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TRAVELS IN FRANCE,

DURING THE YEARS

1814-15.

COMPRISING A

RESIDENCE AT PARIS DURING THE STAY OF THE ALLIED ARMIES,

AND

AT AIX,

AT THE PERIOD OF THE LANDING OF

BONAPARTE.

———

IN TWO VOLUMES.

SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

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Transcriber's note: The original spellings have been maintained; the French spelling and accentuation have not been corrected, but left as they appear in the original.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A SECOND EDITION of the following Work having been demanded by the Booksellers, the Author has availed himself of the opportunity to correct many verbal inaccuracies, to add some general reflections, and to alter materially those parts of it which were most hastily prepared for the press, particularly the Journal in the Second Volume, by retrenching a number of particulars of partial interest, and substituting more general observations on the state of the country, supplied by his own recollection and that of his fellow-travellers.

HE has only farther to repeat here, what he stated in the Advertisement to the first Edition, that the whole materials of the Publication were collected in France, partly by himself, during a residence which the state of his health had made adviseable in Provence, and partly by some friends who had preceded him in their visit to France, and were at Paris during the time when it was first occupied by the Allied Armies;—and that he has submitted it to the world, merely in the hope of adding somewhat to the general stock of information regarding the situation, character, and prospects of the French people, which it is so desirable that the English Public should possess.

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VOLUME FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY TO PARIS.

WE passed through Kent in our way to France, on Sunday the first of May 1814. This day's journey was very delightful. The whole scenery around us,—the richness of the fields and woods, then beginning to assume the first colours of spring; the extent and excellence of the cultivation; the thriving condition of the towns, and the smiling aspect of the neat and clean villages through which we passed; the luxuriant bloom of the fruit-trees surrounding them; the number of beautiful villas adapted to the accommodation of the middle ranks of society, the crowds of well-dressed peasantry going to and returning from church; the frank and cheerful countenances of the men, and beauty of the women—all presented a most pleasing spectacle. If we had not proposed to cross the channel, we should have compared all that we now saw with our recollections of Scotland; and the feeling of the difference, although it might have increased our admiration, would perhaps have made us less willing to acknowledge it. But when we were surveying England with a view to a comparison with France, the difference of its individual provinces was overlooked;—we took a pride in the apparent happiness and comfort of a people, of whom we knew nothing more, than that they were our countrymen; and we rejoiced, that the last impression left on our minds by the sight of our own country, was one which we already anticipated that no other could efface.

Our passage to Calais was rendered very interesting, by the number of Frenchmen who accompanied us. Some of these were emigrants, who had spent the best part of their lives in exile; the greater part were prisoners of various ranks, who had been taken at different periods of the war. There was evidently the greatest diversity of character, of prospects, of previous habits, and of political and moral sentiments among these men; the only bond that connected them was, the love of their common country; and at a moment for which they had been so long and anxiously looking, this was sufficient to repress all jealousy and discord, and to unite them cordially and sincerely in the sentiment which was expressed, with true French enthusiasm, by one of the party, as we left the harbour of Dover,—"Voila notre chere France,—A present nous sommes tous amis!"

As we proceeded, the expression of their emotions, in words, looks, and gestures, was sometimes extremely pleasing, at other times irresistibly ludicrous, but always characteristic of a people whose natural feelings are quick and lively, and who have no idea of there being any dignity or manliness in repressing, or concealing them. When the boat approached the French shore, a fine young officer, who had been one of the most amusing of our companions, leapt from the prow, and taking up a handful of sand, kissed it with an expression of ardent feeling and enthusiastic joy, which it was delightful to observe.

It is only on occasions of this kind, that the whole strength of the feeling of patriotism is made known. In the ordinary routine of civil life, this feeling is seldom awakened. In the moments of national enthusiasm and exultation, it is often mingled with others. But in witnessing the emotions of the French exiles and captives, on returning to their wasted and dishonoured country, we discerned the full force of those moral ties, by which, even in the most afflicting circumstances of national humiliation and disaster, the hearts of men are bound to the land of their fathers.

We landed, on the evening of the 2d, about three miles from Calais, and walked into the town. The appearance of the country about Calais does not differ materially from that in the immediate neighbourhood of Dover, which is much less fertile than the greater part of Kent; but the cottages are decidedly inferior to the English. The first

peculiarity that struck us was the grotesque appearance of the *Douaniers*, who came to examine us on the coast; and when we had passed through the numerous guards, and been examined at the guard-houses, previously to our admission into the town, the gates of which had been shut, we had already observed, what subsequent observation confirmed, that the air and manner which we call military are in very little estimation among the French soldiers. The general appearance of the French soldiery cannot be better described than it has been by Mr Scott: "They seemed rather the fragments of broken-up gangs, than the remains of a force that had been steady, controlled, and lawful." They have almost uniformly, officers and men, much expression of intelligence, and often of ferocity, in their countenances, and much activity in their movements; but there are few of them whom an Englishman, judging from his recollection of English soldiers, would recognise to belong to a regular army.

The lower orders of inhabitants in Calais hailed the arrival of the English strangers with much pleasure, loudly proclaiming, however, the interested motives of their joy. A number of blackguard-looking men gathered round us, recommending their own services, and different hotels, with much vehemence, and violent altercations among themselves; and troops of children followed, crying, "Vivent les Anglois—Give me one sous." In our subsequent travels, we were often much amused by the importunities of the children, who seem to beg, in many places, without being in want, and are very ingenious in recommending themselves to travellers; crying first, Vive le Roi; if that does not succeed, Vive l'Empereur; that failing, Vive le Roi d'Angleterre; and professing loyalty to all the sovereigns of Europe, rather than give up the hopes of a *sous*.

Having reached the principal inn, we found that all the places in the diligence for Paris were taken for the ten following days. By this time, in consequence of the communication with France being opened, several new coaches had been established between London and Dover, but no such measure had been thought of on the road between Calais and Paris. There was no want of horses, as we afterwards found, belonging to the inns on the roads, but this seemed to indicate strongly want of ready money among the innkeepers. However, there were at Calais a number of "voitures" of different kinds, which had been little used for several years; one of which we hired from a "magasin des chaises," which reminded us of the Sentimental Journey, and set out at noon on the 3d, for Paris, accompanied by a French officer who had been a prisoner in Scotland, and to whose kindness and attentions we were much indebted.

We were much struck with the appearance of poverty and antiquity about Calais, which afforded a perfect contrast to the Kentish towns; and all the country towns, through which we afterwards passed in France, presented the same general character. The houses were larger than those of most English country towns, but they were all old; in few places out of repair, but nowhere newly built, or even newly embellished. There were no newly painted houses, windows, carriages, carts, or even sign-posts; the furniture, and all the interior arrangements of the inns, were much inferior to those we had left; their external appearance stately and old-fashioned; the horses in the carriages were caparisoned with white leather, and harnessed with ropes; the men who harnessed them were of mean appearance, and went about their work as if they had many other kinds of work to do. There were few carts, and hardly any four-wheeled carriages to be seen in the streets; and it was obvious that the internal communications of this part of the country were very limited. There appeared to be few houses fitted for the residence of persons of moderate incomes, and hardly any villas about the town to which they might retire after giving up business. All the lower ranks of people, besides being much worse looking than the English, were much more coarsely clothed, and they seemed utterly indifferent about the appearance of their dress. Very few of the men wore beaver hats, and hardly two had exactly the same kind of covering for their heads.

The dress of the women of better condition, particularly their high-crowned bonnets, and the ruffs about their necks, put us in mind of the pictures of old English fashions. The lower people appeared to bear a much stronger resemblance to some of the Highland clans, and to the Welch, than to any other inhabitants of Britain.

On the road between Calais and Boulogne, we began to perceive the peculiarities of the husbandry of this part of France. These are just what were described by Arthur Young; and although it is possible, as the natives uniformly affirm, that the agriculture has improved since the revolution, this improvement must be in the details of the operations, and in the extent of land under tillage, not in the principles of the art. The

most striking to the eye of a stranger are the want of enclosures, the want of pasture lands and of green crops, and the consequent number of bare fallows, on many of which a few sheep and long-legged lean hogs are turned out to pick up a miserable subsistence. The common rotation appears to be a three year's one; fallow, wheat, and oats or barley. On this part of the road, the ground is almost all under tillage, but the soil is poor; there is very little wood, and the general appearance of the country is therefore very bleak. In the immediate neighbourhood of Boulogne, it is better clothed, and varied by some pasture fields and gardens. The ploughs go with wheels. They are drawn by only two horses, but are clumsily made, and evidently inferior to the Scotch ploughs. They, as well as the carts, are made generally of green unpeeled wood, like those in the Scotch Highlands, and are never painted. This absence of all attempt to give an air of neatness or smartness to any part of their property—this indifference as to its appearance, is a striking characteristic of the French people over a great part of the country.

It is likewise seen, as before observed, in the dress of the lower orders; but here it is often combined with a fantastic and ludicrous display of finery. An English dairy-maid or chamber-maid, ploughman or groom, shopkeeper or mechanic, has each a dress consistent in its parts, and adapted to the situation and employment of the wearer. But a country girl in France, whose bed-gown and petticoat are of the coarsest materials, and scantiest dimensions, has a pair of long dangling ear-rings, worth from 30 to 40 francs. A carter wears an opera hat, and a ballad-singer struts about in long military boots; and a blacksmith, whose features are obscured by the smoke and dirt which have been gathering on them for weeks, and whose clothes hang about him in tatters, has his hair newly frizzled and powdered, and his long queue plaited on each side, all down his back, with the most scrupulous nicety.

Akin to this shew of finery in some parts of their dress, utterly inconsistent with the other parts of it, and with their general condition, is the disposition of the lower orders in France, even in their intercourse with one another, to ape the manners of their superiors. "An English peasant," as Mr Scott has well remarked, "appears to spurn courtesy from him, in a bitter sense of its inapplicability to his condition." This feeling is unknown in France. A French soldier hands his "bien aimée" into a restaurateur's of the lowest order and supplies her with fruits and wine, with the grace and foppery of a Parisian "petit maitre," and with the gravity of a "philosophe."—"Madame," says a scavenger in the streets of Paris, laying his hand on his heart, and making a low bow to an old woman cleaning shoes at the door of an inn, "J'espere que vous vous portez bien."—"Monsieur," she replies, dropping a curtsey with an air of gratitude and profound respect, "Vous me faites d'honneur; je me porte a merveille."

This peculiarity of manner in the lower orders, will generally, it is believed, be found connected with their real degradation and insignificance in the eyes of their superiors. It is precisely because they are not accustomed to look with respect to those of their own condition, and because their condition is not respected by others, that they imitate the higher ranks. An English coachman or stable-boy is taught to believe, that a certain demeanour befits his situation; and he will certainly expose himself to more sneers and animadversions, by assuming the manners of the rank next above him in society, than the highest peer of the realm will by assuming his. But Frenchmen of the same rank are fain to seek that respectability from manner, which is denied to the lowness of their condition, and the vulgarity of their occupation; and they therefore assume the manner which is associated in their minds, and in the minds of their observers, with situations acknowledged to be respectable.

It is also to be observed, that the power of ridicule, which has so much influence in the formation of manner, is much less in France than in England. The French have probably more relish for true wit than any other people; but their perception of humour is certainly not nearly so strong as that of our countrymen. Their ridicule is seldom excited by the awkward attempts of a stranger to speak their language, and as seldom by the inconsistencies which appear to us ludicrous in the dress and behaviour of their countrymen.

These causes, operating gradually for a length of time, have probably produced that remarkable politeness of manners which is so pleasing to a stranger, in a number of the lower orders in France, and which appears so singular at the present time, as revolutionary ideas, military habits, and the example of a military court, have given a degree of roughness, and even ferocity, to the manners of many of the higher orders of Frenchmen, with which it forms a curious contrast. It is, however, in its relation to

Englishmen at least, a fawning, cringing, interested politeness; less truly respectable than the obliging civility of the common people in England, and in substance, if not in appearance, still farther removed from the frank, independent, disinterested courtesy of the Scottish Highlanders.

Our entry into Boulogne was connected with several striking circumstances. To an Englishman, who, for many years, had heard of the mighty preparations which were made by the French in the port of Boulogne for the invasion of this country, the first view of this town could not but be peculiarly interesting. We accordingly got out of our *voiture* as quickly as possible, and walked straight to the harbour. Here the first objects that presented themselves were, on one side, the last remains of the grand flotilla, consisting of a few hulks, dismantled and rotting in the harbour; on the other side, the Prussian soldiers drawn up in regiments on the beach. Nothing could have recalled to our minds more strongly the strength of that power which our country had so long opposed, nor the magnificent result which had at length attended her exertions. The forces destined for the invasion, and which were denominated by anticipation the army of England, had been encamped around the town. The characteristic arrogance—the undoubting anticipation of victory—the utter thoughtlessness—the unsinking vivacity of the French soldiery, were then at the highest pitch. Some little idea of the gay and light-hearted sentiments with which they contemplated the invasion of England, may be formed from the following song, which was sung to us with unrivalled spirit and gesticulation, as we came in sight of Boulogne, by our fellow-traveller, who had himself served in the army of England, and who informed us it was then commonly sung in the ranks.

SONG.

Français! le bal va se r'ouvrir,
Et vous aimez la danse,
L'Allemande vient de finir,
Mais l'Anglaise commence.

D'y figurer tous nous Français
Seront parbleu bien aises,
Car s'ils n'aiment pas les Anglais,
Ils aiment les Anglaises.

D'abord par le pas de Calais
Il faut entrer en danse,
Le son des instrumens Français
Marquera la cadence;

Et comme les Anglais ne scanroient
Que danser les Anglaises,
Bonaparte leur montrera
Les figures Françaises.

Allons mes amis de grand rond,
En avant, face a face,
Français le bas, restez d'a plomb,
Anglais changez les places.

Vous Monsieur Pitt vous balancez,
Formez la chaine Anglaise,
Pas de cotè—croisez—chassez—
C'est la danse Française!

The humour of this song depends on the happy application of the names of the French dances, and the terms employed in them, to the subjects on which it is written, the conclusion of the German campaigns, and the meditated invasion of England.

The Prussians who were quartered at Boulogne, and all the adjoining towns and

villages, belonged to the corps of General Von York. Most of the infantry regiments were composed in part of young recruits, but the old soldiers, and all the cavalry, had a truly military appearance; and their swarthy weather-beaten countenances, their coarse and patched, but strong and serviceable dresses and accoutrements, the faded embroidery of their uniforms, and the insignia of orders of merit with which almost all the officers, and many of the men, were decorated, bore ample testimony to their participation in the labours and the honours of the celebrated army of Silesia.

Some of them who spoke French, when we enquired where they had been, told us, in a tone of exultation, rather than of arrogance, that they had entered Paris—"le sabre a la main."

The appearance of the country is considerably better in Picardy than in Artois, but the general features do not materially vary until you reach the Oise. The peasantry seem to live chiefly in villages, through which the road passes, and the cottages composing which resemble those of Scotland more than of England. They are generally built in rows; many of them are white-washed, but they are very dirty, and have generally no gardens attached to them; and a great number of the inhabitants seem oppressed with poverty to a degree unknown in any part of Britain. The old and infirm men and women who assembled round our carriage, when it stopped in any of these villages, to ask for alms, appeared in the most abject condition; and so far from observing, as one English traveller has done, that there are few beggars in France, it appeared to us that there are few inhabitants of many of these country villages who are ashamed to beg.

To this unfavourable account of the aspect of this part of France, there are, however, exceptions: We were struck with the beauty of the village of Nouvion, between Montreuil and Abbeville, which resembles strongly the villages in the finest counties of England: The houses here have all gardens surrounding them, which are the property of the villagers. In the neighbourhood of Abbeville, and of Beauvais, there are also some neat villages; and the country around these towns is rich, and well cultivated, and beautifully diversified with woods and vineyards; and, in general, in advancing southwards, the country, though still uninclosed, appears more fertile and better clothed. Many of the villages are surrounded with orchards, and long rows of fruit-trees extend from some of them for miles together along the sides of the roads; long regular rows of elms and Lombardy poplars are also very common, particularly on the road sides; and, in some places, chateaux are to be seen, the situation of which is generally delightful; but most of them are uninhabited, or inhabited by poor people, who do not keep them in repair; and their deserted appearance contributes even more than the straight avenues of trees, and gardens laid out in the Dutch taste, which surround them, to confirm the impression of *antiquity* which is made on the mind of an Englishman, by almost all that he sees in travelling through France.

The roads in this, as in many other parts of the country, are paved in the middle, straight, and very broad, and appear adapted to a much more extensive intercourse than now exists between the different provinces.

The country on the banks of the Oise, (which we crossed at Beaumont), and from thence to Paris, is one of the finest parts of France. The road passes, almost the whole way, through a majestic avenue of elm trees: Instead of the continual recurrence of corn fields and fallows, the eye is here occasionally relieved by the intervention of fields of lucerne and saintfoin, orchards and vineyards; the country is rich, well clothed with wood, and varied with rising grounds, and studded with chateaux; there are more carriages on the roads and bustle in the inns, and your approach to the capital is very obvious. Yet there are strong marks of poverty in the villages, which contain no houses adapted to the accommodation of the middling ranks of society; the soil is richer, but the implements of agriculture, and the system of husbandry, are very little better than in Picardy: the cultivation, every where tolerable, is nowhere excellent; there are no new farm-houses or farm-steadings; no signs of recent agricultural improvements; and the chateaux, in general, still bear the aspect of desertion and decay.

This last peculiarity of French scenery is chiefly owing to the great subdivision of property which has taken place in consequence of the confiscation of church lands, and properties of the noblesse and emigrants, and of the subsequent sale of the national domains, at very low or even nominal prices, to the lower orders of the peasantry. To such a degree has this subdivision extended, that in many parts of France there is no proprietor of land who does not labour with his own hands in the

cultivation of his property. The influence of this state of property on the prosperity of France, and the gradual changes which it will undergo in the course of time, will form an interesting study for the political economist; but in the mean time, it will almost prevent the possibility of collecting an adequate number of independent and enlightened men to represent the landed interest of France in any system of national representation.

In travelling from Calais to Paris, we did not observe so great a want of men in the fields and villages as we had been led to expect. The men whom we saw, however, were almost all above the age of the conscription. In several places we saw women holding the plough; but in general, the proportion of women to men employed in the fields, appeared hardly greater than may be seen during most of the operations of husbandry in the best cultivated districts of Scotland. On inquiry among the peasants, we found the conscription, and the whole of Bonaparte's system of government, held in much abhorrence, particularly among the women; yet they did not appear to feel it so deeply as we had anticipated; and of him, individually, they were more disposed to speak in terms of ridicule than of indignation. "Il est parti pour l'ile d'Elbe (said they) —bon voyage!" It was obvious that public affairs, even in those critical moments, occupied much less of their attention than of persons of the same rank in England: their spirits are much less easily depressed; and it was easy to see that their domestic affections are less powerful. The men shewed much jealousy of the allied troops: said they were superior to the French only in numbers; and often repeated, that one French soldier was equal to two Russians.

Although the old men and women whom we saw in the villages were generally in the most abject condition, yet the labourers employed in the fields appeared nearly as well dressed as the corresponding class in England; their wages were stated to be, over most of the country, from one franc to 25 sous a-day, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris, to be as high as two, or even three francs. In some places, we saw them dining on bread, pork, and cyder; but the scarcity of live stock was such, that it was impossible to suppose that they usually enjoyed so good a fare. The interior of the cottages appeared, generally, to be ill furnished.

Every village and town through which we passed between Boulogne and Paris contained a number of the allied troops. At Beauvais, a town remarkable for its singular appearance, being almost entirely built of wood, and likewise for the beauty of its cathedral, the choir of which is reckoned the finest in France, we were first gratified with the sight of some hundreds of Russians, horse and foot, under arms. These troops were of the finest description, and belonged to the corps of the celebrated Wigtenstein.

We enquired of many of the lower people, in the towns and villages through which we passed, concerning the conduct of the allied troops in their quarters, and the answers were almost uniformly—from the men, "Ils se comportent bien;" (frequently with the addition, "mais ils mangent comme des diables:")—and from the women, "Ils sont de bons enfans." We had very frequent opportunities of remarking the truth of the observation, that "women have less bitterness against the enemies of their country than men." The Parisian ladies adopted fashions from the uniforms of almost all the allied troops whom they saw in Paris; many of them were exceedingly anxious for opportunities of seeing the Emperor of Russia, and the most distinguished leaders of the armies that had conquered France; and those who were acquainted with officers of rank belonging to these armies appeared, on all occasions, to be highly flattered with the attentions they received from them. The same was observable in the conduct of the lower ranks. In the suburbs of Paris, and in the neighbouring villages, where many of the allied troops were quartered, they appeared always on the best terms with the female inhabitants, and were often to be seen assisting them in their work, playing at the battledore and shuttlecock with them in the streets, or strolling in their company along the banks of the Seine, and through the woods of Belleville or St Cloud, evidently to the satisfaction of both parties. Much must be allowed for the national levity of the French; yet it may be doubted, whether the officers and soldiers of a victorious army are ever, in the first instance, very obnoxious to the females, even of a vanquished country.

CHAPTER II.

PARIS—THE ALLIED ARMIES.

To those whose attention had been long fixed on the great political revulsion which had brought the wandering tribes of the Wolga and the Don into the heart of France, and whose minds had been incessantly occupied for many months previous to the time of which we speak, (as the minds of almost all Englishmen had been), with wishes for the success, and admiration of the exploits, of the brave troops who then occupied Paris, it may naturally be supposed, that even all the wonders of that capital were, in the first instance, objects of secondary consideration. It was not until our curiosity had been satisfied by the sight of the Emperor Alexander, the Duke of Wellington, Marshal Blucher, Count Platoff, and such numbers of the Russian and Prussian officers and soldiers, as we considered a fair specimen of the whole armies, that we could find time to appreciate the beauties even of the Apollo and the Venus.

The streets of Paris are always amusing and interesting, from the numbers and varieties of costumes and characters which they present; but at the time of which we speak, they might be considered as exhibiting an epitome of the greater part of Europe. Parties of Russian cuirassiers, Prussian lancers, and Hungarian hussars; Cossacks, old and young, from those whose beards were grey with age, to those who were yet beardless, cantering along after their singular fashion—their long lances poised on their stirrups, and loosely fastened to their right arms, vibrating over their heads; long files of Russian and Prussian foragers, and long trains of Austrian baggage waggons, winding slowly through the crowd; idle soldiers of all services, French as well as allied, lounging about in their loose great coats and trowsers, with long crooked pipes hanging from their mouths; patroles of infantry parading about under arms, composed half of Russian grenadiers, and half of Parisian national guards; Russian coaches and four, answering to the description of Dr Clarke, the postillions riding on the off-horses, and dressed almost like beggars; Russian carts drawn by four horses a-breast, and driven by peasants in the national costume; Polish Jews, with long black beards, dressed in black robes like the cassocks of English clergymen, with broad leathern belts—all mingled with the Parisian multitude upon the Boulevards: and in the midst of this indiscriminate assemblage, all the business, and all the amusements of Paris, went on with increased alacrity and fearless confidence. The Palais Royal was crowded, morning, noon, and night, with Russian and Prussian officers in full uniform, decorated with orders, whose noisy merriment, cordial manners, and careless profusion, were strikingly contrasted with the silence and sullenness of the French officers.

It is fortunately superfluous for us to enlarge on the appearance, or on the character of the Emperor Alexander. We were struck with the simplicity of the style in which he lived. He inhabited only one or two apartments in a wing of the splendid Elysee Bourbon—slept on a leather mattress, which he had used in the campaign—rose at four in the morning, to transact business—wore the uniform of a Russian General, with only the medal of 1812, (the same which is worn by every soldier who served in that campaign, with the inscription, in Russ, *Non nobis sed tibi Domine*); had a French guard at his door—went out in a chaise and pair, with a single servant and no guards, and was very regular in his attendance at a small chapel, where the service of the Greek church was performed. We had access to very good information concerning him, and the account which we received of his character even exceeded our anticipation. His well-known humanity was described to us as having undergone no change from the scenes of misery inseparable from extended warfare, to which his duties, rather than his inclinations, had so long habituated him. He repeatedly left behind him, in marching with the army, some of the medical men of his own staff, to dress the wounds of French soldiers whom he passed on the way; and it was a standing order of his to his hospital staff, to treat wounded Russians and French exactly alike.

His conduct at the battle of Fere Champenoise, a few days before the capture of Paris, of which we had an account from eye-witnesses, may give an idea of his conduct while with the armies. The French column, consisting of about 5000 infantry, with

some artillery, was attacked by the advanced guard of the allies, consisting of cavalry, with some horse-artillery, under his immediate orders. It made a desperate resistance, and its capture being an object of great importance, he sent away all his guards, even the Cossacks, and exposed himself to the fire of musketry for a long time, directing the movements of the troops. When the French squares were at length broken by the repeated charges of cavalry and Cossacks, he threw himself into the middle of them, at a great personal risk, that he might restrain the fury of the soldiers, exasperated by the obstinacy of the resistance; and although he could not prevent the whole French officers and men from being completely pillaged, many of them owed their lives to his interference. The French commander was brought to him, and offered him his sword, which he refused to accept, saying, he had defended himself too well.

The wife and children of a General who had been with the French army, were brought to him, and he placed a guard over them, which was overpowered in the confusion. The unfortunate woman was never more heard of, but he succeeded in recovering the children, had a bed made for them in his own tent, and kept them with him, until he reached Paris, when he ordered enquiry to be made for some of her relations, to whose care he committed them.

He was uniformly represented to us as a man not merely of the most amiable dispositions, but of superior understanding, of uncommon activity, and of a firm decided turn of mind. Of the share which he individually had in directing the operations of the allied armies, we do not pretend to speak with absolute certainty; but we had reason to know, that the general opinion in the Russian army was, that the principal movements were not merely subjected to his control, but guided by his advice; and he was certainly looked upon, by officers who had long served under him, as one of the ablest commanders in the allied armies.

He was much disconcerted, it was said, by the loss of the battle of Austerlitz; but his subsequent experience in war had given him the true military obstinacy, and he bore the loss of the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen with perfect equanimity; often saying, the French can still beat us, but they will teach us how to beat them; and we will conquer them by our *pertinacity*. The attachment of the Russian army, and especially of the guards, to him, almost approaches to idolatry; and the effect of his presence on the exertions and conduct of his troops, was not more beneficial to Europe while the struggle was yet doubtful, than to France herself after her armies were overthrown, and her "sacred territory" invaded.

As a specimen of the general feeling in the Russian army at the time they invaded France, we may mention the substance of a conversation which an officer of the Russian staff told us he had held with a private of the Russian guard on the march, soon after the invasion. The soldier complained of the Emperor's proclamation, desiring them to consider as enemies only those whom they met in the field. "The French," said he, "came into our country, bringing hosts of Germans and Poles along with them;—they plundered our properties, burnt our houses, and murdered our families;—every Russian was their enemy. We have driven them out of Russia, we have followed them into Poland, into Germany, and into France; but wherever we go, we are allowed to find none but friends. This," he added, "is very well for us guards, who know that pillage is unworthy of us; but the common soldiers and Cossacks do not understand it; they remember how their friends and relations have been treated by the French, and that remembrance *lies at their hearts*."

We visited with deep interest the projecting part of the heights of Belleville, immediately overlooking the Fauxbourg St Martin, which the Emperor Alexander reached, with the king of Prussia, the Prince Schwartzenburg, and the whole general staff, on the evening of the 30th of March. It was here that he received the deputation from Marshals Marmont and Mortier, who had fought all day against a vast superiority of force, and been fairly overpowered, recommending Paris to the generosity of the allies. Thirty howitzers were placed on this height, and a few shells were thrown into the town, one or two of which, we were assured, reached as far as the Eglise de St Eustace; it is allowed on all hands that they fell within the Boulevards. The heights of Montmartre were at the same time stormed by the Silesian army, and cannon were placed on it likewise,—Paris was then at his mercy. After a year and a half of arduous contest, it was at length in his power to take a bloody revenge for the miseries which his subjects had suffered during the unprovoked invasion of Russia.—He ordered the firing to cease; assured the French deputation of his intention to protect the city; and

issued orders to his army to prepare to march in, the next morning, in parade order. He put himself at their head, in company with the King of Prussia, and all the generals of high rank. After passing along the Boulevards to the Champs Elysees, the sovereigns placed themselves under a tree, in front of the palace of the Thuilleries, within a few yards of the spot where Louis XVI. and many other victims of the revolution had perished; and they saw the last man of their armies defile past the town, and proceed to take a position beyond it, before they entered it themselves.

At this time, the recollection of the fate of Moscow was so strong in the Russian army, and the desire of revenge was so generally diffused, not merely among the soldiers, but even among the superior, officers, that they themselves said, nothing could have restrained them but the presence and positive commands of their Czar; nor could any other influence have maintained that admirable discipline in the Russian army, during its stay in France, which we have so often heard the theme of panegyric even among their most inveterate enemies.

It is not in the columns of newspapers, nor in the perishable pages of such a Journal as this, that the invincible determination, the splendid achievements, and the generous forbearance of the Emperor of Russia and his brave army, during the last war, can be duly recorded; but when they shall have passed into history, we think we shall but anticipate the sober judgment of posterity by saying, that the foreign annals of no other nation, ancient or modern, will present, in an equal period of time, a spectacle of equal moral grandeur.

The King of Prussia was often to be seen at the Parisian theatres, dressed in plain clothes, and accompanied only by his son and nephew. The first time we saw him there, he was making some enquiries of a manager of the Theatre de l'Odeon, whom he met in the lobby; and the modesty and embarrassment of his manner were finely contrasted with the confident loquacity and officious courtesy of the Frenchman. He is known to be exceedingly averse to public exhibitions, even in his own country. He had gone through all the hardships and privations of the campaigns, had exposed himself with a gallantry bordering on rashness in every engagement, his son and nephew always by his side; his coolness in action was the subject of universal admiration; and it was not without reason that he had acquired the name of the first soldier in his army. His brothers, who are fine looking men, took the command of brigades in the Silesian army, and did the duty of brigadiers to the satisfaction of the whole army.

We had the good fortune of seeing the Duke of Wellington at the opera, the first time that he appeared in public at Paris. He was received with loud applause, and the modesty of his demeanour, while it accorded with the impressions of his character derived from his whole conduct, and the style of his public writings, sufficiently shewed, that his time had been spent more in camps than in courts. We were much pleased to find, that full justice was done to his merits as an officer by all ranks of the allied armies. On the day that he entered Paris, the watch-word in the whole armies in the neighbourhood was Wellington, and the countersign Talavera. We have often heard Russian and Prussian officers say, "he is the hero of the war:—we have conquered the French by main force, but his triumphs are the result of superior skill."

We found, as we had expected, that Marshal Blucher was held in the highest estimation in the allied army, chiefly on account of the promptitude and decision of his judgment, and the unconquerable determination of his character. We were assured, that notwithstanding the length and severity of the service in which he had been engaged during the campaign of 1814, he expressed the greatest regret at its abrupt termination; and was anxious to follow up his successes, until the remains of the French army should be wholly dispersed, and their leader unconditionally surrendered. An English gentleman who saw him at the time of the action in which a part of his troops were engaged at Soissons, a few days previous to the great battle at Laon, gave a striking account of his cool collected appearance on that occasion. He was lying in profound silence, wrapped up in his cloak, on the snow, on the side of a hill overlooking the town, smoking his pipe, and occasionally looking through a telescope at the scene of action. At length he rose up, saying, it was not worth looking at, and would come to nothing. In fact, the main body of the French army was marching on Rheims, and he was obliged to retire and concentrate his forces, first on

Craon, and afterwards on Laon, before he could bring on a general action.

He bore the fatigues of the campaign without any inconvenience, but fell sick on the day after he entered Paris, and resigned his command, requesting only of General Sacken, the governor of the town, that he would allot him lodgings from which he could look out upon Montmartre, the scene of his last triumph. He never appeared in public at Paris; but we had the pleasure of seeing him in a very interesting situation. We had gone to visit the Hotel des Invalides, and on entering the church under the great dome, we found this great commander, accompanied only by his son and another officer, leaning on the rails which encircle the monument of Turenne. We followed him into a small apartment off the church, where the bodies of Marshals Bessieres and Duroc, and the hearts of Generals Laroboissiere and Barraguay D'Hilliers, lay embalmed under a rich canopy of black velvet, in magnificent coffins, which were strewed with flowers every morning by the Duchess of Istria, the widow of Bessieres, who came thither regularly after mass. This room was hung with black, and lighted only by a small lamp, which burnt under the canopy, and threw its light in the most striking manner on the grey hairs and expressive countenance of the old Marshal, as he stood over the remains of his late antagonists in arms. He heard the name of each with a slight inclination of his head, gazed on the coffins for some moments in silence, and then turned about, and, as if to shew that he was not to be moved by his recollections, he strode out of the chapel humming a tune.

He had vowed to recover possession of the sword of the great Frederic, which used to hang in the midst of the 10,000 standards of all nations that waved under the lofty dome of this building; but on the day that the allies entered Paris, the standards were taken down and burnt, and the sword was broken to pieces, by an order, as was said, from Maria Louisa.

It is right to notice here, that the famous Silesian army which he commanded, consisted originally of many more Russian troops than Prussians,—in the proportion, we were told, of four to one, although the proportion of the latter was afterwards increased. Indeed it was at first the intention of the Emperor of Russia to put himself at the head of this army; but he afterwards gave up that idea, saying, that he knew the Russians and Prussians would fight well, and act cordially together; but that the presence of the Sovereigns would be more useful in keeping together the heterogeneous materials composing the army then forming in Bohemia, which afterwards had the name of the grand army.

We have heard different opinions expressed as to the share which General Gneisenau, the chief of the staff of the Silesian army, had in directing the operations of that army. This General is universally looked on as an officer of first-rate merit, and many manœuvres of great importance are believed to have been suggested by him; yet it was to the penetrating judgment and enthusiastic spirit of the old Marshal, that the officers whom we saw seemed most disposed to ascribe their successes.

We were much struck by the courteous and dignified manners of old Count Platoff. Even at that time, before he had experienced British hospitality, he professed high admiration for the British character, individual as well as national, saying, that he looked on every Englishman as his brother; and he was equally candid in expressing his detestation of the French, not even excepting the ladies. We, however, saw him receive one or two Frenchmen, who were presented to him by his friends, with his accustomed mildness. His countenance appeared to us expressive of considerable humour, and he addressed a few words to almost every Cossack of the guard whom he met in passing through the court of the Elysee Bourbon, which were always answered by a hearty laugh. During the two last campaigns of the war he had been almost constantly at head-quarters, and his advice, we were assured, was much respected.

On the night after the battle of Borodino, Count Platoff, we were told, bivouacked on the field, in front of the position originally occupied by the Russians[1], and on the next day he covered their retreat with his Cossacks. One of the Princes of Hesse Philipsthal, an uncommonly handsome young man, who had volunteered to act as an aid-de-camp of his, had his leg shot away close to his side. Amputation was immediately performed above the middle of his thigh; he was laid on a peasant's cart, and carried 350 versts almost without stopping. However, he recovered perfectly, and petitioned the Emperor to be allowed to wear ever after the Cossack uniform. We saw him in it at Paris, going on crutches, but regretting in strong terms that he was to see

no more fighting.

On the day before the French entered Moscow, Count Platoff, and some other officers, from one of whom we had this anecdote, breakfasted with Count Rostapchin at his villa in the vicinity of the town, which it had been the delight of his life to cultivate and adorn. After breakfast, Count Rostapchin assembled his servants and retainers; and after saying that he hoped his son and latest descendants would always be willing to make a similar sacrifice for the good of their country, he took a torch, set fire to the building with his own hands, and waited until it was consumed. He then rode into the town to superintend the destruction of some warehouses full of clothes, of a number of carts, and of other things which might be useful to the enemy. But he did not, as we were assured by his son, whom we met at Paris, order the destruction of the town. The French, enraged at the loss of what was most valuable to them, according to the uniform account of the Russians, set fire in a deliberate and methodical manner to the different streets. It is but justice to say, however, that French officers, who had been at Moscow, denied the truth of the latter part of this statement.

The Russian troops in the neighbourhood of Paris were under the immediate command of General Count Miloradovitch, a man of large property, and unbounded generosity, and an enthusiast in his profession. He had been in the habit of always making the troops under his command some kind of present on his birth-day. During the retreat of the French from Moscow, this day came round when he was not quite prepared for it. "I have no money here," said he to his soldiers; "but yonder," pointing to a French column, "is a present worthy of you and of me." This address was a prelude to one of the most successful attacks, made during the pursuit, on the French rear-guard.

The other Russian commanders, whom we heard highly spoken of by the Russian officers whom we met, were, the Marshal commanding, Barclay de Tolly, in whose countenance we thought we could trace the indications of his Scotch origin;—he is an old man, and was commonly represented as "sage, prudent, tres savant dans la guerre."—Wigtenstein, who is much younger, and is designated as "ardent, impetueux, entreprenant," &c.—Benigsen, who is an old man, but very active, and represented to be as fond of fighting as Blucher himself;—Count Langeron, and Baron Sacken, the commanders of corps in the Silesian army. The former is a French emigrant, but has been long in the Russian service, and highly distinguished himself. The latter is an old man, but very spirited, and highly esteemed for his honourable character: in his capacity of Governor of Paris, he gave very general satisfaction.—Woronzoff, who, as is well known, was educated in England, and who distinguished himself at Borodino, and in the army of the north of Germany, and afterwards in France under Blucher—Winzingerode, one of the best cavalry officers, formerly in the Austrian service—Czernicheff, the famous partisan, a gallant gay young man, whose characteristic activity is strongly marked in his countenance—Diebzitch, a young staff officer of the first promise, since promoted to the important situation of Chef de l'etat major—Lambert (of French extraction), and Yermoloff: This last officer commanded the guards when we were at Paris, and was represented as a man of excellent abilities, and of a most determined character.

To shew the determined spirit of some of the Russian generals, we may mention an anecdote of one of them, which we repeatedly heard. On one occasion, the troops under the command of this general were directed to defile over a bridge, under a very heavy fire from the enemy. Observing some hesitation in their movements, he said, with perfect coolness, "If they don't go forward, I will take care they shall not come back;" and planted a battery of 12 pounders in their rear, pointing directly at the bridge, in view of which they forced the passage in the most gallant style.

The spirit of emulation which prevailed in all ranks of the Russian army, during the war, was worthy of the cause in which they were engaged. The following anecdote, we think, deserves commemoration. Two officers of rank had aspired to the same situation in the army, and exerted all their influence to obtain it. The successful candidate had the command of the famous redoubt at Borodino, when it was carried by the French. The other, who had a subordinate command just behind it, immediately came up to him, and asked leave to retake it for him. No, replied he; if you go there, I must be along with you. They collected what force they could, entered the redoubt together, and regained it at the point of the bayonet; but the officer who originally

commanded in it was killed by the side of his rival. The latter, immediately after the battle, was promoted to the situation which he had so ardently desired; but his enjoyment of it was long and visibly embittered by the recollection of the event to which he owed his appointment.

The number of Russian prisoners taken by the French during the war was very trifling, and we were assured, that there was no instance in the whole course of it, of a single Russian battalion or squadron laying down its arms. The number of prisoners taken by the Cossacks alone, from the time when the French left Moscow until the passage of the Niemen, was 90,000, and the number of cannon 550. It is true that these were for the most part stragglers, and men unable to fight; but it must be remembered, that many of them could only have been overtaken in their flight by these hardy and enterprising troops. To prove the value of the service rendered by the Cossacks, it is only necessary to observe, that many of the officers who distinguished themselves most in all the campaigns, Platoff, Orloff Denizoff, Wasilchikoff, Czernicheff, Tettenborn, &c. commanded Cossacks almost exclusively, and attributed much of their success to the quality of their troops. Most of the Cossacks whom we saw appeared to be well disciplined, and had a truly military air; and we were told, that all the 83 regiments of Cossacks are at present in a state of tolerable discipline. We cannot go so far as Dr Clarke in praise of their cleanliness, but we often observed their native easy courtesy of manner; and there can be no doubt, as he observes, of their being a much handsomer race than the generality of Russians. Their figures are more graceful, and their features are higher, and approach often to the Roman style of countenance. One troop of the Cossacks of the guards, composed of those from the Black Sea, attracted our particular admiration; and the noble manly figures of the men, the elegant forms of the horses, and the picturesque appearance of the arms and uniforms of the whole body of Cossacks of the guard, were very striking. The hereditary Prince of Georgia was at Paris as one of the Colonels of this regiment, and his figure and countenance were such as might have rendered him remarkable even in his native country, in which the "human form divine" is understood to attain its highest perfection.

The Cossacks were kept in good order when under the inspection of their officers; but during the campaigns, they were often obliged to act in patroles, two or three together, at a distance from their officers; and in these situations, it may be supposed that they would commit many excesses. Immediately after a battle, they plundered all they met, and at all times, and in all places, they looked on horses as fair game, insomuch that it was often remarked in the allied armies, that they believed horses to have been created for none but Cossacks. It was said, that almost every Cossack of the corps of Czernicheff was worth from £. 300 to £. 400 in money and watches, which most of them spent much after the manner of British sailors.

Some idea of the expenditure of human life, during the campaign of 1812, may be formed from the following facts, which we had from unquestionable authority: The number of killed and wounded on both sides at the battle of Borodino, which did not extend from flank to flank more than three English miles, was ascertained to exceed 75,000 men. Eighteen thousand wounded Russians were dressed on the field, and sent off in carts. When the Russian army crossed the Niemen, in pursuit of the French, they left behind them 87,000 sick and wounded in hospitals, of which number 63,000 were wounded. The whole number of human bodies, Russian and French, men, women, and children, which were collected and buried or burnt, after the retreat from Moscow to the Niemen, exceeded 300,000.

The officers of the Russian medical staff spoke in terms of the utmost indignation of the conduct of the French medical staff, in deserting their charge on the approach of the Russian armies. A great part of the town of Wilna, and surrounding villages, had been converted into hospitals for the French army, and when the Russians arrived, they found these hospitals wholly deserted by the medical men. The sick (many of them labouring under infectious fevers), and the wounded, were huddled together, without provisions, attendants, or the slightest regard to their situation. The first step of the Russian officers who were entrusted with the care of these hospitals, was to employ a number of Jews to clear out the corpses, some of which had lain there for three weeks; and when these were collected and burnt, their number was found to exceed 16,000; the sick were then separated from the wounded; and as soon as order was re-established, the Emperor of Russia visited the hospitals himself, to be assured

that every possible attention was paid to their surviving inmates.

During the whole of the winter of 1812 and the year 1813, a typhus fever was very prevalent in the French army, and in many places, particularly on the fortresses on the Elbe, and in Frankfort and Mentz, it made dreadful ravages; but it never extended, to any considerable degree, among the Russians. This was partly owing, no doubt, to the influence of exciting passions on the constitutions of the men; but much must certainly be ascribed to the admirable arrangements of the Russian hospital staff, which, under the superintendance of our countryman, Sir James Wyllie, have attained, in a few years, a surprising degree of excellence. The state of the Russian hospitals at Paris, under the direction of another countryman, Dr Crichton, was universally admired.

The Russian imperial guard is, we believe, the finest body of men in Europe; the whole number, when the regiments are all complete, is about 30,000; but the effective men at Paris did not exceed 20,000. These are made up from time to time, by picked men from the whole army. The charge of one of the regiments of cuirassiers, 1000 strong, upon the Champ de Mars, was one of the finest sights imaginable. The clattering of the horses feet on hard ground, and the rattling of the armour, increasing as they advanced, exceeded the sound of the loudest thunder.

Their horses are not so heavy as those of the English dragoons, but they have evidently more blood in them, and their power of bearing fatigues and privations is quite wonderful. We were told by the officer commanding one of these regiments, that almost all the horses we saw in Paris, in the finest possible condition, were on the Niemen when the French crossed it in 1812, and had borne the fatigues of the retreat to Moscow, and of the advance during the dreadful winter which had proved so fatal to the French army; as well as of the winter campaign of 1814 in France, which was carried on, almost entirely, during frost and snow. The Russian soldiers bore the extreme cold of the former winter in a manner hardly less wonderful; we were assured that they were not more warmly clothed than the French; but they were accustomed to the climate, were comparatively well fed, and were animated by victory, while their antagonists were depressed by famine and despair.

The equipment of the artillery of the guard is probably the completest in the world;—each gun of the horse artillery is followed by three tumbrils of ammunition, and the artillerymen being all mounted and armed, a battery of horse artillery is fitted to act in a double capacity. One of these batteries, of 12 pieces, on the march, with all its accompaniments, takes up fully half-a-mile of road.

The regiments of infantry are of various strength; all are composed of the finest men, in point of strength and military appearance, but they appeared to us rather inadequately officered. Of the physical powers of this body of men, no better proof can be given, than their having marched, within 24 hours, on the 22d and 23d of March, a distance of 18 leagues, or 54 miles, which they did at two marches, resting three hours, without any straggling. The occasion on which they most highly distinguished themselves was at Culm, where four regiments of them (about 8000 men) stopped, for two days, in the defiles of the Riesen Gebirge, the whole corps of Vandamme. The regiment Pavloffsky, who were made guards for their conduct at Borodino, attracted particular attention; they wear caps faced with brass, whence the French soldiers, who know them well, call them the Bonnets d'Or; and many of them preserve with much care the marks of the bullets by which these have been pierced.

The Russian soldiers, at least of the guard, have almost universally dark complexions, their features are generally low, and their faces broad. The officers and soldiers of the Prussian guard, which is about 8000 strong, and in an equally high state of discipline and equipment, are, on the whole, handsomer men, having generally fair hair, blue eyes, high features, and ruddy complexions.

A great number of the Prussian officers have a fine expression of romantic enterprise in their countenances; and it is well known, that the whole Prussian nation, long oppressed by the presence of French armies, entered into the war with France with a spirit of energy and union that never was surpassed. The formation of the legion of revenge,—the desertion of all seminaries of education, by teachers as well as pupils,—the substitution of ornaments in iron, for gold and jewellery, by the ladies of Berlin and other towns, are striking instances of this popular feeling. The war-song, composed by a young student from Konigsberg, which was sung in the heat of battle by the regiment of volunteer hussars to which he belonged, and the author of which was basely slain by a French prisoner whom he had neglected to disarm,—to judge of

it by a version which appeared in the newspapers, and by the enthusiasm with which the Prussians speak of it, is worthy of being translated by one of our noblest poets.

All the nations of Germany have strong feelings of patriotism associated with the sight, and even with the name of the Rhine. When the Austrians, in one of the last actions of the campaign of 1813, carried the heights of Hockheim, in the neigbourhood of Mentz, and first came in sight of that river, they involuntarily halted, and stood for some minutes in silence; when the Prince Marshal coming up to know the cause of the delay, their feelings burst forth in peals of enthusiastic acclamation, as they again advanced to the charge. The Prussian corps of the army of Silesia, destined to force the passage of the river, assembled on the right bank on the evening of the 31st of December 1813, determined to begin the year with the conquest to which they had long aspired; and just at midnight the first boats pulled off from the shore, the oars keeping time to thousands of voices, who sung words adapted to a favourite national air by the celebrated Schlegel, the beginning of which is, literally translated, "The Rhine shall no longer be our boundary,—it is the great artery of Germany, and it shall flow through the heart of our empire."

The Austrians whom we saw at Paris, were in general strong heavy looking men. Their cavalry were universally admired; but the Russians and Prussians complained much of the general dilatoriness of their movements, and in particular, of the quantity of baggage waggons with which their march was encumbered. Upon one occasion, some hundreds of these fell into the hands of the French, to the great amusement of the Russians. The Bavarians and Wirtembergers had the character, both in Russia and France, of fighting very hard, and plundering freely. This last accomplishment, as well as their military arrangements, they had learnt from the French; and their conduct in this respect in France itself, might be said to be actuated by a kind of poetical justice.

We were highly gratified by this review of the whole Russian and Prussian guard which we saw in the Bois de Boulogne and road to St Germain, on the 30th of May. They were drawn up in a single line, extending at least six miles. The allied Sovereigns, followed by the Princes of Russia, Prussia and France, the French Marshals, and all the leading officers of the allied armies, rode at full speed along the line; and the loud huzzas of the soldiers, which died away among the long avenues of elm trees, as the cloud of dust which enveloped them receded from the view, were inexpressibly sublime.

The appearance of these troops on parade was such, that but for the traces which long exposure to all changes of weather had left on their countenances, it never could have been supposed that they had been engaged in long marches. They had always marched and fought in their great coats and small blue caps, carrying their uniforms in their knapsacks. On the night before they entered Paris, however, they put them on, and marched into the town in as fine parade order as that in which they had left Petersburg. The Parisians, who had been told that the allied armies were nearly annihilated, and only a wreck left, expressed their astonishment with their usual levity: "Au moins," said they, "C'est un beau debris."

While the uniforms, arms, and accoutrements of these troops were in the highest order, they seemed to take a pride in displaying the worn and faded standards, torn by the winds and pierced with bullets, under which they had served during the whole campaigns. Their services might also be judged of from the medals of the year 1812, which almost all the Russians bore, and to which all without distinction of rank are entitled, who were exposed to the enemy's fire during that campaign; and from the insignia of various orders, which in both the services extend to privates as well as officers. The effect of these honorary rewards on the minds of the men is certainly very great; and it is perhaps to be regretted that there is no institution of the same kind in the British service. The spirit of our soldiers, as all the world knows, needs no such stimulus; but if a measure of this kind could in any degree gratify their military feelings, surely their country owes them the gratification; and what can be more pleasing to a soldier than to see his officers and his Sovereign proud to display honours which he shares along with them? The Russians appear to set a value on these medals and decorations, which clearly shews the wisdom of the policy by which they were granted. Almost every wounded soldier wears them even when lying in hospital, and in the hour which teaches the insignificance of all the titles of kings, and all the treasures of the universe, he still rejoices, that he can lay these testimonies of his valour and fidelity beside the small crucifix which he brought with him from his

home, and which, with a superstition that accords better with the true military spirit than the thoughtless infidelity of the French, he has carried in his bosom through all the chances of war.

CHAPTER III.

PARIS—ITS PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

With whatever sentiments a stranger might enter Paris at the time we did, his feelings must have been the same with regard to the monuments of ancient magnificence, or of modern taste, which it contained. All that the vanity or patriotism of a long series of Sovereigns could effect for the embellishment of the capital in which they resided; all that the conquests of an ambitious and unprincipled Army could accumulate from the spoils of the nations whom they had subdued, were there presented to the eye of the stranger with a profusion which obliterated every former prejudice, and stifled the feelings of national emulation in exultation at the greatness of human genius.

The ordinary buildings of Paris, as every traveller has observed, and as all the world knows, are in general mean and uncomfortable. The height and gloomy aspect of the houses; the narrowness of the streets, and the want of pavement for foot passengers, convey an idea of antiquity, which ill accords with what the imagination had anticipated of the modern capital of the French empire. This circumstance renders the admiration of the spectator greater when he first comes in sight of its *public edifices*; when he is conducted to the Place Louis Quinze, or the Pont Neuf, from whence he has a general view of the principal buildings of this celebrated capital. With the single exception of the view of London from the terrace of the Adelphi, there is no point in our own country where the effect of architectural design is so great as in the situations which have now been mentioned. The view from the former of these combines many of the most striking objects which Paris has to present. To the east, the long front of the Thuilleries rises over the dark mass of foliage which covers its gardens; to the south, the picturesque aspect of the town is broken by the varied objects which the river presents, and the fine perspective of the Bridge of Peace, terminating in the noble front of the palace of the Legislative Body; to the west, the long avenues of the Elysian Fields are closed by the pillars of a triumphal arch which Napoleon had commenced; while to the north, the beautiful façade of the Palace itself, leaves the spectator only room to discover at a greater distance the foundation of the Temple of Glory, which he had commenced, and in the execution of which he was interrupted by those ambitious enterprises to which his subsequent downfall was owing. To a painter's eye, the effect of the whole scene is increased by the rich and varied foreground which everywhere presents itself, composed of the shrubs with which the skirts of the square are adorned, and the lofty poplars which rise amidst the splendour of architectural beauty; while recent events give a greater interest to the spot from which this beauty is surveyed, by the remembrance, that it was here that Louis XVI. fell a martyr to the revolutionary principles, and that it was here that the Emperor Alexander and the other princes of Europe took their station, when their armies passed in triumph through the walls of Paris.

The view from the Pont Neuf, though not so striking upon the whole, embraces objects of greater individual beauty. The gay and animated quays of the city covered with foot-passengers, and with all the varied exhibitions of industrious occupation, which, from the warmth of the climate, are carried on in the open air;—the long and splendid front of the Louvre and Thuilleries;—the bold projection of the Palais des Arts, of the Hotel de la Monnaie, and other public buildings on the opposite side of the river;—the beautiful perspective of the bridges, adorned by the magnificent colonnade which fronts the Palace of the Legislative Body;—and the lofty picturesque buildings of the centre of Paris surrounding the more elevated towers of Notre Dame, form a

scene, which, though less perfect, is more striking, and more characteristic, than the scene from the centre of the Place Louis Quinze, which has been just described. It conveys at once a general idea of the French capital; of that mixture of poverty and splendour by which it is so remarkably distinguished; of that grandeur of national power, and that degradation of individual importance, which marked the ancient dynasty of the French nation. It marks too, in a historical view, the changes of the public feeling which the people of this country have undergone, from the distant period when the towers of Notre Dame rose amidst the austerity of Gothic taste, and were loaded with the riches of Catholic superstition, to that boasted æra, when the loyalty of the French people exhausted the wealth and the genius of the country, to decorate with classic taste the residence of their Sovereigns; and lastly, to those later days, when the names of religion and of loyalty have alike been forgotten; when the national exultation reposed only on the trophies of military greatness, and the iron yoke of imperial power was forgotten in the monuments which record the deeds of imperial glory.

To the general observation on the inferiority of the common buildings in Paris, there are some remarkable exceptions. The Boulevards, the remains of the ancient ramparts of the city, are in general beautiful, from their circular form, from their uniform breadth, from the magnificence of the detached palaces with which they abound, and from the rows of fine trees with which they are shaded. In the skirts of the town, and more especially in the Fauxbourg St Germain, the beauty of the streets is greatly increased by the detached hotels or villas, surrounded by gardens, which are everywhere to be met with, in which the lilac, the laburnum, the Bois de Judeé, and the acacia, grow in the most luxuriant manner, and on the green foliage of which the eye reposes with singular delight amidst the bright and dazzling whiteness of the stone with which they are surrounded.

The Hotel des Invalides, the Chelsea Hospital of France, is one of the objects on which the Parisians principally pride themselves, and to which a stranger is conducted immediately after his arrival in that capital. The institution itself appears to be well conducted, and to give general satisfaction to the wounded men who have there found an asylum from the miseries of war. We were informed that these men live in habits of perfect harmony among each other; a state of things widely different from that of our veterans in Greenwich Hospital, and which is probably chiefly owing to the cheerfulness and equanimity of temper which form the best feature in the French character. There is something in the style of the architecture of this building, which accords well with the object to which it is devoted. The front is distinguished by a simple manly portico, and a dome of the finest proportion rises above its centre, which is visible from all parts of the city. This dome was gilded by order of Bonaparte: and however much a fastidious taste may regret the addition, it certainly gave an air of splendour to the whole, which was in perfect unison with the feelings of exultation which the sight of this monument of military glory was then fitted to awaken among the French people. The exterior of this edifice was formerly surrounded by cannon captured by the armies of France at different periods: and ten thousand standards, the trophies of victory during the wars of two centuries, waved under its splendid dome, and enveloped the sword of Frederic the Great, which hung from the centre, until the 31st of March 1814, when, as already observed, they were all burnt by order of Maria Louisa, to prevent their falling into the victorious hands of the allied powers.

If the character of the architecture of the Hotel des Invalides accords well with the object to which that building is destined, the character of the Louvre is not less in unison with the spirit of the fine arts, to which it is consecrated. It is impossible for language to convey any adequate idea of the impression which this exquisite building awakens in the mind of a stranger. The beautiful proportions, and the fine symmetry of the great façade, give an air of simplicity to the distant view of this edifice, which is not diminished, on nearer approach, by the unrivalled beauty of its ornaments and detail; but when you cross the threshold of the portico, and pass under its noble archway into the inner-court, all considerations are absorbed in the throb of admiration which is excited by the sudden display of all that is lovely and harmonious in Grecian architecture. You find yourself in the midst of the noblest and yet chastest display of architectural beauty, where every ornament possesses the character by which the whole is distinguished, and where the whole possesses the grace and elegance which every ornament presents:—You find yourself on the spot where all the monuments of ancient art are deposited;—where the greatest exertions of mortal genius are preserved—and where a palace has at last been raised worthy of being the

depository of the collected genius of the human race.—It bears a higher character than that of being the residence of imperial power; it seems destined to loftier purposes than to be the abode of earthly greatness; and the only forms by which its halls would not be degraded, are those models of ideal perfection which the genius of ancient Greece created to exalt the character of a heathen world.

Placed in a more elevated spot, and destined to a still higher object, the Pantheon bears in its front the traces of the noble purpose for which it was intended.—It was intended to be the cemetery of all the great men who had deserved well of their country; and it bears the inscription, above its entrance, *Aux grands Hommes La Patrie reconnoissante*. The character of its architecture is well adapted to the impression it is intended to convey, and suits the simplicity of the inscription which its portico presents. Its situation has been selected with singular taste, to aid the effect which was thus intended. It is placed at the top of an eminence, which shelves in a declivity on every side; and the immediate approach is by an immense flight of steps, which form the base of the building, and increase the effect which its magnitude produces. Over the entrance is placed a portico of lofty pillars, finely proportioned, supporting a magnificent entablature of the simplest order; and the whole terminates in a dome of vast dimensions, forming the highest object in the whole city. The impression which every one must feel in crossing its threshold, is that of religious awe; the individual is lost in the greatness of the objects with which he is surrounded, and he dreads to enter what seems the abode of a greater Power, and to have been framed for the purposes of more elevated worship. The Louvre might have been fitted for the gay scenes of ancient sacrifice; it suits the brilliant conceptions of heathen mythology; and seems the fit abode of those ideal forms, in which the imagination of ancient times embodied their conception of divine perfection; but the Pantheon is adapted for a holier worship, and accords with the character of a purer belief; and the vastness and solitude of its untrodden chambers awaken those feelings of human weakness, and that sentiment of human immortality, which befit the temple of a spiritual faith.

We were involuntarily led, by the sight of this great monument of sacred architecture in the Grecian style, to compare it with the Gothic churches which we had seen, and in particular with the Cathedral of Beauvais, the interior of which is finished with greater delicacy, and in finer proportions, than any other edifice of a similar kind in France. The impression which the inimitable choir of Beauvais produced, was widely different from that which we felt on entering the lofty dome of the Pantheon at Paris. The light pinnacles, the fretted roof, the aspiring form of the Gothic edifice, seemed to have been framed by the hands of aerial beings, and produced, even from a distance, that impression of grace and airiness which it was the peculiar object of this species of Gothic architecture to excite. On passing the high archway which covers the western door, and entering the immense aisles of the Cathedral, the sanctity of the place produces a deeper impression, and the grandeur of the forms awakens profounder feelings. The light of the day is excluded, the rays of the sun come mellowed through the splendid colours with Which the windows are stained, and cast a religious light over the marble pavement which covers the floor; while the eye reposes on the harmonious forms of the lancet windows, or is bewildered in the profusion of ornament with which the roof is adorned. The impression which the whole produces, is that of religious emotion, singularly suited to the genius of Christianity; if is seen in that obscure light which fits the solemnity of religious duty, and awakens those feelings of intense delight, which prepare the mind for the high strain of religious praise. But it is not the deep feeling of humility and weakness which is produced by the dark chambers and massy pillars of the Pantheon at Paris; it is not in the mausoleum of the dead that you seem to wander, nor on the thoughts of the great that have gone before you that the mind revolves; it is in the scene of thanksgiving that your admiration is fixed; it is with the emblems of Hope that your devotion is awakened, and with the enthusiasm of gratitude that the mind is filled. Beneath the gloomy roof of the Grecian Temple, the spirit is concentrated within itself: it seeks the repose which solitude affords, and meditates on the fate of the immortal soul; but it loves to follow the multitude into the Gothic Cathedral, to join in the song of grateful praise which peals through its lengthened aisles, and to share in the enthusiasm which belongs to the exercise of common devotion.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is the only Gothic building of note in Paris, and it is by no means equal to the expectations we had been led to form of it. The style of its architecture is not that of the finest Gothic; it has neither the exquisite lightness of ornament which distinguishes the summit of Gloucester Cathedral, nor the fine lancet

windows which give so unrivalled a beauty to the interior of Beauvais, nor the richness of roof which covers the tombs of Westminster Abbey. Its character is that of massy greatness; its ornaments are rich rather than elegant, and its interior striking more from its immense size than the beauty of the proportion in which it is formed. In spite of all these circumstances, however, the Cathedral of Notre Dame produces a deep impression on the mind of the beholder; its towers rise to a stupendous height above all the buildings which surround them; while the stone of every other edifice is of a light colour, they alone are black with the smoke of centuries; and exhibit a venerable aspect of ancient greatness in the midst of the brilliancy of modern decoration with which the city abounds. Even the crowd of ornaments with which they are loaded, and the heavy proportion in which they are built, are forgotten in the effect which their magnitude produces; they suit the gloomy character of the building they adorn, and accord with the expression of antiquated power by which its aged forms are now distinguished.

To those who have been accustomed to the form of worship which is established in Protestant countries, there is nothing so striking in the Catholic churches as the complete oblivion of rank, or any of the distinctions of established society, which there universally prevails. There are no divisions of seats, nor any places fixed for any particular classes of society. All, of whatever rank or station, kneel alike upon the marble pavement; and the whole extent of the church is open for the devotion of all classes of the people. You frequently see the poorest citizens with their children kneeling on the stone close to those of the highest rank, or the most extensive fortunes. This custom may appear painful to those who have been habituated to the forms of devotion in the English churches; but it produces an impression on the mind of the spectator which nothing in our service is capable of effecting. To see the individual form lost in the immensity of the objects with which he is surrounded; to see all ranks and ages blended in the exercise of common devotion; to see all distinction forgotten in the sense of common infirmity, suits the spirit of that religion which was addressed to the poor as well as to the rich, and fits the presence of that Being before whom all ranks are equal.

Nor is it without a good effect upon the feelings of mankind, that this custom has formed a part of the Catholic service. Amidst that degradation of the great body of the people, which marks the greater part of the Catholic countries—amidst the insolence of aristocratic power, which the doctrines of the Catholic faith are so well suited to support, it is fitting that there should be some occasions on which the distinctions of the world should be forgotten; some moments in which the rich as well as the poor should be humbled before a greater power—in which they should be reminded of the common faith in which they have been baptized, of the common duties to which they are called, and the common hopes which they have been permitted to form.

We had the good fortune to see high mass performed in Notre Dame, with all the pomp of the Catholic service, for the souls of Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette, and the Dauphin, on May 16, 1814, soon after the King's arrival in Paris. The Cathedral was hung with black in every part; the brilliancy of day wholly excluded, and it was lighted only by double rows of wax tapers, which burned round the coffins, placed in the centre of the choir. It was crowded to excess in every part; all the Marshals, Peers, and dignitaries of France, were stationed with the Royal Family near the centre of the Cathedral, and all the principal officers of the allied armies attended at the celebration of the service. The King was present, though without being perceived by the vast assembly by whom he was surrounded; and the Duchess d'Angouleme exhibited, in this melancholy duty, that mixture of firmness and sensibility by which her character has always been distinguished.

It was said, that there were several persons present at this solemn service who had voted for the death of the King; and many of those assembled must doubtless have been conscious that they had been instrumental in the death of those for whose souls this solemn service was now performing. The greater part, however, of those whom we had an opportunity of observing, exhibited the symptoms of genuine sorrow, and seemed to participate in the solemnity with unfeigned devotion. The Catholic worship was here displayed in its utmost splendour; all the highest prelates of France were assembled to give dignity to the spectacle; and all that art could devise was exhausted to render the scene impressive in the eyes of the people. To us, however, who had been habituated to the simplicity of the English form, the variety of unmeaning ceremony, the endless gestures and unceasing bows of the clergy who officiated, destroyed the impression which the solemnity of the service would otherwise have

produced. But though the service itself appeared ridiculous, the effect of the whole scene was sublime in the greatest degree. The black tapestry hung in heavy folds round the sides of the Cathedral, and magnified the impression which its vastness produced. The tapers which surrounded the coffins threw a red and gloomy light over the innumerable multitude which thronged the floor; their receding rays faintly illuminated the farther recesses, or strained to pierce the obscure gloom in which the summits of the pillars were lost; while the sacred music pealed through the distant aisles, and deepened the effect of the thousands of voices which joined in the strains of repentant prayer.

Among the exhibitions of art to which a stranger is conducted immediately after his arrival in the French metropolis, there is none which is more characteristic of the disposition of the people than the *Musèe des Monumens François*, situated in the Rue des Petits Angustins. This is a collection of all the finest sepulchral monuments from different parts of France, particularly from the Cathedral of St Denis, where the cemetery of the royal family had, from time immemorial, been placed. It is said by the French, that the collection of these monuments into one museum was the only means of preserving them from the fury of the people during the revolution; and certainly nothing but absolute necessity could have justified the barbarous idea of bringing them from the graves they were intended to adorn, to one spot, where all associations connected with them are destroyed. It is not the mere survey of the monuments of the dead that is interesting,—not the examination of the specimens of art by which they may be adorned;—it is the remembrance of the deeds which they are intended to record,—of the virtues they are destined to perpetuate,—- of the pious gratitude of which they are now the only testimony—above all, of the dust they actually cover. They remind us of the great men who formerly filled the theatre of the world,—they carry us back to an age which, by a very natural illusion, we conceive to have been both wiser and happier than our own, and present the record of human greatness in that pleasing distance when the great features of character alone are remembered, when time has drawn its veil over the weaknesses of mortality, and its virtues are sanctified by the hand of death. It is a feeling fitted to elevate the soul; to mingle the thoughts of death with the recollection of the virtues by which life had been dignified, and renovate in every heart those high hopes of religion which spring from, the grave of former virtue.

All this delightful, this purifying illusion, is destroyed by the way in which the monuments are collected in the Museum at Paris. They are there brought together from all parts of France; severed from the ashes of the dead they were intended to cover; and arranged in systematic order to illustrate the history of the art whose progress they unfold. The tombs of all the Kings of France, of the Generals by whom its glory has been extended, of the statesmen by whom its power, and the writers by whom its fame has been established, are crowded together in one collection, and heaped upon each other, without any other connexion than that of the time in which they were originally raised. The Museum accordingly exhibits, in the most striking manner, the power of arrangement and classification which the French possess; it is valuable, as containing fine models of the greatest men whom France has produced, and exhibits a curious specimen of the progress of art, from its first commencement to the period of its greatest perfection; but it has wholly lost that deep and peculiar interest which belongs to the monuments of the dead in their original situation.

Adjoining to the Museum, is a garden planted with trees, in which many of the finest monuments are placed; but in which the depravity of the French taste appears in the most striking manner. It is surrounded with houses, and darkened by the shade of lofty buildings; yet, in this gloomy situation, they have placed the tomb of Fenelon, and the united monument of Abelard and Eloise: profaning thus, by the barbarous affectation of artificial taste, and the still more shocking imitation of ancient superstition, the remains of those whose names are enshrined in every heart which can feel the beauty of moral excellence, or share in the sympathy with youthful sorrow.

How different are the feelings with which an Englishman surveys the untouched monuments of English greatness!—and treads the floor of that venerable building which shrouds the remains of all who have dignified their native land—in which her patriots, her poets, and her philosophers, "sleep with her kings, and dignify the scene," which the rage of popular fury has never dared to profane, and the hand of victorious power has never been able to violate; where the ashes of the immortal dead still lie in undisturbed repose, under that splendid roof which covered the tombs of her earliest kings, and witnessed, from its first dawn, the infant glory of the English people.—Nor could the remembrance of the national monuments we have described,

ever excite in the mind of a native of France, the same feeling of heroic devotion which inspired the sublime expression of Nelson, as he boarded the Spanish Admiral's ship at St Vincent's—"Westminster Abbey or Victory!"

Though the streets in Paris have an aged and uncomfortable appearance, the form of the houses is such, as, at a distance, to present a picturesque aspect. Their height, their sharp and irregular tops, the vast variety of forms which they assume when seen from different quarters, all combine to render a distant view of them more striking than the long rows of uniform houses of which London is composed. The domes and steeples of Paris, however, are greatly inferior, both in number and magnificence, to those of the English capital.

The gardens of the Thuilleries and the Luxembourg, of which the Parisians think so highly, and which are constantly filled with all ranks of citizens, are laid out with a singularity of taste, of which, in this country, we can scarcely form any conception. The straight walks—the clipt trees—the marble fountains—are fast wearing out in all parts of England; they are to be met with only round the mansions of ancient families, and even there are kept rather from the influence of ancient prejudice, or from the affection to hereditary forms, than from their coincidence with the present taste of the English people. They are seldom, accordingly, disagreeable, with us, to the eye of the most cultivated taste; their singularity forms a pleasing variety to the continued succession of lawns and shrubberies which is every where to be met with; and they are regarded rather as the venerable marks of ancient splendour, than as the barbarous affectation of modern distinction. In France, the native deformity of this taste appears in its real light, without the colouring of any such adventitious circumstances as conceal it in this country. It does not appear there under the softening veil of ancient manners; its avenues do not conduct to the decaying abode of hereditary greatness—its gardens do not mark the scenes of former festivity—its fountains are not covered with the moss which has grown for centuries. It appears as the model of present taste; it is considered as the indication of existing splendour; and sought after, as the form in which the beauty of Nature is now to be admired. All that association accordingly had blended in our minds with the style of ancient gardening in our own country, was instantly divested by its appearance in France; and we felt then the whole importance of that happy change in the national taste, whereby variety has been made to succeed to uniformity, and the imitation of nature to come in the place of the exhibition of art.

In every country, and in every department of taste, the earliest object of art is, the display of the power of the artist; and it is in the last period of its improvements alone, that this miserable propensity is overcome. It is hence that the imitation of Nature is not what is at first attempted; that the forms which she presents are uniformly neglected, and the merit of the artist is thought to consist in such artificial designs as bear the most unequivocal marks of his individual dexterity. The forms of nature are every where to be met with—they are open to the most vulgar capacity; the power of art, therefore, it is at first thought, must be shown in the complete subjugation of natural form, or the complete abandonment of natural beauty. It is hence that florists uniformly take delight in double flowers and monsters, which are the farthest removed from the forms of nature; and it is hence that gardeners always evince so great an anxiety to conduct strangers to the most ridiculous contortion of natural form, which their domains can exhibit. There is nothing unnatural or vulgar in this propensity; it pervades all branches of taste at a certain stage of its progress, and all ranks of society, to whom a limited capacity of mind is granted. It is hence that every society exhibits examples of individuals, who aim at singularity of manners, merely that they may be different from the generality of mankind; it is hence that many persons, even of a cultivated mind, shut their eye to the charms of beauty in every department of taste, merely that they may display their own wretched vanity in criticising its imperfections; it is hence that painters select the moment of passion or exertion, for no other reason than for the display of their anatomical knowledge, or their skill in the delineation of extraordinary emotion; and that poets have so often neglected what is really pathetic in the scenes, either of nature or of man, to present the artificial conceptions of their learning or fancy. In all these instances, the degradation of taste arises from the vain anxiety of men to display the power of the artist, and their utter forgetfulness of the end of the Art.

The remarkable characteristic of the taste of France is, that this love of artificial beauty continues with undiminished force, at a period when, in other nations, it has given place to a more genuine love for the beauty of nature. In them, the natural

progress of refinement has led from the admiration of the art of imitation to the love of the subjects imitated. In France, this early prejudice, continues in its pristine vigour at the present moment: They never lose sight of the effort of the artist; their admiration is fixed not on the quality or object in nature, but on the artificial representation of it; not on the thing signified, but the sign. It is hence that they have such exalted ideas of the perfection of their artist David, whose paintings are nothing more than a representation of the human figure in its most extravagant and phrenzied attitudes; that they are insensible to the simple display of real emotion, but dwell with delight upon the vehement representation of it which their stage exhibits; and that, leaving the charming heights of Belleville, or the sequestered banks of the Seine, almost wholly deserted, they crowd to the stiff alleys of the Elysian Fields, or the artificial beauties of the gardens of Versailles.

In the midst of Paris this artificial style of gardening is not altogether unpleasing; it is in unison, in some measure, with the regular character of the buildings with which it is surrounded; and the profusion of statues and marble vases continues the impression which the character of their palaces is fitted to produce. But at Versailles, at St Cloud, and Fountainbleau, amidst the luxuriance of vegetation, and surrounded by the majesty of forest scenery, it destroys altogether the effect which arises from the irregularity of natural beauty. Every one feels straight borders, and square porticoes and broad alleys, to be in unison with the immediate neighbourhood of an antiquated mansion; but they become painful when extended to those remoter parts of the grounds, when the character of the scene is determined by the rudeness of uncultivated nature.

There are some occasions, nevertheless, on which the gardens of the Thuilleries present a beautiful spectacle, in spite of the artificial taste in which they are formed. From the warmth of the climate, the Parisians, of all classes, live much in the open air, and frequent the public gardens in great numbers during the continuance of the fine weather. In the evening especially, they are filled with citizens, who repose themselves under the shade of the lofty trees, after the heat and the fatigues of the day; and they then present a spectacle of more than ordinary interest and beauty. The disposition of the French suits the character of the scene, and harmonises with the impression which the stillness of the evening produces on the mind. There is none of that rioting or confusion by which an assembly of the middling classes in England is too often disgraced; no quarrelling or intoxication even among the poorest ranks, and little appearance of that degrading want which destroys the pleasing idea of public happiness. The people appear all to enjoy a certain share of individual prosperity; their intercourse is conducted with unbroken harmony, and they seem to resign themselves to those delightful feelings which steal over the mind during the stillness and serenity of a summer evening.

Still more beautiful perhaps, is the appearance of this scene during the stillness of the night, when the moon throws her dubious rays over the objects of nature. The gardens of the Thuilleries remain crowded with people, who seem to enjoy the repose which universally prevails, and from whom no sound is to be heard which can break the stillness or serenity of the scene. The regularity of the forms is wholly lost in the masses of light and shadow that are there displayed; the foliage throws a chequered shade over the ground beneath, while the different vistas of the Elysian Fields are seen in that soft and mellow light by which the radiance of the moon is so peculiarly distinguished. After passing through these favourite scenes of the French people, we frequently came to small encampments of the allied troops in the remote parts of the grounds. The appearance of these bivouacks, composed of Cossack squadrons, Hungarian hussars, or Prussian artillery, in the obscurity of moonlight, and surrounded by the gloom of forest scenery, was beyond measure striking. The picturesque forms of the soldiers, sleeping on their arms under the shade of the trees, or half hid by the rude huts which they had erected for their shelter; the varied attitudes of the horses standing amidst the waggons by which the camp was followed, or sleeping beside the veterans whom they had borne through all the fortunes of war; the dark masses of the artillery, dimly discerned in the shades of night, or faintly reflecting the pale light of the moon, presented a scene of the most beautiful description, in which the rude features of war were softened by the tranquillity of peaceful life; and the interest of present repose was enhanced by the remembrance of the wintry storms and bloody fields through which these brave men had passed, during the memorable campaigns in which they had been engaged. The effect of the whole was increased by the perfect stillness which everywhere prevailed, broken only

at intervals by the slow step of the sentinel, as he paced his rounds, or the sweeter sounds of those beautiful airs, which, in a far distant country, recalled to the Russian soldier the joys and the happiness of his native land.

CHAPTER IV.

ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

St Cloud was the favourite residence of Bonaparte, and, from this circumstance, possesses an interest which does not belong to the other imperial palaces. It stands high, upon a lofty bank overhanging the Seine, which takes a bold sweep in the plain below; and the steep declivity which descends to its banks is clothed with magnificent woods of aged elms. The character of the scenery is bold and rugged;—the trees are of the wildest forms, and the most stupendous height, and the banks, for the most part, steep and irregular. It is here, accordingly, that the French gardening appears in all its genuine deformity; and that its straight walks and endless fountains display a degree of formality and art, destructive of the peculiar beauty by which the scene is distinguished. These gardens, however, were the favourite and private walks of the Emperor;—it was here that he meditated those schemes of ambition which were destined to shake the established thrones of Europe;—it was under the shade of this luxuriant foliage that he formed the plan of all the mighty projects which he had in contemplation;—it was in the splendid apartments of this palace that the Councils of France assembled, to revolve on the means of permanently destroying the English power:—It was here too, by a most remarkable coincidence, that his destruction was finally accomplished;—that the last convention was concluded, by which his second dethronement was completed;—and that the victorious arms of England dictated the terms of surrender to his conquered capital.

When we visited St Cloud, it was the head-quarters of Prince Schwartzenberg; and the Austrian grenadiers mounted guard at the gates of the Imperial Palace. The banks of the Seine, below the Palace, were covered by an immense bivouack of Austrian troops, and the fires of their encampment twinkled in the obscurity of twilight amidst the low brushwood with which the sides of the river were clothed. The appearance of this bivouack, dimly discerned through the rugged stems of lofty trees, or half-hid by the luxuriant branches which obscured the view;—the picturesque and varied aspect of the plain covered with waggons, and all the accompaniments of military service;—the columns of smoke rising from the fires with which it was interspersed, and the innumerable horses crowded amidst the confused multitude of men and carriages, or resting in more sequestered spots on the sides of the river, with their forms finely reflected in its unruffled waters—presented a spectacle which exhibited war in its most striking aspect, and gave a character to the scene which would have suited the romantic strain of Salvator's mind.

St Germain, though less picturesquely situated than St Cloud, presents features, nevertheless, of more than ordinary magnificence. The Palace, now converted into a school of military education by Napoleon, is a mean irregular building, though it possesses a certain interest, by having been long the residence of the exiled house of Stuart. The situation, however, is truly fitted for an imperial dwelling; it stands on the edge of a high bank overhanging the Seine, at the end a magnificent terrace, a mile and a half long, built on the projecting heights which edge the river. The walk along this terrace is the finest spectacle which the vicinity of Paris has to present. It is backed along its whole extent by the extensive forest of St Germain, the foliage of which overhangs the road, and in the recesses of which you can occasionally discern those beautiful peeps which form the peculiar characteristic of forest scenery. The steep bank which descends to the river is clothed with orchards and vineyards in all the luxuriance of a southern climate; and in front, there is spread beneath your feet the wide plain in which the Seine wanders, whose waters are descried at intervals

through the woods and gardens with which its banks are adorned; while, in the farthest distance, the towers of St Denis, and the heights of Paris, form an irregular outline on the verge of the horizon. It is a scene exhibiting the most beautiful aspect of cultivated nature, and would have been the fit residence for a Monarch who loved to survey his subjects' happiness: but it was deserted by the miserable weakness of Louis XIV., because the view terminated in the cemetery of the Kings of France, and his enjoyment of it would have been destroyed by the thoughts of mortal decay.

