

Travels in France and Italy
during the years 1787, 1788
and 1789

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Preface

It is a question whether modern history has anything more curious to offer to the attention of the politician than the progress and rivalship of the French and English empires from the ministry of Colbert to the revolution in France. In the course of those one hundred and thirty years, both have figured with a degree of splendour that has attracted the admiration of mankind.

In proportion to the power, the wealth, and the resources of these nations, is the interest which the world in general takes in the maxims of political economy by which they have been governed. To examine how far the system of that economy has influenced agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and public felicity is certainly an inquiry of no slight importance; and so many books have been composed on the *theory* of these; that the public can hardly think that time misemployed which attempts to give THE PRACTICE.

The survey which I made, some years past, of the agriculture of England and Ireland (the minutes of which I published under the title of *Tours*) was such a step towards understanding the state of our husbandry as I shall not presume to characterise; there are but few of the European nations that do not read these *Tours* in their own language; and, notwithstanding all their faults and deficiencies, it has been often regretted that no similar description of France could be resorted to, either by the farmer or the politician. Indeed it could not but be lamented that this vast kingdom, which has so much figured in history, were likely to remain another century unknown with respect to those circumstances that are the objects of my inquiries. A hundred and thirty years have passed, including one of the most active and conspicuous reigns upon record, in which the French power and resources, though much over-

strained, were formidable to Europe. How far were that power and those resources founded on the permanent basis of an enlightened agriculture? How far on the more insecure support of manufactures and commerce? How far have wealth and power and exterior splendour, from whatever cause they may have arisen, reflected back upon the people the prosperity they implied? Very curious inquiries; yet resolved insufficiently by those whose political reveries are spun by their firesides, or caught flying as they are whirled through Europe in post-chaises. A man who is not practically acquainted with agriculture knows not how to make those inquiries; he scarcely knows how to discriminate the circumstances productive of misery from those which generate the felicity of a people; an assertion that will not appear paradoxical to those who have attended closely to these subjects. At the same time, the mere agriculturist, who makes such journeys, sees little or nothing of the connection between the practice in the fields and the resources of the empire; of combinations that take place between operations apparently unimportant and the general interest of the state; combinations so curious, as to convert, in some cases, well-cultivated fields into scenes of misery, and accuracy of husbandry into the parent of national weakness. These are subjects that never will be understood from the speculations of the mere farmer or the mere politician; they demand a mixture of both; and the investigation of a mind free from prejudice, particularly national prejudice; from the love of system, and of the vain theories that are to be found in the closets of speculators alone. God forbid that I should be guilty of the vanity of supposing myself thus endowed! I know too well the contrary; and have no other pretension to undertake so arduous a work than that of having reported the agriculture of England with some little success. Twenty years' experience, since that attempt, may make me hope to be not less qualified for similarexertions at present.

The clouds that, for four or five years past, have indicated a change in the political sky of the French hemisphere, and which have since gathered to so singular a storm, have rendered it yet more interesting to know what France was previously to any change. It would indeed have been matter of astonishment if monarchy had risen and had set in that region without the kingdom having had any examination professedly agricultural.

The candid reader will not expect, from the registers of a traveller, that minute analysis of common practice which a man is enabled to give who resides some months, or years, confined to one spot; twenty men,

employed during twenty years, would not effect it; and supposing it done, not one thousandth part of their labours would be worth a perusal.

Some singularly enlightened districts merit such attention; but the number of them, in any country, is inconsiderable; and the practices that deserve such a study, perhaps, still fewer: to know that unenlightened practices exist, and want improvement, is the chief knowledge that is of use to convey; and this rather for the statesman than the farmer. No reader, if he knows anything of my situation, will expect, in this work, what the advantages of rank and fortune are necessary to produce—of such I had none to exert, and could combat difficulties with no other arms than unremitting attention and unabating industry. Had my aims been seconded by that success in life which gives energy to effort and vigour to pursuit, the work would have been more worthy of the public eye; but such success must, in this kingdom, be sooner looked for in any other path than in that of the plough; the *non ullus aratro dignus horns* was not more applicable to a period of confusion and bloodshed at Rome than to one of peace and luxury in England.

