succession of beautiful situations which are occupied by elegant houses. Passing through St. Cloud, the famous scene of Bonapartes dissolution of the legislative assembly, and Seve, renowned for its manufactory of porcelain, we arrived at Versailles, at about half past ten o'clock. After taking breakfast at a handsome and well-regulated hotel, which is situated near the entrance of the Royal Gardens, we walked to the palace. Our guide first conducted us by the outside of the right wing to the marble court which is composed of that part of the chateau which was erected by its founder Louis

XIII. Here was pointed out to us the stair-case by which the mob which had repaired from Paris to Versailles on the 5th of October 1789, ascended, with the intention of murdering the Queen, who had barely time to fly, almost naked, into the apartment of the King. Over the principal gateway, in the front, is the balcony where on that dreadful day Louis XVI. accompanied by his family, presented himself to the infuriate populace, who, in savage triumph, dragged him to his agitated capital, whence he was fated never to return. From the marble court we proceeded to the library, which occupied a suite of elegant apartments formerly appropriated to the transaction of state affairs. In reference to their ancient use, each of these apartments is named after some political division of Europe, and is adorned with perspective views of the principal cities of those divisions. As we found many people engaged in reading and making extracts from the books contained in the library, I presume it is open to the public. When the person who conducted us though this part of the

palace was about to take his leave of us, he assumed an air of great mystery, and unlocking a receptacle which looked like a small coffin, he produced a folio bound in red morocco, which, on inspection, we found to contain portraits of the late King and Queen of France. From the library we were conducted to an extensive range of buildings, which has of late years been converted into a manufactory of arms. Mr. R. was of opinion, that the specimens of art which are here exhibited, are by no means equal, in point of neatness and finish to the manufactures of Birmingham. Leaving the armoury, we followed our conductor to the first court of the palace, several apartments on the north side of which are allotted to the central school of the department. Here we were much gratified by examining a very good collection of philosophical instruments. The person who acted as our cisisbeo in this division of the palace, was a huge overgrown clumsy fellow, whose soul seemed to be smothered in the unwieldiness of his carcase. Greatly, therefore,

was I surprised to find, that he too had tender recollections of the days of royal magnificence. That this was the fact, was evinced by the following incident. When he had shewn us the philosophical apparatus, he pointed, with a most significant look, to two sorry engravings of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, which were hung up in a corner of the room, and on my saying, "I suppose, Sir, you had a great regard for that lady," he shrugged up his shoulders, summoned into his countenance the deepest expression of woe, and sighing, said, "Oui, Monsieur — en la perdant j'ai perdu tout mon bonheur." From this sentimental showman we were transferred to a female royalist, who conducted us into an apartment in which several portraits of the late reigning family are kept with a kind of superstitious care. Among these the most interesting, was a group consisting of Marie Antoinette, the Dauphiness, and the Dauphin. A young lady was employed in copying the portrait of the Dauphiness, who is now married to the Duke d'Angoulême. While these

indications of attachment to the Bourbons mark the sentiments of such of the inhabitants of Versailles as have suffered worldly loss in consequence of the downfall of royalty, their venturing to display their feelings is a proof of the strength of Bonaparte's government. Weakness is vigilant, suspicious, and severe. In the days of Robespierre, a sentiment of attachment to the house of Capet must have been cautiously repressed or communicated "in dreadful secrecy." After we had contemplated these relics of royalty, we visited the state-apartments. These consist of the salon d'Hercule — the salle de l'Abondance — the salon de Diane — the salon de Mars — the salon de Mercure — and the salon de la Guerre. To enable ourselves to particularise the decorations of these magnificent apartments, would have required a minuteness of examination which we could not possibly bestow. I can therefore only say, that I was astonished by their splendour. But the impression made upon the mind of the traveller by this suit of rooms is instantly forgotten, when

he enters the grand gallery. This truly superb vista, extends to the length of two hundred and twenty-two feet. It is thirty feet in breadth, and thirty-seven in height. It is lighted by seventeen large windows, the pannels opposite to which are lined with plate glass. The roof is richly ornamented with paintings, descriptive of the most glorious events of the reign of Louis XIV. In this gallery are arranged a rich abundance of pictures of the French school, among which I was highly gratified to see the famous portrait of Madame la Valieu by Le Brun. It is terminated by a handsome apartment, called the salon de la Paix. Returning through the gallery and the other state apartments, we were conducted to the Hall of the Opera; which, though shorn of its splendor, the superb decorations by which it was once adorned, being either destroyed or sold, filled us with surprize by its extent. We passed from the salle de l'Opera to the chapel, which is a superb monument of the piety and magnificence of Louis XIV.

Having now seen what is usually shewn to strangers in the inside of the palace we were attended by our guide into the gardens, which are, I suppose, the best existing specimen of the ancient style. The disgusting uniformity of terraces and of parallel close-clipt hedges is, however, by no means compensated by the grandeur of the *tout ensemble*, or by the decorations of the fountains and cascades. In celebrating these gardens in such glowing terms, in his beautiful poem Les Jardins, the Abbé de Lille appears to me to prostitute his muse, and to merge the poet in the courtier. The orangerie is a stupendous edifice crowded with trees, some of which were conveyed to France in the reign of Francis I. The flowers, which were in full blow, diffused a most grateful odour; but the beauty of the trees themselves is totally destroyed by the mathematical precision with which they are rounded and squared by the sheers. As I contemplated this degradation, I feelingly recollected those happy lines of De Lille :

" Mais les ciseaux cruels. — Prevenez ce forfait,
Nymphes des bois, courez. Que dis-je? c'en est fait.
L'acier a retranché leur cime verdoyante,
Je n'entends plus au loin, sur leur tête ondoyante,
Le rapide aquilon, lègerement courir,
Fremir dans leurs rameaux, s'eloigner, et mourir.
Froids, monotones, morts, du fer qui les mutile,
Ils semblent avoir pris la froideur immobile."

After we had made the tour of the gardens, we walked through an avenue of tall trees to the great Trianon, a hunting seat, constructed by Mansard, the favourite architect of Louis XIV. Trianon, which is only one story in height, consists of two wings, terminated by pavilions, and united by a colonnade, composed of twenty pillars of the Ionic order. The weeds which overspread the court, and the shattered state of the windows, indicate that this edifice is neglected and falling to decay.

From the greater we walked to the lesser Trianon, the favourite retirement of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. This beautiful edifice is a square of seventy-two feet, the four fronts of which

exhibit so many different specimens of architecture. The gardens are divided into two compartments, the one of which is laid out in the French, and the other in the English style. The former of these compartments is ornamented by an orangery, a music gallery, and a most elegant pavilion, lined with mirrors, and paved with marble. The Jardin Anglois is laid out with exquisite taste. Here we passed through shady walks, which wind about gentle declivities, till we reached a grotto, from which a short subterraneous passage conducted us to the top of an artificial mount. Descending from this, we pursued the course of a narrow streamlet, till we arrived at the Hameau, which consists of a farm house, a mill, and a church, all constructed in the true style of elegant rusticity, enveloped in trees and almost covered with ivy, vines, wood-bines, and other species of parasitic plants. Before the Hameau is a pool of water, fringed with reeds and bull-rushes. Beyond this is a gently sloping lawn, and the view is terminated by the trees which conceal the

winding walks. What must have been the sensations of the late owner of this charming retreat, when she contrasted the voluptuous days which she had spent in its seductive seclusion, with the terrifying solitude of the Temple, and the fetid dungeon of the Bicêtre? Evils are certainly heightened by contrast; and though a king is but a man, and a queen a very woman, yet the woes of Royalty must be attended with an anguish peculiar to themselves. The pleasure which I experienced in contemplating the delicious scenery of the Petit Trianon, was intermixed with these serious reflections. I left its shades, however, with reluctance. The day was far advancing, and we returned to Versailles, where we gladly partook of a comfortable dinner.—The fresh air which we had breathed in the course of this day's excursion, and the neatness which reigned in the spacious streets of Versailles, formed a striking contrast with the heat and slovenliness of Paris, to which we returned at eight o'clock in the evening. When our voiture arrived in the Place de

la Concorde I alighted, and went to bathe at the Bains Vigier. These are a series of small bathing rooms, constructed in a large hulk, which is moored in the Seine, opposite to the Louvre. Here I was accommodated with a warm bath, which I found deliciously refreshing, and for the use of which I paid six pence English money. Round the deck of this vessel extends a kind of promenade skirted by myrtles, rose trees, and other shrubs, planted in flower-pots, which have a very pleasing effect. When I arrived at the hotel de Toscane, I was chagrined to find that our passport was not arrived.

On Thursday morning, July 8th, Mr. R. and I took a most toilsome walk to Mons. Talleyrand's office, where, on our enquiring what had occasioned the delay of the passport, we were informed, that it had been sent to Mr. Merry, in order that he might verify the signature of Lord Hawkesbury, and that it was not yet returned to Mons. Talleyrand's secretary. On this we were obliged to walk, in the midst of a burning heat, another

long mile, to the British Minister's hotel, where Mr. Merry's scribe received us very cavalierly, and expressed his high displeasure at our differing from him in opinion, in thinking it advisable to get our passport countersigned by the French Minister. He, however, returned it to us, backed by the requisite attestation—spitefully remarking, at the same time, that after all, perhaps, we should be obliged again to apply to Mr. Merry, who alone, he said, had authority to grant passports to return to England. If that be the case, I observed, we have paid my Lord Hawkesbury 2l. 4s. 6d. to very little purpose. I was persuaded, however, that Mr. Secretary's remark was only intended to alarm us; so I shook off the dust of my feet against him, and posted back to M. Talleyrand's office. The French secretary said he would get the passport signed and sealed as soon as possible; but observed that Talleyrand was out of town, and *that we should in all probability be obliged* to wait three days longer. On my attempting to remonstrate with him on the inconvenience to which we should be

subjected by this delay, he observed, that the delay did not originate in his office, but in that of our own minister. This I could not deny; but continued to enlarge upon our grievances, till, perhaps, in order to get rid of my importunity, he said he would endeavour to get our business finished against to-morrow morning. Mr. R. and I then made our bow; but as I was leaving the office I recollected Mons. Talleyrand's transaction with X. Y. and the American ambassadors, and I began to suspect that if we might rely upon the old adage of like master like man, we might profit by the bare-faced declaration of the episcopal minister "il faut de l'argent, beaucoup d'argent." — I accordingly returned to the desk, and observing that we had occasioned the office much trouble, which in England we were always obliged to acknowledge in a pecuniary way, I deposited a Louis d'or on the seal of our passport, which lay open in the midst of a heap of papers. At the sight of this glittering stimulant Monsieur le Greffier bowed, and saying that he would take

care to give it to the *garçons de bureau* he opened a drawer into which he threw it with a jerk, which I thought (but of course I may have been mistaken) indicated the promptitude of habit. How much of this premium the garçons de bureau received, I had of course no opportunity of ascertaining. This I well remember, that after the secretary had undertaken to distribute this little present, he spoke with much more confidence of our receiving our passport to-morrow; and when we took our final departure, he said, we did not need give ourselves the trouble of calling again at the office, as he would send it to the Hotel de Toscane, at ten in the morning. I was so much chagrined, and fatigued by the business of this morning, that on my return to our hotel, I was glad to repose on the bed till evening, when I so far recovered my strength and spirits as to be able to attend my party to Tivoli, where we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. S. The company which appeared here this evening, were much better dressed and more genteel in their general appearance

than those which we had seen on Sunday; but they were entertained by the same ridiculous amusements. The diversion of the night concluded by a grand display of fire-works.

On Friday morning, July the 9th, at ten o'clock our passport arrived according to the promise of Mons. Talleyrand's secretary. The requisite preparations occupied us for three hours, and at one o'clock we left the hotel de Toscane, and passing the barriers without question or examination proceeded to St. Denis. As the weather was very hot, and Mr. R. was not quite well, in lieu of a bidet we had provided a return cabriole, for the use of which as far as Calais we paid four Louis d'ors. At St. Denis we had a violent altercation with our postilions, who attempted to cheat us; but we treated them so very cavalierly that they found themselves losers by their ingenuity; and perhaps the stormy nature of our first settlement procured us tranquillity during the remainder of our journey — at least we had no further trouble with the knights of the jack-boot. This evening

we found excellent accommodations at the post-house of Chantilly. Early on Saturday morning we proceeded on our journey, during which we did not meet with any remarkable incident. We got a hasty dinner at Amiens, and took up our quarters for the night at Abbeville.

On Sunday afternoon about six o'clock we arrived at Boulogne, and drove to the Hotel d'Angleterre, an excellent inn kept by an Englishman of the name of Parker. Whilst our supper was preparing we walked down to the pier to view the scene of Lord Nelson's attack upon the gun-boats, which were moored in the inside and on the outside of the harbour. From the observations which I made of the position of the attacking and defending force, I can hardly conceive of a more rash undertaking. The entrance into the port was defended by a fort, a battery on the pier, and by cannon placed tier above tier, on the hills, which extend in the form of a semicircle on the east of the scene of action. Two or three soldiers whom I questioned on

the subject, agreed in declaring, that it was impossible for the English to make any impression on the line of defence; and our landlord, Mr. Parker, stoutly asserted that the gun-boats, which it was Lord Nelson's object to destroy or to carry away, were nothing but a fleet of fishing smacks.

Early on Monday morning we ascended our vehicles, and after a very pleasant ride we breakfasted at Calais. Here we took a passage in a packet commanded by a captain Hedde, who engaged to set sail at eight o'clock in the evening. In the course of the morning, while our passport was lying for examination at Mengaud's office, I strolled through the greater part of the town, and minutely examined the exterior of the great church. This spacious and handsome Gothic structure, erected by the English, presented a melancholy picture of neglect and dilapidation. Every pane of glass in its windows was broken, and the nettles and weeds which grew in rank luxuriance at every door, sufficiently indicated that for several years past no

worshippers had troubled its precincts. Having obtained our permit to depart, we embarked at eight o'clock, and sailed out of the harbour with a light but favourable breeze. Our fellow-voyagers were not numerous, and consisted principally of a troop of comedians, whom Mr. Astley had engaged in Paris to give additional attraction to his amphitheatre. Each of these sons of Thespis was accompanied by his dog. I asked one of them whether they had procured passports for their canine associates. — "Oui, Monsieur," answered he, "bien visés et signés avec une description exacte de leurs visages." This witty stroller, eyeing me for some time after this conversation, asked me whether I had not been once confined in the same apartment with himself in the prison of the Temple. I assured him that I never had that honour; on which he observed, that a person very like me, an Anglo-American, had been for some weeks his fellow-prisoner. I asked him for what reason he had been kept in custody? —

"C'étoit pour une affaire d'état," replied he, with an air of no small consequence, "J'ai été suspect par Robespierre." At ten o'clock at night the light breeze which had taken us out of the harbour of Calais totally died away, and our vessel lay almost motionless in the water. Weary with watching the flagging sails, and the moon-beams playing on the surface of the channel, I went to bed about eleven o'clock. Soon after our embarkation Mrs. S. and Mr. R. had been obliged by sea-sickness to retire to their beds, where I now found them in a state of woeful sufferance. Having secured a vacant nest, I turned in, and with little interruption, slept till five o'clock in the morning; I then rose and repaired on deck, where great was my mortification, on looking from the stern, to behold the coast of France. My patience began to be rapidly exhausted, and I felt doubts of the skill of our navigators; but about seven the wind began to freshen, and at ten we were greeted by the dock-master of Dover, with a

G—d d—n your soul to hell. Soon after the occurrence of this symptom of English urbanity, which I observed was highly amusing to our French comedians, who, no doubt, were reminded by it of the speech of the bridegroom in the marriage of Figaro, we landed in the midst of no small bustle, and went to the Ship inn. Soon after I had breakfasted, I set off in a post-chaise for London, in company with a gentleman who had that morning arrived from France by way of Boulogne. At one o'clock in the ensuing night I was set down at the York hotel in Bridge-street, where I engaged lodgings for my party, who arrived in London on Wednesday morning. We staid in London till the Monday following, when we set off for Lancashire, resuming our first arrangement of travelling; that is to say, Mr. R. and I alternately riding post-horses. Taking the route of Oxford, where we slept on Monday night, we arrived at Bostock-hall on Wednesday evening, at supper-time. Here our travelling part-

nership was dissolved; for on Thursday the rest of the party leaving me to spend a few days with Mr. France, set off for Gateacre, where they arrived in safety, and whither I followed them at the end of a week.

END OF PART I.

PARIS,

IN

1802 and 1814.

PART II.

IN consequence of the renewal of a sanguinary war, which threatened the revival of the ages of barbarism, the English had for a long series of years been excluded from France, and indeed from almost the whole of the continent of Europe. During this period, the press had been so decidedly enslaved by the tyranny of Bonaparte, that little could be ascertained with regard to the actual circumstances of the French nation. It appeared, however, to be an indisputable fact, that amidst the change of property, and the wreck of private interests, which had marked the progress of hostilities,

the city of Paris had been the constant subject of the solicitude of the Emperor Napoleon. Every annual *exposé* of the state of the dominions subject to the sway of that extraordinary man, made mention of new projects for the embellishment of his capital, and year after year was reported, the transfer, from conquered countries into its precincts, of additional works of painting and sculpture, and of curiosities of every description. Paris might therefore be justly considered as the *depôt* of the fine arts, as the vast magazine of those productions of transcendant genius, which had survived the lapse of ages, and whose loss, should such a circumstance unfortunately take place, would be irreparable. When therefore intelligence arrived in England of the near approach of the allied armies to the walls of that city, I felt (and I am not ashamed to confess it) no small degree of uneasiness in the apprehension, that by the obstinacy of resistance it might be exposed to the horrors, which even in modern times, await towns taken by storm; and that the works of the ancient masters on

which I had so frequently gazed with undiminished astonishment, would be laid waste and destroyed. From this apprehension the lovers of the arts were relieved, by the prudent magnanimity of the Allied Sovereigns; and though I was surprized, upon the principle of selfishness I was not displeased at the arrangement, which permitted the French nation to retain these monuments of successful warfare, and tasteful rapine. To an Englishman who can avail himself of periods of only moderate leizure, Paris is easily accessible —but a long space of time is necessary to enable the traveller to pursue the tract of arts from Shoenbrun to Monte di Capo — from Vienna to Naples.

Still fearing that, by some secret or subsequent agreement between Louis XVIII. and the Allied Powers, a portion, at least, of the treasures of literature and art, which had been accumulated in Paris, might be withdrawn, I determined to avail myself of the first opportunity which occurred after the signature of the treaty of peace between England and France, to repeat my visit to Paris; and once

more to gratify myself by the contemplation of those breathing forms, the produce of the chisel and the pencil, which had twelve years ago given me so much delight; and by the examination of those stores of erudition contained in the National, or, to speak in the dialect of the day, of the Royal Library, which were calculated to afford the most minute information, relative to the object of my habitual attention, the revival of letters in Europe. These were the primary objects of my projected journey; but it was my purpose not to neglect any opportunity which might occur, of making inquiries into the condition and circumstances of the people of France; and of marking the tone and temper of mind with which they bore their sudden transition from the pride of victory and conquest to the humiliation of disaster and defeat, terminating in the occupation of their capital by their enemies, and the change of their government. Report spoke loudly of peril in my projected excursion: but I knew too well the fallacy of report to be deterred from my

purpose. I was morally certain, that the Allies would not have withdrawn their troops from the French territory had there been any likelihood of a revolution in favour of Napoleon; and, though I was well aware of the probability that Englishmen would not be super-abundantly popular in France, I had sufficient confidence in my own discretion, to be free from any apprehension of being involved in unpleasant altercations.

Had I been so inclined, I could, I believe, have accumulated a large company of travelling companions; but, even in an English tour, a numerous party is subject to great inconvenience; and this I knew to be much more likely to be the case on the continent. I, therefore, restricted myself to one, of whose steadiness, good temper, and ability, a long and strict intimacy had given me the fullest assurance.

In company with Mr. A. Y. then I left Liverpool, on the morning of Saturday, June 18, 1814; and, without any memorable occurrence on the road, on the evening of the ensuing day

we arrived in London. On making enquiries with respect to the requisite passports, we were informed that one from Lord Castlereagh was absolutely necessary; and that, in order to obtain it, we must present, at the Treasury, a letter of recommendation. After losing some precious time in seeking for a man of sufficient note to sign our testimonials, we proceeded to Downing-street, and were directed to call for our passport the next day. On repeating our visit, we were accordingly furnished with a shewy document, signed by the minister for foreign affairs and adorned with an elegant engraving of his coat of arms. For this we paid the sum of 2l. 7s. besides a fee to the porter. This was money absolutely thrown away: as we soon found that the passport was not of the slightest use. From the Treasury we went to the residence of the Duke de Chatres, the French envoy; who, though we were not furnished with letters of recommendation, received us with great politeness, and, at our request, gave us a passport. I say emphatically, *gave* us one, as we did not pay for it a

single sous, either to the envoy or to any of his clerks.

On Wednesday, June 22, we took coach for Brighton; and, after a pleasant journey through an interesting tract of country, we arrived at that town at about eight o'clock in the evening. We took up our residence at the Old Ship, where we were fortunate enough to find very comfortable accommodations. On enquiring, however, at what time a vessel would sail for Dieppe, we were not a little mortified to receive information, that all the packets were gone with company to the great naval review, which was to take place on the ensuing day at Portsmouth, in honour of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, and that there was not the slightest probability of our being able to sail before Saturday. On the receipt of this unpleasant intelligence, I comforted myself by my frequent experience, that the first information received at a small sea-port, with regard to the arrival or departure of vessels is generally false; and after ascertaining the fact that many passengers were

waiting for a conveyance to the French coast, I retired to rest, in the full persuasion that in the morning we should hear of something to our advantage. My persuasion was well founded. Early on the 23d. I was awaked by the welcome tidings that a packet was arrived in the course of the night, and would weigh anchor for Dieppe soon after ten o'clock. Mr. Y. and I. immediately engaged two births, for which we paid two guineas each; and after taking a hearty breakfast we passed our baggage at the Custom-house, where we experienced nothing but civility; and afterwards deposited it in a shallop, in which the passengers were to be conveyed to the packet-boat: for the strand of Brighton being unprovided with a jetty, and the beach shelving gradually, vessels of even light burthen are obliged to anchor at some distance from the shore. As I was aware from the position of the shallop, which lay high up upon the strand, that we could not sail at the hour indicated, I took a walk into the town, on which I shall only remark, that, great indeed

must be the attractions of bathing and sea air to induce persons of fortune to quit their roomy mansions, and occupy the petty cribs which I saw ticketed as lodging houses. On my return to the water side, I was accosted in the French language by a well-looking gentleman, who, after enquiring whether I was going over the water, announced himself as a Parisian, and an officer of the national guard. He was just returned from London, on his way home, and complained most bitterly of the rudeness of the inhabitants of that city: and indeed, if his representations were true, he did not complain without reason. He said, that when he went into a coffee-house for refreshment, if, as was often the case, the waiter could not understand his attempts at speaking English, the company, instead of rendering him any assistance, amused themselves by laughing at his embarrassment. His wife too had unfortunately made her appearance in the street in a large Parisian hat, and had been followed and insulted by a mob. He had witnessed with surprise and disgust the familiar approaches of

the populace to the Sovereigns who had lately visited the English metropolis. But what had affected him with the greatest astonishment was, that at the Review in Hyde Park, the spectators had "actually pressed upon the soldiers who kept the ground." Rudeness to a lady, however strange her dress, I could not possibly defend: but I endeavoured to convince my Parisian, that familiarity with monarchs, and elbowing a body of military police were the natural effects of that general spirit of freedom, which, though it may be occasionally inconvenient in some modes of its exertion, is still the legitimate subject of pride to the British nation. Into these ideas, however, he could not enter. Nor was I surprized at this circumstance, when I found that he was an admirer of Bonaparte, and that he spoke with enthusiasm of the grandeur of the reviews which the Emperor was accustomed to hold in the Carousel, and from any near approach to which the populace were strictly excluded. He had been engaged, he told me, in the defence of Paris, and assured

me, that had not Napoleon been betrayed by Marmont and Victor, he would have taken the whole of the allied armies prisoners! Whilst I was amusing myself with the credulity of my new acquaintance, we were summoned to the shallop, which was soon launched into the water. Here I found myself surrounded by a motley group of males and females, some wearing countenances of cheerfulness, and others of serious anxiety. High on the bow was a personage, whom, from the habitual grin which broadened his physiognomy, and which was set off by the ordonnance of his travelling cap terminating in a couple of flaps much resembling ass's ears, I took to be a travelling mountebank; but afterwards found to be a priest who had been driven from his country during the reign of Robespierre, and was now, for the first time, returning to his native land. In about twenty minutes we arrived at the packet, when much discontent was excited by the passengers being obliged to pay three shillings a head for their conveyance, a charge which, as it had not been nomi-

nated in the bond entered into
captain, many of my fellow trav
were disposed to dispute. The
froid of the boatmen on the occ
evinced that they had been accust
to the remonstrances which burst frc
quarters of their vessel; and in t
vereignty of their authority, (for c
water a boatman is lord paramount)
levied their tax with less difficulty
might have been antecedently expe
At about twelve o'clock we we
safely embarked, and weighed an
with a fair gale. Soon after we lost
of land, however, we were becalm
view of five Russian men of war,
were steering for the straits of D
In this state of disagreeable expec
our time was principally beguiled by
shrewd remarks and the merrime
the ecclesiastic, who occupied the
of the cabin stairs, and diluted all
cares, and heightened the effect of
jokes, by a jug of punch, which, as
spirits declined, he duly repl
ed. Some variety was also
by divers political discussions

took place between an English beneficed clergyman, and an operative weaver from Stockport. This latter was a very sturdy disputant, and alarmed and irritated his antagonist not a little by maintaining, that as the national debt of Britain was equal in value to all the landed property in the United Kingdoms, and as it was fair and reasonable that each individual should bear his proportion of the said debt, the most equitable mode of paying it off, would be to make an equal division of all property; a scheme for the execution of which he observed, the people in the town and neighbourhood of Stockport were fully ripe. At about ten, a stiff breeze arose, which laid us gunwale to, and speeded us at the rate of eight knots an hour. During all this time I kept the deck, on which, at two o'clock in the morning I lay down, with my portmanteau for my pillow: but did not sleep long, before I was awaked by the pattering upon my face of a heavy shower of rain, which drove me to the discomfort of the cabin, all the beds of which were occupied by women and children. At

four, however, we were summoned from our purgatory, by the arrival of a pilot boat, which, taking us in tow, conducted us towards Dieppe. The entrance into the port of that city is formed by two fine jetties or moles, erected at the mouth of the river Arques, and projecting far into the sea. At low water the harbour is dry; but we fortunately arrived at such a state of the tide, that we were enabled to sail right into the centre of the town, opposite to the *Hôtel du Paquebot*, where Mr. Y. and myself took up our quarters. At that early hour crowds were ready to receive us; and we instantly had occasion to verify the description, which we had heard and read of the tall caps, and short petticoats of the *Dieppaises*, which we found not to be at all exaggerated. After getting a comfortable breakfast, we sallied out and ascended the citadel, an ancient edifice situated on a high eminence, which commands a fine view of the town, the sea, and the adjacent country. On my way thither, I saw four as interesting youths of the age of eighteen or nineteen as ever I beheld in my life, cloathed in the

uniforms of corporals and serjeants. They were conscripts, and on my addressing them, they answered me with an ease and politeness, which indicated that they were of good families and well educated. They had served in the late bloody campaign, and unanimously confessed that they did not like the military profession, and that they wished to return to the bosom of their respective families. I trust that their wishes may, e'er this, have been gratified. But had the reign of Napoleon been prolonged, no fond remembrances would have rescued them from the hardships and perils of a military life. Much eloquence has of late been employed in depicting the miseries diffused through the domestic circles by the unbounded ambition of that restless man. But the sight of these youths, lately torn from their homes to fight his battles, and even in the interval of peace, condemned to that alternation of fatigue and indolence, and to that low depravity of association, which must in quarters be the lot of non-commissioned officers, affected my feelings more than the most splendid

oratory could have done. From the citadel we went to the church of St. Jacques, where we found many people, chiefly women, assembled at early prayers. The nave of this church is very beautiful. The east window is composed of very fine ancient painted glass, and the fret work on the outside is of singularly delicate workmanship. The great tower, constructed of white free stone brought from England, is esteemed one of the handsomest structures of the kind in France. On walking along the side aisles we were struck with the succession of chapels with which they are interspersed, and which are no less than twenty in number; and many of them adorned with pictures of different degrees of merit. The church of St. Remi, which we next visited, is chiefly distinguished by the massive solidity of its pillars, and by the splendour of its altar-piece. The covings of the windows at the extremity of the choir had also a fine effect. At ten o'clock we went to hear mass, which was numerously frequented, as this happened to be a great festival-day, kept in honour of St. John. The service was

more curious than impressive. A bad effect was produced bythe lightness of the airs which were occasionally played on the organ, and the perpetual passing of mere gazers, tended much to do away the idea of devotion. The audience consisted, almost exclusively, of females, the variety of whose costume, and especially the intermixture of brilliant colours with white in their dress, was, upon the whole, very striking and handsome.

Having arranged our business at the *Douane*, and obtained the necessary endorsements of our passport, we took an early dinner, and at about half past twelve set off from Dieppe in a cabriolet, drawn by two horses. For the use of this vehicle as far as Rouen we paid no more than twenty-five francs, horses, driver, and the food of both included. On quitting Dieppe we found the former part of the road excellent, the latter good, but paved. Our route lay through a delightful country, the prospect of which was variegated by many neat farm-houses, and a few chateaux. It was also rendered picturesque by a considerable pro-

portion of wood. The people were walking about in great chearfulness, and drest in their best attire in honour of St. John. We remarked a vast superiority in the proportion of the number of women to that of men, but as this circumstance often occurs in holiday times in England, I should be cautious of attributing it to the waste of war. We stopped to bait at a small village called Pôtes. Here the landlady of the inn fell so violently in love with my portable knife and fork, a piece of Birmingham manufacture, for which I had given in England the sum of eighteen-pence, that she asked if I would sell it. I told her that I was neither a *marchand* nor a *negociant,* and begged her acceptance of it. This she politely declined, and I promised to bring her one the next time I travelled that way. On several other occasions I have been requested in France to part with my penknife and scissars; I presume, therefore, that our cutlery is superior to that of our neighbours. After taking coffee I walked into the village. Opposite the inn I saw a wounded sol-

dier, who was very lame, knocking at the door of a cottage, into which it appeared that he could not obtain admission. Thinking he was begging his way home, in the first impulse of my feelings I went up to him with the intention of giving him money. But when I came near him, I found that he was a well looking youth of eighteen, and evidently superior to the want of pecuniary aid. On my asking whether I could be of any assistance to him, he told me that the quarters assigned him on his halt (he was on his way to Dieppe) were in the cottage at which I had seen him knock; but that its inhabitants were all gone out to enjoy the festivities on the village green. He too was a conscript. He had been wounded, he said, at the siege of Antwerp, and had suffered considerable pain; but observed, that if *his emperor* was enlarged (*élargi*), he would again serve himself as faithfully as he had done before. Taking my leave of this enthusiast I proceeded to the church, a mean looking edifice, with a steeple cased in blue slate. In the adjoining public walk,

numbers of people were assembled playing at bowls and nine-pins, and at other village games, but exhibiting no symptoms of drunkenness or riot. On the windows of the præfect's house I remarked two or three notices or banns of marriage, by which I was apprised that matrimony is considered in France as a civil rather than as a religious contract. On returning to our inn, and asking our hostess how she relished the late changes which had taken place in the government of the country, she observed, that the character of Louis could not be pronounced upon till it had been tried. This answer did not smack much of enthusiasm; but it evinced a degree of good sense, which, if generally prevalent, would tend to the welfare of the community at large. The most dangerous snare to monarchs is the idolatry of their subjects. I presume, however, that the inhabitants of Pôtes are no political idolaters: for the opinion of a hostess is generally the representation of the sentiments of her guests. On leaving this village I, for the first time in my life, saw a child swathed to a board,

in the manner so eloquently deprecated by Rousseau. It was, indeed, a disagreeable and painful spectacle, and drew from me a remonstrance which was only received with a smile of good-natured contempt.

The road from Pôtes to Rouen is the most beautiful I ever travelled, and was rendered still more interesting by groups of peasants, who in every village were singing and dancing *à la ronde*, in honour of the saint of the day. The approach to Rouen is delightful. Nature and art have combined to adorn the prospect. A country richly variegated with wood and water, hill and dale, is studded with chateaux, houses, and manufactories, giving the most decisive tokens of comfort and affluence. The city is situated in a valley, watered by the Seine, which flows on the right hand; and the road into it is bordered by foot-walks, which extend into the country for upwards of a mile, and are shaded by rows of flourishing trees.

The driver of our cabriolet was a boy of about thirteen years of age, who, on

our arrival in Rouen gave us a specimen of his early talents. At the barrier I directed him to take us to the Hotel de France, to which he dutifully assented. We had not proceeded far before he stopped at the gate of a large building, which he said was the place of our destination, and a servant or two instantly proceeded to unstrap our baggage. Though it was almost dark, and though I had never been at Rouen before, I suspected some roguery, and asked a gentleman who was passing by, whether that was the Hôtel de France. "No" said he, "it is the Hôtel de la Marine." With great difficulty I drove the myrmidons off our luggage, and compelled our postilion to proceed. Before he started, however, I observed the interchange of a glance between him and one of the waiters, which put me on my guard. He *sacre-dieued* and lashed his horses, and after passing what appeared to be a very intricate route, he again stopped; and we were again surrounded by porters. On one of the most active of these I laid violent hands; and again inquiring of a

passenger where we were, received for answer "at the back front of the Hôtel de la Marine." My patience was now exhausted. I tumbled the porter from off the luggage, and threatening vengeance against our varlet of a driver, once more forced him to proceed. He was now seriously frightened, and conducted us according to my directions. Being safely arrived, I alarmed him with the prospect of a good discipline with a horse whip instead of his fee. At length, however, I paid him as if nothing untowardly had happened; of which I immediately repented, as from the ill disguised smile which took the place of terror on his countenance when he handled his five frank piece, I am confident he would embrace the earliest opportunity of repeating his experiment upon the ignorance of travellers.

As we were a little fatigued, we retired to bed at an early hour. We did not, however, enjoy much repose. At about eleven o'clock a most noisy band of musical instruments struck up a concert;

and with few and short intervals continued playing almost all the night. I conjectured it must be a military band, and that it was playing in honour of some fête either given or accepted by the national guards of Rouen. My travelling companion was of a different opinion; and maintained that such a disturbance as we had experienced could only be occasioned by the thoughtless folly of one of our own countrymen. I was ashamed to find, upon inquiry, that he was in the right. An English baronet travelling, I suppose, for improvement, — he had great need of it — had supped in state, and had drank Burgundy all night to the sound of horns, violins, and bassoons, which he had collected from all quarters of the town. Had I been aware of this fact, at the time of the performance, I should have been violently inclined to disturb the harmony of the concert by a remonstrance; but "every thing is for the best, in this best of all possible worlds." My remonstrance would probably have been most annoying to myself. At an inn, the

owner of an equipage would have been a formidable antagonist to one who travelled in a simple cabriolet.

After breakfast we went to call upon a Mr. M. a merchant of Rouen to whom Mr. Y. had a letter of introduction. We found him living in very good style. In the *rémise* I observed two carriages; and the rest of his establishment seemed to be upon a proportionate scale. He received us with the utmost politeness, and entered freely into conversation; in the course of which he remarked with apparent jocularity, but I think with real chagrin, upon the disposition of late years, manifested by the English to monopolize all the trade of the world. He acknowledged that our exertions, during a long series of hostilities had been wonderful; but gave it as his opinion, that we had arrived at the *acmé* of our glory as a nation, and that our commercial prosperity would soon decline. He founded this opinion upon the circumstance of the pressure of our national debt, which, he said, would keep up the price of labour in England, and enable

the French and other nations to compete with, and undersell us. In reply to him I endeavoured to maintain the position that supposing the continent of Europe flourished according to his prediction, that very circumstance would ultimately prove favourable to the English; as a set of wealthy customers was most desirable to a trading community — that as to the rest, I relied much on the ingenuity of my countrymen, and the difficulty of removing staple manufactures from one place to another; and with regard to the national debt, I had been so much accustomed, at home, to hear sinister prognostics on that subject, that I really did not regard them. Lastly, I observed, that if we found that a state of peace was injurious to our commercial interests, though I should by no means vindicate such a principle of action, pretexts were never wanting for the kindling of war, to the commencement of which Englishmen were never adverse. Like doughty disputants we both remained unconvinced. But on one topic we cordially agreed, namely, in reprobating the article in the

much celebrated as the *chef d'œuvre* of an architect of the name of Lebrument. The dome is remarkably bold and light, and the choir and altar-piece are strikingly elegant. After all, however, I cannot yet reconcile my eye to Grecian churches. The solemnity of the Gothic appears to my feelings, much more consonant to the awe and dignity connected with religious emotions.

My admiration of this latter style of architecture was amply gratified by the cathedral of Rouen, the grand entrance to which is one of the noblest specimens of the Norman Gothic I ever beheld. The inside is magnificently gloomy, the pillars being massy, and the windows dimmed by a profusion of richly painted glass. Behind the choir was pointed out to us the places where once stood the tomb of our King Richard I. and the monument of Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy. But during the delirium of revolutionary fury, these interesting memorials of ancient times were destroyed; and we were informed that the cathedral itself was saved only in consequence of

its having been formally dedicated as the Temple of Reason.

On our way from the church of the hospice to the cathedral, we passed through a market-palace where we saw three malefactors, exposed on a scaffold, and tied to stakes, with chains round their necks, and labels over their heads denoting their crimes, and the punishment to which they had consequently been sentenced. The offence of which each had been guilty was burglary; and one of them was condemned to hard labour for life, the other two for ten years. As far as exposure is intended to constitute a part of the penalty of the law, this mode of exhibition is preferable to the painful one of pillory—and a few military at once served to guard the culprits, and to protect them from the mob, who, however, shewed no disposition to molest them.

From the cathedral we went to the neighbouring church of St. Ouen. This too is of Gothic architecture; but is much more light and graceful than the cathedral. The altar-piece of marble is

particularly handsome. Over the great gate, and in the two extremities of the transverse window, are shewn three beautiful roses; the two latter were executed in 1439, the one by Alexander Berneuil, and the other by one of his apprentices. A tradition has been handed down from sacristan to sacristan, that the workmanship of the pupil being esteemed by connoisseurs superior to that of the master, the latter was so maddened by envy that he murdered his competitor.

We next repaired to the *Hôtel de Ville*, which contains, besides the requisite municipal offices, a library consisting of seventy thousand volumes; and a grand gallery, containing upwards of three hundred paintings. The major part of these were not of a class above mediocrity. One Raphael, a few Paul Veroneses, and two Salvator Rosas, however, are excellent.

From the *Hôtel de Ville* we proceeded to the celebrated bridge thrown over the Seine, and formed of barges fastened upon piles let through their extremities, which rise and fall according to the state of the

tide. This bridge is paved and bordered on each side with a footway; — but, upon the whole, it is said to be more curious than convenient, and is kept up at a considerable expence. On returning to our hotel I called at a bookseller's shop, which I found very respectably furnished: — and as booksellers' shops afford a tolerable criterion of the encouragement given to literature, in their several localities, I should conclude, from this circumstance, that learning and science are by no means neglected in Rouen.

After dinner we went to the theatre, a large, handsome building, the boxes of which were crowded, principally by military officers. The pit, according to the fashion of old times, was unprovided with seats, a circumstance which gave the whole of the house an air of discomfort. The play of the evening was the *Cinna* of Corneille; from which I expected much amusement, especially as it abounds in political sentiments, which I imagined would, by the mode of their reception, give an index of the present feelings of the French nation. But I was disap-

pointed. The acting was, upon the whole, wretchedly bad, and the audience seemed to take no interest in the piece. The part of Cinna was supported by a *debutant*, who made a most hideous noise, and excited universal merriment, which his egregious vanity mistook for applause. At the end of the third act we retired, fully satiated with French provincial theatricals. On our return to our hotel we were better and more cheaply gratified by a ballad-singer, who was entertaining a numerous audience with a song in praise of the new order of things; one verse of which promising, under the peaceful auspices of Louis, husbands to the young women, was received by the females with unbounded applause. We were also entertained by groupes of dancers, who, till a late hour, kept up their festivities in honour of St. John.

The town of Rouen is of considerable extent, and its general air and aspect give strong indications of the industry and wealth of its inhabitants. Its population is estimated at eighty thousand. Situated on the Seine, which is navigable as far as

the bridge of boats, by vessels of respectable size, it enjoys a considerable degree of commerce. It has long been celebrated for its manufactories of linen cloth and light stuffs. Of late years its cotton factories have been in a state of great activity; and it formerly exported considerable quantities of earthen-ware. Half surrounded by hills, which guard it from the more inclement winds, and leave it open to the south, it is remarkably healthy; and nothing can exceed the beauty of its environs. But, if I may be permitted to form a judgment by the criterion of our bill at the Hôtel de France, Rouen is by no means to be recommended to those who would wish to live well at a reasonable rate of expense.

Having hired, for 120 francs, a coach and three horses to conduct us to Paris, we rose early on Sunday morning, June 26th, to take a last look at the grand entrance of the cathedral. Not far from this edifice I perceived a dilapidated building, which, on examination, I found to be a ruined church, which had been converted into a

remise for the diligence, and into stabling for post horses. In the range of small windows, over one of the side aisles, I remarked many fragments of painted glass, of which my travelling-companion procured a beautiful specimen; and one of the west windows remained entire, though covered with dirt; which, however, could not hide the rich colours which glowed in its compartments. The whole of this building is so neglected, that I doubt not the window in question may be bought extremely cheap.

At seven o'clock we took our departure from Rouen, and proceeded on the road to Paris by St. Germain en Laye. In the immediate vicinity of Rouen we had bold cliffs of chalk on the left, and on the right the Seine studded with islets, and, by its windings, ever varying the landscape. The general prospect was rendered grand by the abundance of wood; and all the crops exhibited a most luxuriant vegetation, and a pleasing promise of plenty. About four miles from Rouen we paused for some minutes, to examine an interesting landscape, which burst

suddenly on our view. On the left rose a high eminence; below us was the Seine, bordered with villages; and, in the distance, was a bold hill, which seemed to dip its foot in the river. At the town of St. Ouen, where we found the markets arranged and the shops open, we crossed the Seine, over a bridge of twelve arches, on which are constructed a couple of mills. About a mile from thence we ascended a high hill; and, after passing through an extensive forest, proceeded to Louviers, where we took breakfast. Louviers is a considerable town, celebrated for its manufacture of woollen cloths, which we were told had of late years been in a very flourishing condition. Near the inn was a large church, to which I went to hear mass. The service was performed in a grand style by a number of priests and choristers, aided by a finely toned organ. The audience filled the building; and, I think, could not amount to less than fifteen hundred people, principally women. From their occasional talking and laughing, however, I was led to conclude their devotion rather

mechanical than real, and my feelings were annoyed as they had been at Dieppe, by the introduction of light, tripping airs on the organ. After the conclusion of mass, notice was given that on the next Sunday a solemn service would be performed, and a sermon preached in commemoration of the martyrdom of the late Louis XVI. I should be much inclined to question the prudence of these exhibitions, the example of which was given by the newly enthroned monarch. On his accession he promised to discourage all unpleasant retrospections; and this promise he will do well to perform. Any exasperation of the public mind tending to the excitement of discord will be dangerous to his imperfectly ascertained authority.

From Louviers we went through a rich and highly cultivated country to Vernon. Here, while dinner was preparing, I lounged into the stable, where I found a number of cavalry horses. Being struck with the beauty of one of them I was proceeding to examine it, when I was accosted by its owner, who happened to be

a captain of the Imperial Guard. We discoursed some time upon cavalry equipments. Though he was not unwilling to do justice to the power of the British cavalry, he preferred, for the details of a campaign, the lightness and activity of the French. Turning from this topic, which I did not feel myself qualified to discuss, I touched him on the subject of the Emperor. This I did very gently, by observing, that Napoleon was a man of extraordinary genius. On hearing his late master thus characterized, the soldier's eyes immediately glistened with pleasure; and he requested that I would do him the favour to drink a glass of his wine, which he had left to look after his horse. I told him I had not yet dined; but that if he would become my guest, I should be happy to see him. He accordingly accompanied me to our apartment. On his recurring to the subject of Bonaparte's character, I thought it my duty to qualify what I had said in commendation of his talents, by remarking that his ambition was so unbounded, that while his power lasted it was impossible for his

neighbours to rest in security. This drew from my new acquaintance a vehement philippic against Talleyrand and the Senate, who, he said had instigated Napoleon to every mischievous act which he had committed; and after involving him in difficulties had basely deserted and betrayed him. "But the seizure of the sceptre of Spain?" — That was the suggestion of Talleyrand. — "And the expedition to Russia?" — Was suggested by Talleyrand; and after all it only failed in consequence of the premature setting in of the frost. In short, I found that Napoleon could do no wrong; and that for every error into which he had fallen, and for every crime of which he had been guilty his minister was to be made responsible. But on the contrary Louis XVIII. could do nothing right. He had falsified, said the plain spoken soldier, every promise he had made on his accession to the throne. He had accepted a constitution, but had violated every article of it. He had solemnly engaged to continue the constituted authorities as he found them, but he had made the most

capricous changes; he had flattered the army with assurances that he had the most perfect reliance on their support, and yet he had sent the Imperial Guard away from Paris; he had diminished their privileges and appointments, and intended to revive the old establishment of the *Gardes Suisses*. To say all in a word, he had given himself up to the guidance of "those rascally priests," whose evil counsel had brought his brother to the scaffold. He was also led into error by the returning *emigrés*, men who had deserted their country at a period when their services were most needful, and now had the audacity to lay claim to the most distinguished honours. With considerable humour *Monsieur le Capitaine* mimicked the air and manner of one of these characters, an old man of seventy, whom he had lately heard declare his intention of serving under the new regime in a military capacity, under the idea that he could make his marches, and even his charges in a cabriolet. He then asked me what we thought of Louis in England; to which I replied that he had lived so

much in retirement, that little or nothing had been said among us of his habits or proceedings, till the late events had summoned him from his retreat. "*Je vous comprénds,*" rejoined he, "*il a bien mangé et bien dormi, et voilà de grands préparatifs pour conduire les affaires d'un grand royaume.*" In short he was full of grief and bitterness of spirit; and on my suggesting to him the probability of his incurring peril in consequence of his freedom of speech, he said he had no fears on that head, for he spoke the sentiments of thousands, as I should find when I arrived at Paris, which city he said was very sad, and very discontented. This man had undergone the horrors of the campaign of Moscow!

Taking our leave of him we proceeded by a delightful route, the beauties of which were enlivened by groups of peasants dancing, to Mantes, where we arrived at a quarter before nine. Having bespoken and inspected our beds, we walked into the town. Visiting the church we found it hung with black, and observed a catafalque erected in the choir,

in honour of Louis XVI. Opposite to the church door was a party of young women busily employed in playing at nine pins. We next looked into the theatre, which we found crowded with company. Here we did not stay many minutes, but returning to our inn, got supper and retired to rest.

On Monday morning, June 27th, we left Mantes soon after five o'clock. At the extremity of the town we crossed the Seine by bridges thrown over two streams formed by the intervention of an island in the middle of the river. To the right we saw a handsome Gothic church. Beyond the bridge several troops of British cavalry, which had constituted a part of Lord Wellington's army, were parading for a march to Gisors, on their route to Boulogne. Our countrymen in arms, who, after aiding, by their valour, to conquer a peace, were quietly pursuing their way home through a country which had so lately been determinedly hostile to them, afforded a novel and interesting spectacle; and I was

work with his hair fully powdered and dressed *en queue*, and an enormous pair of gold rings pendant at his ears.

"At the town of Poissy we again crossed the Seine over a very long bridge, in the middle of which are two or three mills. Soon after, we entered, through an iron gate, the forest of St. Germaine, an extensive tract of wood divided by strait avenues which penetrate it in all directions. At the extremity of the forest we found the town of St. Germaine, where we took breakfast, and then repaired to the terrace of the palace, which commands a charming view of the adjacent country. On the left and in the centre of the prospect we saw St. Denis and Paris; and on the right Malmaison, St. Cloud, and the district of Versailles. On the ever memorable 30th of March, this spot was crowded with people, who distinctly saw, with various and undescribable emotion, the battle which preceded the surrender of Paris. We found the palace, which is a gloomy and inelegant brick building, surrounded by stone walls and a deep ditch, over which, opposite

the gate, was thrown a draw-bridge. The whole edifice had the air of a state-prison; and, on enquiry, we found, that it might well class with buildings of that description. It was Napoleon's principal military school; and his method of supplying it with pupils, affords an instance of that tyranny in detail, which was, no doubt, one of the primary causes of his ruin. Whenever he was apprised, by his agents, that any individual of rank or wealth had a son who was strong, active, and spirited, and the youth had attained the age of sixteen or seventeen, the Emperor addressed a letter to the parent, congratulating him on the early promise of his child, and graciously offering, if he destined him for the army, to admit him into his school at St. Germaine; and promising, on his good behaviour, to cause him to make his way rapidly in the service. This letter was well understood to be a command. The young man was accordingly severed from his domestic connections. He was shut up in the palace, where, for the space of three

years, he was precluded from personal communication with his friends; and employed, from five in the morning till ten at night, in studying, scientifically and practically, the military art. At the expiration of that time he was liberated from confinement, and sent, with a commission in his pocket, to join the regiment to which it was thought expedient to attach him. When we consider the waste of life which was occasioned by Bonaparte's campaigns, we may easily conceive that the pupils of his military academies were regarded as for ever lost to their relatives and friends. Four hundred youths were at this time immured in the palace, and were to be restored to their parents on the breaking up of the establishment, which we understood was to take place in two days from the period of our visit. What a subject must this gaol-delivery afford to the pen of a sentimental traveller, should any such character witness the transaction! Our guide, from whom we obtained this information, was a retired soldier who had an allowance as an in-

valid of eight sous a day. He acknowledged that most of the military were friendly to Bonaparte, but still was of opinion, that the sentiments of the nation at large would preclude his re-establishment on the throne.

At noon we left St. Germaine, and at the extremity of the town descended a hill by a road, bordered, as usual, with trees. We still had the Seine on our left hand, and a forest to the right. Passing by the water-works of Marli, at the distance of about three miles from St. Germaine, we skirted the house and grounds of Malmaison, which latter seemed variegated and extensive. In the neighbouring town rises the spire of the church in which the empress Josephine was lately buried. The frequent occurrence of taverns and chateaux now indicated our near approach to the capital. We again crossed the Seine, over a most magnificent bridge, opposite to which we passed a triumphal arch, begun by Bonaparte, but left unfinished. Soon after this, at the extremity of a long avenue of trees, I saw the white flag waving upon the

central pavilion of the Thuilleries, and, driving through the Champs Elysées, we entered Paris by the Place Louis XV., and proceeding from thence to the Place Vendome, we saw the column erected by Napoleon, in commemoration of his German campaign of 1805. In the place of his statue, which had lately been taken down from the top of this column and conveyed to Russia, is substituted the ensign of the Bourbons. Having found comfortable accommodations at the Hotel de Mirabeau in the rue de la Paix, formerly rue Napoleon, which opens into the Place Vendome, we engaged a suite of apartments, and after enjoying the refreshments of a warm bath in the neighbouring boulevard, took a late dinner, and spent the evening quietly at home, to recruit for the expected bustle of the following day.

Tuesday morning, June 28th. Soon after breakfast we went to the police office, where, on exhibiting our passport, we obtained a licence to stay at Paris for three months. In this document our dimensions were stated, and our persons

very particularly described. This process is disagreeable to the feelings of an Englishman, who has been accustomed to travel without question or restraint; but it must be acknowledged, that at the *Bureau de la Police* he experiences no unnecessary delay; and that no tax is levied upon his purse.

We next drove to the Post Office, and thence proceeded in all haste to the Louvre, which I entered in almost breathless expectation. After enjoying for some time the astonishment of my fellow traveller, on seeing the apparently endless collection of pictures with which the grand gallery is filled, I was happy to remark a great improvement in their arrangement. Most of the side windows, which formerly gave such an imperfect light, are now closed, and the light is admitted through windows, pierced in the covings of the arched roof. As it would require years to study the whole of this collection, I went round the gallery, marking in my catalogue about a score of paintings, which I thought most worthy of future inspection; and began

my detailed examination with Rubens's celebrated Descent from the Cross, and a Holy Family by Raphael. After spending some time in this study, I descended the grand stair-case, and entered the repository of statues. The general *coup d'œil* of these specimens of the perfection of art, again affected me with a kind of awe, which strongly revived my recollection of my last visit to this place. After gazing at the Laocoon, I looked round for the Venus de Medici, which is one of the numerous additions made to the collection of statuary since the year 1802. But when I found this celebrated piece of sculpture, I was disappointed. My pre-conceived notions of grace and beauty were by no means fulfilled. The execution of this statue seemed to me to be so far from excellent, that I thought I had seen some copies equal to the original. And in this opinion I was confirmed by frequent subsequent examinations. In truth, the Venus fades into insignificance when compared with the Apollo Belvidere. The former is indeed beautiful; but its beauty is terrestrial. The latter in form,

attitude, and countenance, appears to be something superhuman.

Quitting the *Musée des Arts* with regret at four o'clock, the hour when it is closed, I had leisure so examine the exterior of the building, which has been lately beautified by the scraping of the stone work, and is now restored to its primitive state of whiteness. Many houses are also cleared away, which obstructed the view of the palace; and on the north side of the Carousel, a range of buildings is in forwardness, which, joining the Thuilleries, will, when it is finished, correspond with the grand gallery of the Louvre. When the plan of improvement, which now clearly developes itself, is completed, the *Place du Carousel* will constitute one of the finest squares in Europe.

From the Louvre I went to the *Bibliothéque Royale* where I delivered a letter of recommendation to the chief librarian M. Von Praët, who received us with the liberality of a gentleman, and a scholar. Hence I hastened to the Palais Royal, where, on looking for a Restaurateur's,

Mr. Y. and I were fortunate enough to stumble upon Beldame's, which from this day we constituted our head quarters for dining, as we found that we were provided with an excellent dinner, consisting of soup, fish, and two plates of meat, a dessert, and a bottle of *vin de Beauve* for about five shillings a head. It was here that I first observed ladies come unattended by gentlemen and take their dinners in a public room; a custom which would be reckoned grossly unbecoming in London, but is by no means uncommon in Paris.

In the evening we went to the *Théatre Francais* to see the comedy of *La Coquette Corrigée*. We took our places in the pit, for which we paid two francs, twenty cents. As the play is a favourite one, a crowd was assembled at the door, through which, Englishman like, I was proceeding to make my way, when I was peremptorily, but civilly stopped by a soldier, who led me to the end of the *queue*, and told me I must wait patiently for my turn of admission. The admonition of a man with a sword by his side

and a musket in his hand is not to be disregarded, so I acted according to his instructions; and was soon admitted into a kind of pen, in which a convenient number of persons were impounded to take their order of introduction; where after paying our entrance money and receiving our check tickets we were admitted singly into the hall of the theatre, from which several doors conduct into the pit. The use of military as officers of police is unpopular in England — but it cannot be denied that it tends to enforce regularity in places of public resort.

La Coquette Corrigée is what we call in England a genteel comedy; and was extremely well performed. I was particularly struck with the ease and gracefulness of Mademoiselle Marse, a beautiful woman with fine dark and expressive eyes, which spoke to the very heart. There was nothing in the conduct of the piece which was extravagant or caricatured. All was simple and natural, and the ideas of the author were given by every performer with the utmost accuracy and delicacy.

During the interval between the first and second acts, Mr. Y. asked me which was the royal box. I pointed it out to him, and said that twelve years ago I had seen it occupied by the first Consul. Yes, said a French gentleman who sat on my right hand, and three months ago you might have seen it occupied by the Emperor. "In that space of time," said I, "wonderful changes have taken place." "Time," replied my new acquaintance, "and these changes have been principally effected by the persevering valour of the English." On this, a person who sat behind him, said in a surly tone — "The English are a presuming people — they arrogate much more to themselves than they are entitled to." As he seemed to address this speech to me, I begged him to recollect that his observations were totally unprovoked on my part; as I had arrogated nothing either to myself or my country, and that I did not come to Paris to involve myself in political discussions, since my principles led me to wish that every country might manage its own concerns. This appeal was com-

mended by the bye-standers, but did not satisfy my antagonist, who drily replied, that it would have been well for France and for all Europe if my countrymen had acted upon this principle in the year 1793. I was glad to retreat from this discussion, into a conversation with another gentleman upon the subject of London actors; but could hardly retain the requisite gravity, when suddenly digressing from this topic, he asked me whether it was true that the Princess Charlotte had refused the hand of the Prince of Orange, and that she was soon to be married to the Duke de Berri? I answered him that the former circumstance was true; but that the latter could not possibly be so, as such a match would be contrary to our constitution: and, continued I, "We English respect our constitution." He understood the emphasis, with which I uttered these words, and said that though my remark conveyed an indirect censure on the fickleness of the French, that censure was too well merited by their conduct.

Wednesday morning, June 29th, whilst

I was meditating before breakfast, upon the wonderful embellishments which had been made by Bonaparte in every part of the city of Paris, which I had visited yesterday, my *domestique* brought me the *Journal des Débats.* On perusing this paper, I was disgusted by a time-serving diatribe, written by a certain Amanty Duval, who, in an essay on Fountains, has the meanness, in the very view of the edifice, which gives a practical and palpable contradiction to his assertion, to state as matter of reproach that Bonaparte "*n'avoit pas la passion de batir.*" Had this wretched scribbler called into question the good taste of the Ex-emperor, he might at least have found room for argument: but to say that he had no passion for building out-herods herod in point of hardihood of assertion. Throwing the journal aside I walked to the Carousel, and took a second survey of the improvements which are now carrying on there, and minutely examined the triumphal arch erected opposite to the great gate of the Thuilleries. This arch, which is built

of free-stone, consists like that of Septimius Severus at Rome, of three arcades. Four columns of red marble on each of the principal façades disfigure rather than ornament the edifice. They have little to support, and their glaring colour, as contrasted with the free-stone, has a bad effect. On the top of the centre arcade is a triumphal car, to which are harnessed the celebrated Venetian horses. Six bas-reliefs record the memorable events of the campaign of 1805. — The first of these represents the capitulation of the Austrian army, under General Mack, at Ulm — the second, the battle, or rather the victory of Austerlitz — the third, Napoleon's triumphal entry into Vienna — the fourth, the restoration of the King of Bavaria to his capital — the fifth, the humiliating visit of the Emperor of Austria to the head quarters of the French army, after the battle of Austerlitz — the sixth, the peace of Presburg. The inner compartments of the arch are occupied by figures representing the different costumes of the French soldiery, and by allegorical figures, of which a minute

detail may be found in the Guide to Paris. It is highly to the credit of the discipline of the allied armies, that this monument of successful vanity has not sustained the slightest injury. In a time of profound peace, the details of its composition must have been highly offensive to the feelings of many a gallant man. How must we then respect that military system which, in the moment of victory, and, during a two months' occupation of Paris, could check the thousands of hands which would gladly have been raised for its destruction!

At the opening of the Louvre gallery I repaired thither, and continued my study of the paintings and statues, which I had selected as principally worthy of notice. Here I met and conversed with a British officer, who complained that, during the march of our cavalry from the south of France, after the signature of the treaty of peace, the horses and men were not admitted into quarters, but were obliged to *bivouac*. This, I have been since told, was not any extraordinary hardship; but, from some circumstances

which had occurred to my observation since my arrival in Paris, I was prepared to subscribe to the opinion of this officer, that the French were not disposed to be very civil to the English.

As we were provided with a special letter of recommendation to Sir Charles Stuart, the British envoy at the Court of France, we this morning waited on His Excellency, who received us with the utmost politeness, and desired us freely to apply to him, should there be any probability of his being able to facilitate the accomplishment of any of the views which brought us to Paris. From Sir Charles's hotel we went to call on Mons. Langlét, the celebrated Orientalist, with whom we spent some time in inspecting the curiosities of his cabinet, and from whom we obtained much valuable information, with regard to collections of engravings and works of modern art lately executed, or now in progress in the French metropolis. From Mons. Langlét's I went to the Place Vendôme, to examine the grand column substituted by Napoleon for the equestrian statue of Louis XIV., which

was removed by the populace at the commencement of the Revolution. This column is 133 feet in height, and 12 in diameter. In imitation of Trajan's pillar it is adorned by a course of bas reliefs, running in a spiral line, and representing the principal events of the celebrated campaign in which Bonaparte destroyed, apparently for ever, the power of the House of Austria. These bas reliefs are not, however, *cut in stone; they are appropriately* cast in brass, produced from the melting of the cannon taken at the battle of Austerlitz. At each angle of the pedestal stands an eagle in bronze supporting a wreath of laurels. The four faces of the pedestal are richly ornamented with sculptures; and on the south side is a tablet, supported by two female figures, on which is engraved the following inscription:

NAPOLEO. IMP. AUG.
MONUMENTUM BELLI GERMANICI
ANNO MDCCCV
TRIMESTRI SPATIO DUCTV SVO PROFLIGATI
EX AERE CAPTO
GLORIAE EXERCITVS MAXIMI DICAVIT.

On the capital of this column formerly stood a statue of Napoleon, but, in its place, as I have before observed, is now substituted the white flag of the French monarchy.

From the Place Vendôme I went to the *Bibliothéque Royale*, where I employed myself in reading till four o'clock.

After dining at Beldame's I accompanied Mr. Y. to the theatre Français. This was a night of more than common interest, as, by order of the Court, there was to be represented Voltaire's tragedy of *Merope;* the performance of which, it it said, had been interdicted by Bonaparte. On the appearance of the music, the predominant feelings of the audience were soon manifested, by their calling for the airs of *Henry IV.* and *Charmante Gabrielle.* They soon after again burst forth in the opening speech of Isménie, when she says:

"Vous que tant de constance et quinze ans de misère
Font encore plus auguste, et nous rendent plus chèr."

And so excellent was the acting of Merope, that I could not myself help experiencing a kind of thrill, when, in describing the massacre which had taken place at Messenia, she exclaimed—

" J'intends encore ces voix, ces lamentable cris
Ces cris—Sauvez le roi, son epouse et ses fils,
Je vois ces murs sanglans, ces portes embrasées,
Sous ces lambris fumans ces femmes ecrasées,
Ces esclaves fuyans, le tumulte, l'effroi,
Les armes, les flambeaux, la mort autour de moi."

If these lines made such an impression upon my mind, what effect must they have had upon the surviving French loyalists who witnessed the horrors of the 10th of August, 1792?

The following speech was loudly applied to Bonaparte:

" La fière ambition, dont il est devoré
Est inquiète, ardente, et n'a rien de sacré,
S'il chassa les brigands de Pilos et d'Amphrise
S'il a sauvé Messene, il croit l'avoir conquise.
Il agit pour lui seul, il veut tout asservir:
Il touche à la couronne; et pour mieux la ravir.
Il n'est point de rempart que sa main ne renverse
De loix qu'il ne corrompe, et de sang qu'il ne verse."

These and many other appropriate passages were received with enthusiasm by a majority of the audience. But a kind of desperate rally, which was made at the occurrence of other sentiments, evinced that the friends, or rather the partizans of Napoleon, were still in sufficient force to shew themselves in public. The first occurrence of this nature took place at the following speech of Polifonte.

" Un soldat tel que moi peut justement prétendre
A gouverner l'état quand il l'a su défendre.
Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux."

And the most bitter sensation was manifested by many people in all quarters of the house, on the repetition of a striking description of time-serving politicians.

" Non: la porte est livrée à leur troupe cruelle;
Il est environné de la foule infidelle
Des mêmes courtisans que j'ai vus autrefois
S'empresser à ma suite, & ramper sous mes loix."

On Thursday morning June 30th, we repeated our visit to Mr. Langlét's, who favoured us with a particular recommendation to the curator of the extensive

Palais Royal, I went with Mr. Y. to the Odéon. Here, instead of the Italian opera, which we expected, we were treated with a very dull three-act French comedy. This we found so tiresome, that we quitted the theatre before the termination of the first piece, and after making some purchases at a warehouse of philosophical trinkets, we returned to our hotel.

Friday, July 1st. We had this morning the pleasure of a visit from Mons. T. a young gentleman of considerable promise, who, after completing his education in one of Bonaparte's military schools, had lately obtained a lieutenantship of artillery. He had been in Paris when the allies presented themselves before the city, and gave us a very lively picture of the confusion which that event occasioned. The Parisians had been kept in such ignorance by the suppression of all authentic intelligence in the public journals, that they could not believe the fact when they were informed that the enemy were approaching. Many of the incredulous mounted their horses and

rode towards Meaux to make personal enquiries into the real state of affairs. In the course of two or three hours after their departure they were seen galloping back; some of them wounded, and all in the utmost consternation. The boulevards were so crowded with people who were assembled to hear the news, that the troops, ammunition-caissons, and artillery which were perpetually passing, could with difficulty force a way through them: and in a short time dismay was spread over every countenance by the thunder of the cannon, announcing the commencement of the engagement. Mr. T.'s corps was ordered to the heights of Montmartre, on their way to which they met a line of waggons filled with their wounded comrades. Montmartre was furnished only with a single battery of four or five pieces; and in the heat of the action the fresh balls which were supplied to these pieces were found to be of a wrong calibre. This circumstance was imputed to treachery on the part of Marshal Marmont, who, our young soldier informed us, was generally

accused of betraying the cause of Bonaparte, and was on that account regarded with dislike by the great body of the army. I mention this circumstance merely as it was reported to me. In many conversations which I have held with military men, and others in France, the downfall of Bonaparte has been imputed to treason. But after all, I should be inclined to doubt any such assertion. The people at large did not embrace the cause of their Emperor; and when the numerical superiority of the Allies over any force which he could bring into the field is considered, the event of the campaign may be accounted for upon other principles than those of collusion between Napoleon's marshals and Blucher or Schwartzenburg. And in referring to the opinion of the French on this subject, it must be recollected that their pride cannot brook the idea of their capital having fallen into the hands of the enemy in consequence of the ordinary operations of war.

In speaking of the Bourbons, Mr. T. remarked that, their cause would be much

more heartily espoused by the nation at large were the heads of that family more alert and active in body. He said that the army looked up with hope to the Duke de Berri, and lamented the death of the Duke d'Enghien, whose execution had given general disgust, and was by no means approved even by Bonaparte's partizans.

At ten o'clock I went to the Royal Library, and employed myself till one in reading some Latin MSS. of the fifteenth century. At one we dined at Beldame's, and at two went to attend a meeting of the Royal Institute. This learned body now holds its sittings at the *Palais des Beaux Arts* which was formerly known by the appellation of the *College des Quatre Nations*, and is situated on the quai of the same name. The hall of the Institute is a circular room, lighted by a dome. On an elevated platform are placed chairs for the President and two *other persons. The secretary and the* readers occupy a small desk before the chair. The seats appropriated to the members are advanced somewhat more

than half way into the room; the remainder of the area we found occupied by strangers, who are also admitted into two ranges of galleries. The audience, of which a considerable proportion consisted of females, was numerous, well dressed, and apparently very attentive; though the papers read to-day were very recondite, and of course extremely dull. After making some purchases in the evening from a dealer in virtû, of the name of Daval, who resides on the *Quai Malaquais*, we went to the *Academie Royale de Musique*, alias the Grand Opera to see *Jerusalem delivrée*. I say to see it: for the charm of the Grand Opera, this evening, consisted in the spectacle. The music was wretched, comparable only to the bellowing of bulls and the screeching of owls. But the scenery was grand—the machinery astonishingly correct, and the dancing beyond all praise. In one of the scenes which represented the Christians assembled at their devotions in the church of the holy sepulchre, the effect of grouping, and of the intermixture of colours in

costume superior to any thing of the kind I had ever before witnessed. The price of admission into the Pacquet, where we sat, is 3 francs 60 cents.

Saturday, July 2d, in going this morning to the *Bibliotheque Royale*, I saw the front of the church of St. Roche, rue St. Honoré hung with black. On enquiring what was the occasion of this apparatus, I was informed, that a solemn service was about to be performed for the Duke of Massa, grand judge of the kingdom. Having a curiosity to see the ceremony, I followed a crowd into the church, and, in quality of a stranger, was admitted by one of the attendants into the choir. After waiting here for some time, I heard the distant sound of military music. This was the signal of the approach of the funeral procession, which soon after arrived, preceded by about a score of drums and fifes, and flanked by a guard of soldiers, which advancing, lined the choir and the entrance of the church. Among the mourners were Marshal Macdonald, whose daughter had married the deceased, Mar-

shal Oudinot, and Casa Bianca, a cousin of Bonaparte. The procession moved round a magnificent catafalque covered with black cloth, fringed with silver lace, and lighted with a profusion of wax tapers. At the foot of this catafalque was deposited a small box, which I presume contained the heart of the deceased, whose body had previously been conveyed to the Pantheon. The service then commenced, which was performed in a very solemn and impressive manner. The effect which it produced was, however, occasionally impaired by the military presenting arms at the orders of their commanding officer. At the close of the ceremony, the mourners in succession sprinkled holy water with a brush at the foot of the catafalque, and took their leave with a low reverence. This put me in mind of the conclusion of a Roman funeral, as described by Virgil.

> " Idem ter socios purâ circumtulit undâ
> Spargens rore levi et ramo felicis olivæ."

A Swiss gentleman, who sat next to me in the choir, and with whom I had a good deal of conversation before the com-

mencement of the service, remarked to me, that in wresting the Netherlands from France, the Allies had sown the seeds of a new war; that the French were eagerly bent upon a renewal of hostilities against Austria, the conduct of which power was generally reprobated by all parties in the kingdom, especially by the army. He also said that much discontent had been excited against the English by the prisoners of war who had returned from our country, and loudly complained of having suffered much ill treatment during the period of their captivity. As he seemed to appeal to me as to the justice of these complaints, and as I knew nothing of the fact from my own observation, I could only assure him, as I honestly did, that harshness to the unfortunate was not a characteristic of our nation; that long captivity would naturally render men impatient and irritable; and that with regard to the private soldiers, whom we had taken in the course of the war, and who were of necessity confined in prisons, I had heard that in spite of all remonstrance and interference on the

part of our government, many of them had reduced themselves to much misery by their indulgence of a propensity to gaming, which is one of the most striking faults of the French character.

The funeral of the Duke of Massa detained me till the repository of manuscripts in the Royal Library was shut, so I proceeded to that inexhaustible storehouse of elegant amusement, the Louvre, and spent two hours in examining the pictures and statues. Among the former I particularly examined Titian's portrait of his mistress, Raphael's St. Cecilia, and the Evangelist St. Mark, and four other pictures, specimens of bold design and masterly colouring, by Fra Bartalomeo.

After dining at the usual place I went to a bookseller's shop, who, in consideration of a few purchases of some value, permitted me to run over a collection of the political pamphlets, which had been published in Paris since the fall of Bonaparte. These are truly ephemeral productions. I have never met with any thing more contemptible. The attempts

of the French writers to avail themselves of that liberty of the press, of which they have been so long deprived, resembled the awkward gait of a man, who, after wearing heavy irons for a dozen years has suddenly got rid of his shackles. The constraint of some evinced a latent fear of the revival of the dynasty of Napoleon. The apologetic whining, and outrageous loyalty of others, indicated a desperate effort, on the part of their authors, to atone for grievous offences of ancient date against the house of Bourbon. One agent of the Bonapartean regime attempted to demonstrate, that his evil deeds were the result of compulsion; another endeavoured to shift the blame from himself to his partners in iniquity. General principles were little understood, or timidly applied to the incidents of the moment; and in the few publications, which professed to contain narratives of facts written by the principal actors, I was disappointed, finding them full of declamation or evident exaggerations and falsehoods. The only work of merit which I found, was entitled "*Les Remonstrances*

du Parterre, ou Lettre d'un Homme qui n'est rien à tous ceux qui ne sont rien." This pamphlet abounded in good sense, and good temper, and contained very wholesome advice as to the best mode of building the public happiness upon the restoration of the Bourbons.

A little before sun-set I went to the Boulevards. The groupes which were assembled in these beautiful public walks, afforded one of the most striking spectacles which I had seen since my arrival in Paris. So numerous was the assembly which was here collected, that it seemed as if the whole mass of the inhabitants of the city were come out to lounge. In many places the crowd was so great, that it was difficult to move along. Both males and females were in general well dressed for this promenade, and they seemed to be formed into family parties. At one *carrefour* a concourse of people were entertaining themselves, by watching the tricks of a juggler; at the next an assemblage no less numerous, was delighted by the agility of dancing dogs. Here those who had music in their souls,

listened to the strains of an Italian ballad singer; there the noise of a French musician gratified the bad taste of his countrymen. Fiddles, flutes, and various other kinds of instruments succeeded each other at short intervals, and added to the gaiety of the scene. For those who were tired of walking, chairs were provided at the easy rate of one sous per sitting. Hundreds of these were arranged in convenient situations, generally opposite to some Restaurateur's, or to the booth of some vender of lemonade. The latter supplied a cheap and sober refreshment, which was actively distributed by waiters, whose alertness and vigilance in serving their customers, and collecting their dues, were truly astonishing. On the whole I was much gratified by the sight. The Boulevards afford a promenade readily accessible from the very centre of the city, the enjoyment of which must conduce much to the health and comforts of the inhabitants. For want of some such accommodation, the London tradesman is driven to relax himself from the cares of business in a

tavern, whilst his family are left, perhaps, fretful and discontented, at home.

On the morning of Sunday July 3d., we went to the church of *Nôtre Dame* to hear high mass. The service was not, however, performed with its usual grandeur; and the singing was totally spoiled by one ambitious youth in the choir, who, wishing to distinguish himself, screamed most unmercifully, and frequently out of tune. The inside of the church is rich in sculptures, tapestry, and paintings, and the high altar of white marble, ornamented by a bas-relief of the interment of Jesus, is extremely beautiful. But to the faithful, the most interesting portions of the furniture of this church are the identical crown of thorns, which was placed on the head of our Saviour, and a piece of the true cross, both which are deposited in the sacristy. Understanding that a grand mass was to be performed this morning, in honour of St. Peter, at the church of *St. Sulpice*, we left the noisy choristers of *Nôtre Dame* and repaired thither. — The church of *St. Sulpice*, though of Grecian architec-

ture, is truly magnificent. The choir is said to be 89 feet in length, 42 feet in breadth, and 99 feet high. Two large figures in bronze almost overshadow the high altar; and the choir is moreover ornamented by statues of Jesus Christ, St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. John the Evangelist. The building was crowded to excess, especially by women, of which sex many of the chapels were absolutely full. The ceremony was august, and the singing excellent and impressive. At the upper end of the choir sat the bishop of Elvas in his pontifical robes.

In passing from the church of *Nôtre Dame* to that of *St. Sulpice* we looked into the *Morgue*, a receptacle for the bodies of unknown persons, who are killed by accident, or found dead, and are left here, as long as it is judged expedient, to be owned by their friends. We found in it, laid on an inclined platform, the corpses of a man and a young woman, which had the night before been taken out of the river; and we were informed that in consequence of the narrowness of the streets fatal accidents are

so frequent in Paris, that this melancholy repository is seldom untenanted. This evening we visited Mons. T., at whose house we met a family party, consisting of the mother, the widow, and other relatives of one of the most distinguished leaders of the Revolution. For some time, the individual to whom I allude, directed the affairs of France; and had the composition of his character contained some portion of military energy, he might have ascended the throne instead of the scaffold. Reflections on grandeur in prospect, but not attained, did not, however, seem to weigh heavy on the minds of his surviving relations, who appeared to be perfectly happy in an honourable mediocrity of circumstances, which is an evidence of the personal integrity of his administration.

Monday, July 4th, soon after breakfast I received a visit from Mr. Parker, an ecclesiastic of eminence, who is at the head of the Irish College, or the Montague St. Genevieve. In consequence of a letter of recommendation to him from a mutual friend, I experienced from him the most polite

attentions, and liberal offers of his assistance in prosecuting my examination of the curiosities of Paris. When he took his leave I went to the repository of manuscripts in the Royal Library, where I was busily employed in reading till two o'clock. I then adjourned to my place of daily resort, the Gallery of the Louvre, where I spent some time in contemplating Titian's incomparable portrait of Alphonso d'Avalos Marchese del Guasto and his mistress; and Raphael's Transfiguration, and his celebrated groupe, containing the portraits of Leo X. Julio de Medici, afterwards Clement VII., and the Cardinal de Rossi. At four I called upon Mr. B., an English gentleman, who was come to Paris in quality of deputy from a number of merchants, who wished to make some commercial arrangements with the French government. This gentleman, whom I well knew to be singularly observant, intelligent, and active, and who, from his frequent communications with the public offices enjoyed peculiar means of obtaining information as to the state of affairs in France, assured me that I was

correct in my opinion, that the military were in general dissatisfied with the new order of things, and that he had himself heard parties of the *Gardes du Corps*, who had faintly and sulkily repeated, after their officers, "Vive le Roy," at a review on the Carousel, cry with enthusiasm, "Vive l'Empereur," as soon as they had piled their arms at their casernes. He also informed me, that a few days ago a whole regiment, officers and men, had mutinied at Nemours, and had set off on a march to Paris, in full confidence of being joined by the garrison of that city in effecting a counter-revolution — that after proceeding on their way to the metropolis about six hours, their hearts had failed them, and they had marched back to Nemours, whither Marshal Oudinot had instantly repaired, and caused three of the ringleaders to be shot. The King, he said, with his characteristic mildness, wished to have pardoned the offenders; but the Marshal, thinking a severe example was, in this case, absolutely necessary, had over-ruled his opinion. This intelligence was not of

the most pleasant description, as I was well convinced, that in the event of a movement in favour of Napoleon, the English in France would be in considerable danger.

After dining at the Palais Royal, I accompanied Mr. Y. to the *Opera Comique*, rue Feydeau. The price of admission into the parterre of this theatre is two francs, 20 cents. The audience at the *Opera Comique* had not so fashionable an appearance as that which we had seen at the Grand Opera; but both the music and the singing were of a far superior quality to that which we heard at the latter. Two pieces were performed this evening, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and *Zemire et Azor*. During the jealous domination of Bonaparte, the former, on account of the Royalist air of "*O Richard, O mon Roi,*" had been prohibited. It was now revived with great spirit, and was certainly got up in a most excellent style. I even thought that the lady who performed Antonio, was, in some respects, superior to Mrs. Jordan, who, some four or five and twenty years ago threw such interest into

this character on the London stage. A good singer, however, runs great risk of being spoiled by a Parisian audience: for I observed, that when Blondel, who had evidently a delicate taste in music, occasionally deviated into a roar, he was rewarded for his condescension by loud applause. *Zemire et Azor*, it is well known, is the piece which made the fortune of Marmontel. In its composition indeed, he exhausted his poetic fire; or rather, the irregularity of life into which he was seduced during the popularity which accrued to him in consequence of its success, clouded his genius. None of his subsequent dramas are comparable to it.

Tuesday, July 5th. Soon after breakfast we received a note from the secretary of Sir Charles Stewart, informing us that a court would be held this morning, and that if we wished it, His Excellency would do us the honour to present us. This intelligence put us instantly in motion. My "*compagnon de voyage*" hurried away to procure a court-dress. As to myself, I was informed by our *domes-*

tique, who, of course, knew every thing, that as an ecclesiastic I had only to put on my black suit, and to equip myself with shoe-buckles, as shoe-strings were not admitted. At a quarter past eleven we drove in a chariot, which we had hired for the purpose, to the Thuilleries. Being strangers to court arrangements we proceeded directly up stairs, and penetrated into the second anti-chamber, where we found several officers of the palace, and an eager crowd of spectators. On making particular enquiries from one of the former, we were told, that we ought to repair to the *Salle des Ambassadeurs*. It was with some difficulty that we found this *salle*; a low, small, mean-looking room on the ground-floor. In this room, however, were assembled the ambassadors from Russia, Prussia, and the other states of Europe, and their respective *protegés*. Sir Charles Stewart was not yet arrived. Soon after my entrance, I perceived an officer of state, who acted as a kind of master of the ceremonies, eyeing me aside with an air which boded me no good. When

our ambassador made his appearance, this gentleman accosted him, and soon afterwards Sir Charles came up to me and observed to me, that my coat was "*en froc*," and that I could not possibly be presented in that costume. Vexed that my ignorance of forms, and my ill-founded reliance in the superior knowledge of my *domestique* should have betrayed me into an impropriety, I instantly withdrew. Being determined, however, if possible, to pay my respects to *Louis le Desiré*, when I arrived at the great gate of the chateau, I called for our servants, who were luckily in waiting, and mounting our carriage, I drove in all haste to a taylor's at the Palais Royal, where, in a few moments I was correctly equipped. I drove back to the Thuilleries like lightning, and arrived before the "*corps diplomatique*," were summoned into the royal presence. Having once more passed in review I was found completely "*en regle*," — and the master of the ceremonies politely tendered me his excuses for his interference, which, as I assured him in all sincerity, needed no excuses, as

he had done no more than his duty. Bye and bye notice was given that His Majesty was ready to receive us, on which we proceeded between two files of soldiers arranged along the grand staircase, and through a suite of magnificent apartments, into the presence-chamber; where each ambassador presented his countrymen individually, announcing their names from a card, which each handed to him as he advanced in his turn. The King received those who were presented with a bow. When we had passed him we arranged ourselves in a circle, into which he came when the presentations were finished, and, after speaking a few words to some of the ambassadors, he made a general bow, on which we withdrew. Louis was dressed in the uniform of the national guard, and wore the "*cordon bleu.*" He was uncomfortably corpulent, and seemed very infirm in his feet; but his countenance is extremely pleasing, and, if any reliance is to be placed on physiognomy, he is a man of a very benevolent disposition. After the levee was over, Mr. Y. and I

took a ride into the *Bois de Boulogne;* and, after attempting in vain, to gain admittance into *Bagatelle*, which is now restored to its ancient possessor, Monsieur, we returned home by Passy. Passy is one of the most pleasant villages in the environs of Paris. It consists principally of a considerable number of elegant chateaux, surrounded by gardens and pleasure-grounds, and situated on a gentle acclivity, at the bottom of which flows the Seine. Not far from the road-side the foundations of a new building were pointed out to us, which, we were informed, was intended to have been appropriated as the palace of the King of Rome. At a little distance from this building we passed by the bridge of Jena, which was begun by Bonaparte in the year 1806; and yet its decorations were not completed at the time of his deposition. It is a most beautiful structure consisting of five arches of equal size, and the view from its western extremity is terminated by the Ecole Militaire, at the distance of about a mile. To the right of this bridge we saw an extensive

cotton-mill, which was said, however, not to be in a very flourishing condition.

After dinner I drove to the *Salpetriere*. Being informed that, in consequence of the hospital being occupied by wounded soldiers, Dr. Pinel had removed to a temporary residence in the vicinity, I repaired thither, and had the pleasure to find him, after so long an interval as had passed since I had seen him before, looking remarkably well, and highly gratified by the renewal of communication with his friends in England. Returning home in the evening, I went to read the English papers at the caffé de Riche, on the Italian boulevards. After so long a suspension of intelligence from my native country, it was quite a luxury to turn over at leisure the files of the Courier and the Times. The boulevards were as gay and as crowded as usual.

Wednesday, July 6th. Early in the morning, Lieut. T. called upon us to conduct us to the heights of Montmartre. As the sun was already powerful, we went to the foot of the hill in cabriolets, which were opened at the barrier,

and examined by a *douânier*, whose duty it is to prevent the export or import of contraband goods. Quitting our vehicles, we ascended the eminence to the church, a dirty and neglected building, beyond which stands the celebrated telegraph, which for so many years maintained a rapid communication between Paris and the extremities of Italy and Germany. By favour of the keepers we were admitted into the gallery of this edifice, whence we enjoyed a most noble prospect. On one side was visible the whole extent of Paris, Passy, St. Cloud, St. Germaine, and St. Denys. On the other, the extensive plain, which, on the 30th of March, was in a manner covered by the armies of the Allies. Mons. T. pointed out to us the positions respectively occupied by the Russians, the Prussians, the Austrians, and the French, at the commencement of the engagement; and related the vicissitudes of the battle, with all the warmth of one who had shared in the fortunes of the day, and who had so strong an interest in its event. Of course he did not neglect to shew us where his

corps was posted, and to expatiate on the execution they had done on the enemy. And, indeed, we afterwards ascertained, by other testimony, that the division to which he was attached had distinguished itself by the obstinacy of its valour. During the engagement much mischief was of course done to the neighbouring villages, but it is now almost completely repaired; and, in the course of a few days, the dead were all interred, principally in a cemetery at the foot of the hill looking towards the plain. This warlike detail naturally led to a discussion of the character of the marshals, who, we found, are, in general, not by any means popular with the army, who think they betrayed the Emperor. This is a most fortunate circumstance for the Bourbons. The marshals must be to the newly restored dynasty objects of jealousy; and a reasonable diminution of their influence will render them less formidable, while, at the same time, their abilities will, when forced into a proper direction, render them very useful. The telegraph reminding us of the bulletins of the late

Emperor, I found that our conductor could say many of them by heart, and understood from him that their style was much admired by the young soldiery. If this was the case, it could not with truth be said, that they were in the way of imbibing the principles of good taste in composition.

From Montmartre I went to my stated employment among the MSS. of the Royal Library, and at two o'clock proceeded to the Louvre. At the extremity of the square, opposite the entrance into the grand gallery, I had often observed a kind of booth or tent, before which was collected a large crowd. To day I went up to this booth, where I found a mountebank amusing the populace with various grimaces. Among other exploits he fixed a huge pair of blank spectacles to the end of his nose, or rather of his proboscis, over the muscles of which he had such command, that he twisted it so as to move the spectacles in time to a violin, which he scraped with more energy than delicacy of bowing. After playing a number of tricks he made a kind of

proclamation, inviting the spectators to hear a philosophical lecture on the moderate terms of six sous a head. On hearing this invitation I went to examine the contents of some neighbouring book stalls; but soon after, seeing many people enter the booth, I paid my six sous, and making my way into the lecture room was astonished to find my Merry-andrew descanting on the composition of atmospheric air, and demolishing the phlogistic theory. *Ainsi dit le savant Priestley*, he was exclaiming when I entered, *mais moi je suis d'un avis different.* The air of his booth not permitting me long to benefit by the instructions of this laughing philosopher, I left him and spent a pleasant hour among the ancient statues. After dinner I walked along half the extent of the Boulevards to deliver a letter, which I had engaged to convey to a celebrated musical composer. From him I received a dismal account of the situation of Paris after Napoleon's last departure for the army. Commercial confidence was totally annihilated. No property was of value except landed property. Every body

anticipated disastrous tidings; but it was dangerous to give utterance to doubts or fears. The police agents were a perpetual object of dread, and each individual was in awe of his neighbour. Speaking of the horrors of the conscription, he said he had a son of twenty years of age, who had been ballotted and ordered to join his regiment as a private soldier. Unwilling to part with him, he had paid three hundred pounds sterling for a substitute. At the end of three months a fresh summons arrived for his son, in consequence of the substitute's having been killed in battle. A second substitute was procured, and six months after that, the young man was again demanded, as this second substitute had deserted. Rendered desperate by these repeated acts of oppression, he sent his son out of the kingdom; and was happily relieved from his responsibility for so doing by the late successes of the Allies. Who will wonder at the fall of a throne supported by such a system as this? Who will not rather wonder that it should have stood firm so long as it

did?—This evening I spent at the caffé Riche.

Thursday, July 7th, soon after breakfast I accompanied Mr. Y. to pay a visit to Madame B. the wife of a merchant of great respectability with whom he had dined yesterday. I was very much pleased with this lady, who appeared to me happily to unite the ease of the French with the modesty of the English females. On enquiry I found that in point of fact she was a Swisse. Thence I went to deliver a letter of introduction to the Baron—— a member of the legislative body. The street in which his house is situated is narrow and incommodious; and the house itself, in its external appearance, is very unpromising. Its interior, however, is spacious and elegant. This inconsistency perpetually occurs in Paris. The Baron not being at home, I left my credentials and hastened to the palace of the *Corps Legislatif;* but was stopped, at the entrance into the court, by a file of soldiers, whose serjeant informed me that no sitting would be held to day. I then walked on to Daval's, where I made some pur-

chases, and heard from a lady an eloquent, and I believe a well merited eulogium on the conduct of the Russian troops during their residence in Paris. — Among other matters of commendation she observed, that the Russians are the only foreigners who can accomplish the speaking of the French language without a foreign accent. I next walked along the banks of the river to the *Palais de la Justice* with the intention of attending the courts of law, but was disappointed on finding that they were not open. A magistrate, however, was sitting at the office of the *Police Correctionelle*, to decide upon the complaints which were laid before him by the officers of justice, or by private individuals. The business of this office seemed to be conducted with great decorum, which was only interrupted by the irrepressible laughter occasioned by an elaborate harangue, uttered by a man who stammered most wretchedly against one of his female neighbours. Before his complaint was ended, I set off for the *Jardin des Plantés*. On my arrival there the sun

was so powerful that I could not endure to walk upon the burning gravel; so I took shelter in a neighbouring *caffe*, and read the papers till three, when I mounted a cabriolet and drove to Dr. Pinel's, where I was engaged to dine. The Dr. had been so kind as to invite two literary gentlemen to meet me. With this party I spent a very pleasant afternoon. On my way home in the evening, I stopped at the *Odeon*, where I saw a new piece in three acts performed with much ease and elegance.

On the morning of Friday, July 8th, I repeated my call on the Baron. He was at home, and received me in a well furnished library with great politeness. In speaking of public affairs, I observed to him, that I was aware, from the proceedings of the legislative body, that, like the British government, the minister of Louis XVIII. could not immediately proceed to alleviate the weight of taxation. He said it was true, and that unpleasant consequences had arisen from that circumstance — that many people had foolishly flattered themselves, that

on getting rid of Napoleon they would at once be relieved from all their grievances, and that all taxes would be abolished; and that even with regard to reasonable persons, much mischief had been occasioned by a hasty proclamation issued by Monsieur, in which he had classed the "*droits reunis*" with the conscription, and had promised to abrogate both. On mature examination, however, it was found that the "*droits reunis*" were too essential a part of the revenue to be spared; and that the disappointment occasioned by their continuance had given rise to tumults in various parts of the kingdom. It was expected, however, that modifications could be applied to the collection of these duties, by which their real grievance would be in a great measure done away. These "*droits reunis*" are a species of excise laws; and on his questioning me on the subject, I informed him, that, harsh and oppressive as the English excise laws appear to be in the letter, by long habit the system is practically administered in such a manner that the fair dealer has seldom any just

cause to complain. Referring to a proposal on the part of the ministers of Louis XVIII. to submit all pamphlets under thirty sheets in extent to a censorship previously to their publication, I took the liberty to hazard an opinion, that in a state where the laws are duly administered, the liberty of printing might be put upon the same footing as the liberty of carrying a cane, or wearing a sword — that as every body in France was allowed to carry the one or wear the other, but was made responsible to the law if he struck or wounded his neighbour, so the law should not interfere with printing except in case of public or private injury, in which case the party offending should, upon legal conviction, be subject to a punishment proportionable to the enormity of his offence. In this sentiment the Baron did not concur. The French, he said, were too easily roused to action — that at the present crisis unrestrained printing would kindle endless animosities, and would be abused by the enemies of peace and union. In fine, he asked me whether, if a new order of things

were now to be arranged in England, our court would allow of unrestrained printing? I replied that if by the court was meant the Prince Regent and his private advisers, I could not presume to have an opinion upon their views; but that if by that term was meant his responsible ministers, I was confident they would be content to leave the press in its present state; for that such were the changes perpetually occurring in our administration, that the extended interests of ministers were not disjoined from those of the community at large; and that even upon selfish principles, a British minister, who to-morrow may find himself in the ranks of opposition, would not lay any unnecessary restraint on the freedom of the press. I could have wished to have conversed more upon this important topic, but knowing the Baron's time was precious, I took my leave, and went to join Mr. Y. at Daval's. Here taking a fiacre we drove to the *Ecole Militaire*, into which, since the occupation of Paris by the Allies, strangers are not admitted. We could, therefore,

only examine the exterior of the building, and view the *Champ de Mars* in front, and the heights of Passy rising in the distance. I was surprized to see still left over the great gateway the inscription QUARTIER NAPOLEON.

From the *Ecole Militaire* we drove to the *Hopital des Invalides*, where we arrived just at the time when the privates were sitting down to a dinner, which seemed to be plentiful and good. On going through the chapel I no longer saw the standards, which were suspended there in 1802. When I made enquiry about them from the old soldier who had the custody of the dome, he shewed evident marks of chagrin, and with reluctance informed us, that when the day was lost at Montmartre, these trophies of victory had been committed to the flames. In the library we found a number of veteran officers assembled together, and listening to one of their comrades, who was reading to them this morning's *Moniteur*. This we understood was his daily task. I observed that the monotony of his voice, or the influence of a solid

quarto which lay open before him, had lulled to sleep a veteran student, who grievously interrupted the prælector by his snoring. On looking into several of the volumes, I found them marked on the title pages with the imperial eagle. In the midst of the court was a pedestal intended for a statue of Marshal Lasnes, but now destined to support the effigy of Louis XIV. The officers' dining room, into which we looked, held twelve tables, each of which was calculated to accommodate twelve guests. The service consisted of silver plate, which was presented to the mess by the Empress Maria Louisa. The whole establishment of the Invalides consists of 3,500 men, who seem to be systematically well accommodated, and rendered as happy as age and infirmities will permit. In our perambulation, we met with an Irishman who had lost an arm, and who, with characteristic heedlessness told us, that he had formerly belonged to a regiment of British dragoons; that having been taken prisoner in Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna, he had entered into the French service, and that

he had not lost his limb in battle but in a duel, the knowledge of which circumstance would infallibly occasion his expulsion from the *Invalides*.

We next proceeded to the *Musée des Monumens François*, where we spent about three hours with the greatest pleasure. The coolness of the halls and cloisters of the monastery afforded a grateful relief from the heat of the day; and the garden was extremely refreshing, as the acacias and other trees with which it was planted, yielded a welcome shade, sitting under which we contemplated the memorials of elder years. Many additions have been made to the collection of monuments, since I was here before. In the year 1802 the tombs of Abelard and Heloise were simply deposited on the grass-plot in the centre of the garden. They are now removed to a little distance from their former situation, and covered by a kind of sepulchral arch, composed of the ruins of the chapel of the Paraclete, which has a very striking effect. In the interior of the building the most beautiful monuments are those of Francis I.

and of Diana of Poictiers. The collection of painted glass with which the windows of the monastery are ornamented, at once affords a light well suited to the concomitant scenery, and presents a history of the progress of an art which, after being for some time lost, has lately been revived. Of these specimens of ancient skill, the most exquisite occur in the hall of the sixteenth century, which contains five windows, three of which were designed and executed by Jean Cousin. The fourth represents Christ crowned with thorns, after a drawing by Albert Durer, and the fifth the nativity and the circumcision of our Lord, designed by Primaticcio.

In the principal gallery, the story of Cupid and Psyche, represented in thirty-two pictures, copied from the works of Raphael, affords a specimen of the art to which I have never seen any thing superior.

To day we dined by appointment with Mr. Y.'s friend Mr. B. The party was not numerous, but very pleasant. I observed that etiquette calls upon the prin-

cipal guest, on the annunciation of dinner, to conduct the lady of the house to the dining-room. The dinner consisted of several courses, and was well-dressed and elegantly served. At intervals Burgundy and Bourdeaux wines were circulated; but almost immediately after the cloth was removed, coffee and liqueurs were introduced; and at a very early period the ladies withdrew, accompanied by the gentlemen. This arrangement, which in England would be dreadfully heretical, met with my thorough approbation. After living so many days as a bachelor, a dinner *en famille*, and female society, were to me an extraordinary treat. I was therefore highly gratified when, on our rising to take our departure, Mr. Y. and myself were invited to spend the evening with Madame. New guests arriving, some formed themselves into card parties; others inspected a collection of the caricatures *of the day; among which I par*ticularly distinguished one representing the leading French political characters turning their coats. The principal figure

is the Prince of Benevento, who, holding his garment before him, previously to his making the decisive movement, looks anxiously up to a vane, to see which way the wind blows. But to me the chief interest of the evening arose from the conversation of a young French lady, who, without the aid of a master, had acquired a very competent knowledge of many of our best authors. Her treasure of English poetry was Knox's elegant Extracts in verse.

Saturday, July 9th. This day we dedicated to Versailles and the adjacent palaces. Setting off at half past six in a voiture, we passed through the *Champs Elysées*, where, at this early hour, groups of the populace, and battalions of infantry and troops of cavalry, practising military manœuvres, presented among the trees an interesting variety. Leaving the bridge of Jena on the left, we went through Passy, in the neighbourhood of which village the corn appeared to be ready for the sickle. After proceeding for some time, we saw, on our right, the palace and town of St. Cloud, and on the

left Belle-vue. Crossing the Seine by an old bridge, that will soon be replaced by a new one, which is in great forwardness, we drove through Seve without stopping to visit the celebrated manufactory of china. At about half past eight we arrived at Versailles. The streets of this town, once crowded by the carriages of the noblesse, still present an air of desolation. We took our breakfast at the *Hotel du Grand Reservoir*; and having procured a guide, proceeded on our perambulation. We first walked through the principal alleys of the garden to the head of the great canal, and after contemplating for some time the grandeur of the ancient style of laying out pleasure-grounds, we proceeded to the Great Trianon, into which we were admitted by a kind of house-steward, who is appointed to shew it to strangers. This elegant retreat, which consists of various suites of apartments, all situated on the ground floor, is very conveniently arranged and handsomely furnished. Among the curiosities we particularly admired an inlaid table, repre-

senting the twelve signs of the zodiac, made by a deaf and dumb artist, a pupil of the Abbé Sicard — a bas-relief in agate, found in the ruins of Herculaneum, which far surpasses in beauty any thing of the kind that ever fell under my observation, and a table and vase of green Siberian marble, or of chrystallized copper, presented, in the days of their friendship, by the Emperor of Russia to Napoleon. Among a variety of pictures which adorn the apartments, a Venus by Guido is incomparably excellent. The four periods of the day by Vernet are also executed in a masterly style — and the portrait of Madame de Fontagnes, mistress to Louis XV. has all the witchery of life.

From the Grand we extended our walk to the Petit Trianon; and I was glad to find that this retreat of Royalty is no longer disgraced by being the residence of a Restaurateur. It was purchased by Napoleon, and now constitutes a part of the property of the crown. In the French garden I remarked one object of curiosity, which I did not remember to have seen before; namely, a kind of round-

about, level with the ground, fitted with double chairs, calculated to hold eight persons, who can with ease be whirled round by two servants. After lingering for some time in the English garden, which appeared to me to be laid out precisely as it was in 1802, we went into the house, the furniture and decorations of which have lost much of their splendour, which will however be now, in all probability, renewed. Returning to Versailles we visited what our guide represented as the most striking object in the precincts of the garden, viz. the baths of Apollo. These baths consist of an immense artificial grotto and rock, on which are assembled a groupe, composed of Apollo and the nine Muses, and in two recesses, are horses taking shelter. This is altogether a puerile affair. Art is so visible throughout, that the whole has a paltry and insignificant appearance. Again passing along the main terrace to the point of view, whence are seen the canal and the great *jet-d'eau*, the whole bordered with innumerable statues of grand execution, we

went to the *Orangerie*; and inspected the cloisters, into which the trees are removed in the winter months. Hence we proceded to the library, on our way to which, we passed through the iron-gate, where the Duke de Brissac, the Deputy Barnave, and many other distinguished characters were murdered during the Revolution. On going through the suites of rooms, over the doors of which are painted the capital cities of the principal states of Europe, I found that Bonaparte had personally visited every one of these except Constantinople and London. Into the body of the palace we could not gain admittance, as two thousand workmen were employed in refitting it for the reception of the Court, an arrangement, the prospect of which already gives umbrage to the good people of Paris. At dinner, however, we learnt from the demoiselle who waited on us, that the inhabitants of Versailles, on the score of their persevering loyalty, advance great claims upon the patronage of the Bourbons, and particularly pride themselves upon the fact, that they were so much the objects

of dislike to Napoleon, that, whenever he had occasion to pass through their town he always hastened on at full gallop. On my asking this young person how the ladies were affected towards the Emperor, she said, they detested him. — "*Et pourquoi donc, Mademoiselle?*" Her answer was prompt and pithy, — "*Parce qu'il a fait tuer tous nos amans.*"

Having hastily dispatched our dinner, we mounted our voiture and set off for St. Cloud. After passing through Seve, we turned suddenly on our left, through a road skirted by a beautiful wood. This wood is laid out in walks; and, at the lower part of it, we saw a number of little shops or booths, where we were informed, that on certain days of the year a kind of fair and *fête champêtre* are held. At length, making another turn to the left, we ascended a steep hill, at the top of which are the iron-gates that guard the entrance to the palace. Here, when we presented ourselves, the porter, in a very surly tone, refused us admittance. I remonstrated to him, that we were Englishmen; — that our country had afforded

shelter to the Bourbons, when they were banished from all other states; and that, in consideration of our hospitality, we claimed the return of civility when we came to witness their prosperity; and I desired him to go with our compliments, and to state our request of admittance to the officer on duty. This remonstrance had an immediate effect; — the gate was opened; — we walked into the court; — and one of the household of Monsieur soon came forward, to say that the King was at that moment in the palace on a visit to his brother; but that if we would have the patience to wait till he was gone; (and he would not stay more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour), we should be welcome to see the apartments. This quarter of an hour we spent upon the terrace, which commands a most charming prospect. Hence the eye wanders over a district abounding in wood, and watered by the Seine, and rests in the distance, on Paris, bounded on the left by the hill of Montmartre, while, on the right, the dome of the *Invalides*, and that of the *Ecole Mili-*

laire, rise proudly over the circumjacent buildings; and, to add to the beauty of the picture, the horizon is not dimmed by one streak of smoke. What an anxious groupe must have been assembled on this terrace to watch the events of the battle of the 30th of March?

As we were standing on the terrace, the fountains on a sudden began to play, and to diffuse all around a refreshing coolness. This, we were told, was the signal of the King's departure. Following a few of the domestics into the east garden, we soon saw two coaches pass, the one drawn by six, and the other by eight horses. As they were followed by about a dozen guards, we supposed, erroneously, as it afterwards appeared, that they contained the King and his suite, and immediately went to claim entrance into the palace. We were admitted, and were shewn through a few rooms, when we were desired to withdraw, as the King was *passing through* the grand gallery. We accordingly retired into a small room, from which, however, we were soon summoned to resume

our promenade. I cannot call to my recollection the series of these apartments, nor am I competent to describe their brilliancy. Lustres, gilding, rich tapestry, pictures, mirrors, candelabras, every thing united which can give an idea of the union of grandeur and elegance! What exquisite taste has Napoleon evinced in providing accommodations for his successors! The Empress Maria Louisa's bed-chamber is a fairy palace; her boudoir the cabinet of the Graces. I doubt not that the recollection of St. Cloud will give an additional pang to the feelings both of her and her husband when they reflect upon their reverse of fortune.

Returning by Passy we arrived at our hotel late in the evening, a little fatigued, but highly delighted with our excursion.

Sunday, July 10th. Soon after breakfast this morning I was honoured with a visit from the Baron ——. In the course of conversation with this gentleman, as the Moniteur of the day was lying upon the table, I pointed to a speech,

which had been made the day before in the legislative body by one of the members, on the occasion of the death of his colleague; and in which a vain attempt at the pathetic had produced an effusion truly ridiculous. The Baron acknowledged, that such exhibitions were disgraceful to a deliberative assembly. He observed, that during the most *enragé* crisis of the Revolution, the dead were interred without any ceremony; and that at present, running into the other extreme, the *Corps Législatif* had adopted the practice of eulogizing every one of its members who happened to die; and that, as in so large an assembly there must of course be found many whose talents and character were by no means of a superior cast, the panegyrists of the defunct were frequently reduced to great difficulties in the composition of their *eloges*; and were tempted to deviate into bombast and common-place. He also disapproved of the practice of indiscriminately receiving all the books which authors were pleased to present to the assembly, which filled its archives with trash, and debased

its journals by records of unmerited thanks. In this respect, indeed, how striking is the difference between the customs of England and of France! What a sensation of mingled indignation and mirth would be excited in the British public, were the Honorable Mr. Spencer to appear at the bar of the Lower House, to present to the Commons of the United Kingdoms a copy of his "Year of Sorrow;" or were Dr. Mavor to beg their acceptance of his "Latin Grammar! But I have seen recorded, with all gravity, in the *procés verbal* of the *Corps Législatif*, the presentation of an "Ode on the Restoration of the Bourbons;" and the proceedings of August 9th were opened by "*l'hommage d'une production destinée à l'instruction de la la jeunesse, et intitulée l'Abeille Française, par M. l'Abbé Cordier.*"

On my remarking to the Baron, that I had seen at St. Cloud two or three equipages, which presented great inconsistency in their equipments, as they consisted of old and shabby cabriolets, driven by postilions in very splendid liveries, he said that these equipages belonged to

some of the old noblesse, who by the events of the Revolution had been reduced to a pitiable state of poverty; and who, in consequence of the confirmation lately made of all the sales of national property were entirely dependent upon the court. *The circumstances of these* faithful adherents to their fallen fortunes pressed strongly upon the feelings of the Bourbons, who could not possibly provide for them in a manner consonant to their own wishes, or the expectations of the applicants. He said, that in many cases, whilst real merit was silent and modest, time-servers and pretenders were importunately clamorous. The other day a person presented himself to the Abbé Montesquiou, advancing great claims upon the justice and the generosity of *Louis le Desiré.* He had been the friend of the Royal cause during the worst of times, — the Bourbon family had always had his wishes and his prayers for their welfare — and he had been the most earnest of all their adherents in longing for their restoration. "*Mais Monsieur*" said the Abbé Montesquiou, who had

never heard of him before "*Qu'est que vous avez fait?*" — "*Moi Monsieur*" replied this ardent loyalist, "*j'ai resté toujours tranquille.*" — "*Eh bien, continuez donc, Monsieur à rester tranquille,*" was the rejoinder of the minister, who was, no doubt, happy to get rid of so troublesome a petitioner by a *bon mot.*

In consequence of the horrors of the Revolution, which had destroyed, or driven into exile so many thousands of the ministers of religion, and the subsequent embarrassments which obstructed the process of education, learning, the Baron said, was at a low ebb among the clergy, whose labours are at present but scantily remunerated from the public treasury. The revenues of a bishopric do not average more than six hundred pounds sterling per annum. On my inquiring why such hard measure was dealt to Cardinal Maury, who had defended the cause of the Bourbons in the most stormy periods of the Revolution, and had not given it up to make his peace with the existing powers till it seemed to be hopeless, he informed me, that His

Eminence was sunk by the worthlessness of his private character, which was so indifferent, and his conduct so indecorous, that neither the Pope nor the King could possibly countenance him. He had been patronised by Bonaparte, on account of his abilities, for that Napoleon tried every expedient to win men of talents over to his party. If they accepted his overtures, they were rapidly promoted in their several departments: but if they declined furthering his views, or administering to his vanity, they became objects of persecution. This the Baron illustrated in the history of a popular parish-priest, whose name I do not recollect. The ecclesiastic, who was celebrated as a preacher, had, upon various occasions in his public discourses, intermixed traits of eloquence which seemed to be, obliquely at least, directed against the Emperor. Far from resenting this, in the first instance, Bonaparte sent for him to the Thuilleries, and, after paying him many compliments, intimated a wish to enrol him among the number of his friends. By these attentions the preju-

dices of the sacred orator were subdued; and for some time he became the panegyrist of Bonaparte; and, in return for his complaisance, was remunerated by considerable church preferment. But, upon some unlucky occasion, reverting to his old habits; and, in a sermon during Lent, saying something to the disparagement of His Imperial Majesty, he was suddenly seized by order of government, and shut up in a lunatic asylum, where he was detained till he was convinced, that it was not only heresy but madness to impugn the proceedings of the powers that be. Of all the men of abilities who had figured upon the stage of the Revolution, Carnot had been the most steady in his opposition to Bonaparte. He had voted against his being appointed Consul for life; and had declared his disapprobation of his assumption of the Imperial dignity. His carriage, however, had won the respect of Napoleon, who had suffered him to live in unmolested retirement. But when the Allies had entered France, and Bonaparte was surrounded by difficulties, he addressed to him a letter,

in which, after reminding him that, in the days of his splendor and prosperity, he had studiously kept aloof from him; he declared that he was ready to render him his best services in the season of his distress. It is an instance of the decision of Bonaparte's character, that in consequence of this letter, he entrusted the man, who had so long been his declared enemy, with the defence of the important city of Antwerp.

At noon I attended service at the Protestant church, which is situated near the Old Louvre. The building is a large one of Grecian architecture. The order of the service is, in almost all respects, similar to that of the Church of Scotland, or of the Protestant dissenters in England. The minister, Mons. Marron, is, as his cross denoted, a member of the legion of honour. His discourse was eloquent, but not profound. He did not speak extemporé, but read both his prayers and his sermon; in the delivery of the latter, he used, with a good deal of management, much appropriate gesticulation. The singing was mean and drawling, though

it was assisted by a well-toned organ. Much decency of deportment was observed by the audience, which appeared to be composed of the middle orders of the community. Towards the close of the service, the preacher gave notice, that an English sermon would be preached in the evening, by a Mr. Smith, in the Protestant church, rue St. Antoine.

When Mons. Marron had dismissed his congregation, I went to walk in the garden of the Thuilleries. On my way thither, I found the Carousel occupied by several squadrons of cavalry, who were passing in review. The spectacle was very brilliant. As to the quality of the troops I can say nothing, only that the horses, though active, appeared to me to be very slight. When the reviewing general passed along the line, the officers cried "Vive le Roi," but this cry was re-echoed by very few of the men; the great majority of whom maintained a sulky silence.

After the troops were dismissed, with some difficulty I penetrated to the gardens, where I found a tolerably large

groupe, principally composed of elderly people, who were anxiously waiting to catch a glimpse of their King on his return from mass. Whether they were gratified I know not, as without stopping I passed on to enjoy the coolness diffused by the fountains, which were all playing in honour of the day. The walks on the right were crowded with people, among whom, the brilliancy of their scarlet uniforms, soon attracted my attention to three British officers. I was disgusted at observing, that as these gentlemen passed and repassed, they were stared at and examined by the Parisians in a manner which I thought very offensive; and as I moved in the crowd, at a little distance, I heard many flippant and unhandsome remarks made upon them, and my countrymen in general. Whatever may have been the case in former times, good breeding is not now the characteristic even of well-dressed Frenchmen, and Englishmen are far from being popular in this metropolis.

Having walked for two hours I went to the Palais Royal to dine. On my way

thither I found in the Carousel the following notice of cheap living. "*Au numéro* 5, *rue St. Thomas, pour* 25 *sous on donne potage,* 3 *plats à choix, dessert, petite verre d'eau de vie. Ou un dessert, pain, un carafon de bon vin, ou une bouteille de bierre.*"

While I was at dinner there suddenly came on a shower of rain, which descended like a bursting water-spout. As it occurred without any previous indication of its approach, it fell, without notice, upon the motley crowds who were assembled in the gardens of the Palais Royal, who fled in all directions, to the no small amusement of those who, like myself, enjoyed the "*suave mari magno*" from the windows of the Restaurateur. This incident prevented me from attending, as it was my intention to have done, to hear the English sermon of Mr. Smith; so, after reading the London newspapers at Riche's, I returned at an early hour to our hotel.

Monday, July 11th. As I was well aware, that on my return home, my female acquaintance would ask a thousand

questions, more than I could answer, with respect to the French fashions, and wishing to gratify the curiosity of certain of my fair friends, on this most important topic, I purchased at a print shop, in the rue *Neuves des Pétits Champs*, twenty-four neatly executed prints of the prevailing costume of the Parisian *belles*. Among other engravings which were here exposed to sale, I observed a caricature of Bonaparte, taking a lesson on dignity of manner from Talma. In this print, the tall and well-proportioned actor is represented standing in an easy and graceful attitude; in endeavouring to imitate which, the little Emperor twists his diminutive body into a violent contortion. I asked the print-seller how he would dispose of his stock of this caricature, when Napoleon was re-established upon the throne. He turned pale at the very idea of this event, and said, "Woe be to us if he should ever return." After amusing myself some time with this man's collection, I proceeded to the library, where I employed myself in making out a catalogue

of manuscript letters of Poggio Bracciolini, hitherto inedited, which I wished to get copied. Thence I went to the Palais Royal, and in passing, was not a little amused on observing, on one of the pillars of the Theatre Français, the following attempt at an English advertisement, — "Hardy Cook, living to the Louvre on the West Gate un der the vestibule, old emplacement of late M. Kolliker. He will serve you with list, and he has parlours and privates rooms, receives Society, and has always some Shoucroute and Disters of Caucale. Nota he as wines of Bordeaux firts quality." This elaborate *affiche* did not, however, seduce me from Beldame's, where I dined as usual. After dinner, I called at a jeweller's under one of the piazzas of the Palais-Royal, and purchased a *croix d'honneur*, formerly given by Napoleon, a few of which were exhibited for sale in the window of the shop. When I had concluded my bargain with Madame la Marchande, who charged me only one-third more than its value, a dark-visaged gentleman who was present, took out his

pocket-book, and producing from it a cross, somewhat larger than that which I had bought, said, with emotion, "this I received from the Emperor's own hand;" and immediately commenced an harangue in commendation of Bonaparte. This harangue was, by no means approved by the lady, who reprobated the anti-commercial system of Napoleon, which, she said, would, had he not been deposed, have soon involved France in utter ruin. She also animadverted, with severity upon the spirit of plunder and devastation that he had infused into the French troops, which, she observed, had drawn down upon her countrymen the hatred of all the countries in which they had carried on military operations. This drew from her ungallant antagonist a severe philippic against tradesfolks of all descriptions, whom he seemed to regard as born only to supply the wants of the soldiery. He commanded a company of foot, he said — and what was a whole district of *bourgeosie* to him in comparison with his comrades. If the *bourgeosie* fed and lodged

them with a good grace — well. But, if they refused to provide for their wants, they should feel the visitation of free quarters. It is impossible to describe the horrible grimaces which were the appropriate accompaniment of these sentiments, which have for so many years been the principles of action of the French army. On my opening my pocket-book to deposit my purchase in it, I observed his eye glance with curiosity on a rouleau of bank of England notes, out of which I selected a most superlatively dirty and ragged one, and told him that this was the index of England's prosperity — that it was almost our only circulating medium, by virtue of which we had withstood all the power of Bonaparte, and finally hurled him from his throne. The soldier gazed on the filthy remnant with stupid astonishment — but the lady, with a degree of philosophy which would have excited the applause of Mr. Vansittart, had he been present, said, "All depends upon confidence. You cannot eat paper any more than gold; and if

the public faithfully agree that this paper shall represent so much provision, it is all well."

After dinner I accompanied Mr. Y. to the *Théatre Francois*. Two pieces were represented this evening. The first was *Edouard en Ecosse*, a serious drama, founded on the adventures of the Pretender, after the battle of Culloden. The incidents of the story of course gave rise to many speeches on the subject of hereditary claims which were loudly applauded. Abuse of the house of Hanover did not, however, sound grateful to English ears, and the play was on the whole dull and monotonous, like the Royal Oak and similar compositions, depending for success upon the striking situations into which the characters are occasionally thrown, and upon sentiments which suit the feelings of the day. *Edouard en Ecosse* was followed by the *Plaideurs* of Racine. This is one of those works which will live for ever. In it nature is pourtrayed in the most lively colours, and satire is employed for the noblest purpose, the correction of

folly and the reformation of abuse. It was performed in a capital style; and the liveliness of the audience, from its commencement to its close, evinced the deep interest which this ancient stock piece still excites in a Parisian theatre.

Tuesday, July 12th. At ten o'clock I went to the Royal Library, where I had the pleasure to meet Mons. Langles, who, with his usual politeness, made an arrangement for the purpose of procuring Mr. Y. a sight of the Royal collection of Drawings, at present under the care of the celebrated Mons. Denon. Thence I drove to the *Bureau de la Police*, where, on my application, the passport with which I had come to France was restored to me. To enable me to return to England this passport was to be countersigned by the Prince de Benevento. I accordingly hastened with it to the office of Foreign Affairs, and was directed to leave it till to-morrow, when I was assured that, on paying ten franks, I should receive it with the proper endorsement. Here I was joined by Mr. Y. who accompani-

ed me to the *Gobelines*, into which, however, we could not gain admittance, as we were not provided with tickets from the director of the manufactory, and had arrived after the hour when it is open to strangers. We therefore went forward to the *Rue des Postes* where I made a farewell call upon my friend the veteran Pince, and then proceeded to the *Jardin des Plantes*. We first walked down the main alley to observe the general disposition of the garden, which appears to be at once magnificent and convenient. A variety of conservatories contain the plants which require a climate still more genial than that of France; and a large pond, supplied with water from the river, forms a receptacle for the aquatic plants. Proceeding through a grove situated at the bottom of a gentle acclivity, we saw a fine cedar tree, which we were told was planted by Jussieu. Thence we proceeded to the *Menagerie*. Here we were astonished to see the neatness and comfort with which the different animals are accommodated. Of course, the ferocious beasts are closely confined;

but their dens are spacious, and kept scrupulously clean. The tame quadrupeds are kept in separate enclosures, in each of which is a thatched shed or cottage, to which at their pleasure they retire for shelter. As these cottages are all of different forms, and as the enclosures are made in the midst of trees of different growths, the various species of deer, sheep, goats, and horned cattle, all seeming in their appropriate abodes to enjoy their existence, constitute a singular and interesting picture. Round a paddock secured by strong beams of timber a crowd was assembled waiting for the appearance of an elephant, who had retreated into his castle, whence his keeper at length summoning him, he eyed the multitude with all the appearance of contemptuous indifference. In another enclosure a collection of monkies seemed, by their grinning and chattering, to be quite at home in Paris — and in two large areas sunk deep in the ground, and well fenced with armed rails, four or five bears, mounting up knotted posts with an activity, which,

contrasted with their clumsy snake, was truly astonishing, afforded an infinite fund of amusement to the spectators.

Our conductor lamented that we had visited the garden on a day when it was open to the populace of Paris. To me, however, this circumstance was no subject of sorrow, as in my view the various emotions, manœuvres, and contorsions of the spectators constituted a very amusing part of the show.

Quitting the wild beasts we visited the Museum of Anatomy. Here the first object pointed out to us was the skeleton of the assassin of General Kleber. This wretched enthusiast was impaled alive, and though two of his lower vertebræ were broken by the stake, he lived in torture for some hours. His calcined bones too well attest the ferocity with which his executioners burnt the flesh from the hand which committed the murder, by which he sought to avenge the wrongs inflicted on his country. It becomes the policy and the humanity of the French to remove this memorial of their cruelty, which tends only to preserve the remembrance

of their disgrace, and to brutalize the minds of the spectators. The most remarkable object which I saw in this collection was the skeleton of a Cameleopardalis. It does not as yet possess any of the bones of the Mammoth.

On leaving the Botanic Garden we were struck with the beauty of the bridge of Austerlitz, which stands opposite to its principal entrance, and forms a communication between this quarter and the boulevard Bourdon. This bridge, as its name imports, was constructed by Napoleon. Its piers are of stone, but its arches are formed of iron, and have a lightsome air which produces a handsome effect.

We now proceeded to the house of a dealer in drawings, and looked over a collection of designs of the ancient masters; several of which were excellent in point of execution, and in high preservation. We then dined at a restaurateur's opposite to the palace of the Luxembourg. From the windows of the cabaret where our *couvert* was served, we saw the breaking up of the Chamber of Peers, whose

costume and equipages constituted a much more splendid shew than we had witnessed even at the Court. In the evening we attended at the Grand Opera. The opera was *Alceste*; — the music, as usual, horribly loud and bad; — the decorations and dancing excellent. The ballet was the *Dansomanie*, in which Madame Gardel and Vestris excited and merited the applause of a most attentive multitude of spectators. As nothing can afford a more striking, and, at the same time, a more amusing proof of the importance which is attached, in this country, to the art of dancing, than the self-satisfied and consequential preface prefixed by the author to the *programme* of this *Folie Pantomime*, I will transcribe it for the edification of my readers:

" *Depuis le 5 Mars* 1793 (*v. s.*) *époque à laquelle j'ai donné mon dernier ouvrage* (*le Ballet de Paris*) *je suis resté dans une apparente oisiveté. Je m'en suis mille fois désespéré; mes amis s'en sont plaints; d'autres personnes m'ont denoncé comme coupable de stérilité. J'ai opposé à mon désespoir, ma raison* (*c'est peu*); *aux*

plaintes de mes amis, les motifs de de cette oisiveté (c'est assez) ; et j'ai laissé parler et écrire les autres (c'est beaucoup). Mais enfin, arrivé au moment de soumettre une de mes nouvelles productions aux lumières du public, je lui dois toute la vérité ; je profite donc de cette circonstance pour lui assurer que, pénétré des encouragemens qu'il a bien voulu me donner dans les differens essais que je lui ai presentés, je me serois jugé moi-même indigne de ses bontés, si j'avois négligé de faire de nouvelles tentatives pour les mériter réellement. Je n'ai donc cessé de travailler, et malgré toutes les difficultés qu'une infinité de circonstances pourront peut-être encore m'offrir, je travaillerai toujours. Déjà mes travaux m'ont valu quatre ouvrages reçus par les diverses administrations, indépendamment de plusieurs autres que gémissent en porte-feuille, de leur inutilité. Cependant me voilà affiché : est-ce un ballet que je vais présenter ? Non ; c'est une plaisanterie, une véritable bluette, un rien ; sans autre espèce de prétention que celle d'offrir, sous le masque de la gaieté, les graces et les divins talens que le Public chérit à tant de titres. Je lui

demande justice pour eux, et pour moi je reclame toute son indulgence."

Wednesday, July 13th. At ten o'clock Mr. Y. accompanied me to the *Bibliothéque Royale*, where we were received by Mons. Langlés. Under his auspices we were permitted minutely to examine the *Heures*, or Prayer-book of Louis XIV. and that of Anne of Austria, both MSS. in vellum, and enriched with illuminations and miniature paintings of the most exquisite execution. But more than these I prized a sight of Petrarch's celebrated MS. copy of Virgil, in which is inscribed his note on Laura. This MS. is a folio, very distinctly written, and in fine preservation. It was formerly deposited in the Ambrogian Library at Milan, but was conveyed from thence by Bonaparte, as one of the most precious spoils of war. I was next admitted into the cabinet of Coins and Medals, which, as it is well known, is the most extensive and the most valuable existing in the world. The whole of these treasures of antiquity was offered to my inspection; but I restricted myself to the copper coins of the Roman Empire,

in examining which I was aided by one of the attendants, who acted in the double capacity of curator and interpreter. It would ill become me to forego this occasion of publickly acknowledging the friendly zeal with which this gentleman, when he found that I took an interest in the medallic science, aided my researches, and pointed out to me the pieces which were particularly worthy of observation on account of their rarity, or the excellence of their preservation.

From the library we went to the shop of De Bure the bookseller, which consists of a range of apartments retired from the street, and on one side commanding the view of a well planted garden. Here we made some purchases at a very reasonable rate. Books of all descriptions are much cheaper in France than in England, where as M. de Bure observed, the prices are become intolerable to people of moderate fortunes.

Thursday, July 14, for some years after the commencement of the Revolution, this day was observed as a high festival in commemoration of the taking of

the Bastille. It is now marked in the Court Calendar with an "*excidat ille dies ævo.*"

I past the former part of the morning at the Library. At noon Mr. Y. and I went to attend a sitting of the Legislative Body. On our entrance into the great gateway, we were stopped by a military guard, but on our announcing ourselves as Englishmen were permitted to proceed. We then made our way into an anti-room, when a door-keeper dressed in livery told us we could not be admitted into the gallery without tickets; but on my observing to him, that my friend the Baron —— had informed me that tickets were not necessary, he opened a door and introduced us into the body of the hall. Here we found two or three members of the *Corps Législatif*, and about half a dozen ladies. The hall is a very handsome room in the form of an half oval. It is ornamented with six statues, representing Lycurgus, Solon, Demosthenes, Brutus, Cato, and Cicero. Under the president's chair are two figures in bas-relief of History and Renown.

Immediately below the president are stools appointed for the *huissiers*. One or two benches, covered with blue leather, are appropriated to such of the King's ministers as may have occasion to attend the assembly. On the entrance of several members, clothed in their full costume, a blue coat ornamented with gold lace, we withdrew into the gallery, the front bench of which was reserved for the ladies. When the president had taken his chair, he gave notice of the commencement of business by ringing a bell. The *procés verbal* of the last sitting was then read, and the presentation of two or three pamphlets was announced. A member then rose, walked across the room, and ascending the tribune, read a speech proposing a free import and export of commodities into France, which was received with murmurs of disapprobation. When the orator, if orator he might be called, had finished by a motion, one or two members rose, and waddling across the floor, mounted the rostrum in succession, and said a very few words, after which the question was

put, and it was almost unanimously agreed, that "there was no room to deliberate" upon the proposition which had been just made. The president then proceeded to read the result of several ballots for committees, after which he terminated the sitting. Though this day's proceedings were far from being interesting, there was such a disposition to tumult among the members, that the president was obliged two or three times to reduce them to order by ringing his bell. The reading of speeches has a very flat effect, and the transit from the benches to the tribune must tend to damp a speaker's fire. Many years must elapse before the *Corps Législatif* of France, will emulate the well regulated activity and promptitude of our House of Commons.

From the *Corps Législatif*, we went to the Luxembourg for the purpose of viewing the chamber, in which the peers hold their assemblies. Entrance was at first refused us, but a little importunity at length obtained us admittance. After passing through a large hall, we arrived

at the grand staircase, which is very magnificent and handsome. We were surprized to find it decorated by statues of Vergniaux, Barnave, and Mirabeau, upon which the Ex-emperor must have looked with no friendly eye. Those of Hoche and Kléber were no doubt erected by his special order. After traversing a spacious anti room we entered the Chamber of the Peers. Here the first object which attracted our attention was the throne, still supported by the imperial eagles, highly gilt and ornamented. To the right and left stood chairs, which are occasionally occupied by the great officers of state. The peers are also provided with chairs covered with red velvet, which occupy the body of the room. On the pannels of the chamber are arranged immense pictures, the subjects of which are the warlike exploits of Napoleon. These pictures are now, preparatory to their removal, carefully covered with green baize. Beyond the hall of assembly are three committee rooms, the furniture of which consists of blue velvet. The whole range of these cham-

bers is worthy the nobility of a mighty kingdom. In splendour and elegance of decoration they are only second to St. Cloud.

From the Luxembourg we proceeded to the church of the Pantheon. This is celebrated as one of the most classical edifices in Paris. Its portico is magnificent, its dome grand and lightsome, and its interior at once vast and simple in its ordonnance. On an entablature on the pediment of the portico is the following inscription, AVX GRANDS HOMMES LA PATRIE RECONNOISSANTE. According to the tenour of this inscription the vaults underneath the church are appropriated to the reception of the remains of men of distinguished merit. We descended into these gloomy repositories, when I saw the tombs of many "great men," of whom I had never heard before. In one of the arcades, our guide pointed out to us the cenotaphs of Rousseau and Voltaire. The position of these cenotaphs is certainly not the most happy. Consecrated

precincts are by no means an appropriate receptacle for a monument, erected in honour of the contemner of revealed religion; and the Isle of Poplars is a much more suitable resort for the departed spirit of the enthusiastic admirer of nature, than the dank gloominess of a catacomb. Two priests who had joined the party and accompanied us in our visit to the mansions of the dead, evidently contemplated the memorials of these arch-heretics with sentiments of alarm and disgust.

We dined to-day at our hotel, and my passport being arrived, I took my place in the diligence, which was to set out the next day for Rouen, and spent the evening in making preparations for my journey home.

At five o'clock in the morning of Friday, July 15th, I took my seat in the Rouen diligence, in which I had the good fortune to meet with three very agreeable travelling companions, whose conversation beguiled the tediousness of the journey. Our route lay through St.

Denis, Pontoise, Magny, Bourge-Baudoin, and Forge Ferette. This route is by no means so interesting as that by Vernon and St. Germaine, which circumstance diminished the regret which I experienced at the idea of being boxed up in the moving dungeon of a French stage coach. We arrived at Rouen in the evening; and early on the ensuing morning, Saturday, July 16th, I proceeded to Dieppe. This journey I made alone in a cabriolet, in which post horses conveyed me at the rate of seven English miles an hour. At the gates of Dieppe my passport was examined by the corporal of the guard, and on its being found perfectly regular I was allowed to proceed to the *Hôtel des Paquebot*, when I was instantly recognized and received with a landlord's welcome by Mons. Roland. Nearly opposite to the windows of my dining room lay a packet boat, in which I took my passage. The captain proposed sailing at nine o'clock in the evening. At about seven, as I was lounging on the quay in profound meditation, I was awakened from my reverie

by an acquaintance who had just arrived from England, and who gratified me by the communication of some interesting news, both domestic and political. As on my voyage to France I had experienced the inconvenience of neglecting to secure a birth, at nine o'clock I repaired on board our vessel, and retired to bed, where I soon fell fast asleep. At four in the morning I awoke, and hastening on deck to observe what progress we had made, was astonished to find that we were still moored in the dock of Dieppe. Neither the captain nor any of his crew were visible; but I learnt from a custom-house officer who was appointed to watch the packet, in order to prevent the introduction of contraband goods, that as the evening was rather stormy, it was not thought advisable to pass the jetty till this morning's tide. At five o'clock I quitted the vessel and amused myself with attending the early parade of two battalions of foot which constitute part of the garrison. I next took a farewell view of the churches, and after breakfast-

ing at Roland's, I once more repaired to the packet, which was towed out of the harbour at about half past ten o'clock. The wind was fair, but very light; and in the afternoon we had nearly a dead calm. We had, however, a roomy boat and intelligent company; so with the occasional aid of a book I passed the time very pleasantly. After sleeping another night on board, I arrived at about three in the afternoon of Monday, July 18th, at Brighton, from whence I proceeded without loss of time, by way of London to Liverpool.

On my arrival in London I was informed by my friends, that many Englishmen who had visited Paris since the peace, had returned home extremely disappointed in the expectation of pleasure, which had induced them to cross the Channel. The experience of these individuals does not, however, at all accord with mine. During my stay in the French metropolis I spent my time most agreeably; and I shall ever look back upon the excursion with sentiments of high satisfaction. As

to many of my countrymen who are displeased with France, I cannot help thinking that the fault is in themselves. Unreasonable expectations are ever mortified. One man finds no carpets on the floors of the French Inns, and he instantly exclaims that on the continent comfort is unknown. Another meets with a dish to which he is a stranger — he reconnoitres it, as if he were in fear of poison — he just tastes and does not like it — and then curses the French cookery by the hour. A third discovers, after some pains-taking, that the wine of the country will sooner disorder his bowels than his head, and he becomes absolutely outrageous. Multitudes are ignorant of the French language; and, too proud to set about learning it, they make their way through the public spectacles of Paris by the aid of a *valet de place*, who has a smattering of English; and when they return home they declare that the metropolis of France furnishes no good society. People of this character would do well to stay at home, and

delegate the employment of travelling to men of moderate views. These will acknowledge that on the route to Paris either by Calais or Dieppe, they find good apartments, clean beds, good wine; and if they are not absolutely bigotted to beef stakes—good cookery. In Paris a man may live as he pleases. He may dine at his pleasure for two louis or for twenty-five sous. Lodgings also may be had of various prices, according to the views and the purse of the traveller; but it may be observed, that from time immemorial, lodgings have, in Paris, been for their quality estimated as rather dear. The public amusements of this metropolis have been so long and so loudly celebrated, that it is superfluous to remark, they afford, for every unemployed evening, a cheap and an elegant amusement.

To the man of letters, Paris is a most eligible residence. The stores of its public libraries, especially of the *Bibliothéque Royale*, afford him an exhaustless fund of materials for study. The faci-

lity of access to these treasures of knowledge claims the thankful acknowledgement even of the transient visitor; much more so must it excite the grateful applause of those who, devoting themselves to some special literary object, are indulged with the free use of the most precious documents, and are aided in their researches by the liberality of some of the first scholars of the age.

Not less powerful is the charm which attracts the lover of the fine arts to the metropolis of France. Here is established the public school of the world for the study of painting and sculpture. Here the man of liberal education contemplates those forms which have been depicted to his fancy in early life — and the artist acquires those practical lessons which are only to be obtained by minute examination of the works of the most distinguished masters. If the attracting of multitudes of wealthy and ingenious strangers to the capital of a great kingdom, be at all conducive to public prosperity, or diffusive fame, the transporta-

tion of the reliques of art and of the choicest paintings in Europe to Paris, was not merely the work of vanity — it was a master-stroke of policy.

As I slowly paced the gallery of the Louvre, my attention was occasionally abstracted from the wonders with which I was surrounded by speculations upon the probable duration of the period when an Englishman will be able to visit these repositories of taste in the character of a friend and an ally. The pursuit of these speculations leads to a wide field of thoughts. The solving of the problem will, in the first place, depend upon the settlement of a preliminary enquiry: Will the government of the Bourbons be stable? And from every thing that I could observe during my visit to France, I am persuaded that the stability of the Bourbon dynasty will depend entirely upon the conduct of the heads of that illustrious house, and that they have not altogether an easy game to play. The allegiance of the great body of the army is more than doubtful. The troops are generally disaffected to them. I under-

stand also, that in consequence of their confirmation of the sales of confiscated property, the loyalty of the ancient noblesse toward them is much impaired; and with regard to the mass of the people, the enthusiasm in favour of Louis XVIII. of which we read so much in the Moniteur, appears merely on paper. Still, however, the mass of the people are friendly to the Bourbons. They were so oppressed by Bonaparte; and the conscription, in particular, made such inroads upon their domestic comforts, that though their joy is by no means extravagant, they are glad to see the throne filled by a monarch of a mild disposition, and a pacific character. It is to this quarter, then, that Louis must look for support. He must cherish his people—he must foster their arts, their commerce, and their manufactures. I will further observe, that if he would wish to establish his throne upon a lasting foundation, he will do well to restrain notorious vices in his court, and to avoid, as his greatest bane, the scan-

dal of pecuniary extravagance. The follies of Louis XV. are not forgotten, and the people of France shew every disposition to revolt against unreasonable taxation. If any question should unfortunately arise between his people and himself, Louis XVIII. cannot rely upon the support of the army. Precluded then from governing by force, he can only govern by influence. And that influence is not to be maintained by a priesthood, who have as yet no hold upon the public mind, but by prudence of personal conduct, and by wise and lenient measures of administration. Now, as far as personal character is concerned, it may be justly expected, that the present monarch will regulate his reign by these principles: and when it is considered that the interest of the marshals is now strictly united to those of the present dynasty; that the Peers also, and the *Corps Législatif* have irretrievably committed themselves in the same cause, we may conclude, that the House of Bourbon enjoys

a reasonable prospect of swaying the sceptre of France for some generations to come.

But the prospect of the continuance of peace is affected by another circumstance, namely, the disposition of the people of France. And I am sorry to state that I did not perceive in them any due sense of the blessings of public tranquillity. The minds of the army, both officers and privates are bent upon violence and rapine, and they care not upon whom these are exercised. Their notions of warfare are not modified by the chivalrous spirit of modern times. They have even little regard for the welfare of their country. Plunder and promotion are the main articles of their creed; and they are ready to draw the sword without enquiring against whom. Nor are the bulk of the people chastised into wisdom by the events which have lately occurred to humble them. They cannot be persuaded that any of the ordinary occurrences of war could have exposed the French arms to disaster and defeat. Their

language already begins to be lofty, and the nation at large seems to wish for an opportunity of redeeming the military credit, which, though they are too proud to acknowledge it, they are conscious they have lost. The animosity both of the army and the people is most inveterate against Austria, which power they loudly accuse of treachery and cupidity, political vices which they, very consistently, no doubt, avow their wish to punish and restrain. On England also they look with an evil eye. They cannot bear to think of our naval power, and they contemplate with all the jealousy of rivalry our commercial prosperity. The complaints of the prisoners of war whom we have lately dismissed in such numbers, are too readily listened to, and aggravate feelings in themselves sufficiently turbulent. Upon the whole then, I cannot help fearing that the halcyon days, which in the imagination of so many worthy men lately followed each other in endless succession, will not be of so long duration as has been expected. Where

much inflammable matter is collected, the smallest spark may produce an extensive conflagration. The ensuing congress will constitute the most important period in the history of modern times. Nothing but the most consummate prudence on the part of the negociators, who will be there assembled, can long protract the revival of the horrors of war.

ERRATA.

P. 109, L. 14, *for* Madame la Valieu, *read* Madame la Valiere.
139, 16, *for* circles, *read* circle.
142, 11, *for* Pôtes, *read* Tôtes.
153, 18, *for* of pillory, *read* of the pillory.
175, 7, *for* Beauve, *read* Beaune.
177, 11, *for* time, *read* true.
180, 5, from the bottom, *for* inner, *read* minor.
193, 1, after costume, insert *was*.
Ibid. 3, *for* Pacquet, *read* Parquet.
196, 18, *for* Bartalomeo, *read* Bartolomeo.
202, 4, from the bottom, *for* or, *read* ou.
Ibid. *for* Montague, *read* Montagne.
208, 5, *for* froc, *read* frac.
Ibid. 8, *for* in, *read* on.
242, 6, from the bottom, *for* carriage, *read* courag
253, 9, *for* Pince, *read* Pinel.
265, 7, from the bottom, *for* when, *read* where.
267, 10, from the bottom, *for* des, *read* du.