Versailles, which that monarch chose as the ordinary abode of his splendid Court, is less favourably situate for a royal dwelling, though the view from the great front of the palace is beautifully clothed with luxuriant woods. The palace itself is a magnificent building of great extent, loaded with the riches of architectural beauty, but destitute of that fine proportion and lightness of ornament, which spread so indescribable a charm over the Palace of the Louvre. The interior is in a state of lamentable decay, having been pillaged at the commencement of the revolutionary fury, and formed into a barrack for the republican soldiers, the marks of whose violence are still visible in the faded splendour of its magnificent apartments. They still shew, however, the favourite rooms of Marie Antoinette, the walls of which are covered with the finest mirrors, and some remains of the furniture are still preserved, which even the licentious fury of the French army seems to have been afraid to violate. The gardens on which all the riches of France, and all the efforts of art, were so long lavished, present a painful monument of the depravity of taste: but the *Petit Trianon*, which is a little palace built of marble, and surrounded by shrubberies in the English style, exhibits the genuine beauty of which the imitation of nature is susceptible. This palace contains a suite of splendid apartments, fitted up with singular taste, and adorned with a number of charming pictures; it was the favourite residence of Maria Louisa, and we were there shewn the drawing materials which she used, and some unfinished sketches which she left, in which, we were informed, she much delighted, and which bore the marks of a cultivated taste.

We frequently enquired concerning the character and occupations of this Empress, at all the palaces where she usually dwelt, and uniformly received the same answer:—She was everywhere represented as cold, proud, and haughty in her manner, and unconciliating in her ordinary address. Her time was much spent in private, in the exercise of religious duty, or in needle-work and drawing; and her favourite seat at St Cloud was between two windows, from one of which she had a view over the beautiful woods which clothe the banks of the river, and from the other a distant prospect of the towers and domes of Paris.

Very different was the character which belonged to the former Empress, the first wife of Bonaparte, Josephine: She passed the close of her life at the delightful retreat of Malmaison, a villa charmingly situated on the banks of the Seine, seven miles from Paris, on the road to St Germain. This villa had been her favourite residence while she continued Empress, and formed her only home after the period of her divorce;—here she lived in obscurity and retirement, without any of the pomp of a court, or any of the splendour which belonged to her former rank,—occupied entirely in the employment of gardening, or in alleviating the distresses of those around her. The shrubberies and gardens were laid out with singular beauty, in the English taste, and contained a vast variety of rare flowers, which she had for a long period been collecting. These shrubberies were to her the source of never-failing enjoyment; she spent many hours in them every day, working herself, or superintending the occupations of others; and in these delightful occupations seemed to return again to all the innocence and happiness of youth. She was beloved to the greatest degree by all the poor who inhabited the vicinity of her retreat, both for the gentleness of her manner, and her unwearied attention to their sufferings and their wants; and during the whole period of her retirement, she retained the esteem and affection of all classes of French citizens. The Emperor Alexander visited her repeatedly during the stay of the allied armies in Paris; and her death occasioned an universal feeling of regret, rarely to be met with amidst the corruption and selfishness of the French metropolis.

There was something singularly striking in the history and character of this remarkable woman:—Born in a humble station, without any of the advantages which rank or education could afford, she was early involved in all the unspeakable miseries of the French revolution, and was extricated from her precarious situation only by being united to that extraordinary man, whose crimes and whose ambition have spread misery through every country of Europe: Rising through all the gradations of rank through which he passed, she everywhere commanded the esteem and regard of

all those who had access to admire her private virtues; and when at length she was raised to the rank of Empress, she graced the imperial throne with all the charities and virtues of a humbler station. She bore, with unexampled magnanimity, the sacrifice of power and of influence which she was compelled to make: She carried into the obscurity of humble life all the dignity of mind which befitted the character of an Empress of France; and exercised, in the delightful occupations of country life, or in the alleviation of the severity of individual distress, that firmness of mind and gentleness of disposition, with which she had lightened the weight of imperial dominion, and softened the rigour of despotic power.

The Forest of Fontainbleau exhibits scenery of a more picturesque and striking character than is to be met with in any other part of the north of France. It is situated 40 miles from Paris, on the great road to Rome, and the appearance of the country through which this road runs, is for the most part flat and uninteresting. It runs through a continued plain, in a straight line between tall rows of elm trees, whose lower branches are uniformly cut off for firewood to the peasantry; and exhibits, for the most part, no other feature than the continued riches of agricultural produce. At the distance of seven miles from the town of Fontainbleau, you first discern the forest, covering a vast ridge of rocks, stretching as far as the eye can reach, from right to left, and presenting a dark irregular outline on the surface of the horizon. The cultivation continues, with all its uniformity, to the very foot of the ridge; but the moment you pass the boundaries of the forest, you find yourself surrounded at once with all the wildness and luxuriance of natural scenery. The surface of the ground is broken and irregular, rising at times into vast piles of shapeless rocks, and enclosing at others small vallies, in which the wood grows in endless beauty, unblighted by the chilling blasts of northern climates. In these vallies, the oak, the ash, and the beech, exhibit the peculiar magnificence of forest scenery, while, on the neighbouring hills, the birch waves its airy foliage round the dark masses of rock which terminate the view. Nothing can be conceived more striking than the scenery which this variety of rock and wood produce in every part of this romantic forest. At times you pass through an unbroken mass of aged timber, surrounded by the native grandeur of forest scenery, and undisturbed by any traces of human habitation, except in those rude paths which occasionally open a passing view into the remoter parts of the forest. At others, the path winds through great masses of rock, piled in endless confusion upon each other, in the crevices of which the fern and the heath grow in all the luxuriance of southern vegetation; while their summits are covered by aged oaks of the wildest forms, whose crossing boughs throw an eternal shade over the ravines below, and afford room only to discern at the farthest distance the summits of those beautiful hills, on which the light foliage of the birch trembles in the ray of an unclouded sun, or waves on the blue of a summer heaven.

To those who have had the good fortune to see the beautiful scenery of the Trosachs in Scotland, of Matlock in Derbyshire, or of the wooded Fells in Cumberland, it may afford some idea of the Forest of Fontainbleau, to say that it combines scenery of a similar description with the aged magnificence of Windsor Forest. Over its whole extent there are scattered many detached oaks of vast dimensions, which seem to be of an older race in the growth of the Forest,—whose lowest boughs stretch above the top of the wood which surrounds them,—and whose decayed summits afford a striking contrast to the young and luxuriant foliage with which their stems are enveloped. When we visited Fontainbleau, it was occupied by the old imperial guard, which still remained in that station after the abdication of Bonaparte; and we frequently met parties, or detached stragglers of them, wandering in the most solitary parts of the Forest. Their warlike and weather-beaten appearance; their battered arms and worn accoutrements; the dark plumes of their helmets, and the sallow ferocious aspect of their countenances, suited the savage character of the scenery with which they were surrounded, and threw over the gloom and solitude of the Forest that wild expression with which the genius of Salvator dignified the features of uncultivated nature.

The town and palace of Fontainbleau are situate in a small plain near the centre of the forest, and surrounded on all sides by the rocky ridges with which it is everywhere intersected. The palace is a large irregular building, composed of many squares, and fitted up in the inside with the utmost splendour of imperial magnificence. We were there shewn the apartments in which Napoleon dwelt during his stay in the palace, after the capture of Paris by the allied troops; and the desk at which he always wrote, and where his abdication was signed. It was covered with white leather, scratched over in every direction, and marked with innumerable wipings of the pen, among

which we perceived his own name, Napoleon, frequently written as in a very hurried and irregular hand; and one sentence which began, Que Dieu, Napoleon, Napoleon. The servants in the palace agreed in stating, that the Emperor's gaiety and fortitude of mind never deserted him during the ruin of his fortune; that he was engaged in his writing-chamber during the greater part of the day, and walked for two hours on the terrace, in close conversation with Marshal Ney. Several officers of the imperial guard repeated the speech which he made to his troops on leaving them after his abdication of the throne, which was precisely what appeared in the English newspapers. So great was the enthusiasm produced by this speech among the soldiers present, that it was received with shouts and cries of Vive l'Empereur, A Paris, A Paris! and when he departed under the custody of the allied Commissioners, the whole army wept; there was not a dry eye in the multitude who were assembled to witness his departure. Even the imperial guard, who had been trained in scenes of suffering from their first entry into the service—who had been inured for a long course of years to the daily sight of human misery, and had constantly made a sport of all the afflictions which are fitted to move the human heart, shared in the general grief; they seemed to forget the degradation in which their commander was involved, the hardships to which they had been exposed, and the destruction which he had brought upon their brethren in arms; they remembered him when he stood victorious on the field of Austerlitz, or passed in triumph through the gates of Moscow; and shed over the fall of their Emperor those tears of genuine sorrow which they denied to the deepest scenes of private suffering, or the most aggravated instances of individual distress. It is impossible not to regret that feelings so exalting to human nature should have been awakened by one who shared so little in their enthusiasm himself; that the sufferings of thousands should have been forgotten in the fate of one to whom the miseries of others never afforded a subject of regret; and that the only occasion on which generous sentiments were manifested by the French army, should have been the overthrow of that power by which their ambition and their wickedness had been supported.

We had the good fortune to see the infantry of the old guard drawn up in line in the streets of Fontainbleau, and their appearance was such as fully answered the idea we had formed of that body of veteran soldiers, who had borne the French eagles through every capital of Europe. Their aspect was bold and martial; there was a keenness in their eyes which bespoke the characteristic intelligence of the French soldiers, and a ferocity in the expression of their countenances which seemed to have been unsubdued even by the unparalleled disasters in which their country had been involved. The people of the town itself complained in the bitterest terms of their licentious conduct, and repeatedly said, that they dreaded them more as friends than the Cossacks themselves as enemies. They seemed to harbour the most unbounded resentment against the people of this country; their countenances bore the expression of the strongest enmity as we walked along their line, and we frequently heard them mutter among themselves, in the most emphatic manner, *Sacre Dieu, voila des Anglois!*—Whatever the atrocity of their conduct, however, might have been, to the people of their own, as well as every other country, it was impossible not to feel the strongest emotion at the sight of the veteran soldiers whose exploits had so long rivetted the attention of all who felt an interest in the civilized world. These were the men who first raised the glory of the republican armies on the plains of Italy; who survived the burning climate of Egypt, and chained victory to the imperial standards at Jena, at Austerlitz, and at Friedland—who followed the career of victory to the walls of the Kremlin, and marched undaunted through the ranks of death amid the snows of Russia;—who witnessed the ruin of France under the walls of Leipsic, and struggled to save her falling fortune on the heights of Laon; and who preserved, in the midst of national humiliation, and when surrounded by the mighty foreign Powers, that undaunted air and unshaken firmness, which, even in the moment of defeat, commanded the respect of their antagonists in arms.

Beyond the town of Fontainbleau, there rises a ridge of steep hills, which prevents any view in that direction into the distant parts of the forest. The road to their summit lies through the Imperial Gardens, and is surrounded by the artificial forms and regular walks which mark the character of the French gardening. When you reach the summit, however, the character of the scene instantly changes, and you pass at once into the utmost wildness of desolated nature. The foreground is broken by barren rock, or covered with the beautiful forms of the weeping birch; immediately below there lies a lonely valley, strewed with masses of grey stone, without the slightest trace of human habitation, while, in the farthest distance, the forest is discerned, clothing the sides of those broken ridges which rise in endless confusion on the

surface of the horizon. At the moment when we reached this spot, the sun was setting in the west; the cold grey of the stone which covered the ravines was dimly discerned through the obscure light which the approach of night produced, while the rugged outline of the rocks beyond was projected in the deepest shadow on the bright light of the departing day.

There is no scenery round Paris so striking as the forest of Fontainbleau, but the heights of Belleville exhibit nature in a more pleasing aspect, and are distinguished by features of a gentler character. Montmartre, and the ridge of Belleville, form those celebrated heights which command Paris on the northern side, and which were so obstinately contested between the allies and the French on the 30th March 1814, previous to the capture of Paris by the allied Sovereigns. Montmartre is covered for the most part with houses, and presents nothing to attract the eye of the observer, except the extensive view which is to be met with at its summit. The heights of Belleville, however, are varied with wood, with orchards, vineyards, and gardens, interspersed with cottages and villas, and cultivated with the utmost care. There are few inclosures, but the whole extent of the ground is thickly studded with walnuts, fruit-trees, and forest timber, which, from a distance, give it the appearance of one continued wood. On a nearer approach, however, you find it intersected in every direction by small paths, which wind among the vineyards, or through the woods with which the hills are covered, and present at every turn those charming little scenes which form the peculiar characteristic of woodland scenery. The cottages half hid by the profusion of fruit-trees, or embosomed in the luxuriant woods with which they are everywhere surrounded, increase the interest which the scenery itself is fitted to produce: they combine the delightful idea of the peasant's enjoyment with the beauty of the spot on which his dwelling is placed; and awaken, in the midst of the boundless luxuriance of vegetable nature, those deeper feelings of moral delight, which spring from the contemplation of human happiness.

To a northern eye, there is nothing so delightful as this luxuriance of vegetation, which rises amidst the warmth of southern climates. The sterile rocks and rugged mountains of northern regions exhibit nature in her native rudeness, her features bear a harsher aspect, and her forms are expressive of more melancholy feeling; but under the genial warmth of a southern sun, she is arrayed in a robe of softer colours, and beams with the expression of a gentler character. She there appears surrounded by the luxuriance of vegetable life: she pours forth her bounty with a profusion which the partizans of utility would call prodigality, and covers the earth with a splendour of beauty, which serves no other purpose than to minister to the delight of human existence. Amidst the riches with which man is surrounded, his destiny appears happier than in more desolate situations; we forget the sufferings of the individual in the profusion of beauty with which he is surrounded; and impute to the inhabitants of these delightful regions, those feelings of happiness which spring in our own minds from the contemplation of the scenery in which they are placed.

The effect of the charming scenery on the heights of Belleville is much increased by the distant objects which terminate some parts of the view. To the east, the high and gloomy towers of Vincennes rise over the beautiful woods with which the sides of the hill are adorned, and give an air of solemnity to the scene, arising from the remembrance of the tragic events of which it was the theatre. To the south, the domes and spires of Paris can occasionally be discovered through the openings of the wood with which the foreground is enriched, and present the capital at that pleasing distance, when the minuter part of the buildings are concealed, when its prominent features alone are displayed, and the whole is softened by the obscure light which distance throws over the objects of nature. To an English mind, the effect of the whole is infinitely increased, by the animating associations with which this scenery is connected;—by the remembrance of the mighty struggle between freedom and slavery, which was here terminated;—of the heroic deeds which were here performed, and the unequalled magnanimity which was here displayed. It was here that the expiring efforts of military despotism were overthrown—that the armies of Russia stood triumphant over the power of France, and nobly avenged the ashes of their own capital, by sparing that of their prostrate enemy.

When we visited the heights of Belleville, the traces of the recent struggle were visibly imprinted on the villages and woods with which the hill is covered. The marks of blood were still to be discerned on the chaussée which leads through the village of Pantin; the elm trees which line the road were cut asunder, or bored through with cannon shot, and their stems riddled in many parts with the incessant fire of the grape

shot. The houses in La Villette, Belleville and Pantin, were covered with the marks of musket shot; the windows of many were shattered, or wholly destroyed, and the interior of the rooms broken by the balls which seemed to have pierced every part of the buildings. So thickly were the houses in some places covered with these marks, that it appeared almost incredible how any one could have escaped from so destructive a fire. Even the beautiful gardens with which the slope of the heights are adorned, and the inmost recesses of the wood of Romainville, bore throughout the marks of the desperate struggles which they had lately witnessed, and exhibited the symptoms of fracture or destruction in the midst of the luxuriance of natural beauty; yet, though they had so recently been the scene of mortal combat; though the ashes of the dead yet lay in heaps on different parts of the field of battle, the prolific powers of nature were undecayed: the vines clustered round the broken fragments of the instruments of war,—the corn spread a sweeter green over the fields, which were yet wet with human blood, and the trees waved with renovated beauty over the uncoffined remains of the departed brave; emblematic of the decay of man, and of the immortality of nature.

The French have often been accused of selfishness, and the indifference which they often manifest to the fate of their relations, affords too much reason to believe that the social affections have little permanent influence on their minds. We must, however, admit, that they exhibit in misfortunes of a different kind—in calamities which really press upon their own enjoyments of life, the same gaiety of heart, and the same undisturbed equanimity of disposition. That gaiety in misfortune, which is so painful to every observer, when it is to be found in the midst of family-distress, becomes delightful when it exists under the deprivation of the selfish gratification to which the individual had been accustomed. Both here, and in other parts of France, where the houses of the peasants had been wholly destroyed by the allied armies, we had occasion frequently to observe and admire the equanimity of mind with which these poor people bore the loss of all their property. For an extent of 30 miles in one direction, towards the North of Champagne, every house near the great road had-been burnt or pillaged for the firewood which it contained, both by the French and the allied armies, and the people were everywhere compelled to sleep in the open air. When we spoke to them on the subject of their losses, they answered with smiles, "Tout est detruit: tout est brulè, tout, tout;" and seemed to derive amusement from the completeness of the devastation. The men were everywhere rebuilding their fallen walls, with a cheerfulness which never would have existed in England under similar circumstances; and the little children laboured in the gardens during the day, and slept under the vines at night, without exhibiting any signs of distress for their disconsolate situation. In many places, we saw groupes of these little children in the midst of the ruined houses, or under the shattered trees, playing with the musket shot, or trying to roll the cannon balls by which the destruction of their dwellings had been effected;—exhibiting a picture of youthful joy and native innocence, while sporting with the instruments of human destruction, which the genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds would have moulded into the expression of pathetic feeling, or employed as the means of moral improvement.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS—THE LOUVRE.

To those who have had the good fortune to see the pictures and statues which were preserved in the Louvre, all description of these works must appear superfluous; and to those who have not had this good fortune, such an attempt could convey no adequate idea of the objects which are described. There is nothing more uninteresting than the catalogue of pictures which are to be found in the works of many modern travellers; nor any thing in general more ridiculous than the ravings of admiration

with which this catalogue is described, and with which the reader in general is little disposed to sympathise. Without attempting, therefore, to enumerate the great works which were there to be met with, we shall confine ourselves to a simpler object, to the delineation of the *general character* by which the different schools of painting are distinguished, and the great features in which they all differ from the sculpture of ancient times. For the justice of these observations, we must of course appeal to those who have examined this great collection; and in the prosecution of them, we pretend to nothing more than the simple account of the feelings which, we are persuaded, must have occurred to all those who have viewed it without any knowledge of the rules which art has established, or the more despicable principles which connoisseurs have maintained.

For an attempt of this kind, the Louvre presented, singular advantages, from the unparalleled collection of paintings of every school and description which was there to be met with, and the facility with which you could trace the progress of the art from its first beginning to the period of its greatest perfection. And it is in this view that the collection of these works into one museum, however much to be deplored as the work of unprincipled ambition, and however much it may have diminished the impression which particular objects, from the influence of association, produced in their native place, was yet calculated, we conceive, to produce the greatest of all improvements in the progress of the art, by divesting particular schools and particular works of the unbounded influence which the effect of early association, or the prejudices of national feeling, have given them in their original situation, and placing them where their real nature is to be judged of by a more extended circle, and subjected to the examination of more impartial sentiments.

The character of every school of painting has been determined by some peculiar circumstances under which that school first originated, which have contributed to form its greatest excellencies, and been the real source of its principal defects; and it has unfortunately happened, that the unbounded admiration for the great production of these schools has everywhere formed the national taste, and tended to perpetuate their errors, when the progress of society would otherwise have led to their earlier abandonment. It deserves well to be considered, therefore, whether the restoration of these monuments of art to their original situations, while it must unquestionably enhance the veneration with which they will severally be regarded, may not perpetuate the defects which particular circumstances have stamped on their school of composition; and whether the continuance of them in one vast collection, however fatal to the implicit veneration for the works of antiquity, was not calculated, by the comparison of their excellencies and the exhibition of their defects, to form a new school, possessed of a more general character, and adapted for the admiration of a more unbiassed public. It is in the despotic reign of arbitrary governments, if we may be allowed, in a discussion on matters of taste, to borrow an illustration from politics, that the influence of ancient error, and the power of ancient prejudice, is most unbounded; but it is in the unbiassed discussion which distinguishes a free state, that the influence of prejudice is forgotten, and truth emerges from the collision of opposite opinions. However this may be, it will not, it is hoped, be deemed an useless attempt, if we now endeavour to state, in a few words, the impression which was produced by this great collection of the works of art, which has been felt, we doubt not, by all who have viewed it with untutored eyes, but has not hitherto been described by those so much better able to do justice to it than ourselves.

The first hall of the Louvre in the Picture Gallery is filled with paintings of the French school. The principal artists whose works are here exhibited are, Le Brun, Gaspar and Nicolas Poussin, Claude Lorrain, Vernet, and the modern painters Gerard and David. The general character of the school of French historical painting, is the expression of *passion and violent emotion*. The colouring is for the most part brilliant; the canvas crowded with figures, and the incident selected, that in which the painter might have the best opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the human frame, or the varied expression of the human countenance. In the pictures of the modern school of French painting, this peculiarity is pushed to an extravagant length, and, fortunately for the art, displays the false principles on which the system of their composition is founded. The moment seized is uniformly that of the strongest and most violent passion; the principal actors in the piece are represented in a state of phrenzied exertion, and the whole anatomical knowledge of the artist is displayed in the endless contortions into which the human frame is thrown. In David's celebrated picture of the three Horatii, this peculiarity appears in the most striking light. The

works of this artist may excite admiration, but it is the limited and artificial admiration of the schools; of those who have forgot the end of the art in the acquisition of the technical knowledge with which it is accompanied, or the display of the technical powers which its execution involves.

The paintings of *Vernet*, in this collection, are perhaps the finest specimens of that beautiful master, and they entitle him to a higher place in the estimation of mankind than he seems yet to have obtained from the generality of observers. There is a delicacy of colouring, an unity of design, and a harmony of expression in his works, which accord well with the simplicity of the subjects which his taste has selected, and the general effect which it was his object to produce. In the representation of the sun dispelling the mists of a cloudy morning; of his setting rays gilding the waves of a western sea; or of that undefined beauty which moonlight throws over the objects of nature, the works of this artist are perhaps unrivalled.

The paintings of *Claude* are by no means equal to what we had expected, from the celebrity which his name has acquired, or the matchless beauty which the engravings from him possess. They are but eleven in number, and cannot be in any degree compared with those which are to be found in Mr Angerstein's collection. To those, however, who have been accustomed to study the designs of this great master, through the medium of the engraved copies, and above all, in the unrivalled works of Woollet, the sight of the original pictures must, perhaps at all times, create a feeling of disappointment. There is an unity of effect in the engravings which can never be met with amidst the distraction of colouring in the original pictures; and the imagination clothes the beautiful shades of the copy with finer tints than even the pencil of Claude has been able to supply. "I have shewn you," said Corinne to Oswald, "St Peter's for the first time, when the brilliancy of its decorations might appear in full splendour, in the rays of the sun: I reserve for you a finer, and a more profound enjoyment, to behold it by the light of the moon." Perhaps there is a distinction of the same kind between the gaudy brilliancy of varied colours, and the chaster simplicity of uniform shadows; and it is probably for this reason, that on the first view of a picture which you have long admired in the simplicity of engraved effect, you involuntarily recede from the view, and seek in the obscure light and uncertain tint which distance produces, to recover that uniform tone and general character, which the splendour of colouring is so apt to destroy. It is a feeling similar to that which Lord Byron has so finely described, as arising from the beauty of moonlight scenery:—

———"Mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies."

The Dutch and Flemish school, to which you next advance, possesses merit, and is distinguished by a character of a very different description. It was the well-known object of this school, to present an exact and faithful *imitation of nature*; to exaggerate none of its faults, and enhance none of its excellencies, but exhibit it as it really appears to the eye of an ordinary spectator. Its artists selected, in general, some scene of humour or amusement, in the discovery of which, the most ignorant spectators might discover other sources of pleasure than those which the merit of the art itself afforded. They did not pretend, in general, to aim at the exhibition of passion or powerful emotion: their paintings, therefore, are free from that painful display of theatrical effect, which characterises the French school; their object was not to represent those deep scenes of sorrow or suffering, which accord with the profound feelings which it was the object of the Italian school to awaken; they want, therefore, the dignity and grandeur which the works of the greater Italian painters possess: their merit consists in the faithful delineation of those ordinary scenes and common occurrences, which are familiar to the eye of the most careless observer. The power of the painter, therefore, could be displayed only in the minuteness of the finishing, or the brilliancy of the effect; and he endeavoured, by the powerful contrast of light and shade, to give an higher character to his works, than the nature of their subject could otherwise admit.

The pictures of Teniers, Ostade, and Gerard Dow, possess these merits, and are distinguished by this character in the highest degree; but their qualities are so well known in this country, as to render any observation on them superfluous. There is a very great collection here preserved of the works of Rembrandt, and their design and

effect bear, in general, a higher character than belongs to most of the works of this celebrated master.

In one respect, the collection in the Louvre is altogether unrivalled—in the number and beauty of the *Wouvermans* which are there to be met with; nor is it possible, without having seen it, to appreciate, with any degree of justice, the variety of design, the accuracy of drawing, or delicacy of finishing, which distinguish his works from those of any other painter of a similar description. There are 38 of his pieces there assembled, all in the finest state of preservation, and all displaying the same unrivalled beauty of colouring and execution. In their design, however, they widely differ; and they exhibit, in the most striking manner, the real object to which painting should be applied, and the causes of the errors in which its composition has been involved. His works, for the most part, are crowded with figures; his subjects are in general battle-pieces, or spectacles of military pomp, or the animated scenes which the chace presents; and he seems to have exhausted all the efforts of his genius, in the variety of incident and richness of execution, which these subjects are fitted to afford. From the confused and indeterminate expression, however, which the multitude of their objects exhibit, we turn with delight to those simpler scenes in which his mind seems to have reposed, after the fatigues which it had undergone: to the representation of a single incident, or the delineation of a certain occurrence—to the rest of the traveller after the fatigues of the day—to the repose of the horse in the intermission of labour—to the return of the soldier after the dangers of the campaign; —scenes, in which every thing combines for the uniform character, and where the genius of the artist has been able to give to the rudest occupations of men, and even to the objects of animal life, the expression of general poetical feeling.

The pictures of *Vandyke* and *Rubens* belong to a much higher school than that which rose out of the wealth and the limited taste of the Dutch people. There are 60 pieces of the latter of these masters in the Louvre, and, combined with the celebrated Gallery in the Luxembourg Palace, they form the finest assemblage of them which is to be met with in the world. The character of his works differs essentially from that both of the French and the Dutch schools; he was employed, not in painting cabinet pictures for wealthy merchants, but in designing great altar pieces for splendid churches, or commemorating the glory of sovereigns in imperial galleries. The greatness of his genius rendered him fit to attempt the representation of the most complicated and difficult objects; but in the confidence of this genius, he seems to have lost sight of the genuine object of composition in his art. He attempts what it is impossible for painting to accomplish—he aims at telling a whole story by the expression of a single picture; and seems to pour forth the profusion of his fancy, by crowding his canvas with a multiplicity of figures, which serve no other purpose than that of shewing the endless power of creation which the author possessed. In each figure there is great vigour of conception, and admirable power of execution; but the whole possesses no general character, and produces no permanent emotion. There is a mixture of allegory and truth in many of his greatest works, which is always painful; a grossness in his conception of the female form, which destroys the symmetry of female beauty; and a wildness of imagination in his general design, which violates the feelings of ordinary taste. You survey his pictures with astonishment—at the power of thought and brilliancy of colouring which they display; but they produce no lasting impression on the mind; they have struck no chord of feeling or emotion, and you leave them with no other feeling, than that of regret, that the confusion of objects destroys the effect which each in itself might be fitted to produce. And if one has made a deeper impression; if you dwell on it with that delight which it should ever be the object of painting to produce, you find that your pleasure proceeds from a single figure, or the expression of a detached part of the picture; and that, in the contemplation of it, you have, without being conscious of it, detached your mind from the observation of all that might interfere with its characteristic expression, and thus preserved that unity of emotion which is essential to the existence of the emotion of taste, but which the confusion of incident is so apt to destroy.

A few landscapes by *Ruysdael* are to be here met with, which are distinguished by that boldness of conception, fidelity of execution, and coldness of colouring, which have often been remarked as the characteristics of this powerful master.

It is in the Italian school, however, that the collection in the Louvre is most unrivalled, and it is from its character that the general tendency of the modern school of historical painting is principally to be determined.

The general object of the Italian school appears to be the expression of *passion*. The peculiar subjects which its painters were called on to represent, the sufferings and death of our Saviour, the varied misfortunes to which his disciples were exposed, or the multiplied persecutions which the early fathers of the church had to sustain, inevitably prescribed the object to which their genius was to be directed, and the peculiar character which their works, were to assume. They have all, accordingly, aimed at the expression of passion, and endeavoured to excite the pity, or awaken the sympathy of the spectator; though the particular species of passion which they have severally selected, has varied with the turn of mind which the artist possessed.

The works of *Dominichino* and of the *Caraccis*, of which there are a very great number, incline, in general, to the representation of what is dark or gloomy in character, or what is terrific and appalling in suffering. The subjects which the first of these masters has in general selected, are the cells of monks, the energy of martyrs, or the sufferings of the crucifixion; and the dark-blue coldness of his colouring, combined with the depth of his shadows, accord well with the gloomy character which his compositions possess. The *Caraccis*, amidst the variety of objects which their genius has embraced, have dwelt, in general, upon the expression of sorrow—of that deep and profound sorrow which the subjects of Sacred History were so fitted to afford, and which was so well adapted to that religious emotion which it was their object to excite.

Guido Reni, Carlo Maratti, and Murillo, are distinguished by a gentler character; by the expression of tenderness and sweetness of disposition: and the subjects which they have chosen are, for the most part, those which were fitted for the display of this predominant expression—the Holy Family, the flight into Egypt, the youth of St John, the penitence of the Magdalene. While, in common with all their brethren, they have aimed at the expression of emotion, it was an emotion of a softer kind than that which arose from the energy of passion, or the violence of suffering; it was the emotion produced by more permanent feelings; and less turbulent affections; and from the character of this emotion, their execution has assumed a peculiar cast, and their composition been governed by a peculiar principle. Their colouring is seldom brilliant; there is a subdued tone pervading the greater part of their pictures; and they have limited themselves, in general, to the delineation of a single figure, or a small group, in which a single character of mind is prevalent.

Of the numerous and splendid collection of *Titian's* which are here preserved, it is not necessary to give any description, because they consist for the most part of portraits, and our object is not to dwell on the richness of colouring, or powers of execution, but on the principles of composition by which the different schools of painting are distinguished.

There are only six paintings by Salvator Rosa in this collection, but they bear that wild and original character which is proverbially known to belong to the works of this great artist. One of his pieces is particularly striking, a skirmish of horse, accompanied by all the scenery in which he so peculiarly delighted. In the foreground is the ruins of an old temple, with its lofty pillars finely displayed in shadow above the summits of the horizon;—in the middle distance the battle is dimly discerned through the driving rain, which obscures the view; while the back ground is closed by a vast ridge of gloomy rocks, rising into a dark and tempestuous sky. The character of the whole is that of sullen magnificence; and it affords a striking instance of the power of great genius, to mould the most varied objects in nature into the expression of one uniform poetical feeling.

Very different is the expression which belongs to the softer pictures of Correggio—of that great master, whose name is associated in every one's mind with all that is gentle or delicate in the imitation of nature. Perhaps it was from the force of this impression that his works did not completely come up to the expectations which we had been led to form. They are but eight in number, and do not comprehend the finest of his compositions. Their general character is that of tenderness and delicacy: there is a softness in his shading of the human form which is quite unrivalled, and a harmony in the general tone of his colouring, which is in perfect unison with the characteristic expression which it was his object to produce. You feel a want of unity, however, in the composition of his figures; you dwell rather on the fine expression of individual form, than the combined tendency of the whole group, and leave the picture with the impression of the beauty of a single countenance, rather than the general character of the whole design. He has represented nature in its most engaging aspect, and given to

individual figures all the charms of ideal beauty; but he wants that high strain of spiritual feeling, which belongs only to the works of Raphael.

The only work of Carlo Dolci in the Louvre is a small cabinet picture; but it alone is sufficient to mark the exquisite genius which its author possessed. It is of small dimensions, and represents the Holy Family, with the Saviour asleep. The finest character of design is here combined with the utmost delicacy of execution; the softness of the shadows exceeds Correggio himself; and the dark-blue colouring which prevails over the whole, is in perfect unison with the expression of that rest and quiet which the subject requires. The sleep of the Infant is perfection itself—it is the deep sleep of youth and of innocence, which no care has disturbed, and no sorrow embittered, and in the unbroken repose of which the features have relaxed into the expression of perfect happiness. All the features of the picture are in unison with this expression, except in the tender anxiety of the Virgin's eye; and all is at rest in the surrounding objects, save where her hand gently removes the veil to contemplate the unrivalled beauty of the Saviour's countenance.

Without the softness of shading or the harmony of colour which Correggio possessed, the works of Raphael possess a higher character, and aim at the expression of a sublimer feeling, than those of any other artist whom modern Europe has produced. Like all his brethren, he has often been misled from the real object of of his art, and tried, in the energy of passion, or the confused expression of varied figures, to multiply the effect which his composition might produce. Like all the rest, he has failed in effecting what the constitution of the human mind renders impossible, and in this very failure, warned every succeeding age of the vanity of the attempt which his transcendent genius was unable to effect. It is this fundamental error that destroys the effect, even of his finest pieces; it is this, combined with the unapproachable nature of the presence which it reveals, that has rendered the Transfiguration itself a chaos of genius rather than a model of ideal beauty; nor will it, we hope, be deemed a presumptuous excess, if we venture to express our sentiments in regard to this great author, since it is from his own works alone that we have derived the means of appreciating his imperfections.

It is in his smaller pieces that the genuine character of Raphael's paintings is to be seen—in the figure of St Michael subduing the demon; in the beautiful tenderness of the Virgin and Child; in the unbroken harmony of the Holy Family; in the wildness and piety of the infant St John;—scenes, in which all the objects of the picture combine for the preservation of one uniform character, and where the native fineness of his mind appears undisturbed by the display of temporary passion, or the painful distraction of varied suffering.

There are no pictures of the English school in the Louvre, for the arms of France never prevailed in our island. From the splendid character, however, which it early assumed under the distinguished guidance of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and from the high and philosophical principles which he at first laid down for the government of the art, there is every reason to believe that it ultimately will rival the celebrity of foreign genius; And it is in this view that the continuance of the gallery of the Louvre was principally to be wished by the English nation—that the English artists might possess, so near their own country, so great a school for composition and design; that the imperfections of foreign schools might enlighten the views of English genius; and that the conquests of the French arms, by transferring the remains of ancient taste to these northern shores, might give greater facilities to the progress of our art, than can exist when they are restored to their legitimate possessors.

The great object, then, of all the modern schools of historical painting, seems to have been, the delineation of an *affecting scene* or *interesting occurrence*; they have endeavoured to tell a story by the variety of incidents in a single picture; and seized, for the most part, the moment when passion was at its greatest height, or suffering appeared in its most excruciating form. The general character, accordingly, of the school, is the expression of passion or violent suffering; and in the prosecution of this object, they have endeavoured to exhibit it under all its aspects, and display all the effects which it could possibly produce on the human form, by the different figures which they have introduced. While this is the general character of the whole, there are of course numerous exceptions; and many of its greatest painters seem, in the representation of single figures, or in the composition of smaller groups, to have had in view the expression of less turbulent affections; to have aimed at the display of settled emotion, or permanent feeling, and to have excluded every thing from their

composition which was not in unison with this predominant expression.

The *Sculpture Gallery*, which contains 220 remains of ancient statuary, marks, in the most decided manner, the different objects to which this noble art was applied in ancient times. Unlike the paintings of modern Europe, their figures are almost uniformly at rest; they exclude passion or violent suffering from their design; and the moment which they select is not that in which a particular or transient emotion may be displayed, but in which the settled character of mind may be expressed. With the two exceptions of the Laocoon and the Fighting Gladiator, there are none of the statues in the Louvre which are not the representation of the human figure in a state of repose; and the expression which the finest possess, is invariably that permanent expression which has resulted from the habitual frame and character of mind. Their figures seem to belong to a higher class of beings than that in which we are placed; they indicate a state in which passion, anxiety, and emotion are no more; and where the unruffled repose of mind has moulded the features into the perfect expression of the mental character. Even the countenance of the Venus de Medicis, the most beautiful which it has ever entered into the mind of man to conceive, and of which no copy gives the slightest idea, bears no trace of emotion, and none of the marks of human feeling; it is the settled expression of celestial beauty, and even the smile on her lip is not the fleeting smile of temporary joy, but the lasting expression of that heavenly feeling which sees in all around it the grace and loveliness which belongs to itself alone. It approaches nearer to that character which sometimes marks the countenance of female beauty; when death has stilled the passions of the world; but it is not the cold expression of past character which survives the period of mortal dissolution; it is the living expression of present existence, radiant with the beams of immortal life, and breathing the air of eternal happiness.

The paintings of Raphael convey the most perfect idea of earthly beauty; and they denote the expression of all that is finest and most elevated in the character of the female mind. But there is a "human meaning in their eye," and they bear the marks of that anxiety and tenderness which belong to the relations of present existence. The Venus displays the same beauty, freed from the cares which existence has produced; and her lifeless eye-balls gaze upon the multitude which surround her, as on a scene fraught only with the expression of universal joy.

In another view, the Apollo and the Venus appear to have been intended by the genius of antiquity, as expressive of the character of mind which distinguishes the different sexes; and in the expression of this character, they have exhausted all which it is possible for human imagination to produce upon the subject. The commanding air, and advanced step, of the Apollo, exhibit *Man* in his noblest aspect, as triumphing over the evils of physical nature, and restraining the energy of instinctive passion by the high dominion of moral power: the averted eyes and retiring grace of the Venus, are expressive of the modesty, gentleness, and submission, which form the most beautiful features of the *female* character.

> Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed,
> For valour He, and contemplation, formed,
> For beauty She, and sweet attractive grace,
> He for God only, She for God in Him.

These words were said of our first parents by our greatest poet, after the influence of a pure religion had developed the real nature of the female character, and determined the place which woman was to hold in the scale of nature; but the idea had been expressed in a still finer manner two thousand years before, by the sculptors of antiquity; and amidst all the degradation of ancient manners, the prophetic genius of Grecian taste contemplated that ideal perfection in the character of the sexes, which was destined to form the boundary of human progress in the remotest ages of human improvement.

The Apollo strikes a stranger with all its divine grandeur on the first aspect; subsequent examination can add nothing to the force of the impression which is then received; The Venus produces at first less effect, but gains upon the mind at every renewal, till it rivets the affections even more than the greatness of its unequalled rival—emblematic of the charm of female excellence, which, if it excites less admiration at first than the loftier features of manly character, is destined to acquire a

deeper influence, and lay the foundation of more indelible affection.

The Dying Gladiator is perhaps, after the two which we have mentioned, the finest statue which the Louvre contains. The moment chosen is finely adapted for that expression of ideal beauty, which may be produced even in a subject naturally connected with feelings of pain. It is not the moment of energy or struggling, when the frame is convulsed with the exertion it is making, or the countenance is deformed by the tumult of passion; it is the moment of expiring nature, when the figure is relaxed by the weakness of decay, and the mind is softened by the approach of death; the moment when the ferocity of combat is forgotten in the extinction of the interest which it had excited, when every unsocial passion is stilled by the weakness of exhausted nature, and the mind, in the last moments of life, is fraught with finer feelings than had belonged to the character of previous existence. It is a moment similar to that in which Tasso has so beautifully described the change in Clorinda's mind, after she had been mortally wounded by the hand of Tancred, but in which he was enabled to give her the inspiration of a greater faith, and the charity of a more gentle religion:—

Amico h'ai vinto: io te perdon. Perdona
Tu ancora, al corpo no che nulla pave
All'alma si: deh per lei prega; e dona
Battesme a me, ch'ogni mia colpa lave;
In queste voci languide risuona
Un non so che di flebile e soave
Ch'al cor gli scende, ed ogni sdegno ammorza,
Egli occhi a lagrimar gl'invoglia e sforza.

The greater statues of antiquity were addressed to the worshippers in their temples; they were intended to awaken the devotion of all classes of citizens—to be felt and judged by all mankind. They were intended to express characters superior to common nature, and they still express them. They are free, therefore, from all the peculiarities of national taste; they are purified from all the peculiarities of local circumstances; they have been rescued from that inevitable degradation to which art is uniformly exposed, by taste being confined to a limited society; they have assumed, in consequence, that general character, which might suit the universal feelings of our nature, and that permanent expression which might speak to the hearts of men through every succeeding age. The admiration, accordingly, for those works of art, has been undiminished by the lapse of time; they excite the same feelings at the present time, as when they came fresh from the hand of the Grecian artist, and are regarded by all nations with the same veneration on the banks of the Seine, as when they sanctified the temples of Athens, or adorned the gardens of Rome.

Even the rudest nations seem to have felt the force of this impression. The Hungarians and the Cossacks, as we ourselves have frequently seen, during the stay of the allied armies in Paris, ignorant of the name or the celebrity of those works of art, seemed yet to take a delight in the survey of the statues of antiquity; and in passing through the long line of marble greatness which the Louvre presents, stopt involuntarily at the sight of the Venus, or clustered round the foot of the pedestal of the Apollo;—indicating thus, in the expression of unaffected feeling, the force of that genuine taste for the beauty of nature, which all the rudeness of savage manners, and all the ferocity of war, had not been able to destroy. The poor Russian soldier, whose knowledge of art was limited to the crucifix which he had borne in his bosom from his native land, still felt the power of ancient beauty, and in the spirit of the Athenians, who erected an altar to the Unknown God, did homage in silence to that unknown spirit which had touched a new chord in his untutored heart.

From the impression produced on our minds by the collection in the Louvre, we were led to form some general conclusions concerning the history and object of the arts of Painting and Sculpture, which we shall presume to state, as what suggested themselves to us on the contemplation of the greatest assemblage of the works of art which has ever been formed; but which we give, at the same time, with the utmost diffidence, and merely as the result of our own feelings and reflections.

The character of art in every country appears to have been determined by the

disposition of the people to whom it was addressed, and the object of its composition to have varied with the purpose it was called on to fulfil.—The Grecian statues were designed to excite the devotion of a cultivated people; to embody their conceptions of divine perfection; to realise the expression of that character of mind which they imputed to the deities whose temples they were to adorn: It was grace, or strength, or majesty, or the benignity of divine power, which they were to represent by the figures of Venus, of Hercules, of Jupiter, or of Apollo. Their artists accordingly were led to aim at the expression of *general character*; to exclude passion, or emotion, or suffering, from their design, and represent the figures in that state of repose where the permanent expression of mind ought to be displayed. It is perhaps in this circumstance that we are to discern the cause both of the peculiarity and the excellence of the Grecian statuary.

The Italian painters were early required to effect a different object. Their pictures were destined to represent the sufferings of nature; to display the persecution or death of our Saviour, the anguish of the Holy Family, the heroism of martyrs, the resignation of devotion. In the infancy of the arts, accordingly, they were led to study the expression of passion, of suffering, and of temporary emotion; to aim at rousing the pity, or exciting the sympathy, of the spectators; and to endeavour to characterise their works by the representation of temporary passion, not the expression of permanent character. Those beautiful pictures in which a different object seems to have been followed—in which the expression is that of permanent emotion, not transient passion, while they captivate our admiration, seem to be exceptions from the general design, and to have been suggested by the peculiar nature of the subject represented, or a particular firmness of mind in the artist. In these causes we may perhaps discern the origin of the peculiar character of the Italian school.

In the French school, the character and manners of the people seem to have carried this peculiarity to a still greater length. Their character led them to seek in every thing for stage effect; to admire the most extravagant and violent representations, and to value the efforts of art, not in proportion to their imitation of the expressions of nature, but in proportion to their resemblance to those artificial expressions on which their admiration was founded. The vehemence of their manner on the most ordinary occasions, rendered the most extravagant gestures requisite for the display of real passion; and their drama accordingly exhibits a mixture of dignity of sentiment, with violence of gesture, beyond measure surprising to a foreign spectator. The same disposition of the people has influenced the character of their historical painting; and it is to be remembered, that the French school of painting succeeded the establishment of the French drama. It is hence that they have generally selected the moment of theatrical effect—the moment of phrenzied passion, of unparalleled exertion, and that their composition is distinguished by so many striking contrasts, and so laboured a display of momentary effect.

The Flemish or Dutch school of painting was neither addressed to the devotion nor the theatrical feelings of mankind; it was neither intended to awaken the sympathy of religious emotion, nor excite the admiration of artificial composition—it was addressed to wealthy men of vulgar capacities, whose taste advanced in no proportion to their riches, and who were capable of appreciating only the merit of minute detail, or the faithfulness of exact imitation. It is hence that their painting possesses excellencies and defects of so peculiar a description; that they have carried the minuteness of finishing to so unparalleled a degree of perfection; that the brilliancy of their lights has thrown a splendour over the vulgarity of their subjects; and that they are in general so utterly destitute of all the refinement and sentiment which sprung from the devotional feelings of the Italian people.

The subjects which the Dutch painters chose were subjects of low humour, calculated to amuse a rich and uncultivated people; the subjects of the French school were heroic adventures, suited to the theatrical taste of a more elevated society; the subjects of the Italian school were the incidents of Sacred History, adapted to the devotional feelings of a religious people. In all, the subjects to which painting was applied, and the character of the art itself, was determined by the peculiar circumstances or disposition of the people to whom it was addressed: so that, in these instances, there has really happened what Mr Addison stated should ever be the case, that "the taste should not conform to the art, but the art to the taste."

We soon perceived that the statues rivetted our admiration more than any of the

other works of art which the Louvre presents; and that amongst the pictures, those made the deepest impression which approached nearest to the character by which the Grecian statuary is distinguished. In the prosecution of this train of thought, we were led to the following conclusions, relative to the separate objects to which painting and statuary should be applied.

1. That the object of Statuary should ever be the same to which it was always confined by the ancients, viz. the representation of CHARACTER. The very materials on which the sculptor has to operate, render his art unfit for the expression either of emotion or passion; and the figure, when finished, can bear none of the marks by which they are to be distinguished. It is a figure of cold, and pale, and lifeless marble, without the varied colour which emotion produces, or the living eye which passion animates. The eye is the feature which is expressive of present emotion; it is it which varies with all the changes which the mind undergoes; it is it which marks the difference between joy and sorrow, between love and hatred, between pleasure and pain, between life and death. But the eye, with all the endless expressions which it bears, is lost to the sculptor; its gaze must ever be cold and lifeless to him; its fire is quenched in the stillness of the tomb. A statue, therefore, can never be expressive of living emotion; it can never express those transient feelings which mark the play of the living mind. It is an abstraction of character which has no relation to common existence; a shadow in which all the permanent features of the mind are expressed, but none of the temporary passions of the mind are shewn; like the figures of snow, which the magic of Okba formed to charm the solitude of Leila's dwelling, it bears the character of the human form, but melts at the warmth of human feeling. The power of the sculptor is limited to the delineation of those signs alone by which the permanent qualities of mind are displayed: his art, therefore, should be confined to the representation of that permanent character of which they are expressive.

2. While such is the object to which statuary would appear to be destined, Painting embraces a wider range, and is capable of more varied expression: It is expressive of the living form; it paints the eye and opens the view of the present mind; it imitates all the fleeting changes which constitute the signs of present emotion. It is not, therefore, an abstraction of character which the painter is to represent; not an ideal form, expressive only of the qualities of permanent character; but an actual being, alive to the impressions of present existence, and bound by the ties of present affection. It is in the delineation of these affections, therefore, that the powers of the painter principally consists; in the representation, not of simple character, but of character influenced or subdued by emotion. It is the representation of the joy of youth, or the repose of age; of the sorrow of innocence, or the penitence of guilt; of the tenderness of parental affection, or the gratitude of filial love. In these, and a thousand other instances, the expression of the emotion constitutes the beauty of the picture; it is that which gives the tone to the character which it is to bear; it is that which strikes the chord which vibrates in every human heart. The object of the painter, therefore, is the expression of EMOTION, of that emotion which is blended with the character of the mind which feels, and gives to that character the interest which belongs to the events of present existence.

3. The object of the painter, being the representation of emotion in all the varied situations which life produces, it follows, that every thing in his picture should be in unison with the predominant expression which he wishes it to bear; that the composition should be as simple as is consistent with the developement of this expression; and the colouring such as accords with the character by which this emotion is distinguished. It is here that the genius of the artist is principally to be displayed, in the selection of such figures as suit the general impression which the whole is to produce; and the choice of such a tone of colouring, as harmonises with the feelings of mind which it is his object to awaken. The distraction of varied colours—the confusion of different figures—the contrast of opposite expressions, completely destroy the effect of the composition; they fix the mind to the observation of what is particular in the separate parts, and prevent that uniform and general emotion which arises from the perception of one uniform expression in all the parts of which it is composed. It is in this very perception, however, that the source of the beauty is to be found; it is in the undefined feeling to which it gives rise, that the delight of the emotion of taste consists. Like the harmony of sounds in musical composition, it produces an effect of which we are unable to give an account; but which we feel to be instantly destroyed by the jarring sound of a different note, or the discordant effect of a foreign expression. It is in the neglect of this great principle that the defect of many

of the first pictures of modern times is to be found—in the confused multitude of unnecessary figures—in the contradictory expression of separate parts—in the distracting brilliancy of gorgeous colours; in the laboured display, in short, of the power of the artist, and the utter dereliction of the object of the art. The great secret, on the other hand, of the beauty of the most exquisite specimens of modern art, lies in the simplicity of expression which they bear, in their production of one uniform emotion, from all the parts of one harmonious composition. For the production of this unity of emotion, the surest means will be found to consist in the selection of *as few figures* as is consistent with the developement of the characteristic expression of the composition; and it is, perhaps, to this circumstance, that we are to impute the unequalled charm which belongs to the pictures of single figures, or small groups, in which a single expression is alone attempted.

4. The last principle of the art appeared to be, that both painting and sculpture are wholly unfit for the representation of PASSION, as expressed by motion; and that, to attempt to delineate it, necessarily injures the effect of the composition. Neither, it is clear, can express actual motion: they should not attempt, therefore, to represent those passions of the mind which motion alone is adequate to express. The attempt to delineate violent passion, accordingly, uniformly produces a painful or a ridiculous effect; it does not even convey any conception of the passion itself, because its character is not known by the expression of any single moment, but by the rapid changes which result from the perturbed state into which the mind is thrown. It is hence that passion seems so ridiculous when seen at a distance, or without the cause of its existence being known, and it is hence, that if a human figure were petrified in any of the stages of passion, it would have so painful or insane an appearance.—As painting, therefore, cannot exhibit the rapid changes in which the real expression of passion consists, it should not attempt its delineation at all. Its real object is, the expression of *emotion*, of that more settled state of the human mind when the changes of passion are gone—when the countenance is moulded into the expression of permanent feeling, and the existence of this feeling is marked by the permanent expression which the features have assumed.

The greatest artists of ancient and modern times, accordingly, have selected, even in the representation of violent exertion, that moment of temporary repose, when a permanent expression is given to the figure. Even the Laocoon is not in the state of actual exertion: it is represented in that moment when the last effort has been made; when straining against an invincible power has given to the figure the aspect at last of momentary repose; and when despair has placed its settled mark on the expression of the countenance. The Fighting Gladiator is not represented in a state of actual activity, but in that moment when he is preparing his mind for the future and final contest, and when, in this deep concentration of his powers, the pause which the genius of the artist has given, expresses more distinctly to the eye of the spectator the determined character of the combatant, than all that the struggle or agony of the combat itself could afterwards display.

The Grecian statues which were assembled in the Louvre may be considered as the most perfect works of human genius; and after surveying the different schools of painting which it contains, we could not but feel those higher conceptions of human form, and of human nature, which the taste of ancient statuary had formed. It is not in the moment of action that it has represented man, but in the moment after action, when the tumult of passion has ceased, and all that is great or dignified in moral nature remains; and the greatest works of modern art are those which approach nearest to the same principle. It is not Hercules in the moment of earthly combat, when every muscle was swollen with the strength he was exerting, that they represent; but Hercules in the moment of transformation into a nobler being, when the exertion of mortality has passed, and his powers seem to repose in the tranquillity of Heaven: not Apollo, when straining his youthful strength in drawing the bow; but Apollo, when the weapon was discharged, watching, with unexulting eye, its resistless course, and serene in the enjoyment of immortal power: not St Michael when struggling with the Demon, and marring the beauty of angelic form by the violence of earthly passion, but St Michael in the moment of unruffled triumph, restraining the might of Almighty power, and radiant with the beams of eternal mercy.

CHAPTER VI.

PARIS—THE FRENCH CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

We do not by any means consider ourselves as qualified to enter fully into the interesting subject of the national character of the French; but we shall venture to state, in this place, what appeared to us its most striking peculiarities, particularly as it is observed at Paris. Our stay in the capital was too short, and our opportunities of observation too limited, to entitle us to speak with confidence; but it is to be remembered on the other hand, that there is a surprising uniformity of character among the French, which facilitates observation. The habit of constant intercourse in society, which constitutes their greatest pleasure, and has made them, in their own opinion, the most polished nation on earth, appears not merely to have assimilated their manners to one another, in the manner so finely illustrated by the celebrated simile of Sterne[2], but to have engendered a kind of conventional standard character, by which all those we observe are more or less modelled.

The most striking and formidable part of their general character is, the *contempt for religion* which is so frequently and openly expressed. In all countries there are men of a selfish and abstracted turn of mind, who are more disposed than others to religious argument and doubt; and in all, there are a greater number, whose worldly passions lead them to the neglect, or hurry them on to the violation of religious precepts; but a great nation, among whom a cool selfish regard to personal comfort and enjoyment has been deliberately substituted for religious feeling, and where it is generally esteemed reasonable and wise to oppose and wrestle down, by metaphysical arguments, the natural and becoming sentiments of piety, as they arise in the human breast, is hitherto, and it is to be hoped will long continue, an anomaly in the history of mankind.

We heard it estimated at Paris, that 40,000 out of 600,000 inhabitants of that town attend church; one half of which number, they say, are actuated in so doing by real sentiments of devotion; but to judge from the very small numbers whom we have ever seen attending the regular service in any of the churches, we should think this proportion greatly overrated. Of those whom we have seen there, at least two-thirds have been women above fifty, or girls under fifteen years of age. In all Catholic countries, Sunday is a day of amusement and festivity, as well as of religion—but it is generally, also, one of relaxation from business: in Paris, we could see very little signs of the latter in the forenoons, but the amusements and dissipation of the capital were visibly increased in the evenings; and the Parisians have some reason for their remark, that their day of rest is changed to Monday, when the effect of their last night's dissipation wholly incapacitates them for exertion.

It is clear, that it is quite absurd to attempt altering the manner of spending the Sundays at Paris, while the sentiments of the people, in regard to religion, continue such as at present; but it must be admitted, on the other hand, that their habits, as to the way of spending Sundays, re-act powerfully on their sentiments; and that the minds of the lower orders, in particular, are much debased by the want of what have been emphatically called "these precious breathing times for the labouring part of the community."

Frenchmen of the higher ranks seem, at present, generally disposed to wave the subject of religion; but those of the middling ranks, by whom the business of the country is mainly carried on, do not scruple to express their contempt of it;—they applaud with enthusiasm all irreligious sentiments in the theatres, and seldom mention priests, of any persuasion, without the epithet of *sacrès*.

We were informed in Holland, that the Frenchmen who were sent to that country in official capacities, military or civil, manifested on all occasions the utmost contempt for religion. A French General, quartered in the house of a respectable gentleman in Amsterdam, inquired the reason, the first Sunday that he was there, of the family going out in their best clothes; and being told they were going to church, he expressed his surprise, saying,—"Now that you are a part of the great nation, it is time for you to have done with that nonsense."

To an Englishman, who has been accustomed to see the ordinances of religion regularly observed by the great majority of his countrymen, the neglect of them by the French people appears very singular, and even unnatural. When we afterwards visited Flanders, and observed the manifest respect of the people for religion—when when saw the numberless handsome churches in the villages, and the frequent religious processions in the streets of the towns—when we entered the Great Cathedral at Antwerp, and found vast numbers of people, of both sexes, and all ranks and ages, on their knees, engaged, with the appearance of sincere devotion, in the solemn and striking service of vespers, we could not help saying among ourselves, that this people, for better reasons than mere political convenience, deserved to be separated from the French.

Yet, we do not mean to say that the French are wholly, or even generally devoid of religious feeling; on the contrary, we believe it may often be seen to break out in a very striking manner, even in the conversation of those who are accustomed to think it wise to express contempt for it. A Frenchman, full of enthusiasm about the glory of his country, who was talking to us of the deeds and sufferings of the French army in Russia, concluded his description of the latter with these emphatic words: "Ah! Monsieur, Ce n'est pas les Russes; C'est *le bon Dieu* qui a fait cela."

In point of *intellectual ability*, the French are certainly inferior to no other nation. They have not, perhaps, so frequently as others, that cool, sound judgment in matters of speculation, which can fit them for unravelling with success the perplexities of metaphysics; but their unparalleled success in mathematical pursuits is the best possible proof of the accuracy and quickness of their reasoning powers, when confined within due bounds. We do not refer to the astonishing efforts of such men as d'Alembert or La Place, but to the general diffusion of mathematical knowledge among all who receive a scientific education. It is not, perhaps, going too far to say, that few professors in Britain have an equally accurate and extensive knowledge of the integral and differential calculus, with some lads of 17 or 18, who have completed their education at the Ecole Polytechnique. Unless a man makes discoveries of his own in mathematics, he is little thought of as a mathematician by the men of science at Paris, even although he may be intimately versed in all the branches of that science as it stands.

Under the Imperial Government, it was not considered safe to cultivate any sciences which relate to politics or morals; but the advancement of the physical and mathematical sciences in France during that time, sufficiently indicates that there has been no want of talents or industry.

It may be remarked as a striking characteristic of the French scientific works, that they are almost always well arranged, and the meaning of the author fully and unequivocally expressed. A Frenchman does not always take a comprehensive view of his subject, but he seldom fails to take a clear view of it. The same turn of mind may be observed in the conversation of Frenchmen; even when their information is defective, they will very generally arrest attention by the apparent order and perspicuity of their thoughts; and they never seem to know what it is to be at a loss for words.

Considering the great ingenuity and ability of the French, it seems not a little surprising that they should be so much behind our countrymen in useful and profitable arts, and that Englishmen should be so much struck with the apparent poverty of the greater part of France. This is in a great measure owing, no doubt, to the policy of the late French Government, which has directed all the energies of the nation towards military affairs; and to the abuses of the former government: but we think it must be ascribed in part to the character of the people. There is not the same co-operation of different individuals to one end, of private advantage and public usefulness; the same division of labour, intellectual as well as operative; the same hearty confidence between man and man, in France as in England. Men of talents in France are, in general, too much tainted with the national vanity, and too much occupied with their own fame, to join heartily in promoting the public interest. Individual intelligence, activity, and ingenuity, go but little way in making a nation wealthy and prosperous, if they are made to minister only to the individual pleasures and *glory* of their possessors.

The *patriotism* of the French is certainly a very strong feeling, but it appears to be much tainted with the same vanity and love of shew that we have just remarked. There can be no doubt, that during the time of Bonaparte's successes, he commanded, in a degree that no other Sovereign ever did, the admiration and respect of the great body of the people; and it is equally certain, that he did this without interesting himself at all in their happiness. His hold of them was by their national vanity alone. They assent to all that can be said of the miseries which he brought upon France; but add, "Mais il a battu tout le monde; il a fait des choses superbes a Paris; il a flattè notre orgeuil national. Ah! C'est un grand homme. Notre pays n'a jamais etè si grand ni si puissant que sous lui." The condition of the inhabitants of distant provinces was nowise improved by his public buildings and decorations at their capital; but every Frenchman considers a compliment to Paris, to the Louvre, to the Palais Royal, or the Opera, as a personal compliment to himself.

At this moment, it is certainly a very general wish in France, to have a sovereign, who, as they express it, has grown out of the revolution; but when we enquire into their reason for this, it will often be found, we believe, to resolve itself into their national vanity. It is not that they think the Bourbons will break their word, or that the present Constitution will be altered without their consent; but after five and twenty years of confusion and bloodshed, they cannot bear the thoughts of leaving off where they began; and they think, that taking back their old dynasty without alteration, is practically acknowledging that they have been in the wrong all the time of their absence. We have often remarked (but we presume the remark is applicable to all despotic countries) that the French political conversation, such as is heard at caffés and tables d'hôte, relates more to men, and less to measures, and appears to be more guided by personal attachments or antipathies, than that to which we are accustomed in England.

The character that appears to be most wanted in France, is that of disinterested public-spirited individuals, of high honour and integrity, and of large possessions and influence, who do not interfere in public affairs from views of ambition, but from a sense of duty—who have no wish to dazzle the eyes of the multitude, and do not seek for a more extensive influence than that to which their observation and experience entitle them. While this character continues so much more frequent in our own country than among the French, it is perhaps in military affairs only that we need entertain any fear of their superiority. Englishmen of power and influence, generally speaking, have really at heart the *good* of their country, whereas Frenchmen, in similar situations, are chiefly interested in the *glory* of theirs.

It must also be observed, that public affairs occupy much less of the attention, and interfere much less with the happiness, of the majority of the French than of the English. There is less anxiety about public measures, and less gratitude for public services. We were often surprised at the indifference of the citizens of Paris with regard to their Marshals, whom they seldom knew by name, and did not seem to care for knowing. The peroration of an old lady, who had delivered a long speech to a friend of ours, then a prisoner at Verdun, lamenting the reverses of the French arms, and the miseries of France, was characteristic of the nation: "Mais, ce m'est egal. Je suis toujours ici."

It is quite unnecessary for us to give proofs of the laxity of *moral principle* which prevails so generally among the French. The world has not now to learn, that notwithstanding their high professions, they have but little regard either for truth or morality. According to Mr Scott, "they have, in a great measure, detached words from ideas and feelings; they can, therefore, afford to be unusually profuse of the better sort of the first; and they experience as much internal satisfaction and pride when they profess a virtue, as if they had practised one." Perhaps it would be more correct to say, that they have detached ideas and feelings from their corresponding actions. Their feelings have always been too violent for the moment, and too short in their duration, to influence their conduct steadily and permanently; but at present, they seem much disposed to think, that it is quite enough to have the feelings, and that there is no occasion for their conduct being influenced by them at all.

They appear to have a strong natural sense of the beauty and excellence of virtue; but they are accustomed to regard it merely as a sense. It does not regulate their conduct to others, but adds to their own selfish enjoyments. They speak of virtue almost uniformly, not as an object of rational approbation and imitation, and still less as a rule of moral obligation, but as a matter of *feeling and taste*. A French officer,

who describes to you, in the liveliest manner, and with all the appearance of unfeigned sympathy, the miseries and devastations occasioned by his countrymen among the unoffending inhabitants of foreign states, proceeds, in the same breath, to declaim with enthusiastic admiration on the untarnished honour of the French arms, and the great mind of the Emperor. A Parisian tradesman, who goes to the theatre that he may see the representation of integrity of conduct, conjugal affection, and domestic happiness, and applauds with enthusiasm when he sees it, shews no symptoms of shame when detected in a barefaced attempt to cheat his customers; spends his spare money in the Palais Royal, and sells his wife or daughter to the highest bidder.

"Among the French," says the intelligent and judicious author of the Caractere des Armées Europeennes, "the seat of the passions is in the head—they feel rather from the fancy than the heart—their feelings are nothing more than thoughts."

Another striking feature of the French character, connected with the preceding, is the openness, and even eagerness, with which they communicate all their thoughts and feelings to each other, and even to strangers. All Frenchmen seem anxious to make the most in conversation, not only of whatever intellectual ability they possess, but of whatever moral feelings they experience on any occasion;—they do not seem to understand why a man should ever be either ashamed or unwilling to disclose any thing that passes in his mind;—they often suspect their neighbours of expressing sentiments which they do not feel, but have no idea of giving them credit for feelings which they do not express.

The French have many *good qualities*; they are very generally obliging to strangers, they are sober and good-tempered, and little disposed, in the ordinary concerns of life, to quarrel among themselves, and they have an amiable cheerfulness of disposition, which supports them in difficulties and adversity, better than the resolutions of philosophy. But it is clear that they have very little esteem for the most estimable of all characters, that of firm and enduring virtue; and in fact, it is not going too far to say, that a certain *propriety of external demeanour* has completely taken the place of correctness of moral conduct among them. They speak almost uniformly with much abhorrence of drunkenness, and of all violations of the established forms of society; and such improprieties are very seldom to be seen among them. Many Frenchmen, as was already observed, are rough and even ferocious in their manners; and the language and behaviour of most of them, particularly in the presence of women, appears to us very frequently indelicate and rude; yet there are limits to this freedom of manner which they never allow themselves to pass. Go where you will in Paris, you will very seldom see any disgusting instances of intoxication, or any material difference of manner, between those who are avowedly unprincipled and abandoned, and the most respectable part of the community. In the caffés, which correspond not only to the coffee-houses, but to the taverns of London, you will see modest women, at all hours of the day, often alone, sitting in the midst of the men. In the Palais Royal, at no hour of the night do you witness scenes of gross indecency or riot.

To an Englishman, it often serves as an excuse for vicious indulgences, that he is led off his feet by temptation. To a Frenchman, this excuse is the only crime; he stands in no need of an apology for vice; but it is necessary "qu'il se menage:" he is taught "qu'un pechè cachè est la moitie pardonnè;" he must on no account allow, that any temptation can make him lose his recollection or presence of mind.

We ought perhaps to admit likewise, that some of the vices common among the French are not merely less foul and disgusting in appearance, but less odious in their own nature, than those of our countrymen. We do not say this in palliation of their conduct. It is rather to be considered as a benevolent provision of nature, that in proportion as vice is more generally diffused, its influence on individual character is less fatal. This remark applies particularly to the case of women. A woman in England, who loses one virtue, knows that she outrages the opinion of mankind; she disobeys the precepts of her religion, and estranges herself from the examples which she has been taught to revere; she becomes an outcast of society; and if she has not already lost, must soon lose all the best qualities of the female character. But a French woman, in giving way to unlawful love, knows that she does no more than her mother did before her; if she is of the lower ranks, she is not necessarily debarred from honest occupation; if of the higher, she loses little or nothing in the estimation of society; if she has been taught to revere any religion, it is the Catholic, and she may look to absolution. Her conduct, therefore, neither implies her having lost, nor necessarily occasions her losing, any virtue but one; and during the course of the revolution, we

have understood there have been many examples, proving, in the most trying circumstances, that not even the worst corruptions of Paris had destroyed some of the finest virtues which can adorn the sex. "Elles ont toujours des bons cœurs," is a common expression in France, in speaking even of the lowest and most degraded of the sex. In Paris, it is certainly much more difficult than in London to find examples in any rank of the unsullied purity of the female character; but neither is it commonly seen so utterly perverted and degraded; one has not occasion to witness so frequently the painful spectacle of youth and beauty brought by one rash step to shame and misery; and to lament, that the fairest gifts of heaven should become the bitterest of curses to so many of their possessors.

Having mentioned the French women, we think we may remark, without hazarding our character as impartial observers, that most of the faults which are so well known to prevail among them, may be easily traced to the manner in which they are treated by the other sex. It is a very common boast in France, that there is no other country in which women are treated with so much respect; and you can hardly gratify any Frenchman so much, as by calling France "le paradis des femmes." Yet, from all that we could observe ourselves, or learn from others, there appears to be no one of the boasts of Frenchmen which is in reality less reasonable. They exclude women from society almost entirely in their early years; they seldom allow them any vote in the choice of their husbands: After they have brought them into society, they seem to think that they confer a high favour on them, by giving them a great deal of their company, and paying them a great deal of attention, and encouraging them to separate themselves from the society of their husbands. In return for these obligations, they often oblige them to listen to conversation, which, heard as it is, from those for whom they have most respect, cannot fail to corrupt their minds as well as their manners; and they take care to let them see that they value them for the qualities which render them agreeable companions for the moment; not for the usefulness of their lives, for the purity of their conduct, or the constancy of their affections. Surely the respect with which all women who conduct themselves with propriety are treated in England, merely on account of their sex; the delicacy and reserve with which in their presence conversation is uniformly conducted by all who call themselves gentlemen, are more honourable tokens of regard for the virtues of the female character, than the unmeaning ceremonies and officious attentions of the French.

The female inhabitants of our own country are distinguished of those of France, and probably of every other country, by a certain native, self-respecting, dignity of appearance and manner, which claims respect and attention as a right, rather than solicits them as a boon; and gives you to understand, that the man who does not give them is disgraced, rather than the woman who does not receive them. We believe it to be owing to the influence of the causes we have noticed, that this manner, so often ridiculed by the French, under the name of "hauteur" and "fiertè Anglaise," is hardly ever to be seen among women of any rank in France. And to a similar influence of the tastes and sentiments of our own sex, it is easy to refer the more serious faults of the female character in that country.

On the other hand, the better parts of the character of the French women are all their own. It is not certainly from the men that they have learnt those truly feminine qualities, that interesting humility and gentleness of manner, that pleasing gaiety of temper, and native kindness of disposition, to which it is very difficult, even for the proverbial coldness of northern critics, to apply terms of ridicule or reproach.

It is not easy for a stranger, in forming his opinion of the moral character of a people, to make allowance for the modification which moral sentiments undergo, in consequence of long habits, and adventitious circumstances. There is no quality which strikes a stranger more forcibly, in the character of the French of the middling and lower ranks, than their seeming dishonesty, particularly their uniformly endeavouring to extract more money for their goods or their services than they know to be their value. But we think too much stress has been laid on this part of their character by some travellers. It is regarded in France as a sort of professional accomplishment, without which it is in vain to attempt exercising a trade; and it is hardly thought to indicate immorality of any kind, more than the obviously false expressions which are used in the ordinary intercourse of society in England, or the license of denying

oneself to visitors. That it should be so regarded is no doubt a proof of *national* inferiority, and perhaps immorality; but while the general sentiments of the nation continue as at present, an instance of this kind cannot be considered as a proof of *individual* baseness. An Englishman is apt to pronounce every man a scoundrel, who, in making a bargain, attempts to take him in; but he will often find, on a closer and more impartial examination, that the judgment formed by this circumstance alone in France, is quite erroneous. One of our party entered a small shop in the Palais Royal to buy a travelling cap. The woman who attended in it, with perfect effrontery, asked 16 francs for one which was certainly not worth more than six, and which she at last gave him for seven. Being in a hurry at the time, he inadvertently left on the counter a purse containing 20 gold pieces of 20 francs each. He did not miss it for more than an hour: on returning to the shop, he found the old lady gone, and concluded at first, that she had absented herself to avoid interrogation; but to his surprise, he was accosted immediately on entering, by a pretty young girl, who had come in her place, with the sweetest smile imaginable,—"Monsieur, a oubliè sa bourse—que nous sommes heureuses de la lui rendre."

It is certainly incorrect to say, that the *taste* of the French is decidedly superior to that of other nations. Their poetry, on the whole, will not bear a comparison with the English; their modern music is not nearly so beautiful as their ancient songs, which have now descended to the lower ranks; their painting is in a peculiar and not pleasing style; their taste in gardening is antiquated and artificial; their architecture is only fine where it is modelled on the ancient; their theatrical tastes, if they are more correct than ours, are also more limited. We have already taken occasion more than once to reprobate the general taste of the French, as being partial to art, and brilliant execution, rather than to simplicity and beautiful design.

But what distinguishes the French from almost every other nation, is the *general diffusion* of the taste for the fine arts, and for elegant amusements, among all ranks of the people. Almost all Frenchmen take not only a pride, but an interest, in the public buildings of Paris, and in the collections of paintings and statues. There is a very general liking for poetry and works of imagination among the middling and lower ranks; they go to the theatres, not merely for relaxation and amusement, but with a serious intention of cultivating their taste, and displaying their critical powers. Many of them are so much in the habit of attending the theatres when favourite plays are acted, that they know almost every word of the principal scenes by heart. All their favourite amusements are in some measure of a refined kind. It is not in drinking clubs, or in sensual gratifications alone, that men of these ranks seek for relaxation, as its too often the case with us; but it is in the society of women, in conversation, in music and dancing, in theatres and operas, and caffés and promenades, in seeing and being seen; in short, in scenes resembling, as nearly as possible, those in which the higher ranks of all nations spend their leisure hours.

While the useful arts are comparatively little advanced, those which relate to ornaments alone are very generally superior to ours; and the persons who profess these arts speak of them with a degree of fervour that often seems ludicrous. "Monsieur," says a peruquier in the Palais Royal, with the look of a man who lets you into a profound secret in science, "Notre art est un art imitatif; en effèt, c'est un des beaux arts;" then taking up a London-made wig, and twirling it round on his finger, with a look of ineffable contempt, "Celui ci n'est pas la belle nature; mais voici la mienne,—c'est la nature personifiée!"

One of the best proofs of the tastes of the lower ranks being, at least in part, cultivated and refined, is to be found in the songs which are common among the peasantry and soldiers. There are a great number of these, and some of them, in point of beauty of sentiment, and elegance of expression, might challenge a comparison even with the admired productions of our own land of song. The following is part of a song which was written in April 1814, and set to the beautiful air of Charles VII. It was popular among the description of persons to whom it relates; and the young man from whom we got it had himself returned home, after serving as a private in the young guard.

LE RETOUR DE L'AMANT FRANCAIS.

De bon cœur je pose les armes;
Adieu le tumulte des camps,
L'amitiè m'offre d'autres charmes,
Au sein de mes joyeux parents;
Le Dieu des Amants me rapelle,
C'est pour m'enroler à son tour;
Et je vais aupres de ma belle,
Servir sous les lois de l'amour.

Aux noms d'honneur et de patrie,
On m'a vu braver le trepas;
Aujourd'hui pour charmer ma vie
La paix fait cesser les combats.
Le Dieu des Amants, &c.

After all that we had heard, and all that is known over the whole world, of the unbridled licentiousness and savage ferocity of the French soldiers, we were not a little surprised to find, that this and other songs written in good taste, and expressing sentiments of a kind of chivalrous elevation and refinement, were popular in their ranks.

The last peculiarity in the French character which we shall notice, is perhaps the most fundamental of the whole; it is their *love of mixed society*; of the society of those for whom they have no regard, but whom they meet on the footing of common acquaintances. This is the favourite enjoyment of almost every Frenchman; to shine in such society, is the main object of his ambition; his whole life is regulated so as to gratify this desire. He is indifferent about comforts at home—he dislikes domestic society—he hates the retirement of the country; but he loves, and is taught to love, to figure in a large circle of acquaintance, for whom he has not the least heartfelt friendship, with whom he is on no more intimate terms than with perfect strangers, after the first half hour. If he has acquired a reputation in science, arts, or arms, so much the better; his *glory* will be of much service to him; if not, he must make it up by his conversation.

In consequence of the predilection of the French for social intercourse of this kind, it is, that knowledge of such kinds, and to such an extent, as can be easily introduced into conversation, is very general; that the opportunities of such intercourse are carefully multiplied; that all arts which can add to the attractions of such scenes are assiduously improved; that liveliness of disposition is prized beyond all other qualities, while those eccentricities of manner, which seem to form a component part of what we call humorous characters, are excluded; that even childish amusements are preferred to solitary occupations; that taste is cultivated more than morality, wit esteemed more than wisdom, and vanity encouraged more than merit.

It is easy to trace the pernicious effects of a taste for society of this kind, on individual character, when it is encouraged to such a degree as to become a serious occupation, instead of a relaxation to the mind. When the main object of a man's life is distinction among his acquaintances, from his wit—his liveliness—his elegance of taste—his powers of conversation—or even from the fame he may have earned by his talents; he becomes careless about the love of those with whom he is on more intimate terms, and who do not value him exclusively, or even chiefly, for such qualities. His domestic affections are weakened; he lives for himself and enjoys the present moment without either reflection or foresight; with the outward appearance of an open friendly disposition, he becomes, in reality, selfish and interested; that he may secure general sympathy from indifferent spectators, he is under the necessity of repressing all strong emotions, and expressions of ardent feeling, and of confining himself to a worldly and common-place morality; he learns to value his moral feelings, as well as his intellectual powers, chiefly for the sake of the display which he can make of them in society; and to reprobate vice, rather on account of its outward deformity, than of its intrinsic guilt; gradually he becomes impatient of restraints on the pleasure which he derives from social intercourse; and the religious and moral principles of his nature are sacrificed to the visionary idol to which his love of pleasure and his love of *glory* have devoted him.

Such appears to be the state of the minds of most Parisians. They have been so much accustomed to pride themselves on the outward appearance of their actions, that they have become regardless of their intrinsic merits; they have lived so long for *effect*, that they have forgotten that there is any other principle by which their lives can be regulated.

Of the devotion of the French to the sort of life to which we refer, the best possible proof is, their fondness for a town life; the small number of chateaux in the country that are inhabited—and the still more remarkable scarcity of villas in the neighbourhood of Paris, to which men of business may retire. There are a few houses of this description about Belleville and near Malmaison; but in general, you pass from the noisy and dirty Fauxbourgs at once into the solitude of the country; and it is quite obvious, that you have left behind you all the scenes in which the Parisians find enjoyment. The contrast in the neighbourhood of London, is most striking. It is easy to laugh at the dulness and vulgarity of a London citizen, who divides his time between his counting-house and his villa, or at the coarseness and rusticity of an English country squire; but there is no description of men to whom the national character of our country is more deeply indebted.

It seems no difficult matter to ascribe most of the differences which we observe between the English and French character to the differences in the habits of the people, occasioned by form of government and various assignable causes: and the French character, in particular, has very much the appearance of being moulded by the artificial form of society which prevails among the people. Yet, it is not easy to reconcile such explanations with the instances we can often observe, of difference of national character manifested under circumstances, or at an age, when the causes assigned can hardly have operated. The peculiarities which appear to us most artificial in the Parisian character and manners, may often be seen in full perfection in very young children. Every little French girl, almost from the time when she begins to speak, seems to place her chief delight in attracting the regard of the other sex, rather than in playing with her female companions. "In England," says Chateaubriand, "girls are sent to school in their earliest years: you sometimes see groups of these little ones, dressed in white mantles, with straw hats tied under the chin with a ribband, and a basket on the arm, containing fruit and a book—all with downcast eyes, blushing when looked at. When I have seen," he continues, "our French female children, dressed in their antiquated fashion, lifting up the trains of their gowns, looking at every one they meet with effrontery, singing love-sick airs, and taking lessons in declamation; I have thought with regret, of the simplicity and modesty of the little English girls."

It is the opinion of some naturalists, that the acquired habits, as well as the natural instincts of animals, are transmitted to their progeny; and in comparing the causes commonly assigned, and plausibly supported, for the peculiarities of national character, with the very early age at which these peculiarities shew themselves, one is almost tempted to believe, that something of the same kind may take place in the human species.

In what has now been said, no reference has been made to the influence of the revolution on the parts of the French character on which we have touched. On this point we have of course, the means of judging with precision; but most of the peculiarities which appeared to us most striking certainly existed before the revolution, and we should be disposed to doubt whether the leading features are materially altered. The influence of the writings of the French philosophers on the religious and moral principles of their countrymen, has certainly been very great, and has been probably strengthened, rather than weakened, by the events of the last twenty-five years.

The general diffusion of a military spirit; the unprincipled manner in which war has been conducted, and the encouragement which has been given to martial qualities, to the exclusion of all pacific virtues, have promoted the growth of the French military vices, particularly selfishness and licentiousness, among all ranks and descriptions of the people, and materially injured their general character, even in the remotest parts of the country. During the revolution, and under the Imperial Government, men have owed their success, in France, almost exclusively to the influence of their intellectual abilities, without any assistance from their moral character; in consequence, the contempt for religion is more generally diffused, and more openly expressed than it was; and although loud protestations of inviolable honour are still necessary, integrity

of conduct is much less respected. The abolition of the old, and the formation of a new nobility, composed chiefly of men who had risen from inferior military situations, has had a most pernicious effect on the general manners of the nation. The chief or sole use of a hereditary nobility in a free country, is to keep up a standard of dignity and elegance of manner, which serves as a model of imitation much more extensively than the middling and lower ranks are often willing to allow, and has a more beneficial effect on the national character, than it is easy to explain on mere speculative principles. But the manners of the new French nobility being the very reverse of dignified or elegant, their constitution has hitherto tended only to confirm the changes in the general manners of a great proportion of the French nation, which the revolutionary ideas had effected. There are very few men to be seen now in France, who (making all allowances for difference of previous habits) appear to Englishmen to possess either the manners or feelings of gentlemen.

The best possible proof that this is not a mere national prejudice, in so far as the army is concerned, is, that the French *ladies* are very generally of the same way of thinking. After the English officers left Toulouse in the summer of 1814, the ladies of that town found the manners of the French officers who succeeded them so much less agreeable, that they could not be prevailed on, for a long time, to admit them into their society. This is a triumph over the arms of France, which we apprehend our countrymen would have found it much more difficult to achieve in the days of the ancient monarchy.

On the other hand, it must be admitted, that the revolution, has had the effect of completely removing from the French character that silly veneration for high rank, unaccompanied by any commanding qualities of mind, which used to form a predominant feature in it. Yet it seems doubtful whether the equivalent they have obtained is more likely to promote their happiness. They have now an equally infatuated admiration for ability and success, without integrity or virtue. Their minds have been delivered from the dominion of rank without talents, and have fallen under that of talents without principle.

CHAPTER VII.

PARIS—THE THEATRES.

IT is difficult for any person who has never quitted England to enter into the feelings which every one must experience when he first finds it in his power to examine those peculiarities of national manners, or national taste, in the people of other states, which have long been the subject of speculation in his own country, and on his imperfect knowledge of which, much perhaps of the estimate he has formed of the character of those nations may depend. The circumstance which perhaps, of all others connected with the people of France, is most likely to create this feeling of curiosity and interest, is the opportunity of attending the French theatres. In most countries, and even in some where dramatic representations possess much greater power over the minds of the audience, the theatre is comparatively of much less importance to a stranger in assisting him to judge of the character of the people; the observations which he may collect can seldom be of any great use in affording him means of understanding their manners and public character, and at the most, cannot inform him of those circumstances in the character of the people with which their happiness and prosperity are connected;—but the theatre at Paris is an object of the greatest interest to a stranger; every one knows how strikingly the character and dispositions of the French people are displayed at their theatres; and at the period when we were there, as every speech almost contained something which was eagerly turned into an allusion to the circumstances of their situation, and to the events which had so lately taken place, the interest which the theatres must at any time have excited, was greatly increased.

There was another object also, less temporary in its nature, which rendered frequent attendance at the theatre, one of the most useful and instructive occupations of our time. The construction and character of the French tragedies have been as generally questioned in other countries, as they are universally and enthusiastically admired in France; and with whatever feelings, whether of pleasure or fatigue, we might have read these celebrated compositions, we were all naturally most anxious to ascertain how far they were calculated for actual representation, and what effect these plays, which possess such influence over the French people, might produce on those who had been accustomed to dramatic writings of so very different a description.

The theatres present, at first view, a very favourable aspect of French character. The audience uniformly conduct themselves with propriety and decorum; they are always attentive to the piece represented, and shew themselves, in general very good judges of theatrical merit; and the entertainments which please their taste are certainly of a superior order to a great part of those which are popular in England. A great number of the performances which are loudly applauded by the pit and boxes of the London theatres, would be esteemed low and vulgar, even by the galleries at the Theatre Français. It must be added, likewise, that the morality of the plays which are in request, is very generally more strict than of favourite English plays; and often of a refined and sentimental turn, which would be little relished in England. The tragedies acted at the Theatre Français are generally modelled on the Greek; those of Racine and Voltaire are common. The comedies have seldom any low life or buffoonery, or vulgar ribaldry in them; The after pieces, and the ballets at the Academie de Musique, and at the Opera Comique, are often beautiful representations of rural innocence and enjoyments.

It appears at first difficult to reconcile this taste in theatrical entertainments with the well-known immorality of the Parisians; but the fact is, that as they are in the daily habit of speaking of virtues which they do not practise, so it never appears to enter their heads; that the sentiments which they delight in hearing at the theatres ought to regulate their conduct to one another. They applaud them only for their adaptation to the situation of the fictitious personages; whereas in England they are applauded, for speaking home to the business and bosoms of the audience.

The conduct and style of the French tragedies, in particular, appear to be very characteristic of a nation among whom noble and virtuous feelings are no sooner experienced than they are proclaimed to the world; and are there valued, rather for the selfish pleasure they produce, in the mind, than for their influence on conduct. The French will not admit, in their tragedies, the representation of all the variety of character and situation that can throw an air of truth and reality over dramatic fiction; they can admire such incidents and characters only, as accord with the sentiments and emotions which it is the peculiar province of tragedy to excite. They are not satisfied with the indication, in a few energetic words,—valuable only as an index to the state of the mind, and an earnest of the actions of the speaker,—of feelings too strong to find vent at the moment, in words capable of fully expressing them; they must have the full developement, the long detailed exposition of all the thoughts which crowd into the mind of the actor or sufferer, expanded, as it were, to prolong the enjoyment of those who are to sympathise with them, and expressed in select and appropriate terms, with the pomp and stateliness of heroic verse. An English tragedy is valued as a representation of life and character; a French tragedy as a display of eloquence and feeling: and the reason is, that in France eloquence and feeling are valued for their own sake, and in England they are valued for the sake of the corresponding character and conduct.

It is perhaps one of the strongest arguments in favour of the general plan of the English drama, and one of the best proofs that dramatic poetry ought to be judged by very different principles from those by which other kinds of poetry are criticised, that one of the principal merits of the French actors consists in hiding the chief peculiarities of their own dramatic school. The personages in a French tragedy are represented by the authors as it were a degree above human nature; but the actors study to present themselves before the audience as simple men and women: the speeches are generally such as appear to be delivered by persons who are superior to the overwhelming influence of strong passions, and who can calmly enter into an analysis of their own feelings; but the actors labour to give you the impression, that they are agitated by present, violent, and sudden emotions; the tragedies are composed with as much regularity as epic poems in heroic verse, but the best actors do all in their power, by varied intonation, by irregular pauses, and frequent bursts of

passion, to conceal the rhymes, and break the uniformity of the measure.

The effect of the rhymes and regular versification, in the mouths of the inferior actors, who have not the art to conceal them, is, to an English ear at least, very unpleasing, and indeed almost destructive of theatrical illusion; and as a number of such actors must necessarily appear in every tragedy, it may be doubted whether a tragedy is ever acted throughout on the French stage in so pleasing a manner, at least to an English taste, as some of our English tragedies are at present in the London theatres—as Venice preserved, for example, is now acted at Covent Garden. If such be our superiority, however, it must be ascribed, not to the tragic genius of the people being greater, but to there being fewer difficulties to be overcome on the English stage than on the French.

We think it is pretty clear, likewise, that the style of the best English tragedies affords a better field for the display of genius in the actors, than that of the French. Where the sentiments of the characters introduced are fully expressed in their words —where their whole thoughts are detailed for the edification of the audience, however grand or touching these may be, it is obvious, that the actor who is to represent them is in trammels; the poet has done so much, that little remains for him; his art is confined to the display of emotions or passions, all the variations of which are set down for him, and which he is not permitted to alter. But when the expression of intense feeling is confined to few words, to broken sentences, and sudden transitions of thought, which let you, indeed, into the inmost recesses of the soul of the sufferer, but do not lay it open before you, it is permitted for the genius of the actor to co-operate with that of the poet in producing an effect, for which neither was singly competent. Those who have witnessed the representation of the heart-rendings of jealousy in Kean's Othello, or of the agonies of "love and sorrow joined" in Miss O'Neil's Belvidera, will, we are persuaded, acknowledge the truth of this observation.

The ideas which we had formed of the French stage, from reading their tragedies, had prepared us to expect, in their principal actor, a figure, countenance, and manner, resembling those of Kemble, fitted to give full effect to the declamations in which they abound, and to the representation of characters of heroic virtue, elevated above the influence of earthly passions. The appearance of Talma is very different from this, and certainly has by no means the uniform dignity and majestic elevation of Kemble.

Difficult as it must always be to convey, by any general description, a distinct or adequate notion of the excellence of any actor, there are some circumstances which it is common to mention, and some expressions which must be understood wherever the theatre is an object of interest, and the power of acting appreciated. Talma appears to us to unite more of the advantages of figure, and countenance, and voice, than any actor that we have ever seen: it is not that his person is large and graceful, or even well proportioned; on the contrary, he is rather a short man, and is certainly not without defects in the shape of his limbs. But these disadvantages are wholly overlooked in admiration of his dignified and imposing carriage—of his majestic head —and of his full and finely-proportioned chest, which expresses so nobly the resolution, and manliness, and independence of the human character.

There is one circumstance in which Talma has every perfection which it is possible to conceive—in the power, and richness, and beauty of his *voice*. It is one of those commanding and pathetic voices which can never, at any distance of time, be forgotten by any one who has once heard it: every variety of tone and expression of which the human voice is capable, is perfectly at his command, and succeed each other with a rapidity and power which it is not possible to conceive. It makes its way to the heart the instant it is heard, and at the moment he begins to speak, you feel not only your attention fixed, and your admiration excited, but the mind wholly subdued by its resistless influence, and disposed to enter at once into every emotion which he may wish to produce. The beauty and feeling of his under tones, the affection, tenderness, and pity which they so exquisitely express, are so perfect, that no one could foresee in such perfections, the fierce, hurried, and overhearing tones of Nero— the voice of deep and exhausting suffering, which in Hamlet shews so profound an impression of the misery he had undergone, and of the hopelessness of the situation in which he is placed,—or still more the shriek of agony in Orestes, when he finds the horrors of madness again assailing him, and when, in that utter prostration of soul which the belief of inevitable and merciless destiny alone could produce in his mind, he abandons himself in dark despair to the misery which seems to close around him for ever.

We have heard several English people describe Talma's countenance, as by no means powerful enough for a great actor; it appeared to us, that in no one respect was he so decidedly superior to any *actor* on the English stage, as in the truth and variety of expression which it displays. There is one observation indeed regarding the acting of Talma, which often suggested itself, and which may, in some degree, prepare us to expect, that English people in general could not be much struck with the expression of his countenance. On the English stage, it appears commonly to be the object of the actors, to give to every sentiment the whole effect of which the words of the part will admit, as fully as if that sentiment were the only one which could occupy the mind of the character at the time; and any person who will attend to the manner in which Macbeth and Hamlet are performed, even by that great actor whose genius has secured at once the pre-eminence which the reputation of Garrick had left so long uncontested, may observe, that many of the parts, which are applauded as the strongest proofs of the abilities of the actor, consist in the expression given to sentiments, undoubtedly of subordinate importance in the situation of these characters, and which probably could never occupy so exclusively the mind of any one really placed in the circumstances represented in the play, and under the influence of the feelings which such circumstances are calculated to produce. In the character of Hamlet, in particular, there are several passages, in which it is the custom to express minor and passing sentiments with a keenness little suitable to the profound grief in which Hamlet ought to be absorbed at the commencement of the play, and which can be natural only when the mind is free from other more powerful emotions. It appears to us, that the consistency of character is much more judiciously and naturally preserved in the acting of Talma; that he is more careful to maintain invariably that unity of expression which ought to be given to the character, and is more uniformly under the influence of those predominating feelings, which the circumstances of the situation in which the part has placed him seem fitted to excite. Under this impression apparently of the object which an actor ought to keep in view, Talma omits many opportunities, which would be eagerly employed on the English stage, to display the power of the actor, though the natural consistency of character might be violated; and never seems to think it proper to express, on all occasions, every sentiment with that effect which should be given to it, only when it becomes the predominant feeling of the moment. Much, no doubt, is lost for stage effect by this notion of acting. Many opportunities are passed over, which might have been employed to shew the manner in which the actor can represent a variety of feelings, which the language of the play may seem to admit; and we lose much of the art and skill of acting, when the talents of the actor are limited to the display of such sentiments only as accord with the simple and decided expression of character which he is anxious to maintain.

But on the other hand, the impression which this representation of character makes upon the mind, is on the whole much more profound, and the interest which the spectator takes in the circumstances in which the character is placed, is much greater when the actor is so wholly under the influence of the feelings which the situation of the part ought to excite, as never to betray any emotion which can weaken that general effect which this situation would naturally produce. To those, therefore, accustomed to the greater variety of expression which the practice of the English stage renders necessary in the countenance of every actor, and to the strong and often exaggerated manner in which common sentiments and ordinary feelings are represented, there may perhaps appear some want of expression in Talma's countenance; but no one can attend fully to any of the more interesting characters which he performs, without feeling an impression produced by the power and intelligence of his countenance, which no length of time will ever wholly efface. It is not the expression of his countenance at any particular moment which fixes itself on the mind, or the force with which accidental feelings are represented; but that permanent and powerful expression which suits the character he has to sustain, and never for an instant permits you to forget the circumstances, of whatever kind, in which he is placed; and those who have seen him in any of the greater parts on the French stage, can never forget that unrivalled power of expressing deep grief, of which nothing in any English actor at present on the stage can afford any idea.

At the same time it must be admitted, that Talma has arrived at that time of life, when the hand of age has impaired, in some degree, the vigour and expression of the human frame, and when his countenance has lost much of that variety and play of expression which belongs to the period of youth alone; it has lost much of the warmth and keenness of youthful feeling, and probably might fail in expressing that openness, and gaiety, and enthusiasm, which time has so great a tendency to diminish. But these

qualities are not often required in the parts which Talma has to perform in the French plays; and if his countenance has lost some of the perfections of earlier years, it has, on the other hand, gained much from the seriousness and dignity of age. If, for instance, he does not express so well the ardour—the hope—the triumph of youthful love, there is yet something irresistibly affecting in the earnestness with which he expresses that passion; something which adds most deeply to the interest which its expression is calculated to excite, by reminding one of the instability of human enjoyment, and of the many misfortunes which the course of life may bring with it to destroy the visions of inexperienced affection. We have already mentioned, that in the expression of profound emotion and deep suffering, the countenance of Talma is altogether admirable; and we doubt whether there is any thing is this respect more true and perfect, even in the performance of that great actress who has, in the present day, united every perfection of grace, and beauty, and genuine feeling which the stage has ever exhibited. But the countenance of Talma, in scenes of distress, expresses not merely suffering, but if possible, something more, which we have never seen in any other actor. He alone possesses the power of expressing that impatience under suffering—that restless, constant wish for relief, which produces so strong an impression of the truth and reality of the affliction with which you are called upon to sympathise.

His attitudes and action are uncommonly striking, seldom in the exaggeration of the French stage, and never running into that immoderate expression of passion in which dignity of character is necessarily sacrificed. Talma appears to understand the use and management of action better than any actor on the French stage; and though at times some prominent faults, inseparable, perhaps, from the character of the plays in which he is compelled to perform, may be observable; yet, in general, his action appears to possess a power and expression beyond what is attempted by any actor on the English stage.

Nothing can be conceived apparently so inconsistent with the character of the French plays, as the manner in which they are delivered. The harangues, which are tedious to many when read, might probably be very uninteresting to all when performed, if delivered with that unbending and unimpassioned declamation, which seems to suit "their stately march and long resounding lines:" to a French audience, in particular, such representations would be intolerable, and the actors, accordingly, have been led to perform them with a degree of energy and passion which they do not appear intended to admit, but which was necessary, perhaps, to awaken those emotions which it must be more or less the object of theatrical representations to excite, wherever they are to be performed to all classes of mankind. As might have been foreseen, the French actors, compelled to counterfeit a degree of warmth and feeling which was not suggested by the sentiments they utter, or the language they employ, have fallen very naturally into the error of making the expression of passion immoderately vehement; and thus, when not guided by the language they are to use, have become not only indiscriminate in the introduction of violent emotion, but often run into a degree of warmth, totally destructive of every feeling of propriety and dignity.

The striking circumstance in Talma's acting is, that he alone seems to know how to act the French plays with all the feeling and interest which can be necessary to produce effect; and at the same time, to avoid that exaggerated representation of passion which represses the very emotions it is intended to excite. The means by which the genius of this great actor has accomplished so important an effect, and overcome the difficulties which seem insuperable to the rest of his countrymen, afford the best illustration that can be given of the talents and imagination he displays. Talma appears to have thought, and most justly, that the only manner in which the French tragedies can approach and interest the heart, is by the impression which the character and the moral tendency of the play may, upon the whole, be able to produce, not by the force or pathos which can be thrown into any detached speeches, or by the effect with which individual parts of the tragedy may be given. The impression which might be created by the delivery of any particular passage, or by the expression of any occasional sentiment, he seems at all times to consider as of subordinate importance to the preservation of that permanent character, whether of intense and overpowering suffering, or wild desperation, by which he thinks the feelings of the spectators may be most deeply and heartily interested. Much as we admire the excellencies of the English stage, and none we are persuaded can have an opportunity of comparing it with the acting of the French theatre, without being more sensible of its perfections,

we think it may yet be observed, that many important objects are sacrificed to the desire of producing *continual* emotion,—to the practice of making every sentiment and every word tell upon the audience, with an effect which could not be greater, if that sentiment were the whole object of the tragedy. We admit, most willingly, the talent and feeling which are often so beautifully displayed in the course of the inferior scenes; and the impression, which is so frequently produced over the "whole assembled multitude," by the delivery of a single passage, of no importance in itself, attests sufficiently the merits of the actors who can thus wield at will the passions of the spectators. What we are anxious to observe is, that the *general impression*, from the play must be less profound, when the mind is thus distracted by a variety of powerful feelings succeeding each other so rapidly, and when the interest, which would naturally increase of itself as the performance proceeds, in the history and moral tendency of the tragedy, is thus broken, as it were, by the influence of so many transient passions. It is very singular to observe the difference, in this respect, between the character of an English and a Parisian audience: To the former, every thing, as it passes, must be given with the greatest effect; no opportunity can safely be omitted, by any one attentive to the public opinion, of displaying the power with which each sentiment may be expressed; and there is no common feeling among the spectators, of the subserviency of all the different parts of the tragedy to one great import, or that it is only in the more important scenes, where the events of the story are coming to a close, that great talent is to be exerted, or profound emotion excited. The feelings of a French audience, as might be expected, are such as better suit the character of the plays which have been so long addressed to them; they like to have their interest awakened, and their feelings excited, only as the story proceeds, and the deeper scenes of the tragedy begin to open upon them; and it is to the general impression which the progress and close of the play leave upon the mind, that they look, as to the criterion of the excellence of the manner, in which that play has been performed. Nothing, therefore, can be apparently quieter than the commencement of a French tragedy; and a person unacquainted with the language, would be disposed to conclude what was passing before him as uninteresting in the highest degree, if he did not observe the most profound and eager attention to prevail in those to whom it is addressed. It would be a subject of very curious and instructive speculation, to examine the circumstances, in the situation and intelligence of the people in both countries, which have occasioned this remarkable difference in their feelings, in moments when the influence of prejudice, or the effect of peculiar character, generally gives way, and when the genuine sentiments of mankind, as invariably happens when the different ranks of men are assembled indiscriminately together, assume their natural empire over the human heart. It might unfold some interesting conclusions both as to the great object of the drama, and the genuine style of dramatic representation; and might place, in a more important point of view than is within the consideration, perhaps, of many who so hastily decide on the superiority of the English stage, the excellence they admire.

Much as the French tragedies are despised in this country, and sensible as we are of many essential defects which belong to them, when considered as the means of exciting popular feeling, or of applying to the duties of common life, we must yet state the very great and lasting impression which many of them left on our minds, and which, we can truly say, was never equalled by any effect produced by the most successful efforts of the English stage. At our own theatres, we have been often more deeply affected during the performance of the play,—we have often admired, much more, the grace, or feeling, or grandeur of the acting we witnessed, and been more highly delighted with the *species* of talent which was displayed; but yet, we must acknowledge, that the impression that all this *left upon the mind*, was not such as has been produced by the powers of Talma in the French tragedies. We had many occasions, however, to see that this effect was to be attributed chiefly to the genius of this great actor, and that it was only when entrusted to him, that the influence of these plays was so deeply felt.

The great difference, then, between the acting of Talma, and of the other actors on the French stage, is his constant attention to the means by which the impression, which the general tendency of the play will produce, may be increased. Whatever may be the character which the nature of the tragedy seems to require, his whole powers are employed to pursue that character inviolably during the progress of the play, and to add to the effect it is fitted to produce: The character of profound grief, for instance, is so completely sustained, that the very act of speaking seems an exertion too great for a mind which suffering has nearly exhausted, and where, in consequence,

the pomp and energy of declamation, and many of the most natural aids by which passion is wont to express itself, are all disregarded in the intensity of mental agony. It is not uncommon, accordingly, to see Talma perform parts of a tragedy in a manner which might seem tame and unmeaning to one who had not been present at the preceding parts, but which is most interesting to those who have seen the character which he adopts from the first, and feel the propriety and effect of the manner in which that character is sustained. Some of the most striking effects we have ever seen produced in any acting, are in those scenes, in many plays in which he performs, in which, from his powerful and affecting personation of character, his exhausted mind seems unable to enter into any events which are not either to relieve his sufferings, or terminate an existence which appears beset with such hopeless misery. Other actors may have succeeded in expressing as strongly the influence of present suffering, or the despair of intense grief. It is Talma alone who knows how to express, what is so much more grand, the effects of long suffering; to remind you of the misery he has endured by the spectacle of an exhausted frame and broken spirit; and by exhibiting the overwhelming consequence of those sufferings which the poet has not dared to describe, nor the actor ventured to represent to interest the mind far more profoundly than any representation of present passion could possibly effect. The influence of the exertions of other actors is limited to the effects of the emotions they represent, and of the suffering they exhibit: the genius of Talma has imitated the efforts of ancient Greece in her matchless sculpture, and, in every situation which put it within his power, chosen, as the proper field for the display of the actor's powers, not the mere representation of excess in suffering, but that moment of greater interest, when the struggle of nature is past, and the mind has sunk under the pressure of affliction, which no fortitude could sustain, and which no ray of hope had cheered.

Every one knows the peculiar manner in which, in general, the verses of the French tragedy are repeated, and the delight which the French people take in the uniform and balanced modulation of voice with which they are accompanied. In an ordinary actor, this peculiar tone is often, to many foreigners, extremely fatiguing, but it is defended in France, as securing a pleasure in some degree independent of the merits of the actor, and defending the audience from the harshness of tone, and extravagancies of accent, to which otherwise, in bad actors, they would be exposed; and certainly no one can listen, in the National Theatre, to the beautiful and splendid declamations of the most celebrated compositions in French literature, delivered in the manner which has been selected as best adapted to the character of the plays and the taste of the people, with any feeling of indifference. In the skilful hands of Talma, who preserves the beauty of the poetry nearly unimpaired in the very *abandon* of feeling, the French verse acquires beauties which it never before could boast, and loses all that is harsh or painful in the uniformity of its structure, or the monotony of artificial taste. The description which Le Baron de Grimm has given of Le Kain may be well applied to Talma. "Un talent plus precieux sans doute et qu'il avait porté au plus haut degré c'etait celui de faire sentir tout le charme des beaux vers sans nuire jamais a la verité de l'expression. En dechirant le cœur, il enchantait toujours l'oreille, sa voix pénétrait jusqu'au fond de l'ame, et l'impression qu'elle y faisait, semblable a celle du burin, y laissait des traces et longs souvenirs."

The tragedy of Hamlet, in which we saw Talma perform for the first time, is one which must be interesting to every person who has any acquaintance with French literature; and it will not probably be considered as any great digression in a description of Talma's excellencies as an actor, to add some further remarks concerning that celebrated play in which his powers are perhaps most strikingly displayed, and which is one of the greatest compositions undoubtedly of the French theatre. It can hardly be called a translation, as many material alterations were made in the story of the play; and though the general purport of the principal speeches has been sometimes preserved, the language and sentiments are generally extremely different. The character of Shakespeare's Hamlet was wholly unsuited to the taste of a French audience. What is the great attraction in that mysterious being to the feelings of the English people, the strange, wild, and metaphysical ideas which his art or his madness seems to take such pleasure in starting, and the uncertainty in which Shakespeare has left the reader with regard to Hamlet's real situation, would not perhaps have been understood—certainly not admired, by those who were accustomed to consider the works of Racine and Voltaire as the models of dramatic composition. In the play of Ducis, accordingly, Hamlet thinks, talks, and acts pretty much as any other human being would do, who should be compelled to speak only in the verse of the French tragedy, which necessarily excludes, in a great degree, any great incoherence

or flightiness of sentiment. In some respects, however, the French Hamlet, if a less poetical personage, is nevertheless a more interesting one, and better adapted to excite those feelings which are most within the command of the actor's genius. M. Ducis has represented him as more doubtful of the reality of the vision which haunted him, or at least of the authority which had commissioned it for such dreadful communications; and this alteration, so important in the hands of Talma, was required on account of other changes which had been made in the story of the play. The paramour of the Queen is not Hamlet's uncle, nor had the Queen either married the murderer, or discovered her criminal connexion with him. Hamlet, therefore, has not, in the incestuous marriage of his mother, that strong confirmation of the ghost's communication, which, in Shakespeare, led him to suspect foul play even before he sees his father's spirit. In the French play, therefore, Hamlet is placed in one of the most dreadful situations in which the genius of poetry can imagine a human being: Haunted by a spirit, which assumes such mastery over his mind, that he cannot dispel the fearful impression it has made, or disregard the communication it so often repeats, while his attachment to his mother, in whom he reveres the parent he has lost, makes him question the truth of crimes which are thus laid to her charge, and causes him to look upon this terrific spectre as the punishment of unknown crime, and the visitation of an offended Deity. Ducis has most judiciously and most poetically represented Hamlet, in the despair which his sufferings produce, as driven to the belief of an over-ruling destiny, disposing of the fate of its unhappy victims by the most arbitrary and revolting arrangement, and visiting upon some, with vindictive fury, the whole crimes of the age in which they live. There is in this introduction of ancient superstition, something which throws a mysterious veil round the destiny of Hamlet, that irresistibly engrosses the imagination, and which must be doubly interesting in that country where the horrors of the revolution have ended in producing a very prevalent, though vague belief, in the influence of fatality upon human character and human actions, among those who pretend to ridicule, as unmanly prejudice and childish delusion, the religion of modern Europe.

The struggle, accordingly, that appears to take place in Hamlet's mind is most striking; and when at last he yields to the authority and the commands of the spirit, which exercises such tyranny over his mind, it does not seem the result of any farther evidence of the guilt which he is enjoined to revenge, but as the triumph of superstition over the strength of his reason. He had long resisted the influence of that visionary being, which announced itself as his father's injured spirit, and in assuming that sacred form, had urged him to destroy the only parent whom fate had left; but the struggle had brought him to the brink of the grave, and shaken the empire of reason; and when at last he abandons himself to the guidance of a power which his firmer nature had long resisted, the impression of the spectator is, that his mind has yielded in the struggle, and that, in the desperate hope of obtaining relief from present wretchedness, he is about to commit the most horrible crimes, by obeying the suggestions of a spirit, which he more than suspects to be employed only to tempt him on to perdition. No description can possibly do justice to the manner in which this situation of Hamlet is represented by Talma; indeed, on reading over the play some time afterwards, it was very evident that the powers of the actor had invested the character with much of the grandeur and terror which seemed to belong to it, and that the imagination of the French poet, which rises into excellence, even when compared with the productions of that great master of the passions whom he has not submitted to copy, has been surpassed by the fancy of the actor for whom he wrote. The Hamlet of Talma is probably productive of more profound emotion, than any representation of character on any stage ever excited.

One other alteration ought to be mentioned, as it renders the circumstances of Hamlet's situation still more distressing, and affords Talma an opportunity of displaying the effects of one of the gentler passions of human nature, when its influence seemed irreconcileable with the stern and fearful duties which fate had assigned to him. The Ophelia of the French play, so unlike that beautiful and innocent being who alone seems to connect the Hamlet of Shakespeare with the feelings and nature of ordinary men, has been made the daughter of the man for whose sake the king has been poisoned, and was engaged to marry Hamlet at that happier period when he was the ornament of his father's court, and the hope of his father's subjects. In the first part of the play, though no hint of the terrible revenge which he was to execute on her father has escaped, the looks and anxiety of Talma discover to her that her fate is in some degree connected with the emotions which so visibly oppress him, and she makes him at last confess the insurmountable barrier which separates them

for ever. Nothing can be greater than the acting of Talma during this difficult scene, in which he has to resist the entreaties of the woman whom he loves, when imploring for the life of her father, and yet so overcome with his affection, as hardly to have strength left to adhere to his dreadful purpose.

The feelings of a French audience do not permit the spirit of Hamlet's father to appear on the stage: "L'apparition se passe, (says Madame de Stael)[3], en entier dans la physionomie de Talma, et certes elle n'en est pas ainsi moins effrayante. Quand, au milieu d'un entretien calme et melancolique, tout a coup il aperçoit le spectre, on suit tout; ses mouvemens dans les yeux qui le contemplent, et l'on ne peut douter de la presence du fantome quand un tel regard l'atteste." The remark is perfectly just, nothing can be imagined more calculated to dispel at once the effect which the countenance of a great actor, in such circumstances, would naturally produce, than bringing any one on the stage to personate the ghost; and whoever has seen Talma in this part, will acknowledge that the mind is not disposed to doubt, for an instant, the existence of that form which no eye but his has seen, and of that voice which no ear but his has heard. We regretted much, while witnessing the astonishing powers which Talma displayed in this very difficult part of the play, that it was impossible to see his genius employed in giving effect to the character of Aristodemo, (in the Italian tragedy of that name by Monti), to which his talents alone could do justice, and which, perhaps, affords more room for the display of the actor's powers, than any other play with which we are acquainted.

But the soliloquy on death is the part in which the astonishing excellence and genius of Talma are most strikingly displayed. Whatever difficulty there may often be to determine the particular manner in which scenes, with other characters, ought to be performed, there is no difference of opinion as to the manner in which soliloquies ought in general to be delivered. How comes it, then, that these are the very parts in which all feel that the powers of the actors are so much tried, and in which, for the most part, they principally fail? No one can have paid any attention to the English stage, without being struck with the circumstance, that while there may be much to praise in the performance of the other parts, many of the best actors uniformly fail in soliloquies; and that it is only of late, since the reputation of the English stage, has been so splendidly revived, that we have seen these difficult and interesting parts properly performed. It is in this circumstance, more than any other, in which the talents of Talma are most remarkably displayed, because he is peculiarly fitted, by his complete personation of character, and the deep interest which he seems himself to take in the part he is sustaining, to excel in performing what chiefly requires such interest. He is, at all times, so fully impressed with the feelings, which, under such circumstances, must have been really felt, that one is uniformly struck with the truth and propriety of every thing he does; and of course, in soliloquies, which must be perfect, when the actor appears to be seriously and deeply interested in the subjects on which he is meditating, Talma invariably succeeds. In this soliloquy in Hamlet, he is completely absorbed in the awful importance of the great question which occupies his attention, and nothing indicates the least consciousness of the multitude which surrounds him, or even that he is giving utterance to the mighty thoughts which crowd upon his mind. "Talma ne faisoit pas un geste, quelquefois seulement il remuoit la tête pour questioner la terre et le ciel sur ce que c'est que la mort! Immobile, la dignité de la meditation absorboit tout son etre."—De l'Allemagne, 1. c. We could wish to avoid any attempt to describe the acting of Talma in those passages which the eloquence of M. de Stael has rendered familiar throughout Europe; yet we feel that this account of the tragedy of Hamlet would be imperfect, if we did not allude to that very interesting scene, which corresponds, in the history of the play, to the closet scene in Shakespeare. Talma appears with the urn which contains the ashes of his father, and whose injured spirit he seems to consult, to obtain more proof of the guilt which he is to revenge, or in the hope that the affections of human nature may yet survive the horrors of the tomb, and that the duty of the son will not be tried in the blood of the parent who gave him birth. But no voice is heard to alter the sentence which he is doomed to execute; and he is still compelled to prepare himself to meet with sternness his guilty mother. After charging her, with the utmost tenderness and solemnity, with the knowledge of her husband's murder, he places the urn in her hands, and requires her to swear her innocence over the sacred ashes which it contains. At first, the consciousness that Hamlet could only *suspect* her crime, gives her resolution to commence the oath with firmness; and Talma, with an expression of countenance which cannot be described, awaits, in triumph and joy, the confirmation of her

innocence,—and seems to call upon the spirit which had haunted him, to behold the solemn scene which proves the falsehood of its mission. But the very tenderness which he shews destroys the resolution of his mother, and she hesitates in the oath she had begun to pronounce. His feelings are at once changed,—the paleness of horror, and fury of revenge, are marked in his countenance, and his hands grasp the steel which is to punish her guilt: But the agony of his mother again overpowers him, at the moment he is about to strike; he appeals for mercy to the shade of his father, in a voice, in which, as M. de Stael has truly said, all the feelings of human nature seem at once to burst from his heart, and, in an attitude humbled by the view of his mother's guilt and wretchedness, he awaits the confession she seems ready to make: and when she sinks, overcome by the remorse and agony which she feels, he remembers only that she is his mother; the affection which had been long repressed again returns, and he throws himself on his knees, to assure her of the mercy of Heaven. We do not wish to be thought so presumptuous as to compare the talents of the French author with the genius of Shakespeare, but we must be allowed to say, that we think this scene better managed for dramatic effect: and certainly no part of Hamlet, on the English stage, ever produced the same impression, or affected us so deeply. We are well aware, however, how very different the scene would have appeared in the hands of any other actors than Talma and Madle Duchesnois, and that a very great part of the merit which the play seemed to possess, might be more justly attributed to the talents which they displayed. At the conclusion of this great tragedy, which has become so popular in France, and in which the genius of Talma is so powerfully exhibited, the applause was universal; and after some little time, to our surprise, instead of diminishing, became much louder; and presently a cry of Talma burst out from the whole house. In a few minutes the curtain drew up, and discovered Talma waiting to receive the applause with which they honoured him, and to express his sense of the distinction paid to him.

The part of Orestes in Andromaque, is another character in which the acting of Talma is seen to much advantage: and to a foreigner, it is peculiarly interesting, as it displays, more than any other almost, that uncommon power of recitation which distinguishes his acting from the tame and monotonous declamation of the ordinary actors; and which gives to the splendid language, and elevated sentiments of the French tragedies, an effect which cannot easily be understood by any one who has never seen them well performed. The part is one which is remarkably popular at present in Paris, as there is something in the history of that fabulous being, who has been represented as the victim of a capricious and arbitrary Providence, and exposed during his whole life to the most unmerited and horrible torments, which seems greatly to interest the French people; and Talma has thus been led to bestow upon the character a degree of reflection and preparation, which the parts in a French tragedy do not in general require. There is a passage which occurs in the first scene, which exhibits very strikingly the judgment and genuine feeling which uniformly marks his acting. After mentioning what had happened to him after his disappointment, with regard to Hermione, and his separation from Pylades, he says, that he had hastened to the great assembly of the Greeks, which the common interest of Greece had called together, in the hope, that the ardour, the activity, and the love of glory which had distinguished the period of youth, might revive with the animating scene which was again presented to his mind.

"En ce calme trompeur J'arrivai dans la Grece
Et Je trouvois d'abord ces princes rassemblès,
Qu'un peril assez grand sembloit avoir troublès.
J'y courus. Je pensai que la guerre et la gloire
De soins plus importants remplissoit ma memoire
Que mes sens reprenant leur premiere vigueur
L'amour acheveroit de sortir de mon cœur.
Mais admire avec mois le sort, dont la pursuite
Me fait courir alors au piege que j'evite."

There is a similar passage in Othello, in which, when the passion of jealousy had seized upon his mind, the Moor laments the degradation to which he had fallen, when all the objects of his former ambition ceased to interest his imagination, or animate his exertions. In enumerating the occupations which formed the pomp and glorious

circumstance of war, but for which the misery of his situation had completely unmanned him, the actors who have attempted this character, fire with the description of the arms which he now abandons, and of the scenes in which his renown had been acquired. In this analogous passage, Talma repeats these scenes with much greater propriety and effect. He appeared overwhelmed by a deep sense of the degradation to which a foolish and unmanly attachment had reduced him; no gesture or tone of voice, expressive of the slightest animation, escaped him, when he described the objects of his youthful ambition; every thing denoted the shame and regret of a man who felt that his glory and his occupation were gone, and who no longer dared to look up with pride to the remembrance of those better days, when his valour and his resolution were the admiration of Greece.

The scene between Orestes and Hermione on their first meeting, is one in which Talma displays very great power: with his heart full of the passion from which he had suffered so much, he begins the declaration of his constancy in the most ardent and impressive manner, and for a time seems to flatter himself, that resentment at the neglect which she had met with from Pyrrhus might have awakened some affection for himself in the breast of Hermione. At first she is anxious to secure Orestes in case that Pyrrhus should ultimately slight her, and is at pains to confirm the hope which she perceives that this passion had created: But when he urges her to take the opportunity which how offered itself, of leaving a court where she appeared to be detained only to witness the marriage of her rival, she betrays at once the state of her mind:—

"Mais, seigneur, cependant s'il epouse Andromaque.
Oreste. Hé, madame.
Her. Songez quelle honte pour nous,
Si d'une Phrygienne il devenoit lepoux.
Oreste. Et vous le haissez!"—&c.

The indignant and bitter irony with which Talma delivers this speech, when he finds that resentment at Pyrrhus, and not affection for himself, has made her thus anxious to rivet the chains which her former cruelty had hardly weakened, is most striking, and he seems at once to regain the independence which he had lost.

There is another passage of very peculiar interest, which we hope it will not be prolonging these remarks too far to quote, as affording a very striking instance of the effect which the powers of Talma are able to produce, under almost any circumstances. When Pyrrhus, at one part of the play, consents to surrender Astyanax, and by this rupture with Andromache, resolves to marry Hermione, Orestes is thrown at once into the utmost despair by this sudden change of plans, and by this disappointment of his hopes. When he again appears with Pylades, he threatens to take the most violent measures, to interrupt this marriage, and to carry off Hermione by force from the court where she was detained. His friend naturally feels for the wound which his fame must suffer from such an outrage, and the dishonour which it would bring upon a name rendered sacred throughout Greece, from the unmerited misfortunes which he had sustained. "Voila donc le succès qu'aura votre ambassade. Oreste ravisseur." But such considerations are of no avail in the intemperance of his present feelings; and Orestes, after alluding to the injury of a second rejection by Hermione, proceeds to another motive, which urged him to any means, however violent to secure his object, and which most powerfully interests the imagination. Every one knows the supposed history of that mysterious character, whose destiny seemed to have placed him at the disposal of some unrelenting enemy of the human race, and who had suffered every misfortune which could oppress human nature.

"——Mais, s'il faut ne te rien deguiser
Mon innocence enfin commence a me peser,
Je ne sais, de tout tems, quelle injuste puissence
Laisse le crime en paix, et poursuit l'innocence,
De quelque part sur moi que je trouve les yeux,
Je ne vois que malheurs qui condamnent lea Dieux,
Meritons leur courroux, justifions leur haine,
Et que le fruit du crime en précéde la peine."

It is a remark of Seneca, that the most sublime spectacle in nature is the view of a great man *struggling against* misfortune, and such a character has ever been considered as the most appropriate subject for dramatic representation. The extreme difficulty of succeeding, in the very important passage which I have quoted, is obviously because the very reverse of such a spectacle is now presented to the mind,—when Orestes is made to abandon that distinction in *his fate* which alone gave him any peculiar hold over the feelings of the spectators, and because the actor must continue to engage, even more deeply than before, their *interest* and their *pity*, at the very time when the sentiments he utters must necessarily lower the dignity of the character he sustains, and diminish the compassion he had previously awakened. How, then, is that ascendency over the mind, which the singular destiny of Orestes naturally acquires, to be preserved, when he no longer is to be regarded as the innocent sufferer who claims our interest, and when he is content to descend to the level of ordinary men? In this very difficult passage Talma is eminently successful; no vehemence of manner accompanies the desperate resolution he expresses, the recollection of the misery he has suffered, and the dread of the greater misfortunes which his present intentions must bring upon him, seem wholly to overpower him, and his countenance, marked with the utmost dejection and wretchedness, appears still to appeal for mercy to the power which persecutes him. Everything in his appearance and voice conveys the impression of a person overwhelmed with misfortunes, and hurried on, by an impulse he cannot controul, into greater calamities, and more complicated misery. The very sentiment which he avows, seems to proceed from the over-ruling influence of a destiny which he has in vain attempted to resist, and to be only another proof of the unceasing persecution to which he is exposed; and though he no longer commands admiration, or deserves esteem, he becomes more than ever the object of the deepest commiseration. Talma appears to attach much importance to the impression which this passage may produce, as much of the view which he exhibits of the character of Orestes seems intended to assist its effect; and we certainly consider it as the greatest and most successful effort of *genius*, which we have ever seen displayed upon any stage. After witnessing this representation of the character of Orestes at this melancholy period of his life, it was with no ordinary interest that we shortly after saw Talma perform the part of Orestes in Iphigénie en Tauride, a play which represents very beautifully the only event in his life, which ever seemed likely to secure his happiness, the discovery of his sister; and we shall never forget the beautiful expression of Talma's countenance, and the delightful tones of his voice, when he described to his sister and his friend, the emotions which the feeling of happiness so new to him had created, and the hopes of future exertion and honour, which he now felt himself able to entertain.

The last scene of this interesting tragedy is the most celebrated and most admired part in the range of Talma's characters, and undoubtedly it is impossible to find any acting more admirable or more affecting: After the death of Pyrrhus, he rushes upon the stage to inform Hermione that he had obeyed her dreadful commission, and to receive the reward of such a proof of his attachment; the horror of the crime which he had committed is sunk in his confidence of the claim he has now acquired to her gratitude, and he triumphantly relates the circumstances of the scene which had passed, as giving him such undeniable titles to the reward which had been promised to his firmness.—Madame de Stael has mentioned the effect he gives to the short and feeble reply which he makes, when Hermione accuses him of cruelty, and throws all the guilt of the murder on himself;—but it is in the subsequent part that he appears so great: After Hermione leaves him, and he recovers in some degree of the stupor which such an unexpected attack had produced, he repeats, in a hurried manner, the circumstances of his situation, and dwells on the perfidy of Hermione; but when he finds no palliation for his crime, and sees how completely he has been degraded by his unmanly weakness, the whole enormity of his guilt comes full upon his mind, and he acquires even dignity in the opinion of the beholder, from the solemn and emphatic manner in which he curses the folly and inhumanity of his conduct. But a further blow awaits him; and it is not till Pylades informs him of the death of Hermione, that the horrors of madness begin to seize on his mind. At first he remains motionless and thunderstruck with the dreadful issue of his enterprise; then, in a low and thrilling tone of voice, he laments the bitterness and misery of that destiny by which he is doomed to be for ever the victim of fate, (du malheur un modêle accompli,) till the wildness of madness comes over him: In a voice hardly heard, he seems to ask himself, "Quelle épaisse nuit tout a coup m'environne, de quelle coté sortir? D'ou-vient que je frissonne. Quelle horreur me saisit?"—and at once a shriek, dreadful beyond all

description, announces the destruction of reason, and the agonies of madness. It is vain to describe the wild, desperate, and horrifying manner in which he represents Orestes tortured by the frightful visions with which the furies had visited his mind, till his nature, exhausted by such intense sufferings, sinks at once into a calm, more dreadful even than the wildness which had preceded it.

These remarks have been extended so much beyond the limits which can be interesting to those who have never seen this unrivalled actor, and to whom they can convey so very inadequate a notion of his powers, that it is impossible to make any further observations, which his performance in other characters may have suggested. The most interesting character, perhaps, in which we saw him perform after these, was Nero in Britannicus. Every person who has been in Paris, since the collection of statues was brought there, must have remarked the striking resemblance of Talma's countenance to the first busts of Nero; and this singular circumstance, along with the admirable manner in which he represents the impatient, headstrong, and profligate tyrant, rendered his acting in this character remarkably interesting. The opportunities Which he enjoyed of studying the character and the manner of Bonaparte,—who never forgot the assistance he received from Talma, when he first entered that city, where he was afterwards to govern with such unbounded power,—must have been present to his mind when he was preparing this difficult character; and if it is supposed that he must have been, even with this advantage, little able to imagine correctly the manner and deportment of so singular a character as the Roman Emperor, none will question the judgment, on this point, of that extraordinary person, under whose tyranny Talma so long lived, and who, as Talma has often declared, did actually suggest many improvements in the manner in which he had first acted the part.

Mademoiselle Georges, the great tragic actress, was reckoned at one time the most beautiful woman in France. She is now grown very large, and her movements are, from that cause, stiff and constrained; but she is still a fine woman, and her countenance, though not very striking at first sight, is capable of wonderful variety and intensity of expression; her style of acting may be said to be intermediate between the matronly dignity and majestic deportment of Mrs Siddons, and the enchanting sweetness and feminine graces of Miss O'Neil. In the delineation of strong feelings and violent passions, of grief, madness, or despair, she will not suffer from comparison with either of these actresses; but we should doubt whether she can ever have inspired as much moral sympathy and admiration as the one has always commanded, by the elevation and grandeur of her representation of characters of exalted virtue, and the other daily wins, by the interesting tenderness of her manner, by the truth and energy of her impassioned scenes, and the overpowering pathos of her distress.

The tragedy of Œdipe, by Voltaire, affords room for the display of the most characteristic qualities of Talma and Mademoiselle Georges; and when we saw them act Œdipus and Jocasta in this piece, we agreed that there were certainly no actor and actress, of equally transcendent merit, who act together in either of the London theatres. The distress of the play is of too horrible and repulsive a kind, we should conceive, to be ever admitted on the English stage; but it furnishes occasion for the display of consummate art in the imitation of the most terrible and overpowering emotions; and it is difficult to conceive a more powerful representation than they exhibited of the gloomy forebodings of suspicion, of the agonizing suspence of unsatisfied doubt, and the "sickening pang of hope deferred"—heightened, rather than diminished, by the consciousness of innocent intention, and the feeling of undeserved affliction, and giving way only to the certainty of irretrievable misery, and the phrenzy of utter despair.

In concluding these remarks, upon a subject which interested us so much, we are anxious to offer some general reflections upon the character of the French stage, which were suggested by the observations we had an opportunity of making. It is far from being our intention, to enter into any discussion of the rules upon which the construction of their tragedies is supposed to depend, or to occupy the time of our readers, by useless remarks upon the sacrifices which it is said must be made, by strictly observing the *unities* in dramatic compositions. Quite enough is known of the *defects* of the French tragedy, and it is much to be regretted, that those who have had an opportunity of attending the French theatre, have generally carried their national prejudices along with them, and seem to have been more desirous to confirm the prepossessions they had previously acquired, than to form any fair and correct estimate of the merits of that drama. We are a little aware in general in this country, how much the composition of our own tragedies might be improved, and how much

the effect of the talents which the stage displays might be increased, were we as candid in admitting the very great excellencies which the French stage possesses, as we have been desirous to discover its imperfections. Without presuming to attempt an examination of the French theatre, in the view of correcting what appear to us the errors in the public taste, we mean merely to state in what respects it appeared to us, that the impression left on the mind by the French tragedies is stronger and more lasting than any that we have experienced from attending our own theatres. Our conviction of the general superiority of the English stage has been already expressed, and therefore we hope we shall not be misapprehended in the object which we have in view in such remarks.

1. In the first place, then, we would mention—what we hope is not necessary to illustrate at any length—the very great impression which must be made upon every thoughtful mind, by the unity of emotion which the French tragedies are fitted to produce. The effect which may result from this unity of emotion appears to excite much deeper interest, than can be produced by the mere exertion of the actors' power, when it is not uniformly directed to the expression of one general character. It is also worthy of consideration, whether the very important purposes to which the drama may be rendered subservient, may not be more easily accomplished, when the whole tendency of the composition, and the influence of acting, are employed in one general and consistent design. No such principle seems to have been kept in view in the composition of the greater part of the English tragedies. They resemble much, in truth, as we have before observed, the scene of human affairs, which the general aspect of the world presents,—full of every variety of incident, and depending upon the actions of a number of different characters. In the principal subject of the play, many seem to perform parts nearly of equal importance, and to be equally concerned in the issue of the story; each personage has his separate interest to claim our attention, and peculiar features of character, which require nice discrimination; and in general, no one character, or one subject, is sufficiently presented to view. The minds of the spectators, therefore, are oppressed and distracted by the variety of *feelings* which are excited, and their interest interrupted and dissipated, in some degree, from the *variety of objects* which claim it. The *general impression*, therefore, left upon the mind, is less pointed, less profound, and must produce less influence upon character, than when the feelings have been steadily and powerfully interested in the consequences of one marked and important event, or in the illustration of one great moral truth.

2. We must be permitted to state, in the second place, that we think the French theatre is decidedly superior to our own, in the propriety and discrimination with which they keep out of view many of those exhibitions, which, on the English stage, are studiously brought forward with a view to effect: It would be altogether useless, to enter into any discussion of a question which has often been the subject of much idle controversy; nor should we be able, we know, to suggest any thing which could have any influence with those who think, that all the murders, and battles, and bustle, which occur in many of the grander scenes in the English tragedies, can increase the interest which such tragedies might produce, or contribute to the effect of theatrical illusion. We were not fortunate enough to see Talma in Ducis' play of Macbeth, where the difference between the French and English stage in this particular is very strongly illustrated; but from every thing we have, understood, of the wonderful impression which is produced, when he describes his interview with the weird sisters—the terrors which accompanied their appearance, and the feelings which their predictions awakened, we are persuaded that the effect must be much finer than any thing which can result from the feeble attempt to represent all this to the eye. Macbeth, however, without the witches, and all the clumsy machinery which is employed on the stage to carry through so impracticable a scene, would appear stripped of its principal beauties to the taste of a great part of an English audience; and yet we are perfectly convinced, that there is no one imperfection, in the plan or composition of the French tragedies, so deserving of censure, as the taste which can admit such representations on the stage. We allude, of course, entirely to the attempt to introduce this celebrated scene upon the stage; none can admire more than we do, the powerful and creative imagination which it displays.

3. The next circumstance to which we allude, is that very remarkable one—of the dignity of sentiment, and elevation of thought, which uniformly characterise the compositions of the French stage. This is a perfection which, we believe, has never been denied by any one who is in any degree acquainted with these productions; and

therefore we are anxious, as that very excellence has sometimes been thought to unfit them for actual representation, merely to state, from our own experience, the very great impression which such lofty and dignified sentiments, in the composition of the play, are fitted to produce. For ourselves we can say, that no dramatic representation on the English stage produced the same permanent effect with some of the greater compositions of the French tragedy; and we cannot but consider much of their influence to be owing to the sublime and elevating sentiments with which they abound. We could wish to see the tone of the tragedies which are *now* presented for the English stage, animated by the same strain of dignified thought, and become more worthy of the approbation of a great, and enlightened, and virtuous people.

Simple as these observations may appear, they yet suggest what we must consider as most important improvements in the composition and character of the English drama: The only tragedies which have been written for many years for our stage are, with a few exceptions, undeniably the feeblest productions in any branch of the national literature, and have in general carried, to the utmost extreme, the imperfections which existed in the works of those earlier writers whose genius and natural feeling they have never been able to equal. Whenever any change does occur in the character and tone of the tragedies of the English stage, we are persuaded that much will be gained by further acquaintance with the dramatic representations of the French theatre; and that the defects of our own theatre can only be avoided, by imitating some of the perfections of that drama, which we are accustomed at present so hastily to censure.

We have only now to remark, that while the works of Corneille, of Racine, and Voltaire, must ever remain conspicuous in the French drama, we shall judge very erroneously of the present character of the French stage, if we are only acquainted with these compositions of earlier times. The consequences of the revolution have been felt in the tone of dramatic composition, as in every other branch of literature, and in every condition of society. The misfortunes which all classes of the people have sustained,—the anxiety, and suspence, and terror, which they so often felt, and the insecurity which so long seemed to attend every enjoyment of human life, accustomed them so much to scenes of deep interest, and to profound emotion, that it became necessary, in the theatre, to have recourse to more powerful means of exciting their compassion, and engaging their interest, than was always afforded by the tragedies of the old writers. The same change, then, which is observable in many other branches of the French literature of late years, seems to have taken place, to a considerable extent, in compositions for the stage; and from the serious and melancholy turn which was often given to the public mind, it has become requisite, in later writings, to introduce subjects of deeper interest, and more fitted to affect the imagination in moments of strong popular feeling, and of great national danger. Many of the reflections, therefore, which such circumstances suggested, have been introduced into the tragedies which have been composed during the very eventful period which has elapsed since the commencement of the revolution; and the authors have adapted, in a considerable degree, the interest, or the management of their plays, to those peculiar sentiments which the character of that period had given to the people. These sentiments may not always indicate very sound principle, or very elevated feeling, but, in the turn which has sometimes been given to the French plays, they are made to favour the introduction of much poetical beauty, and much dramatic interest. We have already mentioned, that there appears to be a vague, but general impression of the influence of *fatality* upon human conduct, floating in the public mind; and though such a notion, probably, is seldom admitted in the shape of a distinct doctrine, many circumstances indicate, that among the body of the people, and among the army in particular, the influence of this superstition is very considerable. It is appealed to in many of those political writings which best indicate the feelings of those to whom they are addressed; and we have all remarked how much and how artfully their late ruler availed himself of this belief, to connect the ascendancy of his arms, and the prosperity of his dynasty, with the destiny of human affairs. On several very important occasions, the utmost possible interest has been given to the history of particular characters, in many recent tragedies, by employing this powerful feeling in the public mind; and it was very apparent, that the spectators took peculiar interest in the denouement of the plays in which this subject was introduced.

In the works of Ducis, of Raynouard, and of several other recent writers, and in many of the plays formed from tragedies of the German school, very strong indications are to be found of the effect of the circumstances in which the people have been

placed, in giving, in some respects, a new tone to dramatic compositions, and in calling forth productions of deeper interest, and capable of exciting more profound emotion, than could generally be produced by the works of the earlier periods of French literature.

It is an animating proof of the ascendancy of virtuous feeling, and a striking illustration of the tendency of great assemblies of men, when not actuated by particular passions, to join in what is generous and elevated in human thought, that not only have the tragedies of the earlier writers continued to be universally admired, and constantly acted during the whole period of the revolution, but that the standard of sentiment has not been lowered in those productions which have been designed expressly for the French stage during that period, and that the dignity of ancient virtue, and the elevation of natural feeling, still ennoble the tone of French tragedy.

The French comedies and comic acting are not less characteristic of the people than their tragedies. They are a gay and lively, but not a humorous people. A Frenchman enters into amusements with an eagerness and relish, of which, in this country, we have no conception; all his cares and sorrows are forgotten; all his serious occupations are postponed; all his unruly passions are calmed;—he thinks neither of his individual misfortunes, nor of his national degradation; neither of the friends whom he has lost in the war, nor of the foreign soldiers whom it has placed at his elbow; his whole soul is absorbed in the game, in the dance, or in the *spectacle*. But his object is not laughter, or passive enjoyment, or relaxation; it is the excitation of his spirits, the occupation, and interest, and agitation of his mind, the varied gratification of his senses, the exercise of his fancy, the display of his wit, and taste, and politeness.

The exhibitions at the theatres are accommodated to this taste. With the exception of some of Moliere's works, such as the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, and M. de Pourceaugnac, (which are seldom acted, at least at the Theatre Français), there are hardly any French comedies which are characterised by what we call humour,—which have for their main object the representation of palpably ludicrous peculiarities of character and manner. You never hear, in a French theatre, the same loud uncontrollable bursts of laughter, which are so often excited by representations of this kind in London. There are no such actors, at the principal theatres, as Matthews, or Liston, or Bannister, or Munden, or Emery, whose principal merit lies in mimicry and buffoonery. There are hardly any entertainments corresponding in character to our farces; the after-pieces are short comedies, and characters in low life are introduced into them, not as objects of derision, but of interest and sympathy.

On the other hand, operas and genteel comedies, which are esteemed only by the higher ranks in England, are a favourite amusement of all ranks in France. The qualities which are most highly prized in the comedies, are, interest and variety of incident and situation, wit and liveliness of dialogue, and a certain elevation and elegance of character.

Regarding the character of the French tragedies, there will always be much difference of opinion; and many, probably, of those who have had the best opportunities of studying them, as performed upon the stage at Paris, may yet retain nearly the same judgment concerning them which they formed in reading them in the closet. And we are willing to admit, that admirable as they appear to us in many respects, they are not well adapted to become popular in this country. But the excellencies and unrivalled elegance of the French comedy, have been at all times universally admitted, while there is this great distinction between them and the tragedies of the French school, that however great the pleasure we may take in reading them, no one ever saw them well performed, without acknowledging, that until then, he had no conception of the astonishing field which they afford for the display of the actor's power, or of the innumerable charms which they possess as dramatic compositions.

Everything that ever was amiable and engaging in the character of the French people; the elegance and *bon-hommie* of their manners, which served as a passport to the French in every country in Europe, and softened the feelings of national resentment with which their ambition and their arrogance to other nations had taught many to regard them as a people; their well-known superiority to other nations in those circumstances, which render them agreeable and pleasant in society, in their constant attention and accommodation to the wishes and pursuits of others, in that

anxiety to please, to entertain, and to promote the interests and happiness of others, which costs so little to those who are never subject to that unhappy irregularity of temper and spirit, so visible to all foreigners in the character of the English people, and which never fails to secure esteem, and to interest the affections, while superior worth, less happily gifted for the common purposes and intercourse of life, may be regarded with no warmer feeling than that of distant respect; the *loyauté* and frankness once so closely associated with the history and character of the French people; the manliness which taught them at once to admit and to repair the wrongs which their impetuosity of spirit, or their harshness of feeling, might have occasioned, and the gallantry with which they were wont to defend with their sword what their honour bound them to maintain; and above all, that delightful and touching *abandon* of feeling, which seemed the result of genuine simplicity, and which appeared to know no reserve, only because it knew no guilt; all these beautiful and interesting traits, which adorned the character of former and of later days, are still preserved in the comedies of their greater writers; the purity of former character seems to animate the pages which they write, and the spirit of earlier times seems yet to retain its ascendancy, when they wish to pourtray the manners of the present day.

In the degradation of the present period, they delight to recall the splendour and the renown of the period that is past; and, by preserving in their works the character which adorned the French people before the profligacy and the insidious policy of a corrupt court disarmed the nation of its virtue, to reconcile it to slavery, they attempt to awaken a nobler spirit, and lay the foundation of future grandeur. Whatever has delighted us in reading the history of the earlier periods of the French monarchy, when the elevation of chivalrous feeling, and the disinterestedness of simple manners, distinguished the French people, and when the character of the great Henry displayed, in a more conspicuous station, the virtues which ennobled the duties of private life, is yet to be found in their best comedies. Among the many thousands who crowd to their numerous theatres, there are many, one would hope, who can feel the sad contrast which the last century of French history, "fertile only in crime," presents to the honour of former times, and in whom may be reviving that lofty and generous spirit which may yet redeem the character they have lost.

It seems not a little singular, that this taste in comedy should have survived all the disorders of the revolution, and remained unchanged amid the general diffusion of military habits and manners. This may be partly explained by the circumstance, that the judges by whom theatrical exhibitions are mainly regulated, are stationary at Paris, while the men, whose actions have stamped the French character of the present day, have been dispersed over the world. But it must certainly be admitted, that the *taste* of the French has not undergone an alteration corresponding with that which is so obvious in their *manners*; and has not degenerated to the degree that might have been expected, from the diffusion of revolutionary ideas and licentious habits. The Theatre Français affords perhaps the best specimen that now remains of the style of conversation, and manners, and costume, of the old school of French politeness.

For the representation of pieces bearing the general character which we have described, the French are certainly better fitted than any other people,—their native gaiety and sprightliness of disposition,—the polish which their manners so readily acquire,—their irrepressible confidence and self-conceit,—their love of shewing off, and attracting attention, give really a stage effect to many of their serious actions, and to almost all their trifling conversation and amusements. Hence, a stranger is particularly struck with the uniform excellence of the comic acting on the French stage; all the inferior parts ate sustained with spirit, and originality, and discriminating judgment; all the actors are at their ease, and a regular genteel comedy is as well acted throughout, as a farce is on the London stage.

The greatest comic actor at the Theatre Français is Fleury. He is an actor completely fitted for the French style of comedy. He gives you the idea of a perfect gentleman, with much wit and liveliness, and consummate confidence and self-possession; who delivers himself with inimitable archness and pleasantry, but without the least exaggeration or buffoonery; who has too high an opinion of himself and his powers, to descend to broad jokes or allusions belonging to the lower kinds of humour. Those who have an accurate recollection of the admirable acting of Irish Johnstone, in the characters of Major O'Flaherty, or Sir Lucius O'Trigger, will have a better conception, than any description of ours can convey, of the style of acting in which Fleury so eminently excels.

Whatever may be thought of the other performers, none can see without pleasure the performances of that celebrated actress, who has so long been the ornament of the national theatre, and to whom the support of their comedy has been so long entrusted. During the greatest period of the revolution, Mademoiselle Mars has been the favourite and the delight of the people of Paris, and there is perhaps no feeling among them stronger, or more national, than the pride which they take in her incomparable acting; all the grace, and elegance, and genuine feeling which she so beautifully displays, they consider as belonging to her only because she is a French woman; and nothing would ever convince them that, had she been born in any other country, it would have been possible that she should possess half the perfections which they now admire in her.

Mademoiselle Mars is probably as perfect an actress in comedy as any that ever appeared on any stage. She has united every advantage of countenance, and voice, and figure, which it is possible to conceive, and no one can ever have witnessed her incomparable acting, without feeling that the imagination can suggest nothing more completely lovely—more graceful, or more natural and touching than her representation of character. Mademoiselle Mars has been most exquisitely beautiful; and though the period is past when that beauty had all the brilliancy and freshness of youth, time appears hardly to have dared to lay his chilling hand on that lovely countenance, and she still acts characters which require all the naïveté, and gaiety, and tenderness of youthful feeling, with every appearance of the spring of human life. It is remarked by Cibber, that a woman has hardly time to become a perfect actress, during the continuance of her personal attractions. If there ever was an exception to this remark, Mademoiselle Mars is one. She was an admired actress, we were assured, before the revolution; yet she has still, at least on the stage, a light elegant figure, and a countenance of youthful animation and beauty, while long experience has given that polish and perfection to her acting, which can be derived from no other source.

It were in vain to attempt describing the innumerable excellencies which render her acting so perfectly enchanting;—the admirable manner in which the French comedies are performed is so particular to the stage of that country, that it would be quite fruitless to attempt to describe a style of acting unknown to the people of Britain; and of that style Mademoiselle Mars is the model. Every thing that can result from the truest elegance and gracefulness of manners—from the most genuine and lively *abandon* of feeling,—from the most winning sweetness of expression, and the greatest imaginable gaiety and benevolence, displayed in one of the most beautiful women ever seen, and endowed with the most delightful and melodious voice, is united in Mademoiselle Mars; and all words were in vain, which would pretend to describe the bright and glittering vision which captivates the imagination. It is impossible to conceive any thing more perfect as a specimen of art, or more beautiful as an imitation of nature, than her representation of the kind of heroine most commonly to be found in a French comedy; lively and playful, yet elegant and graceful; entering with ardour into amusements, yet capable of deep feeling and serious reflection: fond of admiration and flattery, yet innocent and modest; full of petty artifice and coquetry, yet natural and unaffected in affairs of importance; capricious and giddy in appearance, but warm-hearted and affectionate in reality. It is a character to which there is a kind of approximation among many French women; and if it were as well supported by them in real life, as by her on the stage, it would be difficult even for French vanity to describe the fascination of their manner, in terms of admiration which would not command general assent. There is much variety, it must be added, in her powers. On one occasion, we saw her act Henriette in Les Femmes Savantes of Moliere, and Catau La Partie de Chasse de Henri IV, an£ it was difficult to say whether most to admire the wit, and elegance, and police raillery of the woman of fashion, or the innocent gaiety, and interesting naïveté of the simple peasant girl.

There is no actress at present on the English stage of equal eminence in a similar line of parts. The exhibition which can best convey to an English reader some slight notion of her enchanting acting, is the manner in which Miss O'Neil performs the scene in Juliet with the old nurse; because it is probably exactly the manner in which Mademoiselle Mars would perform that scene, but cannot afford any conception of her excellence in scenes of higher interest and greater feeling. Mrs Jordan may have equalled her in gaiety, and probably excelled her in humorous expression, but we suspect she must always have been deficient in elegance and refinement. The actress who, we think, comes nearest to her in genteel comedy, is Mrs Henry Siddons, in her beautiful representation of such parts as Beatrice or Viola; but she has not the same

appearance of natural light-hearted buoyancy and playfulness of disposition; you see occasional transient indications of a serious thoughtful turn of mind, which assumes gaiety and cheerfulness, rather than passes naturally into it; which you admire, because it places the actress in a more amiable light, but which takes off from the fidelity and perfection of her art.

Wherever Mademoiselle Mars has acted, in every part of France, the enthusiasm which she inspires, and the astonishing interest which they take in her acting, is such as could be felt only in France. We were fortunately in Lyons when she came there, on leaving Paris during the course of last summer; and during the few days we were there, nothing appeared to be thought of but the merits of this unrivalled actress. The interest which the recent visit of *Madame* had created, was altogether lost in the delight which the performance of Mademoiselle Mars had occasioned: She was crowned publicly in the theatre with a garland of flowers, and a fete was celebrated in honour of her by the public bodies and authorities of the town.

Corresponding to the Opera House in London, there are three theatres in Paris; the Odeon, the Opera Comique, and the Academie de Musique. At the first of these there is an immense company of musicians, of all kinds; and Italian Operas are admirably performed. It is the handsomest, and perhaps the most genteelly attended of any of the Parisian theatres. The music here, as well as the musicians, are all Italian; and there can certainly be no comparison between it and the French, which is generally feeble and insipid in pathetic expression, and extravagant and bombastic in all attempts at grandeur. The first singer at the Odeon was Madame Sessi, who has since been in London; but Madame Morelli, with a voice somewhat inferior in power, appeared to us a more elegant actress. The performance of Girard on the flute was wonderful, and met with extravagant applause, but it was somewhat too laboured and artificial for our untutored ears:

The Opera Comique is confined almost exclusively to the sort of entertainment which the name expresses: the scenes are generally laid in the country, and the characters introduced are of the lower orders: the pieces commonly represented belong to the same class, therefore, as the English operas, Love in a Village, Rosina, &c. but the dialogue is in general more animated, less vulgar in the lower parts, and less sentimental in the higher. The number of performers at this theatre is not very great; but there are some good singers and dancers, and the acting is almost uniformly excellent. Indeed, the French character is peculiarly well fitted for assuming the gay and lively tone that pervades their *opera buffa*, which may be characterised as amusing and interesting in general, rather than comic; as full of spirit and vivacity, rather than of humour. Occasionally, however, characters and incidents of true humour are introduced; but these are in general considered as belonging to a lower species of amusement; and are to be found in higher perfection, we believe, in some of the inferior theatres, particularly the Theatre des Varietés.

The acting at the Opera Comique appeared to us deserving of the same encomiums with the comic acting at the Theatre Français: every part is well supported, not with the elegance that characterises the latter theatre, but with perfect adaptation to the situation of the characters. A Mademoiselle Regnaud, of this theatre, acts with admirable liveliness and spirit. Her quarrel and reconciliation with her lover, in "Le Nouveau Seigneur du Village," appeared to us a chef d'œuvre of the light and pleasing style of acting, which suits the character of the French comic opera.

The Academie de Musique, (which is celebrated for dancers, not for musicians), is on a very different plan from the opera in London. The performers being in part supported by government, the prices of admission are made very low; and the company, particularly in the parterre, or pit, is therefore of a much lower class than in London, though perfect decorum is, as usual, uniformly observed. The performances at this theatre are, we think, decidedly superior to those in the London opera. This superiority consists partly in the pre-eminent merits of the first-rate dancers; but chiefly in the uniform excellence of the vast number of inferior performers, the beauty of the scenery, and the complete knowledge of stage effect, which is displayed in all the arrangements of the representations.

We believe there are not at present, on the London stage, any dancers of equal merit with Madame Gardel, or Mademoiselle Bigottini. The former of these is said to be 45 years of age, and has long been reckoned the best figuranté on this stage. Her face is

not handsome, but her figure is admirably formed for the display of her art, of which she is probably the most perfect mistress to be found in Europe. The latter, an Italian by birth, is much younger, and if she does not yet quite equal her rival in artificial accomplishments, she at least attracts more admirers by her youth and beauty; by the exquisite symmetry of her form, and the natural grace and elegance of her movements. The one of these is certainly the first dancer, and the other is perhaps the most beautiful woman in Paris.

But the same unfortunate peculiarity of taste which we formerly noticed in the painting and in the gardening of the French, extends to their opera dancing; indeed it may be said to be the worst feature of their general taste. They are too fond of the exhibition of art, and too regardless of the object, to which art should be made subservient. Dancing should never be considered as a mere display of agility and muscular power. It is then degraded to a level with Harlequin's tricks, wrestling, tumbling, or such other fashionable entertainments. The main object of the art unquestionably is, to display in full perfection the beauty and grace of the human form and movements. In so far as perfect command of the limbs is necessary, or may be made subservient to this object, it cannot be too much esteemed; but when you pass this limit, it not only ceases to be pleasing, but often becomes positively offensive. Many of the *pirouettes*, and other difficult movements, which are introduced into the *pas seuls, pas de deux*, &c. in which the great dancers display their whole powers, however wonderful as specimens of art, are certainly any thing but elegant or graceful. The applause in the French opera seemed to us to be in direct proportion to the difficulty, and to bear no relation whatever to the beauty of the performances. A Frenchman regards, with perfect indifference, dances which, to a stranger at least, appear performed with inimitable grace, because they are only common dances, admirably well executed; but when one of the male performers, after spinning about for a long time, with wonderful velocity, arrests himself suddenly, and stands immoveable on one foot; or when one of the females wheels round on the toes of one foot, holding her other limb nearly in a horizontal position—he breaks out into extravagant exclamations of astonishment and delight: "Quel a plomb! Ah diable! Sacre Dieu!" &c.

But although the principal dances at the Opera, and those on which the French chiefly pride themselves, are much injured, in point of beauty, by this artificial taste, the execution of the less laboured parts of these dances, and of nearly the whole of their common national dances, is quite free from this defect, and is, we should conceive, the most beautiful exhibition of the kind that is any where to be seen. It is only in a city where amusements of all kinds are sought for, not merely by way of relaxation, but as matters of serious interest and national concern, and where dancing, in particular, is an object of universal and passionate admiration, that such numbers of first-rate dancers can be found, as perform constantly at the Academie de Musique. The whole strength of the company there, which often appeared on the stage at the time we speak of, was certainly not less than 150; and there were hardly any of these whose performance was not highly pleasing, and did not present the appearance of animation and interest in the parts assigned them.

Many of the serious operas performed here are exceedingly beautiful; they are got up, not perhaps at more expense, nor with more magnificence, than the spectacles in London, but certainly with more taste and knowledge of stage effect. Tie scenery is beautifully painted, and is disposed upon the stage with more variety, and in such a manner as to form a more complete illusion, than on any other stage we have seen. The music and singing are certainly inferior to what is heard at the Odeon, but the acting, where it is not injured by the effect of the recitative, is very generally excellent; and the number and variety of dances introduced, afford opportunities of displaying all the attractions of this theatre.

The pantomimes are uniformly executed with inimitable grace and effect. We were particularly pleased with that called L'Enfant Prodigue, in which the powers and graces of Mademoiselle Bigottini are displayed to all possible advantage. One of the most splendid of the serious operas, is that entitled Le Caravansera de Cairo, the scenery of which was painted in Egypt, by one of the artists who accompanied Napoleon thither, and is beyond comparison the most highly finished and beautiful that we have ever seen, and gives an idea of the aspect of that country, which no other work of art could convey. Another opera, which attracted our attention, was called "Ossian, ou les Bardes." One of the scenes, where the heroes and heroines of departed times are seen seated on the clouds, displayed a degree of magnificence which made it

a fit representation of "the dream of Ossian." Some of the Highland scenery in this opera was really like nature; and the dresses, particularly the cambric and vandyked kilts, bore some distant analogy to the real costume of the Highlanders; and although we could not gratify the Parisians who sat by us, by admitting the resemblance of the female figures, who skipped about the stage with single muslin petticoats, and pink and white kid slippers, to the "Montagnardes Ecossaises *c'est a dire demi-sauvages*," whom they were intended to represent, we at least flattered their vanity, by expressing our wish that the latter had resembled the former.

But the most beautiful of all the exhibitions at the Academie de Musique, are the ballets which represent pastoral scenes and rural fetes, such as Colinette a la Cour, L'Epreuve Villageoise, &c. It is singular, that in a city, the inhabitants of which have so entire a contempt for rural enjoyments, pieces of this kind should form so favourite a theatrical entertainment; but it must be confessed, that such scenes as form the subject of these ballets, occur but seldom in the course of a country life, and never in the degree of perfection in which they are represented in Paris. The union of rustic simplicity and innocence, with the polish and refinement which are acquired by intercourse with the world, may be conceived by the help of these exhibitions, but can hardly be witnessed in real life. The illusion, however, when such scenes are exhibited, is exceedingly pleasing; and no where certainly is this illusion so perfect as in the Academie de Musique, where the charming scenery, the enlivening music, the number and variety of characters, which are supported with life and spirit, the beauty of the female performers, and the graceful movements, and lively animated air of all;—if they do not recall to the spectator any thing which he has really witnessed, seem to transport him into the more delightful regions in which his fancy has occasionally wandered, and to realize for a moment to him, those fairy scenes to which his youthful imagination had been familiarized, by the beautiful fictions of poetry or romance.

The Parisian theatres are at all times sources of much amusement and delight; but at the time of which we speak, they were doubly interesting, as affording opportunities of seeing the most distinguished characters of this eventful age; and as furnishing occasional strong indications of the state of popular feeling in France. The interest of occurrences of this last kind is now gone by, and it is almost unnecessary for us to bear testimony to the strong party that uniformly manifested itself when any sentiment was uttered expressive of a wish for war, of admiration of martial achievements, and of indignation at foreign influence, or domestic perfidy, (under which head the conduct of Talleyrand and of Marmont was included); and more especially, when the success, and glory, and *eternal, immutable, untarnished* honour of France, were the theme of declamation. The applause at passages of this last description seemed sometimes ludicrous enough, when the theatres were guarded by Russian grenadiers, and nearly half filled with allied officers, loaded with honours which had been won in combating the French armies.

The majority of the audience, however, appeared always delighted at the change of government, and in the opera in particular, the first time that the King appeared, the expression of loyalty was long, reiterated, and enthusiastic, far beyond our most sanguine anticipations. It would have been absurd to judge of the real feelings of the majority of the Parisians, still more of the nation at large, from this scene; and it was certainly not to be wished, that a blind and devoted loyalty to one sovereign should take the place of infatuated attachment to another; yet it was impossible not to sympathize with the joy of people who had been agitated, during the best part of their lives, by political convulsions, or oppressed by military tyranny, but who fancied themselves at length relieved from both; and who connected the hope of spending the remainder of their days in tranquillity and peace, with the recollections which they had received from their fathers, of the happiness and prosperity of their country under the long line of its ancient kings. It was impossible to hear the national air of "Vive Henri Quatre," and the enthusiastic acclamations which accompanied it, without entering for the moment into the feeling of unhesitating attachment, and unqualified loyalty, which has so long prevailed in most countries of the world, but which the citizens of a free country should indulge only when it has been deserved by long experience and tried virtue.

It was with different, but not less interesting feelings, that we listened to the same tune from the splendid bands of the Russian and Prussian guards, as they passed along the Boulevards; on their return to their own countries; It was a grand and

moving spectacle of political virtue, to see the armies which had been arrayed against France, striving to do honour to the government which she had assumed:—instead of breathing curses, or committing outrages on the great and guilty city, which had provoked all their vengeance, to see them march out of the gates of Paris with the regularity of the strictest military discipline, to the sound of the grand national air, which spoke "peace to her walls, and prosperity to her palaces,"—leaving, as it were, a blessing on the capital which they had conquered and forgiven: It was a scene that left an impression on the mind worthy of the troops who had bravely and successfully opposed the domineering power of France,—who had struggled with it when it was strongest, and "ruled it when 'twas wildest," but who spared it when it was fallen;—who forgot their wrongs when it was in their power to revenge them;—who cast the laurels from their brows, as they passed before the rightful monarch of France, and honoured him as the representative of a great and gallant people, long beguiled by ambition, and abused by tyranny, but now acknowledging their errors, and professing moderation and repentance.

CHAPTER VIII.

PARIS—THE FRENCH ARMY AND IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.

IT is certainly a mistake to suppose, that the military power of France was first created by Napoleon, or that military habits were actually forced on the people, with the view of aiding his ambitious projects. The French have a restless, aspiring, enterprising spirit, not accompanied, as in England, by a feeling of individual importance, and a desire of individual independence, but modified by habits of submission to arbitrary power, and fitted, by the influence of despotic government, for the subordination of military discipline. Add to this, the encouragement which was held out by the rapid promotion of soldiers during the wars of the revolution, when the highest military offices were not only open to the attainment, but were generally appropriated to the claims of men who rose from the ranks; and the general dissemination, at that period, of an unbounded desire for violence and rapine: And it will probably be allowed, that the spirit of the French nation, at the time when he came to the head of it, was truly and almost exclusively military. He was himself a great soldier; he rose to the supreme government of a great military people, and he availed himself of their habits and principles to gratify his ambition, and extend his fame; but he ought not to be charged with having created the spirit, which in fact created him; a spirit so powerful, and so extensively diffused, that in comparison with it, even his efforts might be said to be "dashing with his oar to hasten the cataract;" to be "waving with his fan to give speed to the wind." The favourite saying of Napoleon, "Every Frenchman is a soldier, and as such, at the disposal of the Emperor," expresses a principle which was not merely enforced by arbitrary power, but engrafted on the character and habits of the French people.

The French are certainly admirably fitted for becoming soldiers: they have a restless activity, which surmounts difficulties, a buoyancy and elasticity of disposition, which rises superior to hardships, and calamities, and privations, not with patient fortitude, but with ease and cheerfulness. A Frenchman does not regard war, merely as the serious struggle in which his patriotism and valour are to be tried; he loves it for its own sake, for the interest and agitation it gives to his mind; it is his "game,—his gain,—his glory,—his delight." Other nations of Europe have become military, in consequence of threats or injuries, of the dread of hostile invasion, of the presence of foreign armies, or the galling influence of foreign power; but if the origin of the French military spirit may be traced to similar sources, it must at least be allowed, that the effect has been out of all proportion to the cause.

It is probable, however, that the effervescence of military ideas and feelings, which arose out of the revolution, would have gradually subsided, had it not been for the

fostering influence of the imperial government. The turbulent and irregular energies of a great people let loose from former bonds, received a fixed direction, and were devoted to views of military ascendancy and national aggrandizement under Napoleon. The continued gratification of the French vanity, by the fame of victories and the conquest of nations, completed the effect on the manner and habits of the people, which the events of the revolution had begun. Napoleon well knew, that in flattering this ruling propensity, he took the whole French nation on their weak side, and he had some reason for saying, that their thirst for martial glory and political influence ought to be a sufficient apology to them for all the wars into which he plunged them.

It is impossible to spend even a few days in France without seeing strong indications of the prevailing love of military occupations, and admiration of military merit. The common peasants in the fields shew, by their conversation, that they are deeply interested in the glory of the French arms, and competent to discuss the manner in which they are conducted. In the parts of the country which had been the seat of war, we found them always able to give a good general description of the military events that had taken place; and when due allowance was made for their invariable exaggeration of the number of the allied troops, and concealment of that of the French, these accounts, as far as we could judge by comparing them with the official details, and with the information of officers who had borne a part in the campaign, were tolerably correct. The fluency with which they talked of military operations, of occupying positions, cutting off retreats, defiling over bridges, debouching from woods, advancing and retreating, marching and bivouacking, shewed the habitual current of their thoughts; and they were always more willing to enter on the details of such operations, than to enumerate their own losses, or dwell on their individual sufferings.

A similar eagerness to enter into conversation on military subjects, was observable in almost all Frenchmen of the lower orders, with whom we had any dealings. Our landlord at Paris, a quiet sickly man, who had no connection with the army, and who had little to say for himself on most subjects, displayed a marvellous fluency on military tactics; and seemed to think that no time was lost which was employed in haranguing to us on the glory and honour of the French army, and impressing on our minds its superiority to the allies.

Indeed, the whole French nation certainly take a pride in the deeds of their brethren in arms, which absorbs almost all other feelings; and which is the more singular, as it does not appear to us to be connected with strong or general affection or gratitude for any particular individual. It was not the fame of any one General but the general honour of the French arms, about which they seemed anxious. We never met with a Frenchman, of any rank, or of any political persuasion, who considered the French army as fairly overcome in the campaign of 1814; and the shifts and contrivances by which they explained all the events of the campaign, without having recourse to that supposition, were wonderfully ingenious. The best informed Frenchmen whom we met in Paris, even those who did not join in the popular cry of treason and corruption against Marmont, regarded the terms granted by Alexander to their city, as a measure of policy rather than of magnanimity. They uniformly maintained, that the possession of the heights of Belleville and Montmartre did not secure the command of Paris: that if Marmont had chosen, he might have defended the town after he had lost these positions; and that, if the Russians had attempted to take the town by force, they might have succeeded, but would have lost half their army. Indeed, so confidently were these propositions maintained by all the best informed Frenchmen, civil or military, royalist of imperialist, whom we met, that we were at a loss whether to give credit to the statement uniformly given us by the allied officers, that the town was completely commanded by those heights, and might have been burnt and destroyed, without farther risk on the part of the assailants, after they were occupied. The English officers, with whom we had an opportunity of conversing on this subject, seemed divided in opinion regarding it; and we should have hesitated to which party to yield our belief, had not the conduct of Napoleon and his officers in the campaign of the present year, the extraordinary precautions which they took to prevent access to the positions in question, by laying the adjacent country under water, and fortifying the heights themselves, clearly shewn the importance, in a military point of view, which is really attached to them.

The credulity of the French, in matters connected with the operations of their armies, often astonished us. It appeared to arise, partly from the scarcity of information in the country; from their having no means of confirming, correcting, or

disproving the exaggerated and garbled statements which were laid before them; and partly from their national vanity, which disposed them to yield a very easy assent to every thing that exalted their national character. In no other country, we should conceive, would such extravagant and manifestly exaggerated statements be swallowed, as the French soldiers are continually in the habit of dispersing among their countrymen. From the style of the conversation which we were accustomed to hear at *caffés* and *tables d'hôte*, we should conceive, that the French bulletins, which appeared to us such models of gasconade, were admirably well fitted, not merely to please the taste, but even to regulate the belief, or at least the professions of belief, of the majority of French politicians, with regard to the events they commemorate.

The general interest of a nation in the deeds and honours of its army, is the best possible security for its general conduct; and it must be admitted, that in those qualities which are chiefly valued by the French nation, the French army was never surpassed; while it is equally obvious, that both the army and the people have at present little regard for some of the finest virtues which can adorn the character of soldiers.

The grand characteristic of the French army, on which both the soldiers and the people pride themselves, is what was long ago ably pointed out by the author of the "Caractere des Armées Europeennes Actuelles"—the individual intelligence and activity of the soldiers. They were taken at that early age, when the influence of previous habit is small, and when the character is easily moulded into any form that is wished; they were accustomed to pride themselves on no qualities, but those which are serviceable against their enemies, and they had before them the most animating prospect of rewards and promotion, if their conduct was distinguished. Under these circumstances, the native vigour, and activity, and acuteness of their minds, took the very direction which was likely, not merely to make them good soldiers, but to fit them for becoming great officers; and this ultimate destination of his experience, and ability, and valour, has a very manifest effect on the mind of the French soldier. We hardly ever spoke to one of them, of any rank, about any of the battles in which he had been engaged, without observing, that he had in his head a general plan of the action, which he always delivered to us with perfect fluency, in the technical language of war, and with quite as much exaggeration as was necessary for his purpose. What he wanted in correct information, he would assuredly make up with lies, but he would seldom fail to give a general consistent idea of the affair; and it was obvious, that the manœuvres of the armies, and the conduct of the generals, on both sides, had occupied as much of his consideration and reflection, as his own individual dangers and adventures.

When we afterwards entered into conversation with some English private soldiers, at Brussels and Antwerp, concerning the actions they had seen, we perceived a very marked difference. They were very ready to enter into details concerning all that they had themselves witnessed, and very anxious to be perfectly correct in their statements; but they did not appear ever to have troubled their heads about the general plan of the actions. They had abundance of technical phrases concerning their own departments of the service; but very few words relative to the manœuvring of large bodies of men. Their rule seemed to be, to do their own duty, and let their officers do theirs; the principle of the division of labour seemed to prevail in military, as well as in civil affairs, much more extensively in England than in France.

The soldiers of the French imperial guard, in particular, are remarkably intelligent, and in general very communicative. We entered into conversation with some of these men at La Fere, and from one of them, who had been in the great battle at Laon, we had fully as distinct an account of that action as we are able to collect, the next day, from several officers who accompanied us from St Quentin to Cambray, and who had likewise been engaged in it. When we asked him the numbers of the two armies on that day, he replied without the least hesitation, that the allied army was 100,000 and the French 30,000.—Another of these men had been at Salamanca, and after we had granted his fundamental assumption, that the English army there was 120,000 strong, and the French 40,000, he proceeded to give us a very good account of the battle.

These men, as well as almost all the French officers and soldiers with whom we had opportunities at different times of conversing, gave their opinions of the allied armies without any reserve, and with considerable discrimination. Of the Russians and Prussians they said, "Ils savent bien faire la guerre; ils sont de bons soldats;" but of the common soldiers of these services in particular, they said, "Ils sont tres forts, et

durs comme l'ame du diable—mais ils sont des veritables betes; ils n'ont point d'intelligence. La puissance de l'armée Française," they added, with an air of true French gasconade, "est dans l'intelligence des soldats."—Of the Austrians, they said, "Ils brillent dans leur cavalerie, mais pour leur infanterie, elle ne vaut rien."

From these soldiers we could extract no more particular character of the English troops, than "Ils se battent bien," But it is doing no more than justice to the French officers, even such as were decidedly imperialist, who conversed with us at Paris, and in different parts of the country, to acknowledge that they uniformly spoke in the highest terms of the conduct of the English troops. The expression which they very commonly used, in speaking of the manner in which the English carried on the war in Spain, and in France, was, "loyauté." "Les Russes, et les Prussiens," they said, "sont des grands et beauxhommes, mais ils n'ont pas le cœur ou la loyauté des Anglais. Les Anglais sont la nation du monde qui font la guerre avec le plus de loyauté," &c. This referred partly to their valour in the field, and partly to their humane treatment of prisoners and wounded; and partly also to their honourable conduct in France, where they preserved the strictest discipline, and paid for every thing they took. Of the behaviour of the English army in France, they always spoke as excellent:—"digne de leur civilization."

A French officer who introduced himself to us one night in a box at the opera, expressing his high respect for the English, against whom, he said, he had the honour to fight for six years in Spain, described the steadiness and determination of the English infantry in attacking the heights on which the French army was posted at Salamanca, in terms of enthusiastic admiration. Another who had been in the battle of Toulouse, extolled the conduct of the Highland regiments in words highly expressive of

> "The stern joy which warriors feel,
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

"Il y a quelques regimens des Ecossais sans culottes," said he, "dans l'armée de Wellington, qui se battent joliment." He then described the conduct of one regiment in particular, (probably the 42d or 79th), who attacked a redoubt defended with cannon, and marched up to it in perfect order; never taking the muskets from their shoulders, till they were on the parapet: "Si tranquillement,—sacre Dieu! c'etoit superbe."

Of the military talents of the Duke of Wellington they spoke also with much respect, though generally with strong indications of jealousy. They were often very ingenious in devising means of explaining his victories, without compromising, as they called it, the honour of the French arms. At Salamanca, they said, that in consequence of the wounds of Marmont and other generals, their army was two hours without a commander. At Vittoria again, it was commanded by Jourdan, and any body could beat Jourdan. At Talavera, he committed "les plus grandes sottises du monde; il a fait une contre-marche digne d'un bete." Some of the Duke of Wellington's victories over Soult they stoutly denied, and others they ascribed to great superiority of numbers, and to the large drafts of Soult's best troops for the purpose of forming skeleton battalions, to receive the conscripts of 1813.

The French pride themselves greatly on the *honour* of their soldiers, and in this quality they uniformly maintain that they are unrivalled, at least on the continent of Europe. To this it is easy to reply, that, according to the common notions of honour, it has been violated more frequently and more completely by the French army than by any other. But this is in fact eluding the observation rather than refuting it. The truth appears to be, that the French *soldiers* have a stronger sense of honour than those of almost any other service; but that the *officers*, having risen from the ranks, have brought with them to the most exalted stations, no more refined or liberal sentiments than those by which the private soldiers are very frequently actuated; and have, on the contrary, acquired habits of duplicity and intrigue, from which their brethren in inferior situations are exempt.

When we say of the French soldiers that they have a strong sense of honour, we mean merely to express, that they will encounter dangers, and hardships, and privations, and calamities of every kind, with wonderful fortitude, and even cheerfulness, from no other motive than an *esprit du corps*—a regard for the character of the French arms. Without provocation from their enemies, without the prospect of

plunder, without the hope of victory, without the conviction of the interest of their country in their deeds, without even the consolation of expecting care or attention in case of wounds or sickness,—they will not hesitate to lavish their blood, and sacrifice their lives, *for the glory of France*. Other troops go through similar scenes of suffering and danger with equal fortitude, when under the influence of strong passions, when fired by revenge, or animated by the hope of plunder, or cheered by the acclamations of victory; but with the single exception of the British army, we doubt whether there are any to whom the mere spirit of military honour is of itself so strong a stimulus.

We have already noticed the state of the French sick and wounded, left in the hospitals at Wilna during the retreat from Russia; a state so deplorable, as to have excited the strongest commiseration among their indignant enemies. This, however, was but a single instance of the system almost uniformly acted on, we have understood, by the French medical staff in Russia, Germany, and Spain, of deserting their hospitals on the approach of the enemy, so as to leave to him, if he did not chuse to see the whole of the patients perish before his eyes, the burden of maintaining them. The miseries which this system must have occasioned, in the campaign of 1813 in particular, require no illustration.

Another regulation of the French army, during the campaign of that year, will shew the utter carelessness of its leaders, in regard to the lives or comforts of the soldiers. When the men who were incapacitated for service by wounds or disease, were sent back to France, they were directed, in the first instance, to Mentz, where their uniforms, and any money they might have about them, were regularly taken from them, and given to the young conscripts who were passing through to join the armies; they were then dressed in miserable old rags, which were collected in the adjacent provinces by Jews employed for that purpose, and in this state they were sent to *beg* their way to their homes. Such, as we were assured by some of our countrymen, who saw many of these men passing through Verdun, was the reward of thousands of the "*grande nation*" who had lost their limbs or their health in vainly endeavouring to maintain the glory and influence of their country in foreign states. In the campaign of 1814, which was carried on during the continuance of a frost of almost unprecedented intensity, and in so rapid and variable a manner, and with so large bodies of troops, as to prevent the establishment of regular hospitals or of any thing like a regular Commissariat, the French troops, particularly the young conscripts and national guards, suffered dreadfully; and numbers of them who escaped the swords of their enemies, perished miserably or were disabled for life, in consequence of hardships, and fatigues, and privations.

All these examples were known to the French soldiers—they took place daily before their eyes, and, in the last instance, the allies took pains to let them know, that the only obstacle to honourable peace was the obstinacy of their commander; yet their ardour continued unabated; the young soldiers displayed a degree of valour in every action of both campaigns, which drew forth the warm applause even of their enemies; and it is not to be doubted, that the troops whom Napoleon collected at Fontainbleau, at the end of the campaign in France, were enthusiastically bent on carrying into effect the frantic resolution of attacking Paris, then occupied by a triple force of the allies, from which his officers with difficulty dissuaded him.

In like manner, there is probably no general but Napoleon, who would not have attempted to terminate the miseries of the army during the retreat from Moscow, by entering into negotiation with the Russians; nor is there any army but the French which would have tamely consented to be entirely sacrificed to the obstinacy of an individual. But to have concluded a convention with the Russians would have been *compromising the honour of the French arms*; and this little form of words seemed to strike more terror to the hearts of the French soldiers, than either the swords of the Russians, or the dreary wastes and wintry storms of Russia, which might have been apostrophised in the words of the poet,

"Alas! even your unhallowed breath
May spare the victim fallen low,
But man will ask no truce to death,
No bounds to human woe."

"He saw, without emotion, (says Labaume), the miserable remains of an army, lately

so powerful, defile before him; yet his presence never excited a murmur; on the contrary, it animated even the most timid, who were always tranquil when in presence of the emperor." At the present moment, from all the accounts that we have received, as well as from our own observations of those French soldiers whom we have ourselves seen after their return from Moscow, the sentiments of the survivors of that expedition with regard to Napoleon remained unchanged; and no person who has read any of the narratives of the campaign can ascribe their constancy to any other cause, than that feeling of attachment to the glory of their country, to which the French, however improperly, give the name of military honour.

If the character of the French soldiers is deserving of high admiration for their constancy and courage, it must be observed, on the other hand, that there is a mixture of *selfishness* in it, an utter disregard of the feelings, and indifference as to the sufferings, not merely of their enemies, or of the inhabitants of the countries which they traverse, but even of their best friends and companions, which forbids us to go farther in their praise. It is as unnecessary, as it would be painful, to enter on an enumeration of the instances of wanton cruelty, violence, and rapacity, which have sullied the fame of their most brilliant deeds in arms. It will be long before the French name will recover the disgrace which the remembrance of such scenes as Moscow, or Saragossa, or Tarragona, has attached to it, in every country of Europe; and it is impossible to have a more convincing proof of the tyrannical and oppressive conduct of the French armies in foreign states, than the universal enthusiasm with which Europe has risen against them,—the indignant and determined spirit with which all ranks of every country have united to rid themselves of an oppression, not less galling to their individual feelings, than degrading to their national character. But it is particularly worthy of remark, that the latest and most authentic writers in France itself, who have given any account of the French armies, have, noticed selfishness, and disregard of the feelings of their own comrades, as well as of all other persons, as one of the most prominent features of their character. We need only refer to Labaume's book on the expedition to Russia, to Miot's work on the Egyptian campaigns, or to Rocca's history of the war in Spain, for ample proofs of the correctness of this observation. Whether this peculiarity is to be ascribed chiefly to their national character, or to the nature of the services in which they have been engaged, it is not very easy to decide.

The dishonourable conduct of the French officers, particularly of the superior officers, in the present year, is much more easily explained than excused. They had risen from the ranks—they had been engaged all their lives in active and iniquitous services—they had been accustomed to look to success as the best criterion of merit, and to regard attachment to their leaders and their colours, as the only duties of soldiers;—they had never thought seriously on morality or religion—they had been applauded by their countrymen and fellow-soldiers, for actions in direct violation of both—and they had been taught to consider that applause as their highest honour and legitimate reward. Under these circumstances, it is easy to see, that they could have little information with regard to the true interests of France, and that they would regard the most sacred engagements as binding only in so far as general opinion would reprobate the violation of them; and when a strong party shewed itself, in the nation as well as the army, ready to support them and to extol their conduct in rising against the government, that their oaths would have no influence to restrain them. It is to be considered, likewise, that a large proportion of the officers had been originally republicans. They had been engaged in long and active military service, and been elated with military glory; in the multiplicity of their duties, and the intoxication of their success as soldiers, they had ceased to be citizens; but during the repose that succeeded the establishment of the Bourbons, when they again found themselves in the midst of their countrymen, their original political feelings and prejudices returned, embittered and exasperated by the influence of their military habits, and the remembrance of their military disgraces. We have ourselves conversed with several officers, who were strongly attached to Napoleon, but whose political views were decidedly republican; and have heard it stated, that the officers of artillery and engineers are supposed to be particularly democratic in their principles.

It is much easier to account for the conduct of the French army since the dethronement of Napoleon, than to point out any means by which that conduct could have been altered. It was stated to us at Paris, that the number of military officers to be provided for by government, was upwards of 60,000. These would certainly comprise a very large proportion of the talents and enterprise of the French nation.

The number of them that can have been sincerely devoted to the Bourbons, or that can have been otherwise disposed of since that time, cannot be great; nor do we see by what means it will be possible to reconcile the majority of this very important class of men, to a government which has twice owed its elevation to the discomfiture and humiliation of the French arms.

It may be easily conceived, that in an army, the officers of which have, for the most part, risen from the ranks, the principles of strict military subordination cannot be enforced with the same punctilious rigour as in services where a marked distinction is constantly kept up between officers and soldiers. There is a more gradual transition from the highest to the lowest situations of the French army—a more complete amalgamation of the whole mass, than is consistent with the views of other governments in the maintenance of their standing armies.

It is true, that a change has taken place in the composition of the French army, in this respect, under the imperial government. A number of military schools were established and encouraged in different parts of the country, and a great number of young men were sent to these by their parents, under the understanding, that after being educated in them they should become officers at once, without passing through the inferior steps, to which they would otherwise have been devoted by the conscription. A great number of officers, therefore, have of late years been appointed from these schools to the army, who have never served in the ranks; but the manners and habits which they acquire at the schools are, we should conceive, very little superior to what they might have learnt from the private soldiers, who would otherwise have been their associates. A comparison of the appearance and manner of the pupils of the Ecole Militaire, with those of the young men at the English military colleges, would shew, as strongly as any other parallel that could be drawn, the difference in respectability and gentlemanlike feeling between the English and French officers.

There is so little of uniformity in dress, of regard to external appearance, or of shew of subordination, and inferiority to their officers, in the French soldiers, that a stranger would be apt to consider them as deficient in discipline. The fact is, that they know perfectly, from being continually engaged in active service, what are the essentials of military discipline, and that they are quite careless of all superfluous forms. Whatever regulations are necessary, in any particular circumstances, are strictly enforced; and the men submit to them, not from any principle of slavish subjection to their officers, but rather from deference to their superior intelligence and information, and from a regard to the good of the service.

The French army may, in fact, be said to have little of the feelings which are truly military. The officers have not the strong feeling of humanity, and the high and just sense of honour, not merely as members of the army, but as individuals; the soldiers have not the habit of implicit obedience and attachment to their peculiar duties; and the whole have not the lively sense of responsibility to their country, and dependence on their sovereign, which are probably essential to the existence of an army which shall not be dangerous, even to the state that maintains it. The French army submitted implicitly to Napoleon, because he was their general; but we should doubt if they ever considered themselves, even under his dominion, as the *servants of France*. They appear, at present, at least, to think themselves an independent body, who have a right to act according to their own judgment, and are accountable to nobody for their actions. In this idea of their own importance they were, of course, encouraged by Napoleon, who, on his return from Elba, spoke of the injuries done by the Bourbons to the *army and people*, and assigned the former the most honourable place in his Champ de Mai. And it will appear by no means surprising, that they should have acquired these sentiments, when we consider the importance which has been attached to their exploits by their countrymen, the encouragement to which they have been accustomed, the preference to all other classes of men which was shewn them by the late government, and the nature of the services in which they have been engaged, and for which they have been rewarded; circumstances fitted to assimilate them, in reality as well as appearance, rather to an immense band of freebooters, having no principle but union among themselves, and submission to their chiefs, than to an established and responsible standing army.

This observation applies to the feelings and principles of the soldiers taken as a body, not to their individual habits; for, excepting in the case of the detachment of the imperial guard, quartered at Fontainbleau, we never understood that the French

soldiers in time of peace, at least among their own countrymen, were accused of outrage or rapine.

There is considerable variety in the personal appearance of the French soldiers. The infantry are generally little men, much inferior to the Russians and Prussians in size and weight; but as they are almost all young, they appear equally well fitted for bearing fatigues, and they have an activity in their gait and demeanour, which accords well with their general character. In travelling through the country, we could almost always tell a French soldier from one of the allies at a distance, by the spring of his step. They have another excellent quality, that of being easily fed. Nothing appeared to excite more astonishment or indignation in France, than the quantity of food consumed by the allied troops. We found at Paris, that the Russian convalescents, occupying the hospitals which had formerly been appropriated to French troops, actually eat three times the rations which the French had been allowed. Frenchmen of the middling and higher ranks appear to have generally very keen appetites, and often surprise Englishmen by the magnitude and variety of their meals; but the peasantry and lower orders are accustomed to much poorer fare than the corresponding classes, at least in the southern part of our island, and the ordinary diet of the French soldiers is inferior to that of the English. In garrison, they are never allowed animal food, at least when in their own country; and the better living to which they are accustomed in foreign countries, and on active service, is a stronger recommendation of war to these volatile and unreflecting spirits, than it might at first be thought.

The French cavalry are almost universally fine men, much superior to the infantry in appearance. The horses of the *chasseurs à cheval*, and hussars, are small, but active and hardy; and even those of the cuirassiers have not the weight or beauty of the English heavy dragoons, though we have understood that they bear the fatigues and privations, incident to long campaigns, much better.

The imperial guard was composed, like the Russian guard, of picked men, who had already served a certain length of time, and the pay being higher than of the regiments of the line, and great pains being uniformly taken to preserve them as much as possible, from the hardships and dangers to which the other troops were exposed, and to reserve them for great emergencies, it was at once an honour and a reward to belong to them. We saw a review of the elite of the imperial guard on the 8th of May 1814, in presence of the King of France; the regiments of cavalry, of which a great number passed, were very weak in numbers, but the men were uncommonly fine, and the horses strong and active. The finest regiment of infantry of the old guard, with some pieces of cannon, did not defile before the King, but passed out of the Cour de Carousel by a back way, on account, as we understood, of its having shewn strong symptoms of disgust on the entrance of the King into Paris. That regiment, as well as all the rest of the infantry of the old guard, then called the Grenadiers Français, whom we had ever occasion to see, was composed of the finest men, not merely in point of strength, but of activity and apparent intelligence. The few pieces of artillery of the guard that we saw were in very bad condition, and their equipment particularly mean; but this branch of the service had not then had time to repair the losses it had sustained in the campaign.

The cavalry of the guard appeared to have been the most fashionable service under Napoleon. There were cuirassiers, heavy and light dragoons, chasseurs, hussars, grenadiers à cheval, and lancers of the guard, all of whom had different and splendid uniforms, and presented an uncommonly varied and magnificent appearance when reviewed together. Their magnificence and variety was evidently intended to gratify the taste of the French people for splendid shows, and to attract young men of fortune and expensive habits.

The imperial guard had much more of the air and manner, as well as dress, of regular soldiers, than any other part of the French army; indeed it is impossible to conceive a more martial or imposing figure than that of one of the old grenadiers, (commonly called the *vieux moustaches*,) in his striking and appropriate costume, armed with his musket and sword, the cross of the legion of honour on his breast, his rough and weather-beaten countenance bearing the impression of the sun of Italy and the snows of Russia, while his keen and restless eye shows, more expressively than words, that he is still "ready, aye ready, for the field."

We thought we could discern in the countenances of the troops of different nations, whom we saw reviewed about this time, the traces of the difference of national character. The general expression of the Russians, we thought, was that of stern

obstinate determination; of the Prussians, warm enthusiastic gallantry; of the French, fierce and indignant impetuosity. This may have been fancy, but all who have seen the troops of these different nations, will allow a very striking difference of expression of countenance, as well as of features.

No measure was omitted by Napoleon to secure, the services, in the army, of all who could be of any use in it. The organization of the garde d'honneur was intended to include as large a number as possible of the young men, whose circumstances had enabled them to avoid the conscription. No act of the Imperial Government seemed to have given more general offence in France than the formation of this corps, the number of which was stated to have amounted at one time to 10,000. They were, in the first instance, invited to volunteer, under the assurance that they were to be employed as a guard for Maria Louisa, and under no circumstances to be sent across the Rhine. A maximum and minimum number were fixed for each *arrondissement*, some number between which was to be made up by voluntary enrolments; but when any deficiency was discovered, as for example in Holland, where the young men were very little disposed to voluntary service in the French army, a balloting immediately took place, and a number greater than the maximum was compelled to come forward. Exemption from this service was impossible; immense sums were offered and refused. They were all mounted, armed, and clothed at their own expense; those who did not chuse to march, were sent off under an escort of gens-d'armes; and all were conducted to the fortresses on the Rhine, were they were regularly drilled. Some of them were induced to volunteer for extended service, by a promise, that after serving one campaign, they should be made officers; and in the course of the campaign of 1813, *all* of them were brought up to join the army; and these young men, taken only a few weeks before from their families, where many of them had been accustomed to every luxury and indulgence, were compelled to go through all the duties and fatigues of common hussars. Some regiments of them, which were very early brought into action, having misconducted themselves, were immediately disbanded; their horses, arms, and uniforms, were taken from them for the use of the other troops, and they were dismissed, to find the best of their way to their homes. Those who remained were distributed among the different corps of cavalry, and suffered very severely in the campaign in France. We spoke to some of them at Paris, who said they had bivouacked, at one period of the campaign, *on snow*, fourteen nights successively, and described to us the action at Rheims, one of the last that was fought, where half of their regiment were left on the field. These men complained loudly of the treacherous conduct of Napoleon to them and their brethren of the same corps; yet they expressed their willingness to undergo all their sufferings again, if they could thereby transfer the date of the peace to the other side of the Rhine.

The effect of this measure on the middling and higher ranks was not more oppressive than that of the conscription on the lower ranks, and even on persons in tolerably good circumstances; for we have heard of £.400 Sterling, being twice paid to rescue an individual, whom a third conscription had at length torn from his family. The impression produced in France, however, by either of these measures, cannot be judged of from a comparison with the feelings so often manifested in this country, under circumstances of less aggravated affliction. The same careless, unthinking, constitutional cheerfulness, which is so commendable in those Frenchmen whose sufferings are all personal, displays itself in a darker point of view, when they are called on to sympathise with the sufferings of their friends. It is a disposition, allied indeed to magnanimity on the one hand, but to selfishness on the other. The sufferings of the French on such an occasion as the loss of a near relation, may be acute; but they are of very short duration. In Paris, mourning is at present hardly ever worn. At the time when we were there, although a bloody campaign had only recently been concluded, we did not see above five or six persons in mourning, and even these were not certainly French. We understood it to be a principle all over France, never to wear mourning for a son; but whether this was adopted in compliance with the wishes of Napoleon, as was stated by some, or was general before his time, as others maintained, we were not sufficiently informed.

It may be a question, whether the real, as well as professed motive of the policy of Napoleon, while he directed the affairs of France, was some ill-conceived and absurd idea of the superior happiness and prosperity which France might enjoy, if placed

indisputably at the head of the civilized world, and especially if elevated above the rivalship of England; but if the good of France was really his end, it is quite certain that it engaged very little of his attention, and that he occupied himself almost exclusively with regard to the means which he held to be necessary to its attainment. The causes of the wars in which he engaged were of little importance to him; but the immediate object of all of them was the glory and aggrandizement of France; and to this object his whole soul was devoted, and all the energies of the state were directed.

In a general view, the imperial government may be said to have rested on the following foundations.

In the first place, it rested on the principle which was universally acted on, of giving active employment, and animating encouragement, to all men of talents or enterprise —to all whose friendship might be useful, or whose enmity might be dangerous. The conscription carried off the flower of the youthful population; parents were encouraged to send their children; if they shewed any superior abilities, to the military schools, whence they were rapidly promoted in the army. The formation of the garde d'honneur effectually prevented all danger from a numerous class of men, whose circumstances might have enabled them to exert themselves in opposing public measures. In the civil administration of the country, it was the system of Napoleon, from the beginning of his career, to give employment to all who might be dangerous, if their services were not secured. The prefects of towns and *arrondissements*, were generally men of intelligence and information regarding the characters of the inhabitants; and the persons recommended by them to the immense number of situations in the police, in the collection of taxes, &c. were always men of activity, enterprise, and ability: Birth, education, and moral character, were altogether disregarded, and religious principle was rather considered a fault than a recommendation.

The consequence was, that the young, the bold, the active, the enterprising, the independent, were either attached to the imperial government, or at least prevented from exerting themselves in opposition to it; while those whom family cares, or laborious occupations, or habits of indolence, or want of energy of mind, rendered unfit for resistance to any government, were the only people whose interest it was to resist that of Napoleon.

In the next place, while much was done by these means to secure the support of the most important part of the nation to the imperial government, the most effectual precautions were taken to prevent danger to it, from those whom either principle might lead, or injuries might provoke to disaffection. The police was everywhere so powerful, and the system of espionage so universally extended, that it was almost impossible for different individuals to combine against the government. Without including the hosts of douaniers, who were under the orders of the collectors of taxes, the gens d'armerie, who were at the disposal of the police, and had no other duties to perform, amounted to above 10,000 men, cavalry and infantry, all completely armed and equipped. As soon, therefore, as any individual excited suspicion, there was no difficulty as to his apprehension. The number of police officers was very great, and they were all low born, clever, unprincipled men, perfectly fitted for their situations. The extent and accuracy of the information possessed by them was almost incredible. Indeed, we regard the system of espionage, by which this information was procured, as the most complete and damning proof of the general selfishness and immorality of the French people, of which we have received any account. It was not merely that a number of persons were employed by the police as spies; but that no man could put any confidence even in his best friends and nearest relations. The very essence of the system was the destruction of all confidence between man and man; and its success was such, that no man could venture to express any sentiments hostile to the government, even in the retirement of his own family circle. That sacred sanctuary was every where invaded, not by the strong hand of power, but by the secret machinations of bribery and intrigue.

We were particularly informed, with respect to the establishment of the police in Amsterdam, where the sentiments of the people being known to be averse to French dominion, it was of course made stronger than in less suspicious parts of the country. Within a week after the annexation of Holland to France, the police was in full force, and the spies every where in motion. No servant was allowed to engage himself who had not a certificate from the police, implying his being a spy on his master. At the *tables d'hôte*, persons were placed to encourage seditious conversation, and those who

expressed themselves strongly, were soon after seized and committed to prison. No person could leave Amsterdam, even to go three miles into the country, without a passport from the police, which was granted only to whom they pleased. When a party went out on such an excursion, they were sure to be met by some of the gens d'armerie, who already knew their names and destination, and who fixed the time of their return. From the decisions of the police there was no appeal; and those who were imprisoned by them, (as so many of the inhabitants of Amsterdam were, that it ceased to be any reproach,) had no method of bringing on a trial, or even of ascertaining the crimes of which they were accused. Frequently individuals were transported from one part of the country to another, without any reason being assigned, and set down among strangers, to make their bread as they best could, under the inspection of the police, who instantly arrested them on their attempting to escape. This system was probably more strictly enforced in Holland than over the greater part of France, but its most essential parts were every where the same, and the information, with respect to the private characters and sentiments of individuals, was certainly more easily obtained in France than in Holland.

Such, according to the information of the most intelligent and best informed persons with whom we had an opportunity of conversing, were the principal means by which the power of Napoleon was maintained, and his authority enforced. But it must be owned that he did more than this,—that during the greater part of his reign, he not only commanded the obedience, but obtained the admiration and esteem of the majority of his subjects.

In looking for the causes of this, we shall in vain attempt to discover them in real benefits conferred on France by Napoleon. It is true, that agriculture made some progress during his reign, but this was decidedly owing to the transference of the landed property from nobles and churchmen, to persons really interested in the cultivation of the soil, which had taken place before his time, and not to the empty and ostentatious patronage which he bestowed on it; the best proof of which is, that the main improvement that has taken place has not been, as already observed, in the principles or practice of agriculture, but in the quantity of land under tillage. It is true also, that certain manufactures have been encouraged by the exclusion of the English goods; but this partial increase of wealth was certainly not worth the expense of a year's war, and was heavily counterbalanced by the distress occasioned by his tyrannical decrees in the commercial towns of France, and of the countries which were subjected to her control.

As a single instance of this distress, we may just notice the situation of the city of Amsterdam during the time that Holland was incorporated with France. Out of 200,000 inhabitants of that city, more than one half, during the whole of that time, were absolutely deprived of the means of subsistence, and lived merely on the charity of the remainder, who were, for the most part, unable to engage in any profitable business, all foreign commerce being at an end, and supported themselves therefore on the capital which they had previously acquired; and, lest that capital should escape, two-thirds of the national debt of Holland were struck off by a single decree of Napoleon. The population of the town fell off about 20,000 during the time of its connection with France; the taxes, while the two countries were incorporated, were enormous; the income-tax, which was independent of the droits reunis, or assessed taxes, having been stated to us at one-fifth of every man's income. It was during the pressure of these burdens that the tremendous system of police which we have described was enforced; and to add to the miseries of the unfortunate inhabitants of this and the other commercial towns of Holland, they were not allowed to manifest their sufferings. Every man who possessed or inhabited a house was compelled to keep it in perfect repair; so that even at the time of their liberation, these towns bore no external mark of poverty or decay. The consequence of that decree, however, had been, that persons possessing houses at first lowered their rents, then asked no rents at all; happy to get them off their hands, and throw on the tenants the burden of paying taxes for them and keeping them in repair; and lastly, in many instances, offered sums of money to bribe others to live in their houses, or even accept the property of them.

The taxes of France, under Napoleon, it would have been supposed, were alone sufficient to exasperate the people against them. They were oppressive, not merely from their amount, but especially from the arbitrary power which was granted to the prefects of towns and *arrondissements*, and their agents, in collecting them. A certain sum was directed to be levied in each district, and the apportioning of this burden on

the different inhabitants was left almost entirely to the discretion of these officers.

It is quite obvious, therefore, as we already hinted; that the popularity of Napoleon in France, during at least the greater part of his reign; can be traced to no other source than the national vanity of the French. As they are more fond of shew than of comfort in private life, so their public affections are more easily won by gaudy decorations than by substantial benefits. Napoleon gave them enough of the former; they had victories abroad and *spectacles* at home—their capital was embellished—their country was aggrandised—their glory was exalted; and if he had continued successful, France would still have continued to applaud and admire him, while she had sons to swell her armies, and daughters to drudge in her fields.

As it was not Napoleon who made the French a military and ambitious people, so it is not his fall alone that can secure the world against the effects of their military and ambitious spirit. It is not merely the removal of him who has so long guided it, but the extinction of the spirit itself that is necessary. The effect of the late events on the active part of the population of France, cannot be accurately judged of in the present moment of irritation and disorder; but whatever government that country may ultimately assume, it may surely be hoped that their experience of unsuccessful and calamitous war has been sufficient to incline them to peace; that they will learn to measure their national glory by a better standard than mere victory or noise; that they will reflect on the true objects, both of political and military institutions, and acknowledge the happiness of the people they govern to be the supreme law of kings, and the blessings of the country they serve to be the best reward of soldiers.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY TO FLANDERS.

WHEN we left Paris, we took the road to Soissons and Laon, with a view to see the seat of war during the previous campaign, and examine the interesting country of Flanders. After passing the village of La Villette, and the heights of Belleville, the country becomes flat and uninteresting, and is distinguished by those features which characterise almost all the level agricultural districts of France. The road, which is of great breadth, and paved in the centre, runs through a continued plain, in which, as far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be discerned but a vast expanse of corn fields, varied at intervals by fallows, and small tracts of lucerne and sainfoin. No inclosures are to be met with; few woods are seen to vary the uniformity of the view; and the level surface of the ground is only broken at intervals by the long rows of fruit-trees, which intersect the country in different directions, or the tall avenues of elms between which the *chaussèes* are placed.

These elm trees would give a magnificent appearance to the roads, both from their age and the immense length during which they fringe its sides, were it not that they are uniformly clipt to the very top, for firewood, by the peasantry, and that all their natural beauty is in consequence destroyed. The elm, indeed, pushes out its shoots to replace the branches which have been destroyed, and fringes the lofty stem with a cluster of foliage; but as soon as these young branches have become large, they too are in their turn sacrificed to the same purpose. When seen from a distance, accordingly, these trees resemble tall May-poles with tufts at their tops, and are hardly to be distinguished from the Lombardy poplars, which, in many parts of the country, line the sides of the principal roads.

One most remarkable circumstance in the agricultural districts of France, is here to be seen in its full extent. The people do not dwell in detached cottages, placed in the centre of their farms or their properties, as in all parts of England; they live together in aged villages or boroughs, often at the distance of two or three miles from the place of their labour, and wholly separated from the farms which they are employed in

cultivating. It is no uncommon thing accordingly, to see a farmer leaving a little town in the morning with his ploughs and horses, to go to his piece of ground, which lies many miles from the place of his residence.

This circumstance, which exists more or less in every part of France, is characteristic of the state in which the people were placed in those remote periods, when their habits of life were originally formed. It indicates that popular degradation and public insecurity, when the poor were compelled to unite themselves in villages or towns for protection from the banditti, whom the government was unable to restrain, or from the more desolating oppression of feudal power. In every country of Europe, in which the feudal tyranny long subsisted; in Spain, in France, in Poland, and in Hungary, this custom has prevailed to a certain extent, and the remains of it are still to be seen in the remoter parts of Scotland. It is in countries alone whose freedom has long subsisted; in Switzerland, in Flanders, and in England, that no traces of its effects are to be discerned in the manners and the condition of the peasantry; that the enjoyment of individual security has enabled the poor to spread themselves in fearless confidence over the country; and that the traveller, in admiring the union of natural beauty with general prosperity, which the appearance of the country exhibits, blesses that government, by the influence of whose equal laws that delightful union has been effected.

In the neighbourhood of Paris, and in those situations which are favourable for vineyard or garden cultivation, this circumstance gives a very singular aspect to the face of the country. As far as the eye can reach, the sloping banks, or rising swells, are cultivated with the utmost care, and intersected by little paths, which wind through the gardens, or among the vineyards, in the most beautiful manner; yet no traces of human habitation are to be discerned, by whose labour, or for whose use, this admirable cultivation has been conducted. The labourers, or proprietors of these gardens, dwell at the distance of miles, in antiquated villages, which resemble the old boroughs which are now wearing out in the improved parts of Scotland. In the greater part of France, the people dwell in this manner, in crowded villages, while the open country, every where cultivated, is but seldom inhabited. The superiority, accordingly, in the beauty of those districts, where the cottages are sprinkled over the country, and surrounded by fruit-trees, is greater than can well be imagined: and it is owing to this circumstance that Picardy, Artois, and Normandy, exhibit so much more pleasing an appearance, than most of the other provinces of France.

In the district between Paris and Soissons, as in almost every other part of the country, the land is now in the hands of the peasantry, who became proprietors of it during the struggles of the revolution. We had every where occasion to observe the extreme industry with which the people conduct their cultivation, and perceived numerous instances of the truth of Mr Young's observation, "that there is no such instigator to severe and incessant labour, as the minute subdivision of landed property." But though their industry was uniformly in the highest degree laudable, yet we could not help deploring the ignorant and unskilful manner in which this industry is directed. The cultivation is still carried on after the miserable rotation which so justly excited the indignation of Mr Young previous to the commencement of the revolution. Wheat, barley or oats, sainfoin, lucerne or clover, and fallow, form the universal rotation. The green crops are uniformly cut, and carried into the house for the cattle; as there are no inclosures, there is no such thing as pasturage in the fields; and, except once on the banks of the Oise, we never saw cattle pasturing in those parts of France. The small quantity of lucerne and sainfoin, moreover, shews that there are but few herds in this part of France, and that meat, butter, or cheese, form but a small part of the food of the peasantry. Normandy, in fact, is the only pasture district of France, and the produce of the dairy there is principally intended for the markets of Paris.

The soil is apparently excellent the whole way, composed of a loam in some places, mixed with clay and sand, and extremely easily worked. Miserable fallows are often seen, on which the sheep pick up a wretched subsistence—their lean sides and meagre limbs exhibit the effects of the scanty food which they are able to obtain. The ploughing to us appeared excellent; but we were unable to determine whether this was to be imputed to the skilfulness of the labourer, or the light friable nature of the soil.

The property of the peasantry is not surrounded by any enclosures, nor are there any visible marks whereby their separate boundaries could be determined by the eye of a

stranger. The plain exhibits one unbroken surface of corn or vineyards, and appears as if it all formed a part of one boundless property. The vast expanse, however, is in fact subdivided into an infinite number of small estates, the proprietors of which dwell in the aged boroughs through which the road occasionally passes, and the extremities of which are marked by great stones fixed on their ends, which are concealed from a passenger by the luxuriant corn in which they are enveloped. This description applies to the grain districts in almost every part of France.

Although the condition of the peasantry has been greatly ameliorated, in consequence of the division of landed property since the revolution, yet their increased wealth has not yet had any influence on the state of their habitations, or the general comfort of their dwellings. This rises from the nature of the contributions to which they were subjected during the despotic governments which succeeded the first years of the revolution. These contributions were levied by the governors of districts in the most arbitrary manner. The arrondissement was assessed at a certain sum by the government, or a certain contribution for the support of the war was imposed; and the sum was proportioned out among the different inhabitants, according to the discretion of the collector. Any appearance of comfort, accordingly, among the peasantry, was immediately followed by an increased contribution, and heavier taxes; and hence the people never ventured to make any display of their increased wealth in their dwellings, or in any article of their expenditure, which might attract, the notice of the collectors of the imperial revenue. The burdens to which they were subjected, moreover, especially during the last years of the war, were extremely severe, arising both from the enormous sums requisite to save their sons from the conscription, and the heavy unequal contributions to which they were subjected.

From these causes, the division of landed property has not yet produced that striking amelioration in the habits and present comfort of the peasantry, which generally attend this important measure; and their wealth is rather hoarded up, after the eastern custom, for future, emergencies or spent in the support of an early marriage; and never lavished in the fearless enjoyment of present opulence.

In some respects, however, their appearance evidently bears the mark of the improvement in their situation. Their dress is upon the whole neat and comfortable, covered in general by a species of smock frock of a light blue colour, and exhibiting none of that miserable appearance which Mr Young described as characterising the labouring classes during his time. They evidently had the aspect of being well fed, and both in their figures and dress, afforded a striking contrast to the wretched and decrepid inhabitants of the towns, in whom the real poverty of the people, under the old regime, was still perceptible. In some of these towns, the appearance of the beggars, their extraordinary figures, and tattered dress, exhibited a spectacle which would have been inconceivably ludicrous, were it not for the melancholy ideas of abject poverty which it necessarily conveyed.

About twenty miles from Soissons, the road passes through the magnificent forest of Villars Coterets, which, in the luxuriance and extent of its woods, rivals the forest of Fontainbleau. The place on which it stands is varied by rising grounds, and the distance exhibits beautiful vistas of forest scenery and gentle swells, adorned by rich and varied foliage. It wants, however, those grand and striking features, that mixture of rock and wood, of forest gloom and savage scenery, which give so unrivalled a charm to the forest of Fontainbleau.

From Villars Coterets, the road lies over a high plateau, covered with grain, and exhibiting more than ordinary barrenness and desolation. After passing over this dreary track, you arrive at the edge of a steep declivity, which shelves down to the valley in which the Aisne wanders. The appearance of this valley is extremely beautiful. It is sheltered by high ridges, or sloping hills, covered with vineyards, orchards, and luxuriant woods: the little plain is studded with villas and neat cottages, embosomed in trees, or surrounded by green meadows, in which the winding course of the Aisne can at intervals be discerned. When we reached this spot, the sun had newly risen; his level rays illuminated the white cottages with which the valley is sprinkled, or glittered on the stream which winded through its plain; while the Gothic towers of Soissons threw a long shadow over the green fields which surrounded its walls. It reminded us of those lines in Thomson, in which the effect of the morning light is so beautifully described:

"Lo, now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth and coloured air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar."

The descent to Soissons is through a declivity adorned by thriving gardens and neat cottages, detached from each other, which afforded a pleasing contrast to the solitary, uninhabited, though cultivated plains through which our route had previously lain. The Fauxbourgs of the town were wholly in ruins, having been totally destroyed in the three assaults which they had sustained during the previous campaign. The town itself is small, surrounded by decayed fortifications, and containing nothing of note, except the Gothic spires, which bear testimony to its antiquity.

On leaving Soissons on the road to Laon, you go for two miles through the level plain in which the town is situated; after which you begin to ascend the steep ridge by which its eastern boundary is formed. It was on the summit of this ridge that Marshal Blucher's army was drawn up, 80,000 strong, at the time when a detachment of his troops, under Count Langeron, was defending Soissons against the French army. Immediately below this position, there is placed a small village, which bore the marks of desperate fighting; all the houses were unroofed or shattered in every part by musket balls; and many seemed to have been burnt during the struggles of which it was formerly the theatre. There is an old castle a little higher up the ascent, which was garrisoned by the allied troops; in the neighbourhood of which, we perceived numerous traces of the immense bivouacs which had been made round its walls; particularly the bodies of horses and oxen, which the Russians had left on the ground, and which the peasants had taken no pains to remove.

From thence the road runs over a high level plateau, covered with miserable corn, or worse fallows, and having an aspect of sterility very different from what we were accustomed to in the rich provinces of France. In the midst of this dreary country, we beheld with delight several deep ravines, formed by streams which fall into the Aisne, sheltered from the chilling blasts that sweep along the high plains by which they are surrounded, the steep sides of which were clothed with luxuriant woods, and in the bottom of which are placed many little farms and cottages, which exhibited a perfect picture of rural beauty. Even here, however, the terrible effects of war were clearly visible; these sequestered spots had been ravaged by the hostile armies; and the ruined walls of the peasants dwellings presented a melancholy spectacle in the midst of the profusion of beauty with which they were surrounded.

Half way between Soissons and Laon, is placed a solitary inn, at which Bonaparte stopt six hours, after the disastrous termination of the battle of Laon. The people informed us, that during this time, he was in a state of great agitation, wrote many different orders, which he destroyed as fast as they were done, and covered the floor with the fragments of his writing. Many Cossacks and Bashkirs had been quartered in this inn; the people, as usual, would not allow them any good qualities, but often repeated, with evident chagrin—"Ils mangent comme des diables; ils ont mangé tous les poulets."

The features of the country continue with little variety, till you begin to descend from the high plateau, over which the road has passed into the wooded valley, in the centre of which the hill and town of Laon are placed. The dreary aspect of this plateau, which, though cultivated in every part, exhibited few traces of human habitation, was enlivened occasionally by herds of pigs, of a lean and meagre breed, (followed by shepherds of the most grotesque appearance,) wandering over the bare fallows, and seemingly reduced to the necessity of feeding on their mother earth.

At the distance of six miles from Laon, the descent begins to the plain below, down the side of a deep ravine, beautifully clothed with woods and vineyards. On the other side of this ravine lies the plateau on which the battle of Craon was fought, whose level desolate surface seemed a fit theatre for the struggle that was there maintained. At the bottom of the ravine the road passes a long line of villages, surrounded with wood and gardens, which had been wholly ruined by the operations of the armies; and among the neighbouring woods we were shewn numerous graves both of French and Russian soldiers.

The approach to Laon lies through a great morass, covered in different places with low brushwood, and intersected only by the narrow chaussèe on which the road is laid. The appearance of the town is very striking; standing on a hill in the centre of a plain of 10 or 12 miles in diameter, bounded on all sides by steep and wooded ridges. It is surrounded by an old wall, and some decayed towers, and is adorned by some fine Gothic spires, whose apparent magnitude is much increased by the elevated station on which they are placed.

In crossing this chaussèe, we were immediately struck with the extraordinary policy of Bonaparte, in attacking the Russian army posted on the heights of Laon, where his only retreat was by the narrow road we were traversing, which for several miles, ran through a morass, impassible for carriages or artillery. This appeared the more wonderful, as the army he was attacking was more numerous than his own, composed of admirable troops, and posted in a position where little hopes of success could be entertained. It was an error of the same kind as he committed at Leipsic, when he gave battle to the allied armies with a single bridge and a long defile in his rear. It is laid down as one of the first maxims of war, by Frederic the Great, "never to fight an enemy with a bridge or defile in your rear: as if you are defeated, the ruin of the army must ensue in the confusion which the narrowness of the retreat creates." We cannot suppose so great a general as Bonaparte to have been ignorant of so established a principle, or a rule which common sense appears so obviously to dictate; it is more probable, that in the confidence which the long habit of success had occasioned, he never contemplated the possibility of a defeat, nor took any measures whatever for ensuring the safety of his army in the event of a retreat. Be this as it may, it is certain that he fought at Laon with a morass, crossed by a single chaussèe, in his rear, and that if he had been totally defeated, instead of being repulsed in the action which then took place, his army must have been irretrievably ruined, in the narrow line over which their retreat was of necessity conducted.

At the foot of the hill of Laon is placed a small village named Semilly, in which a desperate conflict had evidently been maintained. The trees were riddled with the cannon-shot; the walls were pierced for the fire of infantry, and the houses all in ruins, from the showers of balls to which they had been exposed. The steep declivity of the hill itself was covered with gardens and vineyards, in which the allied army had been posted during the continuance of the conflict; but though three months had not elapsed since the period when they were filled with hostile troops, no traces of desolation were to be seen, nor any thing which could indicate the occurrence of any extraordinary events. The vines grew in the utmost luxuriance on the spot where columns of infantry had so recently stood, and the garden cultivation appeared in all its neatness, on the very ground which had been lately traversed by all the apparatus of modern warfare. It would have been impossible for any one to have conceived, that the destruction they occasioned could so soon have been repaired; or that the powers of Nature, in that genial climate, could so rapidly have effaced all traces of the desolation which marked the track of human ambition.

The town of Laon itself contains little worthy of note; but the view from its ramparts, though not extensive, was one of the most pleasing which we had seen in France. The little plain with which the town is surrounded, is varied with woods, corn fields, and vineyards; the view is closed on every side by a ridge of hills, which form a circular boundary round its farthest extremity, while the foreground is finely marked by the decaying towers of the fortress, or the dark foliage which shades its ramparts.

We walked over the field of battle with a degree of interest, which nothing but the memorable operations of which it had formerly been the theatre, could possibly have excited. The accounts of the action, which we received from the inhabitants of the town, and peasantry in its vicinity, agreed perfectly with the official details which we had previously read; and although we could not give an opinion with confidence on a military question, it certainly appeared to us, that the operations of the French army had been ill combined. Indeed, some French officers with whom we conversed on the next day, allowed that the battle had been ill fought, but, as usual, laid all the blame upon Marmont. The main body of the French army, advancing by the road from Soissons, attacked the villages of Ardon and Semilly in front of the town, on the centre of Marshal Blucher's position, and his right wing, which was posted in the intersected ground to the west of the town, on the morning of the 9th of March. These parts of the position were occupied chiefly by the corps of Woronzoff and Buloff, and as they were very strong, no impression was made on them, and the troops who defended them maintained themselves, without support from the reserves, during the whole day. Late

in the evening, the corps of Marmont, with a body of cavalry under Arrighi, appeared on the road from Rheims, advancing apparently without any communication or concert with the troops under Napoleon in person, (who were drawn up, for the most part, in heavy columns, in the immediate vicinity of the Soissons road), and made a furious attack on the extreme left of Marshal Blucher's position. The Marshal being satisfied by this time, that the troops in position about the town were adequate to the defence of it against Napoleon's force, was enabled to detach the whole corps of York, Kleist, and Sacken, with the greater part of his cavalry, to oppose Marmont, who was instantly overthrown, cut off from all communication with Napoleon, and driven across the Aisne, with the loss of four or five thousand prisoners, and forty pieces of cannon. The only assistance which Napoleon could give him in his retreat, was by renewing the attack on Ardon and Semilly, which he did next morning, and maintained the action during the whole of the 10th, with no other effect, than preventing the pursuit of Marmont from being followed up by the vigour which might otherwise have been displayed by the Silesian army, notwithstanding the fatigues which they had undergone at that time, during six weeks of continued marching and fighting.

The village of Athies, where the contest with Marmont's corps was decided, containing about 200 houses, had been completely burnt in the time of the action; and, when we were there, little progress had been made in rebuilding it, but the inhabitants, then living in temporary sheds, displayed their usual cheerfulness and equanimity; they were very loud in reprobation of the military conduct of Marmont, and very anxious to convince us, that the French had been overwhelmed only by great superiority of numbers, and that the allies might have completely cut off the retreat of Marmont towards Rheims, if they had known how to profit by their success.

June 8th, we left Laon at sunrise, and took the road to St Quentin. For a few miles the road passes through the plain in which the town is placed, after which it enters a pass, formed between the sloping hills, by which its boundary is marked. These hills are, for the most part, soft and green, like those on the banks of the Yarrow in Scotland, but varied, in some places, by woods and orchards; and their lower declivities are every where covered by vineyards and garden cultivation. Near their foot is placed the village of Cressy, which struck us as the most comfortable we had seen in France. The houses are all neat and substantial, covered with excellent slated roofs, and lighted by large windows, each surrounded by a little garden, and exhibiting a degree of comfort rarely to be met with among the dwellings of the French peasantry. On inquiry, we found that these peasants had long been proprietors of their houses, with the gardens attached, and had each a vineyard on the adjoining heights. The effects of long established property were here very apparent in the habits of comfort and industry, which, in process of time, it had ingrafted upon the dispositions and wishes of the people.

After passing the ridge of little hills, through banks clothed with hanging woods, the road descends into a little circular valley, surrounded on all sides by rising grounds, which presented a scene of the most perfect rural beauty. The upper part of the hills were covered with luxuriant woods, whose flowing outline suited the expression of softness and repose by which the scene was distinguished; on the declivities below the wood, the vineyards, gardens, and fruit-trees, covered the sunny banks which descended into the plain, while the lower part of the valley was filled with a village, embosomed in fruit-trees, ornamented only by a simple spire. It is impossible for language to convey an adequate idea of the beauty of this exquisite scene; it united the interest of romantic scenery with the charm of cultivated nature, and seemed placed in this sequestered valley, to combine all that was delightful in rural life. When we first beheld it, the sun was newly risen; his increasing rays threw a soft light over the wooded hills, and illuminated the summit of the village spire; the grass and the vines were still glittering in the morning dew, and the songs of the peasants were heard on all sides, cheering the beginning of their early labour. The marks of cultivation harmonized with the expression by which the scene was characterised; they were emblematic only of human happiness, and had a tendency to induce the momentary belief, that in this sequestered spot the human species shared in the fulness of universal joy.

As we descended into the valley, we perceived a great chateau near the western extremity of the village of Foudrain, which appeared still to be inhabited, and had none of the appearance of decay by which all that we had hitherto seen were distinguished. It belongs to the Chevalier Brancas, who is proprietor of this and seven or eight of the adjoining villages, and whose estates extend over a great part of the

surrounding country. On enquiry, we found that this great proprietor had, long before the revolution, pursued a most enlightened and indulgent conduct towards his peasantry, giving them leases of their houses and gardens of 20 or 30 years, and never removing any even at the expiration of that period, if their conduct had been industrious during its continuance. The good effects of this liberal policy have appeared in the most striking manner, not only in the increased industry and enlarged wealth of the tenants; but in the moderate, loyal conduct which they pursued, during the eventful period of the revolution. The farmers on this estate are some of the richest in France; many being possessed of a capital of 15,000 or 16,000 francs, (from £. 750 to £. 800 Sterling,) a very large sum in that country, and amply sufficient for the management of the farms which they possessed. Their houses are neat and comfortable in the most remarkable degree, and the farm-steadings as extensive and substantial as in the most improved districts of England. The ground is cultivated with the utmost care, and the industry of the peasants is conspicuous in every part of agricultural management. It was impossible, in comparing these prosperous dwellings with the decayed villages in most other parts of the country, not to discern, in the clearest manner, the salutary influence of individual security upon the labouring classes; and the tendency which the certainty of enjoying the fruits of their labour has, not merely in increasing their present industry, but awakening those wishes of improvement, and engendering those habits of comfort; which are the only true foundation of public happiness.

During the revolution, when the peasants of all the adjoining estates violently dispossessed their landlords of their property; when every adjoining chateau exhibited a scene of desolation and ruin; the peasants of this estate were remarkable for their moderate and steady conduct; so far from themselves pillaging their seigneur, they formed a league for his defence "—Ils l'ont soutenùs," as they themselves expressed it —*and he continued throughout, and is now in the quiet possession of his great estate*. It is not perhaps going too far to say, that had the peasants throughout the country been treated with the same indulgence, and suffered to enjoy the same property, as in this delightful district, France would have been spared from all the horrors and all the sufferings of her revolution.

From Foudrain to La Fere, the country is, for the most part, flat; and the road, which is shaded by lofty trees, skirts the edge of a great forest, which stretches as far as the eye can reach to the left; and joins with the forest of Villars Coterets. For many miles the road is bordered by fruit-trees, and the cottages have a most comfortable thriving appearance. To St Quentin the face of the country is flat, though the ridge over which you pass is high; the villages have an appearance of progress and opulence about them, which is rarely to be met with in other parts of France. All the peasantry carry on manufactures in their own houses; and probably their gains are very considerable, as their houses are much more neat and comfortable than in districts which are solely agricultural, and their dress bears the appearance of considerable wealth. The cultivation in the open country still continues, in general, to be wheat, barley, clover, and fallow; but the approach to French Flanders is very obvious, both from the increased quantity of rye under cultivation, from the occasional fields of beans which are to be met with, and from the numbers of potatoes and other vegetables which are to be discerned round the immediate vicinity of the villages. In these villages the houses are white-washed, surrounded by gardens, and have a smiling aspect.

La Fere is a small town, surrounded with trifling fortifications, containing a considerable arsenal of artillery. We were much amused, while there, with the spectacle which the market exhibited. A great concourse of people had been collected from all quarters, to purchase a number of artillery horses which the government had exposed at a low price, to indemnify the people for the losses they had sustained during the continuance of the war. The crowds of grotesque figures which thronged the streets, the picturesque appearance of the horses that were exposed to sale, and the fierce martial aspect of the grenadiers of the old guard, a detachment of whom were quartered in the town, rendered this scene truly characteristic of the French people.

St Quentin is a neat, clean, and thriving town, resembling, both in the forms of the houses, and the opulence of the middling classes, the better sort of the country towns in England. It is the seat of considerable manufactures, which throve amazingly under the imperial government, in consequence of the exclusion of the English commodities during the revolutionary wars. The linen manufacture is the staple branch of industry, and affords employment to the peasantry in their own houses, in every direction in the

surrounding country, which is probably the cause of the thriving prosperous appearance by which they are distinguished. The great church of St Quentin, though not built in fine proportions, is striking, from the coloured glass of its windows, and its great dimensions.

The French cultivation continues without any other change than the increased quantity of rye in the fields, and vegetables round the cottages, to the frontier of French Flanders. Still the country exhibits one unbroken sheet of corn and fallow; no inclosures are to be seen, and little wood varies the uniformity of the prospect. In crossing a high ridge which separates St Quentin from Cambray, the road passes over the great canal from Antwerp to Paris, which is here carried for many miles through a tunnel under ground. This great work was commenced under the administration of M. Turgot, but it was not completed till the time of Bonaparte, who employed in it great numbers of the prisoners whom he had taken in Spain. The magnitude of the undertaking may be judged of from the immense depth of the hollow which was cut for it, previous to the commencement of the tunnel, which is so great, that the canal, when seen from the top, has the appearance of a little stream. The course of the tunnel is marked on the surface of the ground by a line of chalky soil, which is spread above its centre, and which can be seen as far as the eye can reach, stretching over the vast ridge by which the country is traversed.

At the distance of three miles from the town of Cambray, the road crosses the ancient frontiers of French Flanders. We had long been looking for this transition, to discover if it still exhibited the striking change described by Arthur Young, "between the effects of the despotism of old France, which depressed agriculture, and the free spirit of the Burgundian provinces, which cherished and protected it." No sooner had we crossed the old line of demarcation between the French and Flemish provinces, than we were immediately struck with the difference, both in the aspect of the country, the mode of cultivation, and the condition of the people. The features of the landscape assume a totally different aspect; the straight roads, the clipt elms, the boundless plains of France are no longer to be seen; and in their place succeeds a thickly wooded soil and cultivated country. The number of villages is infinitely increased; the village spires rise above the woods in every direction, to mark the antiquity and the extent of the population: the houses of the peasants are detached from each other, and surrounded with fruit trees, or gardens kept in the neatest order, and all the features of the landscape indicate the long established prosperity by which the country has been distinguished.

Nor is the difference less striking in the mode of cultivation which is purified. Fallows, so common in France, almost universally disappear; and in their place, numerous crops of beans, pease, potatoes, carrots and endive, are to be met with. In the cultivation of these crops manual labour is universally employed; and the mode of cultivation is precisely that which is carried on in garden husbandry. The crops are uniformly laid out in small patches of an acre or thereby to each species of vegetable; which, combined with the extreme minuteness of the cultivation, gives the country under tillage the appearance of a great kitchen garden. This singular practice, which is universal in Flanders, is probably owing to the great use of the manual labour in the operations of agriculture. Rye is very much cultivated, and forms the staple food of the peasantry. The crops of wheat, barley, oats, rye, and clover, struck us as exceedingly heavy, but not nearly so clean as those of a similar description in the best agricultural districts of our own country.

But it is principally in the condition, manners, and comfort of the people, that the difference between the French and Flemish provinces consists. Every thing connected with the lower orders, indicates the influence of long-established prosperity, and the prevalence of habits produced by the uninterrupted enjoyment of individual opulence. The population of Flanders, both French and Austrian, is perfectly astonishing; the villages form an almost uninterrupted line through the country; the small towns are as numerous as villages in other parts of the world, and seem to contain an extensive and comfortable population. These small towns are particularly remarkable for the number and opulence of the middling classes, resembling in this, as well as other respects, the flourishing boroughs of Yorkshire and Kent, and affording a most striking contrast to those of a very opposite description, which we had recently passed through in France.

The cottages of the peasantry, both in the villages and the open country, are in the highest degree, neat, clean, and comfortable; built for the most part of brick, and slated in the roof; nowhere exhibiting the slightest symptoms of dilapidation. These

houses have almost all a garden attached to them, in the cultivation of which, the poor people display, not only extreme industry, but a degree of taste superior to what might be expected from their condition in life: The inside bore the marks of great comfort, both from the cleanness which every where prevailed, and the costly nature of the furniture with which they were filled. Nothing could be more pleasing than the appearance of the windows, every where in the best repair, large and capacious, and furnished with shutters on the outside, painted green, which, together with the bright whiteness of the walls, gave the whole the appearance of buildings destined for ornamental purposes, rather than the abode of the lower orders of the people.

Cambray is a neat comfortable town, containing 15,000 inhabitants, and surrounded by fortifications in tolerable repair, but which, when we passed them, were not armed. It was once celebrated for its magnificent cathedral, reckoned the finest in France; but a few ruins of this great building alone have escaped the fury of the people, during the commencement of the revolution. These trifling remains, however, were sufficient to convey some idea of the beautiful proportions in which the whole had been constructed; they resembled much the finest part of Dryburgh Abbey, in Scotland. The modern cathedral, built near the site of the old one, has a mean exterior, but possesses considerable splendour in the inside.

From Cambray to Valenciennes, the features of the country continue the same as those we have just described. The surface of the ground is still flat, and cultivated in every part with the utmost care, in the garden style of husbandry. We were particularly struck, in this district, by the quantity of drilled crops, the admirable order in which they are kept, and the vast numbers of people, both men, women, and children, who appeared engaged in their cultivation. Nothing, indeed, but the great demand for labour, occasioned by the use of manual labour in husbandry, could have produced, or could support, the great population by which Flanders has always been distinguished.

Valenciennes, situated in one of the finest districts of Flanders, is likewise a well built, comfortable town, built entirely of brick, and surrounded by magnificent fortifications, in admirable repair. As this was the first well fortified town which we had seen, it was to us a matter of no ordinary interest, which was encreased by the remembrance of the celebrated siege which it had undergone from the English army at the commencement of the revolutionary war. We were shewn the point at which the English forced their entrance; and the numberless marks of cannon-balls which their artillery had occasioned during the siege were still uneffaced. Though the modern fortifications, built after the model of Vauban, have not the romantic or picturesque aspect which belongs to the aged towers of Montreuil, Abbeville, or Laon, or the more ruinous walls of the town of Conway in Wales, yet they present a pleasing spectacle, arising partly from the regularity of the forms themselves, and partly from the association with which they are connected.

From Valenciennes to Mons, the country is still flat, though the cultivation and the aspect of the scene is somewhat varied from what had been exhibited by the districts of French Flanders, through which we had previously passed. It lies lower, and appears more subject to inundation: Ditches appear at intervals, filled with water, and extensive meadows are to be seen, covered with rank and luxuriant grass. The cultivation of grain and green crops is less frequent, and in their stead, vast tracks of rich pasture cover the face of the country. Much wood is to be seen on all sides, often of great dimensions; and the population appears still as great as before. The villages succeed one another so fast, as almost to form a continued street; and the numberless spires which rise over the woods in every direction, prove that this number of inhabitants extends over the whole country. The cottages still continue neat and comfortable; not picturesque to a painter's eye, but exhibiting the more delightful appearance of individual prosperity. Their beauty is much increased by the quantity of wood, or the variety of fruit-trees, with which the villages are interspersed. There are many coal-pits in this country, and a great deal of carriage of this valuable mineral on the principal roads. They present a scene of infinitely more bustle and activity than the richest parts of France. We met a great number of waggons, harnessed and equipped like those in England; and the numbers of carriages reminded us, in some degree, of the extraordinary appearance, in this respect, which the approach to our own capital presents; a state of things widely different from the desolate *chaussèes* which the interior of France exhibits. Every thing in the small towns and villages bore the marks of activity, industry, and increasing prosperity. We passed with much interest over the celebrated field of battle of Jemappe, where the remains of Austrian redoubts are still

visible.

Mons, the frontier town of Austrian Flanders, was once a place of great strength, and underwent a dreadful siege during the wars of the Duke of Marlborough; but its ramparts are now dismantled, according to the ruinous policy of Joseph II. The square in the town is large, and has a striking appearance, owing to the picturesque and varied forms of the houses and public buildings of which it is formed. From the summit of the great steeple, to which you are conducted by a stair of 353 steps, there is a magnificent view over the adjacent country to a great distance. It is for the most part green, owing to the immense quantity of land under pasturage, and clothed in every direction with extensive woods. At a considerable distance we were shewn the woods and heights of *Malplaquet*, the scene of one of the Duke of Marlborough's great victories, of which the people still spoke, as if it had been one of the recent occurrences of the war. This town, when we visited it, was completely filled with Prussian and Saxon troops, whose intrepid martial appearance bespoke that undaunted character by which they have been distinguished in the memorable actions of which this country has since been the theatre.

On leaving Mons, on the road to Brussels, you quit the low swampy plain in which the town is situated, and ascend a gentle hill, clothed with wood, in the openings of which many beautiful views of the spires of the city are to be seen. The hill itself is composed entirely of sand, and would be reckoned a rising ground in most other countries, but it forms a pleasing variety to the level plains of Flanders. From thence to Brussels, a distance of 35 miles, the scenery is beautiful in the greatest degree. Unlike the flat surface which prevails over most parts of this country, it is charmingly varied by hills and vallies, adorned by beautiful woods, whose disposition resembles rather that of trees in a gentleman's park, than what usually occurs in an agricultural country. The cottages, over the whole of this district, are particularly pleasing; every where white-washed, clean and comfortable; half hid by a profusion of fruit-trees, or the aged stems of elm and ash.

Brain-le-Compte, Halle, and a number of smaller towns through which the road passes, are distinguished by the neatness of the houses, and the number and opulence of the middling classes of society. The vallies are admirably cultivated in agricultural or garden husbandry, and interspersed with numerous cottages; the gentle slopes are laid out in grass or pasture, and the uplands clothed with luxuriant woods. Upon the whole, the scenery between Mons and Brussels was the most delightful we had ever seen of a similar description, both from the richness and extent of the cultivation; the appearance of public and private property, which was unceasingly exhibited; the beautiful variety of the ground, and the charming disposition of the woods which terminate the view. The village spires, whose summits rise above the distant woods in every direction, increased the effect which the objects of nature were fitted to produce, both from the beauty of their forms themselves, and the pleasing reflections which they awaken in the mind.

We passed through this beautiful country in a fine summer evening in the middle of June. The heat of the day had passed: The shades of evening were beginning to spread over the lowland country; the forest of Soignies was still illuminated by the glow of the setting sun, while his level rays shed a peaceful light over the woods which skirt the field of WATERLOO. We little thought that the scene, which was now expressive only of rest and happiness, should hereafter be the theatre of mortal combat: that the same sun which seemed now to set amid the blessings of a grateful world, should so soon illuminate a field of agony and death; and that the ground which we now trod with no other feelings than admiration for the beauty of nature, was destined to become the field of deathless glory to the British name.

The state of agriculture from Cambray to Brussels, both in French and Austrian Flanders, is admirable. No fallows are any where to be seen, and in their place, green crops, of which beans, peas, carrots, &c. form the principal part. These green crops are kept very clean, and all worked by the spade or hoe, which furnishes employment to the immense population which is diffused over the country. Crops of rye, which, when we passed them in the middle of June, were in full ear, are every where very common; indeed, rye bread seems to be the staple food of the peasantry. Much wheat, barley, and oats, are also cultivated, with a great deal of sainfoin and clover, which is never pastured, but cut, and carried green into the stalls of the cattle. No inclosures are to be seen, except round the orchards and gardens which surround the villages; and, indeed, fences would be a useless waste of ground in a country where every

corner is valuable, and no cattle are ever to be seen in the open fields. The soil seemed to be excellent throughout the whole country; sometimes sandy, and sometimes, a rich loam; and the crop, both of corn, beans, and grass, heavy and luxuriant. With the exception, however, of the grain crops, which are generally drilled, the fields are not nearly so clean as in the best parts of England.

The farm steadings and implements of husbandry in all parts of Flanders, are greatly superior to those in France. The waggons are not only more numerous on the roads, but greatly neater in their construction than in France; the ploughs are of a better construction, and the farm offices both more extensive, and in better repair. Every thing, in short, indicated a much more improved and opulent class of agriculturists, and a country in which the fundamental expenses of cultivation had long been incurred.

Near Cambray, the wages of labour are one franc a-day. Near Valenciennes, and from that to Mons, they are from 1 franc to 25 sous, that is, from 10d. to 12-1/2d. From Mons to Brussels, and round that town, from 1 franc to 30 sous, that is, from 10d. to 15d. The rent of land was stated in French Flanders at 20 francs, and the price 1000 francs *per marcoti*; and from Valenciennes to Mons, from 35 to 50 francs; but we could never accurately ascertain what proportion a marcoti bore to the English acre.

The size of the farms is exceedingly various in the districts of Flanders which we have visited. From Cambray to Valenciennes, they were called from 200 to 300 *marcotis*; but from Mons to Brussels, an exceedingly well-cultivated district, they seldom exceed from 50 to 100 *marcotis*; which, as far as we could judge, was not above from 25 to 50 acres. That the size of the farms is in general exceedingly small, appears obviously from the immense number of farm-houses which are every where to be seen. The course and mode of cultivation appears to be precisely the same on the great and the small farms.

The state of the people, both in French and Austrian Flanders, was most exceedingly comfortable. Not the smallest traces of dirt are to be seen, either in the exterior or the interior of the peasants dwellings. Their dress, as in France, is in general neat and substantial, covered with a light blue smock-frock, and without any appearance of abject want. The women in general appeared handsome, and very well clad. Every thing, in short, bespoke a rich, prosperous, and happy population.

Brussels is a large, populous, and in many respects a handsome town. It stands upon the side of a hill, the lower part being the old town, and the higher the fashionable quarter. Near the centre of the old town is placed a square of considerable size, surrounded by high antiquated buildings of a most remarkable construction; and the *Hotel de Ville*, which occupies nearly one of its sides, is ornamented by a high Gothic spire of the lightest form, and the most exquisite proportions. The Cathedral is large, and has two massy towers in front; but the effect of the interior, which would otherwise be very grand, from its immense size, is much injured by statues affixed to the pillars, and an intermixture of red and white colours, with which the walls are painted. In this Cathedral, as well as in the churches throughout Flanders which we visited, we were much struck by the numbers of people who attended service, and the earnestness with which they seemed to participate in religious duty;—a spectacle which was the more impressive, from the levity or negligence with which we had been accustomed to see similar services attended in France.

The *Parc*, which is an immense square of splendid buildings, inclosing a great space, covered with fine timber, is probably the most magnificent square in Europe. The Royal Palace, and all the houses of the nobility, are here situated. There is nothing of the kind, either in Paris or London, which can be compared with this square, either in extent, the beauty of the private houses, or the richness and variety of the woods.

At Brussels, we saw 1500 British troops on parade in the great square. We were particularly struck with the number and brilliant appearance of the officers. It would be going too far to say, that they understood their duty better than those of the allied armies; but they unquestionably have infinitely more of the appearance and manners of gentlemen. The proportion of officers to privates appeared much greater than in the other European armies; but the common soldiers had not nearly so sun-burnt; weather-beaten an appearance. Among the British troops, the Highlanders resembled most nearly the swarthy aspect of the foreign soldiers. The discipline of these troops was admirable; they were much beloved by the inhabitants, who recounted with delight numerous instances of their humanity and moderation. In this respect they

formed a striking contrast to the Prussians, whose abuses and voracity were uniformly spoken of in terms of severe reprobation.

The ramparts at Brussels, especially in the upper parts of the town, are planted with trees, and afford a delightful walk, commanding an extensive view over the adjacent country. The favourite promenade at Brussels, however, is the Allee Verte, situated two miles from the town, on the road to Antwerp, which forms a drive of two miles in length, under the shade of lofty trees. It was filled, when we saw it, with numerous parties of officers of all nations, principally German and British; and we could not help observing, how much more brilliant the appearance of our own countrymen was, than that of their brethren in any other service. Indeed they are taken from a different class of society: in the continental states, men, from inferior situations, enter the army with a view to obtain a subsistence; in the British service alone, men of rank and fortune leave the enjoyment and opulence of peaceful life, to share in the toils and the hardships of war.

The Chateau of Lacken, now the royal dwelling, stands on an eminence in the vicinity of Brussels, commanding a delightful view over the environs of the city. There are few views in Flanders so magnificent as that from the summit of this palace. It is surrounded by beautiful gardens and shrubberies, laid out in the English style, and arranged with much taste.

The vicinity of Brussels is so much clothed with wood, as to resemble, when seen from the spires of the city, a continued forest. To the south-west, indeed, the whole country is covered with the vast forest of *Soignies*, clothing a range of gentle hills, which stretch as far as the field of Waterloo. The varieties of wood scenery which it exhibits, are exceedingly beautiful; and in many places, the oaks grow to an immense size, and present the most picturesque appearance. It was from this forest that Bonaparte obtained the timber for his great naval arsenal at Antwerp.

To the south of Brussels, in the direction of Liege, and in the environs of that town, the country is covered with innumerable cottages, in the neatest order, inhabited by manufacturers, who carry on, *in their own houses*, the fabrics for which that city is so celebrated. These cottagers have all their gardens and houses in property; and the appearance of prosperity, which their dwellings uniformly exhibit, as well as the neatness of their dress, and the costly nature of their fare, demonstrate the salutary influence, which this intermixture of manufacturing and agricultural occupation is fitted to have on the character and habits of the lower orders of society. It resembles, in this particular, the state of the people in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and in the beautiful scenes of the vale of Gloucester.

In the neighbourhood of Brussels, the condition of the peasantry appeared exceedingly comfortable. Their neat gardens, their substantial dwellings, their comfortable dress, indicated here, as elsewhere in Flanders, the effects of long-continued and general prosperity. Most of these houses and gardens belong in property to the peasants; others are hired from the proprietors of the ground; but when this is the case, they generally have the advantage of a long lease. The peasants complained, in the bitterest terms, of the taxes and contributions of the French, stating that the public burdens had been more than quadrupled since they were separated from the Austrian Government, of which they still spoke in terms of affection and regret. The *impot fonciere*, or land-tax, under the French, amounted to one-fifth of the rent, or 20 *per cent*. The wages of labour were from 15 sous to one franc a-day; but the labourer dined with the farmer, his employer. Most of the land was laid out in garden cultivation, and every where tilled with the utmost care. The soil appeared rich and friable; and the crops, both of agricultural and garden produce, were extremely heavy. The rent was stated as varying from 60 to 150 francs *journatier*, which appeared to be about three-fourths of an acre.

One thing struck us extremely in the condition of the people, both here and in other parts of Flanders—the sumptuous fare on which they live. It is a common thing to see artisans and mechanics sitting down to a dinner, at a table d'hôte, of ten or twelve dishes; such a dinner as would be esteemed excellent living in England. The lower orders of the people, the day labourers and peasants, seemed to live, generally speaking, in a very comfortable manner. Vegetables form a large portion of their food, and they are raised in large quantities, and great perfection, in all parts of the country.

On leaving Brussels, we took the road to Malines and Antwerp. The surface of the

ground the whole way is perfectly flat, and much intersected by canals, on whose banks much rich pasture is to be seen. For the first six miles, the road is varied by chateaus and villas, laid out in the stiff antiquated style of French gardening. The cultivation between Brussels and Malines is all conducted in the garden style, and with the most incomparable neatness; but the cottages are formed of wood and mud, and exhibited more symptoms of dilapidation, than in any other part of the country which we had seen. Whether this was the consequence of the materials of which they are built, or was the result of some local institution, we were unable to determine.

We saw a body of 3000 Prussian *landwehr* enter Brussels, shortly before we left the city. The appearance of these men was very striking. They had just terminated a march of 14 miles, under a burning sun, and were all covered with dust and sweat. Notwithstanding the military service in which they had been engaged, they still bore the appearance of their country occupations; their sun-burnt faces, their rugged features, and massy limbs, bespoke the life of laborious industry to which they had been habituated. They wore an uniform coat or frock, a military cap, and their arms and accoutrements were in the most admirable order; but in other respects, their dress was no other than what they had worn at home. The sight of these brave men told, in stronger language than words could convey, the grievous oppression to which Prussia had been subjected, and the unexampled valour with which her people had risen against the iron yoke of French dominion. They were not regular soldiers, raised for the ordinary service of the state, and arrayed in the costume of military life; they were not men of a separate profession, maintained by government for the purposes of defence; they were the *people of the country*, roused from their peaceful employments by the sense of public danger, and animated by the heroic determination to avenge the sufferings of their native land. The young were there, whose limbs were yet unequal to the weight of the arms which they had to bear; the aged were there, whose strength had been weakened by a life of labour and care; all, of whatever rank or station, marched alike in the ranks which their valour and their patriotism had formed. Their appearance suited the sacred cause in which they had been engaged, and marked the magnitude of the efforts which their country had made. They were still, in some measure, in the garb of rural life, but the determination of their step, the soldier-like regularity of their motions, and the enthusiastic expression of their countenances, indicated the unconquerable spirit by which they had been animated, and told the greatness of the sufferings which had at last awakened

"The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm."

There is no spectacle in the moral history of mankind more interesting or more sublime, than that which was exhibited by the people of the north of Germany in the last war. During the progress of the disastrous wars which succeeded the French revolution, the states of Germany experienced all the miseries of protracted warfare, and all the degradation of conquered power; but amidst the sufferings and humiliation to which they were subjected, the might of Germany was concentrating its power; the enthusiasm of her people was animating the soldier's courage, and the virtue of her inhabitants was sanctifying the soldier's cause: and when at last the hour of retribution arrived, when the sufferings of twenty years were to be revenged, and the disgrace of twenty years was to be effaced; it was by the energy of her people that these sufferings were revenged, and by the sacrifices of her people, that these victories were obtained. Crushed as they had been beneath the yoke of foreign dominion; shackled as they were by the fetters of foreign power, and unprotected as they long continued to be from the ravages of hostile revenge; the people of PRUSSIA boldly threw off the yoke, and hesitated not to encounter all the fury of imperial ambition, that they might redeem the glory which their ancestors had acquired, and defend the land which their forefathers had preserved. While Austria yet hung in doubt between the contending Powers; while the fate of the civilized world was yet pending on the shores of the Vistula, the whole body of the Prussian people flew to arms; they left their homes, their families, and all that was dear to them, without provision, and without defence: they trusted in God alone, and in the justice of their cause. This holy enthusiasm supported them in many an hour of difficulty and of danger, when they were left to its support alone; it animated them in the bloody field of Juterbock, and overthrew their enemies on the banks of the Katzback; it burned in the soldier's breast under the walls of Leipsic, and sustained the soldier's fortitude in

the plains of Vauchamp: it terminated not till it had planted the Prussian eagle victorious on the ruins of that power, which had affected to despise the efforts of the Prussian people.

The town of Malines is exceedingly neat, and ornamented by a great tower, of heavy architecture, producing a striking effect from every part of the adjoining country. The interior of the church, like that of all the other Catholic churches, is impressive to an English spectator, from the effect of its vast dimensions. The town was entirely filled by Prussian soldiers, and landwehr of the Prussian corps d'armee of Bulow, who went through their evolutions in the exactest discipline.

From Malines to Antwerp the country is under a higher system of management, than in any other district of Flanders which we had seen. It is thickly planted with trees, insomuch as, from an eminence, to have the appearance of a continued forest. The landscape scenery, seen through the openings of the wood, and generally terminating in a village spire, is exceedingly beautiful, and reminded us of the scenes in Waterloo's engravings. Great quantities of potatoes and beans are to be seen in the fields, which are kept in the highest state of cultivation. The number of villages is extremely great; but the people, though so numerous, had all the appearance of being in a prosperous and happy condition.

On approaching Antwerp, the trees and houses are all cut down, to give room for the fire of the cannon-shot from the ramparts of the fortress. We passed over this desolated space in the evening, soon after sunset, when the spires of the city had a beautiful effect on the fading colours of the western sky. High over all rose the spire of the cathedral, a most beautiful piece of the lightest Gothic, of immense height, and the most exquisite proportions. Though this building has stood for seven centuries, the carving of the pinnacles, and the finishing of the ornaments, are at this moment as perfect as the day they were formed; and when seen in shadow on an evening sky, present a spectacle which combines all that is majestic and graceful in Gothic architecture.

After passing through the numerous gates, and over the multiplied bridges which surround this fortress, we found ourselves in the interior of Antwerp; a city of great interest, in consequence of the warlike preparations of which it had been the theatre, and the importance which had been attached to it by both parties in the recent contest. It is an extensive old city, evidently formed for a much more extensive commerce than it has now for a long period enjoyed. The form of the houses is singular, grotesque and irregular, offering at every turn the most picturesque forms to a painter's eye. We were soon conducted to the famous dockyard, constructed by Bonaparte, which had been the source of so much uneasiness to this country; and could not help being surprised at the smallness of the means which he had been able to obtain for the overthrow of our naval power. The docks did not appear to us at all large; but they are very deep, and during the siege, by the English and Prussian troops, contained 20 ships of the line, besides 14 frigates. When we saw them they were lying in the Scheldt, and being all within two miles of each other, presented a very magnificent spectacle.

In the arsenal were 14 ships of the line on the stocks, of which seven were of 120 guns; but these vessels were all demolished except one, shortly after we left them, in virtue of an article in the treaty of Paris. Bonaparte had for long been exerting himself to the utmost to form a great naval depot at Antwerp; he had not only fortified the town in the strongest possible manner, but collected immense quantities of timber and other naval stores for the equipment of a powerful fleet. The ships first built, however, had been formed of wood, which was so ill seasoned, that, ever since their construction, above 200 carpenters had been employed annually to repair the beams which were going to decay.

In the citadel, which is a beautiful fortification in the finest order, we conversed with various English soldiers who had been in the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, of which they all spoke in terms of the utmost horror. Its failure they ascribed not to any error in the plan of attack, which they all agreed was most skilfully combined, but to a variety of circumstances which thwarted the attack, after its success appeared to have been certain. Our troops, they said, went round the ramparts, and carried every battery; but neglecting to spike the guns, the French came behind them, and turned the guns they had recently captured against themselves. Much also was attributed to the hesitation occasioned by the death of the principal officers, and the unfortunate effect of the discovery of some spirit cellars, from which the soldiers could not be restrained. We

were much gratified, by hearing the warm and enthusiastic manner in which even the private soldiers spoke of their gallant commander, Sir Thomas Graham; While we admired the frank, open and independent spirit which these English soldiers in garrison at Antwerp evinced, we could not help observing, that they did not converse on military matters with nearly the same intelligence, or evince the same reflection on the manœuvres of war, as those of the French imperial guard, with whom we had spoken in a former part of our journey.

Though such extensive naval preparations had been going forward for years at Antwerp, there was not the slightest appearance of bustle at activity in the streets, or on the quays of the city. These were as deserted, as if Antwerp had been reduced to a fishing village, indicating, in the strongest manner, that nothing but the habits of commerce, and the command of the seas, can nurse that body of active seamen, who form the only foundation of naval power.

There is a fine picture, by Oels, in the church of St Paul's at Antwerp; but the church itself is built in the most barbarous taste. The cathedral is a most magnificent building, both in the outside and inside; and its spire, which is 460 feet in height, is probably the finest specimen of light Gothic in the world. Its immense aisles were filled at every hour of the day, by numbers of people, who seemed to join in the service with sincere devotion, and exhibited the example of a country, in which religious feeling was generally diffused among the people—which formed a striking contrast to the utter indifference to these subjects which universally prevails in France.

It was not a mere vain threat on the part of Napoleon, that he would burn the English manufactures. We were informed at Antwerp by eye-witnesses, that they had seen £. 90,000 worth of English goods burnt at once in the great square of that city; all of which *had been bought and paid for* by the Flemish merchants. The people then spoke in terms of great sorrow, of the ruin which this barbarous policy had brought upon the people of the countries in which it was carried into effect.

In the vicinity of Antwerp, we walked over the *Counter Dyke of Couvestein*, which was the scene of such desperate conflicts between the army of the Prince of Parma, and the troops of the United Provinces, who were advancing to the relief of Antwerp. The interest arising from the remembrance of this memorable struggle, was increased by the narrowness of the ground on which the action was maintained, being a long dyke running across the low country which borders the banks of the Scheldt near Fort Lillo, and which alone of all the surrounding country, at the time of the action, was not immersed in water. Every foot, therefore, of the ground of this dyke which we trod, must have been the spot on which a desperate struggle had been maintained. In casting our eyes back to the distant spires of the city of Antwerp, we could not help entering for an instant, into the feelings of the people who were then besieged; and remembering that these spires, which now rose so beautifully on the distant horizon, were then crowded with people, who awaited with dreadful anxiety, in the issue of the action which was then pending, the future fate of themselves and their children.

To those who take an interest in the delightful study of political economy, and who have examined the condition of the people in different countries, with a view to discover the causes of their welfare or their suffering, there is no spectacle so interesting as that which the situation of the people in Flanders affords. The country is uniformly populous in the extreme; go where you will, you every where meet with the marks of a dense population; yet no where are the symptoms of general misery to be found; no where does the principle of population seem to press beyond the limits assigned for the comfortable maintenance of the human species. Flanders has exhibited, for centuries, the instance of a *numerous, dense, and happy population*. It would perhaps not be unreasonable to conclude, from this circumstance, that the doctrines now generally admitted in regard to the increase of the human species have been received with too little examination. Man possesses in himself the principles requisite for the regulation of the increase of the numbers of mankind; and where the influence of government does not interfere with their operation, they are sufficient to regulate the progress of population according to the interest and welfare of all classes of the people.

TRAVELS IN FRANCE,

DURING THE YEARS

1814-15.

COMPRISING A

RESIDENCE AT PARIS DURING THE STAY OF THE ALLIED ARMIES,

AND

AT AIX,

AT THE PERIOD OF THE LANDING OF

BONAPARTE.

———

IN TWO VOLUMES.

SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

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1816.

VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY TO AIX.

IT was thought advisable, by the gentleman who is now about to commence his journal, to avoid making many remarks on the state of the country, or the manners of the inhabitants, until he should have remained fixed for a few months in France. In no country is it so difficult as there, to obtain information regarding the most interesting points, whether commerce, manufactures, agriculture, manners, or religion; and this arises from the multitude of people of all descriptions, who are willing, and who at least appear able, to afford you information. Strange paradox. A Frenchman makes it a rule, never to refuse information on any subject when it is demanded of him; and although he may, in fact, never have directed his attention to the matter in question, and may not possess the slightest information, he will yet descant most plausibly, and

then seeking some opportunity of bidding you good day, he will fly off with the velocity of an arrow, leaving you astonished at the talent displayed: But sit down and analyse what he has said, and you will commonly find it the most thorough trifling—"*vox et prœterea nihil*." This observation, however, I mean only to apply to the information which a traveller obtains *en passant*; for there are undoubtedly to be found in France, men of eminent talents and of solid information; but these you can only pick out from the mass of common acquaintances, by dint of perseverance, and by the assistance of time. The result of the observations collected during a residence of five months at Aix, in Provence, will be given at the end of the following Journal.

JOURNAL.

As our present journey was undertaken principally for the benefit of my health, it was necessary that we should travel slowly, and take occasional rests. After our journey from Dieppe to the capital, we remained five days in Paris for this purpose. The first part of this book having conducted the reader by another route to Paris, and given a better description of that city than I am able to supply, I have not thought it necessary to insert the details of our journey thither; I shall content myself with remarking, that we had already gained considerable experience in French travelling, and were pretty well prepared to commence our journey toward the south.—On the 7th of November, therefore, we arranged matters for our departure with the *voiturier*, or carriage-hirer, who agrees to carry us (six in number), with all our baggage, which weighs nearly four cwt. to Lyons, a distance of 330 miles, for the sum of 630 francs, or, at our exchange, nearly L.30. As this bargain was made for us by Mr B——, a French gentleman, it may afford a good standard for this style of travelling.

We travel at the rate of 10 or 12 leagues a-day; and for invalids or persons wishing to see the country, this is by far the most pleasant, as well as the most economical way. There are two other methods of travelling, namely, *en poste*, which, though rapid, is very expensive; the charge being, at least a horse, often more, for each person, and very little baggage being taken; and the other is in a diligence, which, as it travels night and day, would not do for us. The carriage we now have is a large and commodious coach, very neat and clean, and we have three good strong horses. Our journey has as yet been varied by very little incident. The amusement derived from travelling in a foreign country, and becoming gradually familiarised to foreign manners,—the contrast between the style of travelling here, and that which you are accustomed to in England,—the amusing groupes of the villagers, who flock out of their houses, to see the English pass,—the grotesque and ludicrous figures of the French beggars, who, in the most unbounded variety of costume, surround the carriage the moment we stop,—and the solemn taciturnity of Monsieur Roger, our coachman, who is an extraordinary exception to the general vivacity of his nation; these are the only circumstances which serve at present to exhilarate our spirits, and to remove the tedium of French travelling.

Between Paris and Montargis, as we travelled during the day, we had a good opportunity of seeing the country. But we passed through it, to be sure, at an unfavourable season of the year. The vines were all withered, and their last leaves falling off. The elm, oak, and maple, were almost bare. There is not much fine wood in that part of the country through which we passed; and on the side of the road, there were many wild and sad looking swamps, with nothing but willow and poplars docked off for the twigs. The chief produce seems to be in grapes and wheat; the wheat here is further advanced than between Dieppe and Paris. The cows are of the same kind, the horses smaller, weaker, and yet dearer than those of Normandy; the agricultural instruments are massy and awkward; their ploughing is, however, very neat and regular, though not deep; their plough here has wheels, and seems easily managed; they harrow the land most effectually, having sometimes 10 or 12 horses in succession, each drawing a separate harrow over the same ground. The farm-horses,

though very poor to an English eye, are fortunately much better than the horses for travelling. The stacks of grain, though rarely seen, are very neatly built. We left the grand road at Fontainbleau, and took the route by Nevers to Lyons. We have found it hitherto by no means equal to the other. No stone causeway in the middle, and at this time of the year, I should fear it is always as we found it, very heavy and dirty.

Our journey hitherto has not allowed of our mixing much among or conversing with the people; but still we cannot but be struck with the dissimilarity of manners from those of our own country. The French are not now uniformly, found the same merry, careless, polite, and sociable people they were before the revolution; but we may trust that they are gradually improving; and although one can easily distinguish among the lower ranks, the fierce uncivilized ruffians, who have been raised from their original insignificance by Napoleon to work his own ends, yet the real peasantry of the country are generally polite.

At the inns, the valets and ostlers were for the most part old soldiers who had marched under Napoleon; they seemed happy, or at least always expressed themselves happy, at being allowed to return to their homes: one of them was particularly eloquent in describing the horrors of the last few months; he concluded by saying, "that had things gone on in this way for a few months longer, Napoleon must have made the women march." They affirm, however, that there is a party favourable to Bonaparte, consisting of those whose trade is war, and who have lived by his continuance on the throne; but that this party is not strong, and little to be feared: Would that this were true! When we were in Paris, there were a number of caricatures ridiculing the Bourbons; but these miserable squibs are no test of the public feeling. Napoleon certainly has done much for Paris; the marks of his magnificence are there every where to be seen; but the further we travel, the more are we convinced that he has done littler for the interior of the country.

There is about every town and village an air of desolation; most of the houses seem to have wanted repairs for a long time. The inns must strike every English traveller, as being of a kind entirely new to him. They are like great old castles half furnished. The dirty chimneys suit but ill with the marble chimney-pieces, and the gilded chairs and mirrors, plundered in the revolution; the tables from which you eat are of ill polished common wood; the linen coarse though clean. The cutlery, where they have any, is very bad; but in many of the inns, trusting, no doubt, to the well known expedition of French fingers, they put down only forks to dinner.

We left Montargis at seven in the morning, and travelled very slowly indeed. At five o'clock, after a very tedious journey, we arrived at Briare, a distance of only 27 miles from Montargis. The landlord here was the most talkative, and the most impudent fellow I ever saw. Although demanding the most unreasonable terms, he would not let us leave his house; at last he said that he would agree to our terms, namely, 18 francs for our supper and beds: It is best to call it supper in France, as this is their own phrase for a meal taken at night.

The road between Montargis and Briare, though not of hard mettle and without causeway, is yet level and in good condition. The country, except in the immediate vicinity of Briare, is flat and uninteresting; no inclosures; the soil of a gravelly nature, mixed in some parts with chalk. It seems, from the stubble of last year and the young wheat of this, to be very poor indeed. There is here an odd species of wheat cultivation, in which the grain, like our potatoes, is seen growing on the tops of high separate ridges. It struck me that the deep hollows left between each ridge, might be intended to keep the water. The instruments of agriculture are quite the same as we have seen all along. Almost all of the peasants whom we saw to-day wore cocked hats, and had splendid military tails; we supposed, at first that they had all *marched*. There are great numbers of soldiers returning to their homes, pale, broken down and wearied. Some of them very polite, many of them rough and ruffian-looking enough. About Briare, there are innumerable vineyards, and yet we had very bad grapes; but that was our landlord's fault, not that of the vines.

The rooms at this inn (Au Grand Dauphin), smoke like the devil, or rather like his abode. It is a wretched place; the inn opposite, called La Poste, is said to be better. The weather is now as cold here (10th of November), as I have ever felt it in winter at home, and it is a more piercing and searching cold.

We had last night a good deal of rain. The weather is completely broken up, and we are at least three weeks or a month later than we ought to have been.

We have arrived at Cosne to-night, (the 11th), after a journey through a country better wooded, more varied, and upon the whole, finer than we have seen yet on this side of Paris, though certainly not so beautiful as Normandy. The road is pretty good, though not paved, excepting in small deep vallies. It lies along-side of the river Loire, and on each side, there are well cultivated fields, chiefly of wheat, but interspersed with vineyards.

For the first time, this day we had a very severe frost in the morning, but with the aid of the sun, which shone bright and warm, we enjoyed one of the finest days I ever saw. I sat and chatted with the coachman, or rather with Monsieur le Voiturier. I led the conversation to the past and present state of France, and the character of Napoleon, and immediately he, who till this moment appeared to be as meek and gentle as a lamb, became the most eloquent and energetic man I have seen. It is quite wonderful, how the feelings of the people, added to their habits of extolling their own efforts, and those of Bonaparte, supply them with language. They are on this subject all orators. He declared, that Paris was sold by Marmont and others, but that we English do not understand what the Parisians mean when they say that Paris was sold. They do not mean that any one was paid for betraying his trust by receiving a bribe, but that Marmont and others having become very rich under Bonaparte, desired to spend their fortunes in peace, and had, therefore, deserted their master. He said that Bonaparte erred only in having too many things to do at once; but that if he had either relinquished the Spanish war for a while, or not gone to Moscow, no human power would have *been a match for him*, and even we in England would have felt this. He seemed to think, that it was an easy thing for Bonaparte to have equipped as good a navy as ours. He was quite insensible to the argument, that it was first necessary to have commerce, which nourishes our mariners, from among whom we have our fighting seamen. He said, that though *this was a work of years for others, it would have been nothing for Napoleon*: In short, he venerates the man, and says, that till the day when he left Paris, he was the greatest of men. He says, he knows well that there is still a strong party favourable to him among the military; yet that if they can once be set down at their own firesides, they will never wish to quit them, but that the danger will be, while they remain together in great bodies.

To-day we saw several soldiers wounded, and returning to their homes in carts; they were fierce swarthy looking fellows, but very merry, and travelled singing all the way. To-morrow we expect to be at Nevers. At Cosne, the only objects of curiosity to the traveller are the manufactories of cutlery and ship anchors. The cutlery seems as good as any we have seen, but far inferior to even our inferior English cutlery: It is also dear. Thousands of boxes, with cutlery, were, immediately on our arrival at the inn, presented to us. Their great deficiency is in steel, for their best goods are nearly as highly polished as in England. We bought here some very pretty little toys for children, made of small coloured beads. We start to-morrow at six.——Distance about 19 miles to Cosne.

This day's journey (the 12th), was the most fatiguing and the least interesting we have had. The country between Cosne and Nevers is, with the exception of one or two fine views from the heights on the road, the poorest, and, though well cultivated, has the least pretensions to beauty of any we have seen, particularly in the vicinity of Pouilly. It seems also to be nearly as poor as it is ugly. The soil is gravelly, with a mixture of chalk, and there occurs what I have not yet elsewhere seen, a great deal of fallow land, and even some common. The face of the country is considerably diversified by old wood, but we have only seen one plantation of young trees since we left Paris. The instruments of agriculture and carriage the same as before mentioned. The farm horses good. There seems a scarcity of milk, but this may be from the winter having set in. At the inn here I met with a young officer, who although only (to appearance) 17 or 18, had been in the Spanish war, at Moscow, and half over the world. He struck his forehead, when he said, [4]"Nous n'avons plus la guerre." There

were at the inn here a number of officers and soldiers of the cavalry. Their horses are not to be compared with ours, either in size or beauty, and those of their officers are not so good, by any means, as the horses of our men in the guards.—— Distance, 34 miles—to Nevers.

We went to walk in the town this morning, the 13th. The description of one French town on the Sunday will serve for all which we have seen. They are every day sufficiently filthy, but on Sunday, from the concourse of people, more than commonly so. They never have a pavement to fly to for clean walking, and for safety from the carriages. If you are near a shop, a lane, or entry when a carriage comes along, you may fly in, if not, you must trust to the civility of the coachman, who, if polite, will only splash you all over. On Sundays, their markets are held the same as on other days, and nearly all the shops had their doors open, but *their windows shut*. Thus they cheat the Devil, and, as they think, render sufficient homage to him who hath said, on that day "thou shalt do no manner of work." Yet while all this is going on, the churches are open, and those who are inclined go in, and take a minute, a quarter, half an hour, or an hour's devotion, as they think fit. We entered the nearest of these churches, and saw, what is always to be seen in them, a great deal, at least, of the outward shew of religion, and something in a few individuals of the congregation which looked like real devotion. After church, we went to the convent of St Mary, and were all admitted, both ladies and gentlemen. The nuns there are not, by any means, strictly confined; they are of that description who go abroad and attend the sick. Their pensioners (chiefly children from four to sixteen) are allowed to go and see their friends; and they were all presented to us. They are taught to read, write, work, &c. and are well fed and clothed. This convent was very neat and clean. The building formed a complete square, and the ground in the interior was very beautifully laid out as a garden. The cloisters were ornamented with pots of roses and carnations in full bloom, with the care of which the young pensioners amused themselves. They have a very pretty small chapel, over the outer door of which is written, [5]"Grand silence;" and over the inner this inscription; whose menacing promises is so ill suited to the spirit and temper of its conclusion: "Ah, que ce maison est terrible, c'est la maison de Dieu, et la porte du ciel." The holy sisters were of all ages, and many of them pretty—one, the handsomest woman I have seen in France.

The ladies are just returned from a longer walk, and report the town to be ugly, and the streets insufferably dirty. Its manufactures are china, glass, and enamelled goods; toys of glass beads, and little trifles. The shopkeepers are, as in every town we have been at, perfect Jews, devoid of any thing like principle in buying and selling. We are every day learning more and more how to overcome our scruples with regard to *beating them down*. They always expect it, and only laugh at those who do not practise it.

This day we left Nevers at six in the morning. It appears to be a large town, when viewed from the bridge over which we crossed; but it is far from being a fine town in the interior. The streets are, like all French streets, narrow, and the houses have a look of antiquity, and a want of all repair; nothing like comfort, neatness, or tidiness, in any one of them. This is a melancholy desideratum in France, a want for which nothing can compensate. The road this day conducted us through a finer district than we have observed on this side of Paris; more especially between Nevers and St Pierre, where we have travelled through a richer and more beautiful country than we have yet seen. No longer the sand, and gravel, and chalk, which we have long been accustomed to, but a dark rich soil over a bed of freestone. Here also all the land is well enclosed. I have not yet been able to find the reason of this sudden change in the manner of preserving the fields: The face of the country is also more generally wooded; but from the necessity the French are under of cutting down whatever wood they find near the towns for their fires, all the fine trees are ruined in appearance, by their branches being lopped off: The effect of this on the appearance of the country is very sad.—Still we find a want of that agreeable alternation of hill and dale, of the enclosed meadows, and wooded vallies; of the broad and beautiful rivers and the small winding streams, which, as the finest features in their native landscape, have become necessary to a

Scotch or an English eye.

The dress of the women is here different from what we have elsewhere seen: the peasants' wives wearing large gipsey straw hats, very much turned up behind and before; the men have still the immense broad-brimmed black felt affairs, more like umbrellas than Christian hats. At the inn here, I saw a number of wounded soldiers returning to their homes; one of them, I observed, had his feet outside of his shoes. On entering into conversation with him, he told me that his toes had been nearly frozen off, but *that he expected to get them healed*: poor fellow, he was not above twenty. He told me that all the *young conscripts* were delighted to return to their homes, and that only the old veterans were friends to the war.—I hope this may be true, but I doubt it. The country here shows that the winter is not so far advanced; many of the trees are still green; the roads had become heavy with the rain that has fallen; we have had two days hard frost, but to-day the weather is mild, and the air moist. We were recommended to the Hotel des Allies here, but preferred stopping at the first good-looking inn we found, as in great towns things are very dear at the houses of great resort; we have had a very good supper and tolerable lodgings for 18 francs.

To-morrow, we set out at seven.—We find our way of travelling tedious; but I think in summer it would be by far the best. Our three horses seldom take less than 10, sometimes 13 hours to their day's journey, of from 28 to 32 miles; but our carriage is large and roomy; and had we any thing like comfort at our inns, as at home, we should find the travelling very pleasant. The greatest annoyance arises from your having always to choose from the two evils, of being either shamefully imposed upon, or of having to bargain before-hand for the price of your entertainment.

It was near eight o'clock this morning, the 16th, before we got under weigh, and according to our coachman's account, we had been delayed by the horses being too much fatigued the night before. He continued to proceed so slowly, that we only reached Varrenes at four o'clock, a distance of 22 miles from Moulins, where we had last slept. Moulins is the finest town we have seen since we left Paris. The streets are there wider, and the houses, though old and black, are on a much better plan, and in better repair than any we have passed through; there is also somewhat of neatness and cleanliness about them. It is famous for its cutlery, and has a small manufacture of silk stockings; we saw some of the cutlery very neat and highly polished in some parts, but coarse and ill finished in others. The variety of shapes which the French give their knives is very amusing.

The road between Moulins and Varrenes is through a much prettier country than we have seen since we left Paris; there is more wood, with occasional variety of orchards and vineyards and corn fields. The ploughing, is here carried on by bullocks, and these are also used in the carts. All the country is enclosed, and the lands well dressed. The wheat is not nearly so far advanced here, which must arise from its being more lately sowed, for the winter is only commencing; many of the trees are still in fall leaf.

We cannot well judge of any change of climate, as we have just had a change from hard frost to thaw; but every thing has the appearance of a milder atmosphere. I enquired into the reason of the want of hedges hitherto, and their abundance here, and was told, that it arose from the greater subdivision of property as well as from the number of cows: that every man almost had his little piece of land, and his cow, pigs, hens, &c. and that they could not afford to have herds. The yoke of the bullocks here, is not, as in India, and in England, placed on the neck and shoulders, but on the forehead and horns: this, though to appearance the most irksome to the poor animals, is said here to be the way in which they work best. The sheep are very small, and of a long-legged and poor kind: the hogs are the poorest I have ever seen; they are as like the sheep as possible, though with longer legs, and resembling greyhounds in the drawn-up belly and long slender snout; they seem content with wondrous little, and keep about the road sides, picking up any thing but wholesome food.

The cottages on the road, and in the small towns, are generally very dirty, and inhabited by a very motley and promiscuous set of beings; the men, women, children, indeed pigs, fowls, &c. all huddled together. The pigs here appear so well accustomed to a cordial welcome in the houses, that when by chance excluded, you see them impatiently rapping at the door with their snouts.

We left Varrenes this morning, at six o'clock, and entered on a new country, which presented to us a greater variety of scenery. The road between Varrenes and St Martin D'Estreaux is almost all the way among the hills, which are often covered to the top with wood. After travelling for so long a time through a country which was almost uniformly flat, our sensations were delightful in again approaching something like a hilly district. The roads we found extremely bad, and although we have had rain, I do not think that their condition is to be ascribed to the weather. They want repair, and appear to have been insufficient in their metal from the first. We were obliged here to have a fourth horse, which our coachman ordered and paid for; he went with us as far as Droiturier, and then left us. We made out 28 miles of bad road, between six in the morning and four in the evening. The hilly country throughout is extremely well cultivated, and the soil apparently pretty good. France has indeed shewn a different face from what an Englishman would expect, after such a draining of men and money.

In our route to-day, the country became very interesting, the swelling hills were beautiful, and the first clear stream we have seen in France winded through a wooded valley, along whose side we travelled. Many little cottages were scattered up and down in the green intervals of the woods, or crept up the brows of the hills; and after the monotonous plains we had passed, the whole scene was truly delightful. At the inn at La Palisse, I met with a very pleasant French lady, who strongly advised me to avoid Montpellier, as the winds there are very sharp in winter; she said two friends of her's had been sent from it on account of complaints contracted there. She recommended Nice.

(*Thursday*, 17th.)—The road to-day was through ranges of hills, and, for the latter part of it, we were obliged to have a fourth horse. The road very heavy in most places, and in some wretchedly ill-paved, with stones of unequal size, and not squared. From the top of these hills the view of the several vallies through which we passed was very beautiful, though certainly not equal in beauty to Devonshire, or to some parts of Perthshire, and other of the more fertile districts in Scotland: the soil far from good, and the crops of wheat thin;—yet there is not an atom of the soil lying waste, the hills being cultivated up to the summit. The cultivation is still managed by oxen, as is the carriage of farm produce, and all kinds of cart-work. They have had a sad mortality among the cattle about St Germain L'Epinàsse; and all things appear to have been affected by this disaster, for we found the milk, butter, fowls, grain, every thing very dear indeed. In France, when a disease seizes the cattle, parties of soldiers are sent to prevent the people from selling their cattle, or sending them to other parts of the country. One of these parties (a small troop of dragoons) we met on the road.

On our route to-day, we crossed the Loire at a pretty large and busy town, called Roanne. The river here is very large, but has only a wooden bridge over it: there are some fine arches, forming the commencement of a most magnificent new stone bridge, the work of Napoleon; the work had the appearance of having been some time interrupted. Alas, that the good King cannot continue such works!

Here, for the first time, we saw coals, and in great quantity; the boats on which they are carried, are long, square flat-bottomed boxes. Although in a mountainous country, and with a poor soil, the houses of the peasants were here much better than any we have seen, though a good deal out of repair; they are high and comfortable, having many of them two flats, and all with windows. We saw a number of fields in which the people were turning up and dressing the soil with spades: This, and indeed many other things in this mountainous part of the country, reminded me of parts of the Highlands of Scotland, and the island of St Helena. But it would not be easy to conceive yourself transported to those parts of the world, when here you every now and then encounter a peasant in a cocked hat, with a red velvet coat, or with blue velvet breeches: this proclaims us near Lyons, the country of silks and velvets. The climate is very delightful at present; during a great part of to-day, I sat on the box with *Monsieur le Voiturier*, who is now become so attached to us, that I think he will go with us to our journey's end. He is a most excellent, sober and discreet man, and has given us no trouble, and ample satisfaction. To-day, we passed two very pretty clear streams. The country seats

are numerous here, but none of those that we have yet seen are fine; they are either like the very old English manor-houses, or if of a later date, are like large manufactories; a mass of regular windows, and all in ruinous condition; nothing like fine architecture have we yet met with. To-morrow we start again at six, and hope to sleep within four leagues of Lyons.—— Distance 34 miles—to St Simphorien de Lay.

THIS morning, we set off, as usual, at six, and only made out in five hours a distance of 16 miles, arriving at the small town of Tarrare, which is beautifully situated in the bosom of the hills. This difficulty in travelling is occasioned by the road being extremely precipitous. It winds, however, for several miles very beautifully through the valley, by the banks of a clear stream; and the hills which rise on each side, are in many places cultivated to the top, while others are richly wooded: towards the bases they slope into meadows, which are now as green as in the middle of summer, and where the cows are grazing by the water-side. The air is warm and pleasant, the sky unclouded, and the light of a glorious sun renders every object gay and beautiful. This valley is, I think, much more beautiful than any part of France we have yet seen. Through the passes in the hills, we have had some very fine peeps at the country to which we are travelling. Every inch of the ground on these mountains is turned to good account; as the grass, from the soil and exposure, is very scanty, the peasants make use of the same method of irrigating as at St Helena. Where there is found a spring of water, they form large reservoirs into which it is received, and from these reservoirs they lead off small channels, which overflow the field, and give an artificial moisture to the soil. The houses of the peasants are still excellent, but there appears a great want of cattle. The fields are ploughed with oxen, very small and lean; we had two of them to assist us on the way from St Simphorien to Pain Bouchain.

At Tarrare, I am sorry to say, we found a want of almost every comfort. It is a pretty large town, neater in exterior appearance than any we have seen, but very dirty within; it is famous for its muslins and calicoes.——All this day we have had nothing but constant ascending and descending; the country occasionally very fine, and always well cultivated. The ploughs here are very small and ill made; they have no wheels, and are drawn by oxen. Some of the valleys in our route to-day would be beyond any thing beautiful, if varied with a few of those fine trees, which we are accustomed to meet with every day in England and Scotland; but the manner in which the French trees are cut, clipped, and hacked, renders them very disgusting to our eyes. I have not seen one truly fine tree since we left Paris, about the environs of which there are a few. There is also a great scarcity of gentlemen's seats, of castles and other buildings, and of gardens of every kind. France, one would suppose, ought to be the country of flowers; but not one flower garden have we yet seen.——Distance about 31 miles—to the Half-way-House, between Arras and Salvagny.

(*Saturday, 18th.*)—We left the inn at the half-way village, whose name I forgot to ask, between Arras and Salvagny, at six this morning, and arrived at Lyons at half-past ten. On the subject of to-day's route very little can be said. The first part of it conducted over a long succession of very steep hills, for about four miles, after which we descended through a fine varied country to the city of Lyons.—— Distance, 16 miles to Lyons.

Lyons is certainly a fine town, although, like Paris, it has only a few fine public buildings, among a number of very old and ruinous-looking houses. It is chiefly owing to the ideas of riches and commerce with which both of these towns *are connected*, that we would call them *fine*, for they have neither fine streets nor fine ranges of houses. I need not mention, that Lyons is the place of manufacture for all kinds of silks, velvets, ribbons, fringes, &c. But here, as at many manufactories, things bought by retail are as dear, or even dearer, than at Paris. The ladies of our party had built castles in the air all the way to Lyons; but they found every thing dearer than at Paris, and almost as dear as in England.

Now that I have seen a little of the manners and dress of the people in the two largest towns in France, I may hazard a few observations on these subjects. I think it is chiefly among the lower ranks that the superior politeness of the French is

apparent. Although you still find out the ruffians and banditti who have figured on the stage under Napoleon, yet the greater, by far the greater number, are mild, cheerful, and obliging. A common Frenchman, in the street, if asked the way to a place, will generally either point it out very clearly, or say, "Allow me to accompany you, Sir." Among the higher ranks of society you will find many obliging people; but you will also discover many whose situation alone can sanction your calling them gentlemen. There appears, moreover, in France, to be a sort of blending together of the high and low ranks of society, which has a bad effect on the more polite, without at all bettering the manners of the more uncivilized. To discover who are gentlemen, and who are not, without previously knowing something of them, or at least entering into conversation, is very difficult. In England, all the middling ranks dress so well, that you are puzzled to find out the gentleman. In France, they dress so ill in the higher ranks, that you cannot distinguish them from the lower. One is often induced to think, that those must be gentlemen who wear orders and ribbons at their buttons, but, alas! almost every one in France at the present day has one of these ribbons. In the dress of the women there is still less to be found that points out the distinction of their ranks. To my eye, they are all wretchedly ill dressed, for they wear the same dark and dirty-looking calicoes which our Scotch maid-servants wear only on week days. This gives to their dress an air of meanness; but here the English ought to consider, that these cotton goods are in France highly valued, and very dear, from their scarcity. Over these dresses they wear (at present) small imitation shawls, of wool, silk, or cotton. They have very short petticoats, and shew very neat legs and ankles, but covered only with coarse cotton stockings, seldom very white; often with black worsted stockings. I have not seen one handsomely dressed woman as yet in France; the best had always an air of shabbiness about her, which no milliner's daughter at home would shew. They are said to dress much more gaily in the evening. When we mix a little more in French society, we shall be able to judge of this.

This want of elegance and richness in dress, is, I think, one of the marks of poverty in France. I have mentioned before the ruinous appearance of the villages and houses. The excessive numbers of beggars is another. The French themselves say that there is a great want of money in France; they affirm that there is no scarcity of men, and that with more money the French could have fought for many years to come. They certainly are the vainest people in the universe; they have often told me, *that could Bonaparte have continued his blockade of the Continental trade a few months more, England would have been undone*. They sometimes confess, that they would have been rather at a loss for Coffee, Sugar, and Cotton, had we continued our war with the Americans, who were their carriers. The want of the first of these articles would annoy any country, but in France they cannot live without it: in England they might.

THIS day, *Monday* the 20th, we left Lyons at one o'clock in the forenoon, travelling in most unfavourable weather, and through almost impassable streets. The situation of Lyons is beautiful; the site of the town is at the conflux of the Soane and the Rhone; a fine ridge of hills rises behind the city; the innumerable houses which are scattered up and down the heights, the fine variety of wood and cultivation, and the little villages which you discern at a distance in the vallies, give it the appearance of a romantic, yet populous and delightful neighbourhood.

We were not able to see much of the interior of the town; but in passing once or twice through the principal streets, and more particularly in leaving the town, we had a good view of the public buildings. Many of them are very fine, and the whole town has an appearance of wealth, the effect of commerce. But a better idea of the wealth is given, by the innumerable loads of goods of different kinds, which you meet with on the roads in the vicinity of this favoured city, on the Paris and Marseilles sides of the town. The roads are completely ploughed up at this season of the year, and almost impassable. The waggoners are even a more independent set of men than with us in England; they keep their waggons in the very middle of the road, and will not move for the highest nobleman in the land; this, however, is contrary to the police regulations. The land carriage here is almost entirety managed by mules. These are from 13 to 14 hands high, and surpass in figure and limb anything I could have imagined of the sons and daughters of asses. The price of these animals varies from L.10 to L.40, according to size and temper. They are found of all colours; but white, grey, and bay are the most uncommon. Our journey this day was only as far as Vienne, a pretty large village,

or it might be called a town. We entered it at night, and the rain pouring down upon us. These are two very great evils in French travelling; for either of them puts you into the hands of the innkeepers, who conceive, that at night, and in such weather, you must have lodging speedily, at any price. At the first inn we came to, we met with a reception, (which, to those accustomed to the polite and grateful expression, with which in arriving at an English inn, you are received by the attentive host or hostess), was altogether singular. The landlady declared, with the voice and action of a virago, that at this time of night, the highest guests in the land should not enter her roof upon any terms. The landlord, on the contrary, behaved with great politeness, entreated not to take offence at his wife's uncommon appearance. "C'est seulement un tête chaud, Monsieur, mais faites moi l'honeur d'y entrer." We accordingly did so; and this was the signal for the commencement of a scene in the interior of the inn, which was probably never equalled in the annals of matrimonial dissension. The landlady first gave a kind of prefatory yell, which was only a prelude of war-whoop, introductory to that which was to follow. She then began to tear her hair in handfuls; and kept alternately brandishing knives, forks, pots, logs of wood, in short, whatever her hand fell upon in the course of her fury, at her poor passive help-mate, who appeared to consider the storm with a nonchalance, which evidently could only have been produced by very long experience; while he kept saying to us all the time, [6] *"Soyez tranquille, Monsieur; ce n'est rien que cela."* At length he commenced getting ready our supper, and I entered into conversation with a very great man, the mayor of the village, who, *adorned with a splendid order at his breast*, was quietly bargaining for his supper. Nothing more completely astonishes an Englishman than this extraordinary mixture of all ranks of society, which takes place at the kitchen fire of a French inn. You will there see, not only sitting, but familiarly conversing together, officers and gentlemen, coachmen, waggoners, and all classes of people, each addressing the other as *Monsieur*. The mayor here, being, to all appearance, a most communicative fellow, was easily got on the politics of the day. I began by enumerating the blessings of peace, and by extolling the character of the present King, in all of which he seemed to join with heart and soul. He told me how Bonaparte treated the mayors of the different towns,—how he would raise them up at all hours of the night,—how he forced them to seize on grain wherever it was found. In short, he abused him in the vilest terms. I put in an observation or two in his favour, when suddenly my friend whispered me,—"Sir, to be frank with you, he was the greatest man ever lived, and the best ruler for France." I encouraged him a little, by assenting to all he said, and I found him a staunch friend of Napoleon, anxious for his return: I have no doubt, that time-serving gentlemen like these, would wish for nothing more. It appeared to me, that his highness, the mayor, was in very high spirits, either from wine, or that it was his nature—however, "In vino veritas."——Distance, nineteen miles to Vienne.

We had a miserable lodging at this vile inn, (Hotel du Parc at Vienne.) We left it with pleasure, this morning, (*Tuesday* the 21st), although the weather continued most unfavourable; yet any thing was better than remaining in such a house. The day continued to rain without intermission; and we made out with difficulty about 30 miles, to St Vallier. The country through which we passed to-day, is the most bare and barren we have seen, particularly when we approached St Vallier. The soil, a deep gravel, producing nothing but grapes, and a wretched scanty crop of wheat. The grapes, however, are here the finest for wine in France. It is here that the famous wines of Cotè Rotie and Hermitage are made. To the very summits of the hills, you see this wretched looking soil enclosed with stone dykes, and laid out in vineyards. We tasted some of the grapes here, and though out of season, we found them very fine; they were of a small black kind called Seeràn.

The woman at the inn here, was sent for from the church, to see whether she would receive us on our terms of 18 francs, which is what we now always pay; having asked 20, we settled with her, and she went back to her devotions. We have now had three days of continued rain, which renders travelling very uncomfortable, and the roads most wretched. We still rise every morning at five, and are on the road at six. The air is mild, but very damp. The honey of Narbonne, got at Lyons, is the finest in France. I forgot to mention, that at Lyons we tried the experiment of going to the *table d'hôte*. We ought not, however, to form the opinion of a good *table d'hôte* from the one of the Hotel du Parc. It was mostly composed of what are here called *Pensionaires*; people

who dine there constantly, paying a smaller sum than the common rate of three francs. The company was, therefore, rather low, and the table scantily provided; but I should think, that for gentlemen travellers, a *table d'hôte*, where a good one is held, would be the best manner of dining.——Distance 30 miles to St Vallier.

Wednesday, the 22d.—We left St Vallier at half past six in the morning, and only reached St Valence, a distance of 23 miles, by five o'clock. This delay was occasioned by the heavy fall of rain during these four last days, and by there being no bridge over the Isere, within four or five miles of Valence. The former bridge, (a most beautiful one, though only of wood), had been burnt down, by General Augereau to intercept the progress of the Austrians. The French appear to hate Augereau as much as Marmont; they say he was a traitor to Napoleon, to whom he owed every thing. The country through which we passed to-day, was as plain and uninteresting as yesterday's, though still all cultivated. Nothing but vines on the hills, and the plains almost bare—still gravelly. We found the Isere much swollen by the rain. The contrivance for carrying over the carts and carriages, is exceedingly simple and beautiful: Three very high trees are formed into a triangle, such as we raise for weighing coals. One of these is placed on each side of the river, and a rope passes over a groove at the top, and is fixed down at each side of the river; to this rope that crosses the river is attached a block and pulley, and to this pulley is fixed the rope of the boat. The stream tries by its rapidity to carry the boat down; the rope across prevents this; and it therefore slides across, with a regular though rapid motion.

It appears to me that we are getting into a poorer country in every respect; for the inns are worse, the food worse, the roads worse, &c. There seems a want of poultry as well as butcher meat. Mutton here is very poor. Our inn to-night is the best we have seen since we left Lyons; it is at the Golden Cross, outside the town of Valence, and is neatly kept and well served. The waiter here had served in the army for six years. He says, there are indeed many of the soldiers who wish for war; but that he really believes there are as many who wish for peace: I have little faith in this. We observed this morning a large party of men returning from the galleys, having passed the time of their imprisonment. They were all uniformly dressed in red flannel clothes and small woollen caps, and attended by gens-d'armes.——Distance 23 miles—to St Valence.

Thursday, the 23d.—We left St Valence well enough pleased with our lodging at the Golden Cross. It is, however, an exception to the bad set of inns we have lately been at. In the kitchen here, which I entered from curiosity, as the ladies went up stairs to the parlour, I found, as usual, a most extraordinary mixture of company. I listened, without joining at all in the conversation. The theme of discourse was a report that had been circulated, that all the young troops were to hold themselves in readiness again to take up arms. The only foundation I could find for this report was, *that a drum had been beat for some reason or other that evening.* This was a good opportunity of attending to the state of the public feeling here;—all and every one seemed delighted at the thoughts of war, provided it was with the Austrians. One man (a shopkeeper to appearance), said, that his son, a trumpeter, when he heard the drum, leapt from his seat, and, dancing about the room, exclaimed, [7]"La guerre! la guerre!" On the route this morning, we met with a small party of five or six soldiers returning to their homes; two of them had lost their right arms, and two others were lamed for life. They all agreed that they would never have wished for peace; and that even in their present miserable state they would fight. They were very fine stout fellows, about 40 years of age; but they had the looks of ruffians when narrowly examined.

In the same inn the hostler, who had only fought one year, was as anxious for a continuation of peace as the others were for war. The wife of one of these soldiers gave a most lamentable description of the horrors of the last campaign, and ended by praying for a continuation of the peace.

At a little village near Montelimart (our lodging place to-night), we were accosted in very bad English by a good-looking young Frenchman, who, from our appearance, knew us to be English. He told us that he had been four years a prisoner at Plymouth;

he complained of bad treatment, and abused both the English and England very liberally, saying that France was a much finer country. Poor fellow! in a prison-ship at Plymouth he had formed his opinion of England. He gave us some good hints about the price of provisions in this part of the country. Wine (the vin ordinaire) is here at six sous, or three-pence the bottle. I had been very much astonished (on ordering some wine for the soldiers in the morning), to find that I had only ten sous to pay for each bottle.

The country through which we passed to-day is rather more interesting, with a considerable variety of hill and dale, wood and water, but the soil is still a miserable gravel. Both to-day and yesterday we observed that the fields on each side of the road were planted with clumsy cropt trees, somewhat like fruit-trees. We could not make out what these were until to-day, when we learnt that they were mulberry trees, and that this was a silk country. The trees are of the size of our orchard trees; their branches, under the thickness of an inch, are all lopped off, and from the wounds thus made, spring up the tender young branches which produce the leaves. The trees have a most unnatural appearance from this cause. Under these the fields here are ploughed for a most wretched crop of wheat. The ploughs miserably constructed, but with wheels.

This part of the country abounds with mule, which are used in carriages, carts, waggons, ploughs, &c. These animals are of a remarkable size here. The roads, ever since we left Lyons, excepting where we met with a hundred or two hundred yards of pavement, have been uniformly bad. To-day, however, we made out about 33 miles between six and five o'clock. This town of Montelimart is celebrated for one manufacture only, viz. a sort of cake made of almonds and white sugar, called Nagaux. This article is sent from this place all over France!—---- Distance 33 miles—to Montelimart.

OUR journey to-day (*Friday* the 24th) though rather more rapid, was not by any means comfortable. The country hereabout has a great want of milk and butter;—not a cow to be seen. The soil is still to appearance wretchedly poor, yet it gives a rich produce, in grapes, figs, olives, and mulberry leaves, for the silk worms. The wine (vin ordinaire) sells here at six sous the bottle; it is poor in quality, yet by no means unpalatable. The roads continue as bad as ever, rather worse indeed, for the thin creamy mud has become thick doughy clay.

We did not arrive at Orange till half past five, but were fortunate in finding a civil reception at the Palais Royal, the first inn on entering the town. We met with no adventures to-day of any kind. The language of the people has now become completely unintelligible; it is a Patois of the most horrible nature. Many of the better sort of people among the peasants, are able to speak French with you, but where they have only their own dialect, you are completely at a loss. I had conceived, that there would be no more difference between French and Patois, than between the better and the lower dialects of Scotch and English; but the very words are here changed: A carter asked the landlord with whom we were conversing, for a [8]"Peetso morcel du bosse,"—*"petit morceau du bois."* The landlord, a respectable-looking man, gave us a good deal of news regarding the state of the country. He says, that the people in the south are all anxious for peace, and that those in France, who wish for war, are those who have nothing else to live on; that nobody with a house over his back, and a little money, desires to have war again.

The people here seem to amuse themselves with a perpetual variety of reports. The story to-day is, that Alexander has declared his intention of sending 60,000 men to Poland, to take possession of that country for himself; and that Talleyrand would not hear of such a thing. The villages that we passed to-day have a greater appearance of desolation than any we have yet seen. Scarce a house which does not seem to be tumbling to pieces, and those which we were unlucky enough to enter, were as dirty and uncomfortable inside as they appeared without. On entering the town, or rather at a little distance from the town of Orange, we saw a beautiful triumphal arch, said to have been raised to commemorate the victories of Marius over the Cimbri. The evening was too gloomy for us to observe in what state of preservation the sculpture is now, but the architecture is very grand. To-morrow we breakfast at Avignon. But alas, the weather will not permit of our visiting Vaucluse.——Distance 39 miles—to Orange.

Saturday, the 25th.—We left Orange at half past six. Our road to-day lay through the same species of country, to which we have been condemned for four days, producing vines, olives, and mulberries; the soil is to all appearance a most wretched one for corn—gravel and stones. The roads have, ever since our leaving Lyons, been very bad. After breakfast at Avignon, we proceeded to see the ruins of the church of Notre Dame. There are now remaining but very few vestiges of a church; the ground formerly enclosed by the church, is now formed into a fruit garden, and a country house has been built on the ruins. The owner of this house wishes to let it, and hearing that a friend of ours was in need of a house, he offered it to him for two hundred a-year. The house was such as one could procure near London for about L.80, and such as we ought to have in France for L.20. But the French do really think, that the English will give any sum they ask, and that every individual is a kind of animated bag of money.

The owner of the house was, to appearance, a broken-down gentleman; he had been ordered to Marseilles by his physician for an affection of the lungs; yet he strongly recommended the climate of Avignon. For my own part, I think the situation is too low and windy to be healthy. The town is one of the cleanest we have seen, and there are some excellent houses in it; of the rent we could not well judge from the account of this gentleman. We went through his garden, and were by him shewn the spot under which the tomb of Laura is now situated. A small cypress tree had been planted by the owner of the garden to mark the spot. He had heard the story of Laura, and recollected many particulars of it; but still he had not been at the pains to have the spot cleared, and the tomb exposed to view. To any one who was acquainted with the story of Petrarch, or who had perused his impassioned effusions, the dilapidation of this church, and the barbarous concealment of Laura's tomb, were most mortifying circumstances. But, neither the memory of Laura, nor of the brave Crillon, whose tomb is also here, had any effect in averting the progress of the revolutionary barbarians. The tomb of Crillon is now only to be distinguished by the vestiges of some warlike embellishments in the wall opposite which it was situated. There is a large space now empty in the midst of these ornaments, from which a large marble slab had lately been taken out. On this slab, the owner of the garden said, an inscription, commemorating the virtues of Crillon, had been engraved. A small stone, with his arms very beautifully engraved, was shewn us in the garden. I could not leave the garden without stealing a branch from the cypress which shaded Laura's tomb.

Through this garden runs the rivulet of Vaucluse. Its course is through the town of Avignon; where we remained for three hours, and then continued our journey; but the day was far advanced, and by the evening we only arrived at a wretched, little inn called Bonpas. We were here told that we could have no lodging. Luckily for us the moon was up, and very clear; we therefore pushed on for Orgon, which, although said in the post-book to be two posts and a half from Bonpas, we reached in about an hour and a half. On our arrival we were fortunate enough to find lodging; and had scarcely seated ourselves in our parlour, when the people told us, that last night the mail had been robbed, and both the postillion and conducteur killed on the spot,——Distance 42 miles—to Orgon.

Sunday, the 26th,—We left Orgon, as usual, at six o'clock, and travelled before breakfast to Font Royal, a distance of 11 miles. Here the unfortunate *conducteur* of the mail was lying desperately wounded; the surgeon, however, expected him to live. The postmaster here was not well satisfied with the conduct of the soldiers or gens-d'armes who attended the mail. The robbers were only four in number, and the attendants, viz. the postillion, conducteur and gens-d'armes, he thought, ought to have been a match for them. The robbers were frightened off while searching for the money, and fled without taking any thing of consequence.

It is a very bad arrangement which they have in France, of sending large sums of money in gold and silver by the mail; for it holds out a much stronger inducement than would otherwise be given to the robbers. The mail, in France, is a very heavy coach, and has only three horses. The roads to-day were worse than any we have yet passed; and the country, for the first part of our journey, is as dull and insipid as it is possible

to conceive. The soil most wretched, but still producing great riches in olives, grapes, figs, and mulberries. The grapes are delightful, even now when almost out of season, and the wine made from them is very fine. Within a mile or two of Aix, (from the top of a steep descent over a very barren, and bleak hill), you are delighted with the most complete change in the scene: In a moment, an extensive valley, highly cultivated, opens on the view. It is divided into a beautiful variety of vineyards, wheat fields, gardens, plantations of olives and figs, and is enclosed by hedge-rows of almond and mulberry trees. Round the valley rise a succession of romantic hills, covered with woods, and forming a fine conclusion to the view. It was altogether an enchanting picture. If this is the case in winter, what must it be in summer? The town of Aix, situated in this valley, is, as far as we have seen, the cleanest, neatest, and most comfortable-looking town in France—we are as yet all delighted with it; but when we shall have seen it for a day or two, I shall be better able to give an account of it.—— Distance 33 miles—to Aix.

CHAPTER II.

RESIDENCE AT AIX, AND JOURNEY TO BOURDEAUX.

Monday, the 27th.—Having been employed the whole day in searching for furnished lodgings, I had no time to ride about and see the town. I shall describe it afterwards.—I saw, however, a little of the manners of some ranks of French society.

After this, I went into the best coffeehouse in the town here, and sat down to read the newspapers. I found in it people of all descriptions—several of a most unprepossessing appearance, and others really like gentlemen. One of the best dressed of these last, decorated with the white cockade and other insignia, and having several rings of precious stones on his fingers, a watch, with a beautiful assortment of seals and other trinkets, was playing at Polish drafts, with an officer, also apparently a gentleman. I entered into conversation with him; and was surprised at his almost immediately offering me his watch, trinkets, and rings for sale. Still I thought this might arise from French manners: I had not a doubt he was a gentleman.—How great was my surprise, when a gentleman from the other side of the room called him by name, and bid him bring a cup of coffee and a glass of liqueur—My friend was one of the waiters of the coffeehouse. Such is the mixture of French society—such is the effect of citizenship.

Our landlord, Mr A——, keeps a retail shop for toys, perfumery, cutlery, and all manner of articles. I did not think that we had given him any encouragement on our first arrival; but he is now become a pest to us: he honours us with his company at all hours, and comes and seats himself with our other acquaintances, of whatever rank they may be. I have been forced at last to be rude to him, in never asking him to sit down when any one is with us. *The physician shakes him by the hand—so does the banker*. When I had purchased my horse, our banker spoke to a little mean-looking body, a paper-maker, to buy some corn and hay for it. I was astonished when the banker ended his speech by an affectionate[9] "*Adieu, a revoir a souper*." I am told, however, that this mixture of ranks, and this condescension on the part of superiors, is only practised at times, and to serve a purpose; and that, although the nobleman will sit down in the kitchen of an inn, and converse familiarly with the servants there, and though he will sit down in a shop, and prattle with the Bourgeoise, yet he keeps his place most proudly in society, inviting and receiving only his equals and superiors. The familiarity of all ranks with their own servants is most disgusting; but, from their poverty, the higher classes must condescend.

Yesterday evening, I had an interesting conversation with Mr L. B. an intelligent and well informed man, of good family, eminent in his profession, and high in the opinion of all the society here; he is a devoted royalist. Among other interesting anecdotes

which he related, I can only recollect these:

Bonaparte had got into some scrape at Toulon, where he was well known as a bad and troublesome character; he was arrested, and put under a guard commanded by a near relation of Mr L. B. Barras, then at the height of his power in Paris, not knowing what to do with some of his royalist enemies, sent for Bonaparte, and proposed to him to collect a body of troops, and to fire on the royalists. Jourdan, and many other officers were applied to, but refused so base an employment. Bonaparte willingly accepted it—acquitted himself to Barras's satisfaction, and Barras then offered him the command in Italy, provided he would marry his cast-off mistress, Madame Beauharnois. To this Bonaparte consented. Bonaparte's mother had been, about this time, turned out of the Marseilles Theatre, on account of her bad character; for it was well known, that she subsisted herself and one of her daughters on the beauty of her other daughter. Shortly after Bonaparte's appointment to the Italian army, the same magistrate (the Mayor of Marseilles), who had formerly turned out Madame Bonaparte, perceived her again seated in one of the front boxes; he went up to her, and turned her out. She immediately wrote to her son, and the poor mayor was dismissed. This anecdote is, I find, mentioned by Goldsmith, who refers, in proof of its truth, to the newspapers of the time, in which the conduct, and sentence of the mayor are fully discussed.

Bonaparte, extremely dissipated himself, would yet often correct any propensities of that kind in his relations. Pauline, the Princess Borghese, had formed an attachment for a very handsome young Florentine; he was one night suddenly surprised by Bonaparte's emissaries, put into a carriage, and removed to a great distance, with orders not to return.

One of Bonaparte's relations had formed an attachment to Junot, who was one of the handsomest men in France; Junot was immediately after sent to Portugal, and upon his defeats there, he was disgraced publicly by Bonaparte, and killed himself, it was believed, in a fit of despair.

The Princess Borghese, though vain, fond of dress, of extravagance, and of pleasure of every sort, whether honest or otherwise, has yet a good heart. A cousin of Mr L. B.'s was ordered to join the Garde d'Honneur: One of the last and most cruel acts of Bonaparte, was the constitution of this corps, which was meant to receive the young men of noble or rich families. The mother and relations of this young man were inconsolable, and the sum of money which would have been required as a ransom, was more than they could give; for Bonaparte, well knowing that the better families would rather pay than allow of their sons serving in his guard, had made the price of ransom immense. In their distress, they applied to Mr L. B., who had been at one time of service to the Princess Borghese in his legal capacity, and he paid a visit to the Princess. She received him most kindly, but told him that Bonaparte strictly forbade her interfering in military matters; that she would willingly apply for the situation of a prefect for Mr L. B. but could be of no service to his relation. She was, however, at last prevailed on; she wrote most warmly to her friends, and in three or four days the young man was sent back to his happy family.

The French here date Bonaparte's downfall from the time when he first determined on attacking the power of the Pope. They say that this attack and the Spanish War, were both contrary to the advice of Talleyrand. In a conversation which took place between the Emperor Alexander and Napoleon, Alexander represented his own power as superior to Napoleon's, because he had no Pope to, controul him; and Bonaparte then replied, that "he would shew him and the world that the Pope was nobody."

Our conversation turned on the difference between the penal codes of France and England. The French code, as revised, and, in many parts, formed by Napoleon, is much more mild than ours. There are not more than twelve crimes for which the punishment is death. In England, according to Blackstone, there are 160 crimes punished by death; on these subjects, I shall afterwards write more fully when I have received more information. Mr L. B. related a curious anecdote, from which the abolition of torture is said to have been determined.

A judge, who had long represented the folly of this method of trial, without any success, had recourse to the following stratagem:—He went into the stable at night, and having taken away two of his own horses, he had them removed to distance. In the morning his coachman came trembling to inform him of the theft. He immediately had him confined. He was put to the torture, and, unable to bear the agony, he said that he

had stolen the horses. The judge immediately wrote to the King, and informed him, that he himself had removed the horses. The man was pardoned, and the judge settled a large pension on him. The subject of the torture was considered, and the result was its abolition.

I found that the opinions as to some parts of their criminal jurisprudence in France, were the same as are entertained on the same subject in England. Mr L. B., who has had occasion professionally to attend many criminal trials, is of opinion, that in this country, terrible punishments ought to be avoided, or at least performed in private. It is generally thought, that the horror of these punishments deters the robber and murderer, and has a good effect on the multitude; but I am afraid, said Mr L. B., that the multitude compassionate the sufferer, and think the laws unjust: and experience shews, that punishments, however horrid, do not deter the *hardened* criminal. My father, said he, filled the situation of judge in his native city. A very young man, son of his baker, was convicted before the court, and condemned to die, for robbery with murder. After sentence, my father visited him, and asked him how he had been led to commit such a crime? Since I was a child, said the boy, I have always been a thief. When at school, I stole from my school-fellows,—when brought home, I stole from my father and mother. I have long wished to rob on the high-way; the fear of death did not prevent me. The worst kind of death is the rack, but by going to see every execution, I have learnt to laugh even at the rack. When young, it alarmed me, but habit has done away its terrors.

Mr L. B. is certainly a man of gentlemanly manners, and of much general information. He is received at Aix in the first society of the old nobility; and was, I afterwards found, reckoned a model of good breeding, and yet, (which, in the present condition of French manners, is by no means uncommon), I have frequently witnessed him, in general company, introducing topics, and employing expressions, which, in our country, would not have been tolerated for a moment, but must have been considered an outrage to the established forms of good breeding.

The day after our conversation with Mr L. B. we received a visit from the daughter of a Scotch friend, who is married to one of the first counsellors here. We returned home with her to hear some music. We were received in a very neat and very handsomely furnished house. The mother and daughter appeared to us polite and elegant women. But I was astonished to observe, seated on a sofa near them, a young man, whose costume, contrasted with the ease and confidence of his manners, gave me no small surprise. He wore an old torn great coat, a Belcher handkerchief about his neck, a pair of, worn-out military trowsers, stockings which had once been white, and shoes down in the heel. What my astonishment to find this shabby looking object was a brother of the counsellor's, and a correct model of the morning costume of the French noblemen!

From Mr L. B. I learnt, that the worst land in Provence, when well cultivated, produces only three for one. The common produce of tolerably good ground, is from five to seven for one. The greatest produce known in Provence is ten for one. But for this, the best soils are weeded, and plenty of manure used. Our banker's account of the soil here is more favourable; but I am doubtful whether he is a farmer. Mr L. B. has a farm, and superintends it himself.

I had the good fortune to attend a trial, which had excited much interest here. In the conscription which immediately preceded the downfall of Bonaparte, it appears, that the most horrid acts of violence and tyranny had been committed. People of all ranks, and of all ages, had been forced at the point of the bayonet to join the army. Near Marseilles, the *gens-d'armes*, in one of the villages, after exercising all kinds of cruelty, had collected together a number of the peasantry, and were leading them to be butchered. The peasants, in Provence, are naturally bold and free. The party contrived to escape, and all but one man hid themselves in the woods. This poor fellow was conducted alone; his hands in irons. His comrades lay in wait for the party who were carrying him away, and in the attempt to deliver him, three of the gens-d'armes were killed. The unfortunate conscript was only released to die of his wounds. Three of his comrades were seized, and indicted to stand trial for the murder of the gens-d'armes.

I judged this a most favourable opportunity of ascertaining the public feeling, and attended the trial accordingly. The court was a special one, for this is one of the subjects which Bonaparte did not trust to a jury. It was composed of five civil and three military members. The forms of proceeding were the same as I have fully noticed in a subsequent chapter,—the same minute interrogations were made to the unhappy

prisoners—the same contest took place between these and the Judges. One was acquitted, and the other two found guilty of "*meurtre volontaire, mais sans premeditation*."—Voluntary, but unpremeditated murder. These two were condemned to labour for life, but a respite was granted, and an appeal made to the King in their behalf. I was not disappointed in the ebullitions of public feeling which many of the incidents of the trial called forth. Mr L. B. and another young advocate pleaded very well. They both touched, though rather slightly, on the state of the country; but it was left to Mr Ayeau, the most celebrated pleader in criminal trials, and a zealous royalist, to develope the real condition of France, at the time of this last conscription. His speech was short, but I think it was the most energetic, and the most eloquent I ever heard. He began in an extraordinary manner, which at once shewed the scope of his argument, and secured him the attention of every one present—"Gentlemen, if that pest of society, from whom it has pleased God to release us, was a usurper and a tyrant, it was lawful to resist him. If Louis the XVIII. was our legitimate prince, it was lawful to fight for him." He then shewed, in a most ingenious argument, that the prisoners at the bar had done no more than this. Some parts of his speech were exceedingly beautiful. He ended by saying, that "he dared the Judges to condemn to death those who would have died for "*Louis le desiré*."—It is generally thought here, that they will all be pardoned.

The situation of the town of Aix, and the scenery in the valley, is truly beautiful. It is now the middle of December, yet the air is even warmer, I think, than with us in summer. We sit with open windows, and when we walk, the heat of the sun is even oppressive. The flowers in the little gardens in the valley are in full bloom; and the other day we found the blue scented violet, and observed the strawberries in blossom. The fields are quite green, and the woods still retain their variegated foliage. When the mistral (a species of north-west wind, peculiar to this climate), blows, it is certainly cold; but since our arrival, we have only twice experienced this chilling interruption to the general beauty and serenity of our weather. The scenery in the interior of the hills which surround the valley, is very romantic; and the little grassy paths which lead through them, are so dry, that our party have had several delightful expeditions into the hills. Many of our French friends, although probably themselves no admirers of the country, profess themselves so fond of English society, that they insist upon accompanying us; and it is curious to witness the artificial French manners, and the noisy volubility of French, tongues introduced into those retired and beautiful scenes, which, in our own country, we associate with the simplicity and innocence of rural life.

Amidst these peaceful and amusing occupations, the easy tenor of our lives gliding on from day to day, interrupted by no variety of event, except the entertaining differences occasioned by foreign manners and a foreign country; we were surprised one morning by the entrance of our landlord, who came into our parlour with a face full of anxiety, and informed us, that Napoleon had landed at Cannes from Elba, and had already, with five hundred men, succeeded in reaching Grace. Mr L. B. soon came in and confirmed the report. Although certainly considerably alarmed at this event, especially as the greater portion of our party was composed of ladies, I could not help feeling, that we were fortunate in having an opportunity thus offered of ascertaining the state of public opinion, and the true nature of the political sentiments of that part of the country in which we are at present residing; for we are here at Aix, within twenty-five miles of the small town where Napoleon has landed.

I shall first detail the circumstances under which this singular event took place; afterwards attempt to give some idea of the effects produced by it on the multitude. On the 1st of March 1815, Napoleon landed near Cannes, in the gulf of Juan. His first step was, to dispatch his Aide-de-Camp, Casabianca, with another officer and 25 men, to ask admittance into the Fort of Antibes; admitted into the Fort, they demanded its surrender to Bonaparte. The Governor paraded his garrison, and having made them swear allegiance to their Sovereign, he secured the rebels. Casabianca leaped from the wall and broke his back. In the meantime, Napoleon, finding his first scheme fail, marched straight to Grace, with between 700 and 800 men. He there encamped with his small force on the plain before the town, and summoned the mayor to furnish rations for his men; to which the mayor replied; that he acknowledged no orders from any authority except Louis XVIII. This conduct was the more worthy of praise, as the poor mayor had not a soldier to support him. The Emperor then attempted to have printed a proclamation in writing, signed by him, and counter-signed by General Bertrand, in which, among other rhodomontades, he tells the good people of France,

that he comes at the call of the French nation, who, he knew, could not suffer themselves to be ruled by the Prince Regent of England, in the person of Louis XVIII.—The printer refused to print it. Napoleon proceeded from Grace to Digne, from Digne to Sisteron, and from Sisteron to Gap, where he slept on the 6th of March. In all the villages, he endeavoured, apparently without success, to inflame the minds of the people, and strengthen, by recruits, his small body of troops. He has, as yet, got no one to join him; but, on the other hand, he has met with no resistance. This day, the 8th, he must meet with three thousand men, commanded by General Marchand. It is thought, that if these prove true to their allegiance, he will make good his way to Lyons; but if, on the contrary, they oppose him, he is ruined. The commotion excited in Aix, by this news, is not to be conceived. The hatred and detestation in which Bonaparte is held here, becomes, I think, more apparent as the danger is more imminent. With a very few exceptions, all ranks of people express these sentiments. The national guard were immediately under arms, and entreated their commanding officer and the civil authorities, to permit them to go in pursuit of the ex-Emperor. Unfortunately the chiefs were not well agreed on the measures which ought to be adopted. From the excessive *sang froid* with which Massena conducted himself, I should not be surprised if there were some truth in the report which was current here, that he had intelligence of the whole scheme, and kept back, in order that he might join Bonaparte. The first and second day, nothing was done; on the 3d, the 83d regiment was dispatched in pursuit from Marseilles. I accompanied them for four miles, during which, they had made two short halts. I had an opportunity of talking with a number of the men: they were certainly liberal in their abuse of the ex-Emperor; but several of them remarked, that it *was a hard thing to make them fight against each other*. The French here are all of opinion, that the troops of the line are not to be trusted. Like all other soldiers, they long for war, and as they would be more likely to have war Under Napoleon, than under Louis XVIII. I have little doubt they would join him. On the first news, the whole society of Aix were in the deepest affliction—the men agitated and disturbed—the women and children weeping. Each hour these feelings changed, for every hour there was some new report. The French believe every thing, and though each report belied the other, I saw no difference in the credit attached to them. There is no newspaper published in Aix, and the prefect, who is a person much suspected, has taken no steps to give the public correct information, but allows them to grope, in the dark; they have invented accordingly the most ridiculous stories, converting hundreds into thousands, and a few fishing boats and other small craft, into first a squadron of Neapolitans, and then a fleet of English ships. This report of the English ships is, I am sorry to say, still current, and the English are looked on with an evil eye by the lower orders. Even among our more liberal friends, there were some who asked me, what interest the English could have in letting him escape? After some cool reasoning, however, they acknowledged the folly of this story. The King is universally blamed for employing, in the most responsible situations, the Generals attached to Napoleon. The populace declare, that Soult, the Minister of War, is at the bottom of this attempt. Now, that one can reason on the matter, and that the impression of the magnanimity which dictated the conduct of the allied Powers to Napoleon, is somewhat diminished, it must be allowed, that there is some sense in the remark, that it was folly to dismiss him to Elba, with all the appointment, "pomp, and circumstance" of a little Sovereign, instead of confining him in a prison, or leaving him no head to plan mischief. The people affirm here, that this was done purposely by the English, to keep France in continual trouble.

15th.—All possibility of continuing this little Journal is precluded by the alarming progress of Napoleon, and the consequent necessity of taking immediate steps for our departure from this country. The ex-Emperor is every day making rapid strides to the capital; and we have to-day intelligence that it is believed the troops in Lyons are disaffected. I have now given up all hope, for I see plainly that every thing is arranged—not a blow has been struck. The soldiers have every where joined him, and there cannot be a doubt that he will reign in France. He may not, indeed, reign long; for it is to be hoped that the English will not shut their eyes, or be deceived by the fabricated reports of the journals—It is to be hoped that the allied Powers are better acquainted with the character of Napoleon than the too-good Louis XVIII. In the mean time, it is high time for us to be off; and I think we shall take the route of Bourdeaux. This unfortunate town (Aix), is now a melancholy spectacle; for all the thinking part believe that the cause of the Bourbons is lost. Our poor landlord, a violent royalist, has just been with us. He affirms that he could have predicted all this; for when he sold the white cockades to the military, they often said, [10]"Eh bien; c'est bon pour le moment,

mais cela ne durera pas long temps."—Poor man, he is in perfect agony, and his wife weeps all day long. If all the people of France thought as well as those at Aix, Napoleon would have little chance of success; but alas, I am much afraid he will find more friends than enemies.

The whole town is still in the greatest confusion. The national guard, amongst whom were many of our friends, were not allowed to march till the seventh day after the landing of Napoleon. By day-break, we were awoke by the music of the military bands, and saw, from the windows, the different companies, headed by their officers, many of whose faces were familiar to us, march out, seemingly in great spirits. It was a melancholy sight to us. There was something in our own situation; placed in a country already involved in civil commotion, finding our poor French friends, whose life seemed before this to be nothing but one continued scene of amusement, now weeping for the loss of their sons and husbands and brothers, who had marched to intercept Napoleon, and involved in uncomfortable uncertainty as to our future plans, which for some time made every thing appear gloomy and distressing. The interval between the 8th and the 12th has been occupied by a constant succession of favourable and unfavourable reports; gloomy conjectures and fearful forebodings, have, however, with most people here, formed the prevailing tone of public opinion. The report which was, a few days ago, circulated here, that the escape of the ex-Emperor was a premeditated plan, invented and executed by the English, gains ground every day. It is completely credited by the lower classes here; and such is the enmity against the English, that we are now obliged to give up our country walks, rather than encounter the menacing looks and insulting speeches of the lower orders. To-day is the 8th, and we are in a state of the most extreme anxiety, waiting for the arrival of a courier. In this unfortunate country, owing to the imperfection of the system of posts, public news travel very slowly; and in proportion to the scarcity of accurate information, is the perplexing variety of unfounded reports. The prefect of Aix has just been here to tell us that as yet there appears to be nothing decided; but that upon the whole, things look favourably for the Bourbons. Bonaparte, he informs us, slept at Gape on Sunday, and dispatched from that town three couriers with different proclamations. Not a man joined him, and it is said he left Gape enraged by the coolness of his reception. In the course of the day, another mail from Gape has arrived, but still brings no intelligence, which looks as if this unfortunate business would be speedily decided. Monsieur has arrived at Lyons, and intends, we hear, to proceed to Grenoble. Last night it was quite impossible for us to sleep. The crowds in the streets, and the confusion of the mob who parade all night, expecting the arrival of a new courier, creates a continual uproar. During the night, we heard our poor landlady weeping; and we found out next morning that her husband had been called off in the night to join the national guard, which had marched in pursuit of the ex-Emperor.

Friday, the 10th.—Still no decisive intelligence has arrived. Every thing, it is said, looks well, but there is a mystery and stillness about the town to-day which alarms us.

Saturday, the 11th.—We have this day received from Mr L. B., who marched with the national guard, a very interesting letter from Sisteron. The crisis, which will determine the result of this last daring adventure of the ex-Emperor, seems to be fast approaching. Our friend tells us all as yet looks well. Bonaparte is surrounded and hemmed in to the space of two leagues by troops marching from all sides. These, however, how strong soever they may be, appear to maintain a suspicious kind of inaction, and he continues his progress towards Grenoble. Every thing depends on the conduct of the troops there, under General Marchand. Their force is such, that if they continue firm, his project is ruined. On the contrary, if their allegiance to the Bourbons is but pretended, and if their attachment to their old commander should revive, it is to be dreaded that this impulse will have an irresistible effect upon the troops; and if Marchand's division joins him, all is irretrievably lost: He will be at the head of a force sufficient to enable him to dictate terms to Lyons, and the pernicious example of so great a body of troops will poison the allegiance of the rest of the army.

Sunday, the 12th.—Our fears have been prophetic. We have heard again from Mr L. B. This letter is most melancholy; Marchand's corps have joined the ex-Emperor, and he is on his march to Lyons, the second town in the kingdom, with a force every day increasing. It is absolutely necessary now to form some decided plan for leaving this devoted country. Whether it will be better to embark from Marseilles or to travel across the country to Bourdeaux, is the question upon which we have not yet sufficient information to decide. We expect to hear to-morrow of an engagement between the troops commanded by the Prince D'Artois at Lyons, and the force which has joined

Napoleon. Every moment which we now remain in this kingdom is time foolishly thrown away. Bonaparte may have friends in the sea-port towns; the organization of this last scheme may be, and indeed every hour proves, that it has been deeper than we at first imagined, and the possibility of escape may in a moment be entirely precluded.

Monday, the 13th.—This has been a day of much agitation; a courier has arrived, and the intelligence he brings is as bad as possible. Every thing is lost. The Count d'Artois harangued his troops, and the answer they made, was a universal shout of *Vive l'Empereur*. The Prince has been obliged to return to Paris; Bonaparte has entered Lyons without the slightest opposition, and is now on his march to the capital. We have just been informed, that the Duc d'Angouleme is expected here this evening or to-morrow. The guarde nationale has been paraded upon the *Cours*, and a proclamation, exhorting them to continue faithful to the King, read aloud to the soldiers. We hear them rapturously shouting Vive le Roi; and they are now marching through the streets to the national air of Henrie Quatre. Every house has displayed the white flag from its windows.

Thursday, the 16th.—We have determined now to run the risk of travelling across the country to Bourdeaux, trusting to embark from that town for England. I have visited Marseilles, and find that there are no vessels in that port; and in the present uncertain state of Italy, it would be hazardous attempting to reach Nice. Bonaparte, we hear, is near Paris, and is expected to enter that capital without opposition; but we now receive no intelligence whose accuracy can be relied on, as the couriers have been stopt, and all regular intercourse discontinued. The preparations, for the arrival of the Duc d'Angouleme, continued till this morning; and in the evening we witnessed his entry into Aix: It was an affecting sight. At the gate of the town, he got out of his carriage, mounted on horseback, and rode twice along the Cours, followed by his suite. The common people, who were assembled on each side of the street, shouted Vive le Roi, Vivent les Bourbons, apparently with enthusiasm. The attention of the Duke seemed to be chiefly directed to the regiments of the line, which were drawn up on the Cours. As he rode along, he leant down and seemed to speak familiarly to the common soldiers; but the troops remained sullen and silent. No cries of loyalty were heard amongst them—not a single murmur of applause. They did not even salute the Duke as he past, but continued perfectly still and silent. In the midst of this, we could hear the sobs of the women in the crowd, and of the ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs from the windows. As he came near the balcony where we and our English friends were assembled, we strained our voices with repeated cries of Vive le Roi. He heard us, looked up, and bowed; and afterwards, with that grateful politeness, the characteristic of the older school of French manners, he sent one of his attendants to say, that he had distinguished the English, and felt flattered by the interest they took in his affairs. Although it was positively asserted by our French friends here, that Marseilles was in the greatest confusion; and that on account of the prevalence of the report of the English having favoured the escape of Bonaparte, all our countrymen were liable to be insulted; I yet found the town perfectly tranquil. Massena, I heard, had sent for some troops from Toulon; and the 3000 national guards employ themselves night and day, in shouting *Vive le Roi*. We shall leave Aix to-morrow morning, taking the route to Bourdeaux.

Friday, the 17th of April.—Our leaving Aix this morning was really melancholy. French friends, hearing of our approaching departure, flocked in to bid us farewell. They were in miserably low spirits, deploring the state of their unhappy country, weeping over the fate of their sons and husbands, who had marched with the national guard in pursuit of the ex-Emperor; and full of fears as to the calamities this might bring upon them. You are happy English, said they, and are returning to a loyal and secure country, and you leave us exposed to all the calamities of a civil war.

After a long day's journey, we have at last arrived at Orgon, at seven in the evening. There has been little travelling on the road to-day. The country has nearly the same aspect as in November last. The only difference is, that the almond trees are in full blossom, and some few other trees, such as willows, &c. in leaf; the wheat is about half a foot to a foot high: The day was delightfully mild; and as we drove along, we met numberless groups of peasants who lined the road, and were anxiously waiting for their Prince passing by. The road was strewed with lilies, and the young girls had their laps filled with flowers as we passed. As we past, they knew us to be English, and shouted Vive le Roi.

We are now in Languedoc, but as yet I cannot say that it equals, or at all justifies Mrs Radcliffe's description: Flat and insipid plains of *vignoble* or wheat. However, there is here, as every where in France, no want of cultivation. Napoleon had commenced, and nearly finished, a very fine quay and buttresses between the two bridges of boats. That man had always grand, though seldom good views. The walls of the inn here were covered with a mixture of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive Napoleon!" this last mostly scratched out. National guards in every town demanded our passport. These men and the gens-d'armes are running about in every direction. No courier from Paris arrived here these three days. This looks ill. The houses are better in appearance than in Provence. The country very productive: Potatoes the finest I have seen in France.——Distance 34 miles.

Sunday, 19th.—We left Nismes at six o'clock this morning, and breakfasted at Lunel, where they appear to be full of loyalty. It was a subject to us of much regret, that more time was not allowed us to examine a magnificent Roman amphitheatre, half of which is nearly entire, although the remaining part is quite ruinous. The troops in the town were drawn up on the parade, expecting the Duke d'Angouleme. We received a small printed paper from an officer on the road, containing the information last received from Paris, which secured us a good reception at the inn. The people were delighted to procure a piece of authentic intelligence, (a thing they seldom have); they flocked round us, and upon their entreaty, I gave them the paper to carry to the caffèe. In the inn we found a number of recruits for the army forming by the Duke d'Angouleme; it is said that he has already collected at Nismes nineteen hundred men, all volunteers. The country does not improve in romantic beauty as we advance in Languedoc; but what is better, the cultivation is very superior; large fields of fine wheat. There seems to be all over the south the same want of horned cattle; horses also are very scarce and very bad:—milk never to be had unless very early, and then in small quantity. No land wasted here. All the houses about Montpellier are better than near Aix, and we even saw some neat country seats, a circumstance almost unknown in all the parts of France where we have hitherto been. The olive trees are here much larger and finer than in Provence; but the country, although covered with olives, vines, and wheat, is flat, ugly, and insipid. The instruments of agriculture are even inferior to those in Provence, which last are at least a century behind England. The plough here is as rude as in Bengal, and is formed of a crooked branch of a tree shod with iron. As we approached near Montpellier, the appearance of the country began to display more beautiful features. The ground is more varied, the fields and meadows of a richer green, a distant range of hills closes in the view, and the olive groves are composed of larger and more luxuriant trees. Nearer to the town, the country is divided into small nursery gardens, which, although inferior to those in the environs of London, give an unusual richness to the landscape. We arrived at Montpellier at six o'clock, and from the crowd in the town, found much difficulty in procuring an hotel.

Monday, 20th April.—We have better news to-day; letters from the Duke d'Angouleme announce that the whole conspiracy has been discovered, and that Soult (Ministre de Guerre) and several other generals have been arrested. In consequence of which, it is expected that the plans of the conspirators will be in a great measure defeated. The French change in a moment from the extreme of grief to the opposite, that of the most extravagant joy. To-day they are in the highest spirits;—but things still look very ill. No courier from Paris for these last four days. The ex-Emperor still marching uninterruptedly towards that city, yet no one can conceive that he will succeed, now that the King's eyes are open;—his clemency alone has occasioned all this—he would not consent to remove the declared friends of Napoleon.

We passed this day at Montpellier; but were prevented by the intense heat of the sun from seeing as much of the environs as we could have wished. The town is old and the streets shabby; but the Peyroue is one of the most magnificent things I ever saw. It is a superb platform, which forms the termination of the Grand Aqueduct built by Louis XIV. and commands a magnificent extent of country. In front, the view is terminated by a long and level line of the Mediterranean. To the south-west the horizon is formed by the ridge of the Pyrenees; while, to the north, the view is closed in by the distant,

yet magnificent summits of the Alps. Immediately below these extends, almost to the border of the Mediterranean, a beautiful *paysage*, spotted with innumerable country seats, which, seen at a distance, have the same air of neatness and comfort as those in England. At the end of this fine platform, is a Grecian temple, inclosing a basin, which receives the large body of water conveyed by the aqueduct, and which empties itself again into a wide basin with a bottom of golden-coloured sand. The limpid clearness of the water is beyond all description. The air, blowing over the basin from a plain of wheat and olives (evergreens in this climate), has a charming freshness. The Esplanade here is also a fine promenade, although the view which it commands is not so fine as that from the Peyroue. The manufactures of Montpellier are, verdigris, blankets and handkerchiefs; little trade going on. The climate is delightful, though now too warm for my taste. Every thing is much farther advanced here than at Aix. They have some very pretty gardens here, though nothing equal to what we see every day in England. The botanical garden is very small. We start to-morrow at six for Beziers, where we expect to find water carriage to Toulouse.

Tuesday, 21st April.—We left Montpellier at five in the morning, and although the country round the town is certainly more beautiful than the greater part of Languedoc we have yet seen, it in a short time became very uninteresting; an extended plain, covered with uninclosed fields of wheat, and occasionally a plantation of olives. Before reaching Maize, a small town situated within a mile of the shore of the Mediterranean, we passed through a fine forest, the only considerable one we have seen in Languedoc. The road winded along the shore; the day was delightful, and as warm as with us in July; and the waters of the Mediterranean lay in a perfect calm, clear and still, and beautiful, under the light of a glorious sun. The general appearance of the country is certainly not beautiful. It improves much upon coming near Pezenas, where the fields are divided into green meadows, and interspersed with little gardens, in which, although it is now only April, the fruit trees are in full blossom, and giving to the view an uncommon beauty. The blossom of the pears, peach, and apple-trees, is, I think, richer than I ever saw in England. The season is not only much more advanced here than at Aix, but the warmth and mildness of the climate gives to the fields and flowers a more than common luxuriancy. Many of the meadows are thickly sown with the white narcissus, and the hedges, which form their inclosures, are covered with the deepest verdure, which is finely contrasted with the pink-flowers of the almond trees, rising at intervals in the hedge-rows. The wheat round Montpellier was now, in the middle of April, in the ear. We set off to-morrow at half-past five, in order to get into the *coches d'eau* at Beziers before 12 (the hour of starting). Hitherto we have proceeded without the slightest molestation. The English, I am now thoroughly convinced, are not popular amongst the lower orders; but as we are the couriers of good news, we are at present well received. Could it be believed by an Englishman, that we, who travel at the miserable rate of 30 miles a-day, *should be the first to spread the news wherever we go*. The reason is, that we get the authentic news through our friends and bankers, and circulate it in the inns, instead of the ridiculous stories invented by those groping in ignorance. The feelings of the people seem excellent every where; the troops alone maintain a gloomy silence. The country, from Montpellier, is the same as hitherto, flat and insipid: but the crops are much farther advanced than in Provence. We had some fine peeps at the Mediterranean this morning. The town of Pezenas is prettily situated, and is surrounded by numbers of beautiful gardens, though on a small scale. All the fruit trees are here in blossom: Green peas a foot and a half high. The ploughs in this part of the country are more antiquated than any I have seen. The ploughing is very shallow; but nature does all in France.——Distance about 34 miles.

Wednesday, 22d.—Left Pezenas at half past five, and arrived to breakfast at half past nine at Beziers. We went to see the *coches d'eau*, described as *superbes* and *magnifiques* by our French friends. Their ideas differ from ours. It would be perfectly impossible for an English lady to go in such a conveyance; and few gentlemen, even if alone, would have the boldness to venture. The objections are: there is but one room for all classes of people; they start at three and four each morning; stop at miserable

inns, and if you have heavy baggage, it must be shifted at the locks, which is tedious and expensive. Adieu to all our airy dreams of gliding through Languedoc in these *Cleopatrian vessels*. They are infested with an astonishing variety of smells; they are exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather; and they are filled with bugs, fleas, and all kinds of bad company. The country to-day, though still very flat, is much improved in beauty. Very fine large meadows, bordered with willows, but too regular. Bullocks as common as mules in the plough. Wheat far advanced, and barley, in some small spots, in the ear. I learnt some curious particulars, if they can be depended upon, concerning this conspiracy of Bonaparte from a Spanish officer, who had taken a place in our cabriolet. He says, that one of the chief means he has employed to create division in France, and to make himself beloved, has been by carrying on a secret correspondence with the Protestants, and persuading them that he will support them against the Catholics; and by representing the King as wishing to oppress them. To the army he has promised, that he will lead them again against the allied Powers, who have triumphantly said they have conquered them; this is a tender point with the French: At the present time, when the troops are deserting their King, and flying to the standard of the usurper, still even the most loyal among the people cannot bear the idea that the allies should assist in opposing him.

We have continued with our coachman, and carry him on to Toulouse. He is an excellent fellow, has a good berlin, with large cabriolet before, and three of the finest mules I ever saw. He takes us at a round pace, from 15 to 20 miles before breakfast, and the rest after it, making up always 30 miles a-day. The pay for this equipage per mile is not much above a franc and a half. We have found it the most comfortable way of travelling for so large a party. He carries all our baggage, amounting to more than 400 pounds, without any additional expence. The country between Pezenas and Beziers, and between Beziers and Narbonne, is richer and more beautiful than any part of Languedoc which we have yet seen. It is divided into fields of wheat, which is now in the ear, divisions of green clover grass, meadows enclosed with rows of willows, and orchards scattered around the little villages. These orchards, which are now all in blossom, increase in number as you approach the town of Narbonne. We have enjoyed to-day another noble view of the distant summits of the Pyrenees, towering into the clouds.——Distance, 34 miles—to Narbonne.

Thursday, 23d.—We left Narbonne at half past five, and have travelled to-day, through a country more ugly and insipid than any in the south; barren hills, low swampy meadows, and dirty villages. There is a total want of peasants houses on the lands; but still a very general cultivation. Ploughs, harrows, and other instruments, a century behind. Fewer vines now, and more wheat. At Moux, one of the police officers read out a number of proclamations, sent by the prefect of the department, exciting the people to exertions in repelling the usurper. The cries of "Vive le Roi" were so faint, that the officer harangued the multitude on their want of proper feeling. He did not, however, gain any thing. One of the mob cried out, that they were not to be forced to cry out "Vive le Roi." Wherever we have gone, I have heard from all ranks that the English have supported Bonaparte, and that they are the instigators of the civil war. In vain I have argued, that if it were our policy to have war with France, why should we have restored the Bourbons? Why made peace? Why wasted men and money in Spain? It is all in vain—they are inveterately obstinate.——Distance 39 miles.

Friday, 24th.—We left Carcassone at seven, as we have but a short journey to-day. Arrived at Castelnaudry at half past five, and found the inn crowded with gentlemen volunteers for the cavalry. The volunteers are fine smart young men, and all well mounted. Their horses very superior to the cavalry horses in general. We passed a cavalry regiment of the line this morning, the 15th dragoons. Horses miserable little long-tailed Highland-like ponies, but seemingly very active. The whole country through which we have travelled since the commencement of our journey in France, is sadly deficient in cattle. We meet with none of these groupes of fine horses and cows, which delight us in looking over the country in England, in almost every field you pass. This want is more particularly remarkable in the south. The country to-day is the same; a total want of trees, and of variety of scenery of any kind. No peasants houses to be

seen scattered over the face of the country; the peasantry all crowd into the villages.—Yet there is no want of cultivation. The situation of the lower classes is yet extremely comfortable. The girls are handsome, and always well drest. The men strong and healthy. The young women wear little caps trimmed with lace, and the men broad-brimmed picturesque-looking hats: both have shoes and stockings. The parish churches in this part of France are in a miserable condition. It is no longer here, as in England, that the churches and *Curès'* houses are distinguished by their neatness. Here, the churches are fallen into ruins; the windows soiled, and covered with cobwebs. The order of the priesthood, from what I have seen, are, I should conceive, little respected.——Distance 29 miles.

Saturday, the 25th.—We left Castelnaudry at five o'clock, and have travelled to-day through a country, which, from Castelnaudry to Toulouse, is uniformly flat and bare, and uninteresting. We were surprised to-day by meeting on the road a party of English friends, who had set out for Bourdeaux, returning by the same road. They informed us, they had heard by private letters, that Bonaparte was at the gates of Paris, on which account they had returned, and were determined to pass into Spain. They told us, that the roads were covered by parties of English flying in every direction; and that all the vessels at Bourdeaux were said to have already sailed for England. It was, however, impossible for us now to turn back; and we continued our route to Bourdeaux with very uncomfortable feelings, anxious lest every moment should confirm the bad news, and put a stop to our progress to the coast, or that, when we arrived, we should find the sea-ports under an embargo. Near Toulouse, are seen a few country seats, which relieve the eye; but the town is old and ugly, and situated, to all appearance, in a swampy flat. We shall see more of it to-morrow. The road from Castelnaudry to this is very bad, the worst we have seen yet in the south of France; it has been paved, but is much broken up.——Distance 41 miles.

Sunday, 26th.—It has become necessary now to change all our plans of travelling. Upon visiting our banker this morning, I received from him a full confirmation of the bad news—Napoleon is in Paris, and again seated on the throne of France. Our banker has procured for us, and another party, forming in all 29 English, a small common country boat, covered over only with a sail. In this miserable conveyance we embarked this afternoon at two, and arrived the first night at Maste. Our passage down the Garonne is most rapid, and as the weather is delightful, the conveyance is pleasant enough; but our minds are in such a state we cannot enjoy any thing. To-morrow I shall continue more connectedly.

Monday, the 27th.—We are now gliding down the Garonne with the utmost rapidity and steadiness. The scene before us presents the most perfect tranquillity. The weather which we now enjoy is heavenly,—the air soft and warm,—and the sun shedding an unclouded radiance upon the glassy waters of the Garonne, in whose bosom the romantic scenery through which we pass, is reflected in the most perfect beauty. On each side, are the most lovely banks covered with hanging orchards, whose trees, in full blossom, reach to the brink of the river. We have passed several small villages very beautifully situated; and where we have not met with these, the country is more generally scattered with the cottages of the peasantry, which are seen at intervals, peeping through the woods which cover the banks. As our boat passes, the villagers flock from their doors, and place themselves in groups on the rocks which overhang the river, or crowd into the little meadows which are interspersed between the orchards and the gardens. At the moment in which I now write, the sun is setting upon a scene so perfectly still and beautiful, that it is impossible to believe we are now in the devoted country, experiencing, at this very hour, a terrible revolution; the most disastrous political convulsion, perhaps, which it has ever yet undergone. In former times, the changes from the tranquillity it enjoyed under a monarchial government, to the chaos of republicanism, and from that to the sullen stagnation of a firm-rooted

military despotism, were gradual; they were the work of time. But the unbounded ambition of Bonaparte, after a series of years, had brought on his downfall, by a natural course of events, and France had begun to taste and to relish the blessings of peace. On a sudden, that fallen Colossus is raised again, and its dark shadow has overspread the brightening horizon. Could it be credited, that within one short month, that man whom we conceived detested in France, should have journeyed from one extremity of that kingdom to another, without meeting with the slightest resistance? I say journeyed, for he had but a handful of men, whom, at almost every town, he left behind him, and he proceeded on horseback, or in his carriage, with much less precaution than at any former period of his life. France has now nothing to hope, but from the heavy struggle that will, I trust, immediately take place between her and the allied powers. It will be a terrible, but, I trust, short struggle, if the measures are prompt: but if he is allowed time to levy a new conscription; if even he has sufficient time to collect the hordes of disbanded robbers whom his abdication let loose in France, he possesses the same means of conducting a long war that he ever possessed. The idea so current in France, that this event will only occasion a civil war, is unworthy of a moment's attention. Every inhabitant in every town he passed, was said to be against him. We heard of nothing but the devoted loyalty of the national guards; but at Grenoble, at Lyons, and at Paris, was there found a man to discharge his musket? No! against a small number of regular and veteran troops, no French militia, no volunteers will ever fight, or if they do, it will be but for a moment; each city will yield in its turn.

The country is improving; the banks, in many places, are beautiful; for some days past we have been in the country of wheat, but now we are again arrived among the vines. Very little commerce on this river, although celebrated as possessing more than any one in France. It reminds me of the state of commerce in India,—boats gliding down rapidly with the stream, and toiling up in tracking. The shape, also, of the boats is the same. We have this moment passed a boat full of English, and the sailors have shouted out, that the white flag is no longer flying at Bourdeaux. If the town has declared for the ex-Emperor, I dread to think of our fate.

Tuesday, the 28th.—This morning, at three, I left my party, and took a very light gig, determined (as the news were getting daily worse, and the road full of English hurrying to Bourdeaux), to post it from Agen. I was attended by a friend. By paying the post-boys double hires, we got on very fast, and although, from their advanced age and infirmities, the generality of French conveyances will not suffer themselves to be hurried beyond their ordinary pace, this was no time to make any such allowances. We accordingly hurried on, and after having broke down four times, we arrived at Bourdeaux at six in the evening, a distance of more than a hundred miles; and were delighted to see the white flag still displayed from all the public buildings. The country from Agen to Bourdeaux is the richest I have seen in France, chiefly laid out in vines, dressed with much more care than any we have yet seen; many fields also of fine wheat, and some meadows of grass pasture. Every thing is much further advanced than in Languedoc, even allowing for the advance in the days we have passed in travelling. Barley not only in the ear, but some fields even yellowing. Bourdeaux is a noble town, though not so fine, I think, as Marseilles. We arrived just in time: a few hours later, and I should have found no passage.

Wednesday morning, the 29th.—I have settled for the last accommodations to be had, viz. a small cabin in a brig, for which I pay L.130. The owner, like every other owner, is full of great promises; but in these cases, I make it a rule to believe only one half. Bourdeaux shews the most determined loyalty; but, alas! there are troops of the line in the town, and in the fort of Blaye. Instead of sending these troops away, and guarding the town by the national guards, they content themselves with giving dinners to each other, and making the drunken soldiers cry, "Vive le Roi!" In England, every thing is done by a dinner; perhaps they are imitating the English: but dinners will not do in this case; decided measures must be taken, or Bourdeaux will fall, in spite of its loyalty, and the noise it makes. The journal published here, of which I have secured most of the numbers, from Napoleon's landing to this day, is full of enthusiastic

addresses:—The general commanding the troops to the national guards,—the national guards to the troops,—the mayor to his constituents,—the constituents to the mayor;—all this is well, but it will do nothing. Although every thing is yet quiet, I am determined to hurry our departure, for I do not think there is a doubt of the issue. Since I entered Bourdeaux, I have always thought it would yield on the first attack.

Thursday, the 30th.—Things look very ill. The fort of Blaye has hoisted the tri-coloured flag. Thank heaven our vessel passed it to-day; we should otherwise probably have been fired upon. We go to Poillac, where we are to embark by land, as a party of English, who attempted to go by water, were stopt and made prisoners. The town of Bourdeaux is in a dead calm; the sounds of loyalty have ceased, and a mysterious silence reigns throughout the streets: I am sure all is not well. Suddenly after all this silence, there has been a most rapid transition to sentiments of the most devoted loyalty. This has been occasioned by a great entertainment given by the national guards to the troops of the line; so that I am afraid that although these regular soldiers of the regular army, when elated with wine, choose to be devoted loyalists, their political sentiments may undergo many different changes upon their return to sobriety. At present, the shout of Vive le Roi, from the different troops of the line and national guards which are patroling the streets, is loud and reiterated. Napoleon has sent to-day his addresses and declarations to Bourdeaux, but the couriers have been imprisoned, and the civil authorities have sworn to continue faithful to their King. This loyalty will be immediately put to the test, for Clausel is advancing to the walls. The Dutchess d'Angouleme passed through the streets, and visited the *casernes* of the troops: Indeed her exertions are incessant. To her addresses the people are enthusiastic in their replies, but the troops continue, as I expected, sullen and silent; they answered, that they would not forget their duty to her, as far as not injuring her. I trust that she passed our hotel this evening for the last time, and that she has left Bourdeaux for England. Every individual in this city, the troops excepted, appears to hate and detest Napoleon as cordially as he detests them. They expect immediate destruction if he takes the town. Their commerce must be ruined; yet there is no exertion—nothing but noise. Vive le Roi is in every heart, but they are overawed by the troops; it costs nothing. Subscriptions, however, for arming the militia, go on slowly. They seem always to keep a sharp eye to their pockets, although, as far as shouting and bellowing is required, they are willing to levy any contribution on their lungs. The French are indeed miserably poor, but they are also miserably avaricious. There is nothing even approaching to national spirit; yet their prudence sometimes gets the better even of their economy. One instance, which I witnessed to-day, will shew the way in which a Frenchman acts in times like these: I was in a shop when one of the noblesse entered, bearing a subscription paper. He addressed the shopkeeper, saying, that he begged for his subscription, as he knew he was a royalist. I never *subscribe* my name in times like these, said the cautious Frenchman, but I will give you some money. The gentleman entreated, urging, that respectable *subscriptions*, more than money, were wanted; but all in vain. The shopkeeper paid his ten shillings, saying, *he would always be the first to support his King*.

I entered a bookseller's shop, and asked for the political writings of the day. The man looked me cautiously in the face, and said he had none of them. I happened to see one on the table, and asked him for it, telling him that I was an Englishman, and wished to carry them with me; he then bid me step in, and from hidden corners of the inner-shop, he produced the whole mass of pamphlets.—All this denotes that a change is immediately expected.

This last night has been passed as might be expected, owing to the circumstances in which we were placed, in much agitation. Clausel is every moment advancing up the town. Every thing is in confusion. The troops declare they will not fire a shot. The national guards are wavering and undecided, and this moment (five in the morning) our coachman has knocked at our door to tell us that we cannot remain another moment safe in the town.

Friday, the 31st.—We set off accordingly at sunrise, before any one was abroad in the street. Our coachman reported, that General Clausel had reached the gates, and that the national guard had been beat off. We have arrived, therefore, at the most critical moment, and may be grateful that we have escaped. The road between

Bourdeaux and Poillac is very bad. Arrived at the inn at half way, we met with the Marquis de Valsuzenai, prefect of the town, who confirmed the bad news: We learnt from him, that at three in the morning of the 30th, the town had capitulated without a shot having been fired. Two men were killed by a mistake of the soldiers firing, upon their own officers; a miserable resistance! But it could not be otherwise, as no militia could long stand against regulars. Still I expected tumults in the streets—rising among the inhabitants—weeping and wailing. But no: the French are unlike any other nation, they have no energy, no principle. Miserable people! We arrived at Poillac just as it grew dark, and owing to the sullen insolence of our coachman, who was a complete revolutionist, and to his hatred for the English, which evinced itself the moment he found that Bourdeaux had capitulated, we found it difficult to get any thing like accommodation. I am happy to add, that this same fellow, meeting another party of English, and beginning to be insolent, an Irish gentleman, with that prompt and decisive justice which characterises his country, by one blow of his fist laid him speechless upon the pavement.

Upon meeting the Prefect of Bourdeaux, between that town and the little sea-port Poillac, in disguise, and hurrying to the shore, he informed us that before leaving the city, he had fallen on his knees before the Dutchess d'Angouleme, to persuade her to embark for England, and had, after much entreaty, succeeded. That before setting out himself, he had sent her post-horses, and most anxiously expected her arrival, although he had doubts whether she would be permitted to leave the town. As we pursued our route, we passed the Chateau Margot. The Marquis, to whom it belonged, was watching on the road with his young daughter; and the moment our carriage came in sight, he rushed up in great agitation, and exclaiming, "Where is the Dutchess? Why does she not come. She must be concealed at my house to-night. There are troops stationed at a league's distance from this to prevent her escape." Then observing the fair complexion of one of the ladies of our party, he cried out, "It is the Dutchess, it is my beloved Princess. Oh! why have you no avant garde; you must not proceed." The poor old man was in a state of extreme agitation, and his daughter weeping. It was a few minutes before we could undeceive him, and his assurances that we should be stopt by the troops on the road, afforded us no very cheering prospect as we proceeded on our journey. No troops, however, appeared, and we arrived safely at Poillac at seven o'clock.

The Dutchess did not appear that night; but early next morning, we were called to the window, by hearing a great bustle in the street. It was occasioned by the arrival of this unfortunate Princess. She had three or four carriages along with her, filled with her attendants, and was escorted by a party of the national guards. Their entry into Poillac formed a very mournful procession; she herself looked deadly pale, although seemingly calm and collected. We saw many of the officers of the national guard crowding round her with tears in their eyes. There was a little chapel close to where we were lodged, and while the other ladies went down to the frigate to prepare for the embarkation, we heard that the Dutchess herself had gone to mass. After we imagined that the service would be nearly concluded, two of the ladies of our party entered the chapel, and placed themselves near to where they knew she would pass. As she came near them, observing that they were English, and much affected, she held out her hand to them; one of them said, "Oh, go to our England, you will be cherished there." "Yes, yes," replied she, "I am now going to your country;" and when they expressed a wish that this storm would be quickly over, and that when she again returned to France it would be for lasting happiness. The Dutchess replied with an expression which was almost cheerful, "Indeed, I hope so." This was the last time that any of us saw her. There was then in her expression a look of sweet and tranquil suffering, which was irresistibly affecting.

We embarked, this morning, *Saturday*, the 1st, on board the William Sibbald, after a night of troubles. Most fortunately for me, I had not trusted entirely to the owner's word, and had provided three beds and some provisions; for the captain told us, he could not provide ship room, and neither mattress nor provision of any kind.——Here we are then, in no very comfortable circumstances, yet thankful to escape from this miserable country. There are others in much greater misery than we. The Count de Lynch, Mayor of Bourdeaux, his brother, and another relation, the General commanding the national guard, and four or five French fugitives, have been sent on

board here, by the Consul and the English Captain of the frigate; and they have neither clothes, nor beds, nor victuals: they leave their fortunes and their families behind them. "Alas! what a prospect," one of them exclaimed to-day; "this is the third fortune Bonaparte has lost to me." The unfortunate Dutchess d'Angouleme is now safe on board the English frigate. On leaving Bourdeaux, the Dutchess printed an address to the inhabitants, stating the reasons of her leaving them, to prevent the town from becoming a scene of blood and pillage. Alas! she knows not her own countrymen; they would not fight an hour to save her life: yet it is not because they do not love her—she is adored—the whole family are adored. The good among the nation wish for peace, but the troops are for war, and they are all-powerful. It is unjust to say that France ought to be allowed to remain under Napoleon, as she has desired his return: the army chiefly have desired it, and plotted it. They burn for pillage and for revenge on the allies, who had humbled their pride. If the allies are not prompt, he will again be master of his former territory. Something might even yet be done at Bourdeaux by an English army.

We are now in the mouth of the English channel, and in full hopes, that as our stock, of water and of patience is almost exhausted, the Captain will put us into the first English port. May God grant us soon the sight of an English inn, and an English post-chaise, and in a day we shall forget all our troubles.

END OF THE JOURNAL.

CHAPTER III.

STATE OP FRANCE UNDER NAPOLEON.

To trace, with accuracy, the effects of the revolution and of the military despotism of Napoleon on the kingdom of France, it would be necessary to attend to the following subjects:—the state of commerce—wealth of the nation, and division of this wealth—the state of agriculture—the condition of the towns and villages—of the noblesse and their property—the condition of the lower ranks, namely, the merchants, tradesmen, artificers, peasants, poor, and beggars—the state of private and public manners—the dress of the people—their amusements—the state of religion and morality—of criminal delinquency and the administration of justice.

But to treat all these different subjects, and to diverge into the necessary observations which they would naturally suggest, would form of itself a voluminous work. In order, however, to judge fairly of the state of France, and of the character of the people, we must select and make observations on a few of the most material points. In my Journal, which accompanies this, I have purposely said but little on the state of the people and their character, as I intended to finish my travels before I formed my opinion. I did not wish to be guilty of the same mistake with another traveller, who, coming to an inn in which he had a bad egg for breakfast, served by an ugly girl, immediately set down in his Journal, "In this country, the eggs are all bad, and the women all ugly." My readers are already aware of the opportunities I possessed of obtaining information. They are such as present themselves to almost every traveller in France; and they will not therefore be surprised if my remarks are somewhat common-place. They will recollect that our party disembarked at Dieppe, and travelled from one coast to the other by Rouen, Paris, Lyons and Aix. By travelling very slowly, never above 30 miles a-day, I had, perhaps a better opportunity than common of seeing the country, and of conversing with the inhabitants; and I have been more than commonly fortunate in forming acquaintance with a number of very well informed men in the town, which we selected as the place of our residence in the winter: This was Aix, in Provence. I have described it before in my Journal, and have only to add, that the head court for four departments is held there; that there is a

College for the study of Law and Divinity, and that it is remarkable for possessing a society of men better informed, and of more liberal education, than most other towns in France.

The inhabitants of Provence have always been marked by excesses of affection or disaffection. They do nothing in moderation; "Les têtes chaudes de Provence," is an expression quite common in France. In the commencement of the revolution, the bands of Provençals, chiefly Marseillois, were the leaders in every outrage. And when the tyrant, Napoleon, had fallen from his power, they were among the first to cry "Vivent les Bourbons!" They would have torn him to pieces on his way to Frejus, had he not been at times disguised, and at other times well protected by the troops and police in the villages through which he passed. It will then easily be imagined that the English were received with open arms at Aix. They heaped on us kindnesses of every description, and our only difficulty was to limit our acquaintance. From among the most moderate and best informed of our friends at Aix, I attempted to collect a few traits and anecdotes of Napoleon, and with their assistance, I shall, in the first instance, attempt giving a sketch of his character. It would be tedious, as well as unnecessary, to detail all the circumstances of his life; for most of these are generally known. I shall therefore only mention such as we are not generally acquainted with.

NAPOLEON was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, not, as is generally supposed, in August 1769, but in February 1768. He had a motive for thus falsifying even the date of his birth; he conceived that it would assist his ambitious views, if he could prove that he was born in a province of France, and it was not till 1769 that Corsica became entitled to that denomination. His reputed father was not a *huissier* (or bailiff) as is generally stated, but a *greffier* (or register of one of the courts of justice). His mother is a Genoese; she is a woman of very bad character; and it is currently reported that Napoleon was the son of General Paoli; and that Louis and Jerome were the sons of the Marquis de Marbeuf, governor of the island. The conduct of the Marquis to the family of Bonaparte, then in the utmost indigence, would sanction a belief in this account; he protected the whole family, but particularly the sons, and he caused Napoleon to be placed at the Military School of Brienne, where he supplied him with money. This money was never spent among his companions, but went to purchase mathematical books and instruments, and to assist him in erecting fortifications. The only times when he deigned to amuse himself with others was during the attacks of these fortifications, and immediately on these being finished, he would retire and shut himself up among his books and mathematical instruments. He was, when a boy, always morose, tyrannical and domineering. "[11]Il motrait dans ces jeux cet esprit de domination qu'il a depuis manifestée sur le grand theatre du monde; et celui qui devoit un jour epouvanter l'Europe a commencè par etre le maitre et l'effroi d'une troupe d'enfans[12]."

He left the military college with the rank of lieutenant of artillery, and bearing a character which was not likely to recommend him among good men. He had very early displayed principles of a most daring nature. In a conversation with the master of the academy, some discussion having taken place on the subject of the difficulty of governing a great nation, the young Corsican remarked, "that the greatest nations were as easily managed as a school of boys, but that kings always studied to make themselves beloved, and thus worked their own ruin." The infant despot of France was certainly determined that no such foolish humanity should dictate rules to his ambition. He was once in a private company, where a lady making some remarks on the character of Marshal Turenne, declared that she would have loved him had he not burned the Palatinate. "And of what consequence was that, Madame," said the young Napoleon, "provided it assisted his plans?" We may here trace the same unfeeling heart that ordered the explosion of the magazine of Grenelle, which, if his orders had been executed, must have laid Paris in ruins. Some of my readers may, perhaps, not have seen an authentic statement of this most horrid circumstance, I shall therefore give a translation of the letter of Maillard Lescourt, major of artillery, taken from the Journal des Debats of the 7th April: "I was employed, on the evening before the attack of Paris, in assembling the horses necessary for the removal of the artillery, and was assisted in this duty by the officers of the 'Direction Generale.' At nine at night a colonel gallopped up to the gate of the grating of St Dominique, where I was standing, and asked to speak to the Directeur d'Artillerie. On my being shewn to him, he immediately asked me if the powder magazine at Grenelle bad been evacuated? I replied that it had not, and that there was neither time nor horses for the purpose.

Then, Sir, said he, it must be blown up. I turned pale, and trembled, not reflecting that there was no occasion to distress myself for an order which was not written, and with the bearer of which I was unacquainted. Do you hesitate? said the Colonel.—It immediately occurred to me, that the same order might be given to others, if I did not accept of it; I therefore calmly replied to him, that I should immediately set about it. Become master of this frightful secret, I entrusted it to no one." At Paris we met with persons of much respectability, who vouched for the truth of this statement.

There can be no doubt that this order was given by Napoleon, for at this time the other ruling authorities had left Paris. It is by no means inconsistent with the character of the man; never, in any instance, has he been known to value the lives of men, where either ambition or revenge instigated him. Beauchamp, in his history of the last campaign, gives the following anecdote;[13] "Sire, (lui disoit un general, en le felicitant sur la victoire de Montmirail), quel beau jour, si nous ne voyions autour de nous tant de villes et de pays devastès. Tant mieux, replique Napoleon, cela me donne des soldats!!"

The second capture of Rheims in that campaign was an object of little consequence to him, but he now determined it should suffer by fire and sword. From the heights he looked down on the town, then partly on fire, and smiling said, [14]"Eh bien, dans une heure les dames de Rheims auront grand peur." His resentment against the towns that declared for the Bourbons was beyond all bounds; The following account of the murder of the unfortunate De Goualt is taken from Beauchamp's interesting work:[15] "On le saisit, on le conduit à l'hotel de ville, devant une commission militaire, qui proçede à son jugement, on plutôt à sa condamnation. Une heure s'etait à peine ecoulee qu'un officier survient se fait ouvrir les portes, et demande si la sentence est prononçee. Les juges vont aller aux voix, dit on. "Qu'on le fusille, sur le champ," dit l'officier; "l'Empereur l'ordonne." Le malhereux Goualt est condamne. Le deuil est génerale dans la ville. Le proprietaire de la maison, qu'avoit choisi Bonaparte pour y etablir son quartier, solicite une audience; il l'obtient. "Sire, (dit Monsieur du Chatel à Napoleon), un jour de triomphe doit etre un jour de clemence. Je viens de supplier votre Majesté d'accorder à toute la ville de Troyes la grace d'un de nos malheureux compatriotes qui vient d'etre condamne a mort." "Sortez," dit le tyran, d'un air faronche, "Vous oubliez qui vous etes chez moi." Il etait onze heures et cet infortune sortait de l'hotel de ville, escorte par des gens-d'armes, portant, attache à son dos, et à sa poitrine un ecriteau en gros caracteres, dans ces mots, "Traitre a la patrie," qu'on lisait à la lueur des flambeaux. Le dechirant et lugubre cortege se dirigeait vers la place du marche destine aux executions criminelles. La on veut bander les yeux au condamne. Il s'y refuse, et dit d'une voix ferme qu'il saura mourir pour son Roi. Lui meme donne le signal de tirer et c'est en criant, "Vive le Roi! Vive Louis XVIII!" qu'il rend le dernier soupir."

Tacitus, in describing the Corsicans, gives us three of the principal ingredients in the character of Napoleon, when he says, [16]"Ulcisci, prima lex est, altera, mentiri, tertia, negare Deos." To these we may add unlimited ambition, insatiable vanity, considerable courage at times, and the most dastardly cowardice at others. It must be owned, that this last is an extraordinary mixture; but I am inclined to believe, in despite of the many proofs of rash and impetuous courage, that Napoleon was in the main, and whenever life and existence was at stake, a cool and selfish coward. His rival Moreau always thought so. Immediately before the campaign of Dresden, in a conversation on Napoleon's character, this General observed, [17]"Ce qui characterise cet homme, ce'st le mensonge et l'amour de la vie; Je vais l'attaquer, je le battrai, et je le verrai a mes pieds me demander la vie."—It pleased Providence that a part only of this prediction should be accomplished; but we have seen that Bonaparte dared not court the death of Moreau. Never was more decided cowardice shewn by any man than by Napoleon after the entry of the allies into Paris. How easily might he have fought his way, with a numerous band of determined followers, who, to the last minute, never failed him; but he preferred remaining to beg for his life, and to attend to the removal *of his wines and furniture*!! But we must proceed more regularly in developing the traits of this extraordinary man. A gentleman of Aix, one of whose near relations had the charge of Napoleon, when his character was suspected at Toulon, gave me the following particulars of his first employment. During the siege of Toulon, he had greatly distinguished himself, and had applied to the "Commissaires de Convention," who at that time possessed great power in the army, to promote him; but these men detesting Bonaparte's character, refused his request.—On this occasion, General De Gominier said to them, [18]"Avancez cet officier; car si vous ne l'avancez pas, il saura bien

s'avancer lui meme." The Commissaries could no longer refuse, and Bonaparte was appointed colonel of artillery. Shortly after this, having got into some scrape from his violent and turbulent disposition, he was put under arrest; and it was even proposed that he should be tried and executed (a necessary consequence of a trial at that period). His situation at this time was extremely unpromising; Robespierre and his accomplices, Daunton, St Juste, Barrere, &c. were all either put to death or forced to conceal themselves. Bonaparte now perceived, that for the accomplishment of his views, it was necessary that he should forsake his haughty and domineering tone, and flatter those in power. He immediately commenced a series of intrigues, and by the assistance of his friends at Paris, and that good fortune which has always befriended him, he soon found an opportunity of extricating himself from the danger which surrounded him. Barras, who was then at the head of the administration, under the title of Directeur, alarmed by the distracted state of Paris, and dreading the return of the Bourbons, assembled a council of his friends and associates in crime; it was then determined that an attack should immediately be made on the Parisian royalists, or, as the gentleman who gave me this account expressed it, [19]"Dissiper les royalistes, et foudroyer les Parisiens jusque dans leurs foyers."

But where were they to find a Frenchman who would take upon him the execution of so barbarous an order? One of the meeting mentioned Bonaparte, and his well-known character determined the directors in their choice. He was ordered to Paris, and the hand of Madame Beauharnois, and the command of the army of Italy, held out to him as the reward of his services, provided he succeeded in *dissipating* the royalists. It is well known that he did succeed to his utmost wish; the streets of Paris were strewed with dead bodies, and the power of the Directory was proclaimed by peals of artillery.

Shortly after this, Bonaparte commenced that campaign in Italy, in which he so highly signalised himself as a great general and a brave soldier. It is the general opinion of the French that this was the only campaign in which Napoleon shewed personal courage; others allege, that he continued to display the greatest bravery till the siege of Acre. To reconcile the different opinions with respect to the character of Napoleon in this point, is a matter of much difficulty. After having heard the subject repeatedly discussed by officers who had accompanied him in many of his campaigns; after having read all the pamphlets of the day, I am inclined to think that the character given of him in that work, perhaps erroneously believed to be written by his valet, is the most just. This book certainly contains much exaggeration, but it is by no means considered, by the French whom I have met, as a forgery. The author must, from his style, be a man of some education; and he asserts that he was with him in all his battles, from the battle of Marengo to the campaign of Paris. He declares, that Napoleon was *courageous only in success, brave only when victorious*; that the slightest reverse made him a coward. His conduct in Egypt, in abandoning his army, his barbarous and unfeeling flight from Moscow, and his last scene at Fontainbleau, are sufficient proofs of this.

The battle of Marengo is generally instanced as the one in which Napoleon shewed the greatest personal courage; but this statement neither agrees with the account given in the above work, nor by Monsieur Gaillais. From the work of the last mentioned gentleman, entitled "Histoire de Dix huit Brumaire," I shall extract a few lines on the subject of this battle.[20] "A la pointe du jour les Autrichiens commencerent l'attaque, dabord assez lentement, plus vivement ensuite, et enfin avec une telle furie que les Français furent enfoncès de tous cotès. Dans ce moment affreux ou les morts et les mourants jonchaièntla terre, le premier Consul, placè au milieu de sa garde, semblait immuable, insensible, et comme frappè de la foudre. Vainement les generaux lui depechaient coup sur coup leurs Aides de Camp, pour demander des secours; vainement les Aides de Camp attendaient les ordres; il n'endonnait aucune; il donnait a peine signe de la vie. Plusieurs penserent que croyant la battaille perdue, il voulut se faire tuer. D'autres, avec plus de raison, se persuaderent qu'il avoit perdu la tête, et qu'il ne voyait et n'entendait plus rien de se qui se disoit et de ce qui se passait autour de lui. Le General Berthier vint le prier instamment de se retirer; au lieu de lui repondre il se coucha par terre. Cependant les Français fuyerent a toutes jambes, la bataille etoit perdue lorsque tout a coup on entendait dire que le General Dessaix arrive avec une division de troupes fraiches. Bientot apres on le voit paroitre lui meme a leur tête; les fuyards se ralliaient derrierè ses colonnes—leur courage est revenuè—la chance tourne—les Français attaquent a leur tour avec la meme furie qu'ils avoient etê attaquè—et brulent d'effacer la honte de leur defaite du matin."

Desaix fell in this battle, and the whole glory of it was given to Napoleon. The last

words of this gallant man were these: [21]"Je meurs avec le regret de n'avoir pas assez vecu pour ma patrie.".

This account of Napoleon's behaviour at Marengo was confirmed to me at Aix, by two French officers of rank who had been present at the battle.

I do not mean to give a life of Napoleon; ere a year is past, I have not a doubt that we shall have but too many; indeed, already they are not wanting in England. I mean only to give such anecdotes as are not so generally known, and to attempt an explanation of the two most interesting circumstances in his career, viz. the means he has employed in his aggrandisement, and the causes of his downfall. It is only when we survey the extent of his power, without reflecting on the gradual steps which led to it, that we are astonished and confounded; for, in reality, when his means are considered, and the state of France at the time is placed before our eyes, much of the difficulty vanishes; and we perceive, that any daring character, making use of the same means, might have arrived at the same end. It is foolish to deny him (as many of his biographers do), great military talent, for that he certainly possessed, as long as his good fortune allowed him to display it. This talent he not only evinced in the formation of his plans, but in the execution also. No man knew better the means of calling forth the inexhaustible military resources of France. The people of that country were always brave; but Bonaparte alone knew how to make them all soldiers. The desire of glory has ever characterized the nation, and the state of tyranny and oppression in which they were kept under his government, had no effect in diminishing this passion. The French people under Napoleon furnish a striking exception to the maxim of Montesquieu, when he says, [22]"On peut poser pour maxime, que dans chaque etat le desir de la gloire existe avec la liberté de sujets, et diminue avec elle; la gloire n'est jamais compagne de la servitude."

The French forget their misfortunes almost immediately. After the campaign of Moscow, one would have thought that the hardships they endured might have given them a sufficient disgust, and that it was likely they would forsake one who shewed so little feeling for them. I happened once to meet with several of the poor wretches who had been with him; they were then on their road home; most of them were entirely disabled; one had his toes frozen off—they declared that they *would again fight under him if they were able*. At one of the inns, I met with a young officer who had also been with him at Moscow: I happened to enquire how they could bear the cold? "We were as comfortable," said he, "as you and I are at this fire-side." The poor fellow was not twenty-one years old. [23]"La jeunesse d'aujour-d'hui est elevee dans d'autres principes; l'amour de la gloire sur tout a jetè des profondes racines; il est devenu l'attribut le plus distinctif du caractere national, exaltè par vingt ans de succes continues. Mais cette gloire meme etoit devenue notre idole, elle absorboit toutes les pensees des braves mis hors-de-combat par leurs blessures, toutes les esperances des jeunes gens qui faisaient leur premieres armes. Un coup imprevu l'a frappè, nous trouvons dans nos cœurs une vide semblable a celui qui trouve un amant qui a perdu l'objet de sa passion; tout se qu'il voit, tout ce qu'il entende renouvelle sa douleur. Ce sentiment rend notre situation vague et penible; chacun cherche a se dissimuler la place qu'il sente exister au fond de son cœur. On le regarde comme humilie, apres vingt ans des triomphes continues, pour avoir perdu une seule partie malhereusement etait la partie d'honneur; et qui a fait la regle de nos destinees."—Such is the language of the military.

In conversation one evening with one of the noblesse, who had suffered in the revolution, he told me that this military spirit extended not only to all ranks and professions, but to all ages. He said that the young men in the schools refused to learn any thing but mathematics and the science of arms; and that he recollected many instances of boys ten and twelve years of age, daily entreating their fathers and mothers to permit them to join Napoleon. It was in vain to represent to them the hardships they must suffer; their constant reply was, "If we die, we will at least find glory." Read the campaign of Moscow, said another gentleman to me, you will there see the French character:[24] "Les François sont les seuls dans l'univers qui pourroient rire meme en gelant."

Napoleon certainly greatly encreased the military spirit of the people: Before his time, you heard of commerce, of agriculture, of manufactures, as furnishing the support of the community; under him, you heard of nothing but war. The rapid destruction of the population of France occasioned constant promotion, and the army became the most promising profession. It was a profession in which no education was

wanting—to which all had access. Bonaparte never allowed merit to go unrewarded. The institution of the Legion of Honour alone was an instrument in his hands of sufficient power to call forth the energy of a brave people; to this rank even the private soldier might arrive. In this organization of the army, therefore, we may trace his first means of success.

The next was his military *tactique*:—The great and simple principle on which this was founded, is evident in every one of the pitched battles which he gained;—he out-numbered his opponents,—he sacrificed a troop,—a battalion,—a division,—or a whole army without bestowing a moment's thought. Bonaparte has sometimes, though very seldom, shewn that his heart could be touched, but never, on any occasion, did the miserable display of carnage in the field of battle call forth these feelings; never was he known to pity his soldiers. On seeing a body of fresh recruits join the army, his favourite expression was always, [25]"Eh bien, voyez encore de matiere premiere, du chair a cannon." After a battle, when he rode over the ground, he would smile, and say, [26]"Ma foi, voyez une grande consommation." The day after the battle of Prusse-Eylau, his valet thus describes his visit to the field of blood: [27]"Il faisoit un froid glacial, des mourants respiroient encore; la foule des cadavres et les cavitès noiratres qui le sang des hommes avoit laisse dans la neigè faisoit un affreux contraste. L'etat Major etoit peniblement affectè. L'Empereur seul contemplait froidement cette scene de deuil et de sang. Je poussai mon cheval quelques pas devant le sien; j'etois eurieux de l'observer dans un pareil moment. Vous eussiez dit qu'il etoit alors detachè de toutes les affections humaines, que tout ce qui l'environnait n'existoit pour lui. Il parloit tranquillement des evenemens de la veille. En passant devant une groupe des grenadiers Russes massacrès, le cheval d'un Aide-de-Camp avoit peur. Le Prince l'appercevait: "Ce cheval, lui dit il, froidement, est un lache."

It cannot be doubted that such a man would sacrifice regiment after regiment to obtain his purpose; we may indeed wonder, that when known to possess such a heart, he was obeyed by his men: But a little thought, a little reflection on the means he took to ingratiate himself with his troops will remove this difficulty. Look also at his dispatches, his proclamations, and orders; they appear the effusion of the father of a family addressing his children: "Their country required the sacrifices, which he deplored." All thought is at an end when they are thus attacked on their weak side. At other times, the hope of plunder was held out to them. The words, *glory, honour, their country, laurels, immortal fame*—these words, fascinating to the ear of any people, are more peculiarly so to the French. When conversing with an old French officer, who had served under the Prince of Condè in the emigrant army, on this subject, he made this remark: "Sir, you do not know the French; assemble them together, and having pronounced the words *glory, honour and your country*, point to the moon, and you will have an army ready to undertake the enterprise." Napoleon was well aware of this weakness of the French. He would ride through the ranks on the eve of a battle, would recall their former victories to one body; make promises to a second; joke with a third, —cold, distant, and forbidding at all other times, he is described as affable in the extreme on all such occasions. The meanest soldier might then address him.

The rapid military promotion may be given as another cause of Napoleon's success. The most distinguished corps were, of course, the greatest sufferers; and the young man who joined the army, as a lieutenant, on the eve of an action, was a captain the next day, perhaps a colonel before he had seen a year's service. [28]"Des ouvriers sortis de leurs atteliers (says Monsieur Gaillais in his "Histoire de Dix Huit Brumaire,") des paysans echappes de villages, avec un bonnet sur la tête et un baton a la main, devenaient au bout de six mois des soldats intrepides, et au bout de deux ans des officiers agueris, et des generaux redoubtables au plus anciens generaux de l'Europe." Nothing struck me more forcibly than the youth of the French officers. The generals only are veterans, for Bonaparte well knew, that experience is as necessary as courage in a General.

Next, we may direct our attention to the means which this despot possessed, by filling the war department with his own creatures; by giving liberal salaries and unlimited power to the prefects of the different departments, he amassed both troops and pay to support them. The tyrannic measures for levying these became at last insupportable; the people were rising in the villages, and by force of arms rescuing their companions; and it is very probable that he might have found, latterly, a want of men; but for years he has had at his disposal three hundred thousand men annually. In describing the effects of the conscription, one of the members of the Senate made use

of the following expression:—[29]"On moissonne les homines trois fois l'anneé."

With such supplies, what single power could resist him? War with him became a mere mechanical calculation. Among the causes of his elevation, the use he made of the other continental Powers must not be forgotten; whether gained by corruption, treachery, or force, they all became his allies; they were all compelled to assist him with troops. When the Sovereigns of these countries consented to his plans, they were permitted to govern their own kingdoms, otherwise the needy family of Bonaparte supplied the *roitelets* at a moment's warning. These little monarchs, he is said to have treated with the utmost contempt.

My readers may perhaps be inclined to smile, when I mention among the causes of Napoleon's elevation, the use made by him of ballad-singers, newsmongers, pedlars, &c. But really, on a deliberate view of his system of juggling and deception, I am inclined to believe, that it was one of his most powerful engines. The people of France are not only the most vain, but the most credulous in the world. To work on their feelings, he kept in constant pay author of every description, from the man who composed the Vaudeville, which was sold for half a sous, to the authors of the many clever political pamphlets which daily appear in France: for the dissemination of these, he had agents, not only in France, but in distant countries. When he aimed at the subjugation of any part of the continent, his first endeavour was always to disseminate seditious and inflammatory pamphlets against its Government. It is never doubted in France, that even in *England*, he had his emissaries.

Editors of newspapers, in every part of the globe, were in his pay. The method in which the newspaper, called the Argus, was published, is an extraordinary proof of this fact. The Argus, whose principal object was to abuse the English, was first of all written in French, by one of the "Commissaires de Police;" it was then translated into English, and a few copies were circulated in this language, to keep up the idea, that it was smuggled over from England; after these found their way, the French copy, or in other words, the original, was widely circulated. A more infamous trick can scarce be conceived. Extracts from this paper were, by express order of Napoleon, published in every French paper. Nothing was considered by him as beneath his notice. He encouraged dancing, feasting, gaming. The theatres, concerts, public gardens, were under his protection. The traiteurs, the keepers of caffès, of brothels, of ale-houses, the limonadiers, and the wine-merchants, were his particular favourites. His object in this was, to produce a degree of profligacy in the public manners, and a disgust at industry; and the consequence was, the resort of all ranks to the army, as the easiest and most lucrative profession.

With regard to the many other causes which will suggest themselves to my readers in reading a history of his campaigns, I shall say nothing; for on all of these, as well as on the causes of his downfall, which I shall merely enumerate, I leave them to make their own observations. I have already been very tedious, and have yet much to observe on different points of his character.

To the last rigorous measures for the conscription, to the institution of the "Droits Reunis;" to the formation of the garde d'honneur; and to his attack on the religion of France, Bonaparte owed his first unpopularity. The hatred of the French is as impetuous as their admiration. They exclaimed against every measure when they were once exasperated against him: still he had many friends; still he possessed an army which kept the nation in awe. This army he chose to sacrifice in Spain and Russia. The nation could no longer supply him, and the strong coalition which took place against him, was not to be repelled by a broken-down army. His military talent seemed latterly to have forsaken him, and never was the expulsion of a tyrant so easily accomplished.

His excessive vanity never left him—of this, the Moniteur for the last ten years is a sufficient proof; but in reading the accounts of him, I was particularly struck with the instances which follow.

Anxious to impress on the minds of the Directors, the necessity of the expedition to Egypt, he made a speech, in which the meanest flattery was judiciously mingled with his usual vanity. [30]"Ce n'est que sous un gouvernement aussi sage aussi grand que le votre, qu'un simple soldat tel que moi pouvait conçevoir le projet de porter la guerre en Egypte.—Oui, Directeurs, à peine serais je maitre d'Egypte, et des solitudes de la Palestine, que l'Angleterre vous donnera un vaisseau de premier bord pour un sac de bled."

Some days before his celebrated appearance among the "Cinq Cents," his friends

advised him to repair thither well armed, and attended with troops. [31]"Si je me presente avec des troupes (disait Napoleon), c'est pour complaire à mes amis, car en verité j'ai la plus grande envie d'y paraitre comme fit jadis Louis XIV. au Parlement, en bottes, et un fouet à la main."

In his speech to the Corps Legislatif, on the 1st of January 1814, he made use of the following words at the close of an oration, composed of the same unmeaning phrases, strung together in fifty different shapes. [32]"Je suis de ces homines qu'on tue, mais qu'on ne dishonore pas. Dans trois mois nous aurons la paix, ou l'enemi sera chasse de notre territoire—ou, je serai mort."

A further specimen of Napoleon's style, will, I think, amuse my readers; I shall, therefore, copy out an extract of his speech to the Legislative Body: [33]"Je vous ai appellè autour de moi pour faire le bien, vous avez fait le mal, vous avez entre vous des gens devouès à l'Angleterre, qui correspondent avec le Prince Regent par l'entremise de l'avocat Deseze. Les onze-douziemes parmi vous sont bons; les autres sont des factieux. Retournez dans vos departments;—je vous y suivrai de l'œil. Je suis un homme qu'on peut tuer, mais qu'on nè saurait deshonnorer. Quel est celui d'entre vous qui pouvait supporter le fardeau du pouvoir; il a ecrasè l'Assemble Constituante, qui dicta des loix à un monarque faible. Le Fauxbourg St Antoine nous aurait secondé, mais il vous est bientot abandonnè. Que sont devenus les Jacobins, les Girondins, les Vergniaux, les Guadets, et tant d'autres? Ils sont morts. Vous avez cherché à me barbouiller aux gens de la France. C'est un attentat;—qu'est que le trone, au reste? Quatre morçeaux de bois dorè recouverts de velours. Je vous avais indiqué un Commité Secret; c'etait là qu'il fallait laver notre linge. J'ai un titre, vous n'en avez point. Qui etes vous dans la Constitution? Vous n'avez point d'autorite. C'est le Trone qui est la Constitution. Tout est dans le trone et dans moi. Je vous le repete, vous avez parmi vous des factieux. Monsieur Laisnè est un mechant homme; les autres sont des factieux. Je les connais, et je les poursuivrai. Je vous le demande, Etait ce cependant que les ennemies sont chez nous qu'il fallait faire de pareilles choses? La nature m'a doué d'un courage fort; il peut resister à tout. Il en a beaucoup coutè a mon orgueil, je l'ai sacrifiè. Je suis au dessus de vos miserables declamations. J'avais demandé des consolations et vous m'avez dishonoré. Mais non; mes victoires ecrasent vos criailleries. Je suis de ceux qui triomphent ou qui meurent. Retournez dans vos departments."

The vanity of Napoleon led him to suppose that he was fitted to lay down the law to the most eminent among the French philosophers; that he could improve the French language, the theatre, the state of society, the public seminaries, the weights and measures of the realm. He meddled, in short, with every thing. Under the walls of Moscow, he composed a proclamation in the morning, declaring that he would soon dictate a code of laws to the Russians; and, in the evening, he dictated a code of regulations for the theatres of Paris. His ardent wish was, to have it thought that he had time and capacity for every thing. It arose from this, that he trusted to no one, and having himself every thing to do, that he did nothing well. If he went to visit a college, he prepared Latin and Greek sentences for the occasion; in many of his speeches he introduced scrapes of classic lore. His love of Greek terms is admirably described in a little epigram, made on his new *tarif* of weights and measures, in which the *grams* and *killograms*, and *metres* and *killometres* are introduced.

Les Grecs pour nous ont tant d'attraits
Qui pour se faire bien entendre,
Et pour comprendre le Français
Ce'st le Greque qu'il faut apprendre.

He was particularly anxious that his police should be perfect. He pursued, for the accomplishment of his views, the same plan so successfully employed under the celebrated Sartine. He had spies in every private family, and every rank and denomination. These he did not employ as Sartine did, for the detection of thieves and robbers; with him, the dreadful machine of espionage was organised, in order that he might always know the state of public feeling; that knowing also the character of each individual, he might be the better able to select instruments fit for his purposes. Fouche had brought this system to the utmost perfection. Bonaparte distrusted him, and demanded proofs of his activity. Fouche desired him to appoint a day, on which he

should give him a full account of every action performed by him. The day was appointed, the utmost precaution was used by the Emperor; but the spies gave an account of his every action from six in the morning till eight at night. They refused to inform Fouche what had become of Bonaparte after eight; but said, that if the Emperor desired it, they would inform him in person. The Emperor did not press the subject farther, but confessed *that he had not spent the remainder of the evening in the best of company*. Ever after this he was satisfied with the state of the police. To give some idea of the activity of this system, I may mention a curious anecdote, which I received from our banker: One of the most respectable bankers in Paris, whose name I have forgot, was sitting at supper with his chief *commis* or clerk. They were served by one faithful old servant, who, during 30 years, had been tried, and had always been found worthy of confidence. The conversation turned on the subject of the last campaign—this was before the campaign of Paris. The *commis* happened to remark, that he thought Bonaparte's career was nearly finished, and that he would meet his fate presently. The next morning the banker received a letter from the Police Department, instructing him to order the departure of his *commis* from Paris within 24 hours, and from France within a month.

The same gentleman gave me a genuine edition of the celebrated story of Sartine's stopping the travellers at the gates of Paris. It may amuse my readers, although, I dare say, they have seen it before in other shapes.

A very rich lace merchant from Brussels, was in the habit of constantly frequenting the fair of St Denis. On these occasions, he repaired to Paris in the public diligence, accompanied by his trunks of lace. He had apartments at an hotel in the Rue des Victoires, which he had for many years occupied; and to secure which, he used always to write some weeks before. An illness had prevented his visiting the fair during two years; on the third, he wrote as usual to his landlord, and received an answer, that the death of the landlord had occasioned a change in the firm and tenants of the house; but that he was well known to them, and that they would keep for him his former rooms, and would do their utmost to give him satisfaction.

The merchant set out—arrived at the barrier of Paris; the diligence was stopped, and a gentleman whom he had never seen before, accosted him by name, and desired him to alight. The merchant was a good deal surprised at this; but you may judge of his alarm, when he heard an order given to the *conducteur* to unloose numbers one, two, three—the trunks, in which was contained his whole fortune. The gentleman desired he would not be afraid, but trust every thing to him. The diligence was ordered away, and the lace merchant, in a state of agony, was conveyed by his new acquaintance to the house of Monsieur de Sartine. He there began an enumeration of his grievances, but was civilly interrupted by M. de Sartine—"Sir, you have not much reason to complain; but for your visit to me here, you would have been murdered this night at twelve." The minister then detailed to him the plan that had been laid for his murder, and astonished him by shewing a copy, not only of the letter which he had written to the landlord of the hotel, but also the answer returned by the landlord. Monsieur de Sartine then begged that he would place the most implicit confidence in him, and remain in his house until he should recover himself from his fright. He would then return to the coach in waiting, and would be attended to the hotel by one of his emissaries as valet. The merchant told him that the people of the house would not be deceived by a stranger, for they were well acquainted with all his concerns, and even with his writing. "Examine your attendant," said M. de Sartine; "you will find him well instructed, and he speaks your dialect as you do yourself." A few questions convinced the merchant that the minister had made a good selection. M. de Sartine then described the reception he would meet with, the rooms he was to occupy, the persons he should see, and laid down directions for his conduct; telling him, at the same time, that if at a loss, he should consult his attendant. On his arrival at the inn, every thing shewed the wonderful correctness of the information. His reception was kind as ever. Dinner was served up; and the merchant, according to his practice, engaged himself till a late hour in his usual occupations. The valet played his part to a miracle, and saw his master to bed, after repeating to him the instructions of Monsieur de Sartine. The merchant, as may well be supposed, did not sleep much. At twelve, a trap door in the floor opened gently, and a man ascended into the apartment, having a dark lanthorn in one hand, and in the other, some small rings of iron, used for gagging people to prevent their speaking. He had just ascended, when the valet knocked him down and secured him; the room was immediately filled with the officers of the police. The house had been surrounded to prevent escape; and in a cellar under the room where the

merchant had slept, and which communicated with the trap door, were found the master, mistress, and all the members of the gang—they were all secured.

Let us proceed with the character of Napoleon. All the world is well acquainted with his vices; it is less probable that they have ever heard of his virtues, of his having shown that he felt as a man. The following instance is authentic:

After the capture of Berlin, the command of the city was given to one of the Prussian generals, who had sworn fidelity to Bonaparte. This officer betrayed his trust, and communicated to the King of Prussia all the information which he obtained of the motions of the French army. Bonaparte obtained sufficient proof of his crime, by intercepted letters. The officer was arrested, a military trial was ordered, and sentence of death pronounced. The wife of the officer threw herself at the feet of Bonaparte, and implored the life of her husband. He was touched, and drawing out from his pocket the letters which proved the crime, he tore them to pieces, saying, that in thus destroying the proofs of his guilt, he deprived himself of the power of afterwards punishing it. The officer was immediately released.

If Napoleon did not possess feeling, or even common humanity, he was at least anxious that the people of France should believe that he had these good qualities. It is said that, on the evening before he left Paris on his last campaign, he sent for the tragedian Talma, and had taught to him the action, features and aspect which he the next day employed when he left his wife and child to the care of the national guard. The following scene will at once show his desire to be esteemed generous, and his utter meanness of character:—[34]"Un de ses Ministres l'aborde un jour et lui presente un rapport qu'il avait desiré; il s'agissait d'une conspiration contre sa personne. J'etais present à cette scene. Je m'attendais, je l'avoue, à le voir entrer en fureur, fulminer contre les traitres, menacer les magistrats, et les accuser de negligence. Point du tout; il parcourt le papier sans donner le moindre signe d'agitation. Jugez de ma surprise, ou plutôt quelle douce emotion j'eprouvais quand il fit entendre ces paroles touchantes et sublimes:—"Monsieur le Comte, l'etat n'a point souffert; les magistrats n'ont point etè insultés; ce n'est donc qu'à ma personne qu'ils en voulaient; je les plains de ne point savoir que tous mes vœux tendent au bonheur de la France; mais tout homme peut s'egarer. Dites aux ingrats que je leurs pardonne. Mons. le Conte aneantissez la procedure." Maintenant je defie le royaliste le plus fidele qui seroit temoin d'un proçede si magnanime, de ne point dire, si le ciel dans sa colere devait un usurpateur a la France; remercions d'avoir du celui ci. Arrete malhereux, tes yeux ont vu, tes oreilles ont entendu, ne crois rien de tout; mais deux jours apres trouve toi, au lever de ce hero, si magnanime, si peu avide de se veuger—on ouvre, le voici, la foule des courtisans l'environne, tout le monde fixe les yeux sur lui. Sa figure est decomposée, tous les muscles de son visage sont en contraction, tout son ensemble est farouche et colere. Un silence funebre regne dans l'assemblée. Le Prince n'a point encore parlè, mais il promene des regardes sur la groupe: il appeicoit le meme officier, qui deux jours avant lui avait presente le rapport, "Monsieur le Conte, (dit il), ces laches conspirateurs sont ils executés? Leurs complices sont ils aux fers? Les bourreaux on ils donnè un nouvel example a qui voudrait imiter ceux qui veuleut a ma personne?"

A distinguishing feature in Napoleon's character was unnecessary cruelty; of this the campaign in Moscow, (of which Labaume's narrative is a true though highly-coloured picture), the slaughter of the Turks in Egypt, the poisoning of his invalids, and the death of every one who stood in his way, are sufficient and notorious proofs. St Cloud was in general the scene of his debaucheries. The following anecdote was related by Count Rumford to a gentleman of my acquaintance, and may be depended on as correct; for at the time that it happened, Count Rumford was in lodgings on the spot. Napoleon had brought from Paris a beautiful girl belonging to the opera; he had carried her into one of the arbours of the garden. Many of the little boys about St Cloud were in habits of climbing up among the trees, whether merely as a play, or from curiosity to see the Emperor. On leaving the arbour with his favourite, Napoleon saw one of these boys perched upon a high tree above him. He flew straight to one of the gates, and bringing the sentinel who was stationed there, he pointed out the boy, exclaiming, "Tirez sur ce b—— la." The order was executed, and the boy never more seen.

But for no one act did he incur the hatred of the French in such a degree as for the murder of the Duke d'Enghien; in committing this crime, not only the laws of humanity, but the laws of nations were violated.

This branch of the Royal Family was under a foreign power; he could by no means be

esteemed a subject of Bonaparte. Even the family of Bonaparte, who, (as we shall presently see), did not possess many good qualities, were shocked with this crime; they reproached him with it; and Lucien said to him, [35]"Vous voulez dont nous faire trainer sur la claye."

The treatment of the Pope, of Pichegru, of Georges, of Moreau, furnish us with further instances of his cruelty. Bonaparte did his utmost to make the Parisians believe that Moreau was connected with Pichegru in the conspiracy to establish the Bourbons on the throne. This was totally false. But Napoleon, jealous of a rival like Moreau, could not bear that he should live. Moreau's bold and unbending character hastened his downfall. He always called the flat-bottomed boats, [36]"Ces coquilles de noix;" and after an excellent dinner which he gave at Paris to many of his fellow Generals, in mockery of the [37]"Epées d'honneur, fusils d'honneur," &c., which Bonaparte at this time distributed; Moreau sent for his cook, and with much ceremony invested him with a [38]"casserole d'honneur."

There are many interesting traits of this noble character, which, if I had time, I should wish to give my readers. When he had been condemned to imprisonment for two years, by the express orders of Bonaparte, the impression made on the mind of the soldiery, of the judges, and of all the court, was such, that they seemed insensible to what was going on. Nobody was found to remove him from the bar; he descended the stairs of the court; walked down the street amid a crowd of admirers; and instead of escaping, as he easily might, he called a coach, and ordered the coachman to drive to the Temple. When arrived there, he informed the Governor of his sentence, and its execution. My readers will, I am sure, be pleased with a few extracts from the account of Moreau's death, given by his friends, M. Breton de la Martiniere and M. Rapatel:

"Moreau conversait avec l'Empereur Alexandre, dont il n'etait separé que le demi longueur d'un cheval. Il est probable qu'on apperçut de la place ce brillant etat major, et que l'on tira dessus au hazard. Moreau fut seul frappé. Un boulet lui fraccassa le genou droit et à travers le flanc du cheval alla emporter le gros de la jambe gauche. Le genereux Alexandre versa des larmes. Le Colonel Rapatel se preçipitait sur son General. Moreau poussa un long soupir et s'evanouit. Revenu à lui meme, il parle avec le plus grand sang froid, et dit à Monsieur Rapatel, "Je suis perdu, mon ami, mais il est si glorieux de mourir pour une si belle cause, et sous les yeux d'un aussi grand Prince." Péu d'instants apres il dit à l'Empereur Alexandre lui meme, "Il ne vous reste que le tronc—mais le cœur y est, et la tête est à vous." Il doit souffrir des douleurs aigus—il demanda une cigare et se mit tranquillement à fumer.

"Mons. Wylie, premier chirurgien de l'Empereur Alexandre, se hata d'amputer la jambe qui etait la plus mal traiteé. Pendant cette cruelle operation, Moreau montra à peine quelque alteration dans ses traits et ne cessa point de fumer la cigarre. L'amputation faite, Monsieur Wylie examina la jambe droite, et la trouva dans un tel etat qu'il ne peut se defendre d'un mouvement d'effroi. "Je vous entend," dit Moreau, "Il faut encore couper celle ci, eh bien, faites vite. Cependant j'eusse preferé la mort." Il voulait ecrire à sa femme. Il ecrivait donc d'une main assez ferme ces propres expressions. "Ma chere amie,—La bataille se decide il y a trois jours.—J'ai eu les deux jambes emportées d'un boulet de canon—ce coquin de Bonaparte est toujours hereux. On m'a fait l'amputation aussi bien que possible—l'armée a faite un mouvement retrograde, ce n'est pas par revers, mais par decousu et pour se rapprocher au General Blucher. Excuse mon griffonage. Je t'aime et t'embrasse de tout mon cœur. Je charge Rapatel de finir."

"Tout à l'heure il dit: "Je ne suis pas sans danger, je le sais bien, mais si je meurs, si une fin prematurée m'enleve à une femme, à une fille aimèe; a mon pays que je voulais servir malgre lui meme; n'oubliez pas de dire, aux Français qui vous parleront de moi, que je meurs avec le regret de n'avoir pas accompli mes projets. Pour affranchir ma patrie du joug affreux qui l'opprime pour ecraser Bonaparte, toutes les armes, tous les moyens etaient bons. Avec quelle joie j'aurai consacré le peu de talent que je possede à la cause de l'humanite! Mon cœur appartenoit a la France."

"Vers sept heurs le malade se trouvant seul avec Monsieur Svinine lui dit d'une voix affaiblie—" Je veux absolument vous dicter une lettre.—Monsieur Svinine prit la plume en gemissant et traça ce peu de lignes sous la dictée de Moreau.

"SIRE,—Je descends dans le tombeau avec les memes sentiments de respect, d'admiration, et de devouement que votre Majesté m'a constamment inspiré, des que

j'ai eu le bohheur de m'approcher de votre personne."

"En pronoçant ces derniers mots, le malade s'interompit et ferma les yeux M. Svinine attendit, croyant que Moreau meditait sur la suite de sa depeche—Vain espoir—Moreau n'etait plus."[39]

I am impatient to finish the character of Napoleon, and to get upon some other more agreeable subject. I shall end by giving an account of his last appearance in France, as related to me by the Sub-Prefect of Aix, who accompanied him on his way from Aix to the coast.—After passing Montlement, the public feeling began to burst forth against him. The spirit of the Provençals could not be restrained. In every village was displayed the white cockade, and the fleur de lis. In one, the villagers were employed at the moment of his passing in hanging him in effigy; at another they compelled him to call out Vive le Roi, and he obeyed them, while his attendants refused. For a part of the way he was forced to mount a little poney in the dress of an Austrian officer. Arrived at the village of La Calade, the following extraordinary scene passed at the inn —It was also related to me by our banker, who had it from the hostess herself: The landlord was called for, and a mean-looking figure in plain clothes, with a travelling-cap, and loose blue pantaloons, asked him if he could have dinner for twenty persons who were coming. "Yes, (said the landlord), if you take what fare I have; but I trust it is not for that *coquin* the Emperor, whom we expect soon here." "No, (said he), it is only for a part of his suite.—Bring here some wine, and let the people be well served when they arrive." Presently the landlady entered with the wine, a fine, bold Provençal, and a decided royalist, as all the Provençal snow are. [40]"Ecoutez, bonne femme, vous attendez l'Empereur n'est pas?" 'Oui, Monsieur, j'espere que nous le verrons?' "Eh bien, bonne femme, vous autres que dites vous de l'Empereur?" 'Qu'il est un grand coquin.' "Eh! ma bonne femme, et vous meme que dites vous?" 'Monsieur, voulez vous que je vous dise franchment ce que je pense: Si j'etais le capitaine du vaisseau, je ne l'embarquerai que pour le noyer."

The stranger said nothing. After an hour or two, the landlord asked his wife if she would like to see Bonaparte, for that he was arrived. She was all anxiety to see him. He took her up stairs, and pointed to the little man in the travelling cap. The surprise of the woman may be conceived. The Emperor made her approach, and said to her she was a good woman; but that there were many things told of Bonaparte which were not true.

I shall continue the Sub-Prefect's narrative in his own words:—[41]"Les Commissaires, en arrivant à Calade, le trouvoient la tête appuyée sur les deux mains, et le visage baignè de larmes. Il leur dit qu'on en voulait decidement à sa vie; que la maitresse de l'auberge, qui ne l'avait pas reconnu lui avait declaré que l'Empereur etait detesté comme un scelerat, et qu'on ne l'embarquerait que pour le noyer. Il ne voulait rien manger ni boire quelque instances qu'on lui fit, et quoiqu'il dut etre rassurè par l'example de ceux qui etaient a tablé avec lui. Il fit venir de la voiture du pain et de l'eau qu'il prit avec avidité. On attendait la nuit pour continuer la route; on n'etait qu'à deux lieues d'Aix. La population de cette ville n'eut pas eté aussi facile à contenir que celle des villages ou on avait deja couru tant de perils. Monsieur, le Sous-Prefét, prenant avec lui le Lieutenant des gend'armes et six gend'armes, se mit en route vers la Calade. La nuit etait obscure, et le temps froid; cette double circonstance protegea Napoleon beaucoup mieux que n'aurait fait la plus forte escorte. Mons. le Sous-Prefét et la gend'armerie rencontrerent le cortege peu d'instants apres avoir quitté la Calade, et la suivoient jusqu'à ce qu'ils arriverent aux portes d'Aix à deux heures du matin. Apres avoir changé les chevaux, Bonaparte continuant sa route, passa sous les murs de la ville, au milieu des cris repetés de "Vive le Roi," que firent entendre les habitants accourus sur les remparts. Il arriva a la limite du departement à une auberge appellee la Grande Prgere, ce fut là qu'il s'arreta pour dejeuner. Le General Bertrand proposa a Mons. le Sous-Prefét de monter, avant que de partir, dans la chambre des Commissaires ou tout le monde etait à dejeuner. Il y avoit dix ou douzes personnes. Napoleon etait du nombre; il avait son costume d'officier Autrichien, et une casque sur la tête. Voyant le Sous-Prefét an habit d'auditeur, il lui dit, "Vous ne m'auriez pas reconnu sons ce costume? Ce sont ces Messieurs qui me l'ont fait prendre, le jugeant necessaire à ma sureté. J'aurais pu avoir une escorte de trois mille homines, qui j'ai refusé, preferant de me fier à la loyauté Française. Je n'ai pas eu à me plaindre de cette confiance depuis Fontainbleau jusqu'à Avignon; mais depuis cette ville jusqu'ici j'ai eté insulté,—j'ai couru bien de dangers. Les Provençaux se dishonnerent. Depuis qui je suis en France je n'ai pas eu un bon battaillon de Provençeaux sous mes ordres. Ils ne sont bons que pour crier. Les Gascons sont fanfarons, mais au moins ils sont

braves." Sur ces paroles, un des convives, qui etait sans dout Gascon, tira son jabot et dit en riant, "Cela fait plaisir."

Bonaparte continuant à s'addresser an Sous-Prefét, lui dit, "Que fait le Prefét?" 'Il est parti à la premiere nouvelle du changement survenu à Paris.' "Et sa femme?" 'Elle etait partie plutôt.'—"Elle avait donc prit le devant. Paie l'on bien les octrois et les droits reunis?"—'Pas un sou.'—"Y-a-t-il beaucoup d'Anglais à Marseilles?" Ici Mons. le Sous-Prefét raconta à Bonaparte tout ce qui s'etait passè naguere dans ce port, et avec quels transports on avait accueilli les Anglais. Bonaparte, qui ne prenait pas grand plaisir à ce reçit y mit fin en disant au Sous-Prefét, "Dites à vos Provençaux que l'Empereur est bien mecontent d'eux."

Arrivè a Bouilledon, il se s'enferma dans ua apartment avec sa sœur (Pauline Borghese)—Des sentinels furent places a la porte. Cependant des dames arriveés dans un galerie qui communiquait avec cette chambre, y trouverent un militaire en uniform d'officier Autrichien, qui leur dit, "Que desirez vous voir, Mesdames?" 'Nous voudrions voir Napoleon.' "Mais ce'st moi, Mesdames." Ces dames le regardant lui dirent en riant, 'Vous plaisantez, Monsieur; ce n'est pas vous qui etes Napoleon.' "Je vous assure, Mesdames, ce'st moi. Vous vous imaginez donc que Napoleon avait l'air plus mechant. N'est pas qu'on dit que je suis un scelerat, un brigand?" Les dames n'eurent garde de le dementir, Bonaparte ne voulant pas trop les presser sur ce point detourna le conversation. Mais toujours occupé de sa premier idée, il y revint brasquement: "Convenez en Mesdames, leur dit il, maintenant que la Fortune m'est contraire, on dit que je suis un coquin, un scelerat, un brigand. Mais savez vous ce que c'est que tout cela? J'ai voula mettre la France au dessus de l'Angleterre, et j'ai echoué dans ce projet."

CHAPTER IV.

STATE OF FRANCE UNDER NAPOLEON—CONTINUED.

AGRICULTURE.

To one unacquainted with the present division of society, and the condition of each of its branches in France; to one who had only cast his eye, in travelling, over the immense tracts of cultivated land, with scarcely an acre of waste to diversify the scene, and who had permitted first impressions to influence his judgement, it might appear, that in agriculture, France far excelled every other country in the world. In England, we have immense tracts of common in many of the counties;—in Scotland; we have our barren hills, our mosses, and moors;—in America, the cultivation bears but a small proportion to the wilds, the swamps, and the forests. In our beautiful provinces in the East Indies, the cultivation forms but a speck in the wide extent of common, and forest, and jungle. Why should France furnish a different spectacle? Why should the face of the country there wear a continual smile, while its very heart is torn with faction, and its energies fettered by tyranny? There are many who maintain that this state of the country is the happy effect of the revolution; but it will, I conceive, not be difficult to shew, that though certainly a consequence of the great change, it is far from being a happy one. We surely would not pronounce it a happy state of things, where the interests of all other branches of the community were sacrificed to promote the welfare of the peasantry alone.

The peasantry, no doubt, when their rights are preserved to them, as they are the most numerous, so they become the most important members of a civil society. "Although," as is well observed by Arthur Young, "they be disregarded by the superficial, or viewed with contempt by the vain, they will be placed, by those who judge of things not by their external appearance, but by their intrinsic worth, as the most useful class of mankind; their occupations conduce not only to the prosperity, but

to the very existence of society; their life is one unvaried course of hardy exertion and persevering toil. The vigour of their youth is exhausted by labour, and what are the hopes and consolations of their age? Sickness may deprive them of the opportunity of providing the least supply for the declining years of life, and the gloomy confinement of a work-house, or the scanty pittance of parochial help, are their only resources. By their condition may be estimated the real prosperity of a country; the real opulence, strength, and security of the public are proportionate to the comfort which they enjoy, and their wretchedness is a *sure criterion of a bad administration*."

I have quoted this passage at length, in order that I might shew that France supplies us in this case, as in many others, with a wide exception from those general rules in politics which time and experience had long sanctioned. We shall in vain look at the state of the peasantry of that country as affording a criterion of the situation of any other branch of the community. It did not remain concealed from the deep and penetrating eye of Napoleon, that if the peasantry of a country were supported, and their condition improved, any revolution might be effected; any measure, however tyrannical, provided it did not touch them, might be executed with ease. For the sake of the peasantry, we shall perceive that the yeomanry, the farmers, the *bourgeoisie*, the nobility, were allowed to dwindle into insignificance. His leading principle was never to interfere with their properties, however they may have been obtained; and he invariably found, that if permitted to enjoy these, they calmly submitted to taxation, furnished recruits for his conscription, and supported him in every measure.

In tracing the causes and effects of the various revolutions which take place among civilized nations, political writers have paid too little attention to the effects of property. France affords us an interesting field for investigation on this interesting question; but the narrow limits of our work will not admit of our indulging in such speculations. We cannot, however, avoid remarking by the way, that the facility of effecting a revolution in the government of France, so often shewn of late, has arisen, in a great measure, from this state of the property of the peasantry. Under the revolution they gained this property, and they respected and supported the revolutionists. Under Napoleon, their property was respected, and they bore with him, and admired him. Louis commenced by encouraging them in the idea that their rights would be respected, and they remained quiet:—his Ministers commenced their plans of restoring to the noblesse their estates, and the King immediately lost the affections of the peasantry. They welcomed Napoleon a second time, because they knew his principles: They have again welcomed their King, because they are led to suppose that experience has changed the views of his Ministers: but they suspect him, and on the first symptom of another change they will join in his expulsion.

The nobility, the great landed proprietors, the yeomanry, the lesser farmers, all the intermediate ranks who might oppose a check to the power of a tyrannical prince, are nearly annihilated. The property of these classes, but more particularly of the nobility, has been subdivided and distributed among the peasants; become their own, it has, no doubt, been much better managed, for it is their immediate interest that not an acre of waste ground should remain. They till it with their own hands, and, without any intermediate agents, they draw the profits. Lands thus managed, must, of course, be found in a very different state from those whose actual proprietor is perhaps never on the spot, who manages through stewards, bailiffs, and other agents, and whose rank prevents the possibility of his assisting, or even superintending, the labour of his peasantry.

Having shewn the causes of the present appearance of France, we must describe the effects, by presenting to our readers the picture which was every where before our eyes in traversing the country. The improvement in agriculture, or to speak literally, in the method of tilling the soil, is by no means great. The description of the methods pursued, and of the routine of crops, given by Arthur Young, corresponds very exactly with what we saw. It may be observed, however, that the ploughing is rather more neat, and the harrowing more regular. To an English eye both of these operations would appear most superficial; but it ought to be considered, that here nature does almost every thing, little labour is necessary, and in many parts of the country manure is never used: but the defect in the quality of the cultivation is somewhat compensated by the quantity. Scarce an acre of land which would promise to reward the cultivator will be found untilled. The plains are covered with grain, and the most barren hills are formed into vineyards. And it will generally be found, that the finest grapes are the produce of the most dry, stony, and seemingly barren hills. It is in this extension of the cultivation that we trace the improvement; but there must also be some considerable

change for the better, though not in the same degree, in the method of cultivation, which is demonstrated by the fact, that a considerable rise has taken place in the rent and price of land. In many places it has doubled within the last twenty-five years; an *arpent* now selling for 1000 francs, which was formerly sold for 500.

It is, however, extraordinary, that these improvements have, as yet, only shewn their influence in the dress of the peasantry, and no where in the comfort or neatness of their houses. Between Calais and Paris, their houses are better than we found them afterwards on our way to the south. In that direction, also, they were almost invariably well clothed, having over their other clothes (and not as a substitute for a coat) a sort of blue linen frock, which had an appearance of attention to dress, not to be seen in other parts of the country, for the peasantry in most other parts, though neatly clothed, presented, in the variety of their habits and costumes, a very novel spectacle. The large tails, which give them so military an appearance, and impress us with the idea that they have *marched*, are by no means a proof of this circumstance; for we were informed, that the first thing done in most instances, was to deprive the conscripts of their superabundant hair. But the long tail and the cocked hat, are worn in imitation of the higher orders of older time. It is indeed a sight of the most amusing kind to the English eye, to behold a French peasant at his work, in velvet coat and breeches, powdered hair, and a cocked hat. But we do not mean to give this as the usual dress of the peasants, although we have frequently met with it. Their dress is very often as plain, neat, and sufficient, as their houses are the reverse.

In Picardy, the luxuriant fruit-trees which surround the cottages and houses, give an appearance of comfort, which is not borne out by the actual state of the houses on a nearer inspection. Near Laon, and towards the frontiers of French Flanders, the condition of the peasantry appeared exceedingly comfortable. Their dress was very neat, and their houses much more substantial, and, in some parts, ornament was added to strength. In this district, the people had the advantage of being employed in the linen manufacture in their own houses, besides their ordinary agricultural occupations; and their condition reminded us of the effects of this intermixture of occupations presented by a view of Clydesdale in Scotland, or of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Towards Fontainbleau, and to the east of Paris, on the road of Soissons, the peasantry inhabit the old villages, or rather little towns, and no cottages are to be seen on the lands. No gardens are attached to the houses in these towns. The houses have there an appearance of age, want of repair, and a complete stagnation of commerce. And even the peasantry there seemed considerably reduced, but they were always well dressed, and by no means answered Arthur Young's description. Still their houses denoted great want of comfort; very little furniture was to be seen, and that either of the very coarsest kind, or of the gaudy and gilded description, which shewed whence it came. The intermixture is hideous. In the parts of the country above named; the food often consisted of bread and pork, and was better than what we found in the south. But even here, the small number of pigs, the poor flocks of sheep, and, indeed, the absence of any species of pasture for cattle, demonstrated that there was not a general or extensive consumption of animal food or the produce of the dairy.

The little demand for butcher meat, or the produce of pasture, is probably, as Arthur Young has hinted, one great cause of the continuance of the fallow system of husbandry in France; for where there is no consumption of these articles, it is impossible that a proper rotation of crops can be introduced.

In noticing the causes of the decided improvement in the condition of the peasantry, we may observe in passing, that the great consumption of human life, during the revolution, and more particularly under Napoleon's conscription, must have considerably bettered the condition of those who remained, and who were able for work, by increasing the price of labour.

The industry of the peasants in every part of the country, cannot be sufficiently praised—it as remarkable as the apathy and idleness of tradesmen and artificers. Every corner of soil is by them turned to account, and where they have gardens, they are kept very neat. The defects in the cultivation arise, therefore, from the goodness of the climate, the ignorance or poverty of the cultivators, or from inveterate prejudice.

We must now say a few words with regard to the state of agriculture and the condition of the peasantry between Paris and Aix, and more especially in the south of France. Here also every acre of land is turned to good account, but the method of

tilling the land is very defective. The improvements in agriculture, in modern times, will be found to owe their origin to men of capital, of education, and of liberal ideas, and such men are not to be found here. The prejudices and the poverty of their ancestors, have not ceased to have their effects in the present generation, in retarding the improvement in the tillage, and in the farm instruments. They are, in this respect, at least a century behind us. From the small subdivisions in many parts of the country, each family is enabled to till its own little portion with the spade; and where the divisions are larger, and ploughs used, they will invariably be found rude, clumsy, enormous masses of wood and iron, weak from the unskilfulness of the workmanship, continuing from father to son without improvement, because improvement would not only injure their purses, but give a deadly wound to that respect and veneration which they have for the good old ways of their ancestors. There is endless variety in the shape and size of the French plough; but amid the innumerable kinds of them, we never had the good fortune to meet one good or sufficient instrument.

The use of machinery in the farm-stead is unknown, and grain, as of old, is very generally trodden by oxen, sometimes on the sides of the high roads, and winnowed by the breath of Heaven.

In the south of France, we met with much more regular enclosure than around Paris; but even here, little attention is bestowed in keeping the fences in repair. Hedges are, however, less necessary in the south than elsewhere; for there is a complete want of live stock of every description, and no attention paid to the breeding of it. This want does not strike the traveller immediately, because he finds butcher meat pretty good in the small towns; excellent in the larger cities, and cheap everywhere. But he will find, that France is, in this respect, much in the same state with India. Animal food is cheap, because the consumption is very limited. In France, but more particularly in the south, I should say that not one-sixth of the butcher meat is consumed by each man or woman which would be requisite in England. Bread, wine, fruit, garlic, onions and oil, with occasionally a small portion of animal food, form the diet of the lower orders; and among the higher ranks, the method of cooking makes a little meat go a great way. The immense joints of beef and mutton, to which we are accustomed in England, were long the wonder of the French; but latterly, they have begun to introduce (among what they humorously term *plats de resistance*) these formidable dishes.

Excepting in the larger towns, butcher meat, particularly beef and mutton, is generally ill fed. In the part of the south, where we resided during the winter, the beef was procured from Lyons, a distance of above 200 miles. In the south, the breed of cattle of every description is small and stinted, and unless when pampered up for the market, they are generally very poor and ill fed. The traveller is everywhere struck with the difference between the English and French horses, cows, pigs, sheep, &c. and in more than the half of France, he will find, for the reasons formerly assigned, an almost total want of attention to these useful animals among the farmers. At Aix, where we were situated, there was only one cow to be found. Our milk was supplied by goats and sheep; and all the butter consumed there, excepting a very small quantity made from goat's milk, was also brought from Lyons. This want is not so much felt in Provence; because, for their cookery, pastry, &c. they use olive oil, which, when fresh, is very pleasant.

The want of barns, sheds, granaries, and all other farm buildings, is very conspicuous in the south. The dairy is there universally neglected, and milk can only be had early in the morning, and then in very small quantity; nay, the traveller may often journey a hundred miles in the south of France without being able to procure milk at all; this we ourselves experienced. The eye is nowhere delighted with the sight of rich and flourishing farm-steads, nor do the abundant harvests of France make any shew in regular farm-yards. All the wealth of the peasantry is concealed. Each family hides the produce of their little estate within their house. An exhibition of their happy condition would expose them to immediate spoliation from the tax-officers. In our own happy country, the rich farm-yard, the comfortable dwelling-house of the farmer, and the neat smiling cottage of the labourer, call down on the possessors only the applause and approbation of his landlord, of his neighbours, and of strangers. They raise him in the general opinion. In France, they would prove his ruin.

To conclude these few observations on the state of agriculture, we may remark, that the revolution has certainly tended greatly to promote the extension of the cultivation, by throwing the property of the lands into the hands of the peasantry, who are the

actual cultivators, and also by removing the obstructions occasioned by the seignorial rights, the titles, game laws, corveès; yet I think there cannot be a doubt, that, aided by capital, and by the more liberal ideas of superior farmers benefiting by the many new and interesting discoveries in modern agriculture, France might, without that terrible convulsion, have shewn as smiling an aspect, and the science of agriculture been much further advanced.

If, by the revolution, the situation of the peasantry be improved, we must not forget, on the other hand, that to effect this improvement, the nobility, gentry, yeomanry, and, we might almost add, farmers, have been very generally reduced to beggary. The restraint which the existence of these orders ever opposed to the power of a bad king, of a tyrant, or of an adventurer, might have remained, and all have been happier, better, and richer than they are now.

COMMERCE.

It was probably the first wish of Napoleon's heart, as it was also his wisest policy, that the French should become entirely a military, not a commercial nation. Under his government, the commerce of France was nearly annihilated. It was however necessary, that at times he should favour the commercial interest of the towns in the interior, from which he drew large supplies of money, and his constant enmity against the sea-port towns of Marseilles and Bourdeaux, induced him to encourage the interior commerce of France, to the prejudice of the maritime trade of these ports. Under Napoleon, Paris, Lyons, Rouen, and most of the large towns which carried on this interior commerce, were lately in a flourishing state. In these towns, if not beloved, he was at least tolerated, and they wished for no change of government. But at Marseilles, and at Bourdeaux, he was detested, and a very strong royalist party existed, which caused him constant annoyance. At Bourdeaux, it may be recollected, that the Bourbons were received with open arms, and that that town was the first to open its gates to the allies. It was also among the last that held out. I was in that town while the royalist party were still powerful, while every thing shewed a flourishing commerce, while the people were happy; the wine trade was daily enriching the inhabitants, and they blessed the return of peace, and of their lawful princes. In two days the face of things was changed. A party of soldiers, 300 strong, were dispatched by Napoleon, under the command of General Clausel. The troops of the line here, as everywhere else, betrayed their trust, and joined the rebels, and Bourdeaux was delivered up to the spoiler.

Never was there a more melancholy spectacle than that now afforded by the inhabitants of this city. You could not enter a shop where you did not find the owners in tears. We were then all hastening to leave France. They embraced us, and prayed that our army might soon be among them to restore peace and the Bourbons. Here I am convinced that Bonaparte is hated by all but the military. Yet what could a town like Bourdeaux effect, when its own garrison betrayed it?

Besides the bad effects of Bonaparte's policy on the commerce of France, I must notice the wide influence of another cause, which was the natural result of the revolution. Although at first an attack was only made against the noblesse, yet latterly, every rich and powerful family was included among the proscribed, and all the commercial houses of the first respectability were annihilated. These have never been replaced, and the upstart race of petty traders have not yet obtained the confidence of foreigners. The trade of France is therefore very confined; and even were opportunities now afforded of establishing a trade with foreign nations, it would be long before France could benefit by it, from the total want of established and creditable houses.

The manifest signs of the decay of commerce in France cannot escape the observation of the traveller, more especially if he has been in the habit of travelling in England. The public diligences are few in number, and most miserably managed. It is difficult to say whether the carriage, the horses, or the harness, gives most the idea of meanness. Excepting in the neighbourhood of large towns, you meet with not a cart, or waggon, for twenty that the same distance would show in England. The roads are indeed excellent in most parts; but this is not in France, as in most countries, a proof of a flourishing commerce. It is for the conveyance of military stores, and to facilitate

the march of the troops, that the police are required to keep the roads in good repair. The villages and towns throughout France, are in a state of dilapidation from want of repair. No new houses, shops, and warehouses building, as we behold every where in England. None of that hurry and bustle in the streets, and on the quays of the sea-port towns, which our blessed country can always boast. The dress of the people, their food, their style of living, their amusements, their houses, all bespeak extreme poverty and want of commerce.

I was at some pains in ascertaining whether, in many of their manufactures, they were likely to rival us or injure our own.—I cannot say I have found one of consequence. There are indeed one or two articles partially in demand among us, in which the French have the superiority; silks, lace, gloves, black broad cloth, and cambric are the chief among them. The woollen cloths in France are extremely beautiful, and the finer sorts, I think, of a superior texture to any thing we have in England; but the price is always double, and sometimes treble of what they sell for at home, so that we have not much to fear from their importations. Few of the French can afford to wear these fine cloths.

French watches are manufactured at about one half of the English price; but the workmanship is very inferior to ours, and unless as trinkets for ladies' wear, they do not seem much in estimation in England. The cutlery in France is wretched. Not only the steel, but the temper and polish, are far inferior to ours. A pair of English razors is, to this day, a princely present in France. Hardware is flimsy, ill finished, and of bad materials. All leather work, such as saddlery, harness, shoes, &c. is wretchedly bad, but undersells our manufactures of the same kind by about one half. Cabinet work and furniture is handsome, shewy, insufficient, and dear. Jewellery equal, if not superior to ours in neatness, but not so sufficient. Hats and hosiery very indifferent. In glass ware we greatly excel the French, except in the manufacture of mirrors. Musical instruments of all descriptions are made as well, and at half the English price, in France. In every thing else, not here mentioned, as far as my memory serves me, I think I may report the manufactures of France greatly inferior to those in England. I have sometimes heard it stated, that in the manufacture of calicoes, muslins, and other cotton goods, the French are likely to rival us. On this subject I was not able to obtain the information I wished for, but one fact I can safely mention, the price of all these goods is at present, in most parts of France, nearly double what it is in England or Scotland, and their machinery is not to be compared with our own.

WEALTH OF THE NATION AND ITS DIVISION.

To the traveller in France, every thing seems to denote extreme poverty, and that extending its influence over all ranks of society; and certainly, compared with England, France is wretchedly poor. But many of its resources remain hidden, and it is certain, that on the demands of its despotic ruler, France produced unlooked-for supplies. His wars have now greatly exhausted this hidden treasure, and there is, fortunately for the peace of the world, very little money left in the country. The marks of the wealth of the country, both absolutely, and in relation to other countries, are to be found in the manner of living, and extent of fortunes of its inhabitants; in the size, comfort, and style of their houses; in their dress and amusements; in the price of labour; the salaries of office; the trade and commerce of the country; the number of country houses, of banks, &c. In examining each of these heads, we shall find that France is a very poor country.

The sum of two thousand pounds a-year is reckoned a noble fortune in France, and very, very few, there are that possess that sum.

One thousand pounds a-year constitutes a handsome fortune for a gentleman; and four hundred for a *bourgeois*, or for one employed in trade or commerce. Few of the nobility are now possessed of fortunes sufficient to maintain a carriage; and none under the rank of princes, in France, have *now* more than one carriage.

The style of living is wretched: only the first, and richest houses, can afford to entertain company, and those but seldom. It requires a large fortune to maintain a regular cook; in half the houses they have only a dirty scullion, who, among her other work, cooks the dinner. In the other half, a traiteur sends in the dinner; or if a

bachelor, the master of the house dines at a *table d'hôte*, as a *pensionaire*.

The interior management of the French houses denotes extreme poverty. Some few articles of splendid furniture are displayed for shew in one or two rooms, while the rest of the house is shut up, and left dirty and ill furnished.

Of their dress and amusements I have already said enough, to shew that they denote poverty, and I shall say more when I come to the French character.

The price of labour is far lower than what we are used to, fluctuating from fifteen to twenty pence a-day. The salaries of office are, throughout France, not above one-third what they are in England. Of the want of trade and commerce I have already spoken. The public banks are very few in number, and only to be found in very large and commercial towns. Country houses and fine estates, there are none, or where they are found, it is in a state of dilapidation.

Where, then, is the wealth of France? I was at some pains to solve this question. The remaining wealth of France is divided among the generals of Napoleon; the army furnishers and contractors; the prefects, sub-prefects; the numerous receivers and collectors of taxes; and, lastly, but chiefly, the peasantry. It may appear strange to those who are not acquainted with the present state of France, that I have mentioned the peasants among the richest; but I am convinced of the fact. The peasants in France have divided among themselves the lands and property of the emigrants. Napoleon drew supplies from them; but very politically maintained them in their possessions. Their condition, and the condition of the lands, shew them to be in easy circumstances. They are well clothed, and abundantly, though poorly fed.

France is, in fine, a very poor country, compared with our own; but it is not without resources, and its wealth will remain concealed as long as it is under Napoleon; for whoever shewed wealth, was by him marked out as an object of plunder. By allowing unlimited power to his emissaries and spies, he was able to discover where the wealth lay, and by vesting the same power in his prefects, sub-prefects, receivers, and gend'armes, he seized on it when discovered. In the public prints, previous to his downfall, we may observe almost continually the thanks of Government to the farmers, proprietors, and others, for *their patriotic exertions in supplying horses, grain, &c.* In these cases, the *patriotic farmers* had bands of gend'armerie stationed over them, who drove away their horses, their cattle and grain, without the hope even of payment or redress of any kind. Nothing denotes more the poverty of the country, than the want of horses, of cows, and all kinds of live stock.

In no country in the world is there found so great a number of beggars as in France; and yet there are not wanting in every town establishments for the maintenance of the poor. These beggars are chiefly from among the manufacturing classes; the families of soldiers and labourers. The peasants are seldom reduced to this state, or when reduced, they are succoured by their fellow peasants, and do not beg publicly. The national poverty has had the worst effects on the French character; in almost every station in life they will be found capable of meanness. What can be more disgusting, than to see people of fashion and family reduced to the necessity of letting to strangers their own rooms, and retiring into garrets and other dirty holes—demanding exorbitant prices, and with perfect indifference taking half or a third—higgling for every article they purchase—standing in dirty wrappers at their doers, seeing the wood weighed in the street, on terms of familiarity with tradesmen and their own servants. All this you see in France daily; but on this subject I have elsewhere made observations.

As connected with this part of the subject, a few words must be said on the condition of the towns and villages; for although I had at first intended to treat this, and the situation of the different ranks, as separate subjects; yet they seem to come in more naturally at present, when speaking of the wealth of France and its division. The towns throughout France, as well as the villages, particularly in the south, have an appearance of decay and dilapidation. The proprietors have not the means of repair. It is customary (I suppose from the heat of the climate), to build the houses very large; to repair a French house, therefore, is very expensive: and it will generally be seen, that in most, houses only one or two rooms are kept in repair, and furnished, while the rest of the house is crumbling to pieces. This is the case with all the great houses; in those of the common people we should expect more comfort, as they are small, and do not need either expensive repair or gay furniture; but comfort is unknown in France. On entering a small house in one of the villages, we find the people huddled together

as they are said to do in some parts of England and Scotland. Men, women, dogs, cats, pigs, goats, &c.—no glass in the windows—doors shattered—truckle-beds—a few earthen pots; and with all this filth, we find, perhaps, half a dozen velvet or brocade covered chairs; a broken mirror, or a marble slab-table; these are the articles plundered in former days of terror and revolution. All caffés and hotels in the villages are thus furnished.

The streets in almost every town in France are without pavement. Would any one believe, that in the great city, as the French call it, there is a total want of this convenience? On this subject, Mercier, in his Tableaux de Paris, has this remark: [42]"Dès qu'on est sur le pavè de Paris, ou voit que le peuple n'y fait pas les loix;—aucune commoditè pour les gens de pied—point de trottoirs—le peuple semble un corps separè des autres ordres de l'etat—les riches et les grands qui ont equipage ont le droit de l'ecraser ou de le mutiler dans les rues—cent victimes expirent par annee sous les rues des voiture."

Besides the want of pavement to protect us from the carriages, and to keep our feet dry, we have to encounter the mass of filth and dirt, which the nastiness of the inhabitants deposits, and which the police suffers to remain. The state of Edinburgh in its worst days, as described by our English neighbours, was never worse than what you meet with in France. The danger of walking the streets at night is very great, and the perfumes of Arabia do not prevail in the morning.

The churches in all the villages are falling to ruin, and in many instances are converted into granaries, barracks, and hospitals; manufacturing establishments are also in ruins, scarcely able to maintain their workmen; their owners have no money for the repair of their buildings. The following description of the changes that have taken place in the French villages, is better than any thing I can give; and from what I have seen, it is perfectly correct:

[43]"Avant la revolution, le village se composait de quatre mille habitans. Il fournissait pour sa part, au service general de l'Eglise et des hopitaux, ainsi qu'aux besoins de l'instruction cinq eclesiastiques, deux sœurs de la charité, et trois maitres d'ecol. Ces derniers sont remplacé par un maitre d'equitation, un maitre de dessin et deux maitres de musique. Sur huit fabriques d'etoffes de laisne et de coton, il ne reste plus qu'une seule. En revanche il s'est etabli deux caffés, un tabaque, un restaurat, et un billiard qui prosperent d'une maniere surprenante. On comptait autrefois quarante charretiers de labour; vingt-cinq d'entre eux sont devenus couriers, piqueurs, et cochès. Ce vuide est remplie par autant de femmes, qui dirigent la charette et qui pour se delasser de tems en tems menent au marché des voitures de paille ou de charbon. Le nombre de charpentiers, de maçons, et d'autres artisans est diminué à peu pres de moitie. Mais le prix de tout les genres de main d'œuvre ayant aussi augmenté de moitie—cela revient au meme—et la compensation se retablit. Une espece d'individus que le village fournit en grande abondance, et dans des proportions trop fortes ce sont les domestiques de luxe et de livrée. Pour peu que cela dure on achevera de depeupler le campagne de gens utiles qui le cultivent pour peupler les villes d'individus oisifs et corrompus. Beaucoup de femmes et de jeunes filles, qui n'etaient que des couturiers, et des servantes de femmes, ont aussi trouvè de l'avancement dans la capitale, et dans les grandes villes. Elles sont devenues femmes de chambre—brodeuses—et marchandes des modes. On dirait que le luxe a entreprit de pomper la jeunesse; toutes les idèes et tous les regards sont tournès vers lui à aucun epoque anterieure le contingent du village en hommes de loi—huissiers—etudiants en droits, mediçins, poetes et artistes, ne s'etait eleve au dela de trois ou quatre; il s'eleve maintenant à soixante deux, et une chose qu'on n'aurait jamais su imaginer autrefois c'est qu'il y a dans le nombre autant de peintres, de poetes, de comediens, de danseuses de theatre et de musiciens ambulans, qu'une ville de quatre vingt mille hommes aurait pu en fournir il y a trente ou quarante ans."

Another mark of the poverty of France at present occurs to me: In every town, but particularly in the large cities, we are struck with numbers of idle young men and women who are seen in the streets. Now that the army no longer carries away the "surplus population of France," (to use the language of Bonaparte), the number of these idlers is greatly increased. The great manufacturing concerns have long ceased to employ them. France is too poor to continue the public works which Napoleon had every where begun. The French have no money for the improvement of their estates, the repair of their houses, or the encouragement of the numerous trades and professions which thrive by the costly taste and ever-varying fashion of a luxurious

and rich community. Being on the subject of taste and fashion, I must not forget that I noticed the dress and amusements of the French as offering a mark of their poverty. The great meanness of their dress must particularly strike every English traveller; for I believe there is no country in the world where all ranks of people are so well dressed as in England. It is not indeed astonishing to see the nobility, the gentry, and those of the liberal professions well clothed, but to see every tradesman, and every tradesman's apprentice, wearing the same clothes as the higher orders; to see every servant as well, if not better clothed than his master, affords a clear proof of the riches of a country. In the higher ranks among the French, a gentleman has indeed a good suit of clothes, but these are kept for wearing in the evening on the promenade, or at a party. In the morning, clothes of the coarsest texture, and often much worn, or even ragged, are put on. If you pay a lady or gentleman a morning visit, you find them so metamorphosed as scarcely to be known; the men in dirty coarse cloth great coats, wide sackcloth trowsers and slippers; the women in coarse calico wrappers, with a coloured handkerchief tied round their hair. All the little gaudy finery they possess is kept for the evening, but even then there is nothing either costly or elegant, or neat, as with us. In their amusements also is the poverty of the people manifested. A person residing in Paris, and who had travelled no further, would think that this observation was unjust, for in Paris there is no want of amusements; the theatres are numerous, and all other species of entertainment are to be found. But in the smaller towns, one little dirty theatre, ill lighted, with ragged scenery, dresses, and a beggarly company of players, is all that is to be found. The price of admittance is also very low. The poverty of the people will not admit of the innumerable descriptions of amusements which we find in every little town in England: amateur concerts are sometimes got up, but for want of funds they seldom last long. My subscription to one of these at the town where we resided, was five francs per month, or about a shilling each concert. This may be taken as a specimen of the price of French amusements.

STATE OF RELIGION.

THE order of the priesthood in France had suffered greatly in the revolution. They were everywhere scouted and reviled, either for being supporters of the throne, or for being rich, or for being *moderès*. Napoleon found them in this condition; he never more than tolerated them, and latterly, by his open attack and cruel treatment of their chief, he struck the last and severest blow against the church. Unable to bear the insults of the military, deprived of the means of support, many of the clergy either emigrated or concealed themselves. In the principal towns, indeed, the great establishments took the oath of allegiance to the tyrant; but the inferior clergy and the country curates met nowhere with encouragement, and were allowed to starve, or to pick up a scanty pittance by teaching schools in a community who laughed at education, at morality, and religion.

Many of the churches, convents, and monasteries were demolished; many were converted into barracks, storehouses, and hospitals. We saw but *one* village church in our travels through France, and even in the larger towns we found the places of public worship in a state of dilapidation. I went to see the palace of the Archbishop at Aix; out of a suite of most magnificent rooms, about 30 in number, *one miserable little chamber was furnished for his highness*. In the rest, the grandeur of former days was marked by the most beautiful tapestry on some part of the walls, while other parts had been laid bare and daubed over with caps of liberty, and groupes of soldiers and guillotines, and indecent inscriptions. The nitches for statues, and the frames of pictures, were seen empty. The objects which formerly filled them were dashed to pieces or burnt.

The conduct of the people at the churches marked the low state of religion: the higher ranks talked in whispers, and even at times loudly, on their family concerns, their balls and concerts. The peasantry and lower ranks behaved with more decency, but seemed to think the service a mere form; they came in at all hours, and staid but a few minutes; went out and returned.

We had in our small society some very respectable clergymen; but I am sorry to say, we had one instance shewing the immoral tendency of the celibacy of the clergy.

Very few of the convents remain. I have detailed our visit to one of them in my journal; we found every thing decent and well conducted, but not with any thing like the strictness and rigour we expected. At Aix there was a small establishment of

Ursulines, a very strict order; there was also a penitentiary establishment of Magdalenes, the rules of which were said by the people of Aix to be of the most inhuman nature. The caterers for the establishment were ordered to buy only spoilt provisions for food; fasting was prescribed for weeks together; and the miserable young women lay on boards a foot in breadth, with scarce any clothing. Their whole dress, when they went out, consisted of a shift and gown of coarsest hard blanket stuff. They were employed in educating young children. I once met a party of them walking out with their charges, who were chanting hymns and decorating these miserable walking skeletons with flowers.

We had also at Aix a very celebrated preacher named De Coq. I went to hear him, and, though much struck with his fluency of language, did not much admire his style of preaching; there was too much of cant and declamation, and at times he made a most intolerable noise, roaring as if he were addressing an army. This man, however, succeeded in drawing tears from the audience; but this did not surprise me, for it is astonishing how easily this is accomplished. This reminds me of a scene which I witnessed one evening at the theatre at Aix. We were seated next an old Marquise with whom we were acquainted. The tragedy of Meropè, and particularly the part of the son Egistus, was butchered in a very superior style; the Marquise turned to my sister, and said to her, "Oh how touching! how does it happen that it does not make you cry? But you shall see me cry in a minute; I shall just think of my poor son whom Napoleon took for the conscription." She then by degrees worked herself up into a fit of tears, and really cried for a pretty tolerable space of time. A most amusing soliloquy took place at our house the night before the national guard left Aix, in pursuit of Bonaparte. This lady came to pay us a visit; and after crying very prettily, she exclaimed, "Oh, the *barbare*, he has taken away my son—he has ruined my concert which I had fixed for Thursday—we were to have had such music!—and Jule, my son, was to have sung; but Jule is gone, perhaps to——*Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*—and I had laid out three hundred pounds in repairing my houses at Marseilles, and not one of them will now be let—and I had engaged Ciprè (a fiddler), for Thursday; and we should have been so happy."—But this is a most extraordinary episode to introduce when talking of the state of religion.

Some measures taken latterly by the King, seem to have been but ill received by the French, and they then shewed how little attention they were inclined to pay to religious restraints, which were at variance with their interests and their pleasures: I allude to the shutting of the theatres and the shops on Sunday. Perhaps, considering the nature of their religion, and the long habit which had sanctioned the devoting of this day to amusement, the measure was too hasty. Certain it is, that neither this measure, nor the celebration of the death of Louis XVI. did any good to the Bourbon cause. The last could not fail to awaken many disagreeable feelings of remorse and of shame: It was a kind of punishment to all who had in any way joined in that horrid event. At Aix, the solemn ceremony was repeatedly interrupted by the noise of the military. We remarked one man in particular, who continued laughing, and beating his musket on the ground. On leaving the church, our landlord told us, he was one of those who had led one of the Marseilles bands at that time; and that there were in that small community, who had assembled in church, more than five or six others of the same description. How many of these men must there have been in all France whose feelings, long laid asleep, were awakened by such a ceremony!

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

NAPOLEON'S greatest ambition was to inter-meddle with everything in the kingdom. With most of the changes which his restless spirit has produced, the French have no great reason to be satisfied; but all agree, that with regard to the administration of justice, and the courts, for the trial of civil suits in France, the alterations which he has introduced, have been ultimately of essential benefit to the country. Previous to his accession to the government, the sources of equity were universally contaminated, and the influence of corruption most deeply felt in every part of the constitution of their courts. On the accession of Napoleon to the throne, the most respectable and able men among the judges and magistrates were continued in their appointments, and the vacancies, occasioned by the dismission of those found guilty of corruption, (many of whom had, during the confusions of the revolution, actually seized their

situations), were supplied, in frequent instances, by those of the older nobility, whose characters and principles were known and respected. In addition to this, the civil and the criminal codes were both carefully revised. In this revisal, the greatest legal talents in the nation were employed. The laws of different nations, more particularly of England, were brought to contribute in the formation of a new code; and by a compilation from the Roman, the French and the English law, a new institute, or body of civil and criminal justice, was formed, intended for the regulation of the whole kingdom. Previous to this change, it must be observed, that the laws, in the different provinces of the kingdom, were in some measure formed *upon*, and always interwoven *with*, the particular observances and customs of their respective provinces; the inevitable consequence was, that every province, possessing different usages, had also a different code. [44]"La bizarrerie des loix," says Mercier, "et la varieté des coutumes font que l'avocat le plus savant devient un ignore des qu'il se trouve en Gasgogne, ou en Normandie. Il perd a Vernon, un procés qu'il avoit gagné a Poissy. Prenez le plus habile pour la consultation, et la plaidoyerie, eh bien, il sera obligé d'avoir son avocat et son procureur, si on lui intente un proces dans le resort de la plupart des autres parlemens." The consequence of this was an uncertainty, intricacy, and want of any thing like regulating principles in the laws, and an incoherency and inconsistency in the administration of both civil and criminal justice.

The improvements introduced by the late Emperor, have therefore, considered under this point of view, been of no common benefit to the kingdom, as they have given, to some measure, certainty, principle and consistency, the essential attributes of good laws, to what was formerly a mass of confusion.

At Aix, where we resided, the head court is held for four provinces, and there is a college for the study of law and divinity. Most of the acquaintances I there formed were gentlemen belonging to the law; many of them had been liberally educated, were men of talents, and some of them possessed acquirements which would have done honour to any bar. The opinion of all these was strongly in favour of the new codes; and they go so far as to say, that when the matter comes under consideration, there are very few things which the present government will change, and very few judges who will lose their situations.

They allowed, however, that latterly, Napoleon had forgotten his usual moderation, and, incensed against the importation of foreign merchandise, had instituted a court, and formed a new and most rigorous code for the trial of all cases of smuggling and contraband trade. But fortunately for the people, this court had scarcely commenced its severe inflictions, when the deposition of Napoleon, and the subsequent peace with England, rendered its continuance unnecessary. The punishments awarded by this court, were, in their rigour, infinitely more terrible than that of any other in Europe. There was not the slightest proportionment of the punishment to the offence. For the sale of the smallest proportion of contraband goods, the unfortunate culprit was condemned immediately to eight or ten years labour amongst the galley-slaves. For the weightier offences, the importation of larger quantities of forbidden goods, perpetual labour, and even death, were not unfrequently pronounced.

I was informed, that when Napoleon commanded the Senate to pass the decree for the institution of this court, one of the members asked him, if he believed he would find Frenchmen capable of executing his orders, and enforcing such laws? His answer was, "my salaries will soon find judges;" and the consequence of this determination, upon his part, was, that while he paid the judges of the other tribunals at Aix by a miserable annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds, and two hundred pounds, the judges of the court of contraband were ordered to receive seven hundred pounds and eight hundred pounds. Napoleon was perfectly right in his opinion; that such was the want of honour and principle, and such the excessive poverty of France, that these salaries would soon find judges. I have heard from unquestionable authority, that, for the last vacancy which was filled up in that court, there were ten candidates.

The court-room, in which this law tribunal was held, is now occupied by a society of musical amateurs, and a concert was given there, during our stay at Aix, once every week. One of the lawyers, in talking of this court, informed me, that in that very room, where the judges of the court of contraband sat, he had played in comedy and tragedy, pleaded causes, had taken his part in concerts, and danced at balls, under its several revolutions, its different political phases of a theatre, a court of justice, a concert and a ball-room. Exactly similar to this was the fate of the churches, palaces, and the houses of individuals under Napoleon, which were alternately barracks, hospitals,

stables, courts of justice, *caffés, restaurats*, &c.

The penal code of the late Emperor breathes throughout a spirit of humanity, which must astonish every one acquainted with his character. The punishment of death, which, according to Blackstone, may be inflicted by the English law in one hundred and sixty different offences, is now in France confined to the very highest crimes only; the number of which does not exceed twelve. A minute attention has been paid to the different degrees of guilt in the commission of the same crime; and according to these, the punishments are as accurately proportioned as the cases will permit. One species of capital punishment has been ordained instead of that multitude of cruel and barbarous deaths which were marshalled in terrible array along the columns of the former code. This punishment is decapitation. The only exception to this is in the case of parricide, in which, previous to decapitation, the right hand is cut off; and in the punishment for high-treason, in which the prisoner is made to walk barefoot, and with a crape veil over his head to the scaffold, where he is beheaded. Torture was abolished by Louis XVI., and has never afterwards been resumed.

After Napoleon had it in view to form a new code for France, he was at great pains to collect together the most upright and honourable, as well as the most able amongst the French lawyers; the principal members of whom were Tronchet, one of the counsel who spoke boldly and openly in defence of the unfortunate Louis XVI., Portalis, Malville, and Bigot de Preameneau. Under such superintendance, the work was finished in a short time.

The trial by jury has been for some time established in France; but the Emperor, dreading that so admirable an institution, if managed with an impartial hand might, in too serious a manner, impose restraint upon his individual despotism, took particular care to subject those crimes, which he dreaded might arise out of the feelings of the public, to the cognisance of special tribunals. All trials originating out of the conscription, are placed under the care of a special court, composed of a certain number of the criminal judges and military officers. In France, there is no grand jury; but its place is supplied by that which they have denominated the *Juré d'Accusation*. This is a court composed of a few members amongst the civil judges, assisted by the Procureur-General or Attorney-General. Their juries for the trial of criminals are selected from much higher classes in society than with us in England; a circumstance the effect of absolute necessity, owing to the extreme ignorance of the middling ranks and the lower classes. In the conducting of criminal trials, the manner of procedure is in a great measure different from our English form. A criminal, when first apprehended, is carried, before the magistrate of the town, generally the Mayor. He there undergoes repeated examinations; all the witnesses, are summoned and examined, in a manner similar to the precognitions taken before the Sheriff of Scotland, and the whole process is nearly as tedious as upon the trial. All the papers and declarations are then sent with the accused, to the *Juré d'Accusation*, who also thoroughly examine the prisoner and the witnesses; if grounds are found for the trial, the papers are immediately laid before the "*Cour d'Assize*." Before this court, the prisoner is again specially examined by its president. His former declarations are compared and confronted with his present answers, and the strongest evidence against him, is often in this manner extracted from his own story. It might certainly be imagined, that with all these precautions, it would be scarcely possible that the guilty should escape. The very contrary is the case, and I have been informed by some of the ablest lawyers in the courts here, that out of ten prisoners, really guilty, six haves good chance of getting clear off. They ascribe this to two principal causes, 1st, That the proceedings become so extremely tedious and intricate, that it is impossible for the jury to keep them all in their recollection, and that, forgetting the general tenor of the evidence, they suffer the last impressions, those made by the counsel for the prisoner, to bias their judgment, and to regulate their verdict. In the 2d place, It is customary for the president of the court to enter into a long examination and cross-examination of the prisoner, (assisted and prompted in his questions by the rest of the judges), in a severe and peremptory style, and what is too often the case with the judge, in his anxiety to condemn, to identify himself with the public prosecutor. He appears, in the eye of the jury, more in the light of an interested individual, anxious to drag the offender in the most summary manner to the punishment of the law, than as an upright and unbiassed judge, whose duty it is coolly to consider the whole case, to weigh the evidence of the respective witnesses, to consider, with benevolent attention, the defence of the prisoner, and, after all this, to pronounce, with authoritative impartiality, the sentence of the law. This naturally prejudices the jury in favour of the

prisoner; and few, even in our own country, who may have been witness to the common routine of our criminal procedure, will not themselves have felt that immediate and irresistible impression, which is made upon the mind of the spectator, when he sees on one side the solemn array of the court, the judges, the officers, and all the terrible show of justice; and on the other, the trembling, solitary, unbefriended criminal, who awaits in silence the sentence of the law. One difference, however, between the effects produced by the respective criminal codes of France and England, ought to be here remarked. In England, owing to the principles and practice of our criminal law, it too frequently happens, that the most open and notorious criminals escape, whilst the less able, but more innocent offenders, those who might be easily reclaimed, who have gone little way in the road of crime, but who are less able to do themselves justice at their trial, fall an easy sacrifice to the rigour of our criminal code. In France, owing to the custom of the cross-examinations of the prisoner, by the president and the different judges, this can never happen. The notoriety of his character prevents the common feelings of compassion in the breasts of the jury; the severity of the interrogations renders it impossible that any fictitious story, when confronted with his former examinations before the magistrate and the *Juré d'Accusation*, can long hold together, and he is, in this manner, generally convicted by the evidence extracted from his own mouth upon the trial.

The present style of French pleading is exactly what we might be led to expect from the peculiar state of manners, and the particular character of that singular people. It is infinitely further removed from dry legal ratiocination, and much more allied to real eloquence, than any thing we met with in England. Any one who is acquainted with the natural inborn fluency in conversation of every individual whom he meets in France, may be able to form some idea of the astonishing command of words in a set of men who are bred to public speaking. One bad effect arises from this, which is, that if the counsel is not a man of ability, this amazing volubility, which is found equally in all, serves more to weaken than to convince; for the little sense there may be, is spread over so wide a surface, or is diluted with such a dose of verbiage, that the whole becomes tasteless and insipid to the last degree. But this fluency, on the other hand, in the hands of a man of talents and genius, is a most powerful weapon. It hurries you along with a velocity which, from its very rapidity, is delightful; and where it cannot convince, it amuses, fascinates, and overpowers you.

One thing struck me as remarkable in the French form of trial, which perhaps might be with benefit adopted by England. All exceptions and challenges to jurymen are made in private, and not, as with us, in open court. This is a more delicate method, and no man's character can suffer (as is sometimes the case in England) by being rejected. The trial by jury is very far from being popular in France; indeed, upon an average I have heard more voices against it than advocates for its continuance. The great cause for this dissatisfaction is that which leads to various other calamitous consequences in that kingdom,—the want of public spirit in France.—The French have literally no idea of any duties which they must voluntarily, without the prospect of reward, undertake for their country. It never enters their heads that a man may be responsible for the neglect of those public duties, for the performance of which he receives no regular salary.—There is a constant connection in their minds, between business and payment, between money and obligation: and as for that noble and patriotic spirit which will undergo any labour from a disinterested sense of public duty, it is long since any such feeling has existed, and it will probably, if things continue in their present state, be long before it will exist again in France.

It might be imagined, from the advantages in the administration of criminal justice, that France was in this respect equal, if not superior to Britain.—This, however, is by no means the case. The written criminal code of France is indeed apparently more humane, and the civil code less intricate and voluminous than with us in England. But there is a wide and striking difference between this code, drawn up with all the luminousness of speculative benevolence, and the manner in which the same code is carried into execution: What signifies the purity of the code, if the executive part of the system, the nomination of the judges, the direction of the sentences, and the reversal of the whole proceedings, was submitted to the power, and constituted part of the iron prerogative, of a despotic Sovereign. It was the constant practice of the late Emperor to appoint, whenever it was necessary for the accomplishment of his own ends, what he denominated a COUR PREVOITALE—a species of court consisting of judges of his own selection, who, with summary procedure, condemned or acquitted, according to the pleasure of its master. Not only was this court erected, which was in

every respect under the controul of the Emperor, but by means of his police emissaries, of those pensioned spies whom he insinuated into all the offices, and the remotest branches of the political administration, he contrived to overawe the different judges, to keep them in perpetual fear of the loss of their official situation, and in this manner to beat down the evidence, to bias the sentence, and finally, to direct the verdict. The judicial situations became latterly so completely under the influence of the creatures of the Court, that I was informed by the lawyers, that no judge was sure of remaining for two months in his official situation.

Upon the important subject of criminal delinquency, I am sorry to say the only information I contrived to collect was extremely unsatisfactory. I had been promised, by an intelligent barrister, with whom I had the good fortune to become acquainted, a detailed opinion upon the state of criminal delinquency in France; but in the meantime Napoleon landed from Elba, and my friend was called away from his civil duties to join the national guard, who were marched, when it was too late, in pursuit of Bonaparte.

From the calendar of crimes, however, which I had the opportunity of examining at the Aix assizes, as well as from the decided opinion of many of the lawyers there, I should be induced to hazard the opinion, that the crimes of robbery, burglary, and murder, are infinitely less frequent than in England. The great cause of this is undoubtedly to be attributed to the excellence of their police. Wherever such a preventive as the system of Espionage, and that carried to the perfection which we find it possessing in that country, exists, it is impossible that the greater crimes should be found to any alarming decree. There is a power, a vigour and an omnipresence in this effective police, which can check every criminal excess before it has attained any thing like a general or rooted influence throughout the kingdom; and its power, under the administration of Napoleon, was exerted to an excessive degree in France. Such a mode, however, of diminishing the catalogue of crimes, could exist only under a state of things which the inhabitants of a free country would not suffer for a moment; and indeed, to anyone possessing but the faintest idea of what liberty is, there is something in the idea of a system of espionage which is dreadful. It is like some of those dark and gigantic dæmons, embodied by the genius of fiction, the form of which you cannot trace, although you feel its presence, which stalks about enveloped in congenial gloom, and whose iron grasp falls upon you the more terrible, because it is unsuspected. Fortunately such a monster can never be met with in a free country. It shuns the pure, and untainted atmosphere of liberty, and its lungs will only play with freedom in the foul and thick air of a decided despotism.

The effects of this system of espionage, in destroying every thing upon which individual happiness in society depends; the free and unrestrained communication of opinion between friends, and even the confidence of domestic society, can hardly be conceived by any one who has lived in a free country. Upon this subject, I had an opportunity of conversing with a most respectable and intelligent British merchant, who, previous to the revolution, had been a partner in a banking-house in the French metropolis; and afterwards had the misfortune of being kept a prisoner in Paris for the last twelve years. The accounts he gave us regarding the excessive rigour of the police, and the jealousy of every thing like intercourse, were truly terrible. It had become a maxim in Paris, an axiom whose truth was proved by the general practice and conduct of its inhabitants, to believe every third person a spy. Any matter of moment, any thing bordering upon confidential communication, was alone to be trusted *entre quatre yeux*. The servants in every family, it was well known, were universally in the pay of government. They could not be hired till they produced their licenses, and these licenses, to serve as domestics, they all procured from the office of the police. From that office their wages were as certain, and probably (if the information they conveyed was of importance), more regularly paid than those they received from their masters. Even, therefore, in the most secret retirement of your own family, you could never speak with perfect freedom. Mr B——, the gentleman above mentioned, informed me, that before he dared to mention, even to his wife or family, any subject connected with the affairs of the day, or when they wished to speak freely and unrestrainedly upon any point whatever, every corner of the room was first examined, the chinks of the doors, and the walls of the adjoining apartments underwent a similar scrutiny; and even then they did not dare to introduce any subject which was nearly connected with the political government of the country.

A lawyer, who lived upon the same floor with this gentleman, was astonished, one morning, by the entry of the police officers into his room at four in the morning, without the slightest previous warning. They pulled him out of bed—hurried him away

to the police office, kept him in strict custody for several days, seized all his papers; and having at last discovered that their suspicions were ill-founded, and that he had been secured upon erroneous information, he was brought back to his lodgings by the same hands, and in the same summary manner in which he had been removed; and he is to this day ignorant of the cause of his detention, or the nature of the offence of which he had been suspected.

Amongst the few English who, along with Mr B. were detained in Paris, it was naturally to be expected, that the precautions taken to deceive the police, and to prevent the suspicion of any secret intercourse, were still more severe and rigorous than were used by the native French. As the subjects of this country, they naturally became the objects of continual suspicion, and were more strictly watched than any other persons. They contrived, however, to procure, although at distant intervals, the sight of an English newspaper. Nine or ten months frequently elapsed without their receiving any intelligence from England. When they had the good fortune to procure one, the precautions necessary to be adopted were hardly to be believed. The same gentleman informed me, that upon receiving an English paper, he did not venture to mention the circumstance even to his wife and children, lest, in their joy, some incautious words might have escaped from them before the servants of the family, in which case, detection would have been immediate, and imprisonment inevitable. Keeping it, therefore, entirely to himself, he concealed it from every eye during the day, and at night, after the family had gone to bed, he sat up, lighted his taper, and, when every thing was still and silent about him, ventured, only then, to read over the paper, and to get by heart the most important parts of the intelligence regarding England; and he afterwards transmitted the invaluable present to some secret friend, who, in the same manner, dared only to peruse it at midnight, and with the same precautions.

A very sensible distinction has been made in the French code, in the difference of punishment which is inflicted upon robbery, when it has or has not been accompanied by murder; and the consequence of such distinction is, that in that country the most determined robberies are seldom, as they often are with us, accompanied with murder; whilst the accurate proportionment of punishment to the crimes, encourages persons possessing information to come forward, and removes those natural scruples which all must feel, when they reflect that they may be the chief instruments in bringing down a capital penalty upon the head of an individual, whose trivial offence was in no respect deserving of this last and severest punishment of the law.

The crime of which I heard most frequently, and of which the common occurrence may be traced to the miserable condition to which trade and commerce were, during the last few years, reduced in France, and to that general laxity of moral conduct which even now distinguishes that country, was *Fraudulent Bankruptcy*. The merchant, no longer possessing the means of making his fortune by fair speculation, has recourse to this nefarious mode of bettering his condition. He settles with his creditors for a small per centage; disposes of his property by fictitious sales, *ventes simulees*, and thus enriches himself upon the ruin of his creditors. At a small town in the south of France, where I for sometime resided, there were several individuals, who, it was well known, had made their fortunes in this manner; and at Marseilles it had, as I understood, become in some measure a common practice. The crime is seldom discovered, attended at least with those circumstances of corroborative evidence which are necessary in bringing it to trial. Upon detection, accompanied by complete proof, the punishment is severe. It consists in being condemned for fourteen years, or for life, to the galleys, and in branding the delinquent with letters denoting his crime: *B F* for Fraudulent Bankruptcy. At one of the trials of the Aix assizes, at which I was present, a young man of excellent family, son of the Chevalier de St Louis, was convicted of this crime, and although it was proved that he had been deceived by his partner, a man of decidedly bad character, but possessed of deep cunning, he was condemned for fourteen years to the galleys: Owing to a flaw in the process, the sentence was set aside by the Cour de Cassation, or Supreme Court of Appeal at Paris, and a new trial was ordered.

From the same cause, which I have mentioned above, the perfection of their police, petty theft is not of such common occurrence in France as in England. The country, in short, at the time when we passed through it, was very quiet, and few crimes were committed; but on the disbanding of the troops, a great change may be expected. These restless creatures must find work, or they will make it for themselves. It is a hard question how the un-warlike Louis is to employ them. Many talk of the necessity

of sending an immense force to St Domingo; and it would appear wise policy to devise some expedition of this nature, which would swallow up the restless, the profligate, and the abandoned.

It is not our intention, nor indeed would the limits of our work permit, of entering into the question of what ought to be the conduct of the King. But there is another question, from answering which we can scarcely escape.

Are the majority of the French nation well affected to the Bourbons? This is a question which is put to every person who returns from France. It is a natural, a most important, but a most difficult one to answer. I endeavoured, by every method in my power, by a communication with those gentlemen of the province where I resided, whose characters and situations entitled them to implicit credit; by endeavouring to satisfy myself as to the real sentiments of the peasantry, and by a perusal of those documents regarding the state of the country, which were believed the most authentic, to acquire upon this subject something like satisfactory information. As to the sentiments entertained at present by the generality of the French people upon this subject, I cannot speak, but with regard to the period which I passed in France, which began in November 1814, and ended at the time of the landing of Napoleon from Elba, I have no hesitation in declaring, that it appeared to me, that the majority of the French nation were at that time hostile to the interests of the Bourbons. On the other hand, in consulting the same sources of information as I have above enumerated, it was as evident that they are not generally favourable to the restoration of the Imperial Government under Napoleon. What appeared at that period to be the general desire of the nation, was the establishment of a new constitution, formed upon those principles, embracing those new interests, and compatible with that new state of things which had been created by the revolution. It was on this account that they favoured Napoleon.

The situation of France then exhibited perhaps one of the most singular pictures ever presented to view by a civilized nation; a people without exterior commerce, and whose interior trade and manufactures, except in some favourite spots, was almost annihilated; whose youth was yearly drained off to supply the army, but whose agriculture has been constantly improving, which, for the last twelve years, had been subjected to all the complicated horrors of a state of war, but which, after all this, could yet earnestly desire a continuance of this state. A nation where there was scarcely to be found an intermediate rank between the Sovereign and the peasantry—for since the destruction of the *ancienne noblesse*, and more particularly, since all ranks have been admitted to a participation in the dignities conferred on the military, all have become equally aspiring, and all consider themselves upon the same level:—A nation where, notwithstanding the division into parties, possessing the most opposite interests and opinions, and pulling every different way, the greater part certainly desired a government similar to Napoleon's, and would even unite to obtain it:—A nation who talked of nothing but liberty, and yet suffered themselves to be subjected to the conscription, to the loss of their trade, to the severest taxes, the greatest personal deprivations, and the most complete restraint in the expression of their opinions—to the continued extortions of a military chief, the most despotic who ever reigned in a European country, and whose acts of oppression are truly Asiatic; and who tamely bore all this oppression, supported by their national vanity, because they wish to bear the name *of the great people*: Great, because their ambition is unbounded; great as a nation of rapacious and blood-thirsty soldiers; great in every species of immorality and vice! Who, led away by this miserable vanity, have been false to their oaths, so recently pledged to a mild and virtuous prince, very unfit to rule such a race of villains, because he is mild and virtuous.

But it is not generally believed, that the majority in France favoured Napoleon, though it is but a natural consequence of the state of the country; I shall therefore enumerate the divisions of ranks, and the sentiments of each.—All allow that the army were his friends; on that subject, therefore, I shall say nothing.—Next to the army, let us look to the civil authorities.—All these were in his favour—all that part of the civil authorities at least, who have the immediate management of the people.—It is in vain that the heads of office in Paris, the miserable bodies styled the Chambers of Parliament and the Counsellors of the realm, were favourably inclined towards the King.—Napoleon well knew that these were not the men who rule France.—France, as an entire kingdom, may be said to be governed by these men; but France, subdivided, is governed by the prefects, and the gens-d'armes of Napoleon.—Not a man of these was displaced by the King, and although they were all furious in their proclamations

against the usurper, they, with few exceptions, joined him, and these few exceptions were removed by him.—The most powerful men in France under Napoleon were these prefects and gens-d'armes, and knowing their power, he was always cautious in their selection; wherever he conceived that they really favoured the Bourbon interest, he removed them.

Next, the whole class of Receveurs were his devoted friends.—These men were all continued in place under the un-warlike reign of Louis, but where no conscription and no droits reunis were to be enforced, they had poverty staring them in the face.—Is it unnatural that they should favour him whose government enriches them?

To the shadows of nobility, to the ghost of aristocracy which had re-appeared under the King, no power or influence can be attributed,—they dared not think, and could not act.

The better classes of the inhabitants of the cities, whether the traders and manufacturers, or the bourgeoise of France, are those who were the most decided enemies of Bonaparte: but let us look how their arm is weakened and palsied by the situation of their property.—They have many of them purchased the lands of the emigrants at very low prices, and, in many instances, from persons who could only bestow possession without legal tenure.—These feel uneasy in their new possessions; they dread the ascendancy which the nobility might still obtain under their lawful Sovereign: Napoleon came proclaiming to them that he would maintain them in their properties. Nor were all the traders and manufacturers his enemies.—He encouraged the trade of Lyons, for example, of Paris, of Rouen, and other interior towns, and he pitted these interior towns against the sea-ports of Bourdeaux, Marseilles, &c. Thus, even with commercial men, he had some friends.—And here, in mentioning Paris, I must observe, that the most slavish deference is paid by the whole of France to the opinions, as well as the fashions, which prevail at the capital. From the encouragement which he offered to its interior trade, from the grand works which he was constantly carrying on, affording labour to the idle rabble; from the magnificent *spectacles* supplied by his reviews, fetes, and festivities, and most of all, from the celebrated system of gulling and stage-trick, practised by his police, and through the medium of the press—From all these circumstances, it arises, that Napoleon was no where so much beloved as at Paris; and Napoleon took good care that Paris afforded to all France an example such as he would wish them to follow.—It is difficult to say why the French should tamely follow the example of their despot; but they forgot that he was a despot, and they were not singular as a nation in following the example *of their chief*, though, perhaps, they carried their obedience to a more slavish pitch than any other people.—"En France (says Mons. Montesquieu) il en est des manieres et de la facon de vivre, comme des modes, les Français changent des meurs selon l'age de leur Roi,—Le Monarque pouvait meme parvenir a rendre la nation grave s'il l'avait entrepris."

Next in rank, though, from their numbers and influence, perhaps, after the army, the most powerful body in the community, the situation of the peasants must be considered. They had either seized upon, or purchased, at a low rate, the lands of the emigrants, and the national domains; these they had brought into the best state of cultivation; without the interference of any one, they directly drew the profits. The oppression in agriculture, which existed before the revolution, whether from the authority of the Seigneurs, from the corvees, from tythes, game laws, &c. all are done away—become rich and flourishing, they are able to pay the taxes, which, under Napoleon, were not so severe as is generally supposed.—But they had every thing to fear from the return of the noblesse, and from the re-establishment of the ranks and order which must exist under the new constitution of France. Can it then be considered that the peasantry should see their own interest in maintaining the revolutionary order of things? The more unjust their tenure, the more cause have they to fear; and unenlightened as many of them are, their fears once raised, will not easily be controlled. Napoleon had most politically excited alarm among them, and they are favourably inclined towards him. This powerful body have no leaders to direct them: The respectable and wealthy farmer, possessing great landed property; the yeoman, the country gentleman,—all these ranks are abolished. Where the views of the Sovereign are inimical to the peasantry, as was imagined under Louis XVIII. that body will powerfully resist him; where they were in concert, as under Napoleon, that body became his chief support next to his military force.

It is not enough that Louis XVIII. had never invaded their property—it is not enough

that in different shapes he issued proclamations, and assurances, that he had no such intentions,—the peasantry felt insecure; and they dreaded the influence of his counsellors, and of the noblesse. The low rabble of France, at all times restless, and desirous of change, were favourable to Napoleon;—they wished for a continuance of that thoughtless dissipation, and dreadful immorality, which he encouraged; they wished for employment in his public works,—they looked for situations in his army.

It may then be said, that among all ranks Napoleon had friends. Who then were against him? All those who wished for peace: all those who desired the re-establishment of the church: all those who had the cause of morality and virtue at heart—all the good,—but, alas! in France, they were few in number.

I have only enumerated the great and leading parties in the community. It was my intention to have touched on the sentiments of the different professions, but I have been already too tedious; I shall here only enumerate a few of the classes, who, as they are thrown out of bread by the return of the Bourbons, and the new system of government, will be ever busily employed in favouring a despotic and military government, a continuance of war, and of a conscription.

1st, All the prefects, collectors of taxes, and their agents, who were employed in the countries subjected to Napoleon.

2d, The many officers, and under agents, employed in the conscription, and in collecting the droits reunis.

3d, The police emissaries of all ranks, forming that enormous mass who conducted the grand machine of espionage, directed the *public spirit*, and supplied information to the late Emperor.

4th, All the rich and wealthy army contractors, furnishers, &c. &c.

Having attempted to shew that the situation of the people in France was highly favourable to the views of the usurper, let me now observe, that there are other circumstances which greatly aided his cause.

1st, The vanity of the nation was hurt: they had not forgotten their defeat by the allies, and the proceedings of Congress, in confining within narrow bounds, that nation, who, but a year ago, gave laws to the continent, had tended to aggravate their feelings. It is difficult for any nation to shrink at once into insignificance, from the possession of unlimited power; it is impossible for France to maintain an inglorious peace.

2d, The spirit of the nation had become completely military. One year of peace cannot be supposed to have done away the effects of twelve years of victory.

3d, The general laxity of morals, and the habits of dissipation and idleness, which have followed from the revolution, and have been taught by the military, and especially by the disbanded soldiers, were favourable to him.

4th, He came at the very time when his prisoners had returned from all quarters of the globe; he came again to unite them under the *revered eagle*, emblem of rapine and plunder, which they everywhere looked up to; in short, if it had been suggested to any one, possessing a thorough knowledge of the situation of France, to say at what time Napoleon was most likely to succeed, he must have pitched on the moment selected by him. There are indeed many circumstances which induce me to suppose, that the plan for his restoration had been partly formed before he left Fontainbleau; for it is well known, that he long hesitated—that he often thought of making use of his remaining force, (a force of about thirty thousand men), and fighting his way to Italy; that his Marshals only prevailed on him, and that he yielded to their advice, when he might have thought and acted for himself. The conduct of Ney favours the supposition: he selected for him the spot, of all others, the most favourable for his views, should they be directed to Italy; he stipulated for his rank, for a guard of veterans; he is described as using a boldness and insolence of speech to Napoleon, which he would not have dared to use, had there not been an understanding between them. He covered his treachery by a garb of the same nature, when in presence of his lawful Sovereign: open in his abuse of the usurper, while laying plans to join him.

There is a very peculiar circumstance in Bonaparte's character, which is, that at times, he makes the most unguarded speeches, forgetful of his own interest. Thus, when the national guard of Lyons begged permission to accompany him on his march, he said to them, "You have suffered the brother of your King to leave you unattended—

go—you are unworthy to follow me." Thus, when at Frejus, he said to the Mayor,—"I am sorry that Frejus is in Provence; I hate Provence, but I have always wished your town well; and, *ere long, I will be among you again*." This speech, which I had from the Prefect of Aix, who was intimately attached to Napoleon and his interests, I know to be authentic. In it, even the place of his landing seemed to be determined. One thing is certain, that the plan, if not commenced before his abdication, was, at all events, begun immediately after; for a long time must have been necessary to arrange matters in such a manner that he should not find the slightest opposition in his march to Paris.

I have thus attempted to give my readers some account of the state of France under Napoleon. From this account, hastily written, they will draw their own conclusions. Mine, attached as I am to one party; knowing little of politics, only interested as a Briton in the fate of my country, are these:—That France decidedly wishes to live by war and plunder—that France deserves no such government as that of the virtuous Louis—that, till the soldiery are disbanded, and their leaders punished, France can never be governed by the Bourbons:—that the majority in the nation do not wish for Napoleon in particular, but for a revolutionary government, and that we have no right of interference with their choice: but that the propriety of our immediately engaging in war could not be doubted, for our very existence as a nation depended on such conduct—that we had the same right to attack Bonaparte, as we had to attack a common robber, more particularly, if this robber had repeatedly planned and devised the destruction of our property.

They will draw the happiest conclusions in favour of our own blessed country, from a comparison with France—looking on that unhappy nation, they will exclaim with me, in the beautiful words of La Harpe: [45]"J'excuse et n'envie point ceux qui peuvent vivre comme s'ils n'avoient ni souffert ni vu souffrir; mais qu'ils me pardonnent de ne pouvoir les imiter. Ces jours d'une degradation entière et innouie de la nature humaine sont sous mes yeux, pesent sur mon ame et retombent sans cesse sous ma plume, destinée à les retraçer jusqu'à mon dernier moment."[46]

CHAPTER V.

MODERN FRENCH CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

An Englishman never dreams of entering into conversation without some previous knowledge upon the point which is the subject of discussion. You will pass but few days in France before you will be convinced, that to a Frenchman this is not at all necessary. The moment he enters the room, or caffé, where a circle may happen to be conversing, he immediately takes part in the discussion—of whatever nature, or upon whatever subject that may be, is not of the most distant consequence to him. He strikes in with the utmost self-assurance and adroitness, maintains a prominent part in the conversation with the most perfect plausibility; and although, from his want of accurate information, he will rarely instruct, he seldom fails to amuse by the exuberance of his fancy, and the rapidity of his elocution. But take any one of his sentences to pieces, analyze it, strip it of its gaudy clothing and fanciful decorations, and you will be astonished what skeletons of bare, shallow, and spiritless ideas will frequently present themselves.

In England, it often happens, that a man who is perfectly master of the subject in discussion, from the effect of shyness or embarrassment, will convey his information with such an appearance of awkwardness and hesitation, as to create a temporary suspicion of dulness, or of incapacity. But upon further examination, the true and sterling value of his remarks is easily discernible. The same can very seldom be said of a Frenchman. His conversation, which delights at the moment, generally fades upon recollection. The information of the first is like a beautiful gem, whose real value is concealed by the encrustation with which it is covered; the other is a dazzling but sorry paste in a brilliant setting. [47]"Un Français," says M. de Stael, with great truth,

"scait encore parler, lors meme il n'a point d'idees;" and the reason why a Frenchman can do so is, because ideas, which are the essential requisites in conversation to any other man, are not so to him. He is in possession of many substitutes, composed of a few of those set phrases and accommodating sentences which fit into any subject; and these, mixed up with appropriate nods, significant gestures, and above all, with the characteristic shrugging of the shoulders, are ever ready at hand when the tide of his ideas may happen to run shallow.

The perpetual cheerfulness of the French, under almost every situation, is well known, and has been repeatedly remarked. One great secret by which they contrive to preserve this invariable levity of mind, is probably this extraordinary talent of theirs for a particular kind of conversation. An Englishman, engaged in the business and duties of life, even at his hours of relaxation, is occupied in thinking upon them. In the midst of company he is often an insulated being; his mind, refusing intercourse with those around him, retires within itself. In this manner he inevitably becomes, even in his common hours, grave and serious, and if under misfortunes, perhaps melancholy and morose. A Frenchman is in every respect a different being: He cannot be grave or unhappy, because he never allows himself time to become so. His mind is perpetually busied with the affairs of the moment. If he is in company, he speaks, without introduction, to every gentleman in the room. Any thing, the most trivial, serves him for a hook on which to hang his story; and this generally lasts as long as he has breath to carry him on. He recounts to you, the first hour you meet with him, his whole individual history; diverges into anecdotes about his relations, pulls out his watch, and under the cover shews you the hair of his mistress, apostrophizes the curl—opens his pocket-book, insists upon your reading his letters to her, sings you the song which he composed when he was *au desespoir* at their parting, asks your opinion of it, then whirls off to a discussion on the nature of love; leaves that the next moment to philosophize upon friendship, compliments you, *en passant*, and claims you for his friend; hopes that the connection will be perpetual, and concludes by asking you *to do him the honour of telling him your name*. In this manner he is perpetually occupied; he has a part to act which renders serious thought unnecessary, and silence impossible. If he has been unfortunate, he recounts his distresses, and in doing so, forgets them. His mind never reposes for a moment upon itself; his secret is to keep it in perpetual motion, and, like a shuttlecock, to whip it back and forward with such rapidity, that although its feathers may have been ruffled, and its gilding effaced by many hard blows, yet neither you nor he have time to discover it.

Nothing can present a stronger contrast between the French and English character, and nothing evinces more clearly the superiority of the French in conversation, and the art of amusement, than the scenes which take place in the interior of a French diligence. They who go to France and travel in their own carriages are not aware of what they lose.—The interior of a French diligence, if you are tolerably fortunate in your company, is a perfect epitome of the French nation.—When you enter a public coach in England, it is certainly very seldom that, in the course of the few hours you may remain in it, you meet with an entertaining companion. Chance, indeed, may now and then throw a pleasant man in your way; but these are but thinly sown amongst those sour and silent gentlemen, who are your general associates, and who, now and then eyeing each other askance, look as if they could curse themselves for being thrown into such involuntary contiguity.

The scene in a French diligence is the most different from all this that can be conceived. Every thing there is life, and motion, and joy.—The coach generally holds from ten to twelve persons, and even then is sufficiently roomy.—The moment you enter you find yourself on terms of the most perfect familiarity with the whole set of your travelling companions. In an instant every tongue is at work, and every individual bent upon making themselves happy for the moment, and contributing to the happiness of their fellow travellers. Talking, joking, laughing, singing, reciting,—every enjoyment which is light and pleasurable is instantly adopted.—A gentleman takes a box from his pocket, opens it, and with a look of the most finished politeness, presents it, full of sweetmeats, to the different ladies in succession. One of these, in gratitude for this attention, proposes that which she well knows will be agreeable to the whole party, some species of round game like our cross-purposes, involving forfeits. The proposal is carried by acclamation,—the game is instantly begun, and every individual is included: Woe be now to the aristocracy of the interior! Old and young, honest and dishonest, respectable and disrespectable, all are involved in undistinguished confusion—but all are content to be so, and happy in the exchange. The game in the

meantime proceeds, and the different forfeits become more numerous. The generality of these ensure, indeed, from their nature, a punctuality of performance. To kiss the handsomest woman in the party, to pay her a compliment in some extempore effusion, or to whisper a confidence (*faire une confidence*) in her ear—all these are hardly enjoined before they are happily accomplished. But others, which it would be difficult to particularize, are more amusing in their consequences, and less easy, in their execution.

The ludicrous effect of this scene is much heightened by its being often carried on in the dark, for night brings no cessation; and we have ourselves, in travelling in this manner in the diligence, engaged in many a game of forfeits where, it is not too much to say, that our play-fellows, of both sexes, were certainly nearer to the grave than the cradle, being somewhere between fifty and fourscore. The scenes which then take place, the undistinguished clamours of young and old, the audible salutes from every quarter, which point to the perpetual succession of the forfeits, altogether compose a spectacle, which to a stranger is the most unexpected and extraordinary that can be possibly imagined.

The conversation of a Frenchman, who possesses wit and information, is certainly superior to that of a clever man of any other country. It has a variety and playfulness, which, upon subjects of taste or fancy, or literature, delights and fascinates; but even their common conversation upon the most trivial matters is of a superior order, as far as amusement goes. However shallowly they may think upon a subject, they never fail to express themselves well. This is the case equally with those of both sexes. It is true, certainly, that in their subjects for conversation, they indulge in a wider range of selection; and in consequence, far more frequently without evincing the slightest scruple, overstep the bounds of decorum and delicacy. This is the inevitable effect of the peculiarity above noticed, that they must constantly converse; as their appetite for conversation is inordinate, their taste is necessarily less nice; provided they continue in motion, they are careless about the ground over which they travel. One unhappy consequence of this certainly is, that such carelessness extends to the women, even amongst the highest and best bred classes; and that these ideas of delicacy and tenderness, with which we are always accustomed to regard, in this country, the female mind, are shocked and grated against by the occurrence of scenes, the employment of expressions, and the mention of books which tend rather to disgust than to amuse, and which destroy in a moment that female fascination, which can never exist without that first and most material ingredient, modesty.

The science of conversation in France, is not, as with us, confined principally to the higher classes, but extends to the whole body of the people. The reason is, that the lower ranks in that country invariably imitate the manners, style of society, and mode of conversation used by the higher orders. The lower ranks in England converse, no doubt; but then their conversation, and the subjects upon which it is employed, is exactly fitted to the rank they hold in society.

In speaking of the literature of France, we shall have occasion to remark, that there is nothing in that country like an ancient or national poetry. This is perhaps not so much to be attributed to the excessive ignorance of the peasantry, as to the circumstance, that from the French peasantry invariably imitating the manners of the higher orders, there is no adaption of the manners of the labouring orders to the simple rank they fill in society. The innocence of rural life is thus lost. The shepherd, the peasant girl, the rustic labourer, whom you meet in France, are all in some measure artificial beings. They express themselves to any stranger they meet with ease and politeness, with a point and a vivacity which is certainly striking; but which is, of all things, the farthest removed from nature: and it is the consequence of this interchange which has taken place,—this imitation of the manners of the higher orders by the lower classes of the peasantry—that we shall in vain look for any thing in France like a simple national poetry. The truth, the simplicity, the nature, which ought to form it, are not to be found amongst any classes of the French people. The poetry of France, both ancient and modern, that of Ronsard and Marot, in earlier days; and that of Boileau, Racine, Corneille and Voltaire, in more modern times, bears the marks of having been formed in the court. If, for instance, in Scotland, the lower ranks, the labouring classes, like those of France, had transplanted the fictitious manners of the higher classes into the innocence of their cottage, or the sequestered solitude of their vallies—where, under such a state of things, could there ever have arisen such gifted spirits as Burns, or Ramsay, or Ferguson? and where should we have found, that truth, that beauty, that genuine nature, in the lives and manners of our peasantry, which has

not only furnished such poets with some of their finest subjects, but has instructed these peasants themselves to pour out, in unpremeditated strains, those ancient and beautiful songs, which art and education could never have taught them; and which, in the progress of time, have formed that unrivalled national poetry, perhaps one of the brightest gems in the diadem of Scottish genius. But we must return to France.

The French have been always celebrated for their natural gaiety of character. One exception from this is material to be noticed. It must strike you the moment you look into the countenances of the soldiery, or examine the air and manner of the generality of the lower officers. A dark and gloomy expression, if not a suspicious, and often savage appearance, is their characteristic feature; and although this is disguised by occasional sallies of loud and intemperate mirth, these sallies are more like the desperate and reckless exertions of a troop of banditti, than the temperate and unpremeditated cheerfulness of a regular soldiery. Nor is this look confined entirely to the military. The habits of the whole nation are changed; but yet, with all this alteration, there remains enough of their characteristic gaiety to distinguish them from every other people in Europe.

Their excessive frivolity is perhaps even more remarkable than their gaiety; they have not sufficient steadiness for the uninterrupted avocations of graver life. In the midst of the most serious or deep discussion, a Frenchman will suddenly stop, and, with a look of perhaps more solemn importance than he bestowed upon the subject of debate, will adjust the ruffle of his brother savant, adding some observation on the propriety of adorning the exterior as well as the interior of science. [48]"Leur badinage," says Montesquieu, "naturellement fait pour las toilettes, semble etre provenu a former le caractere general de la nation. On badine au conseil, on badine a la tête d'une armee, on badine avec un ambassadeur."

The vanity of the whole nation, it is well known, is without all bounds; and although this is most apparent, perhaps, and less unequivocally shewn in every point connected with military affairs, it is yet confined to no one subject in particular, but embraces all —in arts, science, manufactures; in every thing, indeed, upon which the spirit and genius of a nation can be exercised, it is not too much to say, that they believe themselves superior to every other nation or country. Nay, what is very extraordinary, so much have they been accustomed to hear themselves talk in this exaggerated style; so natural to them have now become those expressions of arrogant superiority, that vanity has, in its adoption into the French character, and in the effects which it there produces, almost changed its nature.

In other countries—in our own, for instance, a very vain man is an object of ridicule, and generally of distrust. In France he is neither; on the contrary, there appears throughout the kingdom a kind of general agreement, a species of silent understood compact amongst them, that every thing asserted by one Frenchman to another, provided it is done with sufficient confidence and coolness, however individually vain, or absolutely incredible, ought to be fully and implicitly believed. It is this excessive idea which the French instil into each other of their own superiority, joined to the extreme ignorance of the great body of the people, which composes that prominent feature in their national character—*their credulity*—and which has long rendered them the easiest of all nations to be imposed upon by political artifice, and the submissive dupes of those travelling quacks and ingenious charlatans, who in this country are more than commonly successful in ruining the health and impoverishing the pockets of their devoted patients. An instance of this occurs to me, which happened to myself when residing in the south of France.

At one of the great fairs where I was present, there appeared upon an elevated stage, an elderly and serious-looking gentleman, dressed in a complete suit of solemn black, with a little child kneeling at his feet. "Messieurs," said he to the multitude, and bowing with the most perfect confidence and self-possession—[49]"Messieurs, c'est impossible de tromper des gens instruits comme vous. Je vais absolument couper la tête a cet-enfant: *Mais* avant de commencer, il faut que je vous fasse voir que je ne suis pas un charlatan. Eh bien, en attendant et pour un espece d'exorde: Qui est entre vous qui à le mal au dent?" "Moi," exclaimed instantly a sturdy looking peasant, opening his jaws, and disclosing a row of grinders which might have defied a shark. "Monsieur, (said the doctor, inspecting his gums), it is but too true. The disorders attending these small but inestimable members, the teeth, are invariably to be traced to a species of worm, and this the most obstinate, as well as the most fatal species in the vermicular tribe, which contrives to conceal itself at the root of the affected

member. Gentlemen, we have all our respective antipathies; and it is by means of these that the most fatal and unaccountable effects are produced upon us. Worms, gentlemen, have also their prevailing antipathies. To subdue the animal, we have only to become acquainted with its disposition. The worm, Sir, at the bottom of your tooth, is of that faculty or tribe which *abhors copper*. It is the vermis halcomisicus, *or copper-hating worm*. Upon placing this penknife in the solution contained in this bottle," (continued he, holding up a small phial, which contained a green-coloured liquid), "it is, you see, immediately changed into copper." The patient then, at the doctor's request, approached. A female assistant stood between him and the crowd, and in a few minutes the tooth was delivered of a worm, which, from its size, might certainly have given the toothache to the Dragon of Wantley,

> "Who swallow'd the Mayor, asleep in his chair,
> And pick'd his teeth with the mace."

The peasant declared he felt no more pain, and the crowd eagerly pressed forward, (with the exception, we may believe, of the coppersmiths amongst the audience), and purchased the bottles containing this invaluable prescription. Before I had left the party, I discovered that the doctor, previously to the performing another trick, had borrowed from the crowd a gold piece of twenty francs, two pieces of five francs, a silver watch, and several smaller articles, nor did it appear they had the slightest suspicion that the learned doctor might have changed these articles as well as the penknife; and that although there were copper-hating worms, there might exist other kinds of human vermin, which might not reckon silver among their antipathies. This characteristic vanity, and the excessive credulity of the people, were strikingly exhibited in another ludicrous adventure of the same kind, which happened to us when I was resident at Aix.

We were alarmed one morning by a loud flourish of trumpets, almost immediately under our windows. On looking out, we beheld a kind of triumphal car, preceded by six avant couriers, clothed in scarlet and gold, mounted on uncommon fine horses, and with trumpets in their hands. In the car was placed a complete band of musicians, and it was, after a little interval in the procession, followed by a superb open carriage, the outside front of which was entirely covered with rich crimson velvet and gold lace. The most singular feature about the carriage was its shape, for there projected from it in front, a kind of large magazine, (covered up also with a cloth of velvet,) which was in its dimensions larger than the carriage itself. In this open carriage sat a plain looking, dark, fat man, reclining in an attitude of the most perfect ease, and genteelly dressed. The whole cortege halted, in the course of Aix, almost immediately below our house. I joined the audience which had collected around it. Of course all was on the tiptoe of expectation. There was a joyful buzz of satisfaction through the crowd, and endless were the conjectures formed by our own party at the window. At length, after a flourish of trumpets, the gentleman rose, and uncovering the large magazine, showed that it contained an almost endless assemblage of bottles, from the greatest to the smallest dimensions. He then, advancing gravely, addressed himself to the audience in these words: [50]"Messieurs, dans l'univers il n'ya qu'un soleil; dans le royaume de France il n'ya qu'un Roi; dans la medicine il n'ya que Charini." With this he placed his hand on his heart, bowed, and drew himself up with a look of the most glorious complacency. This exordium was received with the most rapturous applause by the crowd, who, from having often seen him in his progress through the kingdom, had known before that this was *Charini himself*, the celebrated itinerant *worm doctor*. "Gentlemen," he then proceeded, "it has been the noble object of my life to investigate the origin and causes of disease, and fortunate is it for the world that it has been so. Attend, then, to my discoveries: Worms are at the bottom of all disease,—they are the insidious, but prolific authors of human misery; they are born in the cradle with the infant; they descend into the grave with the aged. They begin, gentlemen, with life, but they do not cease with death. Behold, gentlemen," he continued, "the living and infallible proofs of my assertions," (pointing to the long rows of crystal bottles, filled with multitudes of every kind of these vermin, of the most odious figures, which were marshalled in horrible array on each side of him), "these, gentlemen, are the worms which have been, by my art, extracted from my patients; many of them are, as you see, invisible to the naked eye;" upon which he held up a small phial of pure water. "Not a single disease is there, and not a single part of the human body which has not its

appropriate and peculiar worm. There are those whose habitation is in the head;—there are those which dwell only in the soles of the feet;—there are those whose favourite haunts are in the seat of digestion;—there are those (happy worms) which will consent to dwell only in the bosoms of the fair. Even love," said he, assuming an air of most complacent softness, and casting his eye tenderly over the female part of his audience, "even love is not an exception; it is occasioned by the subtlest species of worms; which insinuate themselves into the roots of the heart, and play in peristaltic gambols round the seat of our affections. Painters, gentlemen, have distinguished the God of Love by the doves with which he is accompanied. He ought, more correctly, to have been depicted riding upon that worm, to which he owes his triumphs. Behold," said he, holding up a phial in which there was enclosed a worm of a light colour, "behold the fatal love-worm, from which I have lately had the happiness to deliver an interesting female of Marseilles!" The crowd were enchanted, purchased his bottles in abundance; and I heard afterwards in Aix, that by this ingenious juggling, he had contrived to amass a fortune sufficient to purchase a large estate, and to maintain, as we had witnessed, a cavalcade worthy of an ambassador.

It is difficult to conceive any thing more ridiculous than the characteristic vanity and scientific expressions, which are employed by the French workmen. The wig-makers, tailors, barbers, all consider their several trades as in some measure allied to science, and themselves as the only beings who understand it.—This they generally contrive to communicate to you with an air of mysterious importance. "Monsieur," said a French barber to a friend of mine, an English sea captain who came in to be shaved; "you are an Englishman—sorry am I to inform you, but I do it with profound respect, that the science of shaving is altogether misunderstood in England. In their ignorance of its principles, they have neglected the great secret of our art. Sir," said he, coming closer up to him, and putting his hand to his own chin with an air of solemn communication, "I am credibly informed that in England they actually cut off the *epiderme*. Now, mon Dieu," continued he, turning up his eyes, and raising his soap-brush in an attitude of invocation, "who is there in France that will be ignorant that, in the destruction of this invaluable cuticle, the chin of the individual is tortured, and the first principles of our art degraded!"

I have already hinted at the ignorance of the French, as a component part of their national credulity. This ignorance, as far as our opportunities of observation extended, in travelling across France, appeared to be deep and general; not only amongst the lower orders, but, on many subjects, pervading also the higher classes of the people. The only subjects upon which Napoleon considered that any thing like attempts at a national education should be made, were those connected with military affairs; mathematics, and the principles of mechanical philosophy.—Schools for these were generally founded in all the principal towns in the kingdom; it was there the younger officers of the army received their military education, and there were many public seminaries for public education, in addition to the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris, where the pupils were maintained and educated at the public expence. Every other branch of education, as tending to change the direction of the public mind, from military affairs into more pacific employments, was sedulously discouraged, and the consequence is seen, in that melancholy ignorance which is distinguishable in those generations of the French people which have sprung up since the revolution, and frequently even amongst the old nobility.[51] "Vous etes Ecossois?" said a French nobleman to me; 'Oui, Monsieur.' "Oh, que cela est drole." 'Et comment, Monsieur?' "C'est le pays de Napoleon. C'est un isle n'est ce pas?" 'Oh que non, Monsieur.' "Ma foi, je croyois qu'on l'appelloit *l'isle de Corse*." Whether, in the geographical confusion of this poor Marquis's brain, he had mistaken me for a Corsican, or actually believed that Napoleon was a Scotchman, is not very easy to determine.

"You are an Englishwoman?" said the wife of a counsellor to one of the ladies of our party: "and I have been at London."—"And how did you like the people?" "Oh, they are very charmant; *bot* I like better that other town near London,—Philadelphia."

It is well known, that formerly in France the order of the Jesuits had acquired so pre-eminent an interest, as to insinuate themselves into almost every civil branch of the political government; and that, more especially, by the seminaries which they established generally throughout the kingdom, they had created a system of national education, in many respects highly beneficial to the community. As to the effects produced by this system, under the Jesuits, on the literature of France, very different opinions certainly may be entertained; and that artificial, and in many respects unnatural, style of poetry which has arisen, and still continues in France, may be

perhaps attributed, amongst other causes, to that excessive passion for classical learning which was so religiously instilled, whereever the influence of these seminaries of the Jesuits extended. The utter abolition of this order is well known, and the consequence is, that where there existed formerly a general passion for that species of literature, which they cultivated, and which consisted in an intimate and critical knowledge of the languages of antiquity, and a taste for classical learning, as the only object of their imitation, there remains now nothing but a deep and general ignorance upon every object unconnected with military affairs; an ignorance which is the more fatal in its consequences, because it is founded upon contempt. It is difficult to say which of these conditions is the worst, the former or the latter. Among physicians and lawyers, however, you meet with many individuals, who, having been educated probably in foreign countries, or under the old *regime*, preserve still a passion for that which is so generally despised.

In speaking of the education of the French people, it is impossible for any one who has at all mingled in French society, not to be particularly struck with what I before alluded to, the extreme ignorance and the limited education of the women, even amongst the higher orders. In a family of young ladies, you will but rarely meet with one who can accurately write her own language; and in general, in their cards of invitation, or in those letters of ceremony, which you will frequently receive, they will send you specimens of orthography, which, in their defiance of every established rule, are as amusing as Mrs Win. Jenkins' observations on that grave and useful gentleman, *Mr Apias Corkus*. Amongst the boys, any thing like a finished education was as little to be expected; the *furor militaris* had latterly, in the public schools, proceeded to such a pitch, as to defy every attempt towards giving them a general, or in any respect a finished education. They steadily revolted against any thing which induced them to believe that their parents intended them for a pacific profession. Go into a French toy-shop, and you immediately discern the unambiguous symptoms of the military mania. Every thing there which might encourage in the infant any predilections for the pacific pursuits of an agricultural or commercial country, is religiously banished, and their places supplied by an infinite variety of military toys:—platoons of gens-d'armerie, troops of artillery, tents, waggons, camp equipage, all are arranged in imitative array upon the counter. The infant of the *grande* nation becomes familiar, in his nurse's arms, with all the detail of the profession to which he is hereafter to belong; and when he opens his eyes for the first time, it is to rest them upon that terrible machinery of war, in the midst of which he is destined to close them for ever.

In every country, and in every age of the world, the great and leading effects of tyranny, and of military despotism, will be discovered to have been the same. Nothing could be a stronger corroboration of this remark, than that singular and unexpected parallel which was immediately observed by one of our party who had been long in India, between the policy adopted by Napoleon, and that followed by the Brahmins in the East. The Brahmins religiously prohibit travelling; and the *sin* of visiting foreign countries is particularized in their religious instructions. The free publication of the sentiments of travellers was never permitted under the late Emperor; and the severe regulations of the police made it extremely difficult for any Frenchman to travel. The object of both was the same, to prevent any mortifying and dangerous comparisons between the situation of their own, and the condition of foreign countries. The Brahmins made it a rule to check the progress of education, and to discourage the study of their *shasters*. As to these seminaries of education, unconnected with military subjects, Napoleon, if he did not dare actually to abolish them, at least threw over them the chilling influence of his imperial disapprobation; whilst, by that general inattention and impunity extended to vicious conduct, and the ridicule with which he regarded the clergy, he succeeded in rendering the scriptures contemptible. If, again, the condition of the French people was in many material respects analogous to the state of the Hindoos, the education of the women among them (the effect of the same causes operating in both countries), is completely Mussulman. Singing, dancing, and playing on the guitar, with a lighter species of ladies needle-work, forms the whole education of the French women; and this similarity of political treatment has produced a striking parallel even in the minuter parts of their national character.

It is disagreeable to dwell upon the darker parts of their characters; even amongst those whose dispositions, it must be acknowledged, if formed in a purer country, and encouraged to develope themselves in all their native beauty, would have done honour to any nation. Such is the laxity of moral principle, that a woman of unimpeached character is but rarely to be found; and I can speak from my own observation and

experience, that examples of criminal conduct, being of frequent occurrence and generally expected, have ceased to be the objects of reprobation, and are no longer the subjects of enquiry. What is more extraordinary, and shews a deeper sort of depravity, is the circumstance that such instances are entirely confined to the married women. These are, in their conversation and conduct, indulged, by a kind of general consent, with every possible freedom, and, by the extraordinary state of manners, are presented by their husbands with every possible facility they could desire. A husband and wife in France have generally separate apartments, or rather inhabit separate wings of their *hotel*. The lady's bed-room is appropriated to herself alone. Its walls would be esteemed polluted by any intrusion of the husband. It is there that, in an elegant dishabille, she receives the visits of her friends. It is secure against observation, or interruption of any kind whatever. It, in short, is the sacred palladium of female indiscretion. Much of this mischievous licence may, I think, be easily traced to the treatment of the younger and unmarried women. They are confined under a superintendance which is as rigorous, as the licence allowed to their mothers is unbounded. All those affections which begin in their early years to develope themselves—all those dispositions which are natural to youth, the innocent love of pleasure, and the passion for the society of those of their own age, are violently restrained by a system of confinement. In their early years, they are either banished by their parents to the seclusion of a convent, or are confined in their own houses, under the care of a set of severe and withered old women, whom they term *bonnes*. The consequence is, that the sullen influence of these unkindly beings is reflected upon their pupils, and that when, after their marriage, they are permitted to come forth from their prison, and mingle in general society, all the sweetness and gentleness of their original nature is gone for ever. But to return from this digression upon the ladies, other strong points of resemblance might easily be pointed out between the French and the native Indian character. The same low cunning, the same restless spirit of intrigue, the same gross flattery, the same astonishing command of countenance, and invariable politeness before strangers, the same complete sacrifice of every thing, character, principle, reputation, to the love of money; all these strong and melancholy features are clearly distinguishable in both. A servant who wishes for a place, a workman who is a candidate for employment, a shopkeeper who is anxious for customers, all invariably, as in India, pay money to some one who recommends them; and such is the poverty of the higher orders, that they compromise the meanness of the transaction, and receive these bribes with all the alacrity imaginable; and this system, which begins in these lesser transactions, is, in the disposal of offices under government, and the regulation of the patronage of the crown, the prime mover in France. If an office is to be disposed of, the constant phrase in France is, as in India, *il faut grassier la pate*. I was acquainted with two judges in France, who made not the least scruple to acknowledge that they owed their appointments to bribes, delicately administered. The bribes consisted in presents of *fruit*, presented in *a gold dish*. The similarity between the French and the inhabitants of eastern countries, on their hyperbolical compliments, had been observed by Montesquieu, in his Persian Letters, before the revolution; and by the effects of that lengthened scene of guilt and of confusion, as well as by the consequences of the military despotism under Napoleon, it has been increased to so great a degree, as to present a parallel more apt and striking than can be easily conceived.

The excessive poverty of the higher orders, more particularly amongst the old nobility, has not only subjected them to this meanness of taking bribes, but has produced also amongst them a species of fawning servility of manner towards their inferiors; and this has, in its turn, in a great degree destroyed that high feeling of superior rank and superior responsibility, and that standard of amiable and noble manners, which are amongst the happiest consequences resulting from the institution of a hereditary nobility. The consequence of this servility amongst the *noblesse*, has inevitably produced a corresponding arrogance and insolence in the lower orders. One may see a French servant enter his master's room without taking off, or even touching his hat, engage in the conversation whilst he is mending the fire, throw himself upon a chair, and thus deliver the message he has been entrusted with, arrange his neckcloth at the glass, and dance out of the room, humming a tune. To an Englishman, this familiarity, from its excessive impudence, creates at first more amusement than irritation; but it becomes disgusting when we consider its consequences upon national manners, and that its causes are to be traced to national crime. I have seen a French gentleman take his grocer by the hand, and embracing him, hope for his company at supper. This submissive meanness towards their tradesmen, is of course much

increased by their dread of the day of reckoning; and is therefore ultimately the consequence of their poverty.

It happened that an English nobleman, who lately visited France, had shewn much kindness to one of the *ancienne noblesse* during his stay in England. For upwards of a year, he had insisted on his living with him at his country seat. Upon the eve of leaving England for France, he wrote to his old acquaintance, desiring him to take suitable apartments for him in Paris. The Frenchman returned a most polite answer, expressing how much he felt himself hurt by the idea that his Lordship should dream of taking apartments, whilst his hotel was at his service. The English nobleman, accordingly, lived for two months at the hotel; but to his astonishment, upon taking his departure, Monsieur presented him with a regular bill, charging for every article, and including a very high rent for the lodgings. This is hardly to be credited by those unacquainted with the present condition of France; but I am induced to believe the story to be in every particular correct, as the authority was unquestionable. This excessive poverty amongst the higher classes, their being often unable, from their narrow circumstances, to support a house and separate establishment, their living in miserable lodgings when they are low in purse, snatching a spare meal at some cheap restaurateur's, and being unaccustomed to the comfort of regular meals in their own house, is the cause that they are all devotedly and generally attached to good eating, whenever they can get it, and that to such an excess, that a stranger, in attending a ball supper in France, or treating a French party to dinner, will be astonished at the perseverance of their palates, and the wonderful expedition with which both sexes contrive to travel through the various dishes on the table. The behaviour of Sancho at Camacho's wedding, when he rolled his delighted eyes over the assembled flesh-pots, is but a prototype of what I have witnessed equally in French men and French women upon these occasions.

At a ball supper, where it is often impossible in England to prevail upon the ladies to taste a morsel, you may see these delicate females of France, regale themselves with dressed dishes, swallow, with incredible avidity, repeated bowls of strong soup, and after a short interval, sit down to potations of hot punch, strong enough to admit of being set on fire. Nothing can certainly be more destructive of all ideas of feminine delicacy, than to see a beautiful woman with one of these midnight bowls burning before her, and when her complexion is rendered livid by its flames, looking through this medium like some unknown but voracious inhabitant of another world.

An English family of our acquaintance, who had settled at Aix, and who wished to see company, imagined, naturally, that it would be necessary to go through all the tedious process of preliminary introductions, which are necessary in England. A French friend was consulted upon the subject, and his advice was as simple as it was effectual: [52]"Donnez un souper, cela fera courir tout le monde." Sometime after this, happening to be conversing with the same gentleman upon this subject:[53] "Soyez bien sur, Monsieur, (said he), que si le diable donne a *souper, tout le monde soupera dans l'enfers*."

Versatility, that ruling feature in the French character, ought not to be forgotten. They have of late been so accustomed to change, that change has become not only natural, but, one would imagine, in some measure necessary to their happiness. They change their leaders and their sovereigns, with as much apparent ease as they do their fashions. On the slightest new impulse, they change their thoughts, their oaths, their love, their hatred. In this particular, a French mob is the most remarkable thing in the world; they cannot exist without some favourite yell, some particular watch-word of the day, or rather of the hour. One day it is, [54]"*A bas le tyran! A bas les soldats!*" the next it is "*Vive l'Empereur! Vivent les Marchaux! Vive l'armée!*" or it is, "*Vive Louis le desiré! Vive le fils de bon Henri!*" and in the next breath, "*Vive le nation! Point de loix foedaux! Point des rois! Point de noblesse!*" then, "*Point des droits reunis! Point de conscriptions!*" and during the desolating æra of the revolution, their favourite cry presented an exact picture of the character of the nation—of the same nation, which, in these dark days of continual horror, could yet amuse, itself by an exhibition of dancing-dogs, under the blood-dropping stage of the guillotine; their cry was then, [55]"*Vive la Mort*!" Utterly inattentive to these inconsistencies, the French people continue willingly to cry out whatever rallying word may be given to them by those agents who, working in secret, according to the ruling authorities and the prevailing politics of the day, are employed to excite them. The calamitous consequence of this mean and thoughtless principle is, that they submit themselves to the regulation of all the spies and police emissaries who, as the pensioned menials of

government, are continually insinuating themselves amongst them. Louis XVIII., unaccustomed to this system, from his long residence in England, has employed fewer spies than Napoleon, and the consequence has been, that the cry of Vive le Roi has never been re-echoed with that same high-sounding, though hollow enthusiasm, with which they vociferated Vive l'Empereur. An instance of the pliability of a French mob occurred a short time before our coming to Aix: When Napoleon, on his way to Elba, passed through Moulines, his carriage having halted at one of the inns, was immediately surrounded by a mob, amongst whom a cry of Vive l'Empereur was instantly raised. The Emperor's servants began laughing, and some one amongst, the mob imagining it to be in derision, exclaimed, with manifest disappointment, "Eh bien, Messieurs, que voulez vous donc; mais allons mes amis! crions tous Vive le Roi;" and having once received this new impulse, they not only raised, with one consent, a shout of Vive le Roi, but next moment, by their menaces, compelled Napoleon, who began to tremble for his person, to join in the cry of loyalty. Such was the miserable situation of that man, who, in the words of Augereau, [56]"apres avoir immolé des millions des victimes, n'a su mourir en soldat;" and such the treatment of a French mob to one whose name, the moment before, they had extolled with all the symptoms of the most devoted enthusiasm.

J'ai vu l'impie, adorè sur le terre
Pareil au cedre, il cachoit dans le cieux
Son front audacieux.
Il sembloit a son grè gouverner la tonnere,
Fouler aux pieds ses enemis vaincus,
Je ne fis que passer, il a'etoit deja plus.

Amidst all their misfortunes, the French people, and more especially the peasantry, have contrived to preserve their characteristic gaiety. They are still, without, doubt, the most cheerful people in Europe, the least liable to any thing like continued depression, and the most easily amused by trifles. If we except the peasantry, whose situation is comparatively comfortable, they are subject to continual deprivations. They are wretchedly poor, and driven by this poverty to meannesses which they would in other situations despise. Their labour is frequently demanded where refusal is impossible, and obedience attended with no remuneration. They themselves are hurried away, if young, to fill up the miserable quotas of the conscription; torn from the happiest scenes of their youth, and banished from every object of their affection. If old, they are doomed to pass their solitary years uncomforted, and unsupported. The hopes of their age may have fallen, but amidst all this complicated misery, it is indeed most wonderful that they yet continue to be cheerful. The accustomed gaiety of their spirits will not even then desert them; and meeting with a stranger who enters into conversation with them, or seated with a few friends at a caffé, they will sip their liqueurs, smoke their segars, and talk with enthusiasm of the triumphs and glory of the *grande nation*, although these triumphs may have given the fatal blow to all that constituted their happiness, and in this glory they may see the graves of their children. This is not patriotism: It is a far lower principle. It is produced by national pride, vanity, thoughtlessness, a contempt or ignorance of domestic happiness, and all this allied to an unconquerable levity and heartlessness of disposition. It is not therefore that severe but noble principle, the silent offspring between thought and sorrow, which soothes at least where it cannot cure, and alleviates the acuteness of individual sufferings, by the consolation that our friends have fallen in the courageous execution of their duty. It has in its composition none of those higher feelings, but is more an instinct, and one too of a shallow and degrading nature, than any thing like a steady and regulating moral principle.

This, however, which makes them unconscious to any thing like unhappiness, renders them, under imprisonment, banishment, and deprivation, more able to endure the hardships and reverses of war than any other troops.

It is perhaps an improper word in speaking of imprisonment and banishment to a Frenchman, to say they endure it better; the truth is, they do not feel it so acutely, and the reason is, that the military, owing to their restless and wandering life, are comparatively less attached than other troops to their native country. They suffer better, because they feel less.

In courage the English soldiers certainly equal them, and in physical strength they far surpass them; but the mind of a Frenchman is, for hard service, far better constituted than that of an Englishman. Nothing, it is well known, is so difficult as to rally an English force after any thing approaching even to a defeat. This is by no means the case with the French, and the history of the last campaign, preceding the restoration of the Borbons, contains a detailed account of many successive' defeats, after which the French army rallied and fought as undauntedly as before; and during the last war there was not perhaps a single battle contended with more determination than that of Toulouse.

In regard to the lower orders of the peasantry, it is amongst them alone that we can yet distinctly discern the last traces of the ancient French character. They are certainly, from the sale of the great landed estates at the revolution, (which, divided into small farms, were bought by the lower orders,) for the most part comparatively in a rich and independent situation; and poverty is far more generally felt by the higher classes of the nation, than by the regular peasantry of the country. Yet with all this, they have become neither insolent nor haughty to their superiors; and you will meet at this day with more real unsophisticated politeness, and more active civility amongst the present French peasantry, than is to be found among the nobility or the soldiery of the nation.

It is to them alone that the hopes of the revival of the French nation must ultimately turn. It is from this quarter that France, if she is ever to possess them, must alone derive those pacific energies, which, whilst they may render her as a nation less generally terrible, will yet cause her to be more individually happy.

In every country, we must regard the peasantry as the sinews and stamina of the state. They are, in every respect, to the nation what the heart is to the individual; the centre from which health, energy and vigour must be imparted to the remotest portions of the political body. If such is the rank held by the peasantry *in all countries*, much more important: is the station which they at present fill in *France*, and far more momentous (owing to the circumstances in which that kingdom now stands), are the duties which they owe to their country. It is there alone that any sufficient antidote can be found for that political misery, occasioned by such a course of unprincipled national triumphs, as had been so long the boast of France, and which we have so lately closed in all the splendour of legitimate victory. It is to them that the court must look for the restoration of that moral principle, which, under the administration of the late Emperor, it so thoroughly despised: It is to them that the army must look for the restoration of those high feelings of military honour, which we shall seek in vain in the present soldiery of France: It is from them that the great landed proprietors and the country gentlemen (if that honourable name is ever again to be realised in France), must learn to sacrifice their schemes of individual enjoyment, and to renounce the dissipations of the capital for the severer duties which await them in the interior of the kingdom.

I have before mentioned that civility and politeness which is still so characteristic of the peasantry of the kingdom. In addition to this, from every thing I could observe, they appeared to be really comfortable, and their invariable cheerfulness was accompanied by that flow of easy unpremeditated mirth, which gave us the impression that they were really happy. In the streets of Paris, and in the different ranks of society in the capital, you see, I think, the same outward symptoms of happiness; but, in many instances, their high sounding expressions of joy appear more like the wish to be happy, than the sober possession of happiness. The soldiery, in particular, seem, by their loud and repeated sallies, to have embraced a desperate kind of plan, of actually roaring themselves into forgetfulness; whereas the peasantry of the kingdom, after having passed the day in the labour of their fields or vineyards, dispersing in little troops through their village, the old to converse over the stories of their youth, the young dancing to the pipe and tabor, or singing in little groupes, arranged on the green seats under their orchard trees, appear, without effort, to sink into that enviable state of unforced enjoyment, which falls upon their minds as easily and calmly as the sleep of Heaven upon their eyelids.

Amongst the French, dancing is that strong and prevailing passion which is found in every rank in society, which is confined to no sex, nor age, nor figure, but is universally disseminated throughout every portion of the kingdom; from the cottage to the court, from the cradle to the grave, the French invariably dance when they can seize an opportunity. Nay, the older the individual, the more vigorous seems to be the

passion. Wrinkles may furrow the face, but lassitude never attacks the limbs.

It is their singular perseverance in this favourite pursuit which renders a French ball to a stranger more than commonly ludicrous. In England, when the company begins to assemble, you are delighted with the troops of young and blooming girls, who throng into the dancing room, with faces beaming with the desire, and forms bounding with the anticipation of pleasure. In France, you must conceive the room to be superbly lighted up, and the walls covered with large mirrors, which, in their indefinite multiplication, suffer nothing, however ludicrous, to escape them. The folding doors slowly open, and there begins to hobble in, (as quick as their advanced years will permit them,) unnumbered forms of aged ladies and gentlemen, intermixed with some possessing certainly the firmer step of middle life, but few or none who dare pretend to the activity of youth. On one side comes the old *Marquis*, dressed in the extremity of the fashion, every ruffle replete with effect, and not a curl but what he would tremble to remove, stepping, with the most finished complacency, at the side of some antiquated dame of sixty, who minces and rustles at his side in the costume of sixteen. Previous to the dancing, it is indeed ridiculous to observe the series of silent tendernesses, the sly looks and fascinating glances with which these old worthies entertain each other. Meanwhile the music strikes up, and the floor is instantly covered with waltzers. It is well known, that the waltz is a dance, above all others, requiring grace and youth, and activity in those who perform it. Nothing, therefore, to a stranger, can be more entertaining, than the sight of those motley and aged couples, who, with a desperate resolution, stand up to bid defiance to the warnings of nature; and who, after they have first swallowed a tumbler of punch, (which is their constant practice,) begin to reel round with the waltzers, putting you in mind of Miss Edgeworth's celebrated Irish horse, *Knockegroghery*, who needed to have porter poured down his throat, and to be warmed in his harness, before he could achieve any thing like continued motion. In England, few ladies, unless those who are extremely young, ever dream of dancing after their marriage. In France, the young ladies before marriage are seldom admitted into company; after marriage, therefore, their gaiety instantly commences, and continues literally until the total failure of the physical powers of nature puts an end to the ability, though not to the love of pleasure. Any thing, therefore, it may be well believed, which comes between the French ladies and this mania for dancing, produces no ordinary effect. One of our party observed at a ball, a French lady of quality in the deepest mourning. On coming up to her, she remarked to the English lady, with a face of much melancholy, that her situation was indeed deplorable. "Look at me," said she, "these are the weeds for my mother, who has only been two months dead. Do you see these odious black gloves; they will not permit me to join in your amusements; but oh! how the heart dances, when the feet can't." "Come, come," said another female waltzer of fifty, whose round little body we had traced at intervals, rolling and pirouetting about the room; "come, we forget that the fast of Ash Wednesday begins at twelve. We may sup well before twelve, but not a morsel after it. We have but one short hour to eat, but we may dance, you know, all night."

By our acquaintance with the best society in Aix, we have enjoyed no unfavourable opportunity of forming an idea of the present condition of society in the south of France. One of the first circumstances which we all remarked, and which has probably occurred to most who have associated in French society, was the wide range over which the titles of nobility extended. We indeed heard, that at Aix, where we resided, and at Toulouse, there were to be found more of the old nobility than in any other parts of France. These towns were, on account of the cheapness of living, the depôts of the emigrant gentlemen whose fortunes had been reduced by the revolution, the receptacles of the ancient aristocracy of France. Yet even making every allowance for this circumstance, when we recollect the appearance and manners of many who were dignified by the titles of Marquis, Counts and Barons, it was impossible not to feel that, when compared with our own country, there was a kind of profanation of the aristocracy; and I should not be much surprised, if it was afterwards discovered, by some who would take the pains to investigate the subject narrowly, that in these remote parts of the kingdom, there subsisted a species of silent understood compact, by which the parties agreed, that if the one was dignified by his friends with the title of *Marquis*, he would in his turn make no scruple to favour the other with the appellation of *Count*. Certainly, when requested to explain the principles upon which titles of dignity descended, the account given by these noblemen themselves was quite unsatisfactory, and nearly unintelligible. The different orders also of knighthood, appeared to us to be very widely extended. The Chevaliers de St Louis were literally

swarming. You could scarcely enter a shop, where you did not instantly discover one or more of these gentry sitting on the counter, conversing with the shopkeeper, or flirting with his daughter or wife. In their dress and general appearance in the forenoon, there appeared to be an unlimited latitude of shabbiness allowed both to the ladies and gentlemen; while in the evening, on the contrary, whether at home or abroad, we found them uniformly handsomely, and, making allowance for the difference of national costume, often elegantly drest. Nothing, indeed, could be more singular than the contrast between the extraordinary apparel of the same ladies (and those ladies of quality, marchionesses and countesses) whom we had visited at their own houses in the forenoon, and their appearance, when we met them in the evening, at the public concerts or private parties given at Aix. In the morning, you will find them receiving visits in their bed-rooms in the most complete dishabille; their night-cap not removed, a little bed-gown thrown carelessly over them; their hair in papillots, and their handsome ancles covered by coarse list slippers. In the evening, the *bonnet de nuit* is discarded, and a snow-white plume of feathers waves upon its former foundation; the little bed-gown is thrown aside, and a superb robe of satin rustles and glitters in its stead; the head, instead of being bristled with papillots, is clothed with the most luxuriant curls; and the unrivalled foot and ancle display at once, in the beauty of their shape and the elegance of their decoration, the bounty of nature and the unwearied assiduity of nature's assistant journeymen—the shoemakers. The style of French parties is certainly very dissimilar to those we are accustomed to in our own country. And this difference is easily to be traced to the remarkable differences in the character of the two nations. To the prevailing influence of the fancy, the power of imagination and the love of amusement amongst the French, and to those ideas of sober sense, that spirit of phlegmatic indifference, and the engrossing influence of public employments, which are remarkable in the English nation. During our residence in the south, we were invited by the Countess de R—— to a ball, which, she told us, was given in honour of her son's birth-day. We went accordingly, and were first received in the card-rooms, which we found brilliantly lighted and decorated, and full of company. We were then conducted into another handsome apartment fitted up as a theatre. The curtain rose, and the young Count de R—— tripped lightly from behind the scenes, with the most complete self-possession, and at the same time, with great elegance, begun a little address to the audience, apologising for his inability to amuse them as he could have wished, and concluded his address, by singing, with a great deal of action, two French songs. He then skipped nimbly off the stage and returned, leading in the principal actress at the theatre here, M. de——. They performed together a little dramatic interlude composed for the occasion; the company then adjourned into the card-rooms, and the evening concluded by a ball. At another private party we attended when the company were assembled; a folding door flew open, and a party of ladies and gentlemen, fantastically drest as shepherds and shepherdesses, flew into the room, and to our great amusement, began acting with their pipes and crooks and garlands, and all the paraphernalia of pastoral life, those employments of rural labour, or scenes of rustic courtship, which, in their public amusements, we have before remarked as peculiar favourites with the French people.

If, as we have above remarked, for the hopes of the restoration of truth, and honour, and principle, in France, we must turn to the lower orders, it will not, I trust, be thought too trifling to observe, that any thing like real excellence in music, another favourite national propensity, is, as far as we could observe, to be found in the peasantry alone. The music of the capital, the modern compositions performed at the opera, the prevailing songs of the day, are all noisy, unmeaning, unharmonious (I speak, of course, merely from personal feeling, and with deference to those better able to form an opinion upon the subject;) but it is impossible to hear the unharmonious crash which proceeds from the orchestra of the opera, without immediately recollecting the celebrated pun of Rosseau: "Pour l'Academie de musique, certainement il fait le plus du bruit du monde." On the other hand, it is amongst the peasantry alone that you now find the ancient music of France. Those airs which are so deeply associated with all the glory and gallantry of the old monarchy; those songs of olden times, which were chanted by the wandering Troubadours, as they returned from foreign wars to their native vallies, and whose simple melody recalls the days of chivalry in which they arose: these, and all others of the same æra, which once composed in truth the national music of this great people, are no longer to be found amongst the higher classes of the community. But they still exist among the peasantry. The vine-dresser, as he begins, with the rising sun, his labours in the vineyards; or the poor muleteer, as he drives his cattle to the water, will chant, as he goes along, those

ancient airs, which, in all their native simplicity, he has heard from his fathers; and which, in other days, have echoed through the halls of feudal pride, or have been sung in the bowers of listening beauty. Of the prevalence of this refined taste in poetry among the lower orders of the peasantry, the following fragment of an old ballad, still very commonly sung to the ancient Troubadour air by the peasantry of Provence, may be given as a familiar instance:

LE TROUBADOUR.

Un gentil Troubadour
Qui chant et fait la guerre,
Revennit chez son Pere
Revant a son amour.
Gages de sa valeur
Suspendus en echarpe,
Son epée et sa harpe
Croisaient sur son cœur.

Il rencontre en chemin
Pelerine jolie
Qui voyage et qui prie
Un rosaire a la main,
Colerette aux longs plies
Gouvre sa fine taille,
Et grande chapeau de paille
Cache son front divin.

"Ah! gentil Troubadour,
Si tu reviens fidele,
Chant un couplet pour celle
Qui benit ton retour."
"Pardonnez mon refus,
Pelerine jolie,
Sans avoir vu m'amie,
Je ne chanterai plus."

"Ne la revois tu pas—
Oh Troubadour fidele,
Regarde la—C'est elle,
Ouvre lui donc tes bras.
Priant pour notre amour
J'allois en pelerine
A la vierge divine
Demander son secours."

I believe no apology need be made for subjoining here, another very favourite song in the French army: One of our party heard it sung by a body of French soldiers, who were on their return to their homes, from the campaign of Moscow.

LA CENTINELLE.

L'Astre de nuit dans son paisible eclat
Lanca ses feux sur les tentes de la France,
Non loin de camp un jeune et beau soldat
Ainsi chantoit appuyè sur sa lance.

"Allez, volez, zephyrs joyeux,
Portez mes vœux vers ma patrie,
Dites que je veille dans ces lieux,
Que je veille dans ces lieux,
C'est pour la gloire et pour m'amie.

L'Astre de jour r'animera le combat,
Demain il faut signaler ma valence;
Dans la victoire on trouve le trepas,
Mais si je meura an coté de ma lance,—

Volez encore, zephyrs joyeux,
Portez mes regrets vers ma patrie,
Dites que je meurs dans ces lieux,
Que je meurs dans ces lieux,
C'est pour la gloire et pour m'amie."

It is certainly productive of no common feelings, when, in travelling into the interior of the country, you find these beautiful songs, so much despised in the metropolis! of the nation, still lingering in their native vallies, and shedding their retiring sweetness over those scenes to which they owed their birth.

How much is it to be desired that some man of genius, some lover of the real glory of his country, would collect, with religious hand, these scattered flowers, which are so fast sinking into decay, and again raise into general estimation the beautiful and forgotten music of his native land.

In a discussion upon French manners, and the present condition of French society, it is impossible but that one great and leading observation must almost immediately present itself, and the truth of which, on whatever side, or to whatever class of society you may turn, becomes only the more apparent as you take the longer time to consider it; this is, that the French *carry on every thing in public*. That every thing, whether it is connected with business or with pleasure, whether it concerns the more serious affair of political government, or the pursuit of science, or the cultivation of art, or whether it is allied only to a taste for society, to the gratification of individual enjoyment, to the passing occupations of the day, or the pleasures of the evening—all, in short, either of serious, or of lighter nature, is open and public. It is carried on abroad, where every eye may see, and every ear may listen. Every one who has visited France since the revolution must make this remark. The first thing that strikes a stranger is, that a Frenchman has *no home*: He lives in the middle of the public; he breakfasts at a caffé; his wife and family generally do the same. During the day, he perhaps debates in the Corps Legislatif, or sleeps over the essays in the Academie des Sciences, or takes snuff under the Apollo, or talks of the fashions of the Nouvelle Cour, at the side of the Venus de Medicis, or varies the scene by feeding the bears in the Jardin des Plantes. He then dines abroad at a restaurateur's. His wife either is there with him, or perhaps she prefers a different house, and frequents it alone. His sons and daughters are left to manage matters as they best can. The sons, therefore, frequent their favourite caffés, whilst the daughters remain confined under the care of their *bonnes* or *duennas*. In the evening he strolls about the Palais, joins some friend or another, with whom he takes his caffé, and sips his liqueurs in the Salon de Paix or Milles Colonnes; he then adjourns to the opera, where, for two hours, he will twist himself into all the appropriate contortions of admiration, and vent his joy, in the strangest curses of delight, the moment that Bigottini makes her appearance upon the stage; and, having thus played those many parts which compose his motley day, he will return at night to his own lodging, perfectly happy with the manner he has employed it, and ready, next morning, to recommence, with recruited alacrity, the same round of heterogeneous enjoyment. Such is, in fact, an epitome of the life of all Frenchmen, who are not either bourgeoise, employed constantly in their shops during the day, or engaged in the civil or military avocations—of those who are in the same situation in France, as our gentlemen of independent fortune in England. Another peculiarity is, that the Frenchmen of the present day are not only always abroad, in the midst *of the public*, but that they invariably flock from the interior of the kingdom into Paris, and there engage in those public exhibitions, and bustle about in that endless routine of business or pleasure, which is passing in the capital. The French nobility, and the men of property who still remain in the kingdom, invariably spend their lives in Paris. Their whole joy consists la exhibiting themselves in public in the capital. Their magnificent chateaus, their parks, their woods and fields, and their ancient gardens, decorated by the taste, and often cultivated by the hands of their fathers, are allowed to fall into unpitied ruin. If they retire for a few weeks to their country seat, it is only to collect the rents from their neglected peasantry, to curse

themselves for being condemned to the *triste sejour* of their paternal estate; and, after having thus replenished their coffers, to dive again from their native woods, with renewed strength, into all the publicity and dissipation of the capital. This was not always the state of things in France. Previous to, and during the reign of Henry IV. the manners, the society, and the mode of life of the nobility and gentlemen of the kingdom, were undoubtedly different The country was not then deserted for the town; the industry of the peasantry was exerted under the immediate eye of the proprietor; and his happiness formed, we may believe, no inferior object in the mind of his master; If we look at the domestic memoirs which describe the condition of France in these ancient days, we shall find that even from the early age of Francis I. till the commencement of the political administration of Richelieu, the situation of this country presented a very different picture; and that the lives of the country gentlemen were passed in a very opposite manner from that unnatural state of the kingdom to which we have above alluded. Even the condition of the interior of the kingdom, as it is now seen, points to this happier state of things. Their chateaus, which are now deserted,—their silent chambers, with tarnished gilding and decaying tapestry, remind us of the days when the old nobleman was proud to spend his income on the decoration and improvement of his property; the library, on whose walls we see the family pictures, in those hunting and shooting dresses which tell of the healthier exercises of a country retirement; whilst on the shelves, there sleeps undisturbed the forgotten literature of the Augustan age of France—all this evidently shows, that there was once, at least, to be found in the interior of the kingdom, another and a different state of things. In the essays of Montaigne, the private life of a French gentleman is admirably depicted. His days appear to have been divided between his family, his library, and his estate. A French nobleman lived then happy in the seat of his ancestors. His family grew up around him; and he probably visited the town as rarely as the present nobility do the country,—the education of his children,—the care of his peasantry,—the rural labours of planting and gardening,—the sports of the country,—the *grandes chasses* which he held in his park, surrounded by troops of servants who had been born on his estate, and who evinced their affection by initiating the young heir into all the mysteries of the chase, the enjoyment of the society of his friends and neighbours; all these varied occupations filled up the happy measure of his useful and enviable existence. The life of the country proprietor in these older days of France, assimilated, in short, in a great degree to the present manner of life amongst the same classes which is still observable in England.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more striking than the difference between this picture of a French chateau in these older days, and the condition in which you find them at the present moment. We once visited the chateau of one of the principal noblemen in Provence; and he himself had the politeness to accompany us. The situation of the castle was perfectly beautiful; but on coming nearer, every thing showed that it was completely neglected. The different rooms, which were once superb, were now bare and unfurnished. The walks through the park, the seats and temples in the woods, and the superb gardens, were speedily going to decay. The surface of his ponds, in the midst of which the fountains still played, were covered with weeds, and the rank grass was waving round the bases of the marble statues, which were placed at the termination of the green alleys; every thing showed the riches, the care, and the taste of a former generation, and the carelessness, and neglect of the present. On remonstrating with the proprietor, he defended himself by telling us how lonely he should feel at such a distance from Paris: "*C'est toujours ici (said he), un triste sejour*." A collation was served up, and after this, being in want of amusement, he opened a closet in the corner of the room, and discovered to us, in its recess, a vast variety of toys, which he began to exhibit to the ladies, telling us, "that when forced to live in the country, he diverted his solitary hours with these entertaining little affairs."

Nothing certainly can be more striking than this contrast between the modern and ancient life of a French proprietor or nobleman; and it is a question which must necessarily arise in the mind of every one, who has observed this remarkable difference, what are the causes to which so great a change is owing? Perhaps, if we look into it, this extraordinary change will be found to have arisen chiefly out of the vigorous, but dangerous policy of that age, when, under the administration of Richelieu, the power of the sovereign rose upon the ruins of the aristocracy—when the institution of standing armies first began to be systematically followed—and when, by the perfection of their police, and that vilest of all inventions, their espionage, the comfort, the security, and the confidence of society was destroyed, by the secret

influence of these poisonous and pensioned menials of government. In the successful accomplishment of these three great objects, was involved the destruction of that older state of France, which was to be seen under Henry III. and IV. The schemes by which Richelieu succeeded in drawing the nobility from the interior of the country to Paris, the style of splendid living, sumptuous expences, and magnificent entertainments which he introduced, produced two unhappy effects; it removed them from their country seats, and forced them at the same time to drain their estates, in order to defray their increasing expences in the capital. It made them dependent in a great measure upon the crown; and thus tied them down to Paris. On the other hand, by what has been termed his *admirable* police, by his encouragement to all informers, by the jealousy of any thing like private intercourse, he rendered the retirement of their homes, the fire-side of their families, instead of that sacred spot, around which was once seated all the charities of life, the very center of all that was hollow, gloomy, and suspicious. It was in this manner that the French seem actually to have been driven from the society of their families, to seek a kind of desperate solitude in public; and that which was at first a necessity, has, in the progress of time, become an established habit. But I have to apologise for introducing, in a chapter of this light nature, and that perhaps in too strong language, these vague conjectures upon so serious a subject as this change in the condition of French society.

One necessary effect of the taste for publicity, formerly mentioned, is, that in France every thing is in some way or other attempted to be made a *spectacle*; and this favourite word itself has gradually grown into such universal usage, that it has acquired such power over the minds of all classes of the people, as to be hardly ever out of their mouths. Whatever they are describing, be it grave or gay, serious or ludicrous, a comedy or a tragedy, a scene in the city or in the country; in short, every thing, of whatever nature or character it may chance to be, which is seen in public, is included under this all-comprehensive term; and the very highest praise which can be given it, is, "Ah Monsieur, c'est un *vrai* spectacle. C'est un spectacle tout a *fait superbe*." It is this taste for spectacles, this inordinate passion for every thing producing *effect*, every thing which can add in this manner to what they conceive ought to be the necessary arrangement in all public exhibitions, which has, in many of these exhibitions, completely destroyed all the deeper feelings which they would otherwise naturally be calculated to produce. It is this taste which has created that dreadful and disgusting anomaly in national antiquities, the Museé des Monumens François, which has mangled and dilapidated the monuments of the greatest men, and the memorials of the proudest days of France, to produce in Paris a spectacle worthy of the *grande nation*. It is this same taste, which, in that solemn commemoration of the death of their king, the *service solennel* for Louis XVI. contrived to introduce a species of affected parade,—a detailed and theatrical sort of grief,—a kind of meretricious mummery of sorrow, which banished all the feelings, and almost completely destroyed the impression which such a scene in any other country would inevitably have produced. Any thing, it may be easily imagined, which gratifies this general taste for public exhibitions, and any thing which is fitted to increase their effect, is greeted by the French with the highest applause. One would have imagined, that the first appearance of Lord Wellington in the French opera, would, to most Frenchmen, have been a circumstance certainly not to make an exhibition of: Very far from it—The presence of Lord Wellington added greatly to the general effect of the spectacle. This was all the French thought of; and he was received, if possible, with more enthusiastic applause, and more reiterated greetings than the royal family of France. Would a French conqueror have met with the same reception in the opera at London?

When the reviews of the Russian troops were daily occurring in the Champ de Mars, an anxiety to examine the state of their discipline, and the general condition of their army, induced us punctually to attend them. What was our astonishment, when we saw *several* barouches full of French ladies, seemingly taking the greatest delight in superintending the manœuvres of the very men who had conquered the armies, and occupied the capital of their country; and delighted with the attentions which were paid them by the different Russian officers who had led them to victory?

But there is yet another exhibition in Paris, which is at once the most singular in its nature, and which shows, in the very strongest light, this general deep-set passion in the French, for the creation of what they imagine the necessary *effect* which ought to be attended to in every thing which is displayed in public, I mean that extraordinary exhibition which they term the Catacombs. These catacombs are large subterraneous excavations, which stretch themselves to a great extent under Paris; and which were

originally the quarries which furnished the stones for building the greater part of that capital. You arrive at them by descending, by torch light, a narrow winding stair, which strikes perpendicularly into the bosom of the earth; and which, although its height is not above 70 feet, leads you to a landing-place, so dark and dismal, that it might be as well in the centre of the earth as so near its surface. After walking for a considerable time through different obscure subterranean streets, you arrive at the great stone gate of the catacombs, above which you can read by the light of the torches, "*The Habitation of the Dead.*" On entering, you find yourself in a dark wide hall, supported by broad stone pillars, with a low arched roof, the further end of which is hid in complete obscurity; but the walls of which, (as they are illuminated by the livid and feeble gleam of the torches), are discovered to be completely formed of human bones. All this, as far as I have yet described,—- the subterranean streets which you traverse,—the dark gate of the great hall, over which you read the simple but solemn inscription,—and the gloom and silence of the chambers, whose walls you discover to be furnished in this terrible manner, is fitted to produce a most deep and powerful effect. To find yourself the only living being, surrounded on every side by the dead; to be the only thing that possesses the consciousness of existence, while millions of those who have once *been* as you *are*—millions of all ages, from the infant who has just looked in upon this world, in its innocent road to heaven, to the aged, who has fallen in the fullness of years;—and the young, the gay, and the beautiful of former centuries, lie all cold and silent around you:—it is impossible that these deep and united feelings should not powerfully affect the mind,—should not lead it to rivet its thoughts upon that last scene, which all are to act alone, and where, in the cold and unconscious company of the dead, we are here destined to "end the strange, eventful history" of our nature: But unfortunately, the guide, who now approaches you, insists upon your examining the details, which he conceives it is his duty to point out; and it is then that you discover, that this prevailing taste for producing effect, this love of the arrangements necessary to complete the *spectacle*, has invaded even this sacred receptacle. The ornaments which he points out, and which are curiously framed of the whitest and most polished bones; little altars which are built of the same materials in the corners of the chambers, and crowned with what the artists have imagined the handsomest skulls; and the frequent poetical quotations, which, upon a nearer view, you discern upon the walls;—all this, in the very worst style of French taste, evinces, that the same unhallowed hands which had dared to violate the monuments of their heroes, have not scrupled to intrude their presumptuous and miserable efforts, even into the humbler sanctuary allotted to the dead.

I have above described the singular, and, to a stranger, most entertaining scenes which take place at the French balls. If, however, owing to this extraordinary state of manners, to the ludicrous ardour of the old ladies, and the very moderate proportion of the young ones, a French ball is more the scene of aged folly, than of youthful pleasure, it must be allowed, that in another style of society, their lesser parties, they far excel us. The conversation in these is easy, natural, and often even fascinating. The terms of polite familiarity with which you yourself are regarded, and with which you are encouraged to treat all around you; the absence of every thing like stiffness, or formality; the little interludes of music, in which, either in singing, or in performing on some instrument, most of those you meet are able to take a part; the round games which are often introduced, and where all forget themselves to be happy, and to make others so,—this species of party is certainly something far superior to those crowded assemblies, engrafted now, as it would appear, with general consent, upon English society; and which, with a ludicrous perversity, we have denominated by that sacred word of Home, which has so long connected itself with scenes of tranquil and unobtrusive enjoyment.

After having given such a picture of the general state of French society, as we have presented in this chapter, it would be highly unjust if we did not mention, that to the above descriptions of life and manners, we found many exceptions. That we met with many very intelligent men, of liberal education and gentlemanly conduct; and that in the town where we resided, and indeed generally during our travels, we experienced the greatest hospitality and kindness. The most amiable features in the French character are shewn in their conduct to strangers. But this is one of the few points in which we think they deserve the imitation of our countrymen; and we have been the more full in our observations upon their faults, because we trust that there may ever remain a marked difference between the two nations.

The present we consider as the moment when all those who have had opportunities

of judging of the French character, ought in duty to make public the information they have collected; for it is now that a more perfect intercourse must produce its effects upon the two nations; and taking it as an established maxim, that "vice to be hated, needs only to be seen," we have thus hastily laid our observations before the public, claiming their indulgence for the manifold faults to which our anxious desire to avail ourselves of the favourable moment has unavoidably given rise.

REGISTER OF THE WEATHER.

THE climate of the south of France is, very generally, recommended for those invalids who are suffering under pulmonary complaints. The author of the foregoing work having resided at Aix, in Provence, during the winter months, has thought it right to publish the following short Register of the Weather, for the use of those who may have it in view to try the benefit of change of climate. His object is to show, that although, in general, the climate is much milder than in England or Scotland, yet there is much greater variety than is generally imagined. Upon the whole, he conceives, that he derived considerable benefit from his residence at Aix. But such were the difficulties in travelling, and so great was the want of comfort in the houses in the south of France, that he is of opinion, that in most cases a residence in Devonshire would be found fully as beneficial.

From experience in his own case, he can venture to affirm, that where the patient, labouring under a pulmonary complaint, visits the south of France, he should perform the journey by sea, which appears to him as beneficial as the land journey is hurtful.

In keeping the following Register, the thermometer was in the shade, though in a warm situation. The time of observation was between 12 and 1 in France, and between 10 and 11 in Edinburgh.

AIX.

Dec.		*Ther*
12.	Air delightful, like a fine day in June--sun very powerful,	60¼
13.	The air rather damp and heavy--the sun very powerful,	65¾
14.	Excepting in the sun, it was cold to-day, like to a spring day--the *Vent de Bise* prevailed in the morning,	59
15.	Frosty day--but between twelve and two the sun powerful, and the climate delightful,	56¾
16.	The air frosty, but the sun very powerful--temperature delightful, though sharp and bracing--air very dry,	56¾
17.	Air more mild--sun exceedingly hot--this was a charming day--the air still sufficiently bracing,	59
18.	No sun to-day--very mild air, but damp,	54½
19.	No sun to-day--air very damp, and a little rain--a mild day, but very disagreeable,	56¾
20.	Rain all night--thick mist in the morning, air damp--at twelve, the day broke up, and it was pleasant,	54½

21.	Rain in the night--day damp, raw and cold,	52¼
22.	Day cleared up about twelve--air rather damp and raw--a great deal of rain in the night,	52¼
23.	Clear day, but wind fresh and cold--pleasant in the sun,	53½
24.	Clear day--wind fresh and unpleasant--air damp,	53½
25.	Clear day--wind very cold, but pleasant in the sun,	52¼
26.	Day very cloudy, with rain--rain all night--air damp and very cold,	50
27.	Day still cloudy, though clearing up--air rather raw,	52½
28.	Day clear, morning frosty, but at noon temperature delightful,	54½
29.	Day clear, frosty, at twelve most charming,	54½
30.	The same as yesterday,	54½
31.	Ditto, ditto,	54½
1815. Jan. 1.	Day frosty, very cold in the morning, ice of one-fourth of an inch on the pools; at twelve most delightful in the sun,	52¼
2.	Clear frosty day, very pleasant in the sun,	52¼
3.	Dark, cloudy, raw and cold; no going out,	45½
4.	A clear frosty day, very cold, but pleasant in the sun,	47¾
5.	Intensely cold and cloudy; no sun,	40
6.	Intensely cold, a bitter wind, cloudy, and no sun,	41
7.	Not quite so cold, but raw, windy and disagreeable; snow at night,	47¾
8.	Very cold, but pleasant in the sun; no wind,	44¾
9.	The same as yesterday,	43¼
10.	Air much milder; very pleasant in the sun,	50
11.	Cold and windy; air rather raw; the *mistral* blowing,	50
12.	Cold and windy; *mistral* blowing,	45½
13.	Wind fallen, but cold continues; air more dry,	44¼
14.	Snow in the night, rain in the morning; cold and raw day,	45½
15.	Cold, but more dry; no sun, very unpleasant, and every appearance of snow,	43¼
16.	Snow in the night, dry cold day, but brilliant and powerful sun,	41
17.	Very high *mistral*, blowing intensely cold; air milder than yesterday,	43¼
18.	Still very cold, but pleasant in the sun; no wind,	43¼
19.	Cold increased, hard frost; not wind,	34¼
20.	Cold continues, but not so severe,	38¾
21.	Clear frosty day, but cold diminished; delightful in the sun,	43¼
22.	Clear frosty day, but cold; sun very powerful	43¼
23.	Clear frosty day, sun pleasant,	48¼
24.	Cloudy and damp, but air milder; no sun,	43¼
25.	Rain the greater part of the day, cloudy and damp; air milder,	43¼
26.	Cloudy all day, but air milder,	47¾
27.	Cloudy and damp; but the air very mild,	50
28.	Ditto ditto ditto	50
29.	Day clear and sunny, very pleasant	54½
30.	Rainy all day long; air colder,	50
31.	Day clears up, but air moist; air mild,	54½
Feb. 1.	Day cloudy and damp; air mild,	52¼
2.	Day very clear, delightful sun,	54
3.	Day cloudy and damp, air very mild,	52½
4.	Day clear, very windy, but air very mild,	56¾
5.	Day very clear, bright sun, no wind, but air colder,	52¼
6.	Day very clear, bright sun, no wind, air mild	54½
7.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto	54½
8.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto	54½
9.	Day cloudy, a little rain, air colder,	52¼
10.	Day very cloudy, a little rain, air mild, but damp, heavy, and unpleasant,	54½
11.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto	54½

12.	Day clearer, but still heavy, and rather damp; air mild	54½
13.	Day damp, cloudy, great deal of rain wind, air cold,	50
14.	Much the same,	50
15.	Fine clear day, sun very hot, air mild,	56¾
16.	Raw and damp, a little rain,	54½
17.	Delightful day, but good deal of wind; sun very powerful,	56¾
18.	Delightful day, no wind, sun very powerful,	61¼
19.	Ditto ditto, high wind,	61¼
20.	Ditto ditto, less wind,	61¼
21.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto	61¼
22.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	61¼
23.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	61¼
24.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	61¼
25.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	61¼
26.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	64
27.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	64
28.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	64
Mar. 1.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	61½
2.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	64½
3.	Delightful day, sun very powerful,	64
4.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	64
5.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	64
6.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	64
7.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	50
8.	Day damp and raw, rain in the evening,	54½
9.	Fine day, but high wind,	60¼
10.	Day damp and raw,	54½
11.	Day very cold, high wind, a little hail,	52¼
12.	Cold and raw, high wind, and a little rain,	54½

EDINBURGH.

Dec.		*Ther*
12.	Misty and damp--cleared up at mid-day, the thermometer rose to 54,	44
13.	Fine clear day,	45
14.	Mild and damp,	40
15.	Showery and disagreeable,	45
16.	Wind and rain,	47
17.	A great deal of rain and very stormy,	44
18.	Incessant rain--very windy at night,	42
19.	Heavy showers of rain and sleet,	39
20.	A fine clear day,	32
21.	A fine day,	31
22.	A fine day,	37
23.	A cold east wind,	32
24.	A very cold N. E. wind,	35
25.	Cold wind and showers of snow,	33
26.	Cold wind and showers of snow,	33
27.	Cold north wind--damp and dark,	34
28.	Dark and damp,	34
29.	A good deal of snow,	33
30.	Stormy and tempestuous,	45

31.	A fine day,	35
1815 Jan. 1.	A fine day,	35
2.	Cloudy and damp,	47
3.	Cloudy,	44
4.	Very rainy,	45
5.	Mist and rain,	38
6.	A fine day,	34
7.	Damp, and a good deal of rain,	38
8.	Clear frost--some snow,	30
9.	Wind and rain,	42
10.	Snow in the forenoon--a perfect tempest of wind and rain at night,	33
11.	A great deal of snow during the night,	32
12.	A fine day,	34
13.	A fine day--snow melting,	37
14.	A fine day,	40
15.	A fine day,	30
16.	A good deal of rain,	37
17.	A fine day,	35
18.	Very gloomy,	32
19.	Hard frost in the night--very gloomy,	32
20.	A great deal of snow,	35
21.	Snow,	34
22.	Clear fine day,	31
23.	Very hard frost in the night--fine day,	25
24.	Very cold,	29
25.	Good day, but very cold,	22
26.	A great deal of snow,	32
27.	Snow--a cold north wind,	34
28.	Snow and hail,	32
29.	Rain and snow--very wet,	36
30.	Very wet and disagreeable,	36
31.	A fine mild day,	35
Feb. 1.	Very damp--heavy rain in the evening,	38
2.	Rain, and very thick mist,	40
3.	A fine day,	38
4.	Damp and rainy,	38
5.	A fine day,	40
6.	Damp and rainy,	40
7.	Very mild, but damp and cloudy,	45
8.	A fine day; rain in the evening,	45
9.	A very fine day; quite summer,	38
10.	A fine day,	32
11.	A pretty good day; rather damp and cloudy,	45
12.	A fine forenoon, rain from two o'clock,	45
13.	A fine day,	45
14.	Cloudy and damp,	45
15.	Cloudy and some rain,	44
16.	Damp and showery,	43
17.	A fine day,	41
18.	Cloudy, and a cold N. E. wind,	41
19.	Damp and rainy, very windy in the evening,	45
20.	A cold north wind; showers of rain,	42
21.	Showery,	45
22.	A pretty good day, but windy,	50
23.	Quite a summer day,	49
24.	A good deal of rain in the morning,	47

25.	Rain; very tempestuous at night,	45
26.	A cold north wind,	38
27.	A pretty good day,	38
28.	A charming summer day,	48
Mar. 1	Rainy,	48
2.	A very fine day,	38
3.	A pretty good day, but windy,	45
4.	A very fine day,	42
5.	A fine day,	45
6.	A very fine day,	43
7.	A pretty good day, but a perfect tempest of wind and rain in the night,	43
8.	A very good day,	44
9.	Showers of snow,	36
10.	A very cold north wind,	32
11.	A very cold day,	35
12.	A very cold wind, and showers of snow,	40

FINIS.

EDINBURGH: Printed by JOHN PILLANS, James's Court.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This statement, which we had from an officer who was with him at the time, may be easily reconciled with the account of the battle given by La Baume, which is in some measure inconsistent in its own parts.

[2] "See, Monsieur le Count,—said I, rising up, and laying some of King William's shillings on the table,—by jingling and rubbing one against another, for seventy years, in one body's pocket or another, they are become so much alike, you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another. The English, like ancient medals, keep more apart, and passing but few people's hands, preserve the first sharpnesses which the fine hand of nature has given them. They are not so pleasant to feel,—but, in return, the legend is so visible, that at the first look you see whose image and superscription they bear."

Sentimental Journey, Vol. II. p. 87.

[3] De l'Allemagne, tom. 2d. 303.

[4] "We have no more war."

[5] "Great silence."—"Ah! how terrible is this house! It is the house of God, and the gate of Heaven."

[6] "Don't be alarmed, Sir; this is nothing."

[7] "War! war!"

[8] A small bit of wood.

[9] "Adieu! to meet at supper."

[10] "It is well enough for the moment, but this will not last long."

[11] "He shewed at his sports, that spirit of tyranny which he has since manifested on the great stage of the world; and he who was doomed one day to make Europe tremble, commenced by being the master and terror of a troop of children."

[12] Such are the emphatic expressions made use of by a French gentleman, who took the trouble to draw up for me a short memoir, containing what he considered the most correct and well authenticated circumstances in the political life of Napoleon.

[13] "Sire," said a General to him, while congratulating him on the victory of Montmirail, "what a glorious day, if we did not see around us so many towns and countries destroyed." "So much the better," said Napoleon; "that supplies me with soldiers!"

[14] "Well, in an hour the ladies of Rheims will be in a fine fright."

[15] They seize him, they conduct him to the town-hall, before a military commission, which proceeds to his trial, or rather to his condemnation. An hour was scarce elapsed when an officer appears, orders the doors to be opened, and demands if sentence is pronounced. They tell him that the judges are about to put the question to the vote, "Let them instantly shoot him," said the officer; "this is the Emperor's order." The unfortunate Goualt is condemned. —The voice of mourning is heard throughout the whole city. The proprietor of the house which Bonaparte had chosen for his head-quarters solicits an audience; he obtains it. "Sire, (said M. Duchatel), a day of triumph ought to be a day of mercy; I come to entreat your Majesty to grant to the whole city of Troyes the pardon of one of her fellow-citizens, who has been condemned to death." "Begone! (said the tyrant, with a savage look), you forget that you are in my presence." It was 11 o'clock at night when the unfortunate man left the town-hall, escorted by gens-d'armes, and carrying, attached to his back and breast, a writing in large characters, in these words, "Traitor to his country," which was read by light of flambeaux. This heart-rending assembly advanced towards the market-place, appointed for the execution of criminals. There they wished to bind the eyes of the accused;—he refused, and said, with a firm voice, that he knew how to die for his King. He himself gave the signal to fire, and exclaiming, "Long live the King! Long live Louis XVIII!" he drew his last breath.

[16] Revenge is their first law, lying the second, and to deny their God is the third.

[17] "The distinguishing features of this man are, lying and the love of life; I go to attack him, I shall beat him, and I shall see him at my feet demanding his life."

[18] "Promote this officer; for if you do not, he knows the way to promote himself."

[19] "To dissipate the royalists, and to batter the Parisians even at their firesides."

[20] "At break of day the Austrians commenced the attack, at first gently enough, afterwards more briskly, and at last with such fury, that the French were broken on all sides. At this frightful moment, when the dead and the dying strewed the earth, the first Consul, placed in the middle of his guard, appeared immoveable, insensible, and as if struck by thunder. In vain his Generals sent him their Aides de Camp, one after another, to demand assistance. In vain did the Aides de Camp wait his orders. He gave none. He scarcely exhibited signs of life. Many thought, that, believing the battle lost, he wished

himself to be killed. Others, with more reason, persuaded themselves, that he had lost all power of thought, and that he neither heard nor saw what was said or what passed about him. General Berthier came to beg he would instantly withdraw; instead of answering him, he lay down on the ground. In the meantime, the French fled as fast as possible. The battle was lost, when suddenly we heard it said, that General Dessaix was coming up with fresh troops. Presently we saw him appear at their head. The runaways rallied behind his columns. Their courage returned—fortune changed. The French attacked in their turn, with the same fury with which, they had been attacked; they burned to efface the shame of their defeat in the morning."

[21] "I die regretting that I have not lived long enough for my country."

[22] We may lay it down as a maxim, that in every state the desire of glory exists with the liberty of the subjects, and diminishes with the same; glory is never the companion of servitude.

[23] "The youth of the present day are brought up in very different principles: the love of glory, above all, has taken deep root; it has become the distinguishing attribute of the national character, exalted by twenty years of continued success. But this very glory was become our idol; it absorbed all the thoughts of the brave fellows whose wounds had rendered them unfit for service—all the hopes of the youthful warriors who for the first time bore arms; an unlooked-for blow has been struck, and we now find in our hearts a blank similar to that which a lover feels who has lost the object of his passion; every thing he sees, every thing he hears, renews his grief. This sentiment renders our situation vague and painful; every one seeks to hide from himself the void which he feels exist in his heart. He is looked upon as humbled, after twenty years of continued triumph, for having lost a single stake, which unfortunately was the stake of honour, and which had become the rule of our destinies."—CARONT'S MEMOIR.

[24] "The French are the only people in the universe could laugh even while freezing."

[25] "Well, there's more materials—more flesh for the cannon!"

[26] "My faith, there's a fine consumption." The word *Consommation*, is also a mess, a finishing. It is not easy to say whether it was used in one or all of these senses by Napoleon.

[27] "It was icy cold. The dying were yet breathing; the crowd of dead bodies, and the black gaps which the blood had made in the snow, were horribly contrasted. The staff were sensibly affected. The Emperor alone looked coolly on that scene of mourning and of blood. I pushed my horse a few paces before his, for I was anxious to observe him at such a moment. You would have said that he was devoid of every human feeling; that all that surrounded him existed but for him. He spoke coolly on the events of the evening before. In passing before a groupe of Russian grenadiers who had been massacred, the horse of one of the aides-de-camp started. The Emperor perceived it: "That horse (said he, coldly) is a coward."

[28] "Workmen who had just left their workshops, peasants escaped from the villages, with bonnets on their heads, and a staff in their hands, in six months became intrepid soldiers, and in two years skilful officers and generals, formidable to the oldest generals in Europe."

[29] "They cut down the crops of men three times a-year."

[30] "It is only under a government as wise and as great as yours, that a simple soldier like me could have formed the project of carrying the war into Egypt.—Yes, Directors, scarcely shall I be master of Egypt, and of the solitudes of Palestine, than England will give you a first rate ship of the line for a sack of corn."

[31] "If I present myself with troops (said Napoleon) it is only to please my friends, for in truth, I have the greatest desire of appearing there as of old; Louis XIV. appeared in the Parliament *in boots*, and a whip in his hand."

[32] "I am one of those whom men kill, but whom they cannot dishonour; in three months we shall have peace—either the enemy shall be chased from our territory, or I shall be no more."

[33] "I have called you around me to do good; you have done ill. You have among you persons devoted to England, who correspond with the Prince Regent, by means of the Advocate Deseze. Eleven-twelfths of you are good; the rest are factious. Return to your departments;—I shall have my eye on you. I am one whom men may kill, but whom they cannot dishonour. Who is he among you who could support the load of government. It has crushed the Constituent Assembly, which dictated laws to a weak king. The Fauxbourg St Antoine would have assisted me, but it would soon have abandoned you. What are become of the Jacobins, the Girondins, the Vergniaus, the Guadets, and so many others? They are dead. You have sought to *bespatter* me in the eyes of France. This is a heinous crime;—besides, what is the throne? Four pieces of gilded wood covered with velvet. I had pointed out to you a Secret Committee; it is there that you should have established your griefs. It was in the family that our *dirty linen should have been washed*. I have a title; you have none. What are you in the Constitution? Nothing. You have no authority. The Throne is the Constitution. Every thing is in the throne, and in me. I repeat it to you, you have among you factious persons. Mr Lainè is a wicked man; the rest are factious. I know them, and I shall pursue them. I ask you, Was it while the enemy were among us that you ought to have done such things? Nature has endowed me with great courage, it can resist every thing. Much has it cost my pride, but I have sacrificed it. But I am above your miserable declamations. I had need of consolation,—and you have dishonoured me. But no; my victories crush your complaints. I am one of those who triumph or who die. Return to your departments.

[34] "One of his Ministers one day addressed him, presenting him a report which he had desired. The subject was a conspiracy against his person. I was present at that scene; I expected, I confess, to see him enter in a fury, thunder forth against the traitors, threaten the magistrates, and accuse them of negligence. Not at all; he ran over the paper without the least sign of agitation. Judge of my surprise, or rather what sweet emotion I felt, when he pronounced these *touching and sublime* words:—Count, the state has not suffered, the magistrates have not been insulted. It was only my person they aimed at; I pity them for not knowing that my every wish is for the good of France; but every man may go astray. Tell the ungrateful men that I pardon them." Now, I defy the most faithful royalist, who should have witnessed such an action, not to exclaim—If Heaven was to give an usurper to France, let us thank it for having given this one! But stop, unfortunate one: your eyes have indeed seen, your ears have heard; believe nothing, but be present at the levee of this hero, so magnanimous, so little desirous of revenging himself. The doors are opened—Behold him! The crowd of courtiers surround him —all fix their eyes on him—his face is changed—the muscles are violently contracted—his whole appearance is that of a ruffian; a death-like silence reigns in the assembly—the Prince has not yet spoken, but he surveys the group: He perceives the same officer, who, two days before, had presented him the report. "Count (said he), are these vile conspirators executed? Are their accomplices in chains? Have the executioners given a new example to the imitators of those who aim at my life?"

[35] "You wish to see us drawn on hurdles to the scaffold."

[36] These nutshells.

[37] Swords of honour—guns of honour.

[38] Saucepan of honour.

[39] "Moreau was conversing with the Emperor Alexander, from whom he was only distant half a horse's length. It is likely, that they perceived from the place this brilliant staff, and fired on it at random. Moreau alone was struck; a cannon-ball broke his right knee, and passing through the horse's side, carried off the flesh of his left leg. The generous Alexander shed tears. Colonel Rapatel rushed towards Moreau, who uttered a long sigh, and then fainted. Returned to himself, he spoke with the utmost coolness. He said to Monsieur Rapatel, "I am lost, my friend, but it is so glorious to die for such a cause, and under the eyes of so great a Prince!" A few minutes afterwards, he said to the Emperor Alexander himself, "Nothing remains, Sire, save the trunk; but the heart is there, and the head is your's." He must have suffered the most excruciating pain; but he called for a segar, and quietly began smoking. Mr Wylie, first surgeon to the Emperor, hastened to amputate the limb, which was most severely used. During this cruel operation, Moreau scarce shewed a change of countenance, and did not cease to smoke his segar. The amputation performed, Mr Wylie examined the right leg, and found it in such a state, that he could not refrain from expressing his terror. "I understand you," said Moreau, "you must cut off this one too.—Well, do it quickly.—However, I would rather have died." He wanted to write to his wife; and he wrote to her, with a steady hand, these words:—"My Dear Friend,—The battle was decided three days ago.—I have had both legs carried off by a bullet—that rascal Bonaparte is always lucky. They have performed the amputation as well as possible. The army has made a retrograde movement, but it is not occasioned by any reverse, but from a manœuvre, and in order to approach General Blucher.—Excuse my scribbling.—I love you, and I embrace you with all my heart. I have charged Rapatel to finish."—Immediately after this, he said, "I am not without danger, I know it well; but if I die, if a premature fate hurry me from a beloved wife and child—from my country, which I have wished to serve in spite of itself; do not forget to say to the French, who shall speak of me, that I die with the regret of not having accomplished my projects—To free my country from the frightful yoke that oppresses her;—to crush Bonaparte-every species of war, every possible means, were laudable. With what joy would I have consecrated the little talent I posses to the cause of humanity. My heart belonged to France."

At seven o'clock, the sick man finding himself alone with Mr Svinine, said to him, with a faint voice, "I must absolutely dictate a letter to you."—Mr Svinine took up the pen, and sighing, traced the few following lines, dictated by Moreau.

"Sire,—I sink into the tomb with the same sentiments of respect, admiration, and devotion with which your Majesty has always inspired me, since I have had the happiness of approaching your person."

"In pronouncing these last words, the sick man stopped short and shut his eyes. Mr Svinine waited, thinking that Moreau was deliberating on the sequel of the letter—Vain hope—Moreau was no move."

[40] "Well, my good woman;—You expect the Emperor, don't you?" 'Yes, Sir; I hope we shall have a sight of him.' "Well, my good woman, what do you folks say of the Emperor?" 'That he is a great villain.' "Eh, my good woman; and what do you yourself say?" 'Shall I tell you frankly, Sir, what I think?—If I were the captain of the ship, I would only take him on board to drown him.'

[41] "The Commissaries, on arriving at Calade, found him with his head leaning on his two hands, and his face bathed in tears. He told them that people decidedly aimed at his life; and that the mistress of the inn, who had not known him, had told him that the Emperor was detested as a rascal, and that they would only embark him to drown him. He would eat or drink nothing, however pressed to it; and though he might have been assured by the example of those who were at table with him, he made them bring him some bread and water from his carriage, which he ate with avidity. They waited for night to continue the journey; they were only two leagues from Aix. The populace of that town would not have been so easily constrained, as in the other towns, where he had already run such risks. The Sub-Prefect, taking with him the Lieutenant and six of the gens-d'armes, rode towards Calade. The night was dark, and the weather very cold; which double circumstance protected Napoleon much better than would have been effected by the strongest escort. The Sub-Prefect and the guards met his suite a few instants after they had quitted Calade, and followed him till he arrived at the gates of Aix, at two in the morning. After having changed horses, Bonaparte continuing his route, passed under the walls of the town, and the reiterated cries of "Long live the King," which were shouted forth by the inhabitants assembled on the ramparts. Arrived at the limits of the Department, at an inn called the Great Pagere, he stopped there for breakfast. General Bertrand proposed to the Sub-Prefect to ascend to the room of the Commissaries, where all were at breakfast before his departure. Here were ten or twelve persons. Napoleon was of the number; he had the dress of an Austrian officer, and a helmet on his head. Seeing the Sub-Prefect in his councillor's habit, he said to him, "You would not have known me in this dress; it is these gentlemen who have made me take it, thinking it necessary to ensure my safety. I could have had an escort of 3000 men, which I refused, preferring to trust myself to French honour. I have not had reason to complain of that confidence from Fontainbleau to Avignon; but between that town and this, I have been insulted, and have been in great danger. The Provençals degrade themselves. Since I have been in France, I have not had a good regiment of Provençals under my orders. They are good for nothing but to make a noise. The Gascons are boasters, but at least they are brave."—At these words, one of the party, who no doubt was a Gascon, pulled out his shirt ruffle, and said, "that's pleasant." Bonaparte continuing to address himself to the Sub-Prefect, said to him, "What is the Prefect about?"—'He left this at the first news of the change which had happened at Paris.' "And his wife?" 'She had left it before.' "She then took the start. Do the people pay the revenue and the droits reunis?"—'Not a halfpenny.'—"Are there many English at Marseilles?" Here the Sub-Prefect related all that had lately passed in that port, and with what transports they had received the English. Bonaparte, who did not take much pleasure in such a recital, put an end to it, by saying to the Sub-Prefect, "Tell your Provençals that the Emperor is very ill pleased with them."

"Arrived at Bouilledon, he shut himself up in an apartment, with his sister (Pauline Borghese)—Sentinels were placed at the door. Notwithstanding which, some ladies arriving at the gallery, which communicated with that room, beheld there an officer in Austrian uniform, who said to them, "Ladies, what do you wish to see?" 'We wish to see Napoleon.' "But that's myself." The ladies, looking at him, said, smiling, 'You are joking, Sir; you are not Napoleon.' "I assure you, ladies, it is I.—What!—You thought Napoleon must have a more wicked appearance. Don't they say that I am a wretch, a rascal?"—The ladies did not care to undeceive him. Bonaparte, not wishing to press them hard on this subject, turned the conversation.—But always occupied with his first idea, he returned to it immediately.—"Acknowledge, at least, ladies, that now, when fortune is against me, they say that I am a wretch, a miscreant, and a marauder. But do

you know the meaning of all this? I wished to make France superior to England, and I have failed in this project."

[42] "When we are on the paved streets of Paris, we perceive that the people do not there make the laws;—no convenience for pedestrians —no side pavement; the people seem to be a body separated from the other orders of the state—the rich and the great who possess equipages, have the right of crushing and mutilating them in the streets—a hundred victims expire every year under the wheels of the carriages."

[43] "Before the revolution, the village contained four thousand inhabitants. It furnished, as its share to the general service of the church, and of the hospitals, as well as for the instruction of youth, five ecclesiastics, two sisters of charity, and three schoolmasters. These last are replaced by a riding-master, a drawing-master, and two music-masters. Out of eight manufactories of woollen and cotton stuffs, there remains but one. But in revenge, there are established two coffee-houses, one tobacco-shop, one restaurateur's shop, and one billiard-room, which flourish in a manner quite surprising. We reckoned formerly forty ploughmen. Twenty-five of these have become couriers, riders, and coachmen. Their place is filled up by women, who conduct the plough, and who, to amuse themselves, carry occasionally to the market, carts full of straw or of charcoal. The number of carpenters, masons, and other artisans, is diminished by about a half. But the price of all articles of workmanship having risen also one half; *it comes to the same thing, and a compensation is established*. One class of individuals, which the villages furnishes in great abundance, and in much too great a proportion, are livery servants and domestics of luxury. Whilst this lasts, the country will be depopulated of all those useful ranks who cultivate the soil, and the towns will be peopled with the idle and corrupt. Many women and young girls, who were only sempstresses and under servants, have found advancement in the great cities, and in the capital. They have become waiting maids, embroiderers, and milliners. One might say that luxury had exhausted our youth; all eyes are turned towards it, and it alone occupies every thought. Never, at any former period, did the contingent in lawyers, bailiffs, law students, physicians, and artists, exceed three or four; it is now raised to sixty-two: and what we should never have conceived in former days, there are now among us as many painters, poets, comedians, opera dancers, and travelling musicians, as a city of eighty thousand souls would have furnished thirty or forty years ago."

[44] The variety of the laws and customs is attended with this effect, that the most intelligent advocate becomes as ignoramus when he finds himself in Gascony or in Normandy. He loses at Vernon a case which he had gained at Poissy. Select the most skilful for a consultation or for pleading; well, he will be under the necessity of having his advocate and his attorney, if we commit to his care a cause in most of the other courts.

[45] "I can excuse, but do not envy those who can live as if they had neither suffered nor seen others suffer; but they must pardon me, who am unable to imitate them. These days of total and unheard-of degradation in human nature are yet before my eyes, press heavily on my soul, and fall incessantly from my pen, destined to retrace them even to my last hour."

[46] The reader will easily perceive, that the end of this chapter was written at the time of Napoleon's landing from Elba. Not a word of it has been altered, for the author is convinced that it is an accurate picture of France in its present state.

[47] "A Frenchman, (says Madame de Stael, with great truth,) can still continue to speak, even when he has no ideas."

[48] "Their trifling, naturally intended for the toilet, seems to have

become accessary to the formation of the general character of the nation: They trifle in council, they trifle at the head of an army, they trifle with an ambassador."

[49] "Gentlemen, it is impossible to deceive persons enlightened as you are; I am absolutely going to cut off the head of this child: But before commencing, I must let you see that I am no quack. Well, in the meantime, as an exordium, Who is there among you who has the toothache?" "I," exclaimed instantly a sturdy peasant, &c.

[50] "Gentlemen, in the universe there is but one sun; in the kingdom of France there is but one king; in the science of medicine there is Charini alone."

[51] "You are a Scotchman?" 'Yes, Sir.' "Oh, how droll that is." 'And how is it droll, Sir?' "It is the country of Napoleon. It is an island, is it not?" 'Certainly not, Sir.' "On my faith, I thought they always called it the Island of Corse."

[52] "Give a supper; that will make every body run."

[53] "Even if Old Nick should ring his supper-bell, The French would lick their lips, and flock to H—II."

[54] "Down with the tyrant! Down with the soldiers! Long live the Emperor! Long live the Marshals! Long live the army! Long live Louis, the wished-for Monarch! Long live the descendant of Good Henry IV.! Long live the nation! No feudal laws! No Kings! No nobility! No assessed taxes! No conscription."

[55] "Long life to death!"

[56] "Who, after having sacrificed millions of victims, could not die like a soldier."

ERRATA. [Transcriber's note: already corrected.]

Page 20. line 3. for *a* read *est*.
21. 18. after *sont* insert *de*.
97. 6. for *les* read *des*.
156. last line, for *c'est* read *ce m'est*.
272. line 20. for *des* read *de*.
273. 17. for *des* read *de*.

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