One circumstance I may be allowed to mention, because it will show that, whatever faults the ensuing pages contain, they do not flow from any presumptive expectation of success: a feeling that belongs to writers only, much more popular than myself: when the publisher agreed to run the hazard of printing these papers, and some progress being made in the journal, the whole MS. was put into the compositor's hand to be examined if there were a sufficiency for a volume of sixty sheets, he found enough prepared for the press to fill one hundred and forty: and I assure the reader that the successive employment of striking out and mutilating more than the half of what I had written was executed with more indifference than regret, even though it obliged me to exclude several chapters upon which I had taken considerable pains. The publisher would have printed the whole; but whatever faults may be found with the author, he ought at least to be exempted from the imputation of an undue confidence in the public favour, since to expunge was undertaken as readily as to compose.—So much depended in the second part of the work on accurate figures that I did not care to trust to myself, but employed a schoolmaster, who has the reputation of being a good arithmetician, for examining the calculations, and I hope he has not let any material errors escape him.

The revolution in France was a hazardous and critical subject, but too important to be neglected; the details I have given, and the reflec-

tions I have ventured, will, I trust, be received with candour by those who consider how many authors, of no inconsiderable ability and reputation, have failed on that difficult theme: the course I have steered is so removed from extremes that I can hardly hope for the approbation of more than a few; and I may apply to myself, in this instance, the words of Swift:—"I have the ambition, common with other reasoners, to wish at least that both parties may think me *in the right*; but if that is not to be hoped for, my next wish should be that both might think me *in the wrong*; which I would understand as an ample justification of myself, and a sure ground to believe that I have proceeded at least with impartiality, and perhaps with truth."

Travels in France

There are two methods of writing travels; to register the journey itself, or the result of it. In the former case, it is a diary, under which head are to be classed all those books of travels written in the form of letters. The latter usually falls into the shape of essays on distinct subjects. Of the former method of composing, almost every book of modern travels is an example. Of the latter, the admirable essays of my valuable friend Mr. Professor Symonds, upon Italian agriculture, are the most perfect specimens.

It is of very little importance what form is adopted by a man of real genius; he will make any form useful, and any information interesting. But for persons of more moderate talents, it is of consequence to consider the circumstances for and against both these modes.

The journal form hath the advantage of carrying with it a greater degree of credibility; and, of course, more weight. A traveller who thus registers his observations is detected the moment he writes of things he has not seen. He is precluded from giving studied or elaborate remarks upon insufficient foundations: if he sees little, he must register little; if he has few good opportunities of being well informed, the reader is enabled to observe it, and will be induced to give no more credit to his relations than the sources of them appear to deserve; if he passes so rapidly through a country as necessarily to be no judge of what he sees, the reader knows it; if he dwells long in places of little or no moment with private views or for private business, the circumstance is seen; and thus the reader has the satisfaction of being as safe from imposition, either designed or involuntary, as the nature of the case will admit: all which advantages are wanted in the other method.

But to balance them, there are on the other hand some weighty inconveniences; among these the principal is, the prolixity to which a diary generally leads; the very mode of writing almost making it inevitable. It necessarily causes repetitions of the same subjects and the same ideas; and that surely must be deemed no inconsiderable fault, when one employs many words to say what might be better said in a few. Another capital objection is, that subjects of importance, instead of being treated *de suite* for illustration or comparison, are given by scraps as received, without order and without connections a mode which lessens the effect of writing and destroys much of its utility.

In favour of composing essays on the principal objects that have been observed, that is, giving the result of travels and not the travels themselves, there is this obvious and great advantage, that the subjects thus treated are in as complete a state of combination and illustration as the abilities of the author can make them; the matter comes with full force and effect. Another admirable circumstance is brevity; for by the rejection of all useless details, the reader has nothing before him but what tends to the full explanation of the subject: of the disadvantages I need not speak; they are sufficiently noted by showing the benefits of the diary form; for proportionably to the benefits of the one, will clearly be the disadvantages of the other.

