
THE
BELGIAN TRAVELLER.

VOL. III.

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THE
BELGIAN TRAVELLER;

OR,

A TOUR

THROUGH

HOLLAND, FRANCE, AND SWITZERLAND,

DURING THE YEARS 1804 AND 1805;

IN

A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A NOBLEMAN
TO A MINISTER OF STATE.

EDITED BY

The Author of The Revolutionary Plutarch, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

Tel est l'esprit Français, je l'admire et le plains :
Dans son abaissement, quel excès de courage ;
La tête sous le joug, les lauriers dans les mains,
Il chérit à la fois la gloire et l'esclavage,
Ses exploits et sa HONTE ont remplis l'univers !!!

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THE
BELGIAN TRAVELLER.

LETTER LXX.

Calais, September, 1804.

MY LORD,

THIS town, which formerly owed all its affluence to the communication with Dover, and to the passage of British travellers, is now very much reduced, and many of its inhabitants are ruined. It is now filled with military persons, quartered upon them for nothing, whose expences are insignificant,

cant, and who generally are unable to acquit what they incur. Their only trade and their only speculations are therefore in privateering. Their vessels steal out with one tide, and, when the wind is fair, stretch over towards the British shores, pick up what merchantmen they can, and return with the next tide.

These privateers are built and fitted out by subscription. Shares in them are offered as low as five hundred livres each, 20*l*. but upon the whole it must be a very hazardous speculation, as a person, who had bought six shares in one now building, of sixteen guns, offered to dispose of them to me at a loss of twenty-five per cent. I heard yesterday that of four the best sailing, and hitherto most successful privateers, three had been captured and carried into Dover, and one driven on shore under the batteries in this vicinity.

But

But here are some citizens who have made large profits by them; one of the name of Metz, I was assured, had within twelve months, pocketed two millions of livres, 84,000*l.* by his parts in privateering. Here are also many others who have ruined themselves, and sold their last to speculate in this adventurous trade.

I was recommended from the American Consul Coffin, at Dunkirk, to a respectable merchant here, Laveux, who some years ago was the mayor of this town, and, afterwards, upon suspicion of dealing in contraband with England, was arrested and shut up in the Temple. He now does but little business, having resolved to prefer certain loss and tranquillity to persecutions and disturbances, suspicions and imprisonments, which must continue the inseparable means and instruments of a military despotism, the natural and unalterable

foes of commerce and commercial transactions.

M. Leveux assured me that within these last fourteen years he had lost two thirds of the fortune he possessed in 1789, and that of forty-three, at that period, rich mercantile individuals, only four still continued in trade, all the others had either been ruined, or had withdrawn their capitals after having experienced great losses, or suffered from the pillage and exactions of revolutionary banditti. Even of shop-keepers here at present, I have heard, that not two had any capitals, or stock in trade, to the amount of three thousand livres, 125/.

I took a walk with the Governor, Barbazon, on the harbour, and for about half a league along the coast; it being low water. In the harbour were about twenty vessels belonging to the flotilla, two neutrals, an English prize,
and

and two privateers. The two neutrals had been carried in and detained under pretence that they had English goods and property on board, though the one of them had cleared out and sailed from Rotterdam, and the other from Embden. Outside of the harbour, on the side of Ambleteuse, I found every hundred yards distance a battery, and every two hundred yards a piquet of flying artillery. Notwithstanding these precautions, I was told that some few nights ago two boats from some English cruisers had surprised and carried off two gun-boats and a pinnace. When I inquired whether any of Buonaparte's gun-boats or armed vessels had yet boarded and captured many English ships under the English batteries, I was answered, that it was not worth their while, as in some few months all the English merchantmen, as well as their armed ships, would fall an easy prey to

Buonaparte's armada. I must add that the persons, who spoke thus, were not merchants or mariners, but land-officers of Buonaparte's army of England.

Were even the public spirit better here than it is, and the inhabitants more inclined to risk their money in privateering, want of building materials would prevent them. The moment war was certain with England, an embargo was laid here on all shipping, and all naval stores, of whatever description, were put into requisition for constructing gun-boats and armed vessels. Since that period but few neutrals have arrived, and all timber, iron, &c. from the interior, have been seized by Buonaparte's agents; and about this time, if I am rightly informed, there is not timber and naval stores sufficient to build a second rate gun-boat.

When I returned to the town with
Bar-

Barbazon, I was accosted by a man about fifty, who said to me in an abrupt manner, have you got twelve sous to spare, (six pence), I have not dined yet? Fifteen years ago I was worth fifteen hundred thousand livres, 62,000*l*. but I trusted to the promises of the patriots of the national assembly, laid out a part of my money in assignats, and lost the remainder by requisitions, forced loans, patriotic donations, &c. I am now in my old age a beggar, after having, in my younger days, supported or assisted hundreds with my charity and generosity. If you doubt of what I say, ask the governor who accompanies you, and he can confirm the truth of my statement.

It was indeed fully confirmed to me. Laritot, the man who demanded alms, was, as he said, formerly a rich man; but envying birth its prerogative, and rank its distinction, he had been fore-

most in the ranks of the revolution. He had subscribed for national feasts, and paid for motions against aristocrats in the Jacobin club. He had exchanged his gold and silver for assignats, printed and distributed the Rights of Man, and planted trees of liberty and equality. He had purchased a church, and driven monks and nuns out of their convents. He had libelled his king, blasphemed his God, and calumniated and persecuted those of his countrymen belonging to the privileged classes. At last when his property had been squandered in folly, and his credit ruined by extravagance; when his accomplices in rebellion deserted him, and his victims were unable to assist him, he presented a petition to Buonaparte, told his story, was stared at, and forgotten. — Disappointment, shame, and perhaps self-reproaches, having impaired his intellects, tormented

mented his mind, and injured his constitution, he left the cellar to which he had retired, and is now wandering about the streets, and supports, without much remorse, a miserable existence by begging.

LETTER LXXI.

Calais, September, 1804.

MY LORD,

THE theatre of this town is still in the hotel where I lodge, and the performers are much better than those I saw at St. Omer and Dunkirk. One of the actors here, Fupil, has since the revolution played no inconsiderable part upon the political stage. Engaged by the Jacobin propaganda in 1790, he was in continual missions in the provinces, disseminating libels among the soldiers, and exciting the people to insurrection and resistance against all lawful authority, not emanating from his employers. In 1793, Collot D'Herbois (another actor) appointed him a colonel, and his aide de camp; in this capacity he assisted this representative of the

the

the people, and his worthy colleague, Fouché, in pillaging and murdering the inhabitants, and in laying waste and demolishing the first manufacturing city of France. In 1794, and 1795, he accompanied another actor and representative of the French people, Bourfault, in his mission, and during his proconsulate in Comtat Venaissin and in La Vendee, where the remembrance of the atrocities of these official strollers will not soon perish. Here, however, Fufil had some difference with his companion about the partition of their spoils, was arrested by him as a thief, tried, and convicted as such, and condemned to the galleys for ten years, from which he was soon liberated, in consequence of the amnesty of the national convention for all revolutionary crimes. This *accident* stopped his farther progress in the military and political career, and sent

him back to the stage a beggar as he had left it, while Bourfaut retired from the national convention with a fortune of three millions, 125,000*l.* bought an elegant hotel, set up a fashionable carriage, separated from his wife, and took harlots into keeping. He is now a member of Buonaparte's legion of honour.

Even upon the theatre here was exhibited a drama written purposely for the entertainment of the army of England. It was called, "the French deliverers in England." In the first act deputations of *all* nations, even of British and Irish patriots, present themselves before the emperor of the French, implore his assistance to be delivered from the English yoke and oppression. They are graciously received, and their supplication acceded to. In the second act the army of England land at Dover, where instead of resistance, Bri-
tons

tons hail Frenchmen as their brothers, and Buonaparte as their emperor. In Dover castle is discovered in a dark dungeon an English lady, whose only crime was her admiration of Napoleon, and her attachment to France. She is restored to her liberty, and the estate of Mr. Pitt is given her as a dowry in a marriage; she concludes with a French general. The piece finishes with an herald proclaiming to the universe, "that the seas are no longer *chained*, that England is *free*, and Europe *saved* ! ! !". Such is the stuff composed by *enlightened* men of an *enlightened* nation, and applauded by an *enlightened* audience.

I have also seen once a pantomime ballet here, where among other decorations of the stage is shown an English prison. There French prisoners are represented as chained and starving; the dying and the dead mixed together; and

and upon a single murmur or complaint, British soldiers enter and fire with bullets among them. A division of Buonaparte's army of England liberates them however, and when they call for vengeance and retaliation, an officer tells them, that the emperor of the French and his soldiers are above revenging themselves on deformed men; they spare even the lives of those who surrender with arms in their hands; that since Frenchmen are now masters of England, they must try to civilize the natives of these islands, which can best be done by setting them examples of justice and moderation, of generosity and delicacy.

I have heard, that the authors of these pieces have been rewarded by Buonaparte in a most liberal manner; and that they have been encouraged by him to display their talents frequently on the same subject.

LETTER

LETTER LXXII.

Boulogne, September, 1804.

MY LORD,

NOT to expose myself to the insults I experienced at my arrival at Calais, I had written to my friends encamped in this vicinity, both to procure me a permission to pass some days with them, and to provide me with lodging in some of the best inns, without being obliged to visit a police commissary, or a commander. This permission I found in a letter left for me at the gate, with an invitation to accept of a bed at the quarters of one of them, where indeed I was much better settled than I could have been at an inn.

My first excursions with my friends were to visit the different encampments
now

now forming, as it were, an extensive chain of new villages; at least at a first appearance. Here are still less tents used than at St. Omer, or near Dunkirk, but regular rows of huts have been constructed by the industry and ingenuity of the men of each division. They are divided and crossed by spacious streets and squares, large enough for mustering or reviewing each corps. Every street has its name, and every hut its number. Letters are therefore addressed to the officers and men, in the same manner as if they resided in a town; "to General such a one, London or Paris-street, such a number;" or "to Captain such a one, the Marengo or Cairo-street, such a number, &c." Restaurateurs, billiard tables, coffee and gambling houses are established in most streets, and have their usual signs. Three temporary theatres have been built, and are open every night. The
camp

camp has also its Tivoli, its Frescati, its Pavillon d'Hanover, its Vauxhall, its Coblantz, its Elysian Fields, and its Boulevards. That nothing may be wanting of Parisian fashionable resorts, an abbess from that capital has arrived with four dozen of nuns, and made two establishments, distinguished by her with the appellation of her French and English convent. Several Parisian milliners and mantua-makers, perfumers and *coiffeurs*, have migrated hither with their shops, and Parisian dancing masters give lessons to amateurs in huts which they style their saloons.

Joining each hut is a small kitchen and flower garden, which increase the romantic view of the encampments. When the divisions are ordered to alter or change their positions, the officers and soldiers dispose of their huts and gardens to their successors, either for
some

some exchange, or for some pecuniary considerations, exactly as if they were their private property.

Though all the troops encamped on the coast belong but to one and the same army of England, of which Buonaparte is considered as the commander in chief, they may in fact be said to form seven different armies, under the separate command of a different general. All the troops assembled from Montreuil to Antwerp, including those at St. Omer, form together, I am assured from good authority, one hundred and fifty-five thousand men. They are divided into seven general divisions, in their turn divided into divisions of cavalry, light horse, grenadiers, fusileers, light infantry, riflemen, and artillery. Each general division contains from twenty to twenty-five thousand men, and is headed by one of Buonaparte's confidential generals.

generals. I heard from military men, that as the *tout ensemble* was directed by one chief, these divisions or different armies, instead of creating confusion, augmented the rapidity of movements. It was more easy for a commander to act quickly and orderly with twenty than with fifty thousand men, and more easy for Buonaparte to dictate his orders, and to have them comprehended and executed by seven generals than by seventy. These seven commanders were besides responsible to him both for themselves, and for the punctuality of those generals commanding under them. By these general divisions some officers also supposed that Buonaparte intended to attempt his invasion of England in several points at the same time, and that by such a separation, if one division should suffer from the wind, or be repulsed by the enemy, such an occurrence would

would be little felt by the successful divisions, having all full organizations of distinct armies, and depending entirely upon their own peculiar resources and strength.

If I am not greatly mistaken, Buonaparte has by such divisions of his grand army political speculations and calculations, as well as military movements, in object and consideration. Notwithstanding the *senatus consultum* and oaths of allegiance and adherence, the succession of the throne of France is far from being secure and settled in the Buonaparte family after Napoleon's death. He is well acquainted with the history of the succession of other military chieftains and sovereigns, and he knows also too well the fickle character of the soldiers he rules, to trust to their professions, when allured by hopes of advancement and pillage. He cannot be ignorant

norant of the secret measures already indirectly adopted even by generals whom he trusts the most, as a Murat, a Lannes, an Augereau, a Brune, and others. It is true, that they pretend at the same time to the most inviolable attachment to the Buonaparte dynasty; but should at the death of Napoleon, any of these generals find himself at the head of an army of one or two hundred thousand men, is it improbable that he would apply to soldiers for that rank and supremacy for himself, which they alone conferred on the present Emperor? Is it improbable that his soldiers would prefer an emperor of their own making, and who had been their commander already, to an individual, as a Joseph or Louis Buonaparte, who have no merit, no claims in themselves, but shine only from the borrowed colours of a fortunate brother? In France at present an army of twenty-five

ty-five thousand men, though it might salute a new emperor, would not be able to sustain him long if not joined by more troops; but the jealousy and pretensions of all Buonaparte's generals are equally great and prevalent. All would wish, if possible, for an imperial throne; but none would support the elevation of a comrade, if his support was required. He would bow to him as his sovereign, if heading some hundred thousand men, but he would resist if he had for followers only a handful of men. If another Buonaparte should reign in France, it will therefore be owing entirely to Napoleon's combined political and military arrangement, and to the reciprocal envy, jealousy, and ambition of the principal French generals.

LETTER LXXIII.

Boulogne, October, 1804.

MY LORD,

NEITHER the officers or men encamped here are sorry for Buonaparte's departure; he harrassed them from morning to night, and from night to morning, with manœuvres on board the flotilla, with marches, and countermarches, with reviews, parades, and even military fêtes. Each division had, in turn, its twenty-four hours duty on board the flotilla, to learn the manœuvres, to row, and to accustom themselves to the many inconveniencies on board these small crafts; during these hours of duty they were landed, embarked, attacked and repulsed ten times; until they could obtain the approbation of their sovereign,

reign, who was apt to listen to, and to try every plan of improvement any ingenious schemer offered, and therefore frequently altered his opinions with the exercise, blamed one day, or one hour, what he had applauded the day or the hour before.

Buonaparte, during his stay here, rises generally every morning with the sun: but sometimes he was up and found in the harbour before day light. Before he went out he took a small glass of cogniac brandy or liqueur, with a dry biscuit. When not detained by some particular occurrences, he returned to his wooden house in the camp, about ten, and drank a dish of chocolate. At three o'clock he dined, and except on days of festivals and galas, he remained only half an hour at table. He was served with four courses, but ate seldom of more than three dishes; of some fish, some poultry, and
some

some pastry. Immediately after dinner he took a strong dish of coffee and a glass of some liquor. At four o'clock he was again upon horseback, or on foot, either visiting the camp or inspecting the flotilla. He seldom returned home before it was dark, and after eating a light cold supper, was always in bed before eleven o'clock. During his repast he drank no other wine but Burgundy, which he always mixed with water.

Between the hours of ten o'clock in the morning, and three in the afternoon, he transacted business with his ministers, read dispatches, expedited couriers, and gave audiences. Such was his usual way of living here, the regularity of which but few unforeseen accidents interrupted. He went only three times to the play, and declined all invitations to private fêtes offered and proposed by his generals, who

VOL. III. c dined

dined with him, each in their turn, and never more than eight at a time, but on the 14th of July and on his birthday the 15th of August. All other days his table had only fourteen covers, of which the half were only regulated for military *strangers*, as he called his generals.

As this was his first appearance, as an emperor of the French, among the foldiers of his army of England, I enquired particularly and of several officers, concerning the manner in which he was received, and the sensation his new dignity had made in the encampments. They all agreed in saying that first his reception was rather cold, and more indicating fear or discontent, than pleasure and approbation. Some even pretended that also at his departure he must have observed that the "*Vive l'Empereur!*" was a commanded, a mechanical, but not a cordial exclamation.

tion. With soldiers fond of shows and ornaments, the numerous stars of the legion of honour had certainly a great effect, and left at least a momentary and favourable impression on their minds; but this new knighthood also caused great complaints, among all those who thought themselves neglected or injured; which almost every one did, who was not rewarded or decorated. Some examples of severity however soon silenced all murmurs.

No great event, I was assured, made a less impression in the camps, than Buonaparte's assumption of an imperial name; either because his intention was known, and such a step expected, or from an unaccountable indifference among the soldiers, who seemed to care but little about whether they fought under an equal, as free citizens of a commonwealth, or served as subjects of this equal, who had usurped

the sovereignty over them. They were more inclined to laugh at, than to be angry with their new made emperor, and it required indeed true Corsican impudence in him, not to blush or be ashamed at the half retained smiles, and whispered jokes, when at the first parade he was addressed as an Imperial Majesty. A general told me, that for an instant he apprehended that a chorus of loud laughs would at once, on that day, have assailed the imperial ears, and, if possible, put the new emperor out of countenance, such convulsive motions agitated the faces of every officer he looked at.

LETTER LXXIV.

Boulogne, October, 1804.

MY LORD,

I WAS yesterday invited to a dinner where no less than twenty-four general officers were of the party. The question with them was not so much about the conquest of England, which they seemed to believe certain, and unavoidable, but how to partake the spoils of the British Empire, in such a manner as not to excite the alarm of all other States of Europe, and of the world. According to General Ney, it would be necessary to organise the British islands in Europe into three separate kingdoms or republics, (one of England, one of Scotland, and one of Ireland,) and to put them upon the same footing with regard to France,

as the Batavian republic, call them independent allies, but use them as conquered and tributary states; and as such, exhaust those resources they at present possessed, and which they otherwise might one day turn against France. The British colonies in the West Indies were to form, if his opinion prevailed, departments of the French West Indian Empire, which was requisite as a bridge to subjugate by arms or by treaties, the American Continent, and to pour the produce of the mines of Peru into France in *due* and regular ways. To show her *moderation*, he desired, that France should keep as her provinces and establishments in the East Indies, only all the sea ports in possession of the English, and no more even of the maritime country than was necessary for military stations of the French troops; in all other parts of India France should act as she has done in Spain

Spain and Tuscany ; either suffer the present Sovereigns to remain upon their thrones, on becoming tributary, or appoint new Princes, who both bought their elevation, and were tied to obedience by dread of our power, or by gratitude for our generosity. He thought China, from the treasures of ages hoarded up, still richer than India, and therefore highly deserving our attention. That populous and extensive Empire, he said, must like the German Empire be divided into several small principalities, under the indirect chiefship of an Emperor, whom we had to appoint, or at least to guide. Those Chinese Princes, whose conduct pleased us, we might indemnify with states at the expence of those disagreeable to us, and when our plans of final organization of Europe were ripe for execution, we might with a Chinese army invade the Russian Empire on one side, while

on the other we attacked it with our Turkish and Swedish allies, whom in return, we might keep in subjugation with the resources of the Russian Empire. He believed it to be more political in us to protect the Turkish Empire in its present tottering situation, than to suffer it to be partitioned, and to employ all our means to diminish the Russian Colossus, before we attacked either Austria or Prussia; two countries which national jealousy will always prevent from acting in unison, but which separately will at our leisure fall an easy prey to our forces.

General Sebastiani said, that he could speak from experience of the great value of a part of the Turkish Empire, and of its relative importance to France. Once masters of the seas and of the English navy, the nearest way to pour the immense riches of the East into France would be by way of Egypt ;

Egypt; and of this country he judged it absolutely necessary for France to get possession of, either by treaties or by arms, and to keep it as an advanced military position for the conquest and for the preservation of the Empire in India. As to the West Indies, it would certainly be advantageous to unite all the different colonies under one empire; but except the Spanish part of America, he did not think that continent of any consequence in the balance of French power. Its climate was unhealthy, and its inhabitants rude. It would be more useful to the world to cut off all communication with the brutish republicans of that part of the globe, and leave them for some few years only to themselves, without intercourse with other people, and they would then shortly return to their forests, strip themselves naked, paint their bodies, scalp their enemies, and

become in fact what they scarcely had ceased to be, perfect and avowed savages; he said, that next the English, he did not know a nation more selfish and despicable, and which he sooner should desire to see driven from amongst civilised people.

LETTER LXXV.

Boulogne, October, 1804.

MY LORD,

NEY, one of those political Generals, who in such a *curious* and liberal manner disposed of the world, was fifteen years ago an apprentice to a retailer of snuff and tobacco, and the other, Sebastiani, was till eleven years ago a postillion in Corsica. You may think that the discussions of such men are too absurd and too insignificant to excite any thing but contempt; and that they are unable to make any proselytes. You are on this account nevertheless much mistaken. Most of the other generals are of equal low extraction, and neglected education, and shine no where but when leading their troops to carnage. They listen to those

who assume to be table or camp orators; their sophistry strikes them as sound argument; their ignorance escapes them, and of their incompetency they are not competent judges. In their public or private societies, they repeat and are proud of declaiming as their own ideas, the wrong notions they have swallowed, seduce others in their turn, and when intrusted with private commands in foreign countries, act upon principles of the future universality of French authority, and respect nothing either sacred or respectable. If called into councils, the same presumption of French grandeur, and of the littleness of all other people, dictates their advice. Nothing can be more cruel and unfeeling than presumptuous ignorance, and ignorant presumption; they can neither be amended, cured nor persuaded into a belief that they err. They cannot see
their

their mistakes and wrongs, and are too vain to hear or permit instruction. How many deeds of horror and of pillage could I mention, that have occurred, since the French revolution, which all confirm my assertion. Besides the French people are more fond of sounds of great names, great words and speculations, were they even to fall the victims of this their weakness or folly, than of a happiness and tranquillity presented by modesty and humility. They were no indifferent politicians who first threw out the ideas of a French universal monarchy, or of a French universal republic, or who flattered the pride of a vain people, by telling them that they pertained to the grand nation, and would soon form a grand Western family. The plan of making the right bank of the Rhine the borders of a French Empire, originated from Cardinal Richelieu; it was

was not lost sight of under Louis XIV. but nearly laid aside during the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. No sooner, however, had rebellion broken out, than Beaumarchais, Mirabeau, Talleyrand, and other persons among the first revolutionists, while in the national assembly they renounced for ever all conquests, and aggrandisement, in pamphlets and newspapers preached an extension of limits, and an universal *fraternity*, according to the jargon of the times. They accustomed by it their contemporaries to consider invasions and incorporations, not as encroachments or acts of injustice, but as acquisitions and possessions of which they had been deprived, and therefore had a right to retake or re-conquer. The annexation of the Low Countries in 1792, the treaty with Holland of 1795, the peace with Prussia, the same year; the preliminaries of Leoben, the definitive

definitive treaties, of Campo Formio, and Luneville, were all the consequences of a doctrine held out by some few designing men, adapted by fools, and supported always by an unthinking multitude. Not a Frenchman had courage or honesty enough to warn his countrymen against the danger of an unbounded ambition, and to prove that these *definitive* pacifications would remain indefinite sources of continual warfare, and that generations would bleed for the political sophistry, and Machiavelism that had duped or deluded modern Frenchmen.

I have been induced to make these remarks, not so much from the particular sentiments of Generals Ney and Sebastiani, but from the general tendency of the opinions of every officer present at this dinner, and who all more or less, are destined to figure in the military and political achievements of revolutionary

revolutionary France. They all spoke of invading, conquering, overthrowing, incorporating, plundering, revolutionising or crushing nations and empires, but not one of them gave the least hint of an idea to put an end to all such abominations, or that he knew, or cared about, that as long as a revolutionary spirit directed French councils, and agitated and troubled foreign states, France herself could never expect any happiness or tranquillity; and that as long as she inflicted misery on other people, she must suffer wretchedness herself.

Upon the whole, this dinner party more than ever confirmed me in the opinions I have before expressed, that the revolutionary spirit instead of receiving, gives impulse to and commands revolutionary rulers; and were Buonaparte inclined to be just and moderate, to renounce his system of insults,

sults, attacks, provocations, and aggrandizement, extraneous, unforeseen and irresistible affairs or things, would prevent him, and soon again hurry him along within the all-devouring and sanguinary revolutionary vortex. A legitimate King and a lawful Government in France, can alone stop the revolutionary current, and dry it up from its source.

LETTER LXXVI.

Montreuil, November, 1804,

MY LORD,

THOUGH now well provided with certificates, passes and permissions, I called, before my departure from Boulogne, on the sub-prefect Duplaquet, to obtain his signature, and to enquire whether any more formalities were to be observed, and if I should encounter many obstacles on the road to Paris. He very civilly informed me, that I should find the sub-prefect Poultier, of this town, rather troublesome, but that afterwards the strictness observed on the coast would be less felt.

Here as at Calais, my chaise was escorted from the gate to the house of this sub-prefect, who is also a colonel
and

and commander. After having perused my passport, he asked how long I intended to stay at Montreuil, and what my business was? in reply I told him, that I wanted to visit a friend in the camp, and remain three or four days. "Three or four days," repeated he with surprise, "I grant no permissions for above twenty-four hours; but what is the name of your friend?" Having mentioned his name, he in a very polite manner invited me to walk into the parlour, where I should find my friend at dinner, and if I had not already dined myself, I might join the party, and sit down at the table.

With my friend, here were also three other generals, and seven inferior officers. Several questions were put to me, concerning the opinion abroad, of the undertaking and success of Buonaparte's expedition against England. I avoided as much as possible to give
any

any direct answers, or to express a word that would hurt the sentiments or feelings of any one; but I did not either flatter vanities, absurdities or pretensions. What I thought civility and prudence on my part, the sub-prefect Poultier regarded as disaffection and enmity of Buonaparte's glory, (as I have heard since,) and resolved to let me suffer for it, or at least to insult me.

Yesterday I went to dine with my friend in an encampment, a league from hence. In entering his tent, he said, "you have made an irreconcilable enemy of Poultier, by your silent doubts of the conquest of England; he has called on me to-day, and *sworn* that you were a secret emissary of Pitt and of Louis XVIII. He enquired of me how long I have known you, and whether I knew you well? I assured him, that our friendship dated from

from our youth, and that his suspicions were not only unfounded, but illiberal. As he, however, is a malicious and revengeful character, and wishes for every opportunity to shew his zeal, and to pay his court to Buonaparte; I should advise you, though contrary to my desire, to get out of his power as soon as you can, by shortening your stay at Montreuil." I thanked him for his advice, and determined to continue my journey on the next morning.

As my friend had no other company to dinner, but his two aides-de-camp, we conversed without disguise, more on the innocent scenes of our earlier days, than on the present or future prospect of affairs. Since I set my foot on French ground, I have not passed a more philosophical and agreeable day. But while we were thus reviewing and regretting the days of
our

our youth, and passing over in silence a dreadful period of near twenty years, to revisit our college, and converse with our tutors and instructors; Poultier, assisted by gens d'armes had seized all my papers, arrested, questioned and terrified my servant. On my return to the inn here, called the "Court of France," the landlord met me with this disagreeable news, and that although all my papers had been returned, and my servant released, the latter was ill from fear. He begged me also, to set out for Abbeville that night, as he had heard the sub-prefect utter dreadful threats against me.

I sent a messenger to my friend with a note, telling him Poultier's behaviour, and requested his presence. Before he arrived I looked at my papers, which had all been tumbled over, some soiled and others torn. Some sealed letters had been broken open, and

and every thing shewed that they had been in the hands of a foe, desirous to find faults, and do mischief.

My friend had just sat down to supper, with me, when Poultier came, to make as he said, an apology, for the trouble his official situation had imposed upon him, to give me, and to restore me my will, which had also been opened and perused, but which I had not yet missed. I answered nothing; but my friend, with some warmth, resented the conduct towards me as an indirect insult offered him, and insisted on the satisfaction of a gentleman. I was then obliged to interfere, and as Poultier was as great a coward as he had proved himself ungenerous and oppressive, he submitted to make and to sign such an apology, as will for ever remain a sentence, pronounced by himself, of his own infamy.

So little did both my friend and myself

self trust to the professions of repentance, and promises of honesty of this sub-prefect, and member of Buonaparte's legion of honour, that we remained together until post-horses could be got, and I was enabled to fix for certain the hour of my departure, and had no farther apprehension of any interruption.

LETTER LXXVII.

Abbeville, November, 1804.

MY LORD,

AS the sub-prefect Poultier, mentioned in my last letter, will, as a regicide and a revolutionist, be held up to execration and infamy in the revolutionary annals of France, I shall make you a little better acquainted with this personage.

Born of poor parents in the Comtat Venaissin, he was brought up by charity in a Benedictine Convent at Avignon, of which he, when of age, became a member. Taking advantage of the absence of the treasurer, he forced open the coffer where the money and plate were kept, absconded with it from the convent, threw off his religious dress, and enlisted as a foldier in the regiment

of *Royal Italien*. After some months service he deserted from it and joined some strolling players, with whom he wandered to Paris, and there, upon the small theatres of the Boulevard, exhibited himself in the parts of an harlequin and merry Andrew. In this gay, but starving situation the revolution found him, and he became one of its natural and easy recruits. The Jacobins, who planned the usurpation of Comtat Venaissin from the Pope, sent him on duty in that unfortunate country, where he shewed himself one of its most active firebrands. Having, in 1792, married a harlot from Lisle, his patrons rewarded the patriotism displayed in the south of France with the place of commander of a battalion of volunteers in the department of the north, quartered in that city. There, as soon as the dreadful scenes of the 10th of August were known, Poultier ordered

ordered a vault, in which for ages had been deposited, and had rested undisturbed the remains of the ancient Counts of Flanders, to be demolished, their bones and ashes to be consumed, and preserved nothing of so many great, good, valiant, and amiable persons, but the skull of a countess, during her life admired for her beauty, and renowned for her virtue, and after her death revered for the sanctity of her life. This trophy of a cannibal, he fixed on the point of his sword, and repaired to the Jacobin Club, swearing that he would serve all the aristocrats in the same manner; that is to say, that he would cut off the heads of all persons faithful to their God and King, who had rank and property to lose, and honour and duty to preserve. These were the aristocrats of 1792. Honourable mention was ordered to be made in the Procès Verbal of the Ja-

cobins, of this act and declaration of civism. By having recourse to such an infamous stratagem he over-awed the opulent inhabitants of Lille, and ingratiated himself with the populace, who procured his election as a member to the National Convention.

His conduct, as a representative of the people, corresponded with the atrocities of his life as a citizen, as a monk, as a mountebank, and as a Jacobin. He voted for the death of Louis XVI. and for all other measures of blood and terror of the regicide convention. He was sent on several missions into the departments, particularly in the south of France, where imprisonment and death marched in his train. After the execution of Robespierre, he set up a journal called *L'Ami des Loix*; in which he disseminated infidelity, denounced loyalty, and encouraged licentiousness, rebellion, and anarchy.

As a member, afterwards, of the Council of Five Hundred, and of the Ancients, he evinced the same immoral, anti-social, and persecuting spirit, and by the noise he made forced himself into a kind of public notoriety; but it was short-lived, and inspired nothing but contempt and ridicule. A French poet composed concerning him some lines which excited his rage, and produced some menaces. In return the poet wrote:

Sa colère au hazard s'est long tems dechainé :

Tout Paris le honnit, tout Paris le berna;

Du tambour en un mot, il eut la destinée,

Et dut le bruit qu'il fit aux coups qu'on lui
porta.

To keep the public spirit in continual agitation, he pretended once or twice in the decade to have discovered conspiracies, and counter-revolutionary projects; and lately he has published a volume of anecdotes, in which he has

the impudence to own, "that of one hundred and six conspiracies, denounced by him in his journal, only two had *some* reality," but he says also, "that without his denunciations many persons would certainly have conspired; so that upon the whole his lies and fabrications were useful as well as political."

When a member of the Committee of Public Safety, he promoted himself to the rank of a colonel; but neither the Directory nor Buonaparte, notwithstanding his intrigues, have been induced to advance him to a general. It was even with great difficulty that his former associate, Fouché, could persuade Buonaparte to bestow on him the insignificant place he now occupies. The employment of such notorious characters will, however, be sufficient to hand down to posterity some ideas of the morality of the present government of France.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Abbeville, November, 1804.

MY LORD,

BETWEEN Montreuil and this town I was only twice stopped by *gend'armes* to exhibit my passport; but at the entrance of the gate some soldiers again surrounded my chaise, and carried me as a prisoner to the prefecture, before I could provide lodgings in an inn. This was so much the more disagreeable, as six thousand soldiers had arrived, and were to pass the night here on their way to the coast, and I was detained near an hour before the prefect had time to inspect and sign my passport. As I expected, all the inns were crowded; I could get a supper at the ordinary of one of them, but was obliged to pass the night

night in my chaise. Having no particular business here, and only one friend to visit, I intended to have left this place yesterday; but no post-horses could be got. I am not sorry for this delay, as the governor here, Dupuy, invited me to dine with him to day, and procured me an opportunity of being in company with André Dumont, the sub-prefect of this town, another regicide, another ex-deputy of the National Convention, and another revolutionary criminal, whom Buona-parte employs, but whose official situation, like that of Poultier, is a disgrace to his government.

During the supper, on the night of my arrival, I was at a table with sixty-six officers of all ranks. They came with their men from Italy, and had been seven weeks on their march. To judge from what they said, the public spirit on the other side of the Alps is far from

from being favourable to French politics, or to their chief, Buonaparte, particularly in Piedmont, where Frenchmen are surprised and murdered everywhere. They ascribed this inveteracy and these crimes to fanaticism, and to the hatred and revenge which the rapacity of French commissaries and civil officers had provoked. Though they blamed the Piedmontese, they loudly complained of some individuals there who had usurped and abused the confidence of Buonaparte. They spoke of General Menou, Buonaparte's governor general in that country, with censure, as the protector, if not the sharer, of extortioners and of extortions; and one of the officers, a major, declared, to use his own words "that Menou was a greater despot at Turin, than the Sultan was at Constantinople. He forced the inhabitants to give him credit, and when they requested pay-

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ment,

ment, arrested them as suspected or disaffected, fined them, and even threatened to have them tried by special military tribunals, so that they were fortunate to renounce their property for the recovery of their liberty. This want of security, and this official rapine, had, as might be supposed, diminished, if not destroyed, what little commerce and manufactures were formerly carried on in Piedmont, and augmented the mass of misery of the people, who were almost reduced to despair as well as to beggary." He stated also as a notorious fact, that the population had, according to official documents, decreased a tenth part, and that five-eighths of the inhabitants were females; the men having either emigrated, or been killed in the late long wars, insurrections, and troubles.

A stranger also at table, who asked whether Buonaparte was informed of the

the excesses of his functionaries, and of the complaints and sufferings of the people, was answered by several voices at the same time, he must know a part, but Madame Buonaparte protects Menou, or at least he boasts of her patronage. Nothing farther was spoken during the supper on this subject; but two hours afterwards the commander of this division, General Goavion, sent his aide-de-camp to Colonel Dupuy, and demanded some public building, or some place of safety, where he might confine between sixty and seventy officers, whom, upon denunciation, he was forced to put under arrest, until the pleasure and orders of the Emperor of the French were known. A Convent, formerly inhabited by English nuns, and afterwards by English prisoners, was assigned him; and there are now imprisoned all those officers with whom I supped the night before the

last. The division to which they belonged continued its march yesterday morning as if nothing had happened, and their places were filled up by non-commissioned officers, or by officers of a brigade quartered here.

It is supposed that at the table (and perhaps the very stranger who made the question I have stated above) was one of Buonaparte's *travelling*, or, as they are called here, *moveable spies*; and that this person made himself known to General Gouvion, and demanded the arrest of these officers. Certain it is, that this general was not present, and is much beloved for his liberal and friendly manner of associating with the officers under his command, and therefore could and would not have taken such a step if not forced by imperious circumstances. That he did it with regret is also evident from his visit to them in prison before he left this town, during

during which he declared to them, that though their own imprudence had obliged him to confine them, he had recommended them to the minister, Berghier, and declared that their fault originated from thoughtlessness and indiscretion, and not from discontent or malevolence. He also asked the governor here, Dupuy, to make their confinement as lenient as possible, and to allow them any little superfluities they should desire, for which he would pay from his private purse.

This General Gouvion is a gentleman by birth, and brother-in-law of the late Marquis and revolutionist Condorcet. Though terror or fanaticism, seduction or cupidity, have not left his character without spots and reproach, yet he is, notwithstanding, less culpable than most other degraded nobles, who have so far forgotten themselves as to fraternise with a revolutionary

lutionary rabble. He has enriched himself with the plunder of the proscribed, but his hands are not stained with the blood of innocence. It is also true, that the difference is not very great between a revolutionary plunderer and a revolutionary murderer, and that the man who fills himself with the spoils of victims, should his interest require it, will easily become their butcher.

LETTER LXXIX.

Abbeville, November, 1804.

MY LORD,

DURING the dinner with Governor Dupuy various were the speculations of what would be the fate of these officers. Some supposed that they would be pardoned and restored to their rank, others that they would all be broken, and reduced to serve as common soldiers.

The sub-prefect, André Dumont, thought that lenity must be out of the question, as it would be equally dangerous and impolitic. It would be dangerous to suffer subjects, honoured with an imperial commission, to throw out hints against the morality of other imperial public functionaries; and it would be impolitic not to punish, as crimes,

crimes, even indiscretions, as the only means of preventing indiscretions from having the effect of, or from becoming real crimes. "Had," added he, "Louis XVI. been more severe against those officers of his army, whose indiscreet sallies or intemperate language caused his government to be calumniated, and his authority despised, who set their soldiers examples of insubordination, and gave them lessons of licentiousness, he would have reigned longer, and would, like his ancestors, have died in his bed instead of expiring on the scaffold."

These words struck me so much the more forcibly, as I knew this André Dumont to be one of the regicide assassins of this virtuous and unfortunate prince; and that for months, after having been one of the accomplices of his murderers, he continued one of the most barbarous calumniators of his memory,

mory, and pursued the best of kings and of men, even beyond the grave, with his unfeeling and cruel perseverance. But as you have read in my former letters, it is nothing new in this country to find French republicans, and the murderers of a legitimate king, the vilest slaves of an unlimited usurper, and the firmest supporters of a liberti-
side usurpation.

The sub-prefect of Buonaparte, André Dumont, was, before the revolution, according to some, a parish clerk, and according to others, a clerk of a petty-fogging attorney. Immoral and indebted, he approved of, and was the *valet*, from its beginning, of an overthrow, which held out pillage to avidity, and impunity to guilt. In a short time, though young, he surpassed, in extravagance, the oldest and most extravagant Jacobins of his department, and was therefore elected a member

ber of the National Convention, that infamous den of criminality and of corruption. He here voted for the death of his King, for the confiscation of the wealth of the rich, and for the sacrifices of the lives of the loyal. He rivalled in cruelty, for a time, Carrier, Lebon, Robespierre, Barras, Fouché, Danton, Barrere, Marat, and other famous bloodhounds of 1793 and 1794. By incendiary motions, he sometimes attempted to surpass them in ferocity. It was he who proposed in the Jacobin Club, the massacre *en masse* of all children, the progeny of parents *suspected* of aristocracy. On the 24th of March, 1793, he denounced in the national convention, an address of the town of Amiens, in which was requested the arrest of some terrorists, and a law against assassins, and promoters of assassination, and demanded that all the persons who had signed such an aristocratical

cratical address, should be outlawed and sent to the guillotine.

In July the same year, he procured himself a mission in the department of the Somme, where he perpetrated the most horrible exactions and cruelties. He spared not even the poor fanfoulottes, then the sovereign people, whom he condemned to wear, round their necks, badges, on which were engraved, or written, their names, ages, and the place of their birth and residence. On a single day, the 9th of September, 1793, he caused upwards of two hundred persons to be imprisoned, as suspected, of whom sixty-four were old and infirm priests and nuns. He wrote on this subject, in a jocular manner, to the national convention. "I have ordered to be tied together, two and two, these five dozens of animals, of black beasts. They have been exposed, before their imprisonment, to public

public amusement, under the guard of some strolling players." If he did not cause so much blood to be spilt as a Carrier and a Fouché, his correspondence with the committee of public safety is more ferocious than that of these monsters, and his depredations were also more considerable. Before the term of his proconsulate had expired, he purchased a superb hotel at Abbeville, which he still occupies, with a large estate in the same canton, still his property. He began his revolutionary career with a salary of five hundred livres, twenty pounds, and within three years he possessed estates and lands, producing, annually, one hundred and fifty thousand livres, six thousand pounds.

When, after the punishment of Robespierre, the terrorists and their *grand* measures were no longer fashionable, he joined the pretended moderate party, and

and became one of the most violent and indefatigable persecutors of the Jacobins, of whose clubs he demanded the demolition, of whose regulations he moved the banning, by the hands of the public executioner, and of whose members he moved the summary trial by the revolutionary tribunals. Such was his consistency even at that period of the revolution, that after having enriched himself, with the confiscated estates of emigrants and their effects, he in 1796, when a member of the council of five hundred, spoke in favour of these same emigrants, to whose parents he wished a part of their property to be returned. In 1797, his public career, as a deputy, ceased, and he remained in a well deserved obscurity until 1800, when Buonaparte appointed him a sub-prefect of this town, where he is both dreaded and despised.

When André Dumont expressed himself

self with so much severity against the imprisoned officers, I observed that the Governor Dupuy, and five other military gentlemen, regarded him with the same indignation as I felt. It is said that he has offered Madame Buonaparte, for her interest to be made a member of the legion of honour, a *douceur* of twenty-four thousand livres, one thousand pounds; but either the sum was not large enough, or the subject thought too unworthy even in this vile corps, and the regicide André Dumont is not yet a revolutionary chevalier. He has, however, all requisite merit to do honour to all other honourable knights of this honourable order of knighthood.

From what I had experienced myself at Montreuil, and from what had occurred to the imprisoned officers here, I was very much upon my guard during this day's dinner; and when the sub-prefect

prefect invited me to pass the day with him to-morrow, I declined, without giving offence, in telling him, that I should already have been at Amiens, had I yesterday morning been able to obtain post horses.

LETTER LXXX.

Amiens, November, 1804.

MY LORD,

THE manner of living here among Buonaparte's upstart public functionaries, is not more splendid or more tasteful, but much more extravagant than formerly among the King's governors, intendants and officers. The meats, plates, and wines of one repast of the former, would have furnished the stewards, cooks, and butlers of the latter with provisions, and drink sufficient for four brilliant and chosen state dinners. The revolutionary anarchy seems to prevail, and to have intruded itself even in modern entertainments. There is plenty of every thing, but nothing is in its place; some dishes are too highly seasoned, while

while others have no seasoning at all; meat is served when fish is wanting, and Burgundy is given when claret is asked for. Some guests are ready to perish from indigestion, through having eaten too much, while others are menaced to suffer from an inanition, in not having received enough. You are no longer at liberty to ask for what you like, but you must like what is offered you. In the provinces of this part of France, not to taste every plate sent you is rude, and you are therefore under the necessity of being civil at the expence of your palate, as well as of your stomach. If the master and mistress of the house do not care much about you, your health is in no danger from abundance or fullness, but if you have the misfortune to please them, it is ten to one, if not upon your guard, that they with the

best intent in the world, will choke you.

The dinner hour in the encampment was three o'clock. There the service usually consisted of three courses, and dessert, with burgundy, claret, champagne, coffee and liqueurs. When no duty was to be performed afterwards, it was seldom over before six o'clock, the hour when the play began. At the prefect's, bankers, and other private families, the dinner has been on the table at half past two o'clock; the fare was generally of two, but seldom of three courses, with good burgundy, *vin de grave*, or some other white wines, coffee and liqueurs. Before four it was always over, and then we played whist, back-gammon, picquet, and sometimes pharao, or birribi. These last hazard games, were particularly fashionable at the houses of public functionaries, where politeness seem-

ed

ed to require, that you should leave some louis d'ors behind you. The servants do not here as in Holland, hold out their hands, and demand payments or beg alms, but if you put half a crown in their hands, you are sure to be well taken care of another time. Upon the whole, whenever I resided in any place, for some few days, I found it useful in more than one way, to feed the servants. Must modern masters here, having themselves not long ago been valets, live upon a more familiar footing with their attendants, than was the custom twelve or fifteen years ago. They converse with them on most subjects, take their advice on many, and follow them in some. When any one hears frequently repeated, that such or such a gentleman is a good man, a liberal man, though it may be doubted, it leaves favourable impressions behind. Except the very vicious

and most wicked, all men rejoice or join in rejoicing, at the delineation of a noble and generous character. From the foot-man of the prefect, to the grand-marshal or grand-chamberlain of the Emperor, all are fond of money; all are accessible to bribes; and none render service or good offices for nothing. If they do no harm to those who neglect them, they certainly also do them no good gratuitously.

When the military functionaries have done with the dinner, they go to the play, and from the play to the coffee-houses and gambling tables. As the *civil* functionaries have their boxes gratis at the theatres, they also go there and invite generally their guests with them; but they are in their turn desirous to be invited after the play, to some coffee-house or public gardens by their guests, and treated with ices, lemonades, liquors, biscuits, &c. Ex-
cept

cept among the lowest classes, suppers or supper parties are not heard of much in the provinces.

From what I have seen hitherto in this part of France, it is not much the fashion to marry among Buonaparte's public functionaries. They all have one or more mistresses, but they seldom associate with them in public. The manners of the men are therefore not improved or softened by such a neglect of women, who in their turn neglect their persons, when they observe themselves no longer objects of the attention of the other sex.

I heard a very handsome and sensible lady, the wife of a general, complain much of the great loss her sex had experienced, by losing all those pretty trifles, all that real or affected politeness, which before the revolution made the lives of women so agreeable, so enviable. "We have, indeed," she

said, "suffered much more than the gentlemen by the common overthrow. They have only been deprived of rank and riches, and may have often opportunities to repair these privations; but we, who usually have too much time to spare, have been robbed of the society of men, of those civilities, of that preference, of that delicate and refined deportment towards us, which were the chief blessings and comfort of our existence. Ages were necessary to produce, by degrees, that height of civilisation and amiable gallantry, which distinguished formerly the good company in France; some few years have been sufficient to bring us back as many centuries; if women are not quite so brutalized as the men, it is not owing to the latter; but originates from the reciprocal attentions of the former to each other, which make strangers conclude when they associate with

with

with two females who are friends, that they see the careffes or addreffes of two lovers. Our loffes are irreparable! for the prefent generation of women, they can never live long enough to witnefs any focial reform, or to enjoy the fruits of any focial improvements of the men."

LETTER LXXXI.

Amiens, November, 1804.

MY LORD,

YOU will be surpris'd, from what has occurred before, to hear that from Abbeville to this town I was only stopp'd once to shew my pass, though the distance is ten leagues, and that in arriving here, I was permitted, after exhibiting my pass at the gate, to drive up to an inn, without being previously escorted to the prefecture, under the guard of soldiers. At this inn, however, a copy was taken of my passport, and when at supper, a police agent called on me, to see and compare it with the original. He also told me, that it was requisite for me to wait on the prefect and governor,

and

and obtain their signatures before I continued my journey.

Having a letter from the governor of Abbeville, Dupuy, for the governor here, colonel Durand, I presented it, and was received with great civility. He offered to accompany me to the prefecture, and to introduce me to the prefect, Quinette, who was, he said, rather severe and punctilious with strangers.

At the prefecture, was a great concourse of people to see exposed in the pillory, a man who had committed a forgery, and a collection of money was made for him among the spectators, who seemed to pity more than to blame him.

I was told, that before the revolution, he was one of the wealthiest manufacturers of this town; but the drape of the sophistry of a sans culotte schemer, he soon became his tool and

his victim. He joined with ardour in the revolution, and was inveterate and a persecutor against all its opposers. When in 1794, Robespierre decreed a maximum, his sans culotte friend laid hold of the whole content of his warehouses, for which he paid in assignats, then losing no less than five hundred per cent. this *patriotic* treachery ruined him in one day. The punishment he now underwent, was for having written the acceptance of this very man, who is now one of Buonaparte's senators, on a bill of exchange of one hundred and fifty livres, 6*l*. I believe from the expressions I heard, and the looks I observed among the multitude, surrounding the scaffold, that they would have rejoiced more in seeing there the revolutionary senator, than they felt in contemplating the revolutionary manufacturer.

The prefect Quinette behaved to me
much

much better than I expected; he not only made no objection to sign my pass, but he also invited me to dinner, which I declined. Before the revolution, a notary at Soiffon, he was in 1791 elected a deputy of the legislative assembly, where he conducted himself with moderation; but being chosen a member of the national convention, he shewed himself exaggerated, unjust and cruel. He voted for the death of his king, and for the sanguinary tyranny of a revolutionary and republican government. Ordered by the convention in March 1793, as a representative to the army, then commanded by general Dumourier, he was one of the four deputies delivered up to the Austrian government, and on the 25th of December, 1795, exchanged by it for the Princess Royal of France, the only surviving child of Louis XVI. He was afterwards a member of the

council of five hundred, and a minister of the interior, when Buonaparte seized the reins of state. His capacity in this place being doubted, and Lucien Buonaparte wanting it, as a sure means to enrich himself, Quinette was deprived of the ministerial port-folio, but appointed to his present prefecture as an indemnity. He no longer is the persecutor of men of rank and property, but he continues the firm protector of all those pretended patriots and revolutionists, whom pillage has enriched, or crime elevated.

It is remarkable enough, that every time the first Emperor of the French travels to and from the army, on the coast, he passes through the three prefectures of Quinette, André Dumont, and Poulitier, three regicide assassins of the last King of France. If Napoleon does not fear, he certainly also does not abhor the services and fraternity

nity of grand criminals, of traitors and murderers.

The governor told me an anecdote, which displays the blasphemous contrivance, and infamous fanaticism of infidels, not only to attack Christianity, but to render it contemptible. Several robbers and assassins, called from the torments they inflicted, (*chauffeurs*,) were sentenced to death in the summer 1798, and the priest, the only one whom the government then suffered in this town, was forced to act, and acted as their executioner. The culprits were guillotined on a Sunday, immediately after the grand mass, and the priest stepped from the altar to ascend the scaffold, placed opposite the door of the church!!! Many of these revolutionary disbelievers and shameful rebels, who put the priest in requisition for such an unbecoming, degrading, and scandalous perpetration, are
 now,

now, or at least pretend to be, faithful christians, as well as dutiful subjects. Such is the consistency ! such the sincerity, and such the honesty of modern Frenchmen.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII

Paris, November, 1804.

MY LORD,

BETWEEN Amiens and this city I was troubled no less than twenty-one times to exhibit my passport to gens d'armes and soldiers. By the route I chose, Clermont Beauvoisin was the only town I had to pass, but as I now again travelled with the diligence, which I find is less suspicious at present, the sub-prefect subscribed my pass even without seeing me.

In the vicinity of this town I visited sixteen years ago a friend, the duke of Fitz James, who had here an estate, with one of the most elegant chateaus and extensive parks in France. A barber for a trifling sum in assignats, became master of the chateau, which
he

he demolished, and for the materials of which he obtained fourteen times the purchase money, and was enabled by it to buy a part of the park. All the timber and all the wood was immediately cut down and sold, which again more than doubled his capital. He then thought it prudent or dignified to change his name with his fortune. Under the appellation of Beaumanoir, he came to this capital, bought an hotel, speculated in the funds, increased his riches, was advanced to the rank of a general, without ever having seen an enemy, and is now a commander of Buonaparte's legion of honour. His wife's routs, assemblies, and balls, are now the resort and rendezvous of all fashionable people of both sexes. And what has the grand nation gained by this sale of national property, which has ruined a duke, and enriched a barber? Not the amount

amount of twelve thousand livres, 500l. in cash.

The diligence stopped for an hour at Chantilly, to give the passengers an opportunity to dine. You know that this place belonged formerly to the Prince of Condé, who *had* a chateau here; I say who *had*, because it has shared the fate of the chateau of the Duke of Fitz James. A stone mason from Senlis bought it, demolished it, and became rich by selling the materials. He paid the *nation* for it thirty thousand livres in paper money, which was worth at that time about three thousand livres, 125l. in cash, and sold copper, iron, and other materials from the rubbish to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand livres, 6000l. in ready money. The beautiful park adjoining the chateau, has also in part been disposed of, and totally disfigured. Some manufactu-

rers have established themselves there,
 built houses, and turned the delight-
 ful waters according to their fancy
 or advantage. Even the so much ad-
 mired *Isle d'Amour* exists no longer,
 and a mill is constructed on its site.
 We dined at the *Hotel de Londres*,
 where we were assailed with dozens of
 beggars, who had all seen better days,
 and had been either attached to the
 household of the Prince de Condé, or
 had been his pensioners. They drew
 such a picture of the misery endured
 by all the inhabitants here from the
 revolution, as might have forced tears
 even from the eyes of a Jacobin.
 Whole families have committed sui-
 cide, others have literally starved to
 death, and those that still dragged on a
 wretched existence, had no prospect
 but either of the one or of the other
 exit. But notwithstanding their dis-
 tress and the great temptation held out
 to

to them by the examples of others, not a single inhabitant of Chantilly has joined in the partition of revolutionary spoil, or has even accepted a place under the revolutionary governments. All the revolutionary public functionaries here, have been, and are still strangers, chiefly from Paris and Senlis.

One of the unfortunate persons who asked us for alms, said his name was Rossignol, and that he had formerly been a huntsman to the Prince of Condé. He spoke loudly of the horror the murder of the Duke of Eng-hien had caused at Chantilly, where no threats of the police could make them relinquish their unanimous resolution of putting on mourning for this amiable prince. "Even I," said he, "laid out my last six sous, (three pence,) in this crape ribband, though it deprived me of a dinner; and were
I to

I to speak to Buonaparte himself, I would repeat that the man who ordered the duke to be massacred, is a murderer, whom the divine vengeance will sooner or later overtake." "Hold your tongue, Rossignol," said a gens d'armes, who entered to inspect our passes, "or I shall be obliged to send you to the black-hole. You know how narrow an escape you had for your life the last time you were there." "You may take my life whenever you like," replied the honest huntsman; "you will not destroy much happiness; but as long as I live, and can speak, nobody shall hinder me from calling Buonaparte"—Here all the passengers interrupted him, and in praising his attachment and fidelity to his former masters, blamed his imprudence. The gens d'armes told us that he was in no danger, "*as had we not here considered him as deranged in his intel-*

intellects by the revolution, we should long ago have shot him." This instrument of military despotism spoke of shooting a fellow citizen with the same sang froid and indifference as he looked over our passes. His language and his countenance both proved that he had long been used to such summary executions, and thought them no more unjust or cruel than to seize a thief, or confine a robber.

I am told, that notwithstanding the immense wealth of which he has been pillaged by revolutionary banditti, the Prince of Condé is still rich. How generous would it not be in him to relieve the distresses of these loyal and brave servants or tenants, who might have been affluent, had they not been faithful, and whose poverty is equally meritorious and honourable. Examples of duty, of disinterestedness, and

of honesty, which are in modern France so scarce, that every truly patriotic mind must desire to encourage them, and every patriotic hand that has the means, should be extended to remunerate them.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIII

Paris, November 1804.

MY LORD,

AS far as the general aspect of the culture and prosperity of the northern departments of *old* France, goes, and a traveller, who is no agriculturist, or political economist, can during a short stay notice, the country is not improved, nor the people more comfortable than they were sixteen years ago. It was supposed by many that in parcelling the large estates of the nobility and clergy, among numerous purchasers of the lower classes, not only the lands would be better cultivated and more productive, but that the new owners, laborious and industrious, would become easy and independent.

But these speculations, like most
other

other schemes of modern regenerators, have in great part miscarried. The farms of nobles and priests were, from the beginning of the sales of national property, bought chiefly by merchants and shopkeepers, who had some small capitals to spare, but who had no other object in view, than to make the most of their money, and as soon as possible; national property always has been and is still considered as unsafe and precarious, so much so that the difference between it and patrimonial property, continues from fifty to eighty per cent. This prevented many rich landholders and farmers, from laying out their money thus. Few of the labourers had any means to become proprietors, and therefore only changed masters, by which they did not gain.

But what has caused much complaint and must be felt for a long time, is the havock of the national purchasers, in cutting

cutting down forests, that had been the care of centuries to plant, cultivate and preserve; and of demolishing every chateau, church, convent, or building, merely to dispose of the materials.

That the lands are not better cultivated than formerly, originates from two causes. The new proprietors, not knowing much of agriculture, were obliged to trust to tenants, who profited by their master's ignorance, and like themselves, made what they could, and *as soon* as they could, without regard to futurity, which here is always thought uncertain. Most lands have also since the beginning of the revolutionary war, been cultivated by women; an impolitic custom, and ruinous necessity, but for which no remedy can be found, as long as revolutionary governments require for their safety, five, six, and seven hundred thousand

men under arms, and resort to requisitions and conscriptions to fill up the great vacancies occasioned by battles, diseases, desertions and profligacy.

Even those proprietors who reside themselves on their estates, and cultivate their own lands, seem indifferent about their improvement, on account of the unsafe state of property in general. The productions of the earth, their cattle and horses, are as much at present subject to requisition as their money and children; and while the lowest police commissary or *gensd'armes* may arrest and imprison their persons, every military commissary may seize their property. Under a despotic government, the despotism of petty inferior tyrants must be necessarily overlooked, extenuated or supported.

Of the situation of the highways in Flanders I have already given a description in a former letter; but on account

account of Buonaparte's frequent journeys to the coast, the public road from Calais to this capital, is in an excellent state, except for four leagues between St. Just and Clermont, where without paving the whole, it will be difficult to mend them.

The prices at ordinaries, on this road, are (a pint of wine included) half-a-crown for each person. The dinner is generally good, and consists of two courses and dessert. For the supper you are charged the same, but it is not always so well served.

I found the inns, in Flanders, and along the coast, much cleaner and more comfortable than those of the interior. Since I left Montreuil I did not rest on a clean or decent bed, nor occupy an apartment that was not, more or less, dirty. I usually paid half-a-crown each night for beds, for me and for my servant, for whose meals I was charged

half the price of my own. I was informed, that the custom on this road is, to give the servants of inns, where you lodge, twelve fous, (six pence,) a night, and where you only stop to dinner six fous, (three pence).. I followed this custom, and found the waiters and maids every where contented. If you dine or sup in your own apartment, the prices of every thing are doubled, and the attendants who wait on you, expect to be better paid for their trouble. At present, however, the general fashion is for all travellers to dine and to sup at the ordinaries.

The prices of the wines drank at the ordinaries are calculated after twenty fous a bottle. (You know that Flanders, Picardy and Artois are no wine countries.) If you ask for a bottle of burgundy, they charge half-a-crown; for claret and champaigne you pay from four to five livres, (three or four shillings)

shillings) a bottle which is much more than you paid formerly.

Tea has in these provinces become a fashionable breakfast, but in the inn they prefer giving you as formerly, coffee. For what they call a complete breakfast, including tea or coffee, with eggs, bread and butter and cream, the price is never less than twenty-four sous.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Paris, November, 1894.

MY LORD,

OUR diligence was stopped at the gate of this capital, and our passports were demanded by a police agent who had two gend'armes by his side. He behaved civilly, wrote down our names, asked what inns we were going to; and wished us good evening. I was informed afterwards, that all these agents have been ordered, on account of the concourse of strangers expected here to witness the coronation ceremony, *to be particularly polite, in being strictly vigilant.*

Lodgings had been bespoken for me in the *Rue de la Loi, ci-devant Rue de Richelieu*, in an hotel, kept by a person, who my friend had certain information,

formation, was a spy of the police. Knowing that I did not come here to intrigue, but to see, observe and study the characters and events of the times, he thought this precaution, both political and prudent. Paying regularly a liberal price, and being accustomed to a regular and quiet life, he was convinced, that I should be no where better than in the house of a man, who after witnessing for some time my conduct, must be persuaded that his duty was not opposite to his interest.

At my hotel, my passport was as usual registered, and my landlord told me that I must within twenty-four hours present myself, first at the municipality of the district, and afterwards within another twenty-four hours at the prefecture of police. At the municipality I was questioned as to the object of my arrival, and of the time I intended to remain; an order was

then written on the passport, commanding me to wait on the prefect of police the next day, and to bring with me two citizens of this capital, who were public functionaries, or house-keepers, and who would be my securities during my stay here. These two citizens were obliged at the prefecture, both to sign their names in the register of the police, and on the permit I received to pass undisturbed here three decades or thirty days. The secretary of the prefect, Piis, warned me not to leave my lodgings, without this permit in my pocket, as in case any police agent or patrol should *judge it proper* to stop me in the streets or public places, and I was not provided with it, I exposed myself to be detained or imprisoned. It was also necessary if I intended to visit any of the museums, or other public places of curiosity or amusements, where with it I might enter

on

on days, when, according to regulations, they were otherwise shut for a Parisian public.

After all these troublesome formalities were gone through, I hired what is called here a *remise*, or a coach with a pair of hack-horses. These were formerly paid only twelve livres a-day, (ten shillings) or twelve louis d'or a-month. At present I could get none under a louis d'or, a day, or twenty-five louis d'ors a month, besides half-a-crown a-day to the coachman. The reign of terror and of fansculottism had confiscated, destroyed, and proscribed all equipages, and since they have not had sufficient time to repair these losses, and therefore they had taken the shortest and most profitable way, to double the price of what (not above half of the number) remained, though they were not half so much wanted. In fact, all

those remises are now but little needed; all those who cannot afford, or do not choose to use their own carriages, take hackney coaches; which are in much better order than before the revolution, and not dearer. For what is called here a *course* or a fare, were it even from one barrier to another, or a league, the coachman cannot demand more than twenty four sous; (a shilling;) and if you take him by the hour, you pay for the first hour forty sous, (twenty pence), but for every other hour only thirty sous, (fifteen pence), and force him to drive you any where within two leagues of this city.

Though I had my own servant, I thought it useful to engage a *valet de place*. My landlord recommended me one, and of course, I was sure of being always followed by a police spy, which, for many reasons, I was not sorry for. With men of sense, these fellows are often

often protectors and safeguards. Had Pichegru and Georges been attended with such men, they would never have been discovered, but an opportunity might have offered itself to escape pursuit, and to remain concealed. Half-a-crown a-day is the common price of a *valet de place* in this capital.

LETTER LXXXV.

Paris, November, 1804.

MY LORD,

THIRTEEN years are passed away since I the last time inhabited this guilty city, this focus of corruption, immorality and crime ! The most patriotic of kings then reigned ; or rather rebels used his name to tyrannize ; but what atrocious monsters have since succeeded him !

When I was here in 1791, the revolutionary fame of the despicable La Fayette was eclipsed by the encreasing popularity of a vile Petion, of an infamous Brissot, and of their sanguinary and depraved accomplices. Now a man rules unlimited, who then was an obscure individual ; and the weight of his iron sceptre, though oppressive and
crushing,

crushing, is endured, if not with content and satisfaction, at least without resistance. Those who then exclaimed with hypocritical enthusiasm, liberty! equality! fraternity or death! live now the quiet and abject slaves of an usurper, who owns no superior, who suffers no equal; who has trampled upon the rights of man, invaded the sovereignty of his Prince, and annihilated the sovereignty of the people; who, unrelentingly, tyrannizes over the French nation, and oppresses and treats all other states like France.

On the first day, since my present arrival, during the first walk, in streets and in squares, I imagined every moment that I was wandering in blood, round victims, between gaols and scaffolds, by the side of gaolers and executioners. Since I was here the last time, how many thousands have bled, how many millions have suffered or are

are ruined! How many kings of factions have since marched upon corpses to power!—appeared for a moment like luminaries, only to vanquish, to perish, to give place to others, destroyed in their turn.

I went thus musing, thus meditating, up to *Rue St. Dominique*, to enquire after a friend, of whose fate I was uncertain. His hotel I found transformed into barracks, and though his father and grandfather had lived and died in the same hotel, no neighbour in the same street could give me the information I requested; they were all new comers, and occupied houses sold by the nation, not by their owners. A coffee-house, at the upper part of this street, near *Rue de Tarranne* struck me. I thought I had seen it before, and asked the mistress how long she had been established there? “Thirty-six years, Sir;” she answered. Then you must

must have known Count de D---, and can tell me what has become of him, and his amiable family. “ Yes, Sir! I have known that generous and philanthropical nobleman, and mourn every day his destiny. He, his wife, and three daughters were all guillotined, in May 1794, on the same day and hour. His two eldest sons were killed in Germany, in serving under the Prince of Condé; and his third son lost his life as a conscript in a corps of the army of Massena, in Switzerland.” And his cousin, the Marquis de St. L---, is he also dead? “ No, Sir; he is worse; he is ruined. He has passed seven or eight years, to be carried from gaol to gaol, from one military commission to another. He was spared to return to society, where he was a stranger; to live in a world where he has not a friend; and to be plagued with an existence, which the revolution had deprived him of all means to

to support. All his property was sold during his confinement; and the last time I heard of him, he was on his way to some foreign country, to court obscurity, and find bread of another.

Our conversation was interrupted by the sound of trumpets, and I saw an herald, attended by guards, and followed by crowds, who approached us to proclaim the ceremony to be observed on the occasion of Buonaparte's coronation. As a curious and shocking coincidence I witnessed on the 10th of August, 1792, about seven o'clock in the evening, nearly upon the same spot, Manuel, the procurer-general of the commune, also accompanied with guards and military music (perhaps the very same), read a decree which abolished royalty for ever in France.

Another gentleman whom I formerly visited, a Baron du M---, had a house
in

in the next street, the *Rue de Grenelle*. I was afraid to ask after him ; I knew that he was neither dead nor ruined, but I had been informed that he had disowned himself. Just when I was thinking of his respectable family, a carriage stopped, and somebody called me by name. It was he. " Step in to my carriage," said he ; " I come this instant from the hotel of our minister, Talleyrand, and we have been talking of you. He wants to speak with you, and I shall be glad to introduce you to him." I thanked him for his offer, but declined both it and his company. I could no longer doubt, but that the rumour concerning him was true ; and that he had descended to become the *secret* agent of the minister, after being refused a place as an official agent of the emperor.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Paris, Decem^r 1804.

MY LORD,

I HAVE now been presented to Buonaparte, and seen his coronation. On the former occasion, in the palace of the Tuilleries, he was much more at his ease, than on the latter, in the church of Notre Dame. I must, however, do him the justice to say, that he performed his parts even there admirably; and most actors I have witnessed in the parts of theatrical sovereigns, have not with more dignity received diadems, ascended thrones, handled sceptres, and pronounced oaths. That he was pale and agitated at intervals, every one present must have remarked; but whether he suffered from fatigue, or was torn ented by

by fear, or troubled by suspicion, is his own secret.

You must have read in all foreign papers, as well as in those of France, the ceremonial of this grand event on this grand day; after it, you are no loser in not seeing the ceremony itself. In every thing which this people undertake, they always promise more than they perform; and when in consequence your expectation is raised, your disappointment is certain. This was the case with me, after having read the pompous recital of the pageantry and splendour of processions, marches, liveries, uniforms, valets, grand officers, footmen, generals, ambassadors, senators, legislators, tribunes, princes, cardinals, a pope, and an inauguration, with the remaining part of the tribe of slaves, traitors or fools.

On the 2d of December, 1804, like the 21st of January, 1793, the streets
of

of this capital were lined with troops; and Buonaparte marched to a throne as Louis XVI. had done to a scaffold, through two files of bayonets of soldiers. These revolutionary fanatics, after dispatching a legitimate king, elevated an upstart tyrant, whom they, no doubt, will strangle in his turn, should fortune forsake him, his laurels fade, or his atrocities be abhorred.

The only thing really splendid, was the sight of the new dresses, and new diamonds of the new emperor, of the new empress, of the new imperial highnesses, and of all the pack of new imperial ragamuffin dignataries, functionaries, and other new court or state valets of the new imperial dynasty. They forced me, however, to remember all the spoils, all the blood, all the tears that had been necessary to produce and create such an artificial and unexpected grandeur; and what is
still

still more lamentable, that must continue absolutely necessary to nourish it, to support it, and to preserve it from destruction. As to the pope, he could inspire no other sentiments but those of pity. He would not despise an old man, a trembling pontiff, whose long and early seclusion from the world must have made him but little acquainted with its artifices, and deprived him of that vigour of mind, possessed even by his virtuous predecessor, who would have preferred the crown of martyrdom from the hands of Buonaparte, sooner than have placed an imperial diadem on Buonaparte's head.

What a barefaced, what a disgusting hypocrisy! Napoleon Buonaparte!— who had worshipped a goddess of reason; abjured and calumniated Christianity; adored Mahomet, and preached fatalism; now on his knees at the feet
of

of a Christian prelate—kissing the cross of that God, whose temples he had polluted, and whose altars he had demolished! Could any thing be more shocking to the sight, or ~~in~~ to the understanding, to the virtue, to the faith, and to the honesty of sincere Christians, of independent minds, and pious and honourable sentiments?—This audacious outrage against common sense, and common feeling, proves, as much as all other Buona-parte's acts, what a despicable opinion he has of his contemporaries in general, and how great his contempt is for Frenchmen in particular. Did he not say to them, on this occasion-----
 “I own myself an apostate, but you must pray both for and with me. I proclaim myself an usurper, a tyrant, but you must nevertheless obey and serve me. I know what a vile set you
 are,

are, and therefore only treat you as you deserve!"

Some tears dropped on the imperial crown from the eyes of the pope, when, during the inauguration, reading prayers over Buonaparte's head. "They were tears of joy, of satisfaction," said Buonaparte's courtiers. But in commiseration for the visible chief of the Catholic Church, a loyal and religious posterity will have the charity to think them tears of shame, of sorrow, and of repentance. The superstitious may also believe, that they foreboded a reign of misery, and that the new imperial power would whiten, when tears ceased to flow.

Madame Buonaparte was more tranquil, or more patient. With her usual *modesty*, she looked round her in search of applause and veneration. Her regards seemed to say to the audience---
 "I owe, to my beauty, to my charms,
 to

to my *amiable* character and personal accomplishments alone, the throne I occupy; that I am seated by the side of an Emperor, consecrated by a Pope, and hailed as a Sovereign Prince by millions; that emperors and queens embrace me as a sister, and nations salute me as their mistress. People of the earth! prostrate yourselves before your natural Sovereign!"

Buonaparte's brothers and sisters also supported well their new parts: their looks bespoke content and vanity, and commanded respect and admiration. But when their own eyes happened to meet, they seemed to say:---"Are we really imperial highnesses? and have we really been fans-culottes clerks, and fans-culottes mantua-makers? What has occasioned this metamorphosis, and is it always to continue? Have we not to apprehend, that some new changes will again remove us from our brilliant

brilliant palaces, and place us again behind our native counters? But let us leave futurity to itself, and enjoy the present. Representatives of legitimate monarchs, bow to us! German and Italian princes and princesses; fraternity and sisterhood! field-marshal, cardinals, generals, bishops, and senators, be our valets; our almoners; crowd our anti-chambers; serve our chapels; and wait at our levees!"

LETTER LXXXVII.

Paris, Decr. 1804.

MY LORD,

I HEARD one of Buona-
parte's chamberlains affirm, that his
master commanded the elements as well
as the earth, and that any day fixed
upon by him for the *august* ceremony
of his coronation, would have been
fine; and with favourable weather, even
in this unfavourable season of the year,
sanctioned his universal authority.

Indeed in this capital, as in the army
on the coast, fatalism has become the
ruling and fashionable religion, and
persons of all ranks and ages, and of
both sexes, believe in and trust to its
irresistible influence. Hence, I judge,
to a great degree, originates the pas-
sive obedience of Frenchmen to Bu-
naparte's

naparte's usurpation ; but hence may also one day originate their equally passive submission to another usurper ; to his destroyer. According to these reports, the number of low individuals, who within some few years, have started up from obscurity, to be notorious and wealthy, encourages meanness and poverty themselves, to hope for similar successes ; and the impunity, nay the reward that has accompanied the most ferocious crimes and the most infamous outrages, since the revolution, makes guilt both common and impudent ; both to be pitied and execrated. I have heard that more than one criminal here, when upon the scaffold in the hands of the executioner, has exclaimed, " Could I expect to perish thus, for what is relatively a trifle, if compared with the enormities of Buonaparte ? Could I suppose destiny so unjust, so cruel to

me, after having suffered senates, councils, armies, and altars, to be crowded with men, much greater criminals than myself; who nevertheless continue to prosper !”

But this spirit of fatality also diminishes industry, flatters idleness, and excites a neglect of every thing that does not produce an immediate enjoyment et. It encreases the passion of gambling, (of which government takes advantage to a shameful degree,) and augments the number of wretches, who, after being disappointed, become desperate, destroy others or themselves. In a few words, its fatal effects are felt *ad infinitum*, already among all classes of society, and must be still more felt in generations to come. Many true patriots and devout Christians hoped that the presence of the Roman Pontiff would put a stop to its progress, and impede its ravages; but
from

from what I have heard of the public opinion, Pius VII. by his submission to Bonaparte, and by suffering himself to be an instrument of his ambition, if not, as many say here, an accomplice of his guilt, has more scandalized faith than converted infidelity.

I had a long conversation on this subject, with Buonaparte's minister of the Christian worship, Portalis. Notwithstanding his *present* attachment to the Emperor of the French, or as I suppose, rather to his place, he could not deny that the religious foundation of the Imperial throne was as precarious and unsafe, as the political one, and that it rested and must rest entirely upon bayonets. He said, that he had foreseen the inutility, if not the danger of the Pope's arrival in France, and dissuaded Buonaparte from it; but that Talleyrand, who still continues the most inveterate enemy of the Chris-

tian religion, had from motives, different from those presented to Buonaparte, engaged him to imitate Charlemagne, and to have his usurped supremacy in the state sanctioned by the revered supreme head of the church.

Portalis is a man of talents, and one of the most moderate revolutionists, that have figured as representatives of the people in our national assemblies, and legislatures. But he had also his private revolutionary mania, to which he has more than once sacrificed both his duty and his principles. He always was a friend of monarchy, but he wished so much mixture of *philosophy* and democracy in its composition, that his monarch would, in fact, have been the chief of an atheistical commonwealth. He was, nevertheless, a strenuous defender of Christianity, as well as of monarchy; and declared without hesitation, that the latter could never be

be safe without the support of the former. But in this country, these contradictions, these inconsistencies are so common, that even when their consequences have filled prisons and gibbets, they have been hardly noticed.

He has also been *once*, and for a long time, a firm friend of the House of Bourbon, and a faithful subject of his king, Louis XVIII. I have perused a letter from him, dated Paris, August 2d, 1797, when he was a member of the council of five hundred, and addressed to a nobleman, then one of the confidential counsellors of his most Christian Majesty. In it he expresses himself thus, "The public spirit is now all over France such as I wish it. The return of the Bourbons, and the restoration to his throne of the august chief of that illustrious House, to which France is indebted for all her grandeur and prosperity for ages, is the common

talk, wish, and order of the day here, as well as in the departments. Some few culpable and obscure jacobins, speak indeed still of liberty and equality, but their noise would be ~~totally~~ insignificant, and not heard, had they not selected for their chief and protector, the fortunate general of the army of Italy, (Buonaparte,); but measures have been taken by the leading friends of monarchy, to remove this foreigner both from his command and from France. Present my most humble and dutiful homage to my beloved King, and assure his Majesty of my *invariable devotion and fidelity* to my last breath."

The revolution of the 4th of September 1797, prepared by Buonaparte's incendiary addresses, and effected by his friends Barras and Augereau, condemned Portalis to transportation, from which he was recalled by Buonaparte; when

when a first consul, made a privy counsellor, a minister of worship, and a grand officer of the legion of honour. His son, who was a secretary of legation in England, during the last peace, is now a minister at Ratisbon, and shares with his father the confidence and pensions of the Emperor of the French. Should however, Napoleon the First be unfortunate and proscribed, *remember my words*, Portalis's *invariable devotion and fidelity* to him, will be as constant as they have been to Louis XVIII.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Paris, December, 1804.

MY LORD,

I HAVE, according to my promise, been a constant attendant at Buonaparte's levées, and in Madame Buonaparte's drawing-room, at the fêtes given by the princes, and at the circles and balls of the princesses. But as my observations every where have nearly been the same, their repetition would be tedious; when the same performers act every day, in the same accoutrements, the same parts upon the same stage, no novelty and little variety must be expected. Every thing and every body are moved here at present according to the whim, or with the whip of Napoleon; the looks here are as much regulated by him as the dress, and

and the *haut ton* is to bow when he smiles, and to tremble when he frowns, to exalt the hero, and to submit without murmur to the cruel or capricious despotism of the emperor.

It is not in the crowds of palaces where the real or fictitious popularity of Buonaparte may be learned, or whether his authority is liked, feared, or hated. The multitudes at courts are always submissive, never seditious; let the private opinion of the individuals be ever so opposite, they must here agree in what decency and etiquette have organized, and at least remain silent. But by admission into the houses of, and familiarity with men in place, and of men out of place, of the wealthy citizens who prefer independence to rank, and of the needy and ambitious that sacrifice happiness at the shrine of power, some ideas may be formed whether the sove-

reign is beloved, and the subjects happy; whether the one deserves affection, and whether the others are *worthy of comfort*, contented and prosperous.

You know my many former acquaintances and connections in this capital, and that some of them ornament the senate and the army, and others decorate Buonaparte's palaces and council chambers. A long absence and a consistency of principles have made my reception rather cold with some of them; but if few of them do not like me, they all must esteem me; and therefore I have made no visit that has not been followed by an invitation, and I am tolerably domesticated with all those whose society policy or curiosity make me desire to cultivate.

The once governor of my cousin, my old friend Francois de Neufchateau, is now a man of great consequence, and
keeps

keeps a most excellent table. Here my cover is laid every day, and I have hitherto dined with him twice or thrice in the week. He is still the poet, and savans more than politicians are his guests; but though literature is the common topic of our conversation, sometimes his excellency, (for so he is styled now,) is not sorry to descend with us into discussions of past revolutionary events, and into speculations concerning a futurity, of which his infirm state of health does not make him expect to be a witness. I have generally found them unanimous in their detestation of the revolution, uncertain of the stability of the present government, and fearful of expressing their opinions of what may probably succeed it. More than one of them seemed to envy our host his fashionable egotism. He repeats frequently, "for my part I am tranquil, because according

ding to all human probability, the imperial constitution will outlive my infirmities. You, other young men, I fear, one day will envy me, even my tomb."

Francois de-Neufchateau is the son of a schoolmaster at Vrecourt in Lorraine, where he was born in 1750. He was educated at the expence of Count D'Alface, in the college at Neufchateau, and obtained from this nobleman a sum of money sufficient to be received as an advocate in the parliament of this capital. Having however married a woman of dubious character, the niece of the actor Preville, he was struck out of the list of advocates, and again resorted to the purse of his protector, who not only again assisted him, but introduced him to the late Duke of Orleans. This prince procured him the place of a king's attorney-general at the Cape of St. Domingo, a place
which

which he sold to purchase an annuity, and settle here.

Several poems, of which the titles are already forgotten, and some other trifling literary productions, had engaged his patron to interest himself for his reception as a member of the literary societies of Lyons and Marseilles; as such Madame Genlis desired his acquaintance; but in the beginning of the revolution she also took care to initiate him into the political secrets and views of the Orleans faction, which sent him on several missions into the provinces. His zeal carried him however too far, and as early as in August, 1789, he was arrested at Toul, for having attempted to excite the people to revolt. In 1790 he was made a justice of the peace of the canton of Vickersy, and in 1791 chosen a member of the legislative assembly. Here he never ascended the tribunal but to persecute priests,

priests, to justify the massacres at Avignon, and to insist upon the sale of the property of the emigrants in small lots, to attach the lower classes and the poor to the revolution. After the 10th of August, 1792, he made a long speech in favour of the Jacobins, whom he called *the benefactors of the universe*, and against Louis the XVI. whom he denounced as *the enemy of the human race*. In October the same year, he was offered to be a minister of justice, but declined it for fear of offending Danton, who intended that office for his friend Garat.

Notwithstanding his ardent Jacobinism, he narrowly escaped the guillotine in August, 1793. He had written a bad tragedy called Pamela, or the Friend of the Law. In it were some expressions which displeased the members of the revolutionary tribunals, who set themselves above all law, though

though he had been prudent enough to leave his manuscript for a revival and improvement at the committee of public safety. He was arrested shortly afterwards as suspected, and remained in prison until the execution of Robespierre. To this revolutionary predecessor of Buonaparté he wrote a letter, found among his papers, of the following content; " Citizen Representative of the People! Your strides towards an universal regeneration and equality are as astonishing as rapid. With the same firm hand you crush factions at home, and terrify tyrants abroad; conquer and disperse slaves, and teach Frenchmen how to enjoy freedom. Permit a poor prisoner, whom error or mistaken zeal has confined, to suggest to you, whether it would not be worthy of your glory to convoke in this city an universal national convention, where all nations
upon

upon earth might follow the magnanimous example of France, order their unnatural tyrants before them, judge them, and dispatch them! Health and admiration." This letter I have extracted verbatim from the official report of Courtois to the national convention, it was dated the 19th of July 1794.

I cannot help quoting here the following passage from his address to Buonaparte, when he congratulated him on his assumption of the imperial title. "Mankind, sire, is now convinced of the absurdity and folly of equality, and that the greatest of men, Napoleon the First, is alone worthy to govern the grand nation. Sire, fools have spoken of liberty, and rogues, or their dupes, of equality; but a sovereign, who, like your majesty, by his notice only, exalts meanness, and elevates even native grandeur,

deur, will prevent the remotest posterity from listening to dogmas, equally destructive, humiliating, and degrading."

In December 1795, Francis de Neufchateau was appointed by the revolutionary government of that time a commissary in the department of Vosges, where he distinguished himself by the persecution of priests, by his blasphemies against Christianity, and by the execution of pretended emigrants, which he provoked and ordained. In a circular letter to the department he wrote, "where Christian priests pray, French citizens *must* perish."

On the 16th of July, 1797, he was nominated a minister of the interior, and after the revolution of the 4th following September, he succeeded Carnot in the directory, a place granted him only upon condition, that he should resign it the following Spring,
when

when he again assumed his office of minister. Some few months afterwards more able intriguers replaced him, and he remained in obscurity until Buona-
 parte, after his usurpation, made him in 1799, a senator. Several verses after the battle of Marengo, and the peaces of Luneville and Amiens, and the above-mentioned address in favour and in honour of the Emperor of the French, determined Napoleon to confer on him the presidency of the senate, the title of an excellency, and the dignity of a grand officer of the legion of honour. He is now lodged in the palace of Luxemburgh, at present called the palace of the senate, in the very apartment occupied in 1791, by Louis XVIII. he has a salary of two hundred thousand livres, 8000*l.* and a regular guard of twenty-five men to attend upon him, and to accompany him whenever he waits on his sovereign, the Emperor of the French.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Paris, January, 1805.

MY LORD,

A *CI-DEVANT* emigrant, who visited me this morning, told me frankly, that misery had obliged him to accept of a place under the police, and that he was employed as a secret agent in the gambling houses of the Palais Royal, for which, in doing his duty, and in sending in his regular reports, he was paid twelve livres, or ten shillings, per twenty-four hours.

I asked him, as merely from curiosity, what he called doing his duty; he answered, that he was to attend as a *croupier* in any gambling house of the Palais Royal, ordered him by the prefect of police. That he was to present himself there, at 11 o'clock in the morning,

morning, and to remain there until the gambling ceased, which was sometimes not before four or five o'clock the next morning; that during that time, he was not only to observe all the persons who gambled, who won, or who lost any sums of consequence; but also those who strolled in as spectators, who surrounded the gambling tables, who watched the chances of the game, and who were officious in advising or in directing the gambling of others. He was also to notice what money those, who played high games, used, whether gold, silver, or bank-notes; if they gambled with sang froid, with indifference, or in a passion. He should take care, as much and as near as possible, to remember, and to note, their names, and to write down a correct description of their persons, ages, features, accents and dress.

He told me, that a farmer-general
of

of gambling houses paid Madame Buonaparte one hundred thousand livres each month, 4000l.—to the minister of the police, fifty thousand livres each month, 2000l.—and to the prefect of the police, one thousand livres a day, or thirty thousand livres per month, 1200l. The expences of a gambling house at Paris amounted besides to about one hundred louis d'ors per week, for house rent, cards, lights, wines, liqueurs, and the salaries of servants, who also generally were spies.

Upon my inquiry, whether it did not also sometimes happen that the banks were losers, or even broken, he said, that *according to their present organisation*, they might lose *once* in the week, or be broken *once* in the month, but that it was impossible, that their gain should not be certain both to answer all contingencies, and to enrich those who risked their money as bankers

bankers. He assured me that so fast was the profit of one hundred per cent. in the month, that not only Madame Buonaparte, but Joseph, Lucien, and Louis Buonaparte, risked their superfluous capitals in these speculations, which not a little increased the wealth of the members of the Buonaparte family.

As I said in a former letter, the government takes a shameful advantage of the predestinarian principles of the people, to encourage gambling, and to profit by its unavoidable disasters. In every week of the year six lotteries, those of Paris, Lyons, Turin, Bourdeaux, Bruxelles, and Strasburgh, are drawn; and as tickets may be purchased as low as ten sous, (five pence), no person is mean or poor enough not to be tempted to try his fortune, and to be entangled in these snares laid for him

him

him by those to whom he had to trust for warning, instruction, and protection.

If I am rightly informed, the privileged gambling houses are here as numerous nearly as the guard houses. Every municipality has its settled number of each, to which the police has attached a certain number of agents and spies.

In the vicinity, and sometimes in the very house, the police has also permitted commissaries of *Mont pietis*, or pawnbrokers, to establish themselves; so that a person, who has lost his money, while the passion of gambling still rages in his bosom, may have an opportunity to borrow money upon his trinkets, watch, clothes, and even his shirt, to continue his folly.

Some few mornings ago, my *valet de place* asked me whether I was curious to see a man who had hanged himself upon a tree on the Boulevards, who

had two watches, with chains, in his pockets, and five diamond rings on his fingers. I asked him what could be the cause of this act of despair? he replied, gambling. I went with him, and saw a young man, under thirty, hanging, and dead, decorated in the manner he told me. A great concourse of people was assembled, and from what I learned, he had the night before, in a gambling house, nearly opposite the fatal tree, called "Caffé de Hardy," lost six thousand louis d'or in gold, 6000*l.* and upon his parole double that sum; which finding himself probably unable to acquit, he preferred an untimely end to a dishonorable life.

LETTER XC.

Paris, Jaauary, 1805.

MY LORD,

AMONG the pretenders to literary fame, whom I met at the table of *His Excellency* François de Neufchateau, was the infamously notorious Gregoire; fifteen years ago a curate, ten years ago a bishop, and at present a senator.

Son of a labourer, charity educated him, and humanity procured him the appointment of the curacy of Imbermeuil in the department of Meurthe. When in 1789 the clergy of the bailiwick of Nancy had elected him for a deputy to the States-General, he shewed himself, from the beginning, one of the number most attached to the revolutionary party. He adopted now the

most exaggerated and frequently the most contradictory ideas, without, however, either soiling himself with blood or plunder. After the States-General had decreed themselves a National Assembly, he often declaimed against the court, the nobility and the clergy; but spoke at the same time in favour of the Jews, of the Negroes, of comedians, and of the executioner, on ALL of whom, without distinction or colour, he wanted to confer the rights of citizenship. Often inconsistent, he proposed however, when the National Assembly was debating about proclaiming the rights of man, to annex to it, also the duties of man. He desired also that the constitutional code should be consecrated to a Supreme Being, from whom mankind received its rights, and by whom it was also prescribed its obligations. Though possessing neither natural nor acquired talents,

talents, he obtained a kind of reputation during 1790 and 1791, by the effrontery and audacity with which he attacked the government, and insulted the superior clergy. The Jacobins therefore chose him a member of several committees, a president of the National Assembly, and finally a bishop of Blois.

In September, 1792, he was nominated a deputy to the National Convention by the department of Loir and Cher. It was he, who, on the 20th of the same month, provoked the abolition of royalty, in assuring his colleagues, "that kings, *emperors* and *hereditary sovereigns* are in the moral order what monsters are in the physical order, and that their history is nothing but the martyrology of nations."—Has Buona-
parte heard of or read this anti-imperial opinion?

But the most singular speech pronounced

nounced by Gregoire was that of the 4th of March 1794, during which he produced a pretended letter written by the hand of the King of France, Charles IX. upon the 10th of August, 1569, to his brother the Duke of Alençon, "in which he recommended him a gentleman of the name of De Montrevel, whom he had made a knight, as a reward for the murder of Constable de Monty." He proposed the insertion of this ridiculous letter in the Bulletins of the National Convention, and to have the original deposited in the National Library, that its publicity *might augment the horrors of people against kings and against all hereditary rank.* After such extravagance, and after his perpetual declamations against all authorities, it would have been surprising to hear him speak in favour of the Christian religion, had he not soon afterwards disclosed his pontifical ambition

bition, and his zeal to become the pope or the patriarch of the Gallican Church. Even, when a member of the Council of Five Hundred, in 1796, he went to Blois, and proposed to convoke a national council for 1797, to which he invited not only the Pope of Rome, but the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, Don Ramon Joseph de Arce, Arch Bishop of Burgos, to whom he wrote a fraternal letter advising him *to be a convert to humanity, philosophy, liberty, and equality!*

After Buonaparte's usurpation in 1799, Gregoire was first appointed a member of the Legislative Body, and afterwards in 1802 of the Conservative Senate. This last office was conferred upon him by Buonaparte, on condition that he should renounce for ever all pretensions both to a French episcopacy and to a Roman Tiara.

Gregoire is one of those men of inferior

ferior parts and despicable characters, on whom impudence and audacity have bestowed a certain publicity. I still found him the same bold sophist, inconsistent reformer, and intriguing schemer, as he had shown himself during these last fifteen years.

From the speeches of several members of the Senate, who dined frequently with Francois de Neufchateau, I must conclude that even in that body factions only lay dormant, but are not extinguished: that all parties there confess the instability of the present government after the death of Napoleon, and expect only such a catastrophe, to assail and tear each other to pieces anew.

Yesterday Gregoire arrived rather late to dinner, and said as an excuse, with a kind of boasting gratification: "Ladies and Gentlemen! I need only tell you that the Emperor graciously de-

detained me two hours in his palace, to be sure of your forgiveness, in making you wait for your humble servant." "Are you not afraid, Senator Gregoire!" retorted Lanjuinais, another senator, "that some day or other at your visits in the imperial palaces, you may meet with some monsters of the moral world, that will attempt to devour you?" "I thank you for the compliment, *Monsieur* republican!" replied Gregoire, "but you know my sentiments on this subject have never varied. I look upon Napoleon the First as a dictator whom the safety of our country forced us to appoint; and though his dictatorship for life is unusual, it is not so monstrous and unnatural as an hereditary government of fourteen centuries, where imbecile sons have so frequently succeeded foolish fathers, and tigers seized the sceptre of wolves.

wolves. Buonaparte has proved that he can reign in difficult times, and is worthy to rule a great but *agitated* people. I ask again, Monsieur republican, whether I am not consistent?"

"Who *dares* say otherwise to a favourite of a Dictator, closeted for hours with his gracious master," answered Lanjuinais with a sneer. "Enough of allusions and of politics to day," interrupted our host; "we have all of us more or less mistaken our way in our revolutionary journey; unforeseen difficulties have been encountered, and not one of us has arrived at the point he intended at starting; nor where he has been stopped does he see exactly round him those pleasing and perfect scenes his imagination once represented to him to meet every where. Let us however be thankful for having escaped those cruel quicksands that have
 swal-

swallowed up so many of our fellow-travellers. Let us forget the past, enjoy the present, and not attempt to lift up even a corner of that veil which covers futurity." What an ingenious apology for crimes and inconsistencies.

LETTER XCI.

Paris, January, 1805.

MY LORD,

AS far as I can judge from general conversation, as well as from the opinions of individuals of influence, the Senate may be divided into four factions; the Republican, the Jacobin, the Royalist, and the Imperial.

Lanjuinais and Volney are considered as chiefs of the Republican party, which is the less numerous, but which has, according to report, shewed itself the most consistent, even under Buonaparte's despotism. Though the discussions and votes of the senators are to be kept secret, it has transpired, that both Buonaparte's consulate for life, and his imperial title and sovereignty, were strongly opposed by this party, and
when

when carried by a large majority, protested against in a spirited manner. According to the present constitution, the places of senators are for life; but Buonaparte was so much offended, when he heard of this protest, that he resolved upon what he called an *epuration*, and to clear the Senate from all obnoxious members; a resolution which the Council of State dissuaded him *then* from carrying into execution, not to disclose the want of an unanimity, of which he had boasted in his speeches and proclamations.

Before the revolution Lanjuinais was an advocate and professor in civil law at Rennes, and distinguished himself for his hatred against the nobility and clergy. As a member of the first National Assembly, he abused the King for writing, according to former customs, in his ordinances, "I will, and I order." It was according to his motion
of

of the 19th June, 1790, that all titles were abolished in France *for ever*; and he declared his indignation, because the National Assembly suffered the brothers of the King still to be called Princes. In 1792 he was elected a deputy of the National Convention, where he displayed much more moderation, and often combated the Terrorists, particularly their then chief Robespierre. He spoke with courage in favour of Louis XVI.; desired that he should be allowed the same means of defence as all other accused persons; he attacked, with firmness and ability, the act of accusation against this unfortunate prince, and, in the midst of the threats and insults of the Jacobins, proved the whole atrocity of a trial, where the King's sworn enemies were, at the same time, accusers, witnesses, juries, and judges; and he charged the members of the Convention with all the blood
that

that flowed on the 10th of August, 1792, by their conspiracy against a falling throne. He refused to vote as a judge on his King, whose detention until a peace, he thought a sufficient punishment, even if he was culpable, which was not proved. He insisted also on the banishment, from France, of the Orleans family, and that the assassins of prisoners should be prosecuted. When in June, 1793, the terrorist party had become victorious, he was ordered to be arrested, but having escaped, was outlawed, and remained concealed until the death of Robespierre, when he was again admitted a member of the National Convention. He again conducted himself with justice, moderation, and energy, desiring a republic, and opposing equally the Royalists and the Anarchists. When he, in 799, accepted from Buonaparte his present place of a senator, it is certain that he

was

was promised the continuance and organization of a republic, having for basis, liberty, equality, and popular representations; but in 1802, when it was question about a consulate for life, and he obtained an audience of Buonaparte, to dissuade him from such an act, and to cause him to remember his former professions, he was answered, "that the mass of the people inclined to, and desired monarchical forms and institutions:" "Then be just," replied Lanjuinais, "recall Louis XVIII.; if a throne is again to degrade France, it belongs to him, and to nobody else." Buonaparte has never since addressed to him a word.

I have heard Lanjuinais, more than once, reprobated for his want of prudence, or as it has also been called, indiscretion, when discussing the power and acts of our present ruler; but his answer has always been, "What has a
man

man of seventy to fear? I pronounced myself a republican under Louis XVI.; I should be contemptible indeed were I to alter my principles and conduct under Napoleon the First, who has so often sworn fidelity to a republican government, in the name of which he has made all his conquests, and to which alone he owes all his glory. I shall die a republican, whether I expire in the senate or in a dungeon.

LETTER XCII.

Paris, January, 1805.

MY LORD,

FOUCHE and Cabanis are considered as chiefs of the Jacobin faction of the Senate, and are supported by all those who, like themselves, have any great crimes to reproach themselves with, who have voted for the death of their king, murdered and proscribed their fellow citizens, and enriched themselves with their spoils. They are all despised and detested, both within and without the Senate, but they are also dreaded; their activity, their capacity, their sanguinary and desperate characters, inspire terror and horror to all those who have suffered from, or remember their former enormities. At the death of Napoleone, should the Senate

must remain composed as it now is, and Fouché also occupy the important place of a minister of police, the struggle of his partisans to revive their favourite reign of terror, must be opposed by the union of the contending factions, if they will avoid falling victims to their negligence or want of foresight. As a minister of police, Fouché is the commander in chief of one hundred thousand spies in this capital alone, many of whom have figured before as members of revolutionary tribunals and committees, as Septembrizers, as drowners and shooters under his command at Lyons and in La Vendée. Such an army of revolutionary banditti and desperadoes, in revolutionary times, is more to be apprehended than an army of foldiers; because they are always more artful, more unprincipled, and more ferocious. Many think that should Fouché be enabled to direct any revolutionary

revolutionary movements, at the death of Buonaparte, he will perhaps have audacity enough to try to succeed him, and to seize the reins of government as a director or consul of a new created commonwealth, where liberty and equality will again be promised, while despotism and slavery are organized.

Barthelemy and Tronchet are supposed the chiefs of the Royalist party of the Senate; but neither of them possesses that energy of character necessary to head factions that alter the destinies of states. Though both of them approved of the revolution in its beginning, they have partaken in none of its excesses, but openly reprobated them, and hold out to detestation their perpetrators.

Before the revolution, Barthelemy was employed as a secretary of legation in England, and afterwards he was appointed an ambassador to Switzerland,

land where his moderation and morality gained general admiration, and exhibited a striking contrast to the behaviour of other revolutionary diplomatists. In the spring 1797, as a reward for the treaties of peace he had negotiated and concluded during the two preceding years, with Prussia and Spain, the two councils elected him a member of the Executive Directory, from which he was expelled by a regicide majority, and condemned to be transported to Cayenne. He escaped from that colony with Pichegru and other loyal men; and after Buonaparte's usurpation, was recalled to France by him and made a senator. He is old and infirm, honest but timid.

Tronchet was before the revolution, an advocate of parliament, where he was regarded as a luminary, and enjoyed a general and well deserved esteem. As a member of the first national

tional assembly, he conducted himself with honour and patriotism; defended rank against envy and jealousy, and property against avidity and immorality. At a time when it was fashionable to insult the King and the Royal Family, (of which La Fayette and other degraded nobles, set such a scandalous example,) on their return from the journey to Varennes, in June 1791, he was one of the commissioners, sent by the assembly to take their declarations, and behaved as a dutiful and respectful subject, even to royalty in fetters. When in 1792, Louis XVI. appeared before his assassins of the National Convention, he demanded Tronchet for one of his official defenders, an office, which though dangerous, he accepted, and acquitted himself in a manner that did equal honour to his head and to his heart, and which will carry his name down to the remotest posterity,

rity with distinction. For this act of
 loyalty and duty, the committee of
 public safety decreed his arrest, but he
 escaped both prison and death by con-
 cealment. He was afterwards a member
 of the Council of Ancients, and of the
 Commission, which under Buonaparte's
 consulate, was ordered to prepare a
 civil code for France. In February,
 1802, he was promoted to the rank of
 a senator. Though he is a man of more
 intrepidity than Barthelemy, he is
 more fit to shine in quiet than in trou-
 blefome times; and by no means can
 boast of a vigour of mind, bordering
 on temerity, which, in the conflict of
 factions, braves death to feize power.

When fuch are the true portraits of
 the honourable perfonages, to whom
 royalifts look up in the Senate, as the
 principal patrons of their caufe, you
 may eafily guefs at the fituation of the
 affairs of that party; of their hopes
 and

and prospects. In case, however, of any desperate attempt of the republicans and Jacobins, they may expect to gain many adherents of monarchy, now counted in the strongest, and the Imperial party of the Senate, who may easily turn the scale to their advantage and final success.

The generals Le Fovre and Serurier are called the chiefs of the Imperial party, to which all other generals and officers, at present members of the Senate, belong, and who carry there every thing either by force or persuasion. In all the constituted authorities of a military despotism, the opinions and interest of military men must prevail; they usually correspond with the views of their master; with which also their individual advantage and advancement are connected.

First a soldier and afterwards a serjeant of the guards of Louis XVI.

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Le Fevre was among the first of that corp, whom the Orlean faction seduced to desert, and whose treachery La Fayette recompensed with a commission as an officer in the Parisian national guard. In 1793, Robespierre made him a general, and he has as such distinguished himself for his courage, more than for his capacity. A merciless plunderer as most other revolutionary generals, he was in 1799 accused by Jourdan, of not having done his duty, and that his ill-gotten riches had impaired his valour. Having joined Buonaparte after his return from Egypt, and assisted him in the revolution of St. Cloud, he was made his first lieutenant, and governor of Paris, a place he resigned when promoted to the Senate. It is said, that when Buonaparte, before his first journey to the Coast, deposited in the Senate, and in Le Fevre's hand, the will

and regulation of his succession: he said, "I trust to your sword and fidelity for the observance of a will, without which, France after my death, will again become a prey to anarchy and revolutions." "With my last breath I shall defend it," replied the general and senator.

Serurier was, before the revolution, a lieutenant-colonel, and obtained first in 1795, the rank of a general of division. As such he has made all the campaigns of Italy under Buonaparte, and equally displayed talents and intrepidity; and it was he who in 1797, signed for France the capitulation of Mantua, of which he had commanded the blockade. He was for twelve months a governor of Venice, to the satisfaction of the inhabitants. In November 1799, he assisted Buonaparte in the overthrow of the Directorial Government; and it was he, who, when

When some members of the Council of Five Hundred threatened Buonaparte with their daggers, marched to his assistance at the head of the grenadiers, arrested or dispersed the assailants, the representatives of the people. In return he was placed in the Senate, where he continues to possess his master's confidence. He was called by the army of Italy, *the virgin of generals*, because he had, during all his commands on the other side of the Alps, only plundered to the amount of one million of livres ! 42,000*l*.

LETTER XCIII.

Paris, February, 1805

MY LORD,

THOUGH the theatres are tripled since I was here the last time, I find most of them full every night. What was formerly called the French Theatre, and now is known by the appellation of the Emperor's Theatre, still preserves, as well as the Opera, its former reputation. An opera buffa occupies now the house, called twelve years ago, the Italian Theatre, and the performers, at least many of them, are now engaged at the Theatre Feydeau. Next there comes Piccard's Theatre in the *Rue Louvois*, lately baptised, "the Theatre of the Emperors." It is the fashion to visit this theatre, more in compliment to Piccard

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as an author than as an actor. The performers here are far from being so good as those of the Emperor's theatre, and of the Theatre Feydeau.

Of the inferior theatres, the theatre De Vaudeville stands foremost. It has, I am told, never ceased to be popular, and well frequented from its first construction. Indeed, the principal proprietor Barrée, deserves for his attention, assiduity and capacity, every encouragement. It is certainly the best resort for those tormented by the spleen or suffering from misfortunes. If they do not find a cure, they are sure of meeting with a palliative, and for some hours to forget the weight or distress of existence.

From what I have seen of the other inferior theatres, their endurance is a reproach to government. They are true schools, not only of scandal and indelicacy, but of vice. The havoc

they cause on the morals of the people, is incalculable, because the lowness of the prices induces and permits even the poor mechanics and servants to frequent them. For six sous, (three pence,) persons are admitted in the pits and third row of boxes of most the theatres on the Boulevards. Eighteen and twenty-four sous, (nine pence and a shilling,) are the prices of the first and second boxes, which are commonly filled with prostitutes, libertines, pickpockets, robbers and spies, and the morality of the plays always corresponds with that of the audience.

Besides the theatres, in several coffee-houses on the Boulevards, are theatrical representations from three o'clock in the afternoon to midnight. The admittance is gratis; and in drinking a dish of coffee, a glass of liqueur, or a bottle of beer, (an expence of six sous,) you may pass there several hours,
hear

hear some decent songs, and witness better performance than in some of the inferior theatres.

On the Boulevards are also, besides the gardens of the Pavillon d'Hanovre, of Frescati, and of Paphos, a couple of dozen other places of resort under different appellations, where gambling is encouraged, debauchery permitted, and prostitution incited. There the idle and the profligate, the spendthrift and the desperate meet and carouse; ruin equally their purse and their health.

If I am rightly informed, the authors now employed to write for the different theatres, amount to two hundred at Paris alone, which is not quite nine authors for each theatre. According to the present regulations, it is very advantageous to write for the stage; should the pieces be successful and popular, they never fail to reward

plentifully the labours of the writers, and often may be considered as annuities, as a certain sum of the produce of each representation belongs to the author during his life, and even to his heirs after him.

An actress of the opera told me the following anecdote, which proves that even the theatres did not escape the sanguinary cupidity and horrid oppression of revolutionary tyrants. A monster of the name of Leonhard Bourdon, when a deputy of the National Convention, took into his head, that, because he could with impunity take away the lives of his fellow citizens, he also could arrest and pervert their understanding, annihilate their feelings, destroy their judgment, and banish even common sense. In the beginning of 1794, he presented to the directors of the opera house, a piece he called "*The mountain*," alluding to the place
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of the National Convention, where the most violent terrorists seated themselves.

The first act represented a Jacobin club, where each member had his head decorated with a red cap, and the head of an aristocrate upon the point of a pike. Then hymns were sung in honour of Marat, and an oath pronounced to immolate to his manes upon his tomb, every enemy of liberty and equality. The second act represented the interior of a revolutionary committee, where the members were surrounded with corpses without heads, and with heads without bodies. They were all busy writing out lists of proscriptions, for which, instead of ink, they used human blood.

The third act represented a courtyard of a prison, where the Jacobins, wading in human gore, collect the aristocrats they intend to dispatch,

whom for amusement, while teaching them the rights of man, they maim, cutting off some an arm, off another a leg, but spare the lives of them all for the grand feast of the Grand Mountain.

In the fourth act, all these prisoners are led out and placed at the foot of an immense mountain, composed entirely of human skulls. Here they are butchered one by one, during the singing of a cannibal air, composed in honour of Marat, of which each verse finished with these blasphemous words, "*Sancte Marat, ora pro nobis.*" Every thing was ready for the performance of this horrid opera, when Robespierre died, and it was laid aside.

The actress who related these particulars, said that she was to perform as a goddess of reason, descending from the clouds upon the mountain, to approve the former and to encourage new massacres.

Though

Though she was then only twelve years of age, she assured me that she fainted away often during the rehearsal, which was also the case with most of the other performers, whom Bourdon, as a punishment for this their *aristocracy*, promised to guillotine, *en masse*, as soon as the piece had gone through twenty representations. The decorations, dresses, &c. for this opera, cost ninety thousand livres, 3800*l.* and fifty thousand livres, 2100*l.* were paid Bourdon for this composition.

According to an order of the Committee of Public Safety, this money was advanced by the National Treasury. Did ever Monarch thus squander away money?

LETTER

LETTER XCIV.

Paris, February, 1805.

MY LORD,

ANOTHER of my former acquaintances, the minister of war, and one of Buonaparte's field-m Marshals (Berthier), invited me some days ago to dine with him. Massena, Augereau, and Eugenius de Beauharnois were, with other officers, of the party. The place of honour was assigned Eugenius, and even Massena seemed to be a courtier.

During this dinner, political, more than military affairs constituted the chief subject of the conversation; and the probable views of the cabinets of St. James's and St. Petersburg were discussed with warmth. They all agreed, that this alliance was prejudicial to
Russia,

to Russia, without being advantageous to England; because it prevented the aggrandizement of the former, at the expence of Turkey, which, without the assent of France, could never take place, and procured the latter no means to injure France, or to resist the French Colossus from crushing it, sooner or later.

But it is impossible, said I, that two governments so wisely ruled and directed, can form connections, without previously meditating on their real or relative importance and consequence, and without having discovered their individual utility to each state, and their general tendency to support their common plans and system of policy.

“ I deny,” interrupted Eugenius, that either Russia or England is wisely governed. The one is the dupe of Markoff’s machiavelism; and the other will fall a victim of Pitt’s plans, of an universal,

universal, commercial, and financial tyranny. They have not, and cannot have, any fixed system of politics, in the present situation of the Continent; because they cannot act, but upon the defensive, against France; while she, with her great forces and resources, with a single blow might alter or ruin even the best combined systems, if such existed. She can attack, when inclined, and parts they little expect to be vulnerable; and change the scene of action from Europe to Asia; from Africa to America; keep them upon the alert every where; exhaust their means of defensive measures; and when they are weakened, overwhelm the British Islands, and crush for ever the artificial power of the British Empire. The dominions of Russia are too extensive, and her troops too much dispersed over that immense mass of ice and deserts, to enable her to collect
upon

upon one single spot any where, a sufficient number to intimidate or invade France; or to assist England, when a French army has footing on English ground. And what succours can she expect from Great Britain, should Austria, Prussia, Turkey, and Sweden league against her and resent her provocations? A Prussian army on the borders of the Baltic, and a Swedish army on the coast of the gulph. Finland, will prevent the approach of English men of war, and of debarking English troops, had England even any troops to spare, which is not the case. As to the reciprocal support Russia and England can give each other in the Mediterranean, and their united efforts to prevent France from extending her conquest or acquisitions *in and near* that sea; a single naval victory is only requisite to fill our prisons with all the Russians at Corfu, to seize

seize the Dardanelles, and to prohibit all Russian ships from leaving the Black Sea, and all English from entering the Mediterranean."

"Land me only with fifty thousand men in England, or with double that number on the Russian territory, near the Baltic," said Augereau "and we shall within six months count an emperor and a king less, or among the tributary princes of the Emperor of the French. Such measures are the best and safest to dissolve all connections that give us any umbrage, or excite our suspicions. I do not pretend to be a politician, but I know what I can effect at the head of French soldiers."

"Without debarking troops, either in England or Russia," interrupted Massena, "the former may be ruined, and the latter called to reason, and forced to obedience. What can prevent

vent France, this moment, from shutting all the ports of Europe against England, from the gulph of Sicily to the Sound. Without commerce, it cannot keep up its fleets and armies for two campaigns; and must, therefore, either submit and subscribe to our terms, or be subjugated by our arms. The fate of that country must convince Russia, that her own safety depends entirely upon her prudence, not giving offence to the Emperor of the French: distant as she is, his arms are long enough to reach her, and to choak her."

I inquired of Berthier, after dinner, if any thing had been decided, with regard to the officers arrested at Abbeville, as mentioned to you in a former letter, and was told, that Buonaparte had degraded them to the ranks, and ordered them to colonial depôts. They
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are destined to serve as soldiers in Cayenne.

Berthier is always the same able and weak man. I knew him some years years ago, when a commander of the national guard at Versailles, under D'Estaing, and a partisan of La Fayette. He wishes to be employed, and to be talked of; is greedy after rank and riches; is not delicate as to the means to obtain either; has talents to command, but a character that submits to be governed, and he shines from lustre borrowed of a superior, while more firmness would make him a luminary of the first magnitude.—Buonaparte, during the first campaign in Italy, in 1796, owned, even in his dispatches, that he was chiefly indebted to Berthier, then the commander of the staff of his army, for the many advantages he obtained, and frequently repeated, "Berthier is my right hand."

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At present, he treats him with an insolence, with an hauteur, and with an impatient contempt, that evinces him to be offended at the thought of former obligations, and tired of the presence of a man known to have placed the first laurels round his temples. A young fop (and favourite of Buonaparte (Duroc), meddles now with every thing, even concerning promotions in the army. When the staff of the Army of England was to be nominated, he had audacity enough to present and recommend a list, with names of officers disagreeable to Berthier, whose promise was engaged to others. Preference was, however, given to Duroc's recommendation; and when Berthier dared, on that subject, to make some representations, Napoleon held to him, publicly, at his military levee, such language, that no real gentleman would either express or endure.

General

General Le Courbe, who, on the occasion, stood opposite to Berthier, by indignation laid his hand on his sword, and looked at the minister in such a significant manner, that nobody could mistake his meaning; but it had no other effect, than to procure him Bonaparte's hatred. Berthier, instead of resenting, like an officer, such a public affront, has endured since still more public outrages. It is said, in the military circle, here, that avarice has now excluded all other noble passions from his bosom; and that were the Emperor of the French *condescending* and *gracious* enough even to cane or to kick him, he would stoop, bow, and smile to preserve a place, which brings him in two millions of livres, 84,000*l.* in the year.

In a private conversation with Berthier, I threw out some indirect hints, as to the stability of the imperial government,

vernment, after the exit of the present emperor of the French. "My friend," replied he, Napoleon the First is ten years younger than myself, and of much stronger constitution, and both he and his government will outlive me. I foresee that our children will not pass their days in more tranquillity than their fathers; but they have the advantage of their examples, and their lesson how to conduct themselves in revolutionary times. If they do not attend to those, so much the worse for them. Here again egotism and indifference banish nature and honour, as well as patriotism.

LETTER XCV.

Paris, February, 1867

MY LORD,

I WAS invited by my banker to a fête given by him, or rather by his wife, in honour of the Emperor's coronation. None of the members of the imperial family condescended to come there, though formerly most of them regarded as a favour, and even courted, a dinner or a supper, at the superb hotel of this capitalist.

All the grand officers of state, and all the grand functionaries of the empire were present; his Serene Highness Cambaceres, represented the Emperor, and was placed upon an elevated chair, on the left side of a temporary throne. The fête began with a ballet performed by some dancers from the opera, who
crowned

crowned and inaugurated a bust of Napoleon the First. A poem was afterwards read by Piccard, (the author and actor,) written in honour of the Buonaparte dynasty, on which subject also, some appropriate verses had been composed, set to music, and sung by some performer of the opera. Ice and refreshments were afterwards handed about and tea served. It was near eleven o'clock at night before all these, and other ceremonials and entertainments were over, and the ball began. Cotillons were danced, and I must do the Parisians the justice to say, that I found them much improved in one thing at least, in that of being excellent dancers. At two o'clock in the morning the supper was served up. The greatest punctuality was observed with regard to rank, and all the guests were accordingly placed at sixteen different tables, all fitted out with the same decora-

decorations, and filled with the same dishes. Lists of wines and liqueurs were placed upon each table, and each called for what he or she thought proper. From what I have seen at this and former feasts, I am certain that both ladies and gentlemen here, drink and eat, as well as dance, better than they did formerly. At half-past three o'clock the supper was over, and the ball was afterwards continued till past six o'clock in the morning.

At this fête most of the ladies were dressed in gowns of embroidered velvets or sattin, and richly ornamented with jewels and diamonds on their heads, round their necks, and on their arms and fingers. All the gentlemen wore swords with knots of ribbands and embroidered coats of velvet and sattin. In and round their hats they carried white feathers; rings decorated their fingers, and broaches their shirts. All had

had sleeve and knee buckles of artificial stones, or real diamonds, and nearly the same etiquette was observed in selecting partners, as in the court circles at Versailles before the revolution.

In other countries of the Continent, men of notoriously infamous and criminal characters, let their riches be ever so great, never have the audacity to present themselves, where the sight of innocence and of honour is a continual reproach to their vileness, where the loyal and the good must shun and despise them, and where they expose themselves to insults even from honest poverty. But in this country the number of grand criminals is so great, their present ranks so elevated, and their ill-acquired wealth so revered, that it is almost impossible to assist at a fête, to sit down at a dinner, or to be at a tea-party, without meeting some regicides, and some revolutionary robbers and assassins,

assassins, whom better times would have hung in chains on gibbets, or tied to the oars of galleys. A friend of mine, who knew most of the great and low personages figuring at this fête, assured me that I was in the company of nine regicides, fifteen known murderers when members of revolutionary tribunals and committees, and thirty-two notorious robbers of the property of the nobility and clergy, and whom the revolution had found in rags, in gaols or hospitals, and transplanted into chateaux and palaces, wending in debaucheries, worth millions, and caressed by all classes of society, not excepting those who had suffered from their sanguinary rapacity and excessive pillage.

Among those, I own, I was nevertheless surprised to see the monster Leonhard Bourdon, of whom I have made some mention in a former letter. This wretch was, before the revolution, a clerk

clerk to a petty-fogging attorney, was confined for forgery, and let loose upon society by the banditti, that in 1789 under the name of *patriots* and *regenerators*, forced open all prisons to recruit their ranks. In 1792, when all honest men were excluded, or terrified by these from accepting any offices or places in the state, this Bourdon was elected a deputy to the National Convention, while his hands were still reeking with the blood of the prisoners, he had assisted to murder in the prisons at Paris, and at Versailles. But to prove the modesty as well as the humanity of this friend of liberty and equality, the following anecdote is sufficient. Being on mission at Orleans, after drinking hard he made a fally with some other jacobins, and attacked a guard-house, where the sentry, who did not know him, resisted and wounded him slightly on the hand. "These few drops of

blood," said the monster, "I shall cause rivers of blood to run." He immediately ordered the most respectable inhabitants of Orleans, to be arrested, tried and executed for having in his person insulted the national representation; their riches he appropriated to himself, and left one hundred and ten orphans to mourn the murders of their parents, and to endure misery from his plunder. It was he, who invented the conspiracies of prisons, which in 1794, within four months sent nine hundred and twenty-four innocent persons, of both sexes, to the guillotine at Paris alone. After the death of Robespierre he was arrested as a terrorist, for these and other crimes; but was shortly afterwards released by an amnesty. In 1797, the revolutionary government of the times sent him as an agent to Hamburgh, where he extorted money from the senate, and tried to pervert

pervert the loyalty of the citizens; ridiculed religion, and planned the establishment of a jacobin club. He is now under Buonaparte, an inspector of the depôts of conscripts, a member of the legion of honour, and enjoys, undisturbed and with impunity, a fortune of four millions of livres, 172,000*l.* the fruits of his atrocities.

LETTER XCVI.

Paris, March, 1805

MY LORD,

YOU are perhaps surpris'd, that in the relations I have sent you of the factions now dividing the senate, I have made no mention of the famous revolutionist, the *ci-devant* abbé, at present senator Sieyes. But the fact is, that in watching the manœuvres and intrigues of all, he has with his usual prudence, or as others call it, cowardice and duplicity, declared for none. As he however is known not to like the present constitution, to fear the Jacobins, and to hate the Republicans; it is supposed that he is rather inclined for the royalists, should they one day submit with patience to a king of his choice, and a constitution of his making.

making. He is too vain, and too hateful, not to suffer humiliation from being a subject of a man, whom he seated in power, and wishes now, as formerly, a Bourbon to reign in France; but a Bourbon of the Orleans branch in preference; not that he has any reproaches to make the lawful king, Louis XVIII. but always considering his own personal safety before the interest and welfare of his contemporaries, he thinks, and says, that it is impossible for this prince to pardon him the vote of death he pronounced against the royal martyr, Louis XVI. while in this regicide crime he had the chief of the house of Orleans for an accomplice. He occupies now a superb suite of apartments in the Luxembourg Palace, where he leads a very obscure and retired life, sees nobody, and is entirely occupied in hoarding up, and accumulating wealth from his

revolutionary places and property; as he is not married, many think that his present *economy* has some future policy in view, or that should he live to witness new revolutions, he is determined to have before him money enough to be not only above want, but to enjoy affluence in any other state where necessity or inclination may send him.

It is said, that when Buonaparte deposited his will in the senate, Sieyes whispered to Roederer, "This act makes me remember what Augustus said on a similar occasion in the Roman senate, *that he should leave a successor of his supremacy, who would cause him to be regretted.* Napoleon says nothing, but he knows that Frenchmen are no Romans, though among them is found more than one Tiberius." None but the members of the Buonaparte family were in the secret of the contents of this will, a *neglect* which
proud

proud Sieyes could not easily forgive, and he revenged himself by *hinting* to Roederer, (whom he knew to be one of Buonaparte's spies on the senate,) that Frenchmen are too fickle, and but little to be depended upon, to encourage any hope of his will being adhered to, and that at his death more than one Tiberius would start up to seize his scepter. Sieyes has never since that day been invited to the palace of the Thuilleries, and in return, on the day of Buonaparte's coronation, under pretence of illness, absented himself from being present in the church of Notre Dame. He has also declined the honour of being introduced to the Pope, though his Holiness had expressed a desire to see him.

I had the satisfaction to meet with Sieyes once at the table of the president of Buonaparte's legislative body, Fontanes, and remarked with curiosity,

that all the agitating and perplexing scenes he must have passed through since I saw him twelve years ago, have made but little alteration in his person; and though near sixty years of age, he does not look to be much above forty. I complimented him on this account, when he replied with a sigh, in laying his hand on his heart; "this, sir, has almost beat its course. It is past a hundred, and has more wrinkles than my countenance."

Fontanes is one of the greatest revolutionary metamorphoses I am acquainted with, considering the short time I lost sight of him. In 1798 he called on me during my stay at Hamburgh, complained of his great distress, borrowed twenty-five louis d'ors of me, to enable him to embark for England, and declared that he would never return to France before Louis XVIII. was on his throne. He now resides

resides in the palace of Bourbon, called the palace of the legislative body, is besides a president, a commander of Buonaparte's legion of honour, and enjoys from him appointments and pensions to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand livres, (6000*l.*) annually. An imperial carriage is always at his disposal, and servants in imperial liveries always wait on him.

I had a long and serious conversation with him, and as I suppose him to be an honest though a weak and inconsistent man, I spoke more openly on subjects both interesting to the cause in which I am embarked, and also on what is inseparable from it, the general tranquillity and safety of Europe. I shall as nearly as possible write down his very words.

“ You may perhaps think me insincere when I protest to you, that my principles are not altered, and that I

am the same now, as I was when five years ago I saw you for the last time at Hamburgh. Appearances are indeed against me, but hear me, and judge of me with candour, and I am certain I shall not lose your esteem. You know how narrowly I escaped death under Robespierre, and transportation under the Directory, and that I was proscribed in France when I sailed for England. I came to that country with the firm intention of devoting and even sacrificing myself for the Bourbons. I have no reason to complain of the French princes, their rank must often cause them to be surrounded by ignorant and interested intriguers, instead of wise and liberal-minded servants, and if they have erred it is not their fault, but has by all loyal men to be ascribed to the cupidity or want of talents of selfish schemers, or unwise counsellors. But
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the general spirit of dissention, of jealousy, of envy, of intrigue, and of gossiping, among the emigrants, first alarmed me, and afterwards disgusted me. Are these the characters, said I to myself, that can restore to the Bourbons the throne of France, and support them when seated on it? Impossible thought I; they would cause more confusion and more parties than ever; and the reign of Louis XVIII. would be as agitated as that of Louis XVI. did he admit such heterogeneous characters into his council chamber. Every English gentleman with whom I was acquainted, and every English minister to whom I was introduced, held the same language with regard to the emigrants, of whose conduct in England they did not complain, but whose reciprocal behaviour towards each other they all highly blamed. I do not by this intend to throw any
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flur on the whole corps of emigrants; most of them are more respectable, and deserve more to be respected in their misfortunes than in their prosperity, and are models of resignation, of fidelity, and industry; but that among them are some individuals who disgrace the cause for which they suffer, cannot be denied, nor is it surprising among so a great a number.

“ When I was rumouring on these, and other occurrences, under my eyes, Napoleon Buonaparte assumed the reins of government in France; and his brother Lucien, whom I had known in 1797, when a member of the council of five hundred, wrote to me, invited me back to France, and offered me a place as his secretary, with a very liberal salary. Though not among those exiled Frenchmen whom the English government supported, or who were pensioned by the French princes, such a provision,

provision, or a salary that would change my distress to abundance, was not the consideration that made me resolve to accept of Lucien's offer. From the organization of Napoleon's government, even the first month, it was evident, that every man of talents was sure to be employed who presented himself, and that he did not think of past errors, crimes or opinions, but of the utility of being ably assisted. I did not know, nor suppose at that time, that Napoleon laboured only for himself and for his own elevation; but thought, from the monarchical forms he introduced, that he really intended to act the generous part of a Monk. But even since I was convinced of his own ambitious views, I did not repent of my return, nor alter my sentiments in favour of the Bourbons. I am now personally acquainted with all those men of tried capacity, who serve Buonaparte;

naparte; the private opinions of many of them coincide with my own, and in case of Napoleon's death, can I anywhere be more useful than in the post I now occupy, and amidst the connections I have now formed? Were even Napoleon's brothers able and fortunate as himself, his upstart tyranny, his capricious and unrelenting temper, and his military iron despotism, have disgusted every man of sense and independent principles, proved and convinced us of the necessity of recalling after his death the lawful heir of the throne, as the only means of being respected and respectable, and to be enabled truly to say, *the revolution is no more, France is free, and Europe quiet.*"

Though Fontanes addressed me thus with seeming frankness, and added, that even a Bourbon, who tried to change the present counsellors of Buonaparte, guilty as they are, would risk
his

his throne, I should not at all be surprised were he to survive his present master, to see him a public functionary under another Buonaparte, another Murat, or another Augereau, always protesting of his attachment and fidelity to the Bourbons. Napoleon Buonaparte is too suspicious and too much upon his guard to confide places of trust to any persons of whose affection for his person and family he is not thoroughly convinced; but it is also an undeniable truth, that his tyrannical and insufferable manners have alienated from him, and offended most of those whom his power has exalted, and his favours enriched, and that even the present dignitaries and public functionaries will at least hesitate before they salute a new master, in a person, who like the present Emperor of the French, is NO GENTLEMAN, even upon a throne, under a canopy of state, with a scepter in his hand, and a crown on his head.

LETTER

LETTER XCVII.

Paris, March, 1805.

MY LORD,

THE improvements in buildings, bridges, and in the public walks of this capital are certainly very great, and would throw some lustre on Buonaparte's reign, were not all the materials the ruins of the churches of Christ, or of the palaces of nobles; and the statues, orange trees, and other ornaments of gardens and squares, monuments of revolutionary spoliations only. The grounds, seized to extend the garden of the senate, belonged formerly to convents, and the demolitions, that have taken place to beautify the imperial gardens of the Thuilleries, have deprived fifty families of their homes, and reduced a hundred house-keepers to
beggary

beggary. All of them have been promised, but none of them have yet obtained any indemnification, though all of them lost their dwellings, and most of them their bread.

The several museums here are also well calculated to attract the notice of travellers, and the admiration of connoisseurs; but artists complain loudly of the removal of many chef-d'œuvres of them, particularly those of Italy, where Buonaparte is still forced to send young artists to study those chef-d'œuvres, which hatchets as well as bayonets, mandates as well as treaties, requisitions as well as extortions, are unable to carry from the spots where genius produced them, and patriotism planted them. What man of feeling can however look at our monuments of arts, without remembering the blood and misery that bought and sold them. I never have been in our museums,

museums half an hour, before my imagination carried me to the fields of battles of Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Flanders, and Holland. I thought that I saw the victors seated upon butchered victims, dictating to their surviving relatives and friends, wretchedness and dishonour in exchange for existence.

Opposite to the windows of Buonaparte's bed room, in the gardens of the Thuilleries, is placed a statue of Cæsar, stolen away from Rome. Does he not also, in meditating on the reign and exploits of that Roman usurper, sometimes remember his untimely end, and that his mortal wound was inflicted by a confidential senator, by a beloved favourite, and perhaps by a—son. If he does, his slumbers must be short, his sleep not very sound, and his dreams agitated, if not terrible.

The wardrobe, the toilette, and even the

the looking-glass of the amiable and unfortunate Maria Antoinette, the dowager queen of the assassinated Louis XVI. and who was assassinated herself, are placed in an apartment adjoining Madame Buonaparte's bed room. If she thinks at all, what must her thoughts be, in quitting these blood-stained ruins of legitimate royalty, and in entering into the polluted bed of guilty and sanguinary usurpation?

According to my opinion the most interesting museum in this capital, is that of *Rue Neuve St. Eustache*. There every thing is national and nothing is foreign; every thing is saved from the destructive spirit of native barbarians, and nothing is seen of the spoils of strangers.

Upon the place of Louis XV., where formerly the statue of this prince was erected, and where since Louis XVI., his queen and sister, with thousands of
other

other victims of honour and loyalty have bled and suffered, is now a statue of liberty, of the most hideous form, personifying truly French freedom and French equality. It is said that a departmental column is to be shortly constructed upon the same spot, and that the right of supremacy of the first Emperor of the French is to be engraved upon it, and displayed upon the ground where the blood of the last King of France flowed.

Many men of genius deny that knowledge has been advanced by the revolution, on the contrary, they assert that it has been retarded and discouraged. They say that the National Institute is, with regard to arts and sciences, what the National Convention was in the moral and political system of the universe, a focus of sophistry, of seduction, of corruption, and of depravity; and that when it discovers

covers one truth, it disseminates hundreds of dangerous errors, and publishes thousands of impertinent falsehoods.

The conservatorium of music is regarded here as the Conservative Senate. Few of its members are without some capacity, and none want sense, but most have no claims to honesty. They shine with borrowed colours, and pillage their predecessors and contemporaries of the musical world, without conscience and without mercy.

LETTER XCVIII.

Paris, March, 1805.

MY LORD,

SEVERAL friends of Talleyrand had, since my arrival here, hinted that he desired to see me, and offered to introduce me to his acquaintance. I have, however, from various motives, hesitated to converse with a man, who never had any principles of his own, but who acted according to circumstances, was a traitor with La Fayette, a jacobin with Brissot, a friend of equality with Robespierre, a republican with the directory, and a slave under Buonaparte. But yesterday his cousin, Prince de Chalais, called upon me, and pressed me much to come and dine with him to-day, and

to

to meet the political luminary of the nineteenth century.

During the dinner nothing particular occurred, except that Talleyrand paid some compliments to the consistency and constancy of the adherents of the house of Bourbon, whose misfortunes, as a *citizen of the world*, he *sincerely* lamented. When coffee and liqueurs had been served up, he said to me: "In my cousin's library there are some curious books I want to show you, as you pass here for a kind of favans, will you walk up stairs with me?"

When in the library he said: "You have now been here near three months, and though a friend of mine, Baron du M—— invited you to call upon me, the first week after your arrival, I have not yet had the pleasure to see you; and had it not been for the complacency of my cousin, you would have gone away

without affording me what I so much desired, a moment's conversation with you." When I assured him that I was equally flattered and honoured by the condescension of such an eminent statesman; he replied, "Well, then, I will speak to you frankly, and without disguise; nothing caring about whether what I tell you here shall remain behind us in this room or go abroad."

"From my agents," said Talleyrand, "I knew who you were and your business here, before you left Holland. You are sent here by Count de——, the minister of Louis XVIII. to discover the spirit of the country; of Buonaparte's civil functionaries, as well as of his military commanders." Without waiting for a reply, he continued: "Tell me sincerely, what opinion has that unfortunate Prince of me, of my patriotism, and of my principles?"

Upon my assurance that I had not seen

Louis

Louis XVIII. for seven years, or any of his ministers, since 1799, he said rather abruptly, “but you correspond with them. You received a letter two days ago from Count de —, which I might have stopped; can you deny it?” I told him I had several correspondents, and could not exactly recollect who wrote to me; but the only thing I could assert was, that my letters never had any political speculations in them. “Then,” said he, “my copyist has misinformed me. Here is the copy of your letter. In it you are not only questioned about France as it is, but asked to penetrate into futurity, and to discover what it is to become hereafter at the death of the Emperor.” — When I declared that I did not remember ever to have received such a letter, he interrupted me in saying: “Let us converse with sincerity, and without artifice. You have re-

ceived such a letter, and in the postscript was the following question: "can Talleyrand, as a man of rank and talents, who has no great crimes to reproach himself with, be sincerely attached to a government of ill-bred upstarts, of middling capacity, accused and guilty of enormities?"—"If such a question had been made me," tell me, said I, "what answer should I have given?" "You might have said, that I am always a gentleman in sentiments as well as by birth, but that I love my country and its glory above every thing; that the Prince whom I judged capable and willing to promote it, whether a Louis XVIII. Louis XIX. or a Napoleon the First, should always find in me an obedient servant and a firm adherent. That during the whole period of the revolution, I never was the adherent of any particular faction, but
spoke

spoke and wrote for every party, that I supposed inclined like myself. I will lay my whole political life open to the scrutiny even of my most inveterate enemies, and I will defy them to discover any where the partisan, while every act of mine proves the true patriot. Had fortune placed Louis XVIII. upon the throne, now occupied by Napoleon the First, he should have found in me the same faithful, and I dare say, *disinterested* servant, as long as I had observed that he was sincerely bent to promote the grandeur and happiness of my country. Even, should I have the misfortune to survive the present sovereign of France, Louis XVIII. from the opinion I have formed recently of his liberality and patriotism, may count upon my humble services, adherence and attachment; because with all other men of any historical or practical in-

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formation,

formation, I am convinced, that the first Buonaparte upon the throne of France, will also be the last, and that with Napoleon the First, the Buonaparte dynasty will descend into its original and native obscurity. All Frenchmen who wish for the splendour and tranquillity of their country, and who have no interest or inclination to see the renewal of the disasters France has experienced since the revolution, must desire a Bourbon for a successor of Buonaparte. The French monarchy is now established upon a more firm foundation than it has been since the middle part of the reign of Louis XIV. but it requires also great firmness of character in its sovereign to prevent factions from undermining a throne erected upon the ruins of their power."

I asked him whether I could write to that friend, whom he supposed my correspondent, the particulars of our conver-

conversation. "You are at full liberty," replied Talleyrand, "to communicate to him sentiments which I have not concealed even from the Emperor of the French, who esteems me for my frankness, though he disapproves of my views beyond his reign; he always believes that the fortune that has elevated him in such an unexampled manner, will also make him the chief of a new dynasty and support the supremacy of his family after his death."

I have heard from other persons, that Talleyrand really has more than once advised Buonaparte, not to look beyond the grave, for the continuance of his authority, and that he has more than once been publicly, in Madame Buonaparte's drawing-room, rebuked for this his opinion. "Should a Bourbon ever master my throne," said Buonaparte, "he will not spare you more than my relatives; he will

hang you with every other counsellor, minister, general or other public functionary, who have been my servants, or avowed themselves my subjects."

"Sire! answered Talleyrand, "should he act so imprudently, he will strangle his own grandeur in its cradle. Misfortunes must have made the Bourbons wiser than to begin with hanging before they are safely reigning. If they are prudent and patriotic, they will entirely forget the interregnum, and every thing that has occurred during it, from the 10th of August 1792, to the day of their restoration."

LETTER XCIX.

Paris, March, 1805.

MY LORD,

THIS is the last letter you will receive from me before I leave this capital. I have to day, after much trouble and patience, after some expence and humiliations, obtained my pasport at the police office, where I have darced attendance for an hour every morning these ten days. I should have been obliged to wait perhaps a month longer, had not my banker, who is also a public functionary, waited with me on the minister of police, Fouché.

The pomp, with which this *ci-devant* friar has surrounded himself, surpasses much what I have witnessed in the hotels of the other ministers, Talley-
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rand,

rand, Berthier, and Portalis. The air of affected importance and upstart vanity, with which he gives audience and answers petitioners, is so ridiculous, so unnatural, and so impertinent, that one is apt to be jocular and angry at the same time; to laugh and to swear at so much real littleness in such a high situation.

After my banker had presented me to his Excellency, who condescended to read my memorial, and to order his secretary to expedite my business within twenty-four hours, he said, "You are then travelling merely from curiosity and for pleasure. Times of war are however not often times of amusement; had you requested permission to visit the Northern instead of the Southern departments, I should have been under the necessity of refusing you, notwithstanding the recommendations of your friends. But where you are going

going is so distant from the theatre of war, and the inhabitants are so *happy*, and *contented*, that even Louis XVIII. might travel without any other danger than that of breaking his heart by disappointment and rage.

These last words gave me some suspicions that Talleyrand had perhaps communicated a part of our conversation to his colleague. I had promised to wait on him before my departure, and took that opportunity to inquire whether it would be safe for me to continue my journey, as I apprehended somebody had misrepresented to Fouché the object of my travels? "You have nothing to fear," replied he, "if you conduct yourself with the same discretion in the provinces as you have done in the capital; if you had caused government any mistrust and alarm, you would already have experienced their consequences in the

Temple, and found there the end of your journey."

Only the words, "the Temple," made me tremble, and for some minutes with myself not only from Patis, but on the other side of the French frontiers. But some few days ago, a gentleman, who had been an officer among the Chouans, called on me, with a letter from a sister married to a friend of mine at Lyons. He had been confined in the Temple for near four years, on suspicion of being connected with those who blew up the infernal machine; and the description he gave me of this state prison would have made me prefer a tomb to one of its dungeons.

During his confinement he saw upwards of three thousand different prisoners, of whom only seventy-nine remained when he was released; all the others had either been transferred to

Vin-

Vincennes, or other state prisons, been tried by military tribunals, transported abroad, or shot, or secretly destroyed within the walls of the Temple. He had not suffered from any tortures, his innocence being cleared up *the first week after his arrest*, but he had seen a number of prisoners maimed and mutilated for their lives from the effects of racks and other instruments of torture; and he had heard that some of those prisoners taken up last spring, as accomplices of Georges and Pichegru, had even expired under their sufferings. He said, that among the prisoners the dread of torture was greater than the fear of death, and that they all preferred to be shot, rather than to be laid upon the rack.

As it happened frequently that prisoners died suddenly, an idea prevailed in the Temple, that some strong poison was mixed in their food, and they
looked

looked upon themselves as encompassed on every side with deaths the most horrible, and of every description. An imprisonment there was nothing but a continual agony, and no one was secure for a moment from receiving the deadly blow, and all were therefore prepared for it.

Every year the severity and the precautions of government increase. A prisoner cannot be shaved at present without being placed upon a chair between two gend'armes, who watch the barber, and prevent the prisoners both from conversing with him, and from attempting to commit suicide with razors, were they thus inclined.

Those prisoners, whose *innocence* is *proved*, are permitted to mess together and dine every day between two and three o'clock; and when the gaoler and police commissaries are in good humour, are suffered to pass the evenings

ings together, to converse, or play cards. At nine o'clock they are however always separated, and locked up in their different dungeons or chambers. In the former are no beds, but filthy straw is spread on a stone floor; in the other, the prisoners lay down on mattresses, dirty, stinking, and often filled with vermin.

Upon my inquiry why those detained persons, whose innocence was proved, still continued prisoners, I was answered, that, what government called measures of precaution, and of severity, sometimes confined them for years, in hope to discover some thing new to inculcate them, or to prevent them from publishing their interrogatories, their sufferings, and the internal *regime* of this prison. At other times they were forgotten, as was the case with the officer who narrated these particulars to me; for whose release an order had been

been signed twenty-three months, before he obtained his liberty. Great confusion certainly reigns in the offices, where the clerks always expect some bribe to expedite the most trifling affair; but under the present military despotism the liberties of citizens are counted for less than their lives, which is to say a great deal.

LETTER C.

Sens, April, 1805.

MY LORD,

IN my passport is written down every town I am to pass through, and the road I am to take in my journey. Should I stroll or travel out of the fixed way all gens d'armes who meet me, are ordered to take me up and send me to the nearest prison. This order is printed in the margin of my pass, which by this clause you may consider also as a mandate of arrest.

I travelled hither in one of the many diligences that set out every day from Paris for Lyons, and made these thirty leagues in sixteen hours, including an hour allowed to dine at Fontainebleau. Its forest, which is now one of Buonaparte's favourite hunting grounds, (though

(though he is not very fond of hunting beasts) is now kept in the same, or rather in better order, than before the revolution. I have heard, that several discussions of the Council of State, at which Buonaparte assisted, were necessary to determine him to imitate, on this subject, *other* sovereigns, to set up his hunting equipages, and send round, as favours, invitations to hunting parties. The first animal that he killed in this forest was a dog, which he mistook for a fox; mankind would not have regretted had his mistakes and amusements of killing always been confined to the brute species.

The chateau of Fontainebleau is now in perfect repair, much better so than it has been since the reign of Louis XV. It was here where Napoleon I. went to meet Pius VII. last November, and according to the report of the inhabitants here, obtained from the Roman

man Pontiff an absolution *in toto*, for all the sins of the rebellious subject, of the terrorist assassin, of the murdering, apostatizing, and blaspheming general, and of the oppressing and usurping first consul.

At Paris I could not make a good dinner at a restaurateur's for less than six livres, wine included; at Fontainebleau I paid no more than half that sum and was much better served; here I pay only fifty sous, (twenty five pence) for a dinner more sumptuous than even at Fontainebleau, and were my stay long enough to engage for a month, I should pay only thirty-six livres, (thirty shillings) with a bottle of tolerable good wine. For the supper the same is charged as for the dinner, but then nothing is demanded for the bed.

The simple but beautiful monument of the dauphin and dauphiness, the parents

rents of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII., which was erected in the cathedral of this town, has shared the fate of all other monuments of French kings; it was first mutilated and afterwards entirely demolished; the hearts of this prince and princess, preserved in two golden urns, were ordered by Fouché, when as a representative of the people, on his way to Lyons, to be roasted, cut in morsels, and distributed in his presence, at a feast given him by the Jacobins of this town. In swallowing his part, he exclaimed, "Oh! could I but at the same time devour all emperors, kings, and princes in the universe, I should make a repast to be envied even by the Gods." This *fraternal* banquet finished with the murder of twelve prisoners, of whom five were ladies, detained, as suspected, in a house of arrest.

Observing the landlord of the inn
here,

here, called the Post House, where I lodge, always with wooden shoes, even on a Sunday, a custom not common among people of his circumstances, I asked him the reason: "Sir," replied he, "I have made a vow never to wear any leather shoes or boots in my life, because the last I had on had nearly cost me my life. During the reign of Robespierre I was four times, in one decade, stripped of my shoes and boots, by requisitions, for the volunteers; I had then only one pair of shoes remaining, and none were then to be got in this town even for money; I therefore refused to part with them when Citizen Fouché put them under requisition for himself; he had given away his own in a fit of enthusiasm at the Jacobin Club, where one evening, upon his motion, all the members gave up their shoes and breeches as patriotic donations, and went out into the street

sans

sans souliers as well as *sans culottes*. My refusal was considered as an insult to the national representation, I was arrested as an enemy of the public, and should have been shot as such, had not my wife, by a present of one hundred louis d'ors, convinced Citizen Fouché of my civism and republican-ism. In prison I made the vow I have already mentioned, and shall certainly keep it to the end of my life."

You remember, no doubt, that Cardinal de Brienne was, before the revolution, archbishop of Sens; and that he was one of the ungrateful and apostate prelates, who joined in the rebellion against their king, and in blasphemy against their God. He continued, under the protection of some sansculotte friends, to reside undisturbed in the episcopal chateau, one league from this town, even during a great

great part of Robespierre's reign. In the spring, 1794, the Committee of Public Safety issued a mandate for his imprisonment, and ordered his trial by the revolutionary tribunal at Paris. Four gens d'armes, accompanied by a police agent, went to take him into custody. While his servant was preparing his luggage, he asked these five citizens to drink with him a glass of liqueur. Three of them accepted, but the two others declined, notwithstanding that they were much pressed by him. He then drank a glass himself, and within some few moments dropped down dead, with the three other persons who had swallowed his liqueur, which, from what remained in the bottle, was found to be a most destructive poison. It is supposed, that had all five accepted of his invitation, after having killed them, he would have tried

tried to escape, or to conceal himself. In his papers were discovered receipts how to prepare and distil sixteen different sorts of poisons.

LETTER CI.

Auxerre, April, 1805.

MY LORD,

THE roads from Paris to this town have generally been good, and I have not often been interrupted by the disagreeable demands of gens d'armes for my passport, except in places where the diligence stopped for dinner and supper. The police had, however, its registers every where; and though our passes had been inspected, the passengers were obliged to copy them there, and authenticate their copies with their signatures.

The cause of my four days stay at Sens, was to make inquiry after the fate and property of a distant relation in that neighbourhood. The Marchioness de T--- was the first cousin of

my mother, for whom she had always declared the strongest friendship, and her intention to bequeath to her or to her children, a part of her possession in this part of France. After many researches, I discovered at last, that this unfortunate lady was alive, but shut up in a mad-house, having been deprived of her reason during her imprisonment in the former reign of terror under Robespierre. But though I called at this house with an order of the sub-prefect, to be admitted to see the *ci-devant* Marchioness de T-----, I was for two days unable to get even a sight of her.— At last I asked the secretary of the commissary of police (Curée), to accompany me, and to be a witness of the evasive answers and suspicious behaviour of the keeper (Baudier). — Thus attended, the doors of a small, dark, damp, and stinking room were opened

opened to me, and I saw, for the first time, a lady of a most interesting countenance, with a composed mien and regard, clean in her person, reasonable in her conversation, and as surprised in seeing persons of our polite conduct, as at hearing a language to which she had not been accustomed for twelve years. The more I conversed with her, the more I was convinced, that folly or madness could not be the cause of her detention in that house. This was confirmed, when I informed her who I was, and that it was by the dying request of my mother that I waited on her. She told me, that, during a delirious fever in 1793, she had been carried to that mad-house, at the request of a cloth manufacturer of the name of Meplain, who pretended to have, by such a measure, saved her life. To him she afterwards gave a power of attorney for taking her rents, and the product

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of

of her estate; but who since has, by his interest with the keeper (Baudier), prevented her, not only from leaving her room, but from speaking with any persons whatever; always under pretence, that Robespierre sent spies to entrap her, and to take away her life.

Though she did not know, but that Robespierre was still alive and all-powerful, she had for three years demanded her release, preferring any thing to such a close confinement, but she had been unable to obtain it. She had even of late been deprived of her former amusement of reading, and she supposed it to be the plan of her persecutors either really to deprive her of her reason, or to reduce her to despair, her room being in the middle between those of two ravingly mad women, who prevented her from all rest, night and day; and a sword had been left
with

with her, as by chance, for what use may be easily guessed. She asked us as a favour, to procure her admission before any magistrate, and before any members of the faculty, that her real situation and cruel sufferings might be ascertained and relieved.

On my return from the mad-house, I went to see Meplain, who I heard was one of the wealthiest citizens of Sens. He assured me, that though the Marchioness had her lucid moments, her folly was of a nature not to be cured; he said, that he had no objection to her being carried before the sub-prefect on the very next day; nor to render an account of her former estates, which he had bought at a national sale; her heir and brother being an emigrant, the whole had been disposed of as national property. He protested, that *charity* alone had caused him not to desert her in her

misfortunes, but that he had expended on her account many thousand livres.

When I told him, that I knew for a certainty, that her brother died in 1788, the year before the revolution, and could of course not be numbered among emigrants, he seemed confused; but recovered himself in saying, "if that was the case, the government is in the wrong, not I; the property of the family has been adjudged me at a fair sale." "They could not," said I, "sell you property of a lady alive within some leagues of her estates, who has never left her country. Did you tell them, that the Marchioness was in this town confined, under the pretence of madness?" "Every body here, Sir, knows that she is mad," answered he; "but nobody," said I, "has ever been permitted to see or converse with her, but you and your friend Baudier."

On the same afternoon I drew up a memorial

memorial to the sub-prefect, to which I annexed an affidavit of Curée. I demanded, that the Marchioness might be examined by medical men, even at the prefecture; and offered to advance all expences incurred on this occasion. I claimed his protection and humanity on her account; and informed him also, that I had at Paris powerful friends to assist me, in case justice was not obtained in the department.

At midnight I was alarmed by my door being forced open, and a person (calling himself a police commissary) entering my room with half a dozen of gens d'armes, ordering me to dress myself directly, and to enter the diligence for this town; as I had, according to my passport, not a right to make any long stay any where before I had arrived at Lyons. My complaints were vain: and I was, with my servant, hurried into the diligence, and I came

here this forenoon. I have already sent away an express, with letters, to the sub-prefect, and to Curée, at Sens, and related the particulars of the tyranny that has forced me away from thence; I have also requested a pass to return, and to remain there, until the mystery about the Marchioness is cleared up. In the mean time I am lodged here, in the Three Chandeliers Inn; where, from what I have hitherto remarked, the dinners are better than the beds and bed-rooms.

LETTER CII.

Auxerre, April, 1805.

MY LORD,

THIS inn is the most imposing and wretched one, of which I have been an inmate since I arrived in France. I am charged double the price, I paid at Sens; disturbed during the day with the cries of children, and during the night infested and tormented by bugs, that do not leave me a moment's rest. From their bites I have been blind on one eye since the first hour I laid down on my bed, and I never slumber but in apprehension of awaking with the entire loss of my sight. Add to it, that this is one of the dullest towns in Buonaparte's Empire; no theatres, no society, no walks but one along the banks of the Seine, where one is equally exposed to

a burning fun and to the dust of the high road to Paris.

My messenger returned this morning from Sens, with a very civil letter from the sub-prefect at Sens, Boulley, who advised me to apply to the prefect here, for permission to pursue my affair there, declaring at the same time, that he did not think himself authorised to meddle with it without the interference of superior orders. The letter of Curée is evasive; he is rather inclined to think it impossible that any person could have been confined so long for madness, without being really insane. He offers me the continuance of his services, but in a manner that convinces me, of his having since my departure fraternised with Meplain.

These letters induced me to wait on Rougier la Bergerie, the prefect of the department of Yonne, of which this town is the capital. He received me with

with civility, told me, that the affair in question had already been reported to him, and that he intended to-day to inform the grand judge of the whole business, and request his orders how to act. As months would probably pass away before it could be arranged, or even be put into that train I seemed to desire, he thought it would be an unnecessary loss of time for me to remain here, or at Sens, to wait for the issue, but he advised me to leave with some person, in whom I confided, full powers to attend and proceed on my part as if I had been present. He added, that he could recommend me such a person, in M. Crochot, one of the four members of the prefecture, who, he assured me, was worthy of my entire confidence.

In consequence of the prefect's recommendation, I called on M. Crochot, related the object of my visit, and

was invited to dine with him. As far as it is possible to judge from appearances, he seems a honest, open hearted man, and he agreed perfectly with me, that the unfortunate marchioness was a victim of the infamous conspiracy of Meplain and Baudier; and that their bribes and influence had no doubt occasioned the insult I experienced from the commissary of police at Sens, by being turned away in the manner I was. When I asked him whether the prefect could procure me any redress or satisfaction for such an unlawful attack, he replied, that, the commissaries of police, all over France, were, in the same manner as all military commanders, entirely independent of the prefects, and that any complaints against them could only be decided by the minister of police, the same as any complaint against the military appertained.

tained exclusively to the office of the minister of the war department.

By this separation and distinction of powers, you may easily guess the number of abuses that must creep in, and what time and money are necessary to be expended before any justice can be obtained, either for sufferings from the arbitrary oppression of petty tyrants, or from their injustice and cruelties. In the provinces, I am told, that the police agents continue with impunity to lay whole districts under contribution, and to imprison every individual, who has spirit enough to resist their extortions, and to defend his liberty and possessions against their cupidity and encroachments. What would people of other countries, not yet cursed with revolutionary abuses, say, were their houses to be invaded, and forced open in the midst of the night, their rest disturbed, their property seized, or seal-

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ed up, and their persons arrested, merely because an obscure individual, appointed by a low and guilty superior, a police commissary, cannot pillage them at leisure, or enrich himself in haste at the expence of their industry or wealth?

I declined the invitation of the prefect here, Rougier La Bergerie, to dine with him to-morrow, as I had settled every thing with Crochot, and besides I remembered his former extravagance as a revolutionist, as long back as in 1789. In that year he was a representative of the commune at Paris, and a president of the district St. Fargeau. In 1791, he was elected a member of the legislative assembly for the department of the Yonne, and as such professed the most dangerous and exaggerated principles. It was he that proposed on the 22d October 1791, a decree, which declared the French Princes
deprived

deprived of all right to succeed to the crown of France, if they did not return and deliver themselves up into the hands of their assassins before a fixed period. Had they obeyed this decree, they would all have partaken the cruel destiny of Louis XVI. his queen, sister and son. On the 28th of March 1792, he moved that all Frenchmen who left their houses, and resided any where but in their parishes, should be deprived of their rights of citizens and considered as suspected. He also desired that a new decree should force all priests to take a new oath to the nation, and that all those who refused, should be imprisoned, until an opportunity of transporting them *en masse* to the French colonies presented itself. This his *desire* was executed in the September following, when several thousand priests were incarcerated and massacred in their prisons. He was, in 1793, a member

member of the revolutionary committee of the Section Mont Blanc; and as such one of the denouncers of the farmers general, of whose immense riches, he shared with other terrorists and assassins the spoil. It was then first, that after having gathered near two millions of livres by these and other *patriotic* transactions, as he called them, that he in a ridiculous address to his contemporaries, announced his resolution of passing the remainder of his days in a philosophical retreat on an estate, plundered from the Marquis de St. Luc. The cause of this philosophical resolution, he said, was the number of eminent citizens, much superior to him in genius and erudition, whom the revolution had brought forward, and who permitted him to be regarded as a revolutionary invalid, resting upon his revolutionary laurels. Either from choice, or from neglect of the
 revolu-

revolutionary governors, he continued in obscurity, and was entirely lost sight of, until Buonaparte dragged him again upon the revolutionary scene, and appointed him a prefect.

During his philosophical retreat, Rougier La Bergerie had not been entirely idle. Within six years he had divorced four wives, and had two children by his servant maids; to one of whom he is at present married, and who of course does the honours of the house of this member of Buonaparte's legion of honour.

LETTER CIII.

Chalons on the Saon, April, 1805.

MY LORD,

I TOOK my place for this town in the diligence at Auxerre, and have passed two nights on the road; one at a village in a most romantic situation, called Lucil des Bois, and the other at Autun. On this way I was told that the gens d'armes had lately been doubled, and the severity against travellers augmented on account of the emperor's journey to Italy, there to assume another scepter. They were however far from being so troublesome as on the coast, and I think that, with some prudence, a passenger may even, without a pass, escape imprisonment. A gentleman with us from Saulieu to Autun, had no pass, but every time the

gens

gens d'armes rode up to the door of the coach to enquire after any, he laid himself down on the bottom and thus was not observed. At Autun however when we had began our supper, two gens d'armes came into our room, desired to inspect our passes, and as he had none, he was carried away.

Among the passengers was a middle aged man, very civil, but very silent, who left us a league before we entered Autun. He was suspected by some of the party of being a travelling spy, and the arrest of one of our companions seemed rather to confirm this supposition, as the landlord of the inn *La Petite Versailles*, said that the gens d'armes never entered his house to look at passes and after passengers, without somebody being demanded beforehand.

This accident produced a long dissertation of the number of spies employed

ployed by government, and a gentleman, who said he was intimately acquainted with one of the chief clerks of the prefecture of police at Paris, gave us the following history of our modern *espionage*.

The spies all over France, at present, he assured us, amounted to near a million, and were divided into twelve different classes. 1st. The court spies, or courtiers employed by Buonaparte to watch his wife, brothers, sisters, grand dignitaries, and other courtiers about him. 2d. Military spies; these were generals, officers, and even soldiers, engaged to report the actions and conversations of their superiors or equals. 3d. Diplomatic spies; of these many were foreigners, some secretaries, others servants in the confidence or engaged about the foreign ambassadors at Paris. 4th. Office spies. These were *chefs de bureaux*, or clerks in the offices of ministers,

ministers, some senators in the senate, some councillors of state in the privy council, some legislators, some tribunes, some judges, and even some members of the National Institute, who reported regularly to the emperor what was suspicious or seditious in the manners or language of their colleagues, of their superiors or inferiors. 5th. Financial spies. These were employed about the stock exchange, at the bank, or in the counting houses of stock brokers and bankers, and gave in an account of their principal transactions. 6th. Commercial spies. These acted with regard to merchants and manufacturers, as the financial spies did with regard to brokers and bankers. 7th. Fashionable spies. These were men of insinuating address, and of an elegant dress and deportment, who frequented all fashionable parties; who had themselves their dinner and supper parties, their routs and

and balls. 8th. Theatrical spies. These had free admittance into all theatres and green rooms, inspected and reported the conduct of the performers, of the authors, as well as that of the audience. 9th. Gambling house spies. Their head quarters were at gambling tables, and in lottery offices. 10th. Coffee house and public gardens spies. They were stationary in all hotels, coffee houses, and gardens. Under their department were also all public or private brothels, restaurateurs, and eating houses. 11th. Street spies. These not only reported what occurred in the streets, but tried, by the aid of servants, to insinuate themselves into private families. 12th. Travelling spies. These were never still, or remained in one place, but passed most of their time in diligences and stage coaches; at ordinaries and in inns, much resorted to by travellers. One of this last class, I
suppose

suppose, informed against the officers at Abbeyville, and against our companion at Autan.

Besides these, our narrator said that numbers of private and of *female* spies, were registered at the police. The former surrounded men in high stations, or individuals of great talents; the latter watched their fathers, their husbands, their lovers, their brothers, and their friends.

Of these spies some are regularly paid, but the greater numbers are persons who either obtain their livelihood by terrifying individuals, and extort contributions in making themselves known as police agents, as they are styled by courtesy, and by selling their protection to girls of the town, and petty offenders; or such whose trade cannot be exercised without a licence or patent of the police minister, who never grants them before they *take oath of espionage*, and inscribe their names among

among the spies. Among the higher classes of spies are persons sometimes forced into the service, with whose private vices and crimes the police has been acquainted, and who are obliged, to avoid exposure, or escape punishment, to enlist in the corps of espionage; where also some volunteers enter, in hope of deserving, by their zeal, pensions, promotions, or places in the state, in the army, or in the legion of honour. You have read, no doubt, in the public prints, that all those spies who assisted in the capture of the Duke of Enghein, of Pichegru, and of Georges, were immediately proclaimed by Buonaparte members of his legion of honour, and decorated by himself with the star of that revolutionary order.

LETTER CIV.

Macon, April, 1805.

MY LORD,

I HAD a letter of recommendation for a merchant and banker of the name of Boileau at Chalons, who has figured in the revolutionary annals as Jacobin, as legislator, as tobacco merchant, and as a mayor, but is now tired of notoriety, and wishes for obscurity. He told me himself, that the sophistry of some artful sans culottes easily seduced him to embrace with enthusiasm the chimera of equality, particularly as he was very young, very inexperienced, and very sanguine in his ideas of seeing all people upon earth a family of brothers and sisters. He first awoke from his pleasing dream of folly, when he found him-

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self in prison, ruined and threatened
 with death by his associates and revo-
 lutionary brothers. The cause of his
 imprisonment was the seizure of his
 whole stock in trade as a tobacco ma-
 nufacturer, for which he had been paid
 in assignats, worth nothing, and his
 complaint on this subject. Had Ro-
 bespierre lived a week longer he said
 that he should have been guillotined,
 but the end of the reign of the first
 terrorism, (called here the black reign,
 to distinguish it from Buonaparte's,
 now called the reign of white terror,)
 saved his life. It left him however
 without bread, with a wife and six chil-
 dren, seeing around him former fans
 culottes, enriched with his spoils, and
 laughing at his distress. When I now,
 continued he, hear any one speak of
 liberty, I always put my hands in my
 pockets; when of equality I tremble
 as in the presence of an assassin, and
 when

when of fraternity, run away as fast as I can, for fear of being stabbed and pillaged. Property left him by an elder brother enabled him to begin business again, and though Buonaparte offered in 1800, to make him a sub-prefect at Chalons, and a member of the legion of honour, he declined both, knowing the revolution far from being still ended, and having purchased wisdom at the expence of wealth and tranquillity. He recommended however, M. Simmonat, a friend of his, to the chief magistracy of Chalons, whom, not so much from the few hours I was in his company, as from the respect shewn him by his fellow citizens, I judge not to be misplaced.

This town has, during the revolution, been very much agitated by the spirit of jacobinism and anarchy, diffused by one of its most infamous ci-

tizens. Some traits of his character will evince, that in revolutionary times even notorious infamy is enabled to seduce, intimidate and govern.

A man of the name of Carra, son of a tailor, was brought up in a college of Jesuits, by an uncle, who was one of the members of that order. Having received chastisement for some early profligacy, he ran away, and within a week was arrested with two other robbers and assassins, who had broken open the house of a rich milliner, and plundered it, after having murdered its inmates. His uncle's influence saved him from sharing the gibbet with his accomplices, by procuring him an opportunity of escaping to Prussia, where for twenty years he was a language master, but where also his propensity for thieving caused him several trials, and two years hard labour in a fortress. These years and these

these scenes passed in the provinces; but in 1784, he had the audacity to present himself at Berlin, as a French savan, and as such offer his services to Frederick the Great, then approaching the period of dotage. Not being admitted among the literati of the King's party, or even a member of the King's academy, he betook himself to his old trade of a language master and of a thief. Without the impolitic compassion of a lady of quality, whom he robbed of a bracelet, he would probably have ended his guilty career in a Prussian dungeon, instead of adding in his own country, enormities to crimes.

Though he had escaped punishment in France, a sentence of death had been passed on him, and he was outlawed, after being executed in effigy. When the revolution crushed all laws, disregarded their obedience, and pre-

vented their effects, Carra returned to France, and had the effrontery to set up a newspaper, signed with his name, not denying his former perpetrations, but extenuating them by professing himself now a patriot and regenerator. He was then even by his own party called *Carra ferrure*, or picklock Carra. On the 29th of December, 1790, he mounted the tribune of the Jacobins, to announce to all France, that whether she remained in peace with Austria or not, he declared personally war to the Emperor Leopold, and that with thirty thousand men, twelve presses, printers and papers, he would cause all Germany to revolt within six months. On the 8th of September, 1792, he deposited as a patriotic gift at the bar of the National Assembly, a gold snuff box, which he pretended to have received from the King of Prussia, for a work that had been dedicated to him.

He

He requested that this gold, which he despised, might serve to combat the despot who had given it. He finished his speech by tearing the signature of the letter, which had accompanied the present.

In the same month he was elected a member of the National Convention, by the very department of Saône and Loire, that had been the early theatre of his infamy, but where his incendiary writings had done much more mischief than the scandalous examples of his crimes and their impunity. To insult the rank as well as the person of the Prussian Monarch, then heading his army in Champaign, Carra was sent by the National Convention, as one of the deputies to assist Dumourier in his negotiations for the evacuation of France by foreign troops. On his return to the capital, he voted for the death of Louis XVI. but hav-

ing quarrelled with his fellow regicides, was in his turn, condemned by them to the guillotine, and executed on the 31st of October 1793. Under the ministry of Roland, he had been one of the librarians of the National library, from which he had stolen several curious manuscripts, books and medals, which were found and retaken in his house after his execution.

Such is the sketch of the life of a villain, whom better times would have held out to general abhorrence, if ever known or mentioned any where but in the calendars of gaols; but whom French reformers and regenerators, held out as a model of patriotism; whose popularity intimidated all those, whom his inflammatory libels had not misled, and who expired a representative of the French people!

A respectable citizen of this town, from whom I heard most of the above
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particulars, (which are besides printed in the works of Prudhomme, and of other revolutionary writers,) assured me, that Carra's *exhortations*, in his pamphlets and newspapers, which were distributed gratis by the Jacobins of this department, have occasioned sixteen chateaux to be burned, four hundred and six citizens of both sexes to be murdered, ten thousand persons to emigrate, and the ruin of five hundred families !!!

LETTER CV.

Lyons, May, 1805.

MY LORD,

I REMAINED longer at Macon than I intended, having discovered in Roujoux, the prefect of the department, an old college companion. He is one of the few Frenchmen who have joined in the revolution from mistaken persuasion of its good effects; who have occupied many places, but who have no crimes with which to reproach themselves. He has always been moderate and just, and in him Buonaparte has a functionary who does honour to his government, who serves with fidelity his country without oppressing or tormenting his countrymen.

I lodged both at Chalons and at Macon in hotels called the Palais Royal,

al, both situated on the banks of the Saone, and both equally convenient and reasonable. I did not pay, in either, more than six livres a day for board and lodgings for myself and servant, and the suppers and dinners were served up in style, always of three courses, with Burgundy wine of the country, as much as you liked to drink.

The general aspect of the country and of the inhabitants between Paris and this city, I thought rather better than between the frontiers of Holland and that capital. It is true these departments have not been the theatre of armies; nor have they suffered from foreign wars or domestic troubles, except by their contributions and quotas of requisitions of men and of property. As far as I could gain information, from the communications, acquaintances, or conversation of strangers, the male

male population has greatly decreased, and the people all abhor the revolution, desire the return of the Bourbons, and a reign of order and safety, and are therefore far from being attached to the present government. They know but little of Buonaparte's early crimes; and like to see him the second or third person of the state, but not the first. Many have still the idea that he intends at a general peace to descend from his throne, place upon it Louis XVIII. and seat himself by the side of his lawful Prince; and that all his acts, even the murder of the Duke of Enghien, were commanded and required by necessity to enable him to carry with safety his point. "Ah!" said an old man about eighty, (in whose company I dined at the table of a prefect), if Napoleon knew his own interest, and has the happiness of France at heart, he will not defer long to restore us our former

former Royal Family; France has not ceased, since the proscription of the Bourbons, to be inundated with blood and tears, and, like all Europe, tormented with anarchy. Without such a step, we shall, at his death, again fall victims to assassins and to plunderers, and no end will be found to our misery but in the grave." I never spoke with a single individual, who did not complain of or lament the instability of a government which entirely depended upon the life of one man, and who was not afraid to contemplate the future prospect.

I do not know a more delightful part of France to travel in, or a more agreeable manner of travelling, than between Chalons and this town, in the *coche d'eau*, or passage boat, on the river Saone. In general, both ladies and gentlemen in France are pleasing travelling companions, and make public

lic diligences, even on that account, preferable to post chaises. You are in this country not seated five minutes in one of these public vehicles, before acquaintance is made, and it is your own fault, if you are not as comfortable as with your particular friends; and I for my part never quitted a French diligence but with regret at the thought of probably never again meeting with or seeing those persons who had made that part of my journey through life as agreeable as was in their power.

In the passage boat on the Saone are two cabins; the best belongs to the passengers of the Paris diligence, and the other is common to all other travellers. You always set out in the morning, stop for an hour to dine, and arrive at supper time at Macon, where you pass the night. On the next morning at six o'clock you continue your journey, dine again on the road,
and

and are landed in this city about five o'clock in the afternoon. As the first cabin has more room than is requisite for those of the Paris diligence, other genteel persons are admitted, and often the door of communication with the other cabin is opened, and the conversation becomes general. Those that have good voices sing, and others amuse themselves with reading or with gambling. A regular pharao bank was kept in the second cabin, by agents appointed by the police, who paid for such a permission, and more than one imprudent passenger had reason to repent of not having resisted the allurements an illiberal and immoral government permitted to be held out to him.

Among other passengers was a very interesting young man about 25 years of age. He was the son of a nobleman in Picardy, and after seeing his parents murdered, with two aunts, in
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the spring, 1794, was forced to save his own life, though only then fourteen, by enlisting as a drummer in a corps of volunteers marching towards the frontiers. In the first engagement, a ball carried away both his arms, and with a fortune of one hundred and twenty thousand livres, 5000*l.* per year, his enjoyments of life can be but few. Last year Buonaparte created him a knight of the legion of honour, a distinction he declined in a spirited manner, because it had been conferred on so many grand criminals, and was therefore arrested and shut up for nine months in the temple. A sum of money opened however the doors of this state prison; but nothing could appease Buonaparte's wrath, and he was now under an escort of two gens d'armes on his way to an estate in the mountains of Dauphiny, where he is exiled for life.

Another

Another passenger, a revolutionary general, Brouette, was also accompanied by two gens d'armes, being condemned to imprisonment, as a Jacobin, in the Chateau d'If, near Marseilles. He was before the revolution a chandler, who, after making a fraudulent bankruptcy, to avoid the pursuits of his creditors, engaged as a soldier of the French guards, became a staunch patriot, and one of the pillars of the Jacobin club at Versailles. In one step he was by Robespierre, in 1793, promoted from the ranks to be a general, and served as such under Buonaparte in Italy, and was even of the expedition to Egypt, but left with the troops that garrisoned Malta, from which island he escaped shortly before its surrender to the English. He is a man of exceedingly vulgar manners, and violent in the extreme. Buonaparte having made him a commander

of the legion of honour, but refused to nominate him a grand officer, he flew into a passion in a coffee-house at Paris, and accused his master not only of ingratitude, but of incapacity, and want of judgment. The same day he was arrested as a Jacobin, and sent away under his present guard to his place of confinement, two hundred leagues from the capital.

END OF VOL. III.