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MEMOIRS

OF THE

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COUNTESS DE GENLIS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE HISTORY OF THE

EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.


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MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME DE GENLIS.

I THINK I have correctly described the manners of the last age in *Adele and Theodore*, in my *Novels*, in almost all my *tales*, among the rest in *Mademoiselle de Clermont*, *Lindane et Valmire*, &c. &c.; in the *Souvenirs de Felicie*, and in the *Parvenus*, I have described some part of the manners of the nineteenth century. I engage to continue my sketches in the present *Memoirs*, but I shall do so without ill-nature, without any *gothic* regret for the past, but with the most perfect truth and impartiality. The following incident will show what modern *politeness* is.

Whilst I still remained in the house of M. de Valence, towards the end of June, [1821] I dined with

thirteen persons, amongst whom were four peers, four marshals of France, and three generals; amongst the peers there were two dukes. Before dinner I remained three quarters of an hour in the drawing-room with the whole of this party, who were in their own way very polite to me, while I received their attentions with great good-will. I was seated betwixt two peers at dinner; I had no trouble in taking my share in the conversation, for they spoke of nothing but politics, and addressed their conversation to their friends at the other end of the table. We returned to the drawing-room after dinner, and at the moment I was sitting down, I saw with surprise, that all the dukes and peers had escaped from me; each of them took hold of an arm-chair, dragged it after him, approached his neighbour, and thus formed a circle in the middle of the room; I was thus left quite alone with a semicircle of backs turned towards me—to be sure I saw the faces of the other half of the party. I thought at first they had seated themselves so to play at those little games that require such an arrangement, and found it very natural and proper; but it was no such thing—it was solely for the purpose of discussing the most difficult questions of state policy; every one became a noisy orator, bawled out his opinions, interrupted

his neighbour, quarrelled and talked till he got hoarse; they must all have been in a precious state of perspiration. It was a correct picture of the Chamber of Deputies; in fact it was a great deal worse, for there was no president. I had a great mind to play the part of one, and to call them to order, but I had no bell, and my feeble voice could not have been heard. This clamour and confusion lasted for more than an hour and a half, when I left the drawing-room, delighted with having received the first lesson of the new customs of society, and the new code of French gallantry, of that politeness which has rendered us so celebrated throughout Europe. I confess, that, down to this moment, I had very inadequate notions of all these things.

Before the revolution there were two sorts of *impertinents* in society, the *provincial* and the *court* impertinent; the former was noisy, talkative, thoughtless, often ridiculous, always troublesome, and ill-timed; this sort of character runs into that of the puppy, which springs from nothing else but the boldness of habitual and inartificial impertinence. The impertinent fool who has never mingled in refined society, or at court, has been but rarely made aware of his folly; he is what may be called an *active* character. *The court impertinent* is pas-

sive; it is not his vivacity that points him out, it is his disdain; he has all the calm seeming of indifference, all the affected absence of mind inspired by contempt; every thing he says or does displeases and irritates you, yet you cannot lay hold of any one good ground of complaint. It is not by rudeness that he repulses you, but on the contrary, by a freezing air of politeness; he is never offensive by his answers, his remarks, or even by his actions, but he is so by the excessive tone of his indolence, by his disdainful smile, his silence, and by the general expression of his countenance. You can neither bear him nor complain of him. What avails all this artifice? To render oneself odious and detested. How is it that pride, which gives rise to impertinence, does not suggest that it would be of more advantage to please others and to make oneself beloved?

It ought to be mentioned to the honour of the ancient nobility that, in general impertinence was more uncommon among them than in any other class, and, that among the nobles, those even who might be impertinent with their equals, were never so towards their inferiors; but for the last sixty years, it must be admitted, that literary characters in their prefaces, satires, journals, disputes, and academical speeches, have carried rudeness and

impertinence as far as it is possible for them to go.*

It is astonishing that the warmest admirers of M. de Voltaire have never eulogised the talent he possessed, so uncommon among authors, of always speaking of himself and his works with the utmost modesty, and with the most exact propriety. No writer has been so devoted to intrigue for the purpose of obtaining partisans, and insuring the success of his works;† but at the same time, no one, after such unparalleled success, has so constantly preserved, while speaking of himself and his productions, a style of language so completely destitute of pride and vanity. There is even more than this; it is seen in all his letters, that he sincerely gave his friends the right of making critical remarks upon his writings; and his replies to

* We have seen D'Alembert, at a meeting of the Academy, say in one of his *eloges*: *Our courtiers, so servile and so vain*—yet there were fifty or sixty courtiers in the hall. At another meeting, at which the Duchess of Orleans was present, he said, while speaking of the Duchesse du Maine: *Though a woman and a princess, she was fond of literature*, and this was both a false statement and an insult. Almost all princesses have protected literature, and too many women have cultivated it. In fact D'Alembert's discourses will be found full of gross insults upon the great, nobles and ministers. (*Note by the Author.*)

† See his *Letters*.

all these criticisms, which were often extravagantly severe, and often highly unjust, display a mildness and good-nature that cannot be sufficiently admired, when they are combined with such super-eminent talents; if they had not been natural qualifications, they would from time to time be betrayed by occasional indications of ill-nature, which is nowhere to be found either in his works or in his correspondence. Let Voltaire's prefaces be compared in this respect with those of La Grange-Chancel, of M. de La Harpe (before his conversion) and so many others, and we shall be astonished at the modesty of a man for many reasons so justly celebrated.* But his insolence has also gone beyond all bounds towards those who criticised him publicly, or with those whose reputation excited his spleen. In his reply to the Abbé Coger, the author of an excellent review of Marmontel's *Belisarius*, a review written with as much mildness and politeness as judgment, M. de Voltaire calls that clergyman, a *scoundrel*, a *villain*, a *blockhead*, and an *impostor*. He added, that if he were at Paris, he would go and make

* As M. de Voltaire did not write his prefaces for the purpose of boasting of himself, he has also the merit of rendering them very interesting in a literary point of view. (*Note by the Author.*)

his complaint to the king, and demand justice for the criticism, which he styled a *libel*. To all this abuse, the Abbé Coger was satisfied with replying, with much keenness and wit, by two lines of Voltaire's own composition, which he had written in a satire against M. de Pompignan :—

“ Les bourgeois
Doivent tres rarement importuner les rois ;
La cour te croira fou, reste chez toi, bon-homme.”

Never was a happier or more witty quotation made, but it was of no avail to display talent and judgment in opposition to Voltaire. Notwithstanding the rudeness and insulting impudence of his libels, all his insults were styled mere ebullitions of gaiety ; and as he had asserted that all his adversaries were hypocrites, monsters or fools, people had not the least doubt of their imbecillity, and never troubled themselves with reading their answers.

In this respect, M. de Voltaire has done irreparable injury to the cause of literature ; he has perverted the arms of criticism. How many writers have since his time become convinced, that they are cutting and witty the moment they become insulting and abusive, and that the most odious personalities are always excellent specimens of ridicule !

It is too commonly thought that awkward manners and rudeness are of no importance in matters of business; that interest regulates every thing, and that the most fascinating politeness is of no use whatever: this is most erroneous, particularly in France, where impertinence causes the failure of an infinite number of affairs. Frenchmen do not submit to contempt and the want of respect; even servants and workmen require them, and no one can be well served with imperious manners. Kindness, mildness, affability, and politeness are qualities as useful as they are agreeable.

Ah! the happy time when company assembled in a drawing-room, and thought of nothing but pleasing and amusing each other!—when they could not without being excessively pedantic have the pretension of displaying *profound knowledge of government affairs*—where the company possessed gaiety and graceful manners, and all that portion of frivolity that renders one pleasing, which reposes in the evening from the occupations of the day, and from the fatigue of business! At the present day, men are not more serious in their habits, more faithful in their friendships, or more prudent in their conduct; but they think themselves profound because they are heavy, sensible, because they are grave; and when they are uni-

formly tiresome, how they esteem each other, and reckon themselves the models of prudence and wisdom! What is that crowded drawing-room surrounded by tumultuous candidates for admission, where every one presses on his neighbour, and is forced to stand upright, where even the ladies cannot find a seat? . . . The talents of the lady of the house are praised, but of what use are they to her? She can neither speak nor hear—one cannot come near her. A wax figure placed in an arm-chair would do the honours of such a party as well as herself. She is condemned to remain there till three o'clock in the morning, and will go to bed without having it in her power to see half of the company she has received. . . . *This is an assembly à l'Anglaise!* It must be admitted, that the parties *à la Française* formerly seen at the Palais-Royal, at the Palais-Bourbon, at the Temple, at Madame de Montesson's, at the Marechale de Luxembourg's, at the Princess of Beauveau's, at Madame de Boufflers', at Madame de Puisieux's, and many others, were somewhat better than all this——

But we shall doubtless meet with French graces in private parties——by no means, you will hear there nothing but dissertations, declamations, and disputes. . . . There is nothing so alarming as to

see Frenchmen without politeness, gallantry or pleasing manners. When they are without gracefulness and gaiety, it is so much against nature that it seems to me that *the country should be declared in danger*.

M. de Valence wished to possess an old writing-desk that I had for a long time; he gave me one in return, which was very beautiful and convenient; there was a brass-plate on the lid, on which I got engraved some verses addressed to Madame de Choiseul, to whom I intended to give the writing-desk; they related to the long absence which has kept us so long apart; they are as follows:—

Je vous offre ce don pour calmer de l'absence

Et les rigueurs et les regrets;

O vous à qui toujours je pense,

Puissiez-vous, mon amie, au gré de mes souhaits,

De ce triste présent ne vous servir jamais.

To conclude my account of the persons I saw at that time, I ought in this place to notice M. de Courchamp: he is a man of excellent principles; with a satirical turn of mind, he is reckoned ill-natured, but I have never found him so; he is caustic and severe, and was a writer in a journal, in which his articles were cutting, but they always contained some clever views and a moral intention

that rendered them useful. His knowledge and learning are really astonishing; he has studied many branches of science profoundly, and has a more general knowledge of literature, history, science and art, than I ever saw in a man of the world. All these varied acquirements, some of which are truly profound, are not only titles of glory, but they also prove that the possessor could never have been the votary of intrigue; and this is at the present day a very proud testimony of his character and conduct. He is still in the flower of his age.

I sometimes also receive visits from an individual very extraordinary in quite another way: this is M. Coessen; after having been a philosopher in the bad sense of the term, he has become by the force of his own mind a firm believer, and very religious, but he is by far too much of an *ultramontane*. His enemies say that he is a hypocrite; but for my own part, I am certain, that he is firmly persuaded of the truth of religion; he has the faith that springs from profound knowledge, perhaps he has not that which springs from the heart and is the gift of heaven; he is ambitious, and no human being can be so who is deeply affected by the things of another life; but at any rate his ambition is noble and generous, and with

a well-founded belief, men must necessarily become disgusted with all the delusions that lead them astray in their present state of existence. I never knew any one display, in conversing upon the important topics of religion and state policy, such a powerful and persuasive eloquence as M. Coessen; when he is animated and speaks with fire, he is astonishing, in fact he is altogether unrivalled; nature formed him to be a great preacher, particularly as a missionary; and yet this very individual, who displays such a prodigious genius when he speaks without preparation, whose reasoning is so powerful and overwhelming, is no longer the same man as a writer; he has published a work entitled the *Nine Books*, in which are several passages of merit and sparks of genius, but which is also very obscure, and generally wants any precise object. He invented a new kind of steam-boat, which, as is reported, is to be of very great importance to commerce, and the source of a great and rapid fortune to the projector. He told me that he counted on making several millions in a very short time by his plan, and that he intended to carry his money to Rome, for the purpose of putting in execution a grand project in favour of religion. The Chevalier d'Harmensen and I thought that he felt the intention and the hope

of getting himself elected pope, at the death of Pius VII.—It will be curious to see what this truly extraordinary individual may become.

I sent to Mademoiselle D'Orleans a fine present I had just received, and the history of which is as follows:—A great lord of Turin was desirous (before the restoration) of doing something that might please the Emperor Napoleon, and thought of sending to the young prince who was then called the King of Rome, a wooden cradle, carved by an artist of Turin, who excelled in this kind of sculpture; the different figures are rather longer than the hand, and are beautiful for the design, the drapery, attitudes, and expression; there is the child Jesus, the Virgin, whose angelic countenance is admirably given, St. Joseph, the three wise men, the young St. John, and even the very animals in the manger.

Madame de Montesquiou was then governess of the young prince, and represented that he was too young to have such a valuable article in his possession, and as she showed a great desire of having it herself, the empress Marie Louise made her a present of it. She had preserved it with great care, till Anatole de Montesquiou asked it from her to give to me, and three or four days

afterwards, I took it to Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who received it with infinite satisfaction.

My labours were at this time suspended by the state of M. de Valence's health, which was every day becoming more alarming; yet, I had nearly finished the plan of my new novel, (*les Athees Consequens*;) I wished to describe in it the finished model of perfect piety, and the consolations that may be drawn from this sublime sentiment in the most violent sufferings of the heart; I wished also to describe the different kinds of irreligion and impiety.

I revised my *Heures à l'usage des gens du monde et des jeunes personnes*, which were so successful in foreign countries, but which had never been published in France. I did not give them the same title in the new edition. They received the printed approbation of the Archbishop of Paris.

During the same year, I wrote my *Heures pour les prisonniers et pour les domestiques*, and made a present of them to a bookseller.

Notwithstanding my inclination for seclusion, there was such a singular eagerness of visiting me this year, so many persons asked leave to see me, that I could not possibly refuse them all. The Chevalier d'Harmensen offered to bring M. de

Bonald to my house so soon as he had finished a work that occupied the whole of his time. I received this proposal with great satisfaction, for my admiration of M. de Bonald is as strong as it will be lasting. A considerable time had elapsed since my return to France, when he published his *Primitive Legislation*; I read, and was delighted with that work, which attacks false philosophy with so much force and talent. Since that time, his conduct and his other works have only increased, if possible, my admiration of him: at the same time, he inspired me with so much respect, that I never had the idea of telling him the feeling I experienced in his favour; I never even attempted to see him; and never in my life had any connexion direct or indirect, with him: but when he was so good as to show the desire of being acquainted with me, I was exceedingly delighted with the idea of being able to see him, and listen to his conversation.

A friend of M. de Fievée told me, that he was desirous of renewing his visits to me: I had no desire whatever of being rigorous towards him; it is not easy to find any one to equal him in conversation. I was very desirous of asking him some questions about political affairs, for I never saw

him mistaken in his conjectures or in his predictions of the future. Amidst the general *nonsense* of society, it is very pleasing to converse with a man of eminent talents, of great experience in business, and of uncommon sagacity.

Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, brother of the reigning king, also asked leave to visit me: it is said, that no prince has ever displayed greater talents; it is a thing sufficiently uncommon, since the *great Condé*, to disdain no opportunity of judging of it.

M. de Rothschild, a Jew of immense wealth, gave a grand ball the last day of the carnival. There was such a prodigious crowd, that dancing could not be attempted; but the magnificence displayed was very great, which made one of the guests say, that M. de Rothschild had *interred the synagogue with honour*.

All the balls given this year were almost equally crowded; people went to show themselves, to get suffocated, without finding room to dance: every thing is in such a state of melancholy decline, that people know no longer how to amuse themselves.

At Madame d'Osmont's ball so many persons were invited, that it was foreseen there would be no room for them all, and a great many invitations

were of course countermanded by printed notes, *requesting the party not to come*—a thing I believe hitherto unexampled.

M. d'Harmensen brought H. R. Highness Prince Paul of Wurtemberg to see me; that prince joins uncommon talent to very polite and obliging manners; he converses well, without pretensions, with great tact, judgment, and wit; he speaks French like a Frenchman of education and talent, and has even no foreign accent.

M. Fievée came and passed two hours with me: we conversed as if we had seen each other constantly for the last five years without interruption. When one has only to complain of a private incident of recent occurrence, an explanation may be useful and necessary; but when one has to complain of a series of conduct for years, an explanation can only be tiresome; vague reproach is of no avail; it is better to put a sponge over the past, and voluntarily bury it in oblivion. As there is no charge made in this case, each party may think itself generous, and it is the best thing of which one can persuade those to whom we are speaking; but it is an excellent arrangement that vanity will never make, for it is often improvident and careless, and always acts in opposition to its own real interests.

M. Fievée is the only man I can listen to on politics without *ennui* ; he has a sagacity on this subject that will always captivate my attention ; and a decided tone, that convinces my mind, because it is supported by an infinite deal of ability. I cannot help believing, so long at least as I listen to him, that a man can be mistaken who possesses so much intelligence, and has reflected so deeply on this subject. Besides, as I have already mentioned, I have always heard him foretel precisely what was about to take place. I asked him what was to be our future lot ; he told me that he thought that England would very soon require France to join her to support the cause of the representative governments of Spain and Naples : that if France agreed, England would make use of all her power in maintaining the house of Bourbon on the throne ; but that if she refused, she would put the French sceptre into other hands : he thought that the return of M. de Cazes, and his interviews with the king, would prevail on that prince to join England ; it remained to be decided, if the establishment of representative governments such as ours could insure the happiness and consequent tranquillity of Europe. For my own part, I doubted it very much ; it seemed to me that henceforth a purely arbitrary government could not safely exist among

Christian nations ; that each nation should obtain what I thought a very just grant, the power of publicly defending its natural rights, and of complaining of oppression ; but I thought that this object might be obtained by a form of government more fortunate and less turbulent than our own.

The debates of the Chambers, the dangerous privilege of talking and making daily speeches, the ridiculous right given to so many individuals of expressing their thoughts of the moment, that is, thoughts without reflection, will always produce among us pernicious sophistry that will throw into confusion every principle of morals and politics, that will render us as mad as we are inconsiderate and thoughtless, and will give continual rise to factions, troubles, distrust, and quarrels without end.* M. Fievée very judiciously remarked, that each peer and deputy cared for nothing but the chamber in which he had a seat, for the opinions

* I might at the present moment, (1824,) soften the expression of this article, which is much too unconditional ; it must be admitted, that the representative mode of government has many advantages, and that its abuses might be very easily restrained and destroyed. Notwithstanding my present opinion on the subject, I do not suppress the above paragraph, because I have made it an inflexible rule to make no alteration in these memoirs, and to leave them precisely as they were first written.

—(*Note by the Author.*)

of his own party, for the effect of his own speeches ; in short, that he saw nothing *but the Chamber*, and totally forgot the rest of France, or rather, reckoned of no consequence whatever was not within the Chamber. There is much truth in this idea, and the fact it indicates is well worthy of ridicule.

It seemed to me further, that nothing could go on well in a state when every one has the right of publicly blaming and abusing the government and ministry every morning. Every thing great, that is, every thing that has a powerful influence over the happiness of mankind, requires some portion of mystery. The Creator has placed mystery in all the most sublime things he has formed and revealed : creation and religious doctrines are full of impenetrable mystery ; the whole universe is full of it ; and the most learned man is he who knows best how many incomprehensible things there are in nature and science.

Mystery is childish and ridiculous in those things that are of no importance, but it is majestic and necessary in all that is grand ; it resembles not the darkness with which vice and crime seek to shroud themselves, for it conceals great things, without denying their existence ; it is a sacred veil drawn solemnly by a skilful hand in the sight of the universe.

Kings and ministers may despise the charges of factious and unimportant characters ; but to give public authority and a legal sanction to their declamatory complaints is an act of madness that cannot fail to sap the foundation of thrones, and to overthrow them at last. These are my politics ; and I have never had any other.*

I spoke to M. Fievée concerning my project of re-writing the *Encyclopédie* ; I explained my plan and ideas, which he approved of and praised highly—a thing he is not wont to do easily. It was not out of presumption that I dared at seventy-five years of age to form the plan of such an undertaking ; it was on the contrary, because I thought that God, who loves to show his sovereign power in all that is good, for the purpose of teaching us to know and revere him, chose perhaps in preference the arm of an old woman, to overthrow an alarming colossus of pride and impiety.

Mademoiselle d'Orleans asked me to make a device for her that should indicate that she placed all her hopes in the future, an idea that in her mind springs from religious feelings ; for she has suffered so much that she can be compensated by no future but by that which knows no end ! As a

* I could also soften this passage, but as I wrote it, so I leave it.—(Note by the Author.)

device, I gave her a bunch of evergreens that had suffered from the severity of the weather, with all the leaves rumpled and torn, and all the flowers in bud just ready to bloom in everlasting summer ; and with this motto, *Hope in the future*.

Lord Bristol, who knew my plan respecting the *Encyclopédie*, and to whom Mademoiselle d'Orleans mentioned her new device, told me that he would get the volumes of the *Encyclopédie* splendidly bound, as soon as they were published, and that he would put this device on the first, in allusion to the good he is persuaded it will do in after times. This idea gave me inexpressible pleasure.

Literature and sound principles in general, suffered a great loss : M. de Fontanes died rather suddenly, from gout in the stomach. He felt a presentiment of his death : some hours before his last attack, he asked all at once for a confessor ; he was dressed and sitting up ; and his request occasioned great surprise and alarm ; he told those round him, that he had only a few hours more to live ; he wished to confess and receive the viaticum, before consulting the physician he had sent for : he died next day. At a moment when there was such need of a union of men of sound principles, his death was a public misfortune.

A few days after the death of M. de Fontanes,

Madame de Lascours and her charming daughter returned from their prefecture, and passed the evening at my house ; there happened to them a singular accident. Whilst in the Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs, some headstrong horses rushed with such violence against their carriage, that one of the pannels in front was shattered to pieces ; and the team of the waggon driven in : Clara was fortunately sitting on the other side. The team was drawn back, but one of the horses rushed towards the broken pannel, drove his head into the carriage, covered Clara with foam, tore her shawl and sleeves to pieces, and even tore the skin of her arm ; and the poor young lady fainted away ! One may easily conceive the state of Madame de Lascours, who thought that her daughter was killed ! She had become nearly insensible, and her eyes were closed ; she threw herself on her knees, and implored the divine goodness. She had fortunately with her a friend who took care of the mother and daughter, and removed them to an adjoining house, where they obtained every necessary assistance. Madame de Lascours was in a hired carriage, as her own horses had not yet arrived from Auch. The coachman got the waggoner arrested, but he was discharged on paying some of the damage and a trifling fine. Yet the

lives of three persons had been in the most imminent danger ; and if Clara had been on the same side as the broken pannel, she would inevitably have been killed. It is remarkable, that on entering the carriage she had sat down on this side, and took a fancy to sit down on the other only a few minutes before the accident occurred. It may be concluded from this incident, that the police should prevent horses from being broken in in the streets.

At this moment politics not only occupied, but agitated the minds of every one. A revolution was brought about at Naples by the nobility—poor nobles, who foresaw not the future they were preparing for themselves, who knew not the consequences of what they were doing. The king of Sardinia abdicated his crown, which was much better than promising every thing, and breaking every promise ; at last the constitution of the Cortès came into fashion, and was preferred to those of France and England, because it was more democratical, would have but one chamber, and no house of lords ; every thing was advancing to the speedy establishment of *republicanism* throughout Europe. I did not say, like Voltaire, *our grandchildren will see glorious confusion!* But I said, that even old people like us could see it ; assuredly will the numberless crowds of factious demagogues then

make every effort to scatter, and even to annihilate the priesthood, that is, religious worship ; for this purpose they will make use of the old and worn out sophistry of other times, (so easy to set up afresh in times of anarchy,) concerning *toleration* and *liberty of conscience* ; as if it were allowed to extend toleration to religious principles, and to consecrate by proclamation the extinction of public morals, for none can exist without religion. But this divine religion will never perish ; the Holy Spirit proclaims it to be eternal ; it will arise triumphant from out the confusion of human opinions, as creation resplendent with majesty sprung from the bosom of Chaos !

I had a long conversation with Count Arthur de Bouillé, son-in-law of Madame de Bonchamp ; this young man, who was born in La Vendée, felt such an enthusiasm for the memory of M. de Bonchamp, that he preferred Mademoiselle de Bonchamp to every other young lady, chiefly because she was the daughter of the idol of his soul. He entreated me to write the memoirs of Madame de Bonchamp, and as the history of her life is truly admirable, and I was convinced that it would be advantageous to religion and morals, I abandoned at the time a novel I had intended to write, and set about writing these memoirs, for real incidents are always more

interesting and agreeable than the most ingenious fictions of the imagination. M. de Bouillé promised to supply me with every paper requisite, and I laid down a rule not to add a single word of invention, but to be a faithful narrator of events; and in fact nothing in this work is my own, but the sentiments and reflections which I have drawn from the situations themselves, situations so extraordinary, and even so marvellous, that no one would dare to invent them; to believe in such things, we must have proofs as authentic and well known as these are. I wrote this history with the greater pleasure, that it was altogether from disinterested motives. I made *a present* of the work to M. de Bouillé.* I advised him to sell the first edition for a term of years, to whatever bookseller offered him the best price. He resolved to make a charitable application of this money in La Vendée; he wished to do it in my name, but I was decidedly opposed to it; for since the present had been made to him, the merit of the action was his own.

The Vendéans got constructed by the most eminent sculptors at Paris, a splendid monument to the memory of M. de Bonchamp; it was a grand pyramid of marble, adorned with fine basso-

* Reserving to myself only the right of inserting the Memoir in a general edition of my works,—(Note by the Author.)

relievos. The monument was sent to La Vendée, to be erected on the spot where M. de Bonchamp received his mortal wound.

Amidst all these labours, I reckoned on making, merely for my relaxation, a work that pleased my ideas; this was a book of religious *Souvenirs*, in the usual form of books of that kind, with engravings, landscapes, figures, *culs-de-lampes*, *vignettes*, &c. and relating to religious subjects; each subject engraved, was to be accompanied by a sentence, a moral maxim, or some lines of sacred poetry; the three-fourths of the book would have been thus filled up, and the remainder left blank, that the purchasers might get it filled up by their relations and friends on the same plan.

I had long before this began a book of religious *Souvenirs* for Casimir (Baëcker) which I gave him, and which he has in manuscript; but as it is not complete, to compensate him for the loss, I made another on a much more extended plan, and in a large quarto book. I entitled this work (which is still in manuscript) *Poetical Lives of the Saints*. I adorned it with a great many *vignettes* with my own hand, and a number of useful notes; it contains several pieces of poetry, which have been printed, but not united with my works; and also more than five hundred verses never yet published.

At the end of the volume, which is a very thick one, I left about sixty blank pages, so that it might be made a book of *souvenirs*, which, I think, would be of great advantage in the education of a young lady.

I was very much struck with a singular anecdote that was related to me; I never heard of any thing that paints in a more original manner the idea one ought to form of an artful and intriguing politician.

M. de * * * is universally considered to be a man who never does any thing but from some secret motive of ambition; he had been dangerously ill when the Prince de T—— saw him in the Chamber of Peers for the first time since his illness; the moment he saw him, he was struck with the alteration that had taken place: “How thin and old looking he is,” said he, “*What interest has he in being so?*” This is one of those sayings that are worthy of being recorded, for they are descriptive of the whole features of a character, and illustrate the manners of an age.

The jewellers sold seals with mottos invented by the Lord knows who, that were very unworthily admired by young ladies of rank. They consisted of a harp or lyre with these words, “*Je reponds à qui me touche.*” This device was

exceedingly incorrect both in language and allusion, and gave rise to ludicrous interpretations, besides being silly, false, and indecent. It inspired me with the idea of another device; a sensitive plant, and the motto, “*J’évite celui qui me touche.*” The devices adopted for seals have certainly a moral influence, since they can describe or indicate the character, sentiments, and situation of the person who has chosen the emblem. It is true, that since the abolition of coats of arms, the jewellers’ shops are so full of seals with mottos that the most intelligent persons, even those of the best sentiments, purchase them often for the mere beauty of the mounting; but it is not less certain that the devices invented during and since the revolution, are in general very much inferior to those of our ancestors, so that it is very exact to say that devices may also give us a very correct idea of the age in which they were composed. The devices adopted in the time of the crusades (almost the whole of which have become the arms of the great families of our nobility) express in general the most sublime sentiments, and the loftiest elevation of soul; for instance, the heroic device of the house of Montmorency, a fixed star, and the motto *sans error*; and in the age of Louis XIV., the fine device of the regiment of Condé, a large

burning fire, with the motto, *Plus j'aurai de matière et plus j'aurai d'éclat*. It seems to me that the devices adopted since have not expressed such noble sentiments.

I wish to boast in this place of an *impromptu parody* that I made one day in the house of M. de Valence, which was much admired. I happened to be in the drawing-room along with a great number of liberals who spoke with the greatest contempt of the lower classes, particularly of servants; I undertook the defence of the latter, and as they argued strongly against my opinion, I replied to them at last by parodying some verses of the *Athalie* of Racine :

“ Eh quoi ! des libéraux est-ce là le langage !

Moi, vivant dans les cours, au sein de l'esclavage,

C'est moi qui prête ici ma voix aux plebeiens !” . .

This reply put an end to the discussion.

I shall not forget, that during this very week, the amiable and charming Lady Charlemont took me after mass to the house of M. Denon,* who

* An unexpected and rather sudden death has just carried off M. Denon from the fine arts and his friends. Though he was about eighty years of age, his features, his firm carriage, and the

expected us, and received us with great kindness. His cabinet, or rather his suite of cabinets, is extremely curious; he has an admirable collection of paintings by the first masters, antique sculptures in marble and bronze, a large collection of medals, and very beautiful and rare engravings; the finest assemblage of old *laques*; curiosities of every kind, Chinese, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman; delightful works of the savages, and valuable specimens of natural history. I passed four hours in this cabinet, during which time I was chiefly occupied in examining splendid drawings sketched and lithographed by M. Denon himself, with singular perfection. These drawings represent paintings and statues of antiquity. Following in every

ease of his motions, seemed to promise him a much longer life. The writer of this note dined with M. Denon some days before his decease, and remarked with surprise, in an old man of eighty, a strength and energy which few men possess at sixty. One of his biographers said of him three years ago: "The thought of his end has never perhaps occurred to his mind. The variety of his knowledge, the versatility of his mind, the application of his acquirements to whatever renders one happy and amiable in society, the profound sensibility with which his soul is endowed, even the caprices of his taste and his love of society, all combine in keeping alive in M. Denon's disposition a youthfulness which springs from his mind and heart." This youthfulness never left him till within a few hours of his death.—(*Editor.*)

country the progress of the arts, their infancy, progressive improvement, and decline, M. Denon has thus shown the history of the fine arts, both in ancient and modern times, in Italy, France, Spain, England, Flanders, and other countries. Nothing can be more curious or instructive; as I had only time to see the rest of his collections in a very superficial manner, I promised to return, and I kept my word.

Anatole de Montesquiou, who writes charming verses with great facility, sent me some very fine ones on my last work, entitled *Palmyre et Flaminie où le Secret*; they are as follows:

RONDEAU

Votre *secret* de plus en plus m'inspire;
 Mais plaignez-moi, dans mes trop faibles chants,
 Je tâcherai vainement de détruire
 Le charme heureux que sa lecture inspire:
 Il me faudroit de plus dignes accens.
 Que j'aimerois à célébrer Palmyre,
 Et son cœur pur et ses doux sentimens!
 Que j'aimerois à vanter, sur ma lyre,

Votre secret !

Vous possédez les dons les plus charmans,
 L'art de penser et celui de bien dire;
 Vous modulez des accords ravissans,
 Trésors du monde, heureux vainqueurs du temps;
 Dans l'art de plaire enfin chacun admire

Votre secret.

At the beginning of the spring of 1821, I dined at Lord Bristol's along with the Duke of Mecklenburgh, whom I saw with peculiar interest, because he had long been the intimate friend of M. de Custine, of whom he told me a number of charming anecdotes. I was seated beside him at table, and we conversed in such a lively and friendly manner, that I related to him the ludicrous adventure that had formerly occurred to me at Mecklenburgh, where I was forced to sleep at an inn, on account of an injury sustained by one of the horses I had hired for my journey.* I made my harp be brought in, and began to play; a Frenchman belonging to the court was going past, heard me playing, enters the inn, goes up to my room, falls in love with me, offers to present me at court, (I went by the name of Miss Clarke,) to which he says he is attached as professor of the French language, and assures me that if I will marry him, we shall make a handsome fortune; this scene was kept up for a long time, but I believe I have described it more circumstantially in the present work. I had the greatest trouble to get rid of this lover of a moment, who told me every possible extravagance. The duke laughed immoderately

* I was then on my way to Berlin.

at the story, and told me that this very individual was not only alive, but was residing in France on a very fine estate that had been left to him. He added that he was going to write to him, and that without telling who I was, he would merely inform him that he had discovered the lady with whom he had so suddenly fallen in love ; that this lady was not then free, but had since become so, and now offered him *her heart and hand*. The duke told me that he would show me the answer ; and this conversation put us in very good humour during the whole dinner.

The Duke of Bassano, whom I often saw at the house of M. de Valence, told me two anecdotes of celebrated trees, of which I was hitherto ignorant, and which I purpose to insert in my *Historical and Literary Botany*, because they have never been published ; they are as follows :

Augustus of Saxony, the fortunate competitor of King Stanislaus, for the throne of Poland, was an excellent turner in wood, and sent to Spain for some pieces of orange tree to work with ; but he died before the blocks arrived, and they were thrown into an out-house, where they were forgotten for several years. At last an intelligent gardener discovered them, and saw with surprise

that they had sent forth shoots and bore little branches with green leaves ; he planted them so skilfully that they took root, and being carefully cultivated, they became magnificent orange trees, which still exist, and are the finest in Europe. The other celebrated trees are the magnificent poplars in the neighbourhood of Vienna, planted by the great Sobieski, King of Poland ; these poplars are of a particularly beautiful species, and are the loftiest yet known.

During the spring, I often saw Mesdames de Bellegarde, who had greatly neglected me for a long time before ; but they are so kind and amiable, that I am always delighted with seeing them again, and am never inclined to feel angry with persons in whom I perceive such a kind heart and such an excellent disposition.

I returned to M. Denon's to finish my examination of his beautiful collections ; I particularly admired the works made by the savages, their baskets of admirable workmanship, their head-dresses, their belts, their cloths of bark made with infinite skill ; their cotton cloths are not woven, but the threads are placed together and attached with gum above and below ; when thus prepared, they are put under a press and exposed to dry ; the cloth is very white, handsome, and strong ; rain

would make it fall to pieces, but it scarcely ever rains in the deserts where they are made. All their kitchen utensils, their cups and plates are beautiful, with very handsome little designs drawn on them. I remarked a small kind of box of a very ingenious kind ; it was a cocoa nut, with the half of it polished and a head carved on it, the hair of the head consisting of the rough coat of the nut that had been left. The collection of old *laques* is unrivalled for its exquisite beauty, the splendour of the varnishing, the variety of the forms, and the richness of the ornaments ; this collection occupies four presses ; in this cabinet there is also a mummy, in perfect preservation, and a little hand of exquisite sculpture, modelled from that of the Princess Borghese, Napoleon's sister.

M. Denon shows all these things with a kind attention that still more adds to their value.

At this time nothing was talked of but the surrender of Naples, that is to say, the friendly reception given by the Neapolitans to the Austrians, who had not come as if desirous of making war, but who had proclaimed nothing but the desire of being received as mediators, to restore peace and order between the king and the nation ; it is true that such a host of mediators were a sufficient indication that they would not allow their good

services to be refused. It is said, "what had they to do there? It is odious and intolerable thus to meddle with the affairs of a foreign nation;" and proceeding from these premises, men talk indignantly of the iniquitous nature of such an enterprize; yet these very individuals, so enthusiastically fond of justice, never feel indignant when a foreign prince comes at the head of an army to invade the states of his neighbours; this is reckoned grand and glorious, and for the most iniquitous actions of this kind ever accomplished, crowns of honour are awarded and statues erected!

Such is the inconsistency of mankind! yet, never was inconsistency, that is to say, want of sense, carried to such a pitch as in the present age; and this is what we have gained by the intrigues and the writings of the pretended philosophers.

There are two striking instances of philosophical inconsistency, which neither I nor any other writer have hitherto noticed in any published work. The first is as follows:

All infidels acknowledge the existence of faith and enthusiastic love of religion only when these feelings are wrong understood and are opposed to the spirit and precepts of the gospel, that is, when they give rise to crimes and sanguinary actions; but they believe neither in faith nor in religious en-

thusiasm when they give rise to sublime characters, sublime actions, heroic devotion, and unspotted purity of conduct. They then assert that all such characters are either fools or hypocrites; so that, Bossuet, Pascal, Nicole, Bourdaloue, Fenélon, Fléchier, Massillon, the two Racines, Euler, Leibnitz, Pope, Addison, and so many other great men, of eminent piety, and who cannot possibly be called fools, were nothing else but *hypocrites*. Hence all those sublime missionaries, who went to ransom Christian captives, or to carry the light of the gospel to barbarous nations at the peril of their lives, St. Vincent de Paul devoting his whole life to solace the sufferings of the unfortunate, and all the innumerable crowd of holy benefactors of mankind, were nothing but *fools*?

What are the philosophers whose philanthropy ever equalled that of the Christians? What is the pagan or philosophical code of morality that can be compared to the gospel? What must be the blindness or the bad faith that refuses to yield to such clear evidence! . . .

The liberals, angry and indignant at the coalition of the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of Austria with the King of Prussia to prevent the overthrow of thrones and altars, the liberals, I say, have for some time all joined in the same cry,

that these sovereigns wished for nothing but to divide Europe between them, and that under the pretext of maintaining peace, their object was to invade foreign states and to dethrone the kings whom they pretended to be desirous of aiding. An instance of this ambition was seen in the reign of Napoleon; but it was a conqueror that acted thus. Yet a great many of the liberals of the present day, who make such an outcry against the enterprize of the Emperor of Russia, very far from disapproving of Napoleon's conduct, served with great zeal and courage in the war against Spain, even after Napoleon had got the royal family into the snare he had laid for them, had carried them off prisoners, and made known his intention of putting his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain: this is surely a strange kind of inconsistency. The following fact has just proved the fallacy of the outcry of the liberals against the alleged ambition of the Emperor Alexander.

The hospodar of Walachia, who is of the Greek religion, was in the Russian service, for he held a high rank in the army and received a pension from the Emperor. As his title of Hospodar gave him great power in the province, he made use of it to drive out the Turks, and withdraw Wallachia from their dominion. As soon as the revolution was

accomplished, he offered the Emperor of Russia the absolute sovereignty of the country, which would have given him very great opportunities of conquering the whole Turkish empire. When this was proposed, the Emperor began by striking off the Hospodar's name from the ranks of his army, and he wrote to him publicly that he not only rejected his proposal, but considered it of a most abominable and criminal nature, and moreover had taken an oath that he would in future never protect or authorize the attempts of revolted subjects against their legitimate sovereigns, and would never assist the sudden and violent revolutions of government.

This is plain, consistent, and magnanimous; but the liberals did not fail to say that there was a concealed artifice under all this.* Did they not say when the allies entered France, that their intention was to seize upon the provinces allotted them for their residence during the five years granted for the payment of the expenses of the war? They all joined in saying that such was the state of the finances that it was politically impossible to pay these enormous expenses, and that therefore the allies would pay themselves by keeping the provinces and partitioning France. Yet

* The sequel has proved that there was none. (*Author.*)

these sums were paid without burthening the people, and two years and a half sooner than was agreed on, and the allies returned home in the most peaceful manner possible; this important business, so speedily terminated, did not even prevent the government from diminishing the taxes. One must be both very ungrateful and very blind not to admire such things.

The Marquise de Marcieu (by birth de Broglie) is the intimate friend of Casimir, who out of friendship for her, has for the last three years given gratuitous lessons on the harp to her youngest daughter, who plays with great skill. Madame de Marcieu requested me, on account of her intimacy with Casimir, to give her two daughters some lessons on their style of writing, which I agreed to, as I am fond of all young ladies who have received a religious education, and these young ladies are altogether charming. Besides this, I was very glad to employ my latter years in developing the minds of young ladies who will one day occupy a distinguished rank in society, or those of any class who feel good inclinations for knowledge and apply for my assistance. It is a sort of small school that will leave after me some seeds of good in society. Though I had a great many occupations, I nevertheless found time

for this one also, besides seeing as usual Madame de Choiseul, who passed all her Sunday evenings with me, and often the Wednesday evenings likewise. Sometimes she did not leave me till after twelve at night, and she was always the first to notice the progress of time, which one forgets so easily in her company; her conversation and friendship are truly delightful: she recited to me some verses she had written on the *dreaming, melancholy, vague, and romantic* kind of poetry. They ridicule in the very best manner the wordy, unintelligible and unconnected style; she promised to give them to me, and I shall insert them in these memoirs.

M. Bergasse published a discourse *on God*; I read a pretty large fragment of it, and was highly delighted.

As my taste is well known for books of *souvenirs* (which my *Little Emigrants* made fashionable in France) I was shown one that is not at all of the nature of those that please me; this book consists of very fine drawings made by all our most eminent artists. The lady to whom it belongs calls it her *album*; but it is not one (in the usual sense of the term) for it wants what is the soul and life of this sort of collection, that is, something written on each subject, quotations in verse and prose or

short original compositions on the objects represented ; without this kind of text, these collections are very monotonous and insipid.

One day at dinner at the house of M. de Valence, when the conversation ran upon tours through Italy, some one spoke of the indulgences granted by the pope, and attempted to ridicule them in a most ignorant and silly manner. It requires no effort for me to hold my tongue when people talk of politics, but I will never be silent when open, undisguised impiety is proclaimed in my presence. It was said that at Rome there were indulgences for *forty days and for six weeks*, when an individual with a triumphant air eagerly replied, that this was mighty convenient, for in this case *one could do what he pleased with impunity for forty days or six weeks, according to the length of his indulgence*. I merely observed, that indulgences never related to any of our present or future actions, but merely related to the past, by diminishing so many days and years from the pains of purgatory which our sins have merited ; that indulgences can only be obtained when the sinner is in a state of grace, that is, when he sincerely repents and receives absolution from a priest, and is firmly resolved on never more committing the faults for which he is imploring pardon ; and that

therefore indulgences, whether plenary or for a limited time, act only on the past and not on the future, and consequently the transgression of the divine commandments throws us back into a state of sin, and exposes us to suffer all the pains of purgatory or of hell. The inconceivable ignorance of infidels is as stupid as their arguments and blindness are deplorable.

I saw my brother again with very great pleasure ; he enjoys a very healthy old age, he is fifteen months younger than I am ; he came to Paris to propose a plan for a new mode of building vessels, which he explained to me, and which I understood very well. The particulars of this plan of construction are truly admirable ; it is an old project on which he has made very fortunate experiments, which the Institute has honoured with its highest approbation, but which has always been opposed by the hatred of the late minister of marine, M. Decrès, (who has just had such an unfortunate end,) by the natural ill-will of ship-builders, and more than all, by wars and political commotions. But there can be no doubt that my brother possesses supereminent genius in mathematics and mechanics, though he has unfortunately always experienced the opposition that has balked the hopes of the inventors of great things

in every age ; for the last eighteen months he had been solely occupied in improving his plan (which was already found excellent), and has carried it to its utmost degree of perfection. I advised him if he did not succeed with the ministry to get an account of his new mode of building published in all its details, that at least the glory of the invention might belong to his name, for it will be adopted sooner or later. The chief results of this invention would be, that vessels would cost much less, would be infinitely stronger, would sail without danger in any wind, would require but a small crew for their management, and would excel men of war in encountering tempests and contrary winds by their speed and strength, so that they would destroy all the advantage of maritime wars, by allowing commerce to go on as in time of peace ; no nation would any longer enjoy the empire of the sea, and this would be an inestimable benefit to the cause of humanity ; but this benefit would be powerfully opposed by ambition and self-interest.

I then began the text of my work entitled *The Rural Games of Children in Dialogues, which explain the elements of Botany, the manner of drying flowers, and an explanation of their various uses*. This is another work to add to those I have already written on the subject of flowers.

I experienced high satisfaction in the course of this summer : M. de Custine made a most fortunate and happy marriage—May he be as happy as he well merits !

I had been for a long time reflecting in my own mind how to bring about a fortunate marriage for him, when Madame Moreau came one day to express the desire she felt from M. de Custine's excellent character to give him the hand of her daughter, and desired me to *sound* him on the subject. I am not in general fond of interfering in this kind of negotiation, but Madame Moreau pressed me so strongly that I consented. I spoke to M. de Custine in a careless indifferent way about the matter, and advised him to get introduced at the Marechale's, which he did two days after. He came away delighted with Mademoiselle Moreau, whom he thought exceedingly charming, which she is in reality. He fell violently in love with her, and asked her hand ; he received the highest hopes ; his fortune, birth, person, and character were all perfectly suitable. But at the moment every thing seemed verging to a happy conclusion, an insurmountable obstacle arose. Madame Moreau was determined on not separating from her daughter, and declared she would have the new married couple to reside in

her house, but as Madame de Custine had the same intention, the whole arrangement was broken off. This melancholy conclusion was exceedingly painful to me, because it violently affected M. de Custine, who was passionately in love; but filial affection conquered his love and the interest of his future happiness, a sacrifice the more worthy of notice that he was then thirty years of age and enjoyed an independent fortune. But as I have already said, another good marriage consoled him at length; he married Mademoiselle de Courteau-mer, a very worthy young lady, who had received a most excellent education; he took her immediately to his estate of Fervaquet.

M. de Sabran wrote an answer to my *Epître à ma vieille montre*. It is a repeating watch that is supposed to speak; the lines are as follow:—

- “ Vous qui charmez le monde en peignant ses défauts,
- “ Ses vices, ses erreurs, ses travers, ses vétilles :
- “ Les coups du temps sur vous tombent toujours à faux,
- “ Vous avez dérouté plus fort que ses aiguilles,
- “ Vous avez arrêté ses faulx.
- “ Mais ne m’envoyez point hors de votre demeure,
- “ J’y veux rester, et, sans distraction,
- “ Auprès de vous n’exercer à toute heure
- “ Que mon talent de répétition.”

I know a very interesting young lady, the cousin of Julie; she is the daughter and pupil of M.

Coulon de Thévenot, the inventor of *tachigraphie* (stenography) or the art of writing in short hand as quick as speech ; she is as skilful in this art as her father was, and teaches it fully in two months. I proposed to the Duke of Orleans to make the Duke of Chartres learn this useful and ingenious art, which he agreed to, and Mademoiselle de Thévenot went immediately and gave him lessons. This young lady merits peculiar interest, for she knows nothing of the fate of her father, who suddenly disappeared a number of years ago, and has never been heard of since. M. de Thévenot was a very excellent man, and in good circumstances.

Naples and Italy were pacified at last ; this was chiefly accomplished by the Emperor Alexander, who is much more worthy of obtaining the name of *Great* than the Alexander of ancient times, for a conqueror is never any thing but a usurper. The modern Alexander, if God prosper his enterprises, will be the pacifier of this part of the world, and the preserver of European civilization.

The Prince de Talleyrand published a short speech on the law of election, which I read with great pleasure ; it is impossible to defend an opinion more ably, or to write with greater precision and perspicuity.

M. de Valence then afforded me the high satisfaction of seeing his mind occupied with thoughts of religion. The impious and philosophical lies of the writers of the *Encyclopédie*, their false and insidious quotations from the Holy Scriptures, which I pointed out and reprobated to M. de Valence, had produced a profound impression on such an excellent understanding as his; the extreme impudence of the most open and notorious lies that have been promulgated on this subject naturally inspire nothing but surprize, indignation, and contempt. He promised me of his own accord to keep Friday and Saturday as *meager* days, and to go to mass more regularly than ever; he was not of a disposition to be prevented by the opinions of men; he began to read with pleasure the works that attack the sophistry of the infidels, and his mind knew how to appreciate them; thus I hoped that his conversion would be speedy, open, and most advantageous to others.

At this time I read over again an extract I had made some years before from the *Course of Literature* of M. de La Harpe; I found it to contain so many excellent observations in favour of religion, that I was desirous of giving some passages of it in these memoirs.

“ The historian will not fail to remark that

when the *sans culottes* philosophers daily brought to the bar of the convention the sacred vessels and ornaments of religious worship, they never thought of saying *the spoils of religious worship*—they took good care of that, and always made it *the spoils of fanaticism*. How much is there in this to engage the attention of every one capable of reflexion ! Toussaint the deist said : *to love God, to love ourselves, to love our fellow-creatures, these are all our obligations*. Certainly, so far as this relates to God and our fellow-creatures, love is a true principle, for it is altogether Christian. But, before going farther, let us remark this theft made from the Christian religion by an enemy of Christianity. *To love God* is to show the Christian in the guise of the deist, though the deist seemed to have no idea of it. *To love God !* It would have been curious to ask Toussaint where he found this fundamental precept ; what would he have replied if he had been told : A man of your learning cannot be ignorant, that if we wade through the whole range of Pagan antiquity, we shall find nothing that has any resemblance or tendency to the doctrine of the love of God. All moralists, all philosophers, all legislators, have required that the gods should be honoured above all things ; but not one of them has ever spoken of *loving* God,

not even Socrates or Plato. This is not therefore a doctrine of your natural religion, since it has never been recognised in it, and nothing like it has ever been found in all the religions that have been founded upon the law of nature.

“ Love is in itself a sovereign and overpowering sentiment to which every thing ought to be subordinate, a sentiment of such purity that it should be capable of purifying every other ; and farther, how has Jesus Christ put this precept in safety from every erroneous interpretation ?—by explaining it to us in such a manner that no room can be left for error : *Whosoever loves me keeps my commandments.* There is no other love, and we can form no other idea of it, since the constant and invariable proof of love in ourselves, is to do the will of the beloved object. . . .

“ What have the philosophers accomplished with all their boasted knowledge, and what has been the result of their success ?—To extend the wickedness of mankind to a pitch it had never hitherto attained, that is, to render more wicked all that were already wicked, and to intimidate all that were weak ; this is the extent of their success. . . .”

The following are the remarks of M. de la Harpe on the sudden and unprepared liberation of the slaves in the West Indies :—

“ Does indignation against the oppressor suffice to make every thing lawful on the part of the oppressed ? If we never had had any thing to oppose to crime but crime, the dagger to insult, and massacre to usurpation, what would the world now be ?—what it was in the infancy of society, under the sole dominion of violence, and yet it is to this state that you wish us to retrograde ?—“ I am the friend of the blacks”—“ No, you are the enemy of their masters.”—“ I wish to punish the masters and avenge the slaves.”—“ You are wrong ;—the one must be delivered, the other enlightened, and thus you would benefit both ; but if you act otherwise you will cause one party to be destroyed by the other. What ! the slaves are under the rod, and you put a sword into their hands—is this all that is taught by philosophy ? Even my own judgment would not require religious instruction to teach me not to oppose evil by evil, but to overcome evil by good ; and in this manner would I make the rod fall without sharpening the sword, make the master possess the feelings of humanity without making his slave an assassin, call upon justice without letting vengeance loose—and know you not the effects of vengeance ? Are they not always more or less reciprocal ? The slaves will either kill or be killed themselves ; they will set fire to every

thing and die of hunger ; they will seize the gold of their masters, and exterminate each other in deciding who shall possess it ; would you not have accomplished a precious change ?”

I could quote many more passages from M. de la Harpe, for he is always sublime in this work when he speaks against impiety ; and when we reflect that he declared these things openly at a period when life was risked by so doing, we cannot sufficiently admire a conversion that gave him such strength of reasoning, such eloquence and courage.

When M. de Custine was on the eve of his marriage, he promised me that he would put into the *corbeille* of his bride a fine prayer-book and a handsome *chapelet* blessed by the papal nuncio ; he promised further to adopt the old practice of keeping a *family register*, that is, a handsome large blank book, on which at the birth of each child the friends and relations wrote moral maxims, or quotations from religious books respecting the child, or religious vows formed for his future life. Following my advice, M. de Custine was to plant a tree in his park at the birth of each child, bearing the child's name ; I also advised him to persuade his lady to get a book of moral and religious *souvenirs*, instead of profane *souvenirs*,

in which so much silly nonsense is written ; the practice of keeping these books is derived from the Germans, and was not known amongst us, but I unfortunately made them fashionable in France by speaking of them in the *Little Emigrants*.

M. de Custine, so respectable and virtuous, could not fail to be an excellent husband ; he was exceedingly worthy of having a wife who could merit after her death the admirable ancient epitaph : *She was chaste, was industrious, and fond of her home.*

The fêtes in commemoration of the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux were very splendid, and the lower classes enjoyed them with an air of gaiety, zeal and affection. The king, Louis XVIII., pronounced on this occasion a speech that was universally admired ; that monarch had received from nature three gifts of great value, particularly in princes ; he spoke well, with facility, his pronunciation was excellent, and the sound of his voice was mild, sonorous, and affecting.

I was delighted with the religious order established by M. de Valence in his household ; he returned to religion with admirable sincerity and good faith, without the least affectation, or the smallest attention to the opinions of men ; his

mind was powerful and his soul lofty, in short he had all those qualities that are necessary for enjoying the beauties of religion; if he had lived longer, his mind would have taken a new flight, and his disposition would have risen to perfection as speedily as his conduct; for piety, by purifying all our sentiments, elevates, and renews our intellectual faculties, and ennobles our thoughts; it would have produced all these effects upon M. de Valence, and would have distinguished the close of his career. Old age without religion has no longer an object to look forward to; it is discouraged and trembles at the aspect of the tomb! . . . But at whatever age it may take place, to open one's eyes to its divine light, is to be born again; had one but a few months to live, one may immortalize oneself on the earth, when one has the power and the will of doing good, and sustained by religion, one advances fearless towards the tomb.

I finished, at this time, my little *Botanique des jeux d'enfans*, dedicated to the Duke of Chartres, with notes that cost me a great deal of research, and also the *Isle des Monstres*, which concludes that little work. I painted some of the plants myself; the rest I got done by others. Imme-

diately after this work, I wrote a volume of religious tales for the use of boarding schools.

I went with M. de Valence to dine with M. de Lacépède; on our way we saw a part of the fête prepared for the opening of the canal de l'Ourcq. The object of this fête was interesting, as it marked out as an epoch the completion of a work of great utility to the commerce of several cities. The means of communication between the different provinces of a country cannot be too much multiplied; the riches and abundance of a country are thereby augmented, while the connection and union of the inhabitants of all classes are increased. But I think that before new undertakings of this kind be entered upon, all the old ones that have been begun ought to be finished; for instance, instead of digging ten or twelve years ago the canal de l'Ourcq, that of Picardy ought to have been completed, for it is an admirable work that already cost some millions, the greater part of the expenses of which have been already defrayed, and which would be of such utility if finished. I am also much dissatisfied with the erection of *provisional* buildings; it is painful and ridiculous to build and pull them down immediately afterwards; more patience ought to be employed, and this two-

fold expense not incurred unless in cases of absolute necessity. To return to the canal de l'Ourcq, the weather, the wind and the rain were all unfavourable to the fête. Very few people of rank went to it; but the lower classes, who lose no opportunity of seeing every thing new that is occurring out of doors, rushed to it in crowds, and filled the banks of the canal, where they had the pleasure of seeing ugly little shops covered with dirty canvass. We saw on the canal the first vessel that was ever borne on its waters. This might have rendered it an object of interest; but as ill-luck would have it, this boat, which was a very shabby one, made some show of ornament by having plenty of long poles with flags flying at the top, and plenty of rags of all colours stuck upon them, and the whole had a most ridiculous effect.

M. de Lacépède received us with the politeness and cordiality that distinguish him: his house is delightful. He has an adopted son, who appeared to me to be very amiable; his daughter-in-law has a very agreeable person and most distinguished accomplishments, she paints in the very first style.

The same evening I read a tale in verse by M. Briffaut, entitled the *Secret du Bonheur*, the idea of which is wholly taken from an old tale of mine entitled *Zumelinde, or Ideal Perfection*. Since I am speaking of one of our most eminent modern

literary characters, I shall add some general reflections. Since the restoration, our young poets in aiming at nature have taken a false direction ; in all their light pieces there is a tone of *persiflage* that Dorat in former times attempted to put in fashion, but which never can become so, particularly in poetry, because this manner is destitute of interest, elegance, and nature. A *persifleur* soon becomes very insipid in society ; a poet with the same sneering habit is still more so, and an amiable ease and negligence never consists in silliness and incorrectness ; when it does not spring from natural feeling and grace it is a very great defect.*

Lord Bristol sent me the translation of an English octavo volume of five hundred pages, entitled *The Analogy of Religion with Nature*, by Joseph Butler, Bishop of Durham. Lord Bristol got this book translated under his own eyes and printed at his expense ; the introductory notice of

* A celebrated English author, Addison, has admirably defined a *persifleur*, by saying (in *the Spectator*) that a *biter* is a man who takes you for a fool, when you do not think he is a liar. *Persiflage* is very generally confounded with irony, and yet they are two things altogether different. *Persiflage* wishes to make dupes ; but irony, on the contrary, wishes to be understood, shows itself openly and designedly by its tone, accent and language. (*Note by the Author.*)

the editor is written by him, and is very affecting. He thus expresses himself:—

“ A stranger who is ardently desirous of showing his gratitude for all the kindness he has received during his residence in France, thinks he cannot find a better means of satisfying this feeling of his heart than by offering this work, translated from the English, to a nation he has learned to appreciate, and whom he has so much reason to love and respect.”

As the work does not enter upon the religious tenets of different sects, and relates solely to the truth of Christianity and revelation, it may be advantageously read by Catholics as well as Protestants; it has been highly successful in England, where men know how to appreciate powerful reasoning and profound thoughts; the reasoning is admirable and the concatenation of ideas perfect; it is a work of great value which, in the calmest and most moderate language, crushes to pieces all the sophistry and common places of infidelity. Yet this work will produce little effect amongst us; it has nothing dazzling about it; it will not be read nor talked of; we require high-sounding phrases and a vehement style; the language of reason in things where it is most suitable, is altogether gone out of fashion; but it is always advantageous to

publish works of such a kind, for men will recur to them sooner or later; they may be thrown back among the rubbish of a warehouse, or put into an unfrequented library, but some sound spirits will always find them out and instruct themselves by perusing them; they resemble those beneficent springs long unknown and concealed in desert islands; their existence is always a benefit of nature; they may serve at some future time to quench the thirst and to save the lives of some shipwrecked travellers.

In this work the author quotes the saying of Origen: "It is by reasoning from analogy that Origen most justly observes, that he who believes that Scripture owes its origin to the author of nature, ought to expect to find the same kind of difficulties in it as are met with in the order of nature."

The author triumphantly refutes the extravagant system of the optimists, who would have wished God to have formed man without sin, that is to say, perfect, that he had put it out of his power to err, and that all the productions of nature had been endowed with beneficent qualities; God could have done so assuredly, but he would then have created nothing but beautiful machines, who could not have been able either to prove the

utility of virtue and the madness of vice, or bring into operation one of the finest attributes of the Divinity,—mercy. This reflection is my own, and I shall hazard a few more on the same subject ; they seem to me to be original, and would present something striking, if I were able to express them precisely such as they rise up in my imagination.

There is rashness in wishing to penetrate the admirable designs of God through curiosity ; but all our suppositions, made with the idea we can form to ourselves of his supreme goodness, cannot be offensive to him. Is it not then permitted to imagine that God, the eternal source of infinite love, has willed that this love should extend to all the sentiments it may give birth to ; this is enjoying the fulness of his power. . . . He wished to know the pity which consoles, which supports, which protects ; he could not feel it for the reprobate, for they merit none, nor for the inhabitants of heaven for they are supremely happy, and to all eternity. But man, created with the power of choosing between good and evil, with the faculty of repenting or of persevering in his errors ; man gives to God all the means of exercising a sublime pity, an omnipotent protection, a divine patience, justice, goodness, and clemency. God could not consecrate his incomparable love but by a sacrifice

without bounds, like all that springs from him or relates to him, he became man to save the human race! . . . If to these ideas we add that of original sin, which must have spread so many ills over fallen and degraded nature; if we consider with what admirable goodness God, in satisfying his justice, has lavished so many blessings upon the earth, how attentive his Providence is in all climes to place the antidote and remedy beside the evil, the physical and moral order of the universe will fill our hearts with admiration and gratitude.

Towards the end of spring, I was very unwell for some days. I had no violent pain, but I felt a weakness, a distaste for every kind of nourishment, and a tremulous feebleness, which at my age, seemed to announce my speedy decease. My soul was perfectly active, and my imagination more lively and animated than ever, like the flame of a lamp on the point of going out; my body was nothing more but a sort of shadow, a covering that had become so slight, that it seemed to me quite natural that it should produce less darkness upon the soul it inclosed. I did not regret life for the pleasure that I found in it; I have suffered in it all the most powerful emotions that a deeply feeling heart can experience, and even from my earliest infancy. I have known some of the illusions of vanity,

but they have been of short duration ; they have never fascinated me, and at all times I would have given them up without the slightest hesitation, to the smallest call of my affections ; hence have injustice and calumny never irritated my mind. I have never formed partisans to get myself praised and flattered, nor employed others to write in my defence ; I do not repent of having entered upon a career (that of literature,) in which I have found so many thorns ; I was born to write, to cultivate literature, and the arts. I believe that my studies have been useful to religion, consequently to morals, and also to education. I repent that I have not at all moments of my life, made my actions conformable to my knowledge and judgment, and to principles I have never ceased to cherish ; I repent that I have a thousand times acted without reflection, and have often gone astray, not from ignorance, but from want of foresight, and a thoughtlessness inexcusable and unexampled. It is not selfishness that has injured me, but, on the contrary, the total forgetfulness of my own interest of every kind, and the absolute powerlessness of attending to my own advantage ; I have never been any thing but a sort of machine acting only from the impulsion of others, and the violence of a powerful affection. I have carried

this kind of self-devotion as far as it can go, but without merit, since I never thought of the dangers I might bring down upon my head; it sufficed me that they seemed useful to those whom I loved, or presented themselves to my imagination as sacrifices of a noble, generous, and uncommon character; every other idea remained in the shade, so that as I calculated neither their inconveniences nor their dangerous consequences, I exposed myself to every thing, without knowing the actual dangers I was encountering. People will find it difficult to believe, that a person, who neither wanted penetration nor talent, should have always acted in this way, in spite of the lessons of experience; yet this is what invariably happened to me during the whole course of my long career. In one word, I repent that I have never felt any but a short lived gratitude for all the peculiar blessings that God has deigned to bestow upon me. I have ever been animated with the most sincere zeal for religion; but, as in such a long course of years, I never had any thing grave to reproach myself with, (at least in the language of the world,) I do not the less feel that I have never sufficiently rendered to my Creator the tribute of gratitude, love, and adoration that is due to him. When I reflect upon the idols I have raised up to myself upon the

earth, I nevertheless feel a sort of consolation, when I consider that my most powerful affections have been the purest and the most endearing that can be experienced in this world, since my children and my pupils have invariably been the objects of them.

If I had not felt the hope of being still useful to those whom I loved, and flattered myself with being able to contribute an eminent service to religion and morals by a great literary undertaking, I should have quitted life with the most perfect tranquillity, or even become freed from the cares that occupied my mind, should have been easily enabled to leave it with joy. I was desirous, therefore, of living eighteen months or two years longer; but I resigned myself wholly to the divine will; and if death had prevented me from realizing my projects, I should have felt, from the bottom of my heart, that I was not worthy of carrying them into execution, and should have left left them with confidence in the hands of God.

One of my friends brought me a journal, containing some charming verses, written by a person I had never heard spoken of, whose name I was unacquainted with, the *Count J. de Resseguier*; yet upon mature reflection, I thought I remembered having known in early youth a Knight of

Malta of the same name. The verses I allude to are truly remarkable for their delicacy and elegance; they are entitled, *La consolation d'une mère élégie à une jeune fille*. I shall not quote any part, as it would be necessary to give the entire poem; it does not contain a line that I could leave out without regret.

Speaking of poets, I am told that M. de Lamartine was excessively displeased with the notice I gave of his *Méditations Poétiques* in my little journal the *Intrepide*; yet I gave high praise to his talent and poetry, and criticized with much politeness verses that were really ridiculous. This required a great deal of *intrepidity* from me; but the very interest with which the young poet inspired me, induced me to offer him some useful advice, which I was authorized in doing by my advanced age. It was very painful to me to show this impartiality towards an author, who, in sending me a copy of his work, wrote these words with his own hand on the first page; *M. de Lamartine requests the Countess de Genlis to accept this too feeble homage of his respect for her person and of his admiration for her genius.*

I felt it still more painful to criticize a young man who displays the most religious sentiments; but I knew that he was spoiled in society, and that

he was praised to excess, for the very defects that ought to have been repressed. I can truly assert, that no one feels more fully than I do the beauties to be found in his poems: the poem entitled, *l'Isolement*, is a delightful elegy from beginning to end; but I was desirous of presenting the truth to a person who could be fascinated by exaggerated praise, so dangerous to the minds of youth. The hope of rendering a service will always be more powerful in my mind, than the fear of drawing down upon myself ill-will without cause.

The following is a saying full of wit and judgment that I heard from a child, not quite four years years of age. My grand-daughter, Madame Gerard, had come to her father's with her two children; she said to Cyrus, the eldest, a boy not four years old, that he ought to protect his little brother, when he immediately replied, *He has no need of protection, since he has no enemies.*

As my memoirs are peculiarly literary, I ought to notice all the works that have appeared to me to be good, and also those that make a noise in France and foreign countries. The modern works which have been most successful in England for the last two or three years, are the novels of Scott and the poems of Lord Byron. As to the former, I find in them neither imagination, real interest,

nor eloquent passages ; it is said that they are a most accurate picture of the old manners of the Scotch ; of this I cannot judge, though I believe that no manners can be described with extreme accuracy but those of our contemporaries ; in other respects, I confess that these novels seem to me to be tiresome. With respect to the poems of Lord Byron, they certainly contain some fine poetical passages, but they want a plan, and the fictions are more singular than ingenious. We feel that the author reasons without principles, and speaks of love and friendship, without real sensibility ; he is almost always false, since he is never religious, moral, or feeling, or even with human sentiments. An odious misanthropy reigns in all his poems, which springs not from the vehement indignation of virtue against vice, but from the satiety of a heart corrupted, worn out, and withered by debauchery, and a life full of excess and disorder. Such at least is the idea one forms on reading his works ; but by this opinion, I do not pretend to attack the personal character of the author, with whom I am unacquainted ; it is possible that his character is free from blame, and that his works are merely the unfortunate fruits of a peevish and morbid disposition ; I am speaking merely of my own impressions. It is certain

that no works preserve a lofty and durable reputation, but those, by the perusal of which the heart and mind are elevated; now these produce nothing of the kind, but, on the contrary, leave dark and melancholy ideas behind, and a painful and disagreeable impression: their reputation will soon pass away.

Towards the end of May, there was a grand dinner at the house of M. de Valence, where I saw M. de Laporte, grandson, or rather, great-grandson of the beautiful Madame de Laporte, *intendante* of Moulins, whom I knew formerly in my early youth. M. de Laporte is amiable, his turn of mind pleases me, because, so far as I could judge of it in a first interview, I think he joins much feeling and natural talent to great judgment and discrimination. At this dinner was also present M. Muraire, formerly *Grand Juge* of France; he is said to be a man of great merit and ability, but of this I had no opportunity of judging; the only singularity I remarked in his manner was, that during the space of three hours he never uttered a single phrase; the extent of his conversation was *yes* and *no*, and a few monosyllables.

This year the academy of Dijon proposed for the prize essay, a subject that I was greatly astonished did not make more noise; it was as follows:

“The Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Belles Lettres of Dijon proposes the following subject for a prize essay :

“To illustrate the position that government, by restraining and limiting the errors of personal liberty and independence in our religious, political, and private conduct, provides for the real interests of society as well as for our own necessary well being.”

I never in my life competed for an academical prize, but I was strongly tempted to try this subject, which I should have done, had I had leisure.

M. de Genoude, to whom M. de Laborie mentioned the subject of the *Encyclopédie*, came to see me to arrange matters with me for this new edition, and was delighted with my plan of execution ; he promised to make out a list of those he would persuade to contribute to the work. Since this conversation, a new idea occurred to me, which I communicated to my intimate friend, M. d'Harmensen. Till now the plan was all my own ; I alone had formed the idea, arranged the plan, and had by myself been taking measures for its execution ; I undertook to re-write all the articles of Diderot, and to revise all the articles on mytho-

logy ; to write the prospectus, and to correspond with the Austrian and Russian governments, and with the papal nuncio, which I had done, and met with a favourable reception ; and then I would have got all my friends in England to assist me ; and I offered to do all this without any pecuniary advantage to myself. The question was, to whom I should give up the whole profit of the undertaking, and the following was what I thought of proposing : that the profit of the first edition, published by subscription, was, after paying all expenses, to be wholly devoted to charitable institutions. This would have been an admirable atonement for the entire works of the writers of the *Encyclopédie*, which, in contempt of religion, decency, and morals, the vilest cupidity had just published ; then what honourable protection all the sovereigns of Europe would have given to this noble undertaking, what public favour it would have obtained ; the powerful voices of the poor, the aged, the orphan, and the infirm would have proclaimed its utility ; and what writers would have dared to censure it, or at least to speak of it with disdain, when humanity, reason, and religion would have insured and sanctified its success—what inexpressible charms I found in this idea ! The recollection of it will at any rate remain with

me at all times, and nothing more valuable can occupy the mind.

At this time I finished, as I have already stated, my large work concerning the saints, to which I gave the name of *Vie Poétique des Saints*. I added some ornaments to the figures, and a few *culs-de-lampe*; each figure is accompanied by verses of my own composition, containing the history of the saint, and the whole will form a beautiful manuscript. One morning, while taking a walk, I wrote the lines on *St. Genès* and *St. Pulchéria*; they are as follow:—

SAINT GENÈS.

Céleste vérité, par ta force suprême,
 Tu peux, au sein de l'erreur même,
 Inspirer le mortel au vice abandonné
 Dès les premiers instans de sa triste carrière!
 Ainsi l'aveugle infortuné,
 Qui ne connut jamais le ciel et la lumière,
 Ressent la chaleur salutaire
 De l'astre éclatant, radieux,
 Qui, durant son cours glorieux,
 Embellit l'univers, nous guide et nous éclaire;
 Tel on vit saint Genès, dans d'exécrables jeux,
 Pour soutenir l'idolâtrie,
 Aux yeux d'un empereur impie,
 Insulter la religion,
 Et tourner en dérision
 Le baptême chrétien, auguste et saint mystère.

De clémence et d'amour, et par lequel s'opère
Notre régénération.

Mais, ô prodige, ô bonté qui surpasse
Toute conception de notre entendement !

Dans la plus sacrilège audace,

Genès va trouver à l'instant

Les clartés de la foi, les trésors de la grâce !

Sur sa tête coupable on verse, en se moquant,

L'eau qui doit s'épandre au baptême ;

Aussitôt dans sa bouche expire le blasphème ;

En lui tout est changé, cœur, esprit, et maintien,

Il se prosterne, il gémit, il soupire ;

On rit aux éclats, on admire,

Que l'art puisse aussi bien contrefaire un chrétien :

En pensant n'applaudir qu'un grand comédien

On applaudit celui qui se livre au martyre.

En effet, saint Genès, plein de zèle et d'ardeur,

Désabuse un peuple idolâtre ;

Et, bravant le courroux d'un barbare empereur,

Il court à l'échafaud, en sortant du théâtre !

SAINTE PULCHÉRIE.

A la sainte religion,

A la justice, à la raison,

A la tendresse fraternelle,

Toujours également fidèle,

Cette princesse sut honorer à la fois,

Et l'autel et le trône, et son sexe et les lois.

I also finished my *Six Nouvelles Religieuses*, though I was still busy with my new edition of the *Encyclopédie*, and was not prevented from

forming other projects in favour of religion, of a nature which seemed to me much less certain, but by no means impossible. I could have wished, for instance, that advantage had been taken of the strange incident of an English-woman fixing her residence in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and getting herself declared *Queen of Palmyra* by the Arabs; it seemed to me that it would not have been difficult to persuade her to undertake the conversion of the Arab tribes;—she would have required first of all to become a catholic, and to employ her sovereign ascendancy over the Arabs to induce them to embrace her religion. How grand it would have been to see them receiving baptism in the sacred waters of the Jordan! When this had been accomplished, it would then have been necessary for her to restore them to the respectable conquerors of the Holy-Land, the defenders and guardians of the tomb of Jesus Christ, and the protectors of the pilgrims; it would have been necessary that they should declare that they would offer no opposition to the regular and well known tributes required by the Turks from the Christians, but that they would not allow the pilgrims to be plundered, harassed, or oppressed.

To accomplish all this, I had formed a regular plan that seemed to me very good, and seemed to

answer all the objections that could be made against the idea, which, after all, was certainly less extraordinary than the establishment of this English-woman in the desert; her character is very singular, and her imagination wild and enthusiastic; it might have been that the desire of becoming famous, and of getting statues erected to her in Europe, would have induced her to make this attempt. When this is read, people will doubtless cry out against my romantic nonsense—my madness. It is strange that, in general, men are not astonished at the most gigantic ideas when they are to produce revolutions, commotions, and the most atrocious injustice, and yet regard as altogether chimerical every plan of an elevated kind, the consequences of which would be beneficial to religion, morals, and social habits, consequently to the interests of mankind; and no faith is given but to the power of the genius of evil. If the strength of a determined and persevering resolution were combined with humane and religious sentiments, it would be invincible, would attain whatever it desired, and would surmount every obstacle in its way.

In fact, the idea I have just mentioned is infinitely less surprising than that formed by Bonaparte, without the advantages of birth, connection,

knowledge of the world and of mankind, without fortune, wandering amidst the rocks of Corsica, yet even then looking forward to the conquest of an empire.

At this period I read over again the *History of Poland*, by the late M. de Rulhières; nothing can be more curious than the narrative of the revolution accomplished by Poniatowski; we see the same ideas, the same opinions, the same speeches about liberty, and pretty nearly the same characters of which we once gave, and are still giving, so many copies in France; yet certain orators, nevertheless, imagine that they are daily making speeches full of originality.

A new play, entitled *Oreste*, was now brought out on the stage; it was written by a royalist, and therefore the liberals combined against it with a fury that surpassed all the madness of the unfortunate Orestes. It was attempted to be performed three times, and the opposition hissing and vociferating from the moment the curtain rose, it was perfectly impossible (and this is no exaggeration) to hear in the whole three acts two lines together. If the liberals proclaim *liberty* at the tribune, it must be admitted that they do not allow of it at the theatre.

I went to see the Maréchale Moreau, whom I

found very unwell and much altered ; she was to set out in five days for the waters of Bonnes. I conversed two hours with her, and observed no falling off in her understanding or her liveliness of mind, or dulness in her pure and feeling soul ; yet, while conversing, I was much struck with a request she made me in the most pressing manner. She had to write a letter to His Majesty, the Emperor of Russia, which was of the utmost importance to her own and her only daughter's fortune, and which she was desirous of sending off before her departure. She told me with much emotion that she was totally incapable of writing it ; she pressed me earnestly to do it for her, and to send her before ten o'clock the same evening a draft of the letter, which she would copy before going to bed. I promised to do as she desired ; but this confession pained my heart, for it showed me in a moment the bad state of her health, as no one could write better than her, with more ease, propriety, and talent. She explained very distinctly the object of the letter, and I immediately hastened home to procure her the satisfaction of receiving it speedily. I shut myself up in my room on my arrival, wrote the letter in my best manner, and sent it off to the Maréchale, who received it at a quarter past eight o'clock. She sent me in return

a little note, in which I could no longer recognise her charming hand, which was greatly altered; she assured me she considered the letter perfect, and that I had just brought back tranquillity to her mind. I made very sincere and affectionate vows for the restoration of the health of a person in all respects so interesting, and so dear to all those who are intimate with her, and can appreciate so much merit, talent, and virtue.

It has always seemed to me that people were not sufficiently astonished at the variety of knowledge and accomplishments possessed by Madame Moreau; she was exceedingly well informed, knew several languages perfectly, was well acquainted with music, played agreeably on the piano, and painted in oil in the best manner; she also wrote in French with great correctness and elegance. In respect of talents, I know only one lady that can be compared to her, Madame Simons-Candeille. This interesting person has expiated by thirty years of virtue the error of her parents, who placed her in her earliest years, in a career of great danger, and very unworthy of her. To the fascinating art of reciting heroic poetry, Madame Simons-Candeille adds the talent of writing, of which she has never made a bad use, for all her works express, in the most charming style, pure morals,

and noble sentiments; she is well acquainted with music, plays excellently on the piano, and she is known to have composed several pieces that would do honour to a great compositor.

The state of M. de Valence's health still gave me the greatest alarm; he was alarmed himself, and though he displayed courage, I saw some melancholy ideas and fears in his mind, which I thought it necessary to leave him in possession of, though nothing pained me more than doing so.

A person, very interesting by her virtues, the Duchess dowager of Orleans, was for a considerable time in such a state that her life was despaired of; her children went to live at Ivry, the principal house of which the duchess occupied. She did not offer them any apartments in her house, and as they have at all times wished to do only what pleased her, they asked for none: they were very uncomfortably situated in the village, where they could find only three ugly little rooms. These they left every day to bestow their affectionate cares upon their respectable mother, and often, assembled together round her bed, they heard with great emotion and edification the useful and pious exhortations of the worthy ecclesiastic,* who assisted the duchess at her last moments.

* M. Maguein, *cure* of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.—(Editor.)

Mademoiselle d'Orleans wrote me from Ivry a very affecting letter on the state of her mother; she was so profoundly affected by it, that her health was dangerously impaired; the Duke of Orleans was also in deep affliction. This lingering disease, which there was no hope of curing, was altogether heart-rending to children of such an excellent disposition. The Duchess of Orleans was dying of a complication of disorders that had become incurable—cancer, palsy, and dropsy. No one could die with more courage, mildness, and piety. It was said that her cancer had arisen from the awkwardness of a valet, who, in attempting to lift two folio volumes from a shelf, let one of them fall on the princess's breast; it was further said, that for fear of afflicting the valet, and in the hope that the accident would have no dangerous consequences, she neither complained of the blow, nor called for medical assistance, and left the disease to spread its roots till it became altogether unbearable and incurable. Men of the world, in general, do not believe in this excess of goodness, which seems to them beyond all probability; for my own part, from the knowledge I possessed of the princess's disposition, I was fully disposed to believe every word of the report. The following fact I was myself a witness of, while I

was at the Palais Royal. One day, while the princess was at her toilette, she was rubbing the inside of her ear with one of those long pins formerly employed in female head-dresses, and one of her ladies in waiting, on going behind her pushed her on the arm through awkwardness, and the pin was driven so far that it pierced the drum of the ear; the pain was excessively violent, yet the duchess made not the smallest complaint, merely through fear of afflicting the lady who had unintentionally hurt her. This accident was not known for several days afterwards, till the duchess was unable to support the violence of the pain, and sent for a surgeon, who found her ear in a most alarming state; she was ill with it for more than ten or twelve days.

Some days before the death of the Duchess dowager of Orleans, I received a very pleasing letter and an agreeable book of fables from the Baron de Stessart. At Vacluse there is an atheneum, which, some years before, got a handsome gold medal struck in honour of Petrarch; M. de Stessart is president of the atheneum, and did me the honour of sending me one of these medals in the name of the atheneum, in gratitude for my work on Petrarch and Laura. I have always been fond of medals; I remember that I

experienced a very lively satisfaction, when the knights of *my order of Perseverance*, struck a very beautiful gold one in honour of me, and which they gave me with great pomp. I kept it for many years, but afterwards, during the time of the emigration, I was less sensible to honours, and sold it to purchase some *chemises*; I had only nine, all in rags, which I pretended to keep *in honour of the nine muses*. I even wrote a very comical piece of poetry on the subject, which I have lost. I was left quite destitute of *chemises*, when I lost my linen, my lace, my gowns, and all that I possessed, which I had left in a large trunk I was obliged to leave at Valenciennes, along with my harp. Eighteen months afterwards, the whole of these things were sent to me in a miraculous manner, through the generosity of a stranger whose name I have never been able to discover. There is no unmixed joy in this world; for I was forced to give eight louis for the carriage of all these these articles, and I did not pay them without chagrin.

It was during the illness of the Duchess dowager of Orleans, that Madame de Lascours and my dear and charming Clara came to pass a whole evening with me, in which we were not interrupted by the arrival of any other person. The

conversation of Madame de Lascours is delightful, always sound, keen, and witty. She related to me that in their prefecture at Auch, there was a fine country-house in the neighbourhood of the city, the mistress of which she thought equally extraordinary and interesting by her advanced age, her virtues, her perfect preservation of all her physical and intellectual qualities, except her hearing; in other respects she was still beautiful, walked well, talked with vivacity and much talent, and enjoyed excellent health. She lived on her estate along with her only son, whom she tenderly loved; he had never been married, and had never left her; this child, the object of all her affection, was eighty-two years of age, and she was a hundred and six. This beloved son had just died of the small-pox, and his mother, after tending him for more than a week, felt so inconsolable for his loss, that she was able to survive him only five days. This is an incident well worthy of notice.

Montaigne has justly said that there is *no soul so obstinate at church, during great festivals, as not to be affected by the singing, and the awe-inspiring sound of the organ*. At the Fete-Dieu, I went to mass; when the procession re-entered the church with the holy sacrament borne on a mag-

nificent *dais*, surrounded with young girls veiled and dressed in white, escorted by a numerous body of clergy, and by troops, whose music, at once warlike, religious, and triumphant, made the arches re-echo with the sound, I felt an inexpressible sensation of enthusiasm and heartfelt emotion. On a similar occasion, I have all my life felt an inconceivable emotion, the only truly delightful that can be felt on the earth, for it detaches our minds from all that is material, fills the whole soul, and makes it enjoy all its intellectual faculties with ravishing delight. But at this fête I had some ideas, in my moments of enthusiasm, which had never till now risen up in my imagination; I thought that when the soul of the blessed is at its last moment, and escaping from this mortal body, it instantly hears the celestial concert of the angels forming that perfect harmony, that musical trinity, which is to be found throughout all nature, but which, at this supreme moment, is the expression of three sentiments that will form the delight of eternity—love, admiration, and gratitude. This dazzling harmony will strike the happy soul, by allowing it to hear the sovereign and omnipotent voice calling upon it; *Come, my beloved, come and partake of my glory.* Lastly,

this soul, predestined to happiness, will see the heavens opened, and will see the Almighty ! Such will be the passage from life to eternity for the just who has expiated his errors. But, great God, how terrible it will be for the reprobate who, instead of these concerts, this enchanting harmony, will hear nothing but a tumultuous discord, an alarming chaos, produced by despair and madness, and echoing forth nothing but horrid imprecations ! what will be the speechless anguish of that wretched soul which sees nothing but a frightful gulph, surrounded with thick darkness and everlasting night ! Oh ; how I pity the infidel, and even the soul that is cold and indifferent whose imagination has never been able to rise to the source of supreme love and perfection ! Mean and unfortunate beings who have never known but the deceitful and fugitive joys of the earth, at all times mingled with bitterness, or at least with melancholy presentiments, even at the moments they seem most innocent !

The Duchess dowager of Orleans closed her career on a Saturday ; the Duke, the Duchess, and Mademoiselle d'Orleans attended her during the three last days of her life, and never left her for a single moment. She received their atten-

tions with affection, gave them her solemn benediction, and a few days before her death, altered her will, which is very affecting, consequently, equitable and Christian.

The Duke and Mademoiselle d'Orleans were deeply afflicted; I went to see them at Neuilly, and was much affected at the great alteration that had taken place in their appearance; it was evident from their countenances that they had suffered much. The Duke of Chartres had the measles, but of the mildest kind. That amiable child has such a feeling heart, that he was much struck and affected when he received his grandmother's benediction; he left the chamber with a burning fever, and next day the measles appeared. The Duke of Orleans inquired of me concerning the usual ceremonies, and I told him all I knew about the matter. Every thing was done that could do most honour to the deceased princess, as the duke very naturally desired should be the case. The body remained at Ivry in a chamber hung with black, called the *chapelle ardente*; it was watched by the ladies of honour of her royal highness, of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and of the Duchess of Bourbon. As the late duchess kept no kind of court, she had neither ladies of honour nor ladies

in attendance upon her ; but one of the persons who lived with her was appointed instead of a lady of honour.

Monsieur and the Duke of Angoulême announced that they would go to Ivry to throw holy water over the coffin. After the death of this princess, the king gave an audience to the Duke of Orleans, and received him with great kindness, even with the warmest affection. The body of the duchess was taken to Dreux, to the burial vault of her father, the Duc de Penthièvre. The Duke of Orleans accompanied the funeral procession.

The first thought of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans, on her return to France, was to fulfil the sacred duties of nature and piety. To re-establish the vault of her family, she purchased what had been sold of the collegial property of Dreux ; the works began immediately, and though interrupted by the events of March 1815, they were soon put into activity again. The road that formerly led to the church had been destroyed ; the hill being unattended to had become impassable. A new and perfectly beautiful and easy road-way was laid out ; the ground was levelled on which was to be erected the splendid

church that filial piety built to contain the tomb of the Duke of Penthièvre. When every preparation had been made, the Duchess of Orleans laid the first stone of the building on the 13th of September 1819. She was accompanied by the sub-prefect, at the head of the gendarmerie, and of the national guard on foot and on horseback ; this procession was followed by an immense crowd of persons of all ranks, assembled from the neighbourhood to witness this pious and affecting ceremony. With the astounding shouts raised at sight of the princess, were mingled the religious hymns of the numerous clergy of the city, who were placed on the brow of the hill, and waited for the arrival of her serene highness. Every voice combined in expressing with holy enthusiasm all the sentiments due to the Eternal and to the image of virtue upon the earth. Heavenly concert, celestial harmony, which purified the echoes of these places formerly profaned by the cries and blasphemy of madness and impiety ! It was amidst the sound of these acclamations, of these songs of love and admiration that the princess followed the triumphal march of filial and religious piety. The mountain, which had so long been inaccessible, was seen all at once to present a beautiful road at

the command of the angel of good, who had just effaced all the marks of its misfortunes and degradation.

The church, which is merely intended for a funeral chapel, is worthy, by its beauty, of the hand which founded it and placed the first stone ; it is a hundred feet in length by sixty in breadth, and its architecture combines elegance with the solemn majesty that suits this kind of building.

This is another valuable example. If some sinister voices dare murmur that these solemn expiations, and these *anniversary epochs of mourning recall horrid recollections that ought to be avoided*, we can tell them that there are recollections which nothing can efface. The only *danger* of these funeral and religious ceremonies is in exciting and maintaining in every heart horror for the crimes which they are intended to expiate. But to avoid wounding evil consciences, ought we to refrain from doing good actions or fulfilling important duties ?

I learned by chance that General Gerard, the husband of my grand-daughter Rosamonde, had purchased the estate of Sillery from M. de Valence for three hundred thousand francs, on the condition that if he sold it again for a larger sum, he was to divide the profit with him. M. Gerard has just sold it for six hundred thousand francs ;

one hundred thousand were given to my grandson Anatole, to settle the law-suit he had commenced, and the two hundred thousand francs that remained were equally divided between M. Gerard and M. de Valence.

At the death of the Marquis de Puisieux, this estate was inherited by my brother-in-law, the Marquis de Genlis, who sold it, five years afterwards, for eighteen hundred thousand francs, to M. Randon, a financier. The Marechale d'Estrée, the only daughter of M. de Puisieux, bought it back, and as she had appointed the Count de Genlis her sole heir in her will, this estate belonged to us, and M. de Genlis secured my marriage settlement in the firmest manner upon this fine property; he made admirable improvements upon it, in the gardens among the rest; I believe I have already mentioned in this work that he took advantage of the beautiful waters which surrounded the chateau, through which flowed a beautiful river, and that he formed as many islands as I had children and pupils, and gave their respective names to each; all these charming islands, filled with fine shrubs and flowers, were connected by elegant bridges with a large magnificent island that bore my name, and in which was a splendid pavilion containing a statue of me fixed on a pe-

destal. Upon it M. de Genlis had got engraved the following lines of his own composition, which I do not think I have hitherto mentioned :—

Toi qui fais ma félicité,
Mou cœur, pour toi toujours le même,
Veut qui les traits de ce qu'il aime,
Passent à l'immortalité.

Since that time M. de Sauvigny has written some charming verses for the same statue, which have been published; but those I have mentioned will always be a thousand times dearer to my heart; my daughter has them in her father's handwriting, and keeps them in her book of souvenirs; for myself, I have no need of a *souvenir*, to keep them constantly alive in my memory.

My daughter, to whom this estate descended, generously gave up all her claims to M. de Valence. When I revisited it, after my return from foreign countries, what deep oppression of heart I felt on seeing ugly marshes on the spot where beautiful islands formerly rose, and the majestic gallery and magnificent chapel overthrown! Yet it was not the revolutionists who had accomplished this melancholy destruction!

A short time after the sale of Sillery, I was so

ill, so dejected, and had such violent pains in the head, such a burning fire in my cheeks and forehead, and such a shivering in my back, that one morning I verily believed my last day had arrived ; I was altogether deprived of sleep on account of the pump I have already noticed, which was immediately under my head. This abominable inconvenience and the noise produced by the carriages that passed under the archway over which my bed was placed ; all these things, joined to the changes in the weather, did me an infinite deal of harm ; I thought only of putting some order in my affairs, and of writing to the Duke and Mademoiselle d'Orleans ; I knew their kindness of heart so well, that I was certain they would do whatever I desired, particularly as I took care to restrain my requests within the bounds of propriety.

But, though I was uncomfortably lodged, it was not the fault of M. de Valence, who constantly displayed towards me, during the whole time we lived together, every possible mark of kindness, friendship, and affection ; it was I who would always, as I have already stated, occupy the little apartment which I inhabited : M. de Valence harassed me continually to leave it, and take his own, and this with the utmost sincerity ; but my

disposition has never been to abuse the kindness shown me, nor even to enjoy fully the advantages offered. If I was so incommoded by the noise, it was contrary to his orders: however, I took some precautions to avoid the frightful tumult from which I had suffered so much for seven or eight months.

The kind General Fresia lent me a work in two volumes, by the Count de Maistre, entitled, *Les Soirées de Saint Petersburg*. The author was a native of Turin, and was lately deceased; his book is written in French, and is, in many respects, of great value; I read it with delight, and was extremely astonished that a man of such a fine genius, such a great writer, who has written other works of the first eminence, should have been so little known, and should not have made more noise. With respect to myself, I confess that I had never heard of him before; and I was humbled at the thought, both for myself, and for the age in which we live. . . .

How contemptible is the declining glory of the present age! Bad actions give celebrity, but it may also be destroyed in a moment. As to literary glory, can we forget that we have seen in all the liberal journals the strange work of M. Garat (concerning M. Suard,) elevated to the clouds, and

praised with the most laughable hyperbole as a perfect master-piece of talent? I thought that if these gentlemen condescended to notice the *Soirées de Saint Petersbourg*, they would not fail to say that it was a detestable work, and that the author was a fanatic and a fool.*

This work, which contains so many excellent things, is not completed; death prevented the author from finishing it, and we ought particularly to regret the conclusion which is wanting. At the end of one of the conversations is subjoined a small work by the same writer, entitled, *Eclaircisemens sur les sacrifices*. The author speaks of the idolatrous Indians with his accustomed superiority, mentions their cruelties, their human sacrifices, &c.; he justly remarks, that it is very strange that they should have been so much praised for their *mildness*, and he adds:

“With the exception of the law which says, *Blessed are the meek*, there are no meek or mild men in this world. They may be weak, or timid, but never *meek*. The coward may be cruel, but the meek man can never be so, and India gives us a memorable example of this. Without speaking

* I was mistaken, for the work was generally admired.---
(Note by the Author.)

of the superstitious atrocities I have just mentioned, what land on the face of the earth has ever seen more cruelties committed?"

At Paris, authentic intelligence was received of the death of Bonaparte; and to my great surprise, that event produced no kind of sensation. Yet this same man, who died so obscurely in a remote island, was the same individual who, such a few short years before, exercised such a formidable power, and who, the imperious master of Europe, filled the whole universe with the dazzling noise of his exploits and his conquests! . . . On this subject some valuable reflections might be made on *illegitimate grandeur* that can be so speedily overthrown? It resembles those impetuous waters whose appearance and violence cause so much astonishment, but which are dried up and disappear all at once, because they have no perennial sources.

The day of St. Felicité, my patron saint, Casimir, with his wife and charming family, came to wish me a happy fête, and I gave them the fine flowers which I had received in the morning, a beautiful orange tree from the Marquise de Lingré, another fine orange tree, and two baskets full of charming flowers, sent me by the Marquise de Marcieu.

During more than forty years, I have always on the day of St. Felicité received charming fêtes ; that time has gone by, but this sort of decline will not cause me to make such serious reflections as those I made upon the vulgar end of Napoleon.

A great deal was said at this time concerning the posthumous work of Madame de Staël, entitled, *Ten years of Exile*. Although the work be liberal, it pleased nobody ; the Bonapartists, who form three fourths of the liberals, were much displeased with it, and it may be imagined that the royalists did not like it ; but M. de Staël was very unjustly blamed for having published it, because Bonaparte is severely handled in the work ; M. de Staël had at all times a great deal to complain of the conduct of that celebrated man, both on his mother's account and on his own. Besides, this last production was the necessary continuation of the works of Madame de Staël, and it was published after the death of Bonaparte. It may be added, that it is very proper and advantageous to judge of the actions and characters of celebrated personages after their decease, when gratitude does not require silence to be observed ; in fact, they belong to history.

By a singular chance, I one day heard a conversation that was both general and worthy of

notice, for not one word was said about politics, but the subject talked of was education, though not in a way that pleased me. I have educated a great many children, and have instilled into their minds sound principles and contempt for irreligion; I have written works that have been useful in furthering the same object; and yet, when I look back upon the past, I have for a considerable time felt convinced, that there was always something too worldly in my ideas upon this point; I have yielded too much to prevailing customs; for instance, I gave my approbation to children's balls, and theatrical performances, *when the plays to be performed were selected*, and I repent having done so. My former opinions on this subject I retracted in the *Parvenus*, in which I have specified all the arguments that can be brought forward against balls,* and plays, and I shall correct my former statement in *Adèle et Théodore*. If I had possessed more

* "I experienced the full danger of a fancy ball on the imagination. That continuous music, those dances, all that mystery and disguise, that language of love and gallantry, those intrigues by which I was surrounded, and which I saw going on, on all sides, that universal abandonment of judgment and reason, the general incognito, the unrestrained and boundless merriment, and more than all the soft and alluring attacks of a fine woman,—all this combination of circumstances and seductive snares completely fascinated my mind,"—(*Les Parvenus*, tome ii.)

austere principles, perhaps my works would have been less useful to men of the world, but I should have done my duty, and the works themselves would have been more permanently valuable. The want of severity, which distinguishes them, did not arise from yielding to the opinions of others, but ought to be attributed solely to ignorance of firm and rigorous principles, and to the prejudices that prevail in society at large. This I give as a fact, and not as an excuse; for when a person writes for the public, and particularly when he wishes to write as a Christian moralist, he ought to be diligent in the acquisition of knowledge, and to reflect deeply upon his statements. At any rate, I have not spared any of the philosophers, any sect or party, though I knew perfectly well beforehand the risks I encountered in attacking their errors. At all periods of my life, I would have condemned the foolish practice that prevails in our times, of constantly taking children and young ladies to the theatre, and of making young ladies sit up till two or three o'clock in the morning. In my time, balls ended between nine and ten o'clock at night.

The conversation I have just mentioned led me to two additional reflections upon the present system of education. I think it is extremely

wrong to admit children of from five to nine, or ten years of age, into a drawing-room, particularly when they are tutored beforehand to *caress* and to pay attention to certain relations and friends pointed out to them. Children may be told that they ought to love and respect such and such persons, for this is teaching them their duties, and giving them correct ideas ; but any display or formal mode of showing their respect should never be taught them, nor should they be ordered to give *caresses*, for this renders them affected and dissimulating. This distinction is not attended to, though it is of the highest importance. The second practice that I dislike is, that of accustoming children to receive presents as *marks of friendship*, by which they are rendered selfish and avaricious, to an extent astonishing for their age. Whatever they see, they wish to have ; their thoughts run upon nothing but the offerings they can get ; they measure friendship only by the number of presents they receive, and they double their caresses at the periods chiefly noted for presents being given. Besides this, these periods have been increased fourfold ; at *Christmas*, at *New Year's day*, at a *birth-day*, at the *patron saint's day*, at *setting out on a journey*, at *their return*, and when they are taken to visit the shops of the city, on each of

these occasions, presents are indispensable—nothing can be more ridiculous, or more pernicious. The same practice prevails towards young ladies; and, if it be not so corrupting in its effects, it is at any rate extremely mean, particularly for those who give small presents to rich persons, that they may obtain large ones in return. Formerly people accepted trifling gifts from their nearest relations, or from an intimate friend, to whom they gave things of equal value in return; when a person held a situation at court, he sometimes received splendid presents from the princes of the blood (which I never would do,) but these things are beyond the sphere of common usages; but presents of value were never received from any one, and for trifling gifts there was only one period in the course of the year. It is very true, that a very abominable fashion of a similar kind existed; that of *parfilage*, but I had the merit of destroying it altogether, by the severity with which I treated it in *Adèle et Théodore*.

It is certain, that there is at the present moment, a strong impulsion in favour of religion amongst men of judgment; but I am sorry to see among these very individuals, little trifling differences of opinion, that keep them asunder. For instance, several of them are altogether opposed to

what are called the liberties of the Gallican church ; yet these very liberties were solemnly granted by the popes themselves ; hence, then, they are legal, and we do not display any want of the respect due to the court of Rome, by supporting them. Others of them again pretend, that the spiritual power of the pope necessarily includes all temporal power. To perceive the erroneousness of this opinion, it is only necessary to read the gospel, since our Saviour said to the apostle : *Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's* ; and what Cæsar did he speak of !—of a pagan emperor who persecuted the Christians. Hence the pope has not the right to dethrone sovereigns, or to absolve subjects from their oaths of allegiance. We ought not to forget, that it was these very unfortunate pretensions that made the Catholic faith lose England, and many other Protestant kingdoms. The power of the pope over the states of Catholic princes has nothing temporal in its nature ; it is celestial, like the power from which it derives its origin,—to decide upon the morality of human actions, that is to say, upon sins and crimes, to reign over the conscience and the heart,—that is its dominion, that is its divine mission. The pope

can do much more than dethrone a king, for by excommunicating him, he can degrade him, and withdraw from him the esteem of a religious people; and further, by fulminating an interdict against an impious nation, he can announce, that it has broken the most sacred precepts of morals, justice and humanity.

The ultramontain party dislike the liberties of the *Gallican church*; they say that they break the unity of the church, and that the popes only gave them with great regret, with mental reservations, &c. These arguments do not seem to me to be sound, for first of all, the unity of the church is not broken, since the formal consent of the popes maintains it, and legalizes the concession; and secondly, it is a great want of respect for the pope to believe, that he can act without honesty, and promise without views of integrity; whoever believes him to be infallible, inspired by the Holy Ghost in every matter that relates to religion, cannot possibly be possessed with this idea. In ancient history we read, that Calisthenes said to a clumsy flatterer of Alexander: *If the king heard you, he would order you to be silent.* There are some of the ultramontain party to whom one might justly say: *If the pope heard you, he would*

order you to be silent. The phrase might also be applied at the present day to the enthusiasts of various parties.

It is much to be desired, that all the friends of religion, consequently of order and peace, should unite to support such an important cause; truth, reason and talent, are all on their side. If they are unanimous, they will have an easy victory over the infidels, who can only bring forward old worn out sophisms, that have been triumphantly refuted for more than half a century.

Society became truly insupportable; at the house of M. de Valence, the company talked not merely of politics, but of the *finances*, and that too, often for three mortal hours; I required a great deal of self-command to conceal the profound ennui I felt from such subjects of conversation. I thought that there was no longer either Frenchmen or conversation to be found; every man had become a politician, every one argued these grave subjects with such a self-satisfied and pedantic manner, and with such intonations of voice, that the greatest learning displayed in these kind of discussions could scarcely atone for such disagreeable concomitants. What ought then to be thought of those conversations, in which not one single original idea is to be found? Nothing

is to be found in them in general but common thoughts almost always incoherent, and trite ideas upon the most tiresome subjects.

I am passionately fond of etymologies, and I know a great many. I was ignorant of the following one:

M. de Pensey, a lawyer in Napoleon's time, happened to be in the emperor's cabinet with several other persons, when the latter knowing that he was a native of Champagne, asked him the reason of the proverb, which says, *Ninety-nine sheep and one Champenois, amount to a hundred beasts.*—(*Quatre-vingt-dix-neuf moutons et un Champenois font cent bêtes*). M. de Pensey replied, that in the feudal times, Thibault, Count of Champagne, laid a tax upon cattle; he declared by an edict, that each flock of one hundred sheep that entered one of his towns, should pay a certain tax, when the women arranged matters, so that a flock should never consist of more than ninety-nine sheep at the utmost. But Thibault was desirous of rendering this stratagem of no avail, and decreed that in future the shepherd that conducted the flock should be reckoned as one sheep.

While speaking of etymologies, I have found a very interesting one, concerning which I have written some poetry, in a singular enough way.

A few years ago, being awakened during the night by a violent toothache, and not wishing to rouse any one, I remained up all night, as I found that by walking about in my room I suffered less pain than in bed; to pass the time, I thought of composing verses; I resolved to put in a garland of painted flowers (accompanied with verses that were written for me) the wild spinage, called nobody knew why, the *bon Henri*; I thought it extremely probable, that this plant, the properties of which are salutary, had been thus named in honour of Henry the Fourth. I am the first person who conceived the idea, and I have placed my conjecture in my *Historical Botany*. In one of my portfolios I found this plant, which I had drawn with my own hand; I resolved to put it in my garland along with the following verses, the poetical and patriotic fruits of my want of sleep:

Loin des villes, loin des champs,
J'ai fixé mon domicile,
Et là je vivois tranquille;
Et c'est beaucoup, dans ce temps:
Mais au bout de deux cents ans,
Malgré ma chétive mine,
Vous avez découvert mon illustre origine;
Vous m'avez deviné par mon touchant surnom,
Car le titre de grand et le titre de bon
Pour les rois sont choses semblables;

La bonté, la grandeur, aux yeux de la raison,
Pour nous sont à jamais des mots inséparables,
Et toujours, comme on sait, ce fut là mon avis.

Dans la guirlande de Genlis,

Je dois trouver sans doute une place honorable;

Vous m'offrez la plus remarquable :

Je l'accepte et je la choisis,

Entre les lauriers et les lis.

I have discovered the most impudent plagiarism that was ever committed ; but in fact, I have long been accustomed to see my works constantly pilaged ; were I to claim all that has been stolen from me in this way, my life would be too short for the task. I believe I have never mentioned these literary thefts, except in the case of Madame Cottin's *Malvina*, which is entirely planned from beginning to end from my *Vœux Teméraires*. She made no reply, for the plagiarism was undeniable ; but the one I am about to mention is still more astonishing ; it is to be found in a journal, entitled, the *Mercure Royal*, No. 8, vol. iv. From my work on religion, the chapter entitled *Religious and Philosophical Fanaticism* has been taken. On the same subject a long article has been written with the same title, and my chapter is copied from beginning to end, without the slightest change, and the whole is signed *Maurice Mejan*. I believe such an instance of impudent boldness

was never before seen; and, notwithstanding my aversion to complaints of this kind, I thought it my duty, for the interests of literature, to take some steps on the subject, that will be mentioned in the sequel.

This year I did not go to the country, in spite of the pressing invitations of M. de Saulty, whose fine country-seat I am delighted with, and whose respectable family I love so sincerely. I should also have been very desirous of going to Bligny, to see Anatole de Montesquiou, and to see my granddaughter Rosamonde; but I could not think of taking journies of pleasure while I saw the feeble state of M. de Valence. Madame Recamier contributed greatly to compensate me for this kind of confinement, for she came often to see me, and the more I conversed with her, the more talent and interest I found in her conversation. Had she not been so handsome and so celebrated for her person, she would be ranked amongst the most accomplished women in society. No one can possess more delicacy of sentiment, or more discrimination of mind; she told me one day, that she had that morning received a letter with which she was with reason deeply affected; as the incident is worthy of notice, I shall give it here:

About eleven years before Madame Recamier

was at one of her windows towards the street, when a woman playing on the viol went past, and ordered a little girl of five years and a half old, to dance under her window ; the little girl obeyed, but with a bashful look, and all in tears, which affected Madame Recamier so much that she asked some questions of the woman, by whom she was told that she was not the mother of the child, who was an orphan from her cradle. Madame Recamier gave the woman some money, and persuaded her to give up the child, who had a charming appearance ; she placed her in the house of a respectable seamstress, where she learned her catechism, to read, write, to keep accounts, and needle work. When she was twelve years of age, Madame Recamier placed her in a convent to go through her first communion, and here she remained several years ; at last the young woman desired to remain there ; Madame Recamier still paid her board, and hearing nothing more of her, forgot her. But now she had just received a most interesting letter from the young woman, who was sixteen years and six months old, returning her thanks in the warmest strain for having withdrawn her from the streets, and for having given her a good education and sound principles ; she concluded by saying that she was *supremely happy*,

that her noviciate had just expired, and that she had pronounced her vows that morning.

When we reflect on what this child would have become, except for Madame Recamier, and on what she now is, we cannot too highly admire this excellent action.

The day following the interview, in which I heard this interesting anecdote, I read in the *Constitutionnel* an article that did not please me so much as Madame Recamier's conversation; this was the notice of a new edition of the Abbé Raynal's infamous work on the East and West Indies; this edition is in eleven volumes octavo; illustrated by engravings and an Atlas, and at the price of eighty francs, by subscription. The *Constitutionnel* gave the warmest praise to the work, without restriction, and said that every thing in it is sublime. It would be very easy to answer this article by quoting some of the pages of that execrable work; for instance, that in which the author proposes, not merely in a serious manner, but with much pomp of diction, that places of prostitution should be established beside the churches, as the only means of making men love the Creator, and all this, in imitation of what is practised in Japan by the sect of the Buddhists. A thousand passages of a similar nature might be

extracted, but this will not be done. In the same work there are also the most contradictory, the most incoherent, and seditious reasonings concerning government and politics. But this will always happen when people are satisfied with disputing about politics without reflecting that no good path will be found till religion and public morals are restored. During the last thirty years, there was much zeal among the infidels, and very little among the professors of religion, who will never become useful to the good cause till they become perfectly united. The same journal, while speaking of the thoughts and maxims of the son of M. de Bonald (Henri de Bonald), asserted that these thoughts are destitute of common sense, and are altogether unintelligible. What we are to think of this opinion may be seen by those I am about to quote.

“An audacious philosophy had declared that there was no God. What did God do to confound it? He permitted it to undertake the proof.

“In the present age folly and wisdom trifle in assuming each other's garb; the one is often taken for the other.

“Fools fear *ennui*, and men of sense fear those who are *ennuyeux* (tiresome.)

“In his own time Cato complained against

philosophy and philosophers, and against the introduction of the *very liberal ideas* of Epicurus; and the result showed that Cato had reason to complain. To the Epicurean philosophy, which is ours, Montesquieu attributes the decline of the Roman empire.

“Every thing was brilliant and noble in the time of Louis XIV. even intrigue; every thing was sad and deceitful in our times, even glory.

“The pulpit is better than the tribune in forming eloquent men, because the former generously opposes the passions, while the latter basely incites them on.”

These fine thoughts seem to me quite intelligible.

I was desired to arrange a matter of business with M. d'Aligre,* peer of France; and as it concerned a good action, I was sure of being well received. He came to see me upon the subject, and listened with much interest to what I had

* The Marquis d'Aligre, appointed peer of France in August 1815, and member of the Council of Prisons. He was imprisoned in 1793, escaped from the revolutionary fury of the time, and afterwards became member of the Conseil-General of the department of the Seine. In 1815 he was president of the electoral college of Eure et Loir. On Marshal Ney's trial, he voted for banishment.—(*Editor.*)

been desired to tell him; he afterwards mentioned to me the particulars of the charitable establishments he intended to found; among the rest, an hospital for those who have lost their limbs. I requested him to add to it a ward for poor, ricketty, and hump-backed children, for I was always reflecting on this subject. I feel a peculiar interest in hump-backed people, having found the means of curing them in a very simple manner, by making them work at a pulley with a bucket suspended to it. I found this out from having observed while in the country, that no servant is ever hump-backed who is accustomed to draw water from the well from her infancy; I have mentioned the particulars of this invention in my *Lessons of a Governess*.

M. d'Aligre informed me that he possessed the estate of Saint-Aubin, which formerly belonged to my father, and at which I spent my childhood till my twelfth year. I knew that this estate had become the property of M. de La Tour, intendant of Aix; but I did not know that at his death it had been inherited by his daughter, who is now Madame d'Aligre. A new country-seat had been built, and the old one taken down, with the exception of one single tower, which formed part of my apartment, and in which I slept. This fact

had been preserved by *tradition*, and Madame d'Aligre would not allow the tower to be destroyed, which was more gratifying to me, as I only learned the circumstance by accident. It was from the window of this tower that I was wont to escape from the superintendence of Mademoiselle de Mars, for the purpose of giving lessons in French history to the little boys that formed my first school, and who listened to me from the bottom of a wall, on the brink of a pond, while I harangued them from the top of the terrace. I had a great deal of conversation with M. d'Aligre, concerning Saint-Aubin. He assured me that there were still some old men surviving who remembered having seen me; I hoped that among these old men some of my pupils might be found; but I am much afraid that they have forgotten my lessons and the lines of Mademoiselle Barbier's tragedies, which they recited in the Burgundy dialect. For myself, the lapse of sixty-four years had not made me forget any thing that related to Saint-Aubin or Bourbon-Lancy. M. d'Aligre was much astonished at my recollection of all these things; he pressed me earnestly to pay him a visit at Saint-Aubin in the course of the following autumn. Nothing in the world could have been more agreeable to me; but the joys of the earth are ended with me, and I

feel persuaded I shall never enjoy that pleasure. Oh ! how many emotions I should experience, how many thoughts at once sad and pleasing I should form on finding myself once more in these beloved scenes, where passed my happy childhood ! Then the future was all my own ! I was far from foreseeing how stormy it would be ! How much sorrow and regret would be mingled with the affecting recollections of that time of peace, of innocence, of hope, and of happiness ! How often, I would repeat, we ourselves form our own destiny, and if mine has not been happier, it is because I have ruined it by my imprudence and by my faults. These ideas are melancholy, but they rouse courage ; who would dare to complain of the sorrows he has merited ? In other respects, notwithstanding these painful reflections, I should feel infinite delight in seeing Saint-Aubin once more. But this idea vanishes beside that of the journey to the Holy Land ; for I had firmly resolved to make a pilgrimage thither in a few months ; this was the goal of all my wishes. I played almost daily on the harp, and one evening I played with rapturous delight ; I began the composition (words and music) of the piece I wished to play in the house of David, if God permitted me to visit Jerusalem.

More than twelve years had elapsed since I had attempted a single note, yet I found my voice very sweet and correct, but this was in singing extempore, which I did not do formerly; my powerful and sonorous voice was quite natural. I was so delighted with this twofold composition that I could not snatch myself from my harp till half past three in the morning. The words of my canticle are as follow:—

Lieux révéérés, je vous contemple enfin!

Sainte ferveur, enthousiasme divin,

Je m'abandonne à vous: pure et céleste flamme,

Eclairez mon esprit, purifiez mon âme! . . .

Où suis je ? ô ciel ; quel bruit harmonieux . . .

Et quels accords mélodieux!

Prodige ravissant! ô touchante merveille!

La harpe du prophète a frappé mon oreille!

Le Jourdain s'est ému, le vallon retentit! . . .

Du désert la palme immortelle

Sur sa tige se renouvelle,

S'étend, s'élève et refleurit ;

Taisons-nous, écoutons . . . Mais qu'entends-je ? il gémit !

C'est le Seigneur qu'il implore ;

Sa voix puissante et sonore

Proclame son repentir.

Du Seigneur lent à punir,

Il invoque la clémence ;

Il célèbre la puissance ;

Il immortalise en ses chants

Se vœux et ses regrets touchants,

Ses profondes douleurs, sa pieuse espérance,

Et sa sublime pénitence.

Du monde et de la cour, frivole et souvenir,

Efface-toi de ma mémoire:

Louange des humains, vain fantôme de gloire,

Tu dois ici t'évanouir ! . . .

En abordant cet auguste rivage,

On ne voit que le but d'un périlleux voyage ;

On ne craint plus l'écueil que l'on a su franchir ;

Près du sépulcre saint il n'est plus de nuage,

Et les vrais pèlerins y peuvent découvrir

Le trésor de la foi, l'éternel avenir !

Sur la tombe du Christ assise et triomphante

L'immortelle religion

Dit à chaque chrétien d'une voix éclatante:

Le temps qui doit finir n'est jamais qu'une attente:

La seule résurrection

Est donc la véritable vie.

Prosterne-toi, mortel ! adore, espère et prie.

Lieux révéérés, je vous contemple enfin !

Sainte ferveur, enthousiasme divin,

Je m'abandonne à vous ! pure et céleste flamme,

Eclairez mon esprit, purifiez mon âme ! . . .

This composition gave me the idea of looking in my pocket Bible for all the passages relative to the harp and music ; and I found,

That in general the prophets had a performer on the harp with them, and that they prepared themselves for divine inspiration by his music ;

That Moses invented several instruments to praise the Lord ;

That Mary, the sister of Moses, sang a canticle in honour of the Lord ;

That God wished to have musical choirs in his temple ; that he gave them intelligence and wisdom, as also to the artists and workmen who were employed in adorning his temple, and that the leaders of the musical choirs were called *princes of the musicians*. Thus, music and all the arts are of divine institution. I also noted the following passages :

“ Praise the Lord with the harp, sing to his glory with an instrument of ten strings ; sing a new canticle to his glory, celebrate it by a concert and with a loud noise.”—Psalm xxxii.

“ O God ! my heart is prepared, I will sing and will make the instruments sound in thy praise. Arise my glory, arise my lute, and my harp. I will praise thee, Lord, amidst the people, and will sing thy glory amidst the nations.”—Psalm cvii.

“ Praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet, praise him with the harp, praise him with the lute and psaltery, praise him with the soft pleasing cymbals, praise him with the high sounding cymbals ; let every living thing praise the Lord.”—Psalm cl.

“ Old men are no longer to be found in the assemblies of the judges, nor young men in the

concerts of music; the joy of our heart is extinguished; our concerts are changed to lamentations."—Jeremiah v.

I became acquainted with the author of an excellent little book, which is not all known to the public, a few copies only having been printed for the friends of the writer; this is a book of *maxims*. The author, who is still a young man, is called M. de Lingré; he is of pleasing manners, and there certainly prevails in his maxims great power of mind and talent of observation. This little collection is in 18mo. consisting only of one hundred and fifty pages, but no author has developed so many ideas, so many keen, correct, witty, and profound observations in so small a compass; the extracts I am about to give, will show that this high praise is not exaggerated.

"A book is a letter written to all the unknown friends one has in the world.

"Two sorts of men can never attain a knowledge of their fellow-creatures; those who never descend into their own hearts, and those who never go farther.

"In early youth, we live too much for others; in old age, too much for ourselves; but mature life combines the extremes.

"Men are fond of being told the general truths

that regard them; but a man does not like his own particular truths to be told him.

“ When great passions slumber, the petty ones begin to stir.

“ The worst ingratitude is not that of forgetting the services we have received, but of repaying them by flattery.

“ Gratitude is not always felt for services accepted, but is seldom wanting for those that have been refused.

“ Friendship and love are often extinguished by their own efforts, in the manner of republics, because each wishes at last to be master.

“ The danger of being too much praised is like that of being too much loved; we no longer do any thing to deserve it.

“ The heart requires no aid to learn love; but the mind is not sufficient of itself to learn what it ought to admire.

“ No one thinks he has more talent than he who has nothing better.

“ The judgment cannot be sound, if the heart be not upright.

“ However disposed love may be to shut its eyes to the truth, it oftener endeavours to deceive others, than it is itself deceived.

“ We are less often led to the exclusive love of

ourselves by selfishness springing from our own hearts, than by that which we suppose to exist in others.

“ He who, after having been a man of honour, ceases to be so, is more dangerous than if he had never been one.

“ There is a critical period in the passion of love, when novelty ceases, and habit has not yet been formed.

“ None have so little frankness in admitting whatever wounds their pride, than those who are always boasting of it, when they find an opportunity of wounding the pride of others.

“ We often obtain more insight into the opinion held of us by an individual from the demeanour of his friends towards us, than from his own conduct.

“ Confidence should not be claimed by words and promises.

“ Nothing equals the tendency love has to become tyrannical, except its facility in becoming the slave of caprice.

“ Prudence is only a simple quality when it is useful to ourselves, but becomes a virtue when we make use of it for the good of others.

“ It is erroneous to say that constancy cannot be acquired; there is one sort that springs from constitution or habit, and another which we can

derive from the light of reason and from that knowledge of persons and things which causes us to attach ourselves to that which is best, and to adhere to our attachment.

“ We may be grieved at envy ; but as it always exists in proportion to the advantages we possess, it is somewhat unjust for us to complain of it.

“ There is a noble species of pride, which, concealed in our inmost soul, and humiliated by the consciousness of our weaknesses, never shows itself in the presence of another, but always at the appearance of a base action.

“ It is sometimes easier to judge of a man by those whom he shuns, than by those who crowd round him.

“ He who prefers a rupture to an explanation is fond of hating.

“ Nothing ought to assist us more in making up our differences with others than the facilities with which we are reconciled to ourselves.

“ We do not usually agree to approve of the good opinion a man has of himself, unless he shares with us the opinion we have of ourselves.

“ We have so often occasion to repent of what we have thought and judged, that it ought to be a motive for us in many circumstances, not to say all that we think.

“ Misfortunes are of service to well constituted minds, as storms purify the atmosphere.

“ Prosperity rarely destroys the virtues of any but those who would have lost them in adversity.

“ There is a kind of sentiment that assumes the name of friendship ; it is shown when two vanities have reached an equilibrium, and vanishes as soon as the balance inclines to either side.

“ It is seldom that we feel as grateful towards those whose advice we have followed, as towards those who have followed ours.

“ There is a moderation that springs from the want of the mental strength to become ambitious, and an ambition that springs from the incapability of being moderate.

“ More injustice is committed in adding to one's power and influence than in first acquiring it.

“ We can but once enjoy the pleasure of vengeance, while we can always enjoy the idea that we have not satiated our revenge.

“ Those whose humanity springs only from some vivid impression upon the imagination, resemble those metals which heat can soften for a moment, but which soon again resume all their original hardness.

“ To be avenged on the wicked, we ought to reckon less upon their remorse than upon their passions.

“ Modesty never leads one to lower oneself so much as vanity.

“ The effects of envy have not been less exaggerated than those of ingratitude ; true merit does not rouse up much envy, nor real generosity much ingratitude.*

“ It is rare for some quality not to be deficient in those who are always complaining of their unhappy constitution.

“ Before we repent, we wait till our faults have brought their own punishment.

“ We can sometimes form an opinion of a man at a glance, by the degree of importance he assumes, just as a soap bubble by its extent gives the measure of the vacuum it incloses.

“ People rarely trouble themselves with those whom they despise, but they always wish to seem to despise those whom they hate.

“ The greatest effort of judgment is to deny it to him who praises us.

“ The moral utility of an opinion is the strongest presumption of its truth.

* This maxim is, perhaps, the only one, the truth of which can be disputed ; but it proves the author's youth, and does so much honour to his heart, that melancholy experience can only note it with regret.---(*Note by the Author.*)

“ Our age has become so enlightened that we have ceased to believe in sibyls and oracles, and none but fortune-tellers rise to eminence.

“ We easily enough confess our self-love, but we never confess that it is misplaced.

“ Flexibility springs more from strength than from weakness, since the former makes us bend when we desire, but weakness, when others desire it.

“ The hottest quarrels are to love what bellows are to the fire, which they only increase at the expense of its duration.

“ Ye men who calumniate the female sex! doubtless no mother ever took care of your childhood.

“ The most dangerous kind of philosophy is that which depraves man by holding up to him all his duties as prejudices; the most unhappy, that which leads to doubt and disbelief; the best, that which encourages and consoles him.

“ Learn by misfortune to enjoy the smallest good! by our faults to commit no more; from our enemies, to reform our conduct, and from the wicked, to be more convinced of the value of the good.

“ A misanthrope is an honest man who has not been a good seeker.

“ The human heart, seen from afar, inspires confidence ; seen nearer, it inspires disgust, still nearer, indulgence.

“ It is with forbearance as it is with talent, we never can have too much of it, but sometimes we may show too much.”

Whilst I remained in the Rue Pigale, I received several visits, that gave me great pleasure, from M. de Châteaubriand ; he spoke to me chiefly concerning the projected *Encyclopédie*, the idea of which he thought *admirable*—such was his expression. In a long conversation with M. de Châteaubriand we meet with the same originality which we admire in his works ; but one thing particularly distinguishes him from all celebrated orators ; in his disposition and whole manner there is a calmness, modesty and plainness, that form a singular contrast with the boldness, warmth and energy of his style.

I had met Madame Recamier several times in company, but I did not become intimate with her till I resided in the Rue Pigale. It is an unfortunate circumstance for this very interesting lady, that her charming figure should have given her such a high celebrity for a frivolous matter ; the world never grants but one species of renown, and only lavishes its praise for one single dazzling quality ;

if Madame Recamier had not been so handsome, every one would have praised the accuracy and discrimination of her mind ; no one listens to another with more attention, for she feels and comprehends every thing. The delicacy of her sentiments gives an inexpressible charm to that of her mind ; her opinions, on every subject indirectly connected with morals, are never calculated beforehand, and are extremely accurate ; as they are founded on firm religious principles, they are the free, happy emanations of a pure and feeling heart.

Anatole de Montesquiou sent me the second volume of his poems, which had been just published ; there is much grace and facility in this collection, and often very fine lines. The two pieces which I like best, are *le Ruisseau* and *le Retour aux Champs* ; the yare truly charming ; he had recited the others to me, but these I had never seen.

M. de Custine, as I have already mentioned, showed a great talent for poetry ; he lately read me a very agreeable fable called *le Colibri*. At all times our old French nobility have always distinguished themselves in literature, and even in the sciences. I have mentioned a great many court poets and authors in my works, particularly in the *Parvenus*, and I believe I forgot to mention that

Montaigne and Montesquieu were men of quality; it is therefore very absurd for the revolutionists to be constantly asserting for the last thirty years, that the nobility were all ridiculously ignorant; in all classes there will always be some that are ignorant, but in general there were more intelligence and talent among the nobility than in any other class. Family recollections gave this class more elevation of mind, and the habits of high life more taste, discernment and delicacy.

After reflecting on the subject for some time, I wrote a very civil letter to M. de Fonvielle concerning a chapter in my work on religion, in which I compare religious with philosophical fanaticism, and which was given in the *Mercure Royal*, with the signature of M. Maurice Méjean.* I received a very polite answer; I was informed that a note which explained the whole matter had been lost in the printing-office, and that in consequence of this accident, another entire chapter of my

* Maurice Méjean, (who died in the country in 1823,) was a Parisian advocate, and published a considerable number of compilations, the best known of which is the *Recueil des causes Célèbres*. All his works relate to politics and legislation. Immediately after the restoration, he displayed royalist sentiments, from which he never varied. He was a brother of Count Etienne Méjean, secretary to Prince Eugene, viceroy of Italy, and afterwards governor to his children.—(Editor.)

work would be inserted in the following number ; but that my claims would be admitted immediately afterwards. M. Méjean wrote to me also, to the same effect, and sent me a work of his, entitled the *Trial of Louvel*, which is well worthy of being inserted in his *Causes Célèbres*. This royalist and religious book is a valuable work, and the reflections are sound and well expressed.

I had an interview with M. de Châteaubriand, with which I was highly gratified. We again conversed about the *Encyclopédie*, the important use of which he admitted in the fullest extent, and he gave me some very excellent ideas on the subject.

As I had been told, I actually read a second chapter of my work on religion, inserted in the *Mercur*, still signed *Maurice Méjean* ; but I waited patiently for the promised explanation.

Madame Recamier, who came to see me, informed me of a circumstance that deeply affected me and with which she was greatly afflicted herself ; she had just called at the house of the Marechale Moreau, to learn if any letters had arrived from her since her departure for the waters of Bonnes ; and at the very instant of her entrance, the seals were placing upon the property—that amiable and interesting lady was no more. We thought her altered and ill, but were far from foreseeing that

her end would be so near at hand ; I had seen her a few days before her departure, and have mentioned the particulars of the interview. In her, I lost an excellent friend, and I regret her from my inmost soul : she was no more than thirty-eight years of age ! She was equally distinguished for her knowledge, her accomplishments, her intelligence, the uprightness of her conduct, the purity of her life and principles, and her kind, endearing qualities ; pious, charitable without ostentation, never have better actions been performed with more simplicity. I felt a lively interest in the fate of a young lady to whom I gave lessons during three months, in the hope that I might afterwards be able to obtain a good situation for her ; I have already mentioned, all that Madame Recamier and Madame Moreau did for her at my recommendation.

This year, I had but too often reason to see the beauty of the lines taken from the English, and put by M. de Saint-Lambert into his *Saisons*.

Malheur à qui les dieux accordent de longs jours ;
Consumé de douleur sur la fin de leur cours,
Il voit dans le tombeau ses amis disparaître,
Et les êtres qu'il aime arrachés à son être ;

Il voit autour de lui tout périr, tout changer,
A la race nouvelle il se trouve étranger :
Et lorsqu'à ses regards la lumière est ravie,
Il n'a plus, en mourant, à perdre que la vie.

I received, unexpectedly, a note announcing the death of the Duchess of Courland. This princess was, at the utmost, not more than sixty years of age ; she displayed great kindness towards me, but as I cannot cultivate acquaintance, and have great reluctance to pay visits, I altogether neglected her extreme good-will ; but I remembered it with emotion, when I learned her decease. I painfully reflected, that in the short space of three or four months, since the departure of Madame de Choiseul, I had the loss of three persons to deplore, all of them much younger than myself, and with whom I had been on a footing of great intimacy—yet I saw them all disappear for ever ; then again come the celebrated personages who have just died, the Queen of England, and Napoleon. When I thought upon all these deaths, I was altogether astonished that I should still survive. In the advanced age to which I have attained, it is at least necessary to derive from these striking separations the advantage of no longer living merely for life but of existing only for the purpose of dying reli-

giously. Ah! if I were not still useful, how completely I should be detached from that frail bond, commonly called existence!

I was much less affected by the death of the Abbé Morellet:* he was ninety-six, or ninety-seven years of age; he was one of the last *pillobes* (*poteaux*) of the philosophy of the eighteenth century; he has left voluminous memoirs that obtained a very great and singular success, though they are detestable in a moral point of view; I shall recur to them in the sequel.

My friend, Madame Juliani, a most worthy and agreeable lady, lent me the posthumous work of Madame de Staël, entitled *Ten years of Exile*, but I was very little pleased with the perusal. It is both frivolous and pedantic at the same time;

* It is well known, that all the philosophy of the Abbé Morellet was dashed away by the decree which caused the suppression of tythes, and made him lose his priory of Thimon. At a later period, the friend of Garrick, the player, and Franklin, the republican, was known to support the pretensions of Cardinal Maury, who in the republic of letters, and amidst equality of the Academy, wished to be styled *Monseigneur*. Before he abjured philosophy for pure selfishness, the Abbé Morellet was, during sixty years, the coadjutor of the economists, the coadjutor of the writers of the *Encyclopédie*, and the ardent defender of their doctrines. The number of his writings is very great; but the best is only a translation of Beccaria's treatise on Crimes and Punishments.—(*Editor.*)

it has been said of the author, that when she wrote she changed her sex, but in this case, it seems to me that there was no change, that she merely caricatured the character. In her political writings she displays an excess of petty vanity, which a man of talent would never have shown. I cannot possibly conceive the great importance she attaches to the visits she received, the praises that were given her, or the parties she collected at her house; and an exile that merely restrained her from residing in Paris, she calls *an unparalleled and barbarous persecution*; she displays the utmost violence of despair, because she was prevented from receiving freely foreigners and unknown individuals; she considers herself the most unfortunate of women, because she is forced to settle in her own country, to reside there at a fine country seat along with her children, with a husband of her own choice, (M. Rocca) and two or three intimate friends, in short, in the enjoyment of a large fortune, which gave her the means of doing so much good upon her estate! It is not easy for those who have been proscribed, fugitives, plundered of every thing, and who have passed in this situation ten or twelve years in foreign countries, to feel much pity in perusing Madame de Staël's *Ten years' Exile*. She complains in one

of her works of *being condemned to celebrity*, and in the present one she is in despair, because she cannot enjoy her *celebrity*. She constantly speaks of her *talent*, of her successes; she quotes a number of repartees, often very witty ones, which she made on various occasions; she shows in this work, in short, a degree of vanity which a very little reflection would doubtless have induced her to conceal. The work is not well written, for it is full of phrases, in very vulgar taste, for humour was not her talent.*

As Madame de Staël attached so much importance to flattery and celebrity, she was right in sincerely regretting the visits she received from foreigners, the power of giving them fine dinners, and of assembling in her house literary characters, and the journalists of her own party. If she had lived more secluded, she would have written better works; but she would have been praised infinitely less.

My publisher came one morning to inform me that my five religious tales would form too small

* Here follow many instances of Madame de Staël's alleged inaccuracies, in thought and style; but as the greater part of the criticism is verbal, the point would be lost in the translation.

—(Translator.)

a volume, and anxiously requested me to make him a gift of an additional tale; to this I agreed. I went alone to take a long walk on the exterior boulevards, and there I composed in my own mind the tale called *l'Ambitieux*; I hoped that it would be moral and pleasing. The same evening I dictated all the commencement.

I gave my pilgrim's song to M. Gerono, who wished to set it to music. The more I see of this young man, the more I become attached to him; to qualities rarely combined, he adds a mildness of temper, a simplicity, a feeling, a purity of morals, and of conduct, that are of still rarer occurrence. He was scarcely seventeen when I became acquainted with him, and I saw him regularly for the space of five years; M. Lesueur told me that he was one of his best pupils in composition; he has, besides, studied the French language with great zeal, and is an excellent grammarian. Of Italian origin, he knows Italian perfectly, is exceedingly intelligent, cultivates literature, writes poetry with ease, and he has read to me some very agreeable works that he has written; but he will never acquire the art of bringing himself forward: his timidity and excessive modesty, qualities so endearing of themselves, will long injure his pro-

gress ; he must be well known to be properly appreciated, and that is a great obstacle to the rapid attainment of eminence.

The following is my opinion of the memoirs of the Abbé Morellet, in two volumes octavo. My opinion on this subject will not be open to suspicion, for the author never wrote a single line against me ; and so far was he from being my enemy, that he always pretended that he had a great *inclination* for me ; he even said that I was a *dangerous antagonist of philosophy*, and thought, (as M. Suard has mentioned in his writings,) that I had *great talents as a critic*, but was, however, very inquisitive. These favorable opinions will not prevent me from saying, with my usual frankness, that these memoirs are a wretched and silly work. The author informs us, that he was born in 1717 ; that his father was a stationer at Lyons, in a very small way of business ; the author was the eldest of fourteen children ; he admits that his father was unable to give him any education, but he entered the college of the Jesuits, where he pursued the same studies as the other scholars, gratuitously, it would appear ; he does not say so, but it is extremely probable. In return for this kindness, he pretends that he was beat regularly every Saturday, *for the example and instruction of the rest.*

This is certainly a charming piece of calumny. Let us remark, in the meanwhile, that the philosophers did not boast much of their gratitude: Rousseau, as is well known, was very ungrateful towards his benefactors; he admits it himself, in his abominable *Confessions*. Voltaire was educated by the Jesuits, and says in his works, that a man must be a *monster* not to love those who gave him his education, and yet he persecuted the Jesuits during his whole life. He tried in vain to get them driven out of the states of the king of Prussia.* D'Alembert, a bastard foundling, was found on the steps of the church of Saint-Roch; clergymen took him in, and brought him up; to their charity he was indebted for life and education, yet he never ceased declaiming against priests and religion, and calumniating them both. Robespierre, a famous philosopher, was indebted for his education to a charitable bishop. The female philosopher, Mademoiselle d'Espinasse, showed the blackest ingratitude to her benefactress, Madame du Déffant. The Abbé Morellet is not a whit more grateful to his protectors and first teachers; he admits in his memoirs, that he, and all the rest of the philosophers openly attacked the government, and that it formed one of their greatest

* See his *Letters to the King of Prussia*.—(Author.)

pleasures at every party. He is very seriously angry at M. de Pompignan, because in his discourse upon being received as a member of the French academy, he had the audacity to speak against modern philosophy ; he says, that after this assault, Voltaire fulminated numberless pamphlets against him, and that he, the Abbé Morellet, wrote his *Si* and *Pourquoi* against the same individual ; he adds, that he kept up a *running fire* in his little libels, the recollection of which pleases him so highly. We are told at every line, that M. de Pompignan is a fool, a cheat, and a hypocrite. Thus they treated a most virtuous character, a man of the most excellent disposition, the author of very beautiful poems, of several works full of learning and amusement, and the writer of the tragedy of Dido, that has so properly remained upon the stage. The Abbé is rather embarrassed while speaking of his infamous libel against Palissot, in which the Princess de Robeck was so slandered ; she read this production, being in ill health at the time, and this insult by its notoriety embittered her life, and hastened her death ; these are facts which he cannot deny. M. Morellet says, that he is not without remorse for *this sin*. This jocular tone is no great proof of it, and the malignity was the more atrocious, that he

had no cause of complaint to allege against Palissot or Madame de Robeck ; he did not even know the latter. He says farther, that the persons to whom he confided the secret of this libel were D'Alembert and M. Turgot, and that they thought it *a very good thing*. Such is modern philosophy! . . . After the death of Madame de Robeck, M. Morellet was shut up in the Bastille for this piece of gaiety ; he admits that he was very well treated there. He was liberated in a few months, and the philosophical dinners recommenced ; he confesses, that in this society Diderot and *the good Baron d'Holbach dogmatically maintained the doctrine of absolute atheism, with edifying eloquence and sincerity*. He adds: *In this philosophical society, however, there was a considerable number of theists amongst us; we defended ourselves with zeal, still preserving our affection for such sincere atheists*. Very amiable indeed !

When the history of the East and West Indies appeared, M. Morellet was in London, and M. Turgot wrote to him respecting it. The following is an extract from this letter, the admissions in which are valuable, because they come from a philosopher :—

“ I have been rather disgusted at the incoherence of his ideas, and at seeing the most op-

posite paradoxes brought forward and supported with the same warmth, eloquence, and fanaticism. He is sometimes as strictly moral as Richardson, then as immoral as Helvetius, sometimes an ardent enthusiast for the soft and tender virtues, now patronising debauchery; then ferocious courage, treating slavery as abominable, and wishing to retain the slaves; reasoning absurdly on natural philosophy, reasoning absurdly on metaphysics, and often on politics. Nothing can be drawn from his book, except that the author is a man of great talent and learning, but has no fixed ideas on any subject, and allows himself to be carried away with the enthusiasm of a young student of rhetoric. He seems to have determined to maintain one after another every paradox that has offered itself to him either in his books or his dreams. He is more learned, more feeling, and has a more flowing eloquence than Helvetius, but he is, in fact, just as incoherent in his ideas, and as ignorant of the true system of man.’

The first volume contains some very irreligious attempts at ridicule. At the beginning of the second volume, he draws an abominable portrait of the philosopher Champfort; he says that he had a dark disposition, full of ingratitude and meanness. It was with great justice that I stated

in my *Dictionnaire des Etiquettes* that an excellent work remains to be written, *the philosophers described by themselves*. In truth, their enemies could not describe them better; the senator Garat* is much abused in this volume, and facts are alleged against him, so at least M. Morellet pretends. But the latter, by the principles he has himself promulgated, is so little worthy of faith that we have reason to doubt his charges and his veracity, particularly when we have certain knowledge of various acts and writings of M. Garat that are an honour both to his disposition and to his conduct through life.

M. Morellet then relates some rather amusing Jacobin anecdotes of the reign of terror; as a deist, he feels no indignation at the profane acts of that period, of the impieties committed, and the

* M. Garat became known among literary men by the prizes he gained from the academy. The *eloges* of *L'Hopital*, of the Abbé *Suger*, of *Montausier*, and particularly that of *Fontinelle*, gave him a distinguished rank among French prose writers. But the highest and most honourable of passions led him astray in his *Memoirs* of M. Suard; it was a childish attempt to wish to make Suard's *Petit menage* the centre and pivot of European civilization. La Harpe hated M. Garat, and was very unjust to him as a writer; but his partisans have ranked his merit too high, for he is more sparkling than brilliant, and more of a rhetorician than a sound thinker.—(*Editor.*)

persecutions exercised against the conscientious part of the priests; but he is dreadfully angry that their livings should have been taken from them; this was, according to him, a crying, an intolerable piece of injustice They took his priory away from him.

I became acquainted with the Baron Trouvé,* formerly a prefect, now become a publisher; I had no acquaintance with him till now, but I knew that he was very clever and had excellent principles. He wrote a very useful work full of curious researches on the province over which he was prefect; he will doubtless become a most excellent publisher, for he possesses intelligence, knowledge, and learning, that are not usually to be found in this class, where, however, we find at

* Born in 1768 at Chalonnnes in Anjou, in 1791 became one of the principal editors of the *Moniteur*, where his name is often to be found from the numerous prose and poetical articles he contributed. After the reign of terror, he got performed at the Theatre Feydeau a tragedy, entitled *Pausanias*, all the allusions of which, to the reign and downfall of Robespierre, were warmly applauded. In 1796 he was appointed secretary of embassy, and a few months after, chargé d'affaires of France at Naples. In 1798, the directory gave him the embassy at Milan, and afterwards that at Stuttgard. He was afterwards member of the tribunal, and a prefect. He has been out of office since 1816, but has an active share in the management of the *Conservateur* and the *Aristarque*.—(Editor.)

the present day men of real merit. Yet it would be very desirable for the interests of religion, literature, and public morals, that those admitted into this body should be men of good education and of spotless reputation, for then we should not see so many novelties and impudent reprints of old works that are either immoral or contemptible in a literary point of view. The book-selling trade has great need of new regulations, or rather, I would say, of a thorough reformation and change. When we reflect on the importance of such a reform, we have every reason to hope for its realization.

A great deal was said at this time of the ancient marble Venus, that M. de Rivière had just brought from Greece, and which is put in the magnificent museum of the Louvre. Horace Vernet pressed me to go and see it, telling me that it was admirable, and finer than the Venus de Medicis. Every one agreed in saying the same thing. Lord Bristol came one morning to take me to see this wonder, which he had himself seen and regarded with admiration. I saw the statue, but to my great astonishment *I thought it very ugly*: the eyes are ugly, the nose, which is not at all Grecian, is ugly, the mouth disagreeable, the breast horrid; the head and neck are thrust forward, and display

pretty distinctly the action of a person who curiously examines something for the purpose of discovering its nature ; there are no arms, but the head and the rest of the body are in a pretty good state of preservation ; it has, in short, so little beauty, that I cannot believe it to be an ideal figure, but imagine it to be a real ancient portrait. Such is my opinion on a statue that made so much noise ;—perhaps I am mistaken, but I can only see and judge by my own observation. There is nothing so fine in all the palaces of Europe as the gallery of the Louvre ; notwithstanding what the allies carried off, it is full of very fine paintings, the perfect order and arrangement of which do great honour to the taste of M. Forbin.*

* The revolution which has upset so many fortunes, and changed the situations of so many, made a draughtsman and a painter of the young Comte Auguste de Forbin. Left alone amidst the ruins of Lyons, where his uncle and father perished, he was taken in by an able draughtsman of that city, M. de Boissieu, who gave him the first lessons in the art he has since so successfully cultivated. When forced to join a regiment, he found at Toulon in the painter Granet, a friend for the remainder of his life. After serving in several cavalry corps, he for a short time saw himself free to follow his taste for the art of painting, and hastened to Italy ; but at the period of Napoleon's coronation, he was appointed chamberlain to one of the emperor's sisters, entered the service again, and fought several campaigns in Austria, Spain, and Portugal. After the peace of Schœnbrun, he returned

M. Delille, private secretary of the late Dowager Duchess of Orleans, had written a little work, entitled *The Religious and Benevolent Life of her Serene Highness the Duchess of Orleans*, and came to see me to ask my opinion about its publication. He gave me the manuscript, and I pointed out as a motto, the words of scripture, "She opened her hand to the indigent, and stretched out her arm to the poor."—(Ecclesiastes vi).

I related to M. Delille, a number of interesting anecdotes, displaying the goodness of that princess which I myself witnessed. He hastened to insert them in his work. I am very happy in being enabled to do homage to the memory of a princess whom I have so much loved, and whose goodness, pure conduct, and benevolent actions I have so justly admired.

to Rome, and it was amidst his studies in that city, that he learned the events of 1814. He returned to France, was elected member of the Institute, and soon after appointed director of the royal museums. He published an account of his journey in Syria, Greece, and Egypt in 1817; a novel, *Charles Barrimone*, a sort of poetical tale, *la Procitane*, and the *Souvenirs*, which he brought back from *Sicily*, where he travelled after his return from Egypt. The *Vision of Ossian*, the *Procession of the Black Penitents*, an *Eruption of Vesuvius*, the *Arab dying of the plague*, a *Scene in the Inquisition*, *Gonsalvo di Cordova*, and the *Ruins of Palmyra*, are the most celebrated paintings that the Count de Forbin has hitherto offered to the eyes of the public.---(Note by the Editor.)

I have in former times pretty well observed and described the society and the court that existed in the time of my youth and my mature years. We then possessed in society charming conversational parties, in general a perfection of *ton*, gracefulness, and ridiculous pretensions, for the *ridiculous* shows itself more remarkably, where there is a fixed *ton* that is held good, and a bad *ton* admitted to be such. But when these two circumstances do not exist, the ridiculous disappears also; it can be perceived only by the efforts of memory. As I have preserved my memory entire, I am as much struck with all I see and all I hear, as if I were a young lady with some taste and talent for observation just entering into society: nothing reminds me of what I saw in my happy days, but every thing makes me regret them. Conversation has disappeared; Labruyère said, *Teller of anecdotes, bad temper*. Were he alive, he would find a pretty considerable number of bad tempers! If twelve or fifteen persons meet together, those who are reputed witty and pleasing (that is, when politics are not discussed) tell one after another, satirical and humorous stories: the rest applaud with such noisy bursts of laughter, that I always shudder at the end of the tale, as I am certain beforehand that the roof of the drawing-room will re-echo with the

noise which I so much detest. The best tale-tellers are those who add to their stories pantomimic action and violent gesticulation. As for conversation, it is absolutely gone—nobody knows what it is. There is another thing to which I shall never be able to accustom myself, I mean the bold manner in which men enter and retire from a drawing-room, and the disagreeable scenes, one is obliged to endure at their appearance and departure; they burst in upon you to bid you good-day or good-night, or to take their leave. I have sought for the reason of this singular custom, and believe I have found it; after the revolution there were a great many people not accustomed to come forward *so far as* the drawing-room, and when they were admitted, they thought it was peculiarly necessary for them not to have an embarrassed air on entering and taking their places; they then assumed an intrepid courage, and hence sprung that impetuosity and that air of assurance and boldness which has become a habit almost universally adopted by all those even, who can find themselves in good company without being surprised at the circumstance.

I have also sought after the origin of the *little stools*, which the lady of the house puts under her feet, or gives to the ladies of the party she con-

siders of the highest rank. In former times, the princesses of the blood would have thought themselves deficient in politeness, if they had thus in a private party, put their feet on one of these stools. This practice was introduced in the time of the *directory*, became fashionable during the *consulate*, and universal in the time of the *empire*.

After *profoundly* reflecting on the subject, I believe this fashion ought to be attributed to that of *chaufferettes*, which also raised the feet, and have at all times been in daily use among the women of the lower classes. A very great number of ladies of these classes, whose husbands rose to eminence, appeared all at once in high life with splendid sets of diamonds and magnificent Cashmere shawls; but amidst all this pomp, they could not help regretting their *chaufferettes*, and to console themselves for this privation, ingeniously thought of substituting little stools in their stead. I have in a similar way found out the origin of a great many new customs; but as I have given them in my *Dictionnaire des Etiquettes*, I shall not mention them here.

There is one character that I have never described, but which has become very common since the revolution; I mean those who pretend to be

prophets, and say they have predicted all the circumstances of all the most singular events that have occurred since the revolution; at every new incident, they question you at once, and exclaim, I told you so, you ought to remember my prediction? People never remember it, to be sure, but that is no matter; they declare it is so; they maintain it firmly, and out of politeness people are obliged to hold their tongues! I confess that I have very little of this politeness, and when I am absurdly required to give my evidence, I refuse it bluntly; I gain so far that I am never more troubled with the subject; but they find plenty of other persons with more *complaisant* memories.

It is generally admitted that good taste and the graces are not at the present day what they formerly were; but it is often asserted that we find at any rate more unaffectedness in society, as if gracefulness could exist without simplicity. I confess that several years before the revolution, a rapid degeneracy could be distinguished in high life.

Whilst modern philosophy corrupted morals and relaxed the bonds of society, it rendered fashionable *the language of sensibility*, but in a most pompous and bombastic style, which it was necessary to seem to understand, and yet by which

nobody was duped ; every display of sentiment (fruitless as it is) every conversation teemed with the loftiest *sensibility*, while every real action disclosed and displayed the profoundest selfishness. This kind of affectation brought a great many more in its train, and gave to the close of this century a tone of dissimulation which became nearly general. By a sad and singular coincidence, the pretensions of every individual showed themselves in open contradiction to his real predilections. Those who boasted so highly of the charms of solitude and *rural life*, cared for nothing but society and dissipation. The courtiers affected to be tired of Versailles ; the ladies, who had most anxiously desired, and most eagerly solicited places at court, were constantly complaining of the *mortal ennui of going to their weekly duties*. People formed intrigues to get invited to a remarkable ball or a grand fête, while they bitterly complained of being unable to *dispense* with going to it. If people amused themselves at a large party, they never admitted it, for the pretensions made to *simplicity of taste, firmness of disposition* would not allow of such an avowal. If at a *petit souper*, or a private party, consisting of intimate friends, the company got tired, they still affected the greatest gaiety, and during eight days afterwards, talked

of nothing but the pleasures of their insipid supper. So it was with every thing; an ardent admiration was constantly affected for things they did not understand, and for arts of which they were incapable of judging. Men of the world, who had no idea of the rhythm of poetry, talked with wonder of poems they had never read, just as we saw enthusiastic admirers of Voltaire and Rousseau, who were ignorant both of French and grammar, and were incapable of writing a common note with ease. Literary characters, completely ignorant of music, wrote and published the most ridiculous dissertations upon the musical merit of the productions of Gluck and Piccini. Without real feeling of any kind, people pretended to enthusiasm, and without study and without knowledge, decided boldly on every subject, and that without appeal. This affectation had the most melancholy effects; it rendered the understanding as absurd and as unstable as the disposition; people blindly adopted all the opinions they thought the ruling ones of the day, or that could give rise to any kind of reputation, of whatever nature that might be. The reputation of learning and talent was soon found insufficient, and they laid claim to *eloquence, to strength, to originality, to genius*. Formerly, people were satisfied with being respected in so-

ciety, and this required only a correct and elevated conduct; but fifteen years later, *insipid esteem* was left to *mediocrity*, and men would have *glory*, which prepared them for desiring kingdoms. A philosophical, that is, a pedantic jargon was adopted, often unintelligible, and always contemptuous. Amidst the sentimental arguments maintained in company, we obtained a sketch of *the rights of man*; and along with bombast, sprung up, not the noble ideas of rational liberty, but what have been called *liberal ideas*. Meanwhile every thing was an object of ridicule; and scepticism, under the name of *persiflage* (*sneering*) was introduced into high life. This affectation did not become general, nor reach its highest pitch till a very short time before the revolution. It cannot be said that it was the aurora of that event, for it gave no indications of light; it could only be compared to the sombre twilight, which often at the close of a fine day, announces stormy and profound darkness.

During the reign of terror, affectation preserved only its absurdity and bombast, for having altered its disposition, it became savage and blood-thirsty. Ferocity was the only thing now affected. Then was every thing overthrown, language, morals, the meaning of words, the expression of sentiments,

praise, and blame, virtue and vice; fear hitherto so timid, abandoned its natural demeanour, and all at once assumed a menacing aspect; men who were not naturally ferocious, preached murder to escape proscription; and cowardice concealed its terror under a horrid blood-stained mask! . . .

From the reign of terror till the restoration, there was no obvious or marked affectation in high life. In general a boundless ambition seized upon every mind, and the only care thought of was that of finding the means of obtaining *military rank, lucrative employments, money, patents of nobility, and kingdoms*. Political intrigues put an end to the intrigues of love and gallantry; the desire of pleasing gave place to the desire of making one's fortune; French graces fell into disuse and disregard, and no vestige of them remained except an uncertain and despised tradition; friendship was now nothing but a partnership of pecuniary interests; it required no cares, no tender and delicate attentions, but *solid* and reciprocal services; it was a matter of calculation, it was a bargain.

We have seen a singular kind of affectation in some persons, that of loudly and arrogantly boasting of the most legitimate, virtuous and well founded attachment; the sentiment having become

general, should restore peace and union into the bosom of society. This zeal, whether real or affected, is not *according to knowledge*.

M. Bourlier, bishop of Evreux, died at somewhat more than eighty years of age. He was a most worthy bishop. In the Chamber of Peers, M. de Talleyrand spoke his eulogium, afterwards printed by order of the chamber. He sent it to me, and I read it with great pleasure. The discourse closes with a charming passage on old age; it is as follows:—

“ A venerable old age has great influence; its counsels offend not, for rivalry is dead within it; it wounds no kind of vanity, and the marks of real experience which it bears have this great advantage for others, that they are induced to lessen their confidence in their own private judgment.

“ Let us offer up our sincere wishes for the long preservation of the old men who still remain in this chamber; they belong to a period which has left nothing but them behind it. Their presence is a continual warning to us; they tell us to devote time to business, to put discrimination in our conduct, and to appreciate without illusion all the affairs of human life. In their long journey, all the sanctuaries of the human mind have been laid open to them, and there they have learned the

knowledge of useful truths, a knowledge which shows in their proper light the opposition of habit, and the bold efforts of the imagination."

I had for a long time been very sorry for the loss of the account I had written of my journey in Auvergne. Mademoiselle d'Orleans had just bought an estate there; she went to see it, and I should have been very happy to have given her this account, which contains a description of all the remarkable curiosities of the province. When I expressed my regret on her return, she informed me that she had a copy of this little work written with her own hand; she had the goodness to lend it to me, and I read it with great curiosity.

I performed this journey at the beginning of the revolution, and returned by way of Lyons; at Clermont I learned the mode adopted by the revolutionists to obtain partisans among the lower classes. Auvergne was Christian and pious, and religion had not yet been attacked. However, a club had been formed at Clermont, and by a private arrangement all labourers were received without ballot, which was absurd enough, as a labourer may be a drunkard and a debauchee, and consequently a bad member of society. The assignats which were introduced from the very beginning of the revolution, had a very bad influence in all the

provinces ; but when I was at Clermont, as soon as a *labourer* brought assignats to the society called *the friends of the constitution*, he instantly received the value in specie without deduction. I imagine that the friends of the constitution acted in the same way in all the other provinces. These secret means were more powerful than pompous speeches or wordy harangues.

I was surprised at seeing in a journal a notice of a work (by a M. Propiac) called the *Merveilles de la Nature*. A work with the same title was published in three volumes octavo, more than forty years ago ; I have extracted a great many things from it, always giving my authority, but the work was unfinished, and I made very great researches to complete it, adding to it my own reflections and picturesque scenes. This sort of erudition I inserted in my tale, entitled *Alphonse et Dalinde*, or *la Feérie de l'art et de la Nature* ; in my *Historical and Literary Botany*, and also in a pretty long article on the *Spectacle de la Nature*, which was published in the *Mercure* without signature. As I am constantly exposed to plagiarism, I confess that I felt no doubt that M. Propiac, had made up his book from the one from which I made so many extracts, and from the works of mine I have just mentioned.

The following good thing was said by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Berri; I learned it from a lady who has the honour of being intimate with her, and who heard it from her own mouth:—

One day that the Duke of Bordeaux was to be taken out to Bagatelle, and that notice of the road he was to take was given the day before, a keeper of the forests thought of the means of obtaining a reward, and went to Madame de Gontaut, the young prince's governess, to inform her that in going his rounds he had discovered an assassin among the bushes, whom he wished to seize, but that the assassin had fired and wounded his horse, then throwing his gun away had sought safety in flight. When this story was told, endeavours were made to dissuade Madame de Gontaut from taking the young prince upon this road, but in spite of all that was said, she had the firmness and courage to take the road that had been marked out. When the Duchess of Berri was informed of the circumstance, she approved of the conduct of the governess, and added: *The Duke of Bordeaux should never retreat, even at twelve months old.* The alleged conspiracy was wholly the invention of the keeper of the forest, who confessed all to the minister of police.

I forgot to mention that I made an effort pretty

considerable for my time of life. One morning I received a letter from Madame de Choiseul, informing me that she had acquired an accomplishment, having learned to play on the guitar. I have played on this instrument from my infancy, and have a very beautiful Spanish guitar that I take with me wherever I go, but it is decrepid like myself, and has only five strings. I wrote to Madame de Choiseul, that I would leave it to her in my will, as Petrarch left his lute to his friend, and thereupon wrote an epistle in thirty-six verses to my old guitar; the whole was completed next morning, and I immediately sent it off by post to Madame de Choiseul. I kept a copy of the epistle, which is as follows :—

EPITRE

A MA VIEILLE GUITARE.

De ta nacre et de ta beauté,
De ta superbe cathédrale,
Ne tire plus de vanité !
Du temps l'influence fatale,
Et la mode surtout, ont détruit pour jamais
Ton charme et tes brillans attraits.
Jadis tu n'avois point d'égale ;
On t'admiroit, je ne puis le nier,
Quand je portois un énorme panier,
De hauts talons, la cuirasse élégante,
Qui de mes flancs captifs, bornant, pressant le tour,

Leur prescrivait le plus mince contour :
On t'admiroit, quand ma robe éclatante,
Couverte de pompons, de fleurs et de clinquans,
Étaloit ses plis ondoyans.
Et que ma coiffure charmante,
Edifice majestueux,
Qui, réunissant à la grâce
La dignité sévère et l'imposante audace,
En bravant des salons les lustres radieux,
Sembloit s'élever jusqu'aux cieux!....
Ces beaux jours sont passés ! perte des mœurs antiques !
O triste effet des révolutions !
Plus de paniers, de poches, de talons!....
Nous sommes maintenant gothiques.
Que la gloire est trompeuse et le destin léger !
Mais tu ne peux t'en affliger
En songeant au bonheur que mon cœur te destine.
Hélène, un jour, plus d'une fois
Te pressera sur sa poitrine ;
Tu rajeuniras sous ses doigts.
Pour elle sois toujours exempte de rudesse :
Elle aime la douceur, l'accord, la vérité ;
Ne lui montre jamais d'aigreur, de fausseté,
Tu conserveras sa tendresse ;
Que tes accens enfin, ou nobles, ou touchans,
Puissent sympathiser avec son caractère ;
Et si tu veux l'attendrir et lui plaire,
Rappelle-lui nos sentimens.

I sometimes read the *Mercure Royal*, and found in the fourth number a very long article against modern philosophers by the Comte de Verdolle.

As the subject is well treated, I shall give a few extracts :—

The bishop of Langres said to the philosophers of the eighteenth century these memorable words :—

“ The past triumphs of religion are a sufficient guarantee for its future glory. All those who declare themselves its enemies, will either obey it at last, or will be broken and ground to powder. You will have the same lot, wretched apostles of unbelief, who now carry desolation into the inheritance of the Lord. The day will come in which you will appear in the eyes of our descendants, what you now are in the eyes of truth ; in which it will be made manifest that you have been indebted for your multitudes of proselytes neither to the goodness of your cause nor to the genius of your leaders, but that you owe them solely to our passions and our sins ; we have irritated heaven against us, and you have been judged worthy of serving as instruments of its vengeance.”

The following are the reflections of M. de Verdolle :—

“ They are the true philosophers, who follow in simplicity of heart the sublime law of Christianity !—they boast not of their wisdom, they are careless of being reckoned poor in spirit ; they

retreat before pride of every kind ; no splendour of light blends them ; true light dazzles not the eye ! they march peacefully under its guidance, and despise the philosophers of the age

“ Those who admire the present time are strange philosophers !—on the ocean of disorders into which the nations were thrown, in which those who govern them pursue their track in the midst of tempests, as soon as some individual, throwing shame aside, feared though despised ; some dark, noisy, fearful voice, who yet is listened to ; some great criminal who strikes us with horror, but who creates astonishment ; then we no longer observe any real greatness ; dignity, virtue, justice of every kind are trodden under foot ; men laugh, boast, call their age the age of knowledge, and so soon as some Colossus of iniquity shows itself, all the illuminati celebrate its praises, and crowd round it in triumph ! . . . Let men be on their guard, this fermentation, this hollow anxiety that agitates nations, this uncertain march of the different governments, these revolts held up to admiration, these constitutions men dream of, and that charm the age, are so many infallible signs of the fever of society in disorder ; it wishes not to remain as it now is. It is mistaken concerning the means of preserving its existence ; but it seeks

for these means, and will finally attain to the knowledge of God . . ." After speaking of Christian philosophers, M. de Verdolle adds :—

" Since the philosophers are so proud, they doubtless believe, that in them and around them there is something that is exclusively their own. Alas! they are right!—there are pride, hell, and death! But is it possible that they boast of it! it is in vain that they cover their fearful thoughts, their raving declamations with the mask of philanthropy; in vain they call eloquence a fruitless arrangement of words; it is in vain that they imagine glory and truths other than in God, that they believe in another origin of mankind, and death as the end of all things; they vainly occupy time with their fury and their madness; they will not render disorder permanent; their systems and their words rise up like clouds of dust that darken the air, but which will never extinguish the light of heaven; it remains pure and brilliant above the clouds, which it will soon clear away."

These are excellent remarks, yet I had never heard of the name of M. de Verdolle. Not one of those I have asked knows more of him than I do, whilst so many men without talent have acquired a sort of renown! Those whom this age

has not disgusted with celebrity have a very erroneous judgment.

I had lately finished a work very anti-philosophical in its results, the *Memoirs of Madame de Bonchamps*. It seems to me to be a moral and interesting work, and to possess originality. The heroine is of a kind altogether novel; she has no pretensions, nor lofty enthusiasm, and yet performs the most extraordinary and heroic actions; she is pious; as a wife, she is affectionate and obedient; as a mother, she is tender; she falls into situations that render necessary all that she does, and yet she merely fulfils her duty. There is something new in all this, and I think I have developed it in a very moral and striking manner. I am particularly fond of the result, which clearly proves, that though duty of itself has nothing brilliant in the ordinary circumstances of life, yet it requires heroism in some extraordinary situations. It would be a grand conception in a work of fancy to give duty all the splendour of which it can be made susceptible, to represent it as always heroic and sublime, and this is found uniformly in the *Memoirs of Madame de Bonchamps*.

I was soon after engaged in writing a much more considerable work.

Though the journals had not noticed the *Jeux*

Champêtres, the *Six Nouvelles Religieuses*, the new edition of my *Moses*, and the *Manuel des Prières* with fine engravings, yet these works were successful and met with a good sale.

Another abominable production made at this time a great noise in society ; the pretended Memoirs of M. de Lauzun had been published, and they are nothing but an infamous libel, written on purpose to run down the nobility and ancient court. I glanced over this abominable work, for no woman, even at my age, can read it through ; and I can truly assert, that almost every thing in it is false or falsified ; the style is wretched, and M. de Lauzun had a very good one. Every known individual is abused without cause, without talent and without judgment. I am the only person of that period not satirized in it, but I do not feel less contempt and indignation for the work.

My friend, M. de Cabre, had about thirteen or fourteen years before this time, lent me the real Memoirs of M. de Lauzun in manuscript ; I found a silly foppery in them, which the author never displayed in society, but I recognised his turn of mind and habit of humour, his language, and a great many anecdotes well known to me ; he mentions Madame de Lauzun, and does justice to her sublime virtues and to her unalterable affection ;

but in the printed memoirs, he pretends that she never could endure him, which is certainly a most abominable falsehood. There are many other lies equally gross in this libel; for instance, while mentioning my establishing the order of *perseverance*, which was so much admired in private life, he pretends that the queen wished to become a member, and that we refused her by ballot, which is very false and absurd; the queen mentioned the order with great kindness, and that was all. It is true, that one evening at one of our meetings, some one said, that from the manner in which the queen had noticed our order, it would be very easy for us (through the means of the Duchess of Polignac) to get the queen to become grand-mistress of the order; several persons replied, that we must take care not to adopt such a measure, for that we should then lose all our freedom of action, and that independent of this, the frequent journies we should require to take to Versailles, would ruin us, so that nothing more was said on the subject. It would be very desirable to find some efficacious means of restraining the impudence and malignity of those, who for the purpose of gaining money, dare publish defamatory works of their own invention, under the name of *Memoirs*.

The Duke of Orleans had the goodness to bring

the Duke of Chartres to thank me for the dedication of the *Jeux Champêtres* I had made to him. To a very handsome person, the Duke of Chartres joins a very precocious judgment, and a demeanour extremely interesting by its softness and modesty. He was eleven years of age, and I shall always remember that when he was scarcely six, he wrote at my dictation more than half a page without making a single fault in orthography, and in a very fine hand.

At this visit the Duke of Orleans told me that he had obtained by his mother's will a splendid portrait in full length of Madame de Maintenon, and he desired me to come and see it. I merely said that I knew the portrait, and immediately began talking of other subjects. In fact, I knew this picture well, for it had belonged to me for seven or eight years. After publishing the historical romance of *Madame de La Vallière*, a lady with whom I was very little acquainted at the time (Madame Dubrosseron) became so fond of my work, that she made me a present of a beautiful portrait of my heroine, which, according to my uniform practice, I soon gave away to another. The year following, I published *Madame de Maintenon*, and M. Crauford, who had a splendid collection of the original portraits of celebrated

persons, sent me a most beautiful portrait of Madame de Maintenon, which I kept for several years, and which was seen and admired in my drawing-room by every one of my visitors. At the restoration, I lost my pension suddenly, and found no means of disposing of any of my works, for no money could be got, and literary productions were at a stand. I was forced to borrow money at exorbitant interest, and was greatly embarrassed; I then proposed to M. Giroux, in the Rue du Coc-St.-Honoré (who is both a very distinguished artist, and one of the most honourable dealers in Paris) to sell this portrait of Madame de Maintenon, but he told me that though this picture was of very great value, it did not belong to the sort of pictures he was accustomed to purchase; he added, however, that the Dowager-Duchess of Orleans was seeking for portraits of celebrated persons, and that if he proposed the subject, she would purchase it; he desired me to ask six thousand francs for it, assuring me at the same time that it was worth a great deal more. I wrote a note to M. de Folmont, offering the Duchess of Orleans this picture if she really desired things of the kind, at the same time stating what M. Giroux had told me, and making my demand only four thousand francs. Without looking at the

picture, four thousand francs were sent to me instantly, and I gave up the painting; it was in this way that it had fallen into the hands of the Duke of Orleans, who knows nothing of all these particulars.

I have now to record a duel; two gentlemen, M. de Montelegier and M. Dufay* had just been condemned by a court of justice to pay a fine for having written *insulting and calumnious* letters to each other. After this sentence, they thought that their *honour* made it imperative on them to fight, and they found four persons to witness their meeting, one of whom was a peer of France! . . .

* Dufay (Guillaume-Michel-Etienne Barbier) entered the *gardes-du-corps* at an early age, and afterwards served as ensign in the regiment of *dauphin-dragoons*; on the 10th of August, 1792, he was captain of the legion of M. de La Fayette. He was denounced as a royalist, by a member of the revolutionary committee of Guise, but he put himself at the head of a part of his company, drove the members out from the house they met in, and shut the doors. He was condemned by a revolutionary committee, appealed to the national convention, and was declared innocent, by the unanimous verdict of a jury. He afterwards served in the wars of Italy, Russia, Germany, Spain, and France. After the peace, two duels gave Colonel Dufay further celebrity. In the first, M. de Saint Morys was killed, and in the second, General Montelegier had his arm broken by a thrust of his sword. A year after the former of these duels, Colonel Dufay was attacked and dangerously wounded by two assassins.—(*Editor*).

They fought with nothing but their drawers on, having the rest of their persons exposed. M. de Monteleger received a thrust, but it is said not to be dangerous. Yet all this took place in the nineteenth century, the *heir* of all the knowledge and perfection of the eighteenth !

While this affair was going on, a tragedy of M. de Joüy, entitled *Sylla*, was performed at the *Theatre Français*. It was successful. There is a scene in it taken from Shakspeare's *Richard the Third* ; Sylla falls asleep on the stage, and has a violent *night-mare* ; he has the fearful dreams of a tyrant, and Talma's acting in this scene is very powerful and effective. It has not been hitherto noticed that all this is an imitation of the famous English tragic author ; but in the English scene, the situation is a great deal more interesting. Richard the Third is about to fight the battle of Bosworth, that is to decide the fate of the throne ; he has issued his orders during the whole day ; the action is to commence at day-break, and in the evening he feels himself overcome with fatigue, remorse, and anxiety, and falls asleep in his tent ; but Sylla sleeps only because it is the hour of repose, and no event of importance is to occur on the morrow. The moment when Richard awakes is terrible ; he has dreamt that the battle is lost,

and that he is mortally wounded, and he rises, exclaiming, *Bind up my wounds!* This in all languages, is sublime. Instead of this, Sylla on rising resolves to abdicate his power, because he has passed a disagreeable night. In *Richard the Third*, a tragedy full of beauty of every kind, we find a saying of great sublimity, and admirable by its moral conviction; after committing crimes of every dye to mount the throne, Richard loses the decisive battle of Bosworth; he appears on the stage after his defeat, having had his horse killed under him, and in his flight he exclaims, *A horse, a horse, a kingdom for a horse!* . . . To this sad result is reduced the ambitious villain who has committed so many murders to gain a kingdom!

At this time I had the pleasure of seeing a new acquisition to the good cause, that is, morality founded upon religion; at the society *des Bonnes Lettres*, M. Boisbertrand pronounced a discourse of great value, some parts of which I read with infinite pleasure in the *Annales de la Literature et des Arts*; the following are some extracts from it:—

“The origin of religion is connected with an event that is altogether out of the ordinary course of affairs; but the men of our age were not in existence, when the divine author of religion

came to establish it upon the earth ; God has not appeared to them, God has not made himself known unto them, his miracles were not performed in their presence : therefore must religion be denied, for the age has produced men who will not believe any thing but what they see with their own eyes. It is true that we have tradition, a hundred times more certain and authentic respecting this great event than any fact in history ; but neither tradition, the undeniable testimony of martyrs, nor the divine character which marks this religion, throughout, can restrain the madness of impiety. It is in vain that the faith was propagated with inconceivable rapidity in an immense empire, the seat of knowledge, and the highest civilization ; it is in vain that the first people in the world, the cotemporaries of this wonder, have transmitted an account of it to us ;* but nothing can triumph over philosophical incredulity. Not only does this philosophy attempt to deny revealed religion, but in its pitiless system, every thing disappears, and God himself is

* Even pagan authors have acknowledged the authenticity of an infinite number of miracles ; and when we reflect that paganism favoured every passion, and that religion restrains them all, its very establishment on the ruins of paganism is a miracle.

(Note by the Author.)

nothing but a fiction, invented by weakness ! This has against it reason and common sense ; of all that have lived, all that have thought, never has a single honest man doubted of the existence of God ; and the evidence of the good is sufficiently powerful, for the unanimous admission of society is an eloquent argument ; a truth that reposes on such foundations should seem secure from all attack.

“ But the atheist objects to this evidence ; for he does not believe in virtue more than he believes in God ; he doubts every thing, even his own existence. In the moral world, nothing exists in his creed but perchance some blind affections, whose origin is absurd, and whose duration ephemeral. Those powerful and profound emotions, which are produced by the mere aspect of nature, he feels them not ; those sublime inspirations, which come from above to fill our souls with holy fervour, he knows them not. Whilst the hand of the Creator pours over the universe torrents of light and life, the atheist makes it an immense solitude, in which man is but a shadow, dreaming of sorrow, in which thought is but a vapour rising from matter in fermentation ; his soul rises towards heaven and seeks for immortality, but the atheist represses it, and arrests its

course; he snatches it from all its affections, buries it in darkness, extinguishes its light, and withers it that it may be cast into the gulf of annihilation.

“ Amongst those who have imbibed the doctrine of the age, there are some who wish to believe and cannot; some who are desirous of doing what is right and cannot. At the present day, virtue has its scruples, its punishment, I may almost say, its remorse; crime has its candour, open immorality even has its trophies. Hence is good often done from caprice more than from principle; even excuses are sometimes offered for it, but evil is done by system, and method, and people boast of their deeds. If upon any occasion, a man does his duty, yet it is with great care and circumspection; if he breaks the most sacred obligations, it is with arrogant confidence, with proud security, with an ostentation that looks for notoriety, as courage looks for glory; and to express all in one word, in modern philosophy the confusion is such, that if one of the initiated dared to think of living like an honest man, he would not know how to begin.

“ The human race has not always existed; this fact has been demonstrated. Then there was a first man, for that is a necessary consequence; se-

condly, matter was incapable of forming this first man from its own movement, and this fact has been demonstrated. Yet man exists ; hence of two things we must choose one, either man created himself, or he was created by a being different from matter, and altogether independent of it. . . .

“ Let us conclude then, for now we can do so with certainty, that man was created ; let us conclude that he was created by a being, without whom the universe would still be, and remain for ever, in non-existence. This first truth, on which depend divine and human laws, civil and religious institutions, obligations of every species, duties of every kind ; this truth we shall regard henceforth, not merely as an article of faith enjoined by religion, and the want of a soul that trembles at the aspect of eternal death ; it will be for us more than a sentimental truth, more than an historical and conditional truth ; it will be a positive, absolute truth, a truth of mathematical certainty ; and all that is derived from it as a necessary consequence will have the same degree of certainty.

“ The atheist does not consider the idea of infinity absurd : speak not to him of its author, for in case of need, he will make infinity the basis of his doctrines ; the universe will then have no

limits, will have had no beginning, and will have no end; matter will be eternal; matter will be endowed with unbounded power; it will govern itself, and govern all things by invariable laws; hence will matter at once become infinity, both material and intellectual! Strange inconsistency of the human mind, which creates an infinite being, not to confess the existence of the Almighty; but in fact, inconsistency and contradiction always swarm in the steps of error; they were, and always will be its invariable characteristics. . . .

“Far from science leading to materialism, as some superficial minds pretend, it, on the contrary, supplies reason with new lights to rise to the most sublime of all branches of human knowledge, without which man, not knowing what to make of his soul, and having nothing more than disdain to offer to virtue, contempt to the human race, and pity to all he loves, would become voluntarily degraded and brutalized, would become matter in short, as if he wished to give up to death nothing but what was worthy of it.”—

A very unexpected event insured a great degree of happiness to my niece Henriette de Sercey, and consequently gave me great pleasure; M. Standish, an English Catholic of fortune, and

highly distinguished by his birth and personal qualities, married my grand-niece, Emma Matthiessen, daughter of Henriette by her first husband. This event realized all the desires her mother could form for her happiness. By her virtues, judgment, and feeling heart, Emma is well worthy of the happy lot that every thing seems to promise her.*

The deplorable state of the health of M. de Valence was becoming worse and worse; I had before my eyes the most melancholy of all sights, and I was deeply affected by it; the gangrene, which was believed to have been confined to a

* Her young and charming sister, Ida, has since married Mr. Standish's younger brother. Henriette's youngest daughter is the only one that is not yet established; that is our amiable Mathilda, who possesses qualities to render a husband as perfectly happy as her two brothers-in-law; in her original disposition there is such a mixture of sweetness, simplicity, candour, and keenness, that she will never be praised for the latter quality, which is too often combined with cunning and malice. Mathilda is so good, that her keenness seems to be merely delicacy; and she is also so naturally prudent and staid, that people never think of praising her prudence; it would appear that she has no need of principles or reflection to act always in the most suitable and perfectly appropriate manner. Happy the man who can appreciate so many virtues, accomplishments of all kinds, and so much sound judgment in early youth: he will deserve to be preferred, and he may be proud of it, for Mathilda has a right to be scrupulous in her choice. (*Author.*)

certain spot, made every day the most alarming progress; his strength declined, and in this horrible situation, the physicians who saw his danger and admitted it when they were not in his presence, did every thing in their power to deceive him, and recommended that care should be taken not to alarm him by telling him the truth. After such a recommendation given by professional men, it is very natural that even the most religious children should consider as a kind of parricide the terrible notice that will be in their opinion a sentence of death, and the name of *heirs* adds to this praise-worthy delicacy.

Meanwhile, M. de Valence told me one day, that he was well aware that he was dying; I bent my eyes, but said nothing; he repeated what he had said, but I still preserved the same silence—it was in fact an answer. He then spoke of something else, but he had understood my meaning. I highly praised the discourse of M. de Boisbertrand, and he desired me to send it to him; the person by whom I sent it, offered to read it to him, and he agreed. I sent notice without any one knowing of the matter, and a clergyman came to pay him a visit. Julie Hattier, who then acted as my secretary, seconded me with great zeal and christian charity.

During the illness of M. de Valence, I read with zeal and the highest edification the admirable *Meditations* of Father Medaille. This name is not known, but is well worthy of being so; his book may, in my opinion, be compared for excellence to the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*.

I was overwhelmed at this epoch by the melancholy intelligence of the sudden death of the Duchess of Bourbon, who died in a minute in the church of Sainte Genevieve, though she had left her own house in perfect health; she had the evening before been at the Palais Royal, where she had shown her customary vivacity. She will carry into the presence of God numberless charitable benefactions performed with the utmost care and perseverance. I remembered with emotion the charming goodness she had displayed towards me, and I felt a sort of remorse for having cultivated it so little for the space of eighteen months. I had the honour of seeing her at the house of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, a fortnight before her death. She reproached me for my neglect with the greatest good humour, and with infinite grace. The day on which this sad event took place, a most admirable funeral oration was made on her, at her house, the old Hotel de Monaco, Rue de Varennes. Her servants regretted

the best of mistresses, and the poor to whom she had given a residence in her garden, were inconsolable for the loss of their benefactress. She had got two hospitals constructed in this garden, one for six old women, and the other for sixteen patients on leaving the Hotel Dieu,* a charity as ingenious as affecting, for the discharged patients are never sufficiently strong to begin to work without danger to their health. The Duchess of Bourbon had the most minute care of their wants, strengthening them by a generous diet, and gradually accustoming them to set to work again, and all they did was for their own advantage. They were not discharged till their health was perfectly restored, they obtained a small sum of money, and could depend on the protection of the princess.

M. de Valence still continued in the same state; but I expected the immediate arrival of my daughter, which in every respect caused me much pleasure.

The Duchess of Bourbon's will was opened, and

* As soon as the patients could get up at this hospital, they were discharged to give room for the dying who were constantly brought in to the sick wards. It was not from indifference that they were discharged before being perfectly cured.—
(*Author.*)

it was found that she had given every thing of her own to the poor, and requested Mademoiselle d'Orleans to take care of her two charitable establishments. She could not entrust this good work to better hands. A very remarkable thing is that she finished and put her signature to this will the very day of her death; it is dated at ten o'clock that morning; at half-past ten she went out to the church of Sainte Genevieve, and at one o'clock she was no more.

Since the day on which I was forced to discontinue these Memoirs, I have suffered a great deal, but it was from moral causes, for I have not felt any bodily pains, though I was in a dangerous state of health.

The entresol which I occupied in the house of M. de Valence was a complete cavern, from the want of light and air; it had further the inconvenience of being frightfully noisy: there were two pumps, one at the foot and the other at the head of my bed, and their jarring noise kept me constantly awake from day-break. I was also troubled by the noise of the outer gate and of the archway over which my room was placed; lastly, I had to endure the incessant bustle of the stable, of the horses and carriages, and the cleaning of the drawing-room and apartments over my head.

All these things troubled and cruelly agitated my sleep, and gave me violent nervous attacks during the night; yet my general health did not seem to suffer from them, but I had convulsions at night and could not sleep. I remained out of compassion for the state of M. de Valence, who would have been in despair had I left him; he was daily advancing towards the grave; he could plainly see himself dying by little and little, for the gangrene was reaching to every part of his body; this visible invasion of death, this black and funereal veil extending over his whole person left no doubt of his approaching end, and yet he would not believe in the danger of his situation. I cannot reproach myself with encouraging his weakness in this respect, and I have from this scene been firmly persuaded, notwithstanding his great actions and brilliant valour, that there is no true courage at the aspect of a slow, certain, and inglorious death, but what is conferred by religion. The sudden death of the Duchess of Bourbon had struck me with as much consternation as that of Madame Moreau had caused me sorrow. All these sorrows and many others, combined with excessive personal exertion, overwhelmed me at length.

On waking one morning, I saw every object

moving about in frightful confusion; this movement was so rapid that it cannot be conceived unless it have been experienced; I tried to rise, but my head inclined forward, backward, and to either side. I nevertheless felt neither pain nor fever, the physicians immediately ordered synapisms to be applied to my knees and feet, a large plaster of Burgundy pitch to be put on between my shoulders, and to be bled with leeches. For myself I thought chiefly of obtaining a confessor: I received the holy viaticum, and next morning extreme unction; but as the latter ought not to be asked for unless in cases of urgent danger, I inquired my real state of M. Recamier, the first physician who came to my assistance, and when I told him my desire of receiving extreme unction, he replied in these words, without hesitation: *Madame, I must applaud your piety.*

I enter into all these particulars, because several persons have seemed to think that I was not dangerously ill, and pretended that I received extreme unction without being warranted by my situation in doing so. I cannot express all that I felt during this affecting ceremony, which is very long, and the Latin prayers of which I understood perfectly; I believed I was dying, and thought, with a sentiment full of satisfaction, that the con-

solutions of religion rendered me less unworthy of appearing before the Supreme Judge, because it purified those eyes that had contemplated so many profane objects ; those ears that listened with good will to so many flatteries and so many improper conversations ; that mouth which pronounced so many useless, imprudent, and blamable things ; those hands which perhaps, notwithstanding the purity of my intention, wrote in such a number of volumes, some pages to be condemned ; those feet so swift in running in the paths of error, and so slow in moving with a firm tread in the good way of immortality ! In short, I found myself so strengthened, that from that evening, I felt less dizziness and confusion. The good Doctor Moreau de la Sarthe (an able physician and my kind friend) hastened to my assistance ; I had not sent him notice at first, as he resided at a great distance ; he saved my life with musk pills, for the synapisms, pitch plaster, and leeches had not produced the slightest effect. However, I was confined six weeks to bed, and was three years afterwards before I could walk without the assistance of two persons to support my head and back ; I had all *the illusions of illness*. It was an atonement for the seductive allurements that charm during youth ; I had preserved my sight, and yet was

like a blind person, as I could not read half a page without dizziness ; I had no weakness in my legs, and yet could not walk, as my head inclined on every side ; thus I felt as if powerless ; I preserved my memory entire and all my mental faculties, and yet was reduced to a state of childhood, for I was not allowed to read, write, or dictate. However, I received accounts of the state of M. de Valence, and I exerted myself to dictate a pretty long letter to be given to him, pressing him anxiously to seek the aid of religion : he wrote me an affecting reply with his own hand, and the next day asked me for my confessor, M. Gavaille, second vicar of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette. Before this time, Casimir had heard him say that he would be glad to see M. Seguin, the confessor of the late Madame de Montesson, and he had hastened to that clergyman without telling any one, and brought him to the house ; but it was necessary to prepare the patient before introducing him to his room ; the preparation was long, and ended in M. Seguin's departure. It was a short time after this that M. de Valence asked me to send for my confessor. A considerable time before this took place, Casimir had given another proof of zeal that does him great honour : all at once, through a morbid caprice, M. de Valence, who had natu-

rally no inclination for music, requested me to play on the harp every day *only for two or three hours*; I was too weak to be able to do this, but told the matter to Casimir, who immediately offered to play in the room adjoining the patient's, during the whole time he should wish for music, and he added, that to avoid giving him any trouble, he would never enter his room, and would go away without noise. I proposed the matter; M. de Valence looked surprised and embarrassed, and refused. After his infinitely more important request, I sent twice to M. Gavoile; the patient awaited his arrival in inexpressible anguish and impatience; his confession lasted more than three quarters of an hour, he asked for the sacraments, and died while receiving extreme unction. I expected his death, which was announced to me with great precaution by General Gerard; I was still confined to bed, for I could not stand up. This news struck me with terror! I was nine years older than him, and he looked so robust! The sincere affliction of my grand-daughters and of Madame de Valence quite overwhelmed me. His body was put into a double coffin, one of lead, the other of mahogany, and as he was of enormous size, it required a great many men to carry this weighty load, which could only be conveyed

out of the house by a little narrow staircase, for this fine mansion has no other. The staircase passed by one of the walls of my room; in my bed I heard the shocks given against the wall by this massive load, which was always about to fall from the hands of the bearers, who raised a shocking noise. All this noise and confusion lasted for more than an hour, and I never suffered so much in my life.

I remained six weeks longer in the Rue Pigale, after the death of M. de Valence. I had every reason to be satisfied with the attendance of M. Recamier, but he was unable to continue it, as he fell ill himself.

My recovery was uncommonly slow; Doctor Moreau told me almost daily that I should never regain my strength, nor the power of walking freely in the little apartment I inhabited. I wished to enter into a convent, but I could not find in any one of those at Paris a single apartment that suited me, and resolved on going to Tivoli for some months, to live at the *Maison-de-santé*, so justly celebrated for its gardens, its agreeable situation, its convenient and well-served baths, and the politeness and honourable character of those who are at its head.

I went to the baths of Tivoli, and found myself

better from the very first ; I did not recommence my avocations, but merely busied myself in making trifles, such as little articles in straw and paper. After my arrival, I walked and reflected a great deal : the garden is charming ; and I had a large and splendid apartment, with an admirable prospect. The fêtes of Tivoli seemed given for me, I saw them so well from my windows ; but they importuned me a little ; noisy pleasures have never been to my taste, and at the present period they are disagreeable and do me harm. My chief want is mental and bodily quiet ; but is there any upon the earth ? I finished a very important work upon modern philosophy, which I called the *Diners du Baron d'Holbach*. My young friend, Gerono, came to write it at my dictation ; the plan is novel and striking ; it was made out, and I thought that I could finish the work in two months, with the assistance of a diligent secretary ; it forms a large octavo volume. I forgot to mention that, during my illness, and while confined to bed, in spite of the orders of the physicians, I composed a great deal of poetry. When I told Doctor Moreau that I was greatly tormented when thinking of my *Diners du Baron d'Holbach*, that ideas often occurred to me which I was afraid of losing, &c. he reflected for a moment, and then

said, "I absolutely forbid you to compose verses, but I allow you to dictate twice a day, a quarter of an hour each time, a part of whatever work most presses on your mind." This permission (which I never exceeded) soothed my mind, and tranquillized me in a wonderful manner.

I was longer than I thought in finishing my work, but it was finally completed in three months and a half. I was pleased with it, and I flattered myself that it would do good, nor have I been mistaken; I inserted several passages against philosophy, which are inserted in my other works.

I have a good right to take from myself, when authors of both sexes have for many years made no scruple in doing so; but I added a great many original ideas, and the picture of monstrous errors shown in this volume is truly striking; besides this, the *Memoirs of the philosopher, Morellet*, lately published, have supplied me with many new and valuable thoughts. My health kept up pretty well amidst all this occupation; I thought more than once I should have fallen in the effort, but this idea, instead of relaxing my labours, gave me new strength to continue them; if it had been the sacrifice of my life, I could have said with Mithridates at his death,—

"La mort, dans ce travail, m'a seule interrompue."

I finished it at last, and have already begun another. I was desirous of having the opinion of another person on my work, and I chose the Abbé de Rauzan, superior of the French missions, who was so kind as to take upon him the examination of all the sheets; but a rather disagreeable circumstance arose from this. I had placed a very moral and religious episode in the work, but one of pure invention; I believe I never wrote any thing more pathetic or original. The Abbé de Rauzan approved of the episode in itself, but did not wish it to be placed in such a work; his reasons could not be otherwise than good; he said that as every thing else was historically true, the episode would be misplaced, and make the whole work be regarded as a romance. I had not the least hesitation in suppressing it, but as this had not been foreseen, the episode was printed, and filled four sheets; besides this, M. Trouvé had been at the expense of a handsome engraving for the episode. I arranged the whole by making a sacrifice and a promise which M. Trouvé had not asked for; I requested him to keep the episode, promising to augment it so that it might form an octavo volume of three hundred pages, and also to give him the profit of the volume for a year, reckoning from the day of publication, with the ex-

press condition that he should publish no duodecimo edition during that period. My friend, Gerono, had written, at my dictation, about twenty pages only of the *Diners du Baron d'Holbach*; then I had as my secretaries, the amiable daughters of Madame Juliani, who were fortunately my neighbours.

I still occupied myself, during this period, with my plan of the *Encyclopédie*, and I had greater hopes than ever of seeing it realized. If I succeed, it will have been by long patience and perseverance. M. Laborie made a remark upon this subject that is worthy of being remembered: "In youth," said he, "we believe we shall succeed in every affair by means of activity, but with age we learn that true successes of this kind are only obtained by patience."

I began again to play on the harp and the guitar, and this did me a great deal of benefit. Some time before this, I had begun a little book, illustrated with *vignettes* and *culs-de-lampes* of my own composition, the same as some I had already made and disposed of to private individuals; these manuscripts are kept in private collections. I shall not see them printed, but this is of no consequence, provided I can obtain from them the means of putting in execution the plans I have in

my mind. The little book I was busy with is in chapters, and is entitled, *De l'Emploie du Temps*. It seems to me that I have a right to speak on this subject.

During my stay at Tivoli, I went twice to the country, to Epinay, to see the Marquise de Grollier, a charming lady, from whom age has not snatched away one of her pleasing qualities; but she is blind, which is much to be regretted when we reflect on her inimitable talents in painting flowers in oil; she possessed all the perfection of Van-Spandonck, and, in addition, a composition full of talent and fancy. My first journey to Epinay was during the long days of summer. The house, fitted up by Madame de Grollier, is delightful, and in a way that has no resemblance to any other. In the gardens a unique object is to be seen: Madame de Grollier has an estate fifteen leagues from Epinay, in which there is an immense pond, containing three beautiful little islands, planted with shrubs and trees. She formed the singular idea of digging up the islands and bringing them to Epinay, to be put in a large piece of water she has in her gardens; and the whole was put into execution by means of very ingenious machinery invented by herself, but not without great trouble and expense. The islands

still preserving their flowers and verdure, float upon the bosom of the waters ; when they are not touched, they are motionless, but they are set in motion by means of long poles, and they assume a slow and majestic motion most pleasant to the eye. I wrote an impromptu on these islands, which Madame de Grollier received with her usual good-nature and gracefulness ; I notice only the large island, because it is the most remarkable, as it contains trees, and a fine urn-full of flowers placed on a pedestal.. The lines are as follow :—

Celle qui règne dans ces lieux
Fit voyager cette île vagabonde
Pour démontrer à tous les yeux
Que rien n'est stable dans ce monde ;
Mais par tous ses talens, ses vertus, son esprit,
Par les sentimens qu'elle inspire,
C'est elle-même qui fournit
Un moyen sûr de contredire
La maxime qui la séduit.

Madame de Grollier made another charming work on the banks of this sheet of water ; I mean the representation of a description given in one of M. de Humboldt's travels, mentioning a beautiful bridge of ropes made by the savages in America ; the bridge crossed a river, and was fixed at the two extremities to two trees bent down over the

water, which nature seemed to have placed opposite each other on purpose ; this light bridge is very strong. When M. de Humboldt approached the bridge, he perceived a beautiful young Indian girl crossing it. The first time he came to Epinay, Madame de Grollier did not omit to place a pretty peasant girl, dressed in the Indian costume, on the bridge of ropes ;—unsuspicious of any thing, M. de Humboldt was taken to see the sheet of water, and made an exclamation of surprise when he saw the two trees, the river, the bridge of ropes, and the young savage. There was a peculiar charm in this compliment, which was also addressed to the man who was most qualified to feel all its value.*

* The learned naturalist, Humboldt, published in 1790, when he was only twenty-one years of age, *Observations on the Basalts of the Rhine*, and three years later, *Flora of the environs of Freyberg*. These works attracted the attention and favour of the Prussian government, by whom he was appointed director-general of the mines of Anspach and Baireith in Franconia. During a tour that he made in France, in 1797, he formed, with M. Amedée Bonpland, the plan of that partnership of labours and travels, the results of which have been so useful to natural history, and have rendered the names of these two accomplished travellers so famous. From 1799 to 1804, they traversed New Andalusia, Spanish Guyana, the Caribbee missions, and a part of the island of Cuba ; they went to Quito in January, 1802, which they left in June following to visit Chimborazo, and the volcano

I made these two journies to Epinay with the greater pleasure that I was taken thither and brought back by Madame de Choiseul. At my first visit, besides the usual pleasing company to be found at Madame de Grollier's, I met with two very interesting persons, M. Bouillé and his son; the father, who is one of the most amiable of men, is blind, and his son, the young Comte René de Bouillé, always acts as his guide; he has devoted himself to this pious duty with a zeal and affection that seem so natural, that we feel on beholding them much more emotion than admiration; people are so accustomed to their constant conjunction, that great astonishment is produced on seeing the one without the other. It is pleasing to reflect, that Count René de Bouillé may long fulfil this pleasing task of filial love, for the Marquis is not an old man like *Œdipus*, and his eyes are free

of Tungaregne. It was on the eastern declivity of Chimborazo, at an elevation of twenty thousand feet, that Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland made those invaluable experiments which Europe still speaks of with astonishment. After descending from these frightful heights, M. de Humboldt visited Peru and Mexico, revisited Havannah, and returned to Europe, after visiting North America. The number of the scientific works which he has published since his return amounts to more than twenty folio volumes.—(*Note by the Author.*)

from illness.* Count René de Bouillé is handsome, and possesses all the spirit of early youth; he is passionately fond of literature and the arts, particularly of poetry, which he cultivates with the greatest success. In this unfortunate age of selfishness and cupidity, we can point out this young man and M. de Sabran as perfect models of filial piety.

When I went to Epinay the second time, I saw at Madame de Grollier's her neighbour Larive, the celebrated actor, whose first performance I had witnessed fifty-four years before, when he played the part of Zamore; I was delighted with hearing a man of my own age recite, with a sonorous voice, and in the most excellent style.

There existed a little work, entitled *Manuel des Gardes-Malades*, (*Manual for Nurses*), a very useful, and even necessary book, written by an excellent doctor of the faculty; but it never had any circulation, and for thirty-five years had fallen into oblivion, because it is written in a ridiculous style, and has many important omissions;

* In the last volume I stated that he was nephew of the celebrated Bouillé, who defended Nancy so bravely; it is an error, for he was his son, and this is a title of glory that ought not to be diminished.—(Note by the Author.)

I expunged the faults of style, re-wrote several passages, added some necessary notes, and did every thing necessary to form an improved edition of the work. I signed a private engagement for the completion of this work, which does not bear my name. Had I been thirty years younger, I could not have exerted myself with more zeal and perseverance. May God grant me the grace to finish my *Anti-philosophical Course* !

On the second of December, whilst I was at Tivoli, I received a very alarming anonymous letter respecting my new work, *Les Diners du Baron d'Holbach* ; I was told that a strong vengeance was preparing, besides the libels that never troubled my repose ; the letter was in the shape of a warning. I was advised not to go to mass on foot without having a man by my side ; to seclude myself in my apartment night and day, and even to leave Tivoli, with other things of a similar kind. I at first laughed at the letter, but then my lively and always youthful imagination set to work, and I became every day more alarmed. We are the masters of our will and of our actions, but not of our impressions ; I always acted with courage, for this incident did not prevent me from beginning with ardour the *Soupers de la Marechale de Luxembourg* ; but I was afraid of every thing,

and my health was affected by this continual state of alarm. My excellent friend, Madame de Choiseul, became my *captain of the guards*; she came in her carriage to take me to mass; in the church she put me in a corner, and kept me surrounded and out of sight, so as to keep me secure from every attack. I pretended to laugh at all these precautions; but, in my own mind, I was very glad that they were taken; though I had the *magnanimity* to refuse a kind of company which my young friends wished to form for the purpose of attending me wherever I went.

The prefect of police, having learned from common report, that the liberal party were very menacing towards me, sent me a commissary of police, (M. Chardon,) whom, in consequence of my habitual mistrust, I did not wish to receive in my own house; I received him in the apartment of the Baronne d'Arthuis, which was separated from mine by a simple partition. This lady was full of kindness and amiability, and had shown me a friendship I shall never forget, for it has been invariably the same; she allowed me to receive M. Chardon in her drawing-room, and was present at the interview I am about to mention. With much politeness, M. Chardon asked me, on the part of the prefect, what I wished to be done

for my security, to which I replied that I had neither complaints nor revelations to make, that I asked for nothing, but that I was not less gratified with the interest shown towards me by the prefect. The commissary pressed me strongly to give him up the anonymous letter I had received, assuring me that it was very probable the writing might throw great light on the subject. I replied that I had shown the letter to several persons, but would never part with it, because the letter was in the shape of a warning, and contained even some very excellent and useful advice; that it was perhaps only a snare laid to frighten me, but, that while I was uncertain of the fact, I did not wish to compromise the person who had written it.

Some one who came to see me told me that the prefect, whom he often saw, had learned the disagreeable scene I had lately endured at mass, from a young man unknown to me, who was equally impious and insolent in his language, and wished to enter into a discussion with me; and the enquiries of the police were so strict and well directed, that they had discovered who this young man was; I shall not say a word more on the subject. I shall only add, that as I did not receive the anonymous letter till two or three days after, I had not paid much attention to the incident, during

which I had not said a single word, and which ended by the interposition of a man of forty-five or fifty years of age,* whom I did not know, and who threatened to call in the beadle, when the young man disappeared. I met with several other little adventures at mass; but the most alarming was one that took place in my own room at Tivoli. I was sitting by myself beside the fire, as the servant was out on an errand; a large screen concealed the second door, which was that of my room; I heard some one enter, and casting my eyes towards the edge of the screen, I saw a very tall man, very well dressed, whose figure was entirely unknown to me, with a sombre look which struck me with surprize. I immediately said to him that he had mistaken my room, as I had not the honour of knowing him; at these words, he put his fists to his sides, and advancing towards me with menacing looks, and shaking his head in an alarming manner, he said these very words: *That is not the matter!* I was terrified; but happily Providence sent me a visit; it was the Comte de Rochefort; the stranger disappeared immediately.

Many other things of nearly a similar kind oc-

* M. de Berenger, who resided at Tivoli—not the person I saw at Villers.—(*Author.*)

curred to me, but I shall not mention them, as none of them alarmed me so much as this.

As to anonymous letters, I know better than any one, that in the ordinary circumstances of life, they ought to be treated with contempt; but at a period when party hatred produces so many libels and calumnies, attacks upon young ladies and servant girls, so many thrusts of poniards, fires and assassinations: notices like the one I received are not to be altogether contemned.

I still continued the plan of the *Encyclopédie* with the same zeal. After the return of the Duke of Montmorency from the Congress of Verona, M. Laborie wrote me, that the affair was going on better than ever, but that it was necessary I should write directly to the Emperor Alexander, and that M. de Montmorency, who seemed *to have been at Verona for the purpose of connecting himself with the Emperor for the success of this great affair*, engaged to send my letter to the Emperor by express. I immediately wrote three pages on the largest size of paper, containing the particulars of the advantage to be derived from the undertaking. M. Laborie desired me to send him a copy of this letter, that he might show it to M. de Montmorency, which I thought quite natural, as as he had promised to send it off; I sent the copy

to M. Laborie, who wrote me that he would send it back in two days, but it has never been returned. To show plainly my conduct in the whole of this business, I have only to give the written documents in the hand-writing of M. Laborie, who certainly was always sincere in his intention; but unforeseen occurrences have always prevented him from doing all that he would have wished on this subject; so that I am satisfied with keeping his letters, and several others I have received on the same subject.

Mr. Wright, a young Englishman, had long thought of abjuring the Protestant religion. The Chevalier d'Asfield and I succeeded in persuading him; he resolved on going to the convent of La Trappe to get instructed in religion, as there was an English trappist, in the convent; he was only to have stopped twelve days, but he remained more than two months, and submitted voluntarily to the severe discipline and austerities of the monks. He returned fully converted, with an angelic piety which was rendered more remarkable by his youth and fine person. He intended to abjure on the 24th of December, 1822, and he chose me for his godmother, and M. d'Asfield for his godfather. The ceremony took place at the Dames-Recollettes in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, out of attention

to me, as it was adjoining my residence. About a dozen persons were invited, amongst them Madame de Choiseul and M. de Haller, who the year before had performed such a solemn and affecting abjuration. Our young neophyte was baptized by the Catholic bishop of London; he then made his abjuration in the most edifying manner. The bishop pronounced a very fine discourse in English, not a word of which I lost; we returned to the same convent for the ceremony of the confirmation and first communion of our young pupil. The bishop now preached in French, and no one could express himself better, or in a more evangelical and affecting manner in a foreign language; the harmony that existed between the fine and noble figure of the bishop, his sweet and sonorous voice, and the interest of his discourse, produced a powerful emotion in the audience; there were some more persons present, among the rest, the Marquise de Boufflers, the Comte de Sabran, and the Chevalier d'Harmensen, who was born a Protestant, but had also made his abjuration some time before. To my new godson, I gave my beautiful copy of the *Heures*, ornamented with handsome engravings, and on one of the first pages I wrote these words: *As a mark of my tender affection, I have given this book to my dear godson,*

Mr. Wright, on the 24th December 1822, the finest day of his life, and one of the most interesting of mine. Besides this, I had painted in the first page the motto he had newly adopted, *I trust only in heaven*, and as an emblem, a field flower, as this kind is not cultivated by the hand of man, but receives all its aid from heaven. He had asked me for a device suited to these words in English.

M. de Montmorency retired from his place as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was succeeded by M. de Châteaubriand. I had seen him very enthusiastic concerning the plan of the *Encyclopédie*, and hoped that this change would be very favourable to us.

On the 16th of January 1823, I left Tivoli, where I had resided fourteen months. This place, which is expensive to any one, was truly ruinous to me; I found it impossible, with a single servant, and the remedies I was obliged to take for my health, to spend less than eleven or twelve hundred francs per month.

I thence went to the Place Royale, to a fine apartment on the first floor: there I finished my *Veillées de la Chaumière*, the greater part of which was printed.

I forgot to mention, while speaking of the *Memoirs* of Madame Bonchamps, that there was a

very important omission in the three first editions that were so rapidly sold; but nobody could be blamed for it. The fact is as follows: no mention has been made in these Memoirs of a hero of La Vendée, as celebrated by his noble birth, as by the virtues that are hereditary in his family, and who was one of the nephews of the worthy bishop of Nismes, M. Bec-de-Lièvre, who was so distinguished in his diocese for his many benefits and admirable actions.*

* During my stay at Nismes, when I accompanied the Duchess of Chartres in her journey to Italy, I was told an infinite number of affecting anecdotes of this holy bishop, which proved how much his great charity was ingenious and delicate. The following is one I have formerly noticed, but which cannot be too often told:—There were at Nismes two gentlewomen, daughters of a gentleman who had been ruined, and who had themselves fallen into the greatest poverty; they supported their sad lot with great courage and piety, and were too proud to ask assistance. The bishop knew their situation and character, and invented a stratagem which could only have been formed by a feeling heart: he knew that these poor ladies had in their room an old ugly picture representing St. Jerome, and he thought of sending to them under a plausible pretext, and not as from himself, a painter who was on his way to Italy. The painter had scarcely set foot in the little room in which he was received, than he cast his eyes on the portrait of Saint Jerome, and affected great astonishment and unbounded admiration; he exclaimed that this invaluable painting was the *chef-d'œuvre* of a great master, and then after a long and animated conversation, he offered for it, *in trembling*, he said, twelve thousand francs, *admitting* that it was worth forty thou-

Aimé Christophe, Marquis de Bec-de-Lièvre, was born at Nantes in 1775; he was the son of Hilarion-Aimé-François-Philippe, Marquis de Bec-de-Lièvre, first president of the chamber *des Comptes* of Bourdeaux, and of Marie-Emilie-Louisa-Victoire de Coutances. His father had filled during his whole life the place of first president, which the members of this branch enjoyed from father to son since 1628. The young Marquis emigrated at the commencement of the revolution, and fought in the campaigns of the army of Condé with the greatest distinction (all his property was sold by the republicans). He returned to France in 1795, to join the royalist armies in the West; he joined the army of the left bank of the Loire, commanded by the Vicomte de Scépeaux, who gave him the command of the cavalry, and the rank of Major-general. At all the battles that took place, and an infinite number of skirmishes, he displayed heroic courage and great talents as a commander. He had received an excellent education at the college of Soréze. He was as distinguished by his person and know-

sand; his proposal was accepted with inexpressible surprise, and joy; the painting, which was of no value, was given up instantly, and the twelve thousand francs were paid the same day.—(*Note by the Author.*)

ledge as by his talents and bravery. He was mortally wounded in an action at Oudon, a small town, six leagues from Nantes. At this place there is an old tower of great antiquity. The tower of Oudon is well known in Brittany, and commands the Loire. The Marquis was marching forward, and wished to send his troops against the tower; but a ball discharged from this ancient ruin passed through his breast and came out at his back. He was taken to the village of La Chaise, on his own estate, where he died on the 10th of August, 1795, after giving the most affecting proofs of religion and piety, and publicly declaring that he pardoned his enemies. He regretted nothing upon earth but his incomparable mother, and the happiness of longer sustaining the sacred cause of justice and fidelity, and then addressing the Comte de Bourmont,* his cousin-german, he said *Adieu, Bourmont! we shall meet in heaven; do not pity me, I die for God and my king.* Such were his last words. Thus died this virtuous young man, at twenty-one years of age. His end was as glorious as his life, and no higher praise can be given to him.

I did not give up the plan of the *Encyclopédie*,

* Who afterwards married his sister.—(Note by the Author.)

for want of perseverance was never my fault. M. Laborie still declared it would take place, and that M. de Châteaubriand would protect the undertaking with all his influence (as he had himself promised me, and as he certainly intended at the time). I wrote at this period to a man in office, who had desired me to communicate all my old-fashioned ideas to him. The following is a correct copy of part of this letter :

“ The following are the present dreams of a *grumbling* old woman; I have never meddled with politics, because they formerly consisted of nothing but Machiavelian maxims and petty stratagems that always disgusted me; its *depth* was an abyss, and its *genius* nothing but artifice and dissimulation: but the excess of disorder has converted and even sanctified it, and it has become the noble science of enlarged minds and lofty souls; and as sound politics are at the present day founded upon morality, we may, when our sentiments are correct, speak of it with judgment, without any pretence to superior knowledge. It is not enough to arm warriors for the field, we must also arm and assemble all the writers devoted to the good cause.

“ After so many extraordinary events, so many terrible changes and violent commotions, nothing now is admired but what produces astonishment;

this disposition of the public mind has raised partisans (sincere ones too) to crime itself; and it is to bring this enthusiasm to the proper point that virtue and superior talents should direct all their efforts. The nation must be purified by a powerful instance of astonishment, (which will also be a case of profound admiration,) founded upon the performance of great and unexpected actions, worthy of exciting their enthusiasm. It is necessary to gain the lower classes, workmen, artists, literary characters, and men of science. The means I would adopt are as follows; as the common people like attention paid to them, notice would be given that baths were about to be constructed on the Seine for the gratuitous use of the public, and that the building was to be magnificent, which would greatly flatter the lower classes, and allow time for the commencement of the undertaking, as it would be necessary to have a competition of architects for the plans and designs of the edifice, and likewise to obtain the opinion of the public on the subject. The announcement alone of this edifice, (if well written,) would cause universal satisfaction, and promise the capital an additional ornament of great utility to health, decency, and public morals, and a monument on which architecture, after wasting its arts in

churches and palaces, might display new inventions by the employment of the natural ornaments offered by the riches of the ocean, such as corals, madrepores, shells, and pearls; and instead of the customary leaves of acanthus, those marine plants so distinguished for beauty and variety. Here is wherewithal to charm the lower classes, artists, physicians, and foreigners. To influence scientific men, we have our Encyclopedia, forming a grand and noble association, speedily announced in a skilful *prospectus*, in which, without speaking of the *philosophers*, we shall merely say that the old *Encyclopédie* has become not only useless but incorrect, by new discoveries and the progress of the sciences; that the necessary alterations and additions have been made, that no political opinions will be given, as time may modify or change them altogether, and a dictionary for this reason ought only to contain definitions, except on one single immutable subject, morals founded upon religion. A circular letter from a minister to the continental sovereigns would speedily settle the matter, by announcing that the third or half of the proceeds of the first edition would be given to an hospital, and out of the remainder leaving enough to remunerate the literary and scientific characters, whose subsistence depends upon their labours. For my own

part, I shall give up the whole of my own composition, which is nearly finished, embracing mythology and the opinions of the ancient philosophers, which have been wretchedly treated by Diderot in the old *Encyclopédie*; and I desire that my name may not be inserted. My glory will be in the approbation of all those whose sentiments are sound, and my reward in the execution of an undertaking that will totally annihilate the all-grasping and fallacious work that was regarded as a benefit for more than half a century! What is wanting to begin the work?—that the project be less surprising, less necessary, or less overwhelming to the ill-disposed? Let it be announced at least while we wait for its execution, and in the mean time let an *Encyclopedie Villageoise* be composed, in a large volume of six hundred pages with double columns, as an antidote to the *Voltaire des Chaumières*; it would be a divine balm spread over new wounds that may be easily healed, but which if deferred will become inveterate and incurable for a century! Let this horrible gangrene be prevented! . . . This book should contain the necessary religious principles, and the words *charity, faith, gospel, devotion, impiety, virtue, religion, monarchy, filial respect, curé, bishop, missionary, pope*, and others—the trades exercised in the villages, and *agriculture*,

gardening, flock, poultry, vineyard, wine, cider, perry, beer, with the words nurse, child, vaccination, rural education, and the whole included would not fill more than a volume.

While I resided at the Place Royale there happened to me the most singular and fortunate incident, and at the same time the most flattering literary triumph that in my opinion can be obtained: I received from some person unknown a letter remarkable for its fine writing, elegance, and style. In this letter, a young man, called M. de Morlaincourt, made me the following statement: "His father was of an excellent family in Lorraine, emigrated during the reign of terror, and went to England, where he married a lady of fortune, and their son, the young de Morlaincourt, was left a large property by his maternal uncle. He was pressed to marry, but from the perusal of my works the young man had formed the firm resolution from his earliest youth of never taking a wife except one of my choice. He therefore earnestly requested me to choose him a wife, and required her to be of good birth, an agreeable person, having respectable relations, and above all to have been brought up in great piety, but asked for no fortune, as he could do without. He concluded his letter by informing me of the means

I might adopt to ascertain at once the truths of the statements he had made."

I had scarcely read the letter before my choice was made, but I wished to see him first of all; and I told him so in my answer. He came immediately, and his agreeable person, his mildness of manner, judgment, and pleasing conversation completely delighted me. My choice was in perfect unison with his confidence; I offered him my niece Felicie de Sercey, daughter of the Marquis de Sercey, a Vice-Admiral, my cousin german. This name so justly famous in the navy and at the Isle of France, a name that M. de Sercey had consecrated by great deeds, admirable conduct, and the most unspotted loyalty, a name that his eldest son (Eole de Sercey) has already maintained at sea with eclat, and the glory of which his younger brothers promise by their education and principles to spread still farther—this name so well known in France and England was not unknown to M. de Morlaincourt; and when I obtained him an interview with my niece Felicie, he found that such a charming figure and so much modesty worthily maintained the honour of her race.*

* A short time after this, M. de Morlaincourt married my niece, and they now form the happiest couple whose union can

At Tivoli and the Place Royale I several times saw a very venerable person, the Abbé Demazures, who was several years at the Holy Land; I felt great pleasure in making enquiries concerning his pious and courageous labours. The Abbé Demazures preaches with great eloquence and power. The disordered state of my *finances* increased more and more at the Place Royale, though it could not be attributed to my landlady, who was extremely honourable; but I need not mention the causes of this embarrassment, which would at any rate be very tiresome.

I was more than ever busy in seeking out for an apartment in a convent, and I might easily have had one that was very large and handsome. Some time before her death, the Duchess of Bourbon knew my wishes upon this point, and proposed to me a very excellent apartment at the convent *des Missions*, but it was too large and too dear to suit me. If Madame de Valence had been able, as she had agreed with me a short time before her husband's death, to reside with me in a convent, we could have had what we wanted without any difficulty, a single apartment

be admired. Had my works procured me no other satisfaction than this, I should still feel happy in having published them.—

(Note by the Author.)

more than sufficient for us both, for I am always satisfied with a large room, a cabinet, and a servant's room; but it is very difficult to find a small apartment that is healthy, exposed to good air, or with a high roof. I was offered a pretty *entresol* at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, but I declined, as I am expressly forbid by my physicians to live in this part of the house. I obtained an apartment in the convent of the Dames de Saint-Sacrement, but was obliged to leave it in four months, because I could not obtain a confessor once every eight or ten days, because the parlours had no chimney, were small, and so open to every one that they were a continual thoroughfare, and because the garden was small and without shade, and my room exposed to the south, (which does not agree with me,) and being adjoining the anti-chamber, would have been excessively cold in winter. I had every reason to be satisfied with the nuns, who are exemplary, and with the board, which was excellent.

I went to the Rue Taranne, and took a charming apartment on the second floor, till I could enter into a cloister. I had taken as a companion, a lady recommended to me by the prioress of the Convent *des Dames de Saint-Sacrement*; she was from La Vendée, and the daughter of a gentleman

plundered and massacred in supporting the royalist cause. It seemed to me that the author of the *Memoirs of Madame de Bonchamps* could not refuse an asylum to this unfortunate woman. She had no acquirements, and though thirty-six years of age, she was unable even to write what I dictated; but she was good-natured and unprotected, so I determined to keep her and give her a salary as long as she had need of me.

My affairs were so far from being arranged in the Rue Taranne, that they became more and more confused, and notwithstanding the perfect honesty of my new landlady, as I had no secretary, and was forced to write from morning to night, I was neither able to examine my bills nor obtain receipts for my payments; the disorder became suddenly unbearable, and I was in a shocking state of embarrassment. I could not go to join my daughter, who never has had any house to offer me; besides, she could neither remain with me nor attend upon my infirmities, for she spent four months of the year in Belgium, at an estate of my grand-daughter, the Countess de Celles, near Brussels, and another four months with my second grand-daughter, the Countess Gerard. I should have been received with affection by my two grand-daughters, but I was too

old to take two journies every year, one of them of seventy-two leagues.

The Vendean lady, for whom I was so happy as to obtain some compensation from government, desired to leave me at this critical moment, but fortunately she was not one of my creditors, for I had always paid her regularly every month. She thought herself certain of obtaining a good situation in the house of an old lady, but she was disappointed. She applied to me afterwards, and I recommended her to Doctor Alibert, who with his accustomed kindness, offered her a situation in the excellent hospital of Saint-Louis. Her health was excessively bad, and she could not possibly support herself, and yet she refused the situation ; I never heard of her afterwards, and know not what has become of her.

I really knew not how to extricate myself from my disagreeable situation, and applied to Casimir, who showed me on this, as on all other occasions, the most affecting proofs of attachment. He instantly hired a very convenient apartment in the presbytery of St. Roch, furnished it with articles that had been left to him by his father-in-law, and had never been removed from Paris, and took charge of all the management of my little household. He left all his family at Mantes,

where his residence was, and without thinking of any thing but what would please me, he came and fixed himself in the new apartment he had hired for me, where he had no other bed but a narrow hair mattress that was covered with sheets at night. My lodging consisted of a large and handsome drawing-room, a bed-room, a dining-room, a kitchen, and the use of a tribune leading to the church, with other conveniences; and I had an excellent servant and skilful cook.

I remained there six months, when I could not think of keeping Casimir any longer away from his charming family, and determined to make frequent journies to Mantes, particularly as I had need of fresh air, walking, moving about in a carriage, things that cannot be enjoyed in Paris when a person has no horses, and does not possess twenty thousand francs a year.

A young relation of mine, (M. de Filhon,) one of the best men I know, and whom I tenderly love, since his early youth had served with distinction in the army in Spain, and reached the rank of captain of the staff. Like M. de Morlaincourt, he thought of employing me to seek out a wife for him; but I was not equally fortunate, for he is not wealthy, and did not wish to marry a disagreeable ill-looking woman. To give

some idea of his heart and intelligence, I shall merely mention a phrase in one of his letters, than which I know nothing more delicate or affecting. I ought to premise that he was an orphan from the age of ten or twelve. After saying every thing that can be imagined most affectionate in the letter I allude to, he adds, "Be not surprised, dear aunt, at this effusion of heart, orphans are so affectionate!—*they have had so little opportunity of loving!*" Methinks a person might inspire love from this saying alone.

During this year, I obtained a very advantageous place for a charming young lady, Mademoiselle Juliani, whose mother is truly my dearest friend, and who combines the most amiable and endearing qualities to the most eminent merit. She was born to a better fate, but various misfortunes, which she could not controul, have almost entirely ruined her; yet this has not prevented her giving her daughters an excellent education. The eldest, out of pure friendship, had the kindness to come to me, whilst I was at Tivoli, and write for five or six hours to my dictation, during a period of ten months, and I then taught her all the rules of versification. She was born in Russia, and remained there till she grew up; she has an excellent hand, and is well acquainted

with grammar, knows Italian, Russian, and English, and is indebted for all her acquirements to the personal tuition of her mother, who is acquainted with all these branches of knowledge. Mademoiselle Juliani is only eighteen years of age, and has one of the most amiable dispositions I ever knew. Her modesty, sweetness of temper, her precocious strength of mind, and her piety cannot be too much praised. All these qualities are rendered more remarkable by her fine complexion and handsome person. Madame de Celles desired me to find a governess for her daughters, who possessed good accomplishments and an excellent character, and I proposed Mademoiselle Juliani, mentioning what I thought of her. She accepted my offer at once, and she is certainly well qualified to appreciate such a treasure, for she considers and treats the young lady as if she were her eldest daughter.* The Marquise de Lambert said, that *if youth knew its advantages, it would govern the world*; I know not that it would govern it, but it is certain that it will always obtain successes in society equally solid and brilliant, when it shows no presumption, when it is always prudent and docile to the counsels of

* Three years have only increased this well-founded esteem. ---
(Note by the Author.)

experience, and when it is invariably modest and studious.

I experienced in the Rue Taranne a deep chagrin: General Gerard had never been fond of hunting, for he knows too well how to employ his time to feel such a passion. The country round Villers (where his estate lies) is excellent for hunting, and one day that a large party had assembled for the chase, General Gerard yielded to the requests of his friends, and set out with them; but at the moment all the party were firing at the same time, he received a shot that caused the loss of his eye. Since this misfortune was to happen to him, it seems that fortune should have made it fall to his lot in one of those battles where he acquired so much glory. Hopes were entertained of curing him for a considerable time, but every effort was fruitless. He displayed on this occasion the resignation, calmness, and mildness which form true courage in such a situation. I was powerfully affected by this misfortune, for I thought of the profound sorrow of my granddaughter, and was informed of the accident without precaution, as I was supposed to be acquainted with it; this imprudence gave me such a shock that I was ill for several days.

In the Rue Neuve St. Roch, I finished my *Préface*

sonniers, which I at first intended to dedicate to my friend Madame Racamier, because she had pressed me to write it; but she afterwards told me that M. de Châteaubriand would receive the dedication with pleasure; it also seemed suitable to me, as Madame de Châteaubriand superintends an hospital with admirable charity, which is perfectly conformable to the noble and virtuous character she has at all times displayed. I wrote to M. de Châteaubriand to offer him the dedication of the work, and he made me a reply full of grace and kindness, but much too flattering for me to give it here. It was in this manner that I dedicated to him my *Prisonniers*.

On the 25th January, 1824, my friends celebrated the anniversary of my birth; I was seventy-eight years of age! During this long life how much time lost, how many imprudent steps, how many disappointed projects, how many hopes vanished away! Happy those who with correct sentiments have always lived in solitude! they have had no useless regrets at the end of their career. Happy again those who by an astonishing superiority of virtue or talent have risen to the most eminent situations!—their life has doubtless been passed in toil and agitation, but they have been truly useful, they have had a powerful

influence over public happiness, and this pure and legitimate glory can give consolation for every sorrow. For the same reason, happy are also the sovereigns worthy of their thrones! These are the privileged ones of the earth among those who should always shine there. All others, with the exception of those who live in retirement, and prudent, industrious artisans, either live to no purpose, or do harm, and those who have some advantages over the multitude become the votaries of intrigue, or are continually exposed to the persecutions of envy, of which they always more or less become the victims.

Yet I feel delight in having lived long enough to witness the glorious and memorable expedition to Spain, which will certainly be the safety of France. Providence, which has so often been manifested since the revolution, was displayed in these latter events with such striking evidence that the very infidels are in terror, and consternation in them is always the tacit avowal of astonishment mingled with terror, inspired by the divine prodigies of religion, that is, of those sovereign and immutable laws that govern the universe.

An old friend of mine, whose grandmother I might be, and whom I have loved from her in-

fancy, has been occupied for some time in writing a great work, an epic poem in verse; she has admirable talents in poetry, which she displayed in very early life; she showed me her first attempts, which I admired, but she has never written love verses; for all hers are noble like her disposition, and pure like her soul; she showed me a very fine poem, written in praise of Louis XVIII. at the time of the greatest triumphs of Napoleon. The writer has hitherto published nothing. The subject of her poem is *Joan of Arc*, a subject which a woman, endowed with the requisite talents, would naturally lay hold of, not from literary ambition, but from a more laudable motive, that of offering the public an atonement for a crime that was at once national, impious, and immoral. My friend had no intention of publishing this poem during her life-time. I believe I have persuaded her to publish it as soon as it is finished; she will have a dangerous rival in her attempt, for it is said, that M. Soumet is writing an epic poem on the same subject; but between two persons of such excellent dispositions, competition will never give rise to hatred or intrigue. I am perfectly certain, that the two authors will eagerly read and be delighted to praise each others works.

My *Prisonniers* were published, and were much admired ; the story of Madame Mallefille, which concludes the work, and is entitled *Religious Courage*, extricated this interesting lady from distress by making her known, and procuring her a great deal of business. I was highly delighted with the result.*

I was very ill at the beginning of this spring from having wished to keep Lent (my strength failed me the twenty-first day), and then from the affliction I was thrown into by my brother's death. We had never had the appearance of a dispute or difference together from our infancy, and he was fifteen months younger than me ! He was full of kindness, talents, and genius ; like all inventors, he had enemies and roused up envy. His experiments in hydraulics and upon the construction of vessels were perfectly successful ; he presented several memoirs to the Institute on the subject, and they all received the written appro-

* I did not know Madame Mallefille, but she sent me her history in writing, requesting me to insert it in my work ; I added nothing of my own to the narrative, but merely rewrote the story, and expressed the sentiments I should have felt in her deplorable situation. This I had already done in the *Memoirs* of the Marquise de Bonchamps.---(Note by the Author.)

bation of the most illustrious members of that body; these memoirs he published, and Napoleon ordered the minister of marine, M. Decrés, to carry one of his plans into execution, but this was not done; the other plans, in spite of the approval of the learned and public experiments, have never been adopted, but a great many things have been borrowed from his printed memoirs. My brother made no complaints on the subject, and when people seemed surprised, "My claims," said he, "are already put forward, they are all in my published memoirs." Perhaps justice may be rendered to him at last, since he is now in the grave!

His political conduct was as correct as his talents were superior. From the very commencement of the revolution, and long before the reign of terror, he ascertained that the prince to whose household he belonged, had placed his confidence in improper persons, and was following the most pernicious counsels; he then thought only of giving up his lucrative and honourable situation; he gave in his resignation as chancellor of the house of Orleans; and after having, before the revolution, saved the Duke from a bankruptcy that seemed inevitable, after having shown the

greatest talents as a director, and all the benevolence there can be displayed in an eminent situation, he hastened to withdraw to foreign countries !

I received on this melancholy occasion a great many testimonies of interest and friendship, and these bring some consolation ; no other can be found but in prayer and exertion, for at all periods of life, society and its amusements and pleasures only aggravate a real sorrow, if one could actually think of yielding to such things at such a time.

I was excessively busy during my stay in the Rue Neuve-Saint-Roch ; I wrote a third of the *Emploi du Temps*, which completed the work ; I wrote the whole of the *Prisonniers*, and also the whole of the *Athées Consequens*, (it is true that I had two or three plans of this made out long before,) with the episode of the *Vallée de Josaphat*, which I had at first placed in the manuscript of the *Diners du Baron d'Holbach*, but which I withdrew from it by the advice of the enlightened critic I had chosen to inspect my work. I dedicated this production to the Comte de Rochefort-d'Ally, to whom I am sincerely attached, and I believe in my own mind all that I have said in my dedication.

To return to my labours. I first made an extract of the reign of Alfred the Great from Rapin's

History, and composed a long article on the same subject; if I live long enough, I shall write a poem upon it, for it is one of the finest subjects that can be selected.

I also made extracts from old books concerning the holy sepulchre and pilgrimages to the Holy Land, for in my book of *Religious Monuments* I have not mentioned the church of St. Sepulchre, and this is assuredly an improper omission that I shall correct in the new edition that is about to be made of that work. During the last six months, I was also obliged to correct the proofs of a great many of my works which were re-printing, to which I had added critical notes, to be put at the end of each volume. I have already finished the notes to the following works:—the *Vœux Teméraires*, *Alphonse ou le Fils Naturel*, *Belisaire*, and the *Veillées du Château*, of which a new edition, with engravings, is going on. All this, with the correcting of the proofs of my last works, required an immense deal of labour.

During the six months that I spent at once at Paris, I never went out but to walk or to see the *king's private library*, which is very excellent and curious, and superintended by a man (M. Valery) as amiable and obliging as he is learned and intelligent. Nothing embellishes a cultivated mind so

much as a kind disposition ; you know M. Valery's at once, for mildness and modesty are its characteristics. There is so much skill and discrimination in his conversation, so much good taste in his opinions, good-humoured politeness in his manners, that his gift of pleasing is at the same time the gift of making himself beloved.

The Duchess of Duras consented at last to allow her charming tale of *Ourika* to be published, for before this only a few copies had been printed for some friends ; she had the goodness to send me a copy. I was one of the first persons in society who spoke of it with admiration, and I only said what I thought. The word *admiration* seemed very strong to people who judge a work only by the number of its pages, and the dramatic efforts it contains, or by the reputation of the author ; yet these very people were forced to praise *Ourika*, but in what a way ! They say the work is *pleasing, pretty* ; and there are, doubtless, grace and prettiness in it, but there are also beauties of the first order, ingenious and novel comparisons, as the following, for instance :—*There are illusions that resemble the light of day ; when they are over, every thing disappears at the same time.* It is certainly very novel to compare the illusions that lead astray to the light that

guides us, and yet the comparison is perfectly just. This is invention and talent. A common writer, to follow the fashion, (which is much too durable, for it began more than thirty years ago,) would have infallibly made *Ourika* a *passionate lover*, and also declaiming violently against slavery, bondage, and the distinctions of rank and birth; or to show his imagination, this author would have taken from other works a host of incidents, and even whole phrases, which he would have placed in his own; and the whole would have formed a novel very diffuse and incoherent, full of plagiarisms, false and dangerous ideas, and sentiments of the most exaggerated kind.

Ourika offers nothing of the kind, but every thing is original, natural, moral, and true. *Ourika* loves with so much innocence, that she does not even suspect her love; her imagination is so chaste, and her heart so pure, that she very naturally mistakes the sentiment she feels for perfect friendship. Even the marriage of *Charles* does not open her eyes on this point; she has none of that *masculine jealousy* that causes so much fury and despair in the heroines of the novels of some authors of our days; yet *Ourika's* attachment is love, for on one point it requires an exclusive return; she wishes to obtain unreserved

confidence from *Charles*, but he withdraws it from her, and gives it wholly to his wife; it is then only that *Ourika* knows all the extent of her misfortune by learning the state of her affections. There is certainly genius in this conception, and in this picture, drawn with such charms and simplicity, and it required a pure soul to possess such a genius. The tale is almost entirely composed of the developement of *Ourika's* thoughts and sentiments, but this developement is made with such perfect truth of character, that those persons even who do not feel all the merit of the work, have not been able to read it without the liveliest interest.

Madame de Choiseul at last determined on publishing her poem as soon as finished, and on giving the proceeds to a charitable establishment, which she desired me to point out to her, as she knows that I have every means of doing so by Casimir's exertions, which are much directed to this object. The first edition will certainly be sold in a few days, for an epic poem written by a lady, and a lady of the court, will excite general curiosity, so that the profits will be considerable, and the action will be worthy of a person who has at all times displayed the noblest elevation of sentiment, for no personal vanity can have any influence upon it.

Never did an author of real talent show more modesty than Madame de Choiseul, or less eagerness to publish her works ; she has written poetry since the age of sixteen, and has never shown them to any one but the late M. de Choiseul and me, and among her poems there are some of superior merit, particularly the one entitled the *Epoques*. Among these historical epochs there are two particularly that present the greatest interest by the diction, thoughts and sentiments ; the first, is that of the entry of the allies into France in 1814, containing the finest and most correct portrait of the present emperor of Russia that has yet been made ; the author represents with great beauty and energy the magnanimity and heroic qualities of that great monarch. The other *Epoque* is equally beautiful, and commemorates the late generous war in Spain with a very appropriate eulogium upon his Royal Highness the Duke of Angoulême ; this passage cannot be more highly praised than by stating that the author has thereby rendered the most perfect justice to the character, virtues and actions of that most august prince. Madame de Choiseul shows me the most unreserved friendship, and would have agreed to give me these two poems to be inserted in these memoirs, of which they would have formed the finest orna-

ment, but she mentions Napoleon in them with the liberty of a person who never received the slightest benefit, or the smallest favour from him, while I am differently situated. Although I never asked for any favour, as soon as he learned (in 1804) that I had given up my private fortune to my children, that I had nothing left, and subsisted solely by my own exertions, he gave me, of his own accord, a pension of six thousand francs, which I received during the remainder of his reign, that is, during ten years; besides this, he granted me several favours that I asked for other persons, such as a pension of three thousand francs for my brother, who was a passionate royalist, and never would take any step to obtain a favour from him. I also obtained from himself directly a pension of two thousand francs for the celebrated Monsigny, another of four thousand for M. Rodet, and several other favours for different persons. I will never write any thing against him who did so much for me. During his reign I was not afraid to show openly my attachment to the memory and blood of our kings, as may be seen in my works entitled *Jeanne de France, Madame de La Vallière, Mad. de Maintenon, Mademoiselle de La Fayette, Mademoiselle de Clermont, Un trait de la vie de Henry IV.* While Napoleon was still on the throne, I wished

to publish the *History of Henry the Great*, which he would not allow to be printed, but soon after his downfall, I finished the work, and had the boldness to publish it at the moment of his return, without allowing a single alteration to be made. But I again repeat, my gratitude, as well as my admiration for some incidents in the life of this wonderful man,* will always prevent me from writing any thing against him.

One of my friends (the Chevalier d'Harmensen) was also writing a work, in prose, which he thought of publishing, as he had already done some essays, that display much originality and a lively style; he had some enemies, and in my opinion, without cause, but his antipathy to complimentary phrases is so great that he often mistakes good-nature for them, and has from habit adopted a rough and often very bitter manner; he thought that a person is always sincere when he shows a satirical turn, that there is always candour in epigrams and falsehood in praise. I am sorry that I am unable to say more harm of him, for I am certain that when he reads this description he will think it very insipid, which will not pre-

* Particularly the restoration of religion and public worship, and his generosity after the battle of Jena.—(Note by the Author.)

vent me, however, from doing justice to his good qualities. His heart is excellent, he is a warm friend, has a superior mind, much natural judgment, and the firmest and most sincere religious sentiments. He was a Protestant, and the strength of his mind and soul led him to study religion with the utmost care. After acquiring every requisite knowledge on this subject, he gave up his employments and pensions without hesitation, and embraced the Catholic religion.

Alfred writes me from Brussels, that he has just read in the *Memoirs of Beaumarchais* the romance of Elmira, which I quote in the *Prisonniers* as being written by M. d'Escars. I had already quoted it in the *Parvenus*, five or six years ago, and no claim was made at the time. This song circulated in society in manuscript for half a century, and was generally attributed to the Comte d'Escars; in fact, I am certain from private circumstances that he was the author. I was at the Palais Royal, about fifty years ago, when this pretty romance was known in society. At this period I was very intimate with M. de Sauvigny, (the author of the *Mort de Socrate*, the *Illinois*, &c.) who was acquainted with M. d'Escars, whose talents and knowledge he highly esteemed; one day he brought me the romance of Elmira, saying

that it was written by M. d'Escars, and that he obtained it from his own hand; I thought it charming, and often mentioned it in company, where it was much admired, and M. d'Escars received compliments upon it during the whole winter. This opinion has continued the same for many years, and is certainly incontestable. But in fact, there is nothing more common than to insert fugitive pieces improperly in posthumous works, particularly when the pieces have never been printed.

A work has just been published that might be called monstrous, were it not equally insipid, wretched and extravagant; it is entitled *le Damné*, and will serve at least to show at some future period the degree of bad taste and madness in literature to which we have fallen; it will be one of the monuments of this alarming decline, as the melodrames made upon the trial of the murderers of *Fualdes*, will be a proof of the ferocious manners introduced by the revolution among the most feeling and most generous nation in Europe. The French people in the time of Louis XIV. could not endure the following line of the *Horaces* to be pronounced at the theatre without pauses and hesitation:—

“Albe vous a nommé, je ne vous connais plus.”

This verse was universally hissed, because the audience thought that it indicated ferocity; at the second performance, the actor recited it with an expression of regret and an appearance of sensibility, and the line was then loudly applauded. At the present day, the pit shows the greatest enthusiasm at the appearance of robbers, murders, tubs full of blood, and other scenes of barbarity.

Even the performance of the actors in dramas and tragic plays is influenced by this brutal and ferocious exaggeration: actors cry out and gesticulate a great deal too much. When noise is given instead of appropriate action, all the means of producing great effects are destroyed. Le Kain, amidst all the furious madness of Orestes, only spoke with a repressed voice that indicated the most dreadful depression of mind; he made but two exclamations on saying: *Tiens, tiens, voila le coup que je t'ai reservé*; ("here, here, here's the blow I have reserved for thee;") and the whole theatre shuddered with terror. It was also Le Kain who said to a young actor to whom he was giving lessons: "*When you are desirous of assuming an impassioned look, seem as if you were afraid to touch the gown of your princess.*" The theatrical lovers of the present day have very different manners.

It is long since I have given up going to the theatre; but since my return to France, I saw (about twenty years ago) a very celebrated actress perform several scenes of *Andromaque* in a private room, and I was greatly surprised at seeing the singular alteration made in the heroine of the play. Racine had lavished all the charms of modesty, sweetness, and sensibility upon this character, yet this virtuous and interesting widow was no longer recognizable in the passage where she exclaims sorrowfully: *Peins-toi dans horreurs Andromaque eperdue*; (“Amidst these horrors think of the disconsolate Andromache;”) the actress raised such cries, and made such violent gestures, that I could not help remarking, that to suit the acting, the line should have been, “think of the *mad* Andromache.”

In spring, I prepared to set out for Mantes, and bade farewell to all my friends, who received my adieus with affection each in his own manner: M. de Courchamps received me with his usual gracefulness and wit, but grumbling at me; M. Valery was sorry, but offered no complaint; the Chevalier d’Harmensen did not restrain himself when alone with me, but began to cry; Madame de Choiseul pressed me times innumerable with all her amiable vivacity to return speedily; Ana-

tole de Montesquiou sent me some agreeable verses;* as to my daughter and grand-daughters they were themselves about to set out for the country, where they were to remain a long time; Madame de Celles had just obtained a place in the household of the Duchess of Orleans, and I have no doubt that her judgment, talents, and conduct, as well as the nobleness, softness, and gracefulness of her person will fully justify the choice of the princess, who, out of particular kindness to her, permitted her to spend five months annually upon her estate in Belgium.

I had begun to give lessons on the harp to my great-grand-daughter Pulcherie de Celles; I gave her two lessons a week, and as she had a strong inclination for music, I was very well pleased with her progress. I advised her, when she went to Brussels, to take for her teacher Alfred Lemaire, my godson and pupil, as he was an excellent teacher and followed the same method.

I arrived at Mantes in the beginning of spring, 1824. The road from Paris to Mantes is de-

* He had just obtained the place of *Chevalier d'honneur* to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans. Among many other reasons, his admiration of the Duke made him consider this favour of great value.—(Note by the Author.)

lightful; I was along with Casimir in a good carriage with post horses; the journey alone did me a great deal of good, and I reached Mantes very lively and in excellent health. I found all Casimir's amiable family prosperous; I was delighted at being under the same roof with that virtuous woman, who showed me the kindest and most filial attention during the short but dangerous illness I had in the Faubourg Poissonnière. Too much esteem cannot be felt for a person who combines a most blameless conduct with the most valuable qualities; and what Balzac said of one of his friends might be applied to her:—

“A virtuous woman ought not to consider vice as bad but rather as impossible, not so much to hate it as not conceive its existence, and if she be sincerely virtuous, she will rather believe in the existence of hypogriffs and centaurs, than of women of a vicious life, and will believe that the lower classes are fond of scandal and falsehood, and that character is deceitful, rather than believe that a neighbour of hers is not faithful to her husband Let her pity the woman whom others abuse, and if it is said that a woman has committed a crime, let her be satisfied with saying that a misfortune has happened to her.”

Balzac very judiciously adds that there are “women who, provided they are chaste, think they have a right to be ill-natured and morose, and believe that because they have not one vice, they possess all the virtues. I admit that the loss of honour is the greatest misfortune that can befall a woman; but it does not therefore follow that it is a heroic action to have preserved it, nor can I admire her for not wishing to be wretched and dishonoured. I have never heard it said that a person should be praised for not falling into the fire, or for avoiding a precipice. The memory of those who kill themselves is condemned, but no reward is offered to those who do not commit suicide; so that a woman who boasts of being chaste, boasts that she is not among the dead, that she possesses a quality without which she would no longer have any rank in society, where she could only remain to see her name degraded and her memory infamous.”

Madame Baëcker has a piety too enlightened not to possess the mildest and most conciliating disposition; she has the most profound contempt for every sort of quarrelling or ill-will, and is wholly incapable, even on the most trifling occasion, of irritating the mind of any one; with the

exception of the details of her own household, she has always forbidden her servants to tell her any reports. She well knows that there is always some falsehood, and often a great deal of unfounded scandal in these petty stories, so that she listens to nothing of the kind; and it is in this way that a person may enjoy in his own house during the whole of his existence the charms of unalterable peace, and is worthy of knowing and enjoying it.

It is not my intention in this place to draw the portrait of Casimir, for my constant affection for him sufficiently indicates my opinion; I shall only say that among the truly essential qualities he possesses, there is one which is sufficient of itself to cause my attachment, I mean his perfect and unalterable sincerity; since Providence placed him in my hands in his childhood, he never told me a falsehood, and even when he had committed a fault, he came of his own accord and confessed it to me. This noble frankness he inherits from nature, and it has been rendered immovable by his fervent and persevering piety.

I was enchanted with the town of Mantes; the Gothic cathedral is very beautiful, and the walks are delightful; I have under my window a pretty garden belonging to the house, and the finest

prospect in the world ; we have a large and handsome bathing-room at home, and directly opposite our door a convent of nuns, where mass is said daily.

I dine here at whatever hour suits me ; I follow whatever regimen is most proper for me ; I live in a pleasing and profound retreat, and by this seclusion double the last days of my existence.

We have several excellent physicians in this town, amongst the rest M. Maigne, a man of much ability and most pleasing company, particularly for his patients, to whom he gives the best of remedies, and all the moral consolations that can palliate their bodily sufferings. Some years ago he gave proofs of admirable zeal, skill, and devoted courage: twenty thousand wounded soldiers ill of a contagious disorder passed through Mantes from the month of December 1813 to 1814, and there were only four physicians there at the time, of whom M. Maigne was one. They all bestowed the most unremitting care upon the sick, which was the more generous, as they had no orders from government and received no recompense. When the hospitals became insufficient for the sick, the physicians made an arrangement with the benevolent clergyman, and obtained a portion of the church, where they placed forty

beds, and they at the same time took the most prudent and effectual precautions to guard the inhabitants of the town from the contagion. In fulfilling these heroic duties, three physicians were cut off by the same disorder, caught from their patients, and M. Maigne remained alone; he became still more active in attending the unfortunate beings whom he had generously taken under his protection; but he also was soon attacked by the fever, when he determined on stopping it in the most decisive manner, being well aware that this would either cure him or cut him off at once. In one single day he took two ounces of bark and a bottle of bark wine, by which the fever was arrested, he recovered his former health, and employed it for the safety of his patients. He displayed on this occasion an example of the most sublime devotedness that a physician can possibly give.

These interesting facts are rendered indubitable by the most authentic documents, signed by the virtuous *curé* of the town, the mayor, the justice of the peace, and a great number of the most respectable inhabitants of Mantes. Though M. Maigne never asked for any recompense or favour from the government, he wished to leave to his son, whom he is bringing up to his own noble

profession, an example of conduct worthy of imitation, and it was for this sole purpose that he collected these documents to be left as a legacy to his children. I ought to add another fact equally true, namely, that though I have been very intimate with him since my arrival at Mantes, he never once spoke to me of this interesting circumstance, till I learned the particulars from others, and then having asked him some questions on the subject, he assured me of the truth of what I have already stated, and at my urgent request was so good as to lend me the documents that testify to his conduct.

There is at Mantes, as every body tells me, a very amiable sub-prefect, M. Alfred de Roissy, nephew of the Marquise de la Saumès, the only lady of the place I sometimes see, for she has powerful claims on my affection as the daughter of Gerbier, and the sincere friend of Casimir and his family; besides this, I had often seen her at Paris before I came to Mantes.

I have also the honour of sometimes receiving visits in my chamber from a clergyman, (the first vicar of the worthy curé,) the Abbé Robert, distinguished by his pleasing turn of mind, and venerable for his moral qualities. It is impossible to speak too highly of his heroic conduct during

the most frightful periods of the revolution, when he frequently exposed his life in taking all the assistance and consolation that religion can offer to the faithful under persecution. This praiseworthy conduct I never learned from himself, for his modesty would not allow it to be mentioned in his presence. His religious activity equals his other virtues, and I know no one whose time is more fully occupied; he could not bear up under his incessant labours, did not piety produce strength as well as courage. He might have had a less laborious and more lucrative place if he chose; but his modesty finds charms in obscurity, and his only ambition is the desire of being useful.

Casimir has formed a very choice and select society at this place, but I cannot enjoy it, as I never leave my room but to take a walk; but I have sometimes met in our garden a man who will always be distinguished among those who maintain sound doctrines in conversation with mildness, wit, and talent; I mean M. Anièrè, *juge d'instruction*.

Madame de la Saumès related to me an anecdote so authentic, interesting, and even heroic, that I cannot help mentioning it in this place. Madame Desp * * * is the mother of a lady

who settled at Mantes, during the reign of terror : when she was eighteen years of age, she lived at a country-seat forty-five leagues from Paris. Her worthy parents concealed some proscribed Vendéans in their house, which being discovered, the whole family, with the exception of young Madame Desp * * * was seized and sent off to Paris. She soon learned that her family were exposed to the most dreadful dangers at Paris, and without reflecting on any thing but her affection, determined on a most extraordinary step ; without delay or hesitation she obtained a riding habit, and set off with post horses for Paris, which she reached without stopping a moment on the road. Her parents were still alive when she arrived, but were to be executed in eight and forty hours ; she threw herself at the feet of the revolutionary leaders, and her handsome person, extreme youth, and noble conduct affected the hearts of the most hardened Jacobins ; she asked for a reprieve, obtained it, and saved her parents. I had the happiness of seeing this interesting lady, whose figure is very mild and pleasing ; she speaks of her wonderful feat with a modesty that augments its value, if possible ; and that nothing may be wanting to the admiration she inspires me

with, she successfully cultivates literature and the arts.

At the commencement of my stay at Mantes, I learned a circumstance that gave me a great deal of trouble. I had left several copies of the *Athées Consequens* at my house in the Rue Neuve-Saint-Roch, having left orders with the two servants who remained to take them to various persons whose addresses I gave; several of these parcels contained letters, one of them addressed to M. Dupuytren, who had the goodness to send me his affecting relation of the death of the Duke of Berri, of which a very small number of copies had been printed for the use of his friends; my copies and letters were lost. I accuse no one; there seem to have been a great many mistakes; but I only state the simple fact.

I felt another mistake still more sensibly. M. de Lawoëstine was exceedingly desirous that his daughter by his second wife, Léocadie de Lawoëstine, should be admitted an honorary canoness of the chapter of St. Anne, in Bavaria; he pressed me urgently to solicit this favour (which is a very great one) from his Majesty the King of Bavaria; I replied that I had no sort of claim that could give me any hopes of succeeding, but

his importunity was so great, that I yielded, though I thought the step exceedingly inconsiderate, and endeavoured in my letter to express myself to this effect in the best way I could. To my great surprise, the King of Bavaria condescended to reply in the most satisfactory manner, and I obtained what I asked for young Léocadie, whom I have always tenderly loved. It was thus that she became canoness of the chapter of St. Anne. I was desirous on this occasion to offer my grateful homage to the king of Bavaria, and told M. Arthus Bertrand to send to him a bound copy of my *Prisonniers*, which might be useful in all countries. I gave him two copies for this purpose, and under the same envelope sent two letters to the Bavarian ambassador, requesting him to accept a copy, and to send the other with my letter to his majesty. Three months after this, I had the chagrin of learning that my orders had not been executed, and that the ambassador had received nothing.

I experienced at Mantes a grievous affliction by the sudden death of the witty and excellent Chevalier d'Harmensen, whom I sincerely regretted. He was very robust, and seemed endowed with an excellent constitution. He was one of the melancholy instances of the fatal consequences of too

strong an attachment to good living. It is a vice of a more dangerous nature, because it is at first treated as a subject of humorous remark, then becomes a pretension, and finally settles into a habit that is not given up, for scientific *gourmandise* is considered a defect of good company, into which it too often serves as a passport.

This melancholy event renewed all my painful reflections upon death. Where is the reasonable being who has reached the age of maturity, and has not meditated profoundly upon death! In the fortunate periods of the life of those who are now grown old, in those days passed in peace and a happy indifference to political affairs, every thing could turn one away from the thoughts of death; it was only a law of nature that seemed made but for extreme old age, and that left to youth all the pleasures and all the illusions of hope! The sight of death was rare, and the divine promises held out by religion softened all its sadness. If men sorrowed over the tombs of some friends, they wept at least without indignation and without terror. But during a very long period, death, so menacing to every period of life, was scarcely ever seen except surrounded by discord, hatred, and the furies, and its bloody scyth seemed all at once to cut off futurity from man

kind! Insurrection, the horrors of war, invasions, and panic terror took away every prospect of the future from human destiny! How often have the most well-founded sorrows lost their real character, and been changed into implacable resentment!—how often have the burning tears of vengeance profaned the sad tranquillity of the tombs and the tomb itself ceased to be the last refuge of hospitality! a ferocious madness proscribed the bones of the venerable dead, by snatching them from the silent and sacred asylums of death! .. Yet was a *philosophical* poet, the first who, with infernal fury, authorized and counselled these atrocious and senseless crimes!* May all these troubles, misfortunes, and anxieties about the future, have the effect, at least, of teaching us the instability of life, fortune, and greatness! and may useful reflections bring us back to those religious feelings that can alone give us moderation in prosperity and true courage in misfortune!

Let us return to Mantes. I had a great desire to go to Rosny, where there are so many memorable recollections of ancient times, and unfortunately so many of the present day! . . . All the

* M. Lebrun, in his *Patriotic Ode*, which I have already noticed—(*Note by the Author.*)

echoes of that vast castle have long resounded with the noblest traditions. . . . The august and beneficent princess who now possesses this splendid mansion, has made it her pleasure to embellish and sanctify it; the traveller who visits it, sees at the same time all that can satisfy the enlightened amateur of the fine arts, and all that can elevate the sentiments of a religious mind.

The last summer was so stormy, and the fine weather so uncertain, that I was afraid of risking the good health I had recovered at Mantes by going to Rosny in an open *caleche*, which was the only carriage we had. I felt this disappointment very sensibly, but received some consolation by the accounts I received almost daily of the beauties of Rosny and its park, and the incomparable goodness and unbounded charity of the illustrious sovereign of this privileged estate.

The Chevalier Lablée requested me not to write regularly for the new series of the *Journal des Dimanches*, but to allow him to announce me as the author of some projected articles; I agreed to do so (altogether gratuitously), for I shall always feel a lively interest in every work intended for the use of youth.

It was towards the close of my stay at Mantes, that our king, Louis XVIII. gradually declined

into that state that left no hopes of his life; however, the skill of the physicians and surgeons that surrounded him, prolonged his existence in a wonderful manner; by means of ointment, spirituous waters, bark, and aromatic preparations, with which his body was daily dressed, some life was given to his declining powers; it might be truly said, that he was *embalmed alive*. Amidst all his illness and visible decline, this monarch, truly called *most christian*, preserved a most admirable resignation, presence of mind, courage, and magnanimity; he lived to show Europe an example of patience and dignity in misfortune,* clemency, gratitude, and friendship on the throne, combined with an enlightened taste for literature and the arts. The regrets for his loss would have been most bitter, had he not left a successor so worthy of occupying his place, one whose character and lofty piety offer to France such endearing hopes.

A young engraver of medallions, of precocious and distinguished talent, M. Peuvrier, came to Mantes and urgently pressed me (by the intervention of M. Maigne) to give him some sittings

* See his reply to Napoleon's letter, asking him to abdicate the throne.—(Note by the Author.)

that he might make a medallion in bronze of my likeness. As I do not consider myself at all worthy of this honour, particularly at an age when one has no desire of showing their figure, I gave him a positive refusal; he still pressed, but I persisted, till he came one day unexpectedly to my house. His extreme youth and perseverance prevailed on me to give him two sittings, but of very short duration, during which I confess I did not keep myself in a suitable posture, and in fact, the medallion, though perfectly stamped, is deficient in resemblance. It was with surprise, that I saw myself with a long face and an aquiline nose, which made me recollect that in Rowe's *Fair Penitent* Calista looks at the body of Lothario, and says: *Is that the gay, the brilliant Lothario?* And I too said, on looking at the medallion, *Is that the round face, the little turned up nose, the face, in short, that was so often compared to that of Roxalane?* . . . I can very well conceive, that the ravages of time have made this resemblance in a great measure disappear; yet still I cannot agree to the long face and the aquiline nose.

A few days before my departure for Paris, a work was published, entitled, *Memoirs of the Life*

and Works of D. Diderot, by J. A. Naigeon, member of the Institute.* As the author is dead, I shall not afflict him by saying what I think of his work, which is in every respect wretched; he wishes to show the talents of Diderot, and yet continually depreciates him in the most awkward and ridiculous manner. Diderot might be praised for various qualities, but this required taste, justice, and sound principles. Diderot had too often gigantic conceptions, but his soul was lofty and aspiring, two qualities rarely combined, the only other example to be found among the writers of the last century, being J. J.

* Naigeon (Jacques-André) was born at Paris in 1738, and died in February, 1819. He very early in life formed a friendship with Diderot, which was broken but not extinguished by the death of the latter, for Naigeon faithfully defended the memory and reputation of his friend whenever any occasion required it. He had adopted the hopeless doctrine of materialism, the first lessons of which he seems to have learned in Baron d'Holbach's society, and it is believed that he had a great share in writing the work, known by the name of *the System of Nature*. A part of the Abbé Raynal's works is likewise attributed to him, and a great number of other writings, to which he prudently did not put his name. This individual published a translation of the Treatise of Crellius on *Religious Toleration, or Liberty of Conscience*, and afterwards wrote *Intolerance found guilty of crime and madness*; yet became so intolerant in the sequel, that Chenier called him the *Atheistical Inquisitor*.—(Editor).

Rousseau. But Diderot had an immense advantage over Rousseau, in the general purity and rectitude of his conduct through life, in which we find none of the faults and errors that stained that of the philosopher of Geneva. Diderot adopted pernicious doctrines, lost his way in vain subtleties, and fell into obscurity and bombast; but the inspirations of his soul made him frequently forget his sophistry, false systems, and dangerous errors, and then he was truly eloquent. He was the author of many works and articles that are wholly without excuse, and without merit in a merely literary point of view. Editors who wish well to his fame, and to public morals, will have no hesitation in expunging such writings from his works.

I was desirous of seeing my family and friends at the commencement of the approaching year, and left Mantes towards the end of December, 1824. I returned to Paris to the same apartment in the Rue Neuve-Saint-Roch, where I found the two servants I had left.

A few days after my arrival, I had the honour of sending to Her Royal Highness Mademoiselle d'Orleans, as a new year's present, a small *surprise* of my own invention, which she received with her accustomed goodness. It was a paste-

board box, perfectly resembling half a ream of beautiful gilt note paper; within was a rule, apparently of ebony, but really of chocolate, and a false stick of black sealing-wax, also of chocolate. With this I sent the following lines:—

A l'hommage du cœur vous daignerez sourire;
Un tel tribut doit vous être adressé,
Il est bien désintéressé,
Puisqu'avec ce papier vous ne pourrez m'écrire.

The Duke of Orleans gave me as a Christmas present a huge billet full of excellent sweetmeats. I found the first days after my arrival delightful, from the extreme pleasure I felt in seeing again my daughter and grand-daughters, their charming children, and all my friends. Madame de Choiseul hastened to see me with the affectionate eagerness she has displayed towards me on all occasions. How delightful it is to converse with her, to open one's heart to hear her, and to be listened to by her! It seems that friendly communications discover to her every thing that is most dear and affectionate to her own private interests; she is an incomparable friend, she will never be loved like any other.

It was with heartfelt satisfaction that I found myself once more surrounded by persons whose

conversation is pleasing to me; amongst others, by Madame des Celles, so lively, conversing so well on every subject, and I confess I am a little vain of her, for she knows by heart the whole of the four most useful works I wrote for the use of youth and men of the world, the *Veillées du Château*, the *Annales de la Vertu*, my *Moral Tales*, and my *Maison Rustique*.

Madame des Lascours was at Paris; she came immediately to see me, along with our charming Clara, whom I found still the same as ever; Madame de Boufflers, M. de Rochefort, and M. de Sabran; Messieurs de Bouillé and Valery, M. de Lawoëstine and his amiable daughter Leocadie, my niece Georgette, Lady Edward Fitzgerald, all my nieces, including my niece Henriette Sercey Finguerlin,; my cousin, M. de Sercey, M. de Courchamp, Madame Juliani, Doctors Alibert and Moreau; Madame Ducrest, my unfortunate sister-in-law, so worthy of being loved, but who recalled to my mind, at our first interview, such heart-rending recollections; their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Mademoiselle d'Orleans, by their kindness to her daughter and grand-daughter, have given us all the consolation we can receive for a loss I shall never cease to deplore to my latest breath.

I again saw my excellent friend, M. Pieyre, at the Palais Royal, which he never leaves, not even to go to Neuilly, though this is one of the greatest of privations to him; his health, however, is good, and he retains all his memory, kindness, and talent. He has just got a little play, not intended for the stage, printed for the use of his friends; it is entitled *La Veuve Mère*. In this agreeable work, the author describes with great correctness, all the mildness of his own disposition and all the sensibility of his heart, and makes no use of those odious contrasts so common in our days, in which innocence and virtue are left continually at the mercy of vice equally furious, lawless, and remorseless.

I ought to devote a separate place for a most respectable individual for whom I have felt the utmost veneration for the last twenty-five years, namely, from the moment of my return to France—I mean M. Magnien, curé of Saint-Germain-l'-Auxerrois. From that time, he has had the kindness to be my guide and director in a world that was now become new to me, of which all the good old roads I was obliged to see effaced and broken up by time, criminality, and errors of every kind; for this truly apostolical clergyman I have preserved the most affectionate and most

respectful attachment. This worthy pastor honoured me with a visit; we were alone, and I shall never forget the words he deigned to address to me; I listened to them in silence, and with the profoundest attention, and I could do nothing better. I shall also always remember with gratitude, that when I was in danger in the Rue Pigale, he came to strengthen my mind by his soothing and powerful exhortations. What an invaluable friend in such a situation is he whom we think the most perfect in the eyes of God!—what are the marks of affection and attachment of the greatest personages of a court or of society, compared with the consolations such a person can give!

I was also honoured with some visits from the virtuous curé of Saint Roch, and from the Abbé Marduel, one of his vicars, who was then occupied in writing a very important work; he had the kindness to read some portions of it to me, which raised my warmest admiration.*

* The Abbé Marduel succeeded, in 1787, his uncle, the curé of Saint Roch. By virtue of the concordat of 1801, he again resumed his pastoral functions, which he had been obliged to give up because he would not take the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy. In 1802 he refused to admit the body of Mademoiselle Chamerois, the opera-dancer, into the church of Saint Roch; and in 1815 he also opposed the entrance of the coffin of Mademoiselle Raucour, the actress.

At this last visit to Paris, I had not the pleasure of seeing a man for whom I feel the highest veneration and friendship, the Chevalier de Pougens, a most agreeable, learned, and distinguished literary character.* He has been blind for some years; but he had the good fortune to find a most affectionate guide in his amiable wife, whose cares and conversation should compensate him for the loss of his sight.

Hitherto I have mentioned nothing but the pleasure I felt in being at Paris along with my friends; but this satisfaction was not altogether unmingled. When I arrived from Mantes, I had just passed seven months in the most delicious peace; during the whole time I had not heard a single tale of scandal, a single attempt at ridicule;

* The study of music, drawing, and languages, occupied the infancy of M. de Pougens; he wrote in German the poem of *Aurora*, at an age at which young men scarcely begin to learn the principles of composition. He made immense researches on the origin of languages in the library of the Vatican, but his labours were interrupted by the most afflicting of calamities; at the age of twenty-four, he lost his sight from the effects of the small-pox. This misfortune has neither prevented him from travelling nor from prosecuting his researches and literary labours of the highest interest. He lives in retirement in the neighbourhood of Soissons, where he is busy in concluding a large work entitled, *Tresor des Origines et Dictionnaire Grammatical raisonné de Langue Française*.—(Editor.)

I had forgotten that quarrelsome, envious, and wicked people existed, and when I arrived in Paris I almost instantly heard the most wicked calumnies and atrocious stories told concerning persons who had hitherto enjoyed an excellent character. Formerly, at least, scandal had its limits in high life, and when it went beyond them it became at once invidious and suspected; it is quite otherwise at the present day. Public events and various published works have given birth to such enthusiasm and such a demand for violent emotions, that a person is always sure of interesting and of being listened to, when he presents the most hideous pictures, or tells the most horrid stories. The worst of all this is, that scandal increases the more it circulates in society; the more it is talked of, the more are odious particulars added to it, which are called the *trimmings*—but these trimmings are never any thing but stains and holes, and the materials, far from becoming ornamented by them, remain at last nothing but *dirty old rags*.

Tales of scandal are the gossip of malignity; that is an unfortunate period when people feel great inclination for those little satirical and ill-natured anecdotes that are told without reflection, and often with the worst intentions, under the

semblance of gaiety. Yet it is impossible to leave them out of view altogether, when we wish to describe the manners of the age; but at least we must omit all the aggravating circumstances and all the personalities that might throw discredit on the persons accused. Calumny at the present day is only dangerous when it is extravagant and horrid; the more it is terrible, the more it spreads;—these reflections would have disgusted me with the world at twenty-five years of age—what effect must they not have produced in my mind at the age to which I have attained!

Contrary to my expectations, the prospectus of my memoirs, in which I announced that I intended to publish them during my life-time, received universal approbation from the public; all the reasons I gave for the novelty were approved of, and I shall always be glad that I was the first author who gave such an example, which has just been followed by the Comte de Segur, peer of France, with the merited success that might have been expected from his former works.

Before my last journey to Paris, I had made for my great grand-daughter, Pulcherie de Celles, and also for her sisters and my other grand-children, a little work of a singular nature, that cost me a great deal of time and research; it is a canticle on

flowers, forming also a religious course of the most curious facts in morals and botany; the canticle consists of a hundred and one couplets, and is written to a popular air, that it might be more easily learned. I endeavour to raise admiration for the benefits of divine Providence, and mention a great number of wonderful plants known only to botanists; the whole is illustrated by very full and very curious explanatory notes, taken from various dictionaries, Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, the learned works of M. de Leûze, the Travels of M. de Humboldt, and other sources. Almost all the couplets of this canticle I wrote while walking amidst the flowers that surround us in this place; and the object for which it was destined made the labour very pleasing to me. I sent a correct copy of the whole to my grand-daughter Pulcherie in the month of October, 1825, and promised to give her a second copy, written with my own hand, with the *vignettes* drawn by myself; she wrote me a charming answer, which I shall always preserve. My daughter promised me to paint all the flowers of this canticle, which would form with the text a very interesting work for youth, and would be also an antidote to the insipid compliments paid to young ladies on their complexion, by comparing it to the brilliant colours of flowers. I also feel the

hope that this little domestic work will propagate in my own family religious sentiments, and a taste for botany and rural life.

Casimir pressed me to prolong my stay at Paris but I felt my strength declining so fast, and was exposed to such want of sleep and appetite, that I determined on departing on the 28th of February, 1825.

Some days before my departure, Anatole de Montesquiou sent me a large slate in a beautiful mahogany frame, as I had told him I often regretted that I could not write down some fugitive ideas during the night, and which I could not recollect next morning; on the slate were written the following lines :

Quand Paris s'abandonne au charme de la nuit,
Votre esprit créateur enfante des merveilles,
Dont l'heureux souvenir par Morphée est détruit.
Sans crainte livrez-vous à vos fécondes veilles :
Ce tableau protecteur en gardera le fruit.

My mind brings forth no wonders, but the lines are not less agreeable on that account, and it is well known, that all kinds of exaggeration are allowed to poets.

Young Count Arthur de Bouillé likewise gave me a pretty fable in verse, on the beet-root, the

idea of which is very ingenious ; I do not insert it here, as it is put into *my garland*, which I do not wish to plunder to enrich these Memoirs.

I arrived at Mantes at seven in the evening, after dining on the way ; the weather was bad, although I was in a very good carriage, I caught cold, but had no fever, and in five or six days I again recovered my usual health. I again saw with delight the peaceful inhabitants of the mansion, my fine prospect, and the pretty garden, whose earliest flowers I gathered. I may flatter myself with having fully treated upon every thing that relates to flowers, and can boast of having lately introduced into France the grafting of roses upon apple-trees. I told a gardener at Mantes that I had seen this done in Holstein, and he has lately imitated it successfully ; I also gave him a receipt from my *Maison Rustique* to make artichokes grow to an enormous size ; I advised him to try the same plan with sun-flowers, because it would be very agreeable to make a parasol of the these flowers by planting them behind a garden seat ; I advised him also to double the lily of the valley to form garden borders with it, which would be more agreeable as the plant preserves in this way a delicious fragrance, much stronger than that of the simple flower. Since that time, M. Maigne

has taught me the means of raising asparagus of an enormous size.

The success of my Memoirs was greatly beyond my expectation; however, two or three persons say that I ought to have omitted all I have said concerning Madame de Montesson, *because in fact she was my benefactress, since she portioned my daughter and married her.* To this I have only to say; first, that, as I have already mentioned in my preface, I owed it to the memory of my mother, of my brother, of the unfortunate prince who was the father of my pupils, and to my own character, to relate the simple truth; secondly, that Madame de Montesson had unfortunately so much influence over the events of my life, that I could not write these Memoirs and omit speaking of her; thirdly, that I have said nothing of a vast number of incidents of a curious kind, some of them, I may boldly say, much to my credit; fourthly, that every one knows as well as myself, that it was not my daughter that Madame de Montesson portioned and married, for she did not know her; I never took her to see her but on New Year's-day, and the visit did not last a quarter of an hour. Madame de Montesson was forty-five years of age when M. de Valence, then twenty-five, arrived in Paris, and made his entry into high life. One

may, and ought to believe, that she conceived a maternal attachment to him : it was he whom she *portioned and married*, because she could not keep him to herself, except by marrying him to her grand-niece ; and what shows this in the clearest and most incontestable manner, is that she did not do the slightest thing to forward the marriage of her other grand-niece, my eldest daughter, nor did she even send the usual marriage present which wealthy aunts always send to their nieces on their marriage. My sister-in-law, the Marquise de Genlis, made Madame de Lawoëstine a charming present on the occasion, yet she was only her uncle's wife ; Madame de Montesson did not even give her a rose.* By her will, Madame de Montesson disinherited me as well as my brother ; she even disinherited my daughter, and made M. de Valence *sole heir* to her property ! . . .

I ought also to add, that Madame de Montesson was so far from confessing her arts to me, that she

* My eldest daughter married a man of high rank, who was their to seventy thousand francs a year, and the rank of *grande*, after the death of the Princess of Ghistelle ; but his father was avaricious, and would scarcely give him any thing during his life ; I was obliged to undergo the greatest personal privations, that might have been avoided, the greater part at least, had Madame de Montesson felt the natural sentiments of a relation.—
(Note by the Author.)

attempted only to blind my eyes; I was the witness, but never the confidant of her actions; but however that might be, my narrative gave universal satisfaction. The following, amongst the rest, is what one of my friends, an excellent judge of morals and literature (M. Pieyre), wrote me on the subject:—

“ Nothing can be more interesting and lively than your narrative. The scene of the reading of Madame de Montesson’s comedy is a finished picture, as well as that of her manœuvring, her affected jealousy of M. de Guines, and the excellent prince who fell into the snare! . . . the whole has a truly comic effect.”

After my return to Mantes, I received a letter from one of my countrymen, M. de Verchères, grandson of an excellent physician who practised at the waters of Bourbon-Lancy, who was an excellent friend of my family, and with whom I was well acquainted in my youth; I also became acquainted with young Verchères during my former visit to Paris: I was delighted to find this young man well educated and most intelligent. We talked of nothing but Bourbon-Lancy, of which I have preserved such tender recollection. He was surprised at my recollection on this point; it was truly *the memory of the heart*! I had already

caused the same sort of astonishment in the Marquis d'Aligre, when conversing with him about Saint-Aubin. M. de Verchères succeeded in pleasing me still more by showing me his talents in poetry ; he sent me a poem of his own writing, having no allusion to me, but extremely agreeable ; it is entitled *la prière exaucée*. I shall not mention the numberless other letters I have received relative to my Memoirs, but wish to notice two requests that have been made to me to correct some *errors* in a second edition of this work ; I wish to do more, by acknowledging them in this place ; and that the corrections may be more distinct and decisive, I shall give the letters themselves that allude to the subject. The first is from M. Auguste de Bontemps, a lieutenant-colonel, and major of the seventh regiment of the Royal guard.

The letter begins with some lines of complaint, then M. Auguste de Bontemps continues as follows :—

“ The subject I allude to, Madam, is the duel that was fought by the Count de Schomberg and the Baron Lefort, my maternal grandfather, the former colonel and proprietor, the latter lieutenant-colonel of the same regiment of dragoons. The facts are as follow : M. de Schomberg having

given the lie to M. Lefort, received a gross insult that could only be washed out in the blood of one or the other; the consequence was, that they fought in the manner you described in page 157, of the second volume of your Memoirs. M. de Schomberg received a shot through the body, which put his life in danger for several months, and left him ill as long as he lived; my grandfather had only the right front of his hair touched, and was taken immediately afterwards to the siege of Mahon, by the Marechal de Richelieu. It is not therefore true that M. Lefort was killed on the spot, nor of course can it be true that M. de Schomberg gave the widow an annuity, and paid for the education of the children of M. Lefort. The circumstances of the Baroness Lefort gave her the means of educating her children without the assistance of any; and besides this, her brother, Lieutenant-General Falkenhayn, possessed a large fortune, of which he made the most generous use, and always acted like a father to his nephews and nieces, and would have saved his sister from the humiliation which you so unfoundedly suppose she was exposed to.

“ I must also do M. de Schomberg the justice to say, that he acknowledged and publicly avowed on all occasions, that he was wrong in

provoking this unfortunate business. Towards the close of his life, he said to one of the daughters of his antagonist: *I shall always remember your brave father, for he wounded me in such a manner that I am exposed to continual suffering*—BUT IT WAS MY OWN FAULT.

“I dare flatter myself, Madam, that you will appreciate the feelings that gave rise to this well founded application, and that faithful to your respect for truth, you will have the goodness to correct this error in the following editions of your work; and that in the meantime you will think proper, by means of the newspapers, to undeceive the numerous readers of the first edition of your interesting Memoirs. It will be grateful to me to owe this explanation to yourself alone. I am, *Madame la Comtesse*, with the highest esteem for your great talents,

“Your most obedient, humble servant,

“AUGUSTE DE BONTEMPS.”

Paris, 28th March, 1825.

The next application is as follows:—A man of the world, on whom the greatest reliance may be placed, but who desires me not to mention his name, writes me that I am mistaken in saying, that the Memoirs of the Baron de Bezenval were

not written by him; he adds, that the Baron left by his will a box full of *notices* to M. de Segur, which the latter put into order, and that these form the memoirs. In this case, I confess that I was wrong in stating that he had nothing to do with the memoirs; but *notices* are not memoirs, so that it is plain that M. de Segur did more than edit them, particularly as the Baron was incapable of writing even tolerably in French. My error on this point is therefore very slight.

I lately read in a newspaper a description of Napoleon's grave at St. Helena. The most extraordinary precautions have been taken to prevent the body being carried off by stealth; the body has been sunk to a great depth in the ground, and the mortal remains are barricaded by iron bars and pieces of wood firmly fixed over each other. This subterranean homage is more than equivalent to a haughty pyramid, or an epitaph loaded with the deceitful praise so common on funeral monuments.

I have just been told that one of my countrymen, of the greatest merit and most eminent talent (M. Madrolle), will soon pay a visit of a few days to Mantes, which will give me great pleasure. One of the greatest pleasures I know is reading his works and conversing with him; for his sake I shall give up my accustomed shy-

ness, for I have known him intimately since his youth.

Since my return, I was informed of a very agreeable *intended* visit, from the Marquise d'Hericy, who was travelling by way of Mantes to her estate ; she obtained a letter of recommendation from Madame de Choiseul, and sent me a most pleasing note, requesting to see me, but it was half-past eight o'clock in the evening ; I was undressed and about to go to bed, where I am forced to be rubbed for more than half an hour ; in this way I was unable to profit by a kind attention on which I should have set a high value.

I was more fortunate when M. and Madame de Beaufremont passed through Mantes, for they gave up several hours to me with great satisfaction. They saw nothing but an old woman of eighty, but they procured me the satisfaction of contemplating a happy couple and two charming persons, at the happy age which draws all hearts after it.

All our poets are attempting to surpass each other in their compositions on the king's approaching coronation ; I could wish that I still possessed the estate of Sillery, to do the honours of it to some persons of his court, and also to form the hope of one day receiving himself in it, and

of obtaining from his goodness an honour that two of his predecessors formerly granted to the same castle.

I feel great anxiety for the health of Madame de Choiseul ; her midnight studies, and her labours, so discreet and void of ambition, begin to derange her health ; it is impossible to conceive all that she has done since the restoration. Besides a fine epistle to the Emperor of Russia, she wrote another not less admirable on the return of the Bourbons, in which they are all celebrated, particularly the Duchess of Angouleme ; she has also written several poems, of which the following are some of the titles :—*On the Spanish War, and the Triumph of the Duke of Angouleme* ; at the death of Louis XVIII. an ode to his praise, and to the dauphin and present king : and in her *Jeanne d'Arc* she has devoted a canto to the ceremony of the coronation, in which we find the most interesting allusions to our king. This poem is one of the longest I ever read, when we consider the number of lines, for it is very interesting and agreeable in the perusal. The author was obliged to make very profound researches into historical facts in the composition of her work ; and when we reflect that all these fine productions remained confined and unknown in a lady's portfolio, we know

not which to admire most, her talent, modesty, or perseverance.

Before I go farther, I wish to repair an omission. In the early periods of the emigration I was in foreign countries, and feeling alarmed at the progress which infidelity made in France, conceived the idea of writing a work on the subject, and sending it thither ; but I perceived very soon that, even if the work were excellent, such was the philosophical effervescence at that moment, it could not produce the slightest good effect in Paris. I therefore looked out for other means of bringing the public back to religious sentiments, and thought I had found them in the writings of a philosopher who had many partisans in France ; I mean J. J. Rousseau, who, as every one knows, had at one time or other adopted every side of every question. I examined his works with care, and extracted all the religious passages, classing them according to a plan of my own, that is, I made them into a regular prose drama of five acts, which I called *Jeans Jacques dans l'île de Saint-Pierre*. There were not three pages of mine in the work, the plan excepted, for the whole was of Rousseau's composition, and the extracts represented him as the most moral and religious of men. I succeeded in sending this

piece to Paris with no name annexed; it was unanimously admitted by the *French Theatre*, and was performed with great applause, for it had been announced as wholly taken from Rousseau's works. The Jacobins became alarmed at the fourth performance, and got it forbidden; but the most singular circumstance connected with this drama, is that it renewed the enthusiasm of the public for Rousseau, which had become much cooled; and a few days afterwards a place was decreed to him in the Pantheon. All the rest of the philosophers were already put in this church, which at this diastrous epoch had become a pagan temple. I never was able to obtain my play, but I have lately found the plan among my old papers, and therefore might easily write it anew.

I was obliged to take a journey to Paris on account of my Memoirs, and it was with much regret that I snatched myself from Mantes, whose excellent air, solitude, and perfect tranquillity, and the persons by whom I was surrounded, were so well suited to my health and my affections.

M. Ladvocat took charge of all my temporary arrangements; he took a pleasant lodging for me in the Rue de Chaillot, in the immediate vicinity of Paris, but so secluded that one might reckon oneself in the country. I fixed my residence in

the *maison de santé* of an excellent physician, Doctor Canuet, whose worthy family are very respectable and pleasing. The house is agreeably situated, and consists of two wings separated by a handsome court shaded by *tilleuls*; a few steps lead from this to a delightful garden, planted with evergreens that form arbours and covered walks; no part of the wall is visible, and the whole garden is laid out with so much art that it seems infinitely larger than it is: from my windows I look out upon a beautiful prospect, but not equal to the one I enjoyed at Mantes. I saw with great interest the preparations made for the coronation; Madame de Choiseul came and took me to all the places already fitted up for this grand solemnity. I was particularly delighted with the decorations of the Rue de Rivoli and of the Champs Elisées; I heard the discharge of fireworks, and joined my vows to those of all good Frenchmen, and of these the number was great, for joy and satisfaction seemed universal. The weather during this important day (the day when the king made his solemn entry) was remarkably fine; and to complete my satisfaction, His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans had the kindness to send me a present of an enormous quantity of Rheims' gingerbread. In spite of my natural temperance, I could not

tand out against this grateful recollection of my youth ; though I had already dined, I ate two or three cakes that produced some sharp attacks of the colic for several days, but I do not feel less grateful for the charming present I received. I hoped that I should not be detained more than six weeks at farthest in Paris, but the printers will keep me much longer. I was very sorry at finding neither Madame de Valence nor my grand-daughters, and resolved not to receive visits from more than three or four persons, but I could not help seeing a much greater number. However pleasing these visits may be, they give real trouble at my time of life, for it is absolutely impossible to receive them fully or satisfactorily, and then a person loses all the good-will felt for him by those with whom he is not personally acquainted. From the moment of my arrival I strongly felt the happiness of once more seeing Madame de Choiseul, and hearing her read some additional lines of her fine poem of *Jeanne d'Arc*. What delight there is in renewing one's conversations with a friend from whom we keep nothing secret!—Epistolary communications during absence, are but cold evidence and feeble interpreters of a sentiment really unalterable and profound. A word accompanied by an expressive look and a tone that comes from

the heart—a single word thus said says so much and says it so well! This invaluable friend takes me out every where in her carriage, and has lately taken me to the Bois de Boulogne, to Passy, and various *desert* places I was not hitherto acquainted with, for since I visited them before every thing had been changed, large trees had been cut down, which left an immense space bare, and allowed me to enjoy the most delightful prospect on all sides. Madame de Choiseul made the carriage stop at this spot, and we conversed with delight for more than two hours.* This exercise, in fact, does me a great deal of good, particularly when enjoyed along with a friend so amiable and so dear to me. The body has need of exercise and repose, and the mind also requires both. It was in the *Grande Rue* de Chaillot that the convent formerly stood in which the Duchess de la Vallière immured herself, when she first escaped from court with the intention of never returning; but, as I have related in her history, Louis XIV. had still the power to draw her from it. I often walk

* I learned from my friend that the finest of these sites was the spot fixed upon, in Napoleon's time, for the erection of a palace to the *King of Rome*; the foundations were laid at immense expense, but the whole has been destroyed.—(Note by the Author.)

past the door of this convent, and never without a sort of interest ; it seems to me that I am not unknown to it. One of my friends lent me a complete collection of Bossuet's Letters, which I read with greater pleasure, because some of them were unknown to me, one particularly that should have been inserted in the notes to my novel of Madame de La Vallière, or in her *Penitent Life*, which I published in the course of the same year ; I shall, at any rate, give it here. Bossuet writes to the Marechal de Bellefonds as follows :—

“ I send you a letter from the Duchess de La Vallière, which will show you that, by the grace of God, she is about to put in execution the design with which the Holy Ghost inspired her heart. The whole court is edified and astonished at her tranquillity and joy, which increase as the time draws near. In truth, her sentiments have something divine, and I cannot reflect on them without continually offering up my thanks ; the mark of God's finger is seen in the strength and humility that accompany all her thoughts ; it is the work of the Holy Ghost. Her affairs have been arranged with marvellous facility ; she breathes nothing but penitence, and without being terrified at the austerity of the life she is about to em-

brace, she regards its termination with a consoling hope that does not allow her to fear its inconveniences; this delights and confounds me; I speak, while she acts; I have the words, she has the works. When I consider these things, I feel the desire of being silent and reserved, and pronounce not one word without fearing that I am pronouncing my own condemnation.

“ I am very glad that my letters have edified you : God has given me this power, and you derive from it more benefit than I ;—poor channel of good ! through which the waters of heaven flow, but which itself can scarcely retain some drops ! Pray God for me without ceasing, and ask him to speak to my heart.”

“ *Versailles, 6th April, 1674.*”

Since my arrival I have had an unforeseen misfortune that has made a powerful impression on my heart; I have lost the youngest of my great-grand-daughters, Inès de Celles. She was eleven years of age, enjoyed most excellent health, and was as amiable and endearing as a child of that age can be; her parents were thrown into the deepest affliction. As soon as this melancholy intelligence arrived, my daughter set out immediately with my other grand-daughter, and with

Madame Gerard, who wished to accompany her. Though I was greatly afflicted, I wrote with my own hand (which is always a great effort for me) to my daughter, grand-daughter, and M. de Celles; and from all three received the most affecting answers. Alas! how contemptible is life!

Bossuet has said with great propriety and eloquence: "The world is nothing. All that is measured by time is about to disappear What do we leave by leaving the world?—what he leaves who awakes from a troubled and frightful dream."

I was forced to interrupt the publication of these Memoirs; it does not require a great shock to overwhelm me. The health of my grand-daughter, Madame de Celles, gave us all great anxiety; she is now better, but she will long feel the effects of a profound affliction that has left such profound traces even though weakened by the progress of time; she will derive from religion her most powerful and most efficacious consolations. It is soothing to me to remember, particularly on this occasion, these fine words of St. Augustine: "The hero of this earth in suffering is but a man; the hero of Christian piety is a

man sustained by God ; infinite power is the measure of his courage."

It was with great pleasure that I again saw Madame Delingré and her son : I have already quoted some beautiful *thoughts* of the latter, and he now brought me some additional ones well worthy of the writer's talents. The following are some of them :

" Those who are defective in feeling must have their judgment imperfect.

" Ambition borrows every form till success restores to it its own."

" Pride is closely allied to meanness, as arrogant display is to avarice.

" We have just reason to doubt the sincerity of those who call themselves our friends, when the presence of others make them change their language."

" That we may not be afraid of talking too much of ourselves to another, we must be certain that our happiness forms part of his."

" Misfortune is like violent exercise ; it in-

creases the powers of some, and weakens those of others."

I read the Memoirs of the Comte de Segur with the greatest interest, for they display the author's well-known ability, excellent sentiments, unaffected wit, the invariable language of truth, and many curious and interesting anecdotes. I cannot quote any of them in this work without enriching myself at his expense; therefore I shall merely state a very singular fact, from which chemists and physicians might perhaps derive great advantage. M. de Segur relates in the first volume of his Memoirs, that people were suddenly attacked in America with a sort of leprosy, of which they died in a few days, and the physicians could find out no means of cure. A negress belonging to a plantation became so alarmed at the disease, that she escaped and sought shelter among the savages; but having taken the seeds of it with her, she soon became ill. The savages were not alarmed, for they had formerly extirpated the malady, by employing an infallible remedy; they made the negress eat raw lizards cut in pieces, and she was perfectly cured in three weeks. She returned to her former plantation, and told the inhabitants of the specific employed by the savages. The remedy

was universally employed with success, and the plague soon disappeared. It seems to me from analogy, that our lizards might also be usefully employed in cutaneous diseases; and at any rate, I should like to see every animal, every the meanest insect exposed to chemical analysis; for the vilest reptile might then become valuable. We have many animals useful in medicine; every one knows the use of the broths of vipers and turtles, Spanish flies, snails, and other animals; but I think that a great many essays yet remain to be made on the subject, and that none of them should be neglected. It is remarkable that the animals which are necessary to man for other purposes, (quadrupeds, for instance,) do not possess those medicinal virtues, as if Providence did not wish to increase the motives to their extermination.

The head of this establishment, Doctor Canuet, has been distinguished for his demeanour and excellent conduct through life; he treats the poor gratuitously, and is at the head of all the charitable establishments of his district. During the republican era he served in La Vendée as surgeon-major to the army, and had the glory of saving an arm to M. de Lescure;* he arrived at the very

* M. de Lescure died on the 3d of November, 1793, from the effects of a wound in the head he received in the action of La

moment the surgeons were about to amputate it, but after a short examination of the wound, he strongly opposed this painful operation, engaged to cure it, and saved the young hero's arm. M. Canuet told me another affecting anecdote of the same period, which he was almost an eye-witness of. In the very heat of the war in La Vendée, the republicans took the town of Worms; *a representative of the people*, named Ferraud,* went immediately on his entrance into the town to the Capuchin convent with his suite; at his approach, all the monks fled, with the exception of three, a

Tremblaye, at the age of twenty-seven. He commanded a troop of cavalry at the beginning of the revolution. He emigrated for a short time, and then returned to France; he was at Paris on the 10th of August, 1792, and on that memorable day gave the royal family the most hazardous proofs of his unbounded devotion. He was soon obliged to leave the capital, and retired to his family in Poitou, where he was soon after arrested. He was imprisoned at Bressuire, when the Vendean army took the place and liberated him. He became one of their chiefs, and soon distinguished himself as one of their ablest and bravest commanders. He performed prodigies of valour in the action of Corfou.—(*Editor.*)

* The deputy Ferraud, belonging to the party called the *Girondins*, was one of the most powerful enemies of *the mountain*, and lost his life on the 20th of May, 1795, for his courageous opposition to their fury. It was his bleeding head that was presented to the president of the Assembly, Boissy d'Anglas, in that last struggle of the horrid reign of terror.—(*Editor.*)

blind old man, ninety-two years of age, and two young men, who would not abandon their unfortunate companion, which was the more praiseworthy as the former cruelties universally practised must have made them think they were exposing themselves to certain destruction. After going over the convent, which he found deserted, *the representative of the people* entered the room where the three monks were : so soon as the blind old man heard the terrible noise of the enemy, he requested his two companions to assist him in getting upon his knees, which they did, and also knelt down themselves, and held him up with their hands; when M. Ferraud opened the door, and came towards them, the old man exclaimed, "We are prepared to suffer martyrdom!" . . . "No, father," said the representative, "I take you under my protection, and also the generous companions who have not abandoned you; I will grant you besides every thing that you require—say what you would have—speak." "My son," said the old man, "I feel at this moment nothing but the necessity of showing you my gratitude; kneel down, and I shall give you my blessing."

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The republican obeyed, fell on his knees, and re-

ceived the old man's blessing with respect and emotion. The three monks were powerfully protected, and escaped destruction.

I have already mentioned the false magnificence that prevails, but as it becomes every day more obvious and remarkable, I shall now recapitulate some of the specimens I have seen, including a great many inventions and kinds of quack luxury I have never noticed. Besides plated silver, (which, after all, is but the renewal of an old fashion, for it was known to the ancients, as may be seen by the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii,) imitation Cashmere shawls, fictitious mineral waters, false jewels, pearls, lace, and silks; besides these, paintings have been taken by a process that imitates them so perfectly, that all the good copyists of paintings must necessarily be ruined; factitious engravings (lithographic prints, now brought to such perfection), false hair made of silk, which has this advantage, that it may be a preservative against electric fire, and is more agreeable to wear than the hair of a villain executed at the Place de Grève; false wine, (made with *prime-verts*,) false fruit, false bread (made with potatoes and chestnuts); false perfumery, which is easily manufactured, for instance, burn some coffee and lavender water on a shovel, and you will obtain the

perfume of the *hawthorn*, false transparent agates, lapis lazuli, red and Siberian jaspers, herbals, and innumerable other imitations of the works of nature. We have also factitious marble (stucco), factitious colours, false teeth and veins, factitious free-stone, false china gilt with false gold, imitation mahogany, mosaics, skeletons, shells, windows, madrepores, and, in short, all the subjects of natural history and many other branches of knowledge. All this effort is vain and fruitless, for how perfect soever these imitations may be, they will never equal the productions of nature. I do not speak of false turquoises, because they are rather a theft made from nature than a real imitation. Lastly, to such perfection has the art of imitating pearls, crystals, and precious stones been brought, that nobody now wears real diamonds or pure gold, except *to quiet their conscience*; so that what was formerly regarded as the most wretched taste, is now not even noticed. The effects of this will be, that no one will henceforth be able to distinguish himself by magnificence or the luxury of dress, and this is certainly no great evil; but it is also to be noticed that people will leave to their children no furniture or jewels but what are factitious;—this change of fashion was introduced because a party wished to destroy the distinctions

of birth and rank. Vanity (which all the *decrees* in the world will never annihilate) has betaken itself to the hope of dazzling by all the external signs of wealth; but as commercial industry snatches this resource from it, it will soon have nothing left but the *pure love* of money.

The Countess Amelie de Boufflers has just died at the age of seventy-six. She had lost all her fortune, and had been forced for several years to live on a pension of fifteen hundred francs! . . . She wished to reside in the same street where stood her former splendid mansion in which she passed the fortunate period of her life; she took a little, wretched room on the fifth floor of a house exactly opposite her former house. As she asked assistance from no one, she allowed herself to be forgotten by her former friends; I was not one of the number, but I had often seen her in her youth, without ever becoming intimately acquainted with her; she was wealthy at the time of my return to France, and I did not go to see her. A few years afterwards, I heard a vague and indistinct report of the derangement of her affairs, and that she had been forced to sell Auteuil, but since then I never heard her name mentioned; yet it was not without a feeling of strong surprise that I learned her total ruin, and de-

plorable end. Two waiting maids, whose names are well worthy of commemoration (Madame Morta and Madame Martin) would never leave her; they had served her during her latter period of prosperity, were faithful to her in her distress, and attended her till her death; they were young, possessed all the acquirements that could be looked for in their rank of life, and could have easily obtained good situations; the Countess Amelie often pressed them to leave her, saying often these memorable words: *I can very well die by myself*. . . . They remained, not only without receiving wages, but they pawned their gowns, part of their linen, and the whole of their little stock of jewels, to palliate the misery of their unfortunate mistress. Such a faithful attachment ought undoubtedly to have softened the sorrows of a heart broken by ingratitude, and a host of painful recollections! . . . One day, Madame de * * * learned with astonishment, the extremity to which was reduced the Countess Amelie, whom she had formerly known but whom she had lost sight of for a long time; she went immediately to see her, and felt extreme oppression of heart in ascending the five stories of the narrow, winding stair-case that led to the top of this humble dwelling. She sorrowfully entered

the little chamber which had become the sole asylum of her she had formerly seen so animated, so lively, doing the honours of her own mansion, distinguished by her elegance and splendour! The unfortunate Countess Amelie was languishingly stretched in an arm-chair, her head leaning on the bosom of her two generous waiting maids, or rather, her two sole friends, and seemed to wait only for the close of a painful existence. . .

Madame de * * * attempted to offer her some consolation. The air was pure and serene, and she proposed to her to go and breathe it in the country. "My dear friend," said the Countess Amelie, "when one has been forced to seek a refuge here, when one can at all hours of the day see, from the top of all these stories, the house and gardens where one has passed such years of happiness, one cannot, should not, leave this melancholy retreat, except to go to the grave!" . . .

Three days after this interview she was no more! She died not without some consolation, for she expired in the arms of her two heroic friends. No pomp or ceremony accompanied her remains to the cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*; but the tears of the most tender affection bathed her tomb! May Providence watch over the fate of these two heroines of fidelity, piety, and gra-

itude ! may they obtain a worthy recompense for so much virtue, and such elevation of mind !

When we reflect that these two excellent persons were strangers and totally unconnected, we must admire the designs of Providence which placed them in the same rank of life, and brought them into contact, and by removing all envy (so usual among servants) from their minds, has always inspired them with that noble and praiseworthy emulation that has induced both of them to display the most admirable conduct.

The latter years of the life of the Countess Amelie must certainly give rise to the deepest compassion ; but it may be said, without the slightest exaggeration, that all the most bitter sorrows she experienced, were the natural consequences of her inexcusable imprudence. In fact, it may be truly said, that almost all our misfortunes arise from our own fault ; so that when we reach the close of a long career, we ought (in general, at least) to ask pardon from God for all our misfortunes. It is now more than six weeks since I have been here, and the longer I stay, the more I have reason to love and esteem the masters of the house. M. Canuet is physician of the hospital of St. Perine, a very useful and convenient establishment, but not a charitable one,

for it is necessary to pay a sum of money on entering that the inmate may reside there the rest of his life. To be admitted one must be at least sixty years of age; he is provided with board, lodging, fire, and candles. In the arrangement of the tables, (which are always of twelve covers,) the inmates are classed according to their birth. Several persons of distinguished family reside in this hospital; one has lately died who had seventeen thousand francs a year, but who settled here to avoid the trouble of house-keeping, and to obtain the enjoyment of fresh air and a beautiful garden. M. de Valence took this idea into his head at one time; and eight months before his death, very seriously proposed to me, to go with him to live at St. Perine, where he would have retained his carriage and horses. Notwithstanding his urgent request, and the money we should have given, I could not endure the word *hospital*, which always sounded harsh in my ears. I one day said to M. Canuet, that at any rate love intrigues could not trouble the peace of this asylum. "Indeed, Madame," said the doctor, with a smile, "you are mistaken, for every *male has his female*;" and he went on to inform me that every amiable old man sought out and found an old lady of his own turn of mind, who soon became

his intimate friend. He told me that one of these connections had a few years before given rise to a marriage between *two lovers*, one of whom was eighty, and the other eighty-four years of age.

Madame de Choiseul requested me to compose a dialogue or a scene of the loves of St. Perine; each speaker was to have fallen in love from the picture he drew of the graces and perfections which the octagenarian object of his present preference must have had in her youth. I spoke of this idea to M. Valery, and he possesses so much judgment and fancy, that he seized the idea with vivacity. He thought of making a tale of it, and I gave up my dialogue. The family of M. Canuet consists of a wife distinguished for her merit and talents, of two sons, one of whom is already become an eminent physician, and two daughters; the eldest of his daughters, now nineteen years of age, experienced in her eleventh year a dreadful misfortune; in the absence of her father and mother, she fell from an upper window and broke several bones. It required all her father's skill and affection to save her life; her existence is a real miracle of paternal love. But her health is wretched, for she suffers the most excruciating pains, which she bears with a mildness, courage good humour, and piety, that are truly angelic

She is amiable and accomplished, plays well on the piano, never reads any but good books, is well informed, has a most agreeable conversation, often distinguished by a mild and placid gaiety. Her younger sister has been lately married to a young artist, M. Adolphe Laurent, who joins to a pleasing person, most irreproachable morals, excellent manners, an enlightened taste for the arts, and great talents as a performer on the piano. Madame Laurent is not yet seventeen years of age, and is as interesting by her disposition and modesty as she is by her charming figure; she plays on the harp, and as I have not brought mine hither, she and her husband are so extremely kind as to send me daily, at a particular hour, the key of their drawing-room, in which I find a harp and an excellent and beautiful piano, which I can use for three or four hours together, by myself, without the smallest interruption.

A lady in whom I place unbounded confidence, and who is worthy of it in all respects, the Baroness de Lascours, has related me a very memorable anecdote of Mademoiselle du Tremblay (niece of the former bishop of Dôle, who was massacred during the revolution.)

This interesting lady is a very remarkable in-

stance of piety, misfortune, resignation and courage during the frightful scenes of the reign of terror. Forsaken and forlorn, stripped of all her property, she maintained by her own labour the unfortunate children of her family, of whom she was the sole resource; after all she could not succeed except by the loss of sleep and the sacrifice of her health, but she found the means of providing for every thing with admirable perseverance and constancy. I had a great desire to write the whole of this story, for all the incidents are sublime, but a conclusion is wanting. Let us wait for it from the hand of Providence! Mademoiselle du Tremblay is alive and is not happy!

I have lately composed, for the second time in my life, some lines on a Sun-dial. About twelve years ago, Doctor Canuet, the head of this establishment, was *Marguiller d'honneur* of the parish, and received on Palm Sunday a small branch of box wood, which he wished to keep, and planted in his garden. He put it in an arbour full of roses, and adjoining a Sun-dial, cultivated it with great care, so that it spread, and formed a great number of branches which the doctor turned round the dial; it forms at present a thick bush, which is well cut, concealing the base and column which

support the dial, but leaving the dial-plate open to view. It is a most curious and interesting sight ; the verses I wrote on it are as follow :—

Dans ces agréables demeures

Voulez vous que toutes les heures

Se succèdent pour vous sans ennui, sans regrets,

Chérissez la vertu, la retraite et la paix.

I am very fond of collecting pleasing anecdotes of childhood and youth, but the following is more than pleasing, and I am assured that the facts have been proved by authentic documents in an historical Dictionary. The son of the Count d'H * * * was educated at an academy in Orleans, and was about six years of age during the reign of terror, when he learned that his father was arrested. The child thought of nothing but escaping, rose during the night, climbed over the garden walls, reached the high road, and without any other guide but filial piety, arrived in Paris after walking thirty leagues in two days and a half. The surprise and astonishment of the Count d'H * * * may be easily conceived when he saw his child entering the prison, for his tears and entreaties had triumphed over the ferocity of the jailers ; one of the keepers of the prison felt an interest in the fate of this wonderful child, and obtained the liberation of his father. A book

has been written on *precocious* children; the child whose admirable action I have just mentioned should be put in the first rank, for the prodigies performed by the most extraordinary and precocious talent are far inferior to those that may be produced by such a soul. I am extremely sorry that I do not know the name of this child, and that I never heard what became of him.

I was also told an anecdote of the same period of a quite different nature; as it is short, I shall give it here. General Decaen was travelling during the revolution; he was arrested in a village in Normandy, and taken before the magistrate. "What is your name?" said the magistrate, "Decaen." "Your profession?" "*Aid-de-camp.*" "Where do you come from?" "*De Caen.*" ("From *Caen.*") "Where are you going?" "*Au camp*" (*to the camp.*) "Oh! there are too many *cancans* in your story, you must be detained."

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