After weighing the *pour* and the *contre*, I think that it is not impracticable in my peculiar case to retain the benefits of both these plans.

With one leading and predominant object in view, namely agriculture, I have conceived that I might throw each subject of it into distinct chapters, retaining all the advantages which arise from composing the result only of my travels.

At the same time, that the reader may have whatever satisfaction flows from the diary form, the observations which I made upon the face of the countries through which I passed, and upon the manners, customs, amusements, towns, roads, seats, etc., may, without injury, be given in a journal, and thus satisfy the reader in all those points with which he ought in candour to be made acquainted, for the reasons above intimated.

It is upon this idea that I have reviewed my notes, and executed the work I now offer to the public.

But travelling upon paper, as well as moving amongst rocks and rivers, hath its difficulties. When I traced my plan, and begun to work upon it, I rejected, without mercy, a variety of little circumstances relat-

ing to myself only, and of conversations with various persons which I had thrown upon paper for the amusement of my family and intimate friends. For this I was remonstrated with by a person of whose judgment I think highly, as having absolutely spoiled my diary by expunging the very passages that would best please the mass of common readers; in a word, that I must give up the journal plan entirely or let it go as it was written.—To treat the public like a friend, let them see all, and trust to their candour for forgiving trifles. He reasoned thus: Defend on it, Young, that those notes you wrote at the moment are more likely to please than what you will now produce coolly, with the idea of reputation in your head: whatever you strike out will be what is most interesting, for you will be guided by the importance of the subject; and, believe me, it is not this consideration that pleases so much as a careless and easy mode of thinking and writing, which every man exercises most when he does not compose for the press. That I dm right in this opinion you yourself afford a proof. Your tow of Ireland (he was pleased to say) *is one of the best accounts of a country I have read, yet it had no great success. Why I* Because the chief part of it is a farming diary, which, however valuable it may be to consult, nobody will read. If, therefore, you print your journal at all, print it so as to be read ; or reject the method entirely, and confine yourself to set dissertations. Remember the travels of Dr. —— and Mrs. ——, from which it would be difficult to gather one single important idea, yet they were received with applause; nay, the bagatelles of Baretti, amongst the Spanish muleteers, were read with avidity.

The high opinion I have of the judgment of my friend induced me to follow his advice; in consequence of which I venture to offer my itinerary to the public just as it was written on the spot: requesting my reader, if much should be found of a trifling nature, to pardon it, from a reflection that the chief object of my travels is to be found in another part of the work, to which he may at once have recourse if he wish to attend only to subjects of a more important character.

Journal

May 15, 1787

The strait that separates England, so fortunately for her, from the rest of the world, must be crossed many times before a traveller ceases to be surprised at the sudden and universal change that surrounds him on

landing at Calais. The scene, the people, the language, every object is new; and in those circumstances in which there is most resemblance, a discriminating eye finds little difficulty in discovering marks of distinctions.

The noble improvement of a salt marsh, worked by Monsieur Mouron of this town, occasioned my acquaintance some time ago with that gentleman; and I had found him too well informed, upon various important objects, not to renew it with pleasure. I spent an agreeable and instructive evening at his house.—165 miles.

17th. Nine hours rolling at anchor had so fatigued my mare that I thought it necessary for her to rest one day; but this morning I left Calais. For a few miles the country resembles parts of Norfolk and Suffolk; gentle hills, with some enclosures around the houses in the vales, and a distant range of wood. The country is the same to Boulogne. Towards that town, I was pleased to find many seats belonging to people who reside there. How often are false ideas conceived from reading and report! I imagined that nobody but farmers and labourers in France lived in the country; and the first ride I take in that kingdom shows me a score of country seats. The road excellent.

Boulogne is not an ugly town; and from the ramparts of the upper part the view is beautiful, though low water in the river would not let me see it to advantage. It is well known that this place has long been the resort of great numbers of persons from England, whose misfortunes in trade, or extravagance in life, have made a residence abroad more agreeable than at home. It is easy to suppose that they here find a *level* of society that tempts them to herd in the same place. Certainly it is not cheapness, for it is rather dear. The mixture of French and English women makes an odd appearance in the streets; the latter are dressed in their own fashion; but the French heads are all without hats, with close caps, and the body covered with a long cloak that reaches to the feet. The town has the appearance of being flourishing: the buildings good, and in repair, with some modern ones; perhaps as sure a test of prosperity as any other. They are raising also a new church, on a large and expensive scale. The place on the whole is cheerful and the environs pleasing; and the sea-shore is a flat strand of firm sand as far as the tide reaches. The high land adjoining is worth viewing by those who have not already seen the petrification of clay; it is found in the stony and argillaceous state, just as what I described at Harwich (*Annals of Agriculture*, vol. vi. p. 218).—24 miles.

18th. The view of Boulogne from the other side, at the distance of a mile, is a pleasing landscape; the river meanders in the vale, and spreads in a fine reach under the town, just before it falls into the sea, which opens between two high lands, one of which backs the town.— The view wants only wood; for if the hills had more, fancy could scarcely paint a more agreeable scene. The country improves, more enclosed, and some parts strongly resembling England. Some fine meadows about Bonbrie, and several chateaus. I am not professedly in this diary on husbandry, but must observe that it is to the full as bad as the country is good; corn miserable and yellow with weeds, yet all summer fallowed with lost attention. On the hills, which are at no great distance from the sea, the trees turn their heads from it, shorn of their foliage: it is not therefore to the S.W. alone that we should attribute this effect.—If the French have not husbandry to show us, they have roads; nothing can be more beautiful, or kept in more garden order, if I may use the expression, than that which passes through a fine wood of Monsieur Neuvillier's; and indeed for the whole way from Samer it is wonderfully formed: a vast causeway, with hills cut to level vales; which would fill me with admiration if I had known nothing of the abominable *corvees* that make me commiserate the oppressed farmers, from whose extorted labour this magnificence has been wrung. Women gathering grass and weeds by hand in the woods for their cows is a trait of poverty.

Pass *turberries*, near Montreuil, like those at Newbury. The walk round the ramparts of that town is pretty: the little gardens in the bastions below are singular. The place has many English; for what purpose not easy to conceive, for it is unenlivened by those circumstances that render towns pleasant. In a short conversation with an English family returning home, the lady, who is young, and I conjecture agreeable, assured me I should find the court of Versailles amazingly splendid. Oh! how she loved France!—and should regret going to England if she did not expect soon to return. As she had crossed the kingdom of France, I asked her what part of it pleased her best the answer was such as a pair of pretty lips would be sure to utter, “Oh! Paris and Versailles.” Her husband, who is not so young, said “Touraine.” It is probable that a farmer is much more likely to agree with the sentiments of the husband than of the lady, notwithstanding her charms.—24 miles.

19th. Dined, or rather starved, at Bemay, where for the first time I met with that wine of whose ill fame I had heard so much in England, that of being worse than small beer. No scattered farm-houses in this

part of Picardy, all being collected in villages, which is as unfortunate for the beauty of a country as it is inconvenient to its cultivation. To Abbeville, unpleasant, nearly flat; and though there are many and great woods, yet they are uninteresting. Pass the new chalk chateau of Monsieur St. Maritan, who, had he been in England, would not have built a good house in that situation, nor have projected his walls like those of an alms-house.

Abbeville is said to contain 22,000 souls; it is old, and disagreeably built; many of the houses of wood, with a greater air of antiquity than I remember to have seen; their brethren in England have been long ago demolished. Viewed the manufacture of Van Robais, which was established by Louis XIV. and of which Voltaire and others have spoken so much. I had many inquiries concerning wool and woollens to make here; and, in conversation with the manufacturers, found them great politicians, condemning with violence the new commercial treaty with England.—30 miles.

21st. It is the same flat and unpleasing country to Flixcourt. —15 miles.

22nd. Poverty and poor crops to Amiens; women are now ploughing with a pair of horses to sow barley. The difference of the customs of the two nations is in nothing more striking than in the labours of the sex; in England, it is very little that they do in the fields except to glean and make hay; the first is a party of pilfering and the second of pleasure: in France, they plough and fill the dung-cart. Lombardy poplars seem to have been introduced here about the same time as in England.

Picquigny has been the scene of a remarkable transaction, that does great honour to the tolerating spirit of the French nation. Monsieur Colmar, a Jew, bought the seignory and estate, including the viscounty of Amiens, of the Duke of Chaulnes, by virtue of which he appoints the canons of the cathedral of Amiens. The bishop resisted his nomination, and it was carried by appeal to the parliament of Paris, whose decree was in favour of Monsieur Colmar. The immediate seignory of Picquigny, but without its dependencies, is resold to the Count d'Artois.

At Amiens, view the cathedral, said to be built by the English; it is very large and beautifully light and decorated. They are fitting it up in black drapery, and a great canopy, with illuminations for the burial of the Prince de Tingry, colonel of the regiment of cavalry whose station is here. To view this was an object among the people, and crowds were at each door. I was refused entrance, but some officers being admitted,

gave orders that an English gentleman without should be let in, and I was called back from some distance and desired very politely to enter, as they did not know at first that I was an Englishman. These are but trifles, but they show liberality; and it is fair to report them. If an Englishman receives attentions in France, *because he is an Englishman*, what return ought to be made to a Frenchman in England is sufficiently obvious. The chateau d'eau, or machine for supplying Amiens with water, is worth viewing; but plates only could give an idea of it. The town abounds with woollen manufactures. I conversed with several masters, who united entirely with those of Abbeville in condemning the treaty of commerce.—15 miles.

23rd. To Breteuil the country is diversified, woods everywhere in sight the whole journey.—21 miles.

24th. A flat and uninteresting chalky country continues almost to Clermont: where it improves; is hilly and has wood. The view of the town, as soon as the dale is seen, with the Duke of Fitzjames's plantations, is pretty.—24 miles.

25th. The environs of Clermont are picturesque. The hills about Liancourt are pretty; and spread with a sort of cultivation I had never seen before, a mixture of vineyard (for here the vines first appear), garden, and corn. A piece of wheat; a scrap of lucerne; a patch of clover or vetches; a bit of vines; with cherry and other fruit trees scattered among all, and the whole cultivated with the spade: it makes a pretty appearance, but must form a poor system of trifling.

Chantilly!—magnificence is its reigning character; it is never lost. There is not taste or beauty enough to soften it into milder features: all but the chateau is great; and there is something imposing in that, except the gallery of the Great Condé's battle, and the cabinet of natural history which is rich in very fine specimens, most advantageously arranged, it contains nothing that demands particular notice; nor is there one room which in England would be called large. The stable is truly great, and exceeds very much indeed anything of the kind I had ever seen. It is 580 feet long, and 40 broad, and is sometimes filled with 240 English horses. I had been so accustomed to the imitation in water, of the waving and irregular lines of nature, that I came to Chantilly prepossessed against the idea of a canal but the view of one here is striking, and had the effect which magnificent scenes impress. It arises from extent, and from the right lines of the water uniting with the regularity of the objects in view. It is Lord Kaimes, I think, who says, the part of the garden contiguous

to the house should partake of the regularity of the building; with much magnificence about a place this is almost unavoidable. The effect here, however, is lessened by the parterre before the castle, in which the divisions and the diminutive jets-d'eau are not of a size to correspond with the magnificence of the canal. The menagerie is very pretty, and exhibits a prodigious variety of domestic poultry from all parts of the world; one of the best objects to which a menagerie can be applied; these, and the Corsican stag, had all my attention. The *hameau* contains an imitation of an English garden; the taste is but just introduced into France, so that it will not stand a critical examination. The most English idea I saw is the lawn in front of the stables; it is large, of a good verdure, and well kept; proving clearly that they may have as fine lawns in the north of France as in England. The labyrinth is the only complete one I have seen, and I have no inclination to see another: it is in gardening what a rebus is in poetry. In the *Sylvse* are many fine and scarce plants. I wish those persons who view Chantilly and are fond of fine trees would not forget to ask for the great beech; this is the finest I ever saw; straight as an arrow, and, as I guess, not less than 80 or 90 feet high; 40 feet to the first branch, and 12 feet diameter at five from the ground. It is in all respects one of the finest trees that can anywhere be met with. Two others are near it, but not equal to this superb one. The forest around Chantilly, belonging to the Prince of Conde, is immense, spreading far and wide; the Paris road crosses it for ten miles, which is its least extent. They say the capitainerie, or paramountship, is above 100 miles in circumference. That is to say, all the inhabitants for that extent are pestered with game, without permission to destroy it, in order to give one man diversion. Ought not these capitaineries to be extirpated ?

At Luzarch, I found that my mare, from illness, would travel no further; French stables, which are covered dung-hills, and the carelessness of *garçons d'ecures*, an execrable set of vermin, had given her cold. I therefore left her to send for from Paris, and went thither post; by which experiment I found that posting in France is much worse, and even, upon the whole, dearer, than in England. Being in a post-chaise I travelled to Paris as other travellers in post-chaises do, that is to say, knowing little or nothing. The last ten miles I was eagerly on the watch for that throng of carriages which near London impede the traveller. I watched in vain; for the road, quite to the gates, is, on comparison, a perfect desert. So many great roads join here, that I suppose this must be accidental. The entrance has nothing magnificent; ill built and dirty.

To get to the Rue de Varenne, Fauxbourg St. Germain, I had the whole city to cross, and passed it by narrow, ugly, and crowded streets.

At the hotel de la Rochefoucauld I found the Duke of Liancourt and his sons, the Count de la Rochefoucauld and the Count Alexander, with my excellent friend Monsieur de Lazowski, all of whom I had the pleasure of knowing in Suffolk. They introduced me to the Duchess d'Estissac, mother of the Duke of Liancourt, and to the Duchess of Liancourt. The agreeable reception and friendly attentions I met with from all this liberal family were well calculated to give me the most favourable impression....—42 miles.

26th. So short a time had I passed before in France that the scene is totally new to me. Till we have been accustomed to travelling we have a propensity to stare at and admire everything—and to be on the search for novelty, even in circumstances in which it is ridiculous to look for it. I have been upon the full silly gape to find out things that I had not found before, as if a street in Paris could be composed of anything but houses, or houses formed of anything but brick or stone— or that the people in them, not being English, would be walking on their heads. I shall shake off this folly as fast as I can, and bend my attention to mark the character and disposition of the nation. Such views naturally lead us to catch the little circumstances which sometimes express them; not an easy task, but subject to many errors.

I have only one day to pass at Paris, and that is taken up with buying necessaries. At Calais, my abundant care produced the inconvenience it was meant to avoid; I was afraid of losing my trunk, by leaving it at Dessein's for the diligence; so I sent it to Monsieur Mouron's.— The consequence is, that it is not to be found at Paris, and its contents are to be bought again before I can leave this city on our journey to the Pyrenees. I believe it may be received as a maxim, that a traveller should always trust his baggage to the common voitures of the country, without any extraordinary precautions.

After a rapid excursion, with my friend Lazowski, to see many things, but too hastily to form any correct idea, spend the evening at his brother's, where I had the pleasure of meeting Monsieur de Broussonet, secretary of the Royal Society of Agriculture, and Monsieur Desmarets, both of the Academy of Sciences. As Monsieur Lazowski is well informed in the manufactures of France, in the police of which he enjoys a post of consideration, and as the other gentlemen have paid much attention to agriculture, the conversation was in no slight degree instructive, and I

regretted that a very early departure from Paris would not let me promise myself a further enjoyment so congenial with my feelings as the company of men whose conversation showed a marked attention to objects of national importance. On the breaking up of the party, went with Count Alexander de la Rochefoucauld post to Versailles, to be present at the fete of the day following (Whitsunday); slept at the Duke de Liancourt's hotel.

27th. Breakfasted with him at his apartments in the palace, which are annexed to his office of grand master of the wardrobe, one of the principal in the court of France.—Here I found the duke surrounded by a circle of noblemen, among whom was the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, well known for his attention to natural history; I was introduced to him, as he is going to Bagnere de Luchon in the Pyrenees, where I am to have the honour of being in his party.

The ceremony of the day was the king's investing the Duke of Berri, son of the Count d'Artois, with the cordon blue. The queen's band was in the chapel where the ceremony was performed, but the musical 'effect was thin and weak. During the service the king was seated between his two brothers, and seemed by his carriage and inattention to wish himself a hunting. He would certainly have been as well employed as in hearing afterwards from his throne a feudal oath of chivalry, I suppose, or some such nonsense, administered to a boy of ten years old. Seeing so much pompous folly I imagined it was the dauphin, and asked a lady of fashion near me; at which she laughed in my face, as if I had been guilty of the most egregious idiotism; nothing could be done in a worse manner; for the stifling of her expression only marked it the more. I applied to Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld to learn what gross absurdity I had been guilty of so unwittingly; when, forsooth, it was because the dauphin, *as all the world knows in France*, has the cordon blue put around him as soon as he is born. So unpardonable was it for a foreigner to be ignorant of such an important part of French history, as that of giving a babe a blue slobbering bib instead of a white one!

After this ceremony was finished, the king and the knights walked in a sort of procession to a small apartment in which he dined, saluting the queen as they passed. There appeared to be more ease and familiarity than form in this part of the ceremony; her majesty, who, by the way, is the most beautiful woman I saw to-day, received them with a variety of expression. On some she smiled; to others she talked; a few seemed to have the honour of being more in her intimacy. Her return to some was

formal, and to others distant. To the gallant Suffrein it was respectful and benign. The ceremony of the king's dining in public is more odd than splendid. The queen sat by him with a cover before her, but ate nothing; conversing with the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Liancourt, who stood behind her chair. To me it would have been a most uncomfortable meal, and were I sovereign I would sweep away three-fourths of these stupid forms; if kings do not dine like other people, they lose much of the pleasure of life; their station is very well calculated to deprive them of much, and they submit to nonsensical customs, the sole tendency of which is to lessen the remainder. The only comfortable or amusing dinner is a table of ten or twelve covers for the people whom they like; travellers tell us that this was the mode of the late King of Prussia, who knew the value of life too well to sacrifice it to empty forms on the one hand, or to a monastic reserve on the other.

The palace of Versailles, one of the objects of which report had given me the greatest expectation, is not in the least striking: I view it without emotion: the impression it makes is nothing. What can compensate the want of unity? From whatever point viewed, it appears an assemblage of buildings; a splendid quarter of a town, but not a fine edifice; an objection from which the garden front is not free, though by far the most beautiful.—The great gallery is the finest room I have seen; the other apartments are nothing; but the pictures and statues are well known to be a capital collection. The whole palace, except the chapel, seems to be open to all the world; we pushed through an amazing crowd of all sorts of people to see the procession, many of them not very well dressed, whence it appears that no questions are asked. But the officers at the door of the apartment in which the king dined made a distinction, and would not permit all to enter promiscuously.

Travellers speak much, even very late ones, of the remarkable interest the French take in all that personally concerns their king, showing by the eagerness of their attention not curiosity only, but love. Where, how, and in whom those gentlemen discovered this I know not.—It is either misrepresentation, or the people are changed in a few years more than is credible. Dine at Paris, and in the evening the Duchess of Liancourt, who seems to be one of the best of women, carried me to the opera at St. Cloud, where also we viewed the palace which the queen is building; it is large, but there is much in the front that does not please me.—20 miles.

28th. Finding my mare sufficiently recovered for a journey, a point

of importance to a traveller so weak in cavalry as myself, I left Paris, accompanying the Count de la Rochefoucauld and my friend Lazowski, and commencing a journey that is to cross the whole kingdom to the Pyrenees. The road to Orleans is one of the greatest that leads from Paris, I expected, therefore, to have my former impression of the little traffic near that city removed; but on the contrary it was confirmed; it is a desert compared with those around London. In ten miles we met not one stage or diligence; only two messengeries, and very few chaises; not a tenth of what would have been met had we been leaving London at the same hour. Knowing how great, rich, and important a city Paris is, this circumstance perplexes me much. Should it afterwards be confirmed, conclusions in abundance are to be drawn.

For a few miles, the scene is everywhere scattered with the shafts of quarries, the stone drawn up by lanthorn wheels of a great diameter. The country diversified; and its greatest want to please the eye is a river; woods generally in view; the proportion of the French territory covered by this production for want of coals must be prodigious, for it has been the same all the way from Calais. At Arpajon, the maréchal Duke de Mouchy has a small house, which has nothing to recommend it.—20 miles.

29th. To Estamps is partly through a flat country, the beginning of the famous Pays de Beauce. To Toury, flat and disagreeable, only two or three gentlemen's seats in sight.—31 miles.

30th. One universal flat, unenclosed, uninteresting, and even tedious, though small towns and villages are everywhere in sight; the features that might compound a landscape are not brought together. This Pays de Beauce contains, by reputation, the cream of French husbandry; the soil excellent; but the management all fallow. Pass through part of the forest of Orleans belonging to the duke of that name: it is. one of the largest in France.

From the steeple of the cathedral at Orleans the prospect is very fine. The town large, and its suburbs, of single streets, extend near a league. The vast range of country, that spreads on every side, is an unbounded plain, through which the magnificent Loire bends bis stately way, in sight for 14 leagues; the whole scattered with rich meadows, vineyards, gardens, and forests. The population must be very great; for, beside the city, which contains near 40,000 people, the number of smaller towns and villages strewed thickly over the plain is such as to render the whole scene animated. The cathedral, from which we had this noble

prospect, is a fine building, the choir raised by Henry IV. The new church is a pleasing edifice; the bridge a noble structure of stone, and the first experiment of the flat arch made in France, where it is now so fashionable. It contains nine, and is 410 yards long, and 45 feet wide. To hear some Englishmen talk, one would suppose there was not a fine bridge in all France; not the first nor the last error I hope that travelling will remove. There are many barges and boats at the quay, built upon the river in the Bourbonnois, etc., loaded with wood, brandy, wine, and other goods; on arriving at Nantes, the vessels are broken up and sold with the cargo. Great numbers built with spruce fir. A boat goes from hence to that city, when demanded by six passengers, each paying a louis d'or: they lie on shore every night, and reach Nantes in four days and a half. The principal street leading to the bridge is a fine one, all busy and alive, for trade is brisk here. Admire the fine acacias scattered about the town.—*so miles.*

31st. On leaving it, enter soon the miserable province of Sologne, which the French writers call the *triste* Sologne. Through all this country they have had severe spring frosts, for the leaves of the walnuts are black and cut on. I should not have expected this unequivocal mark of a bad climate after passing the Loire. To La Ferté Lowendahl, a dead flat of hungry sandy gravel, with much heath. The poor people, who cultivate the soil here, are *metayers*, that is, men who hire the land without ability to stock it; the proprietor is forced to provide cattle and seed, and he and his tenant divide the produce; a miserable system, that perpetuates poverty and excludes instruction. Meet a man employed on the roads who was prisoner at Falmouth four years; he does not seem to have any rancour against the English; nor yet was he very well pleased with his treatment. At La Ferté is a handsome chateau of the Marquis de Croix, with several canals, and a great command of water. To Nonantle-Fuzelier, a strange mixture of sand and water. Much enclosed, and the houses and cottages of wood filled between the studs with clay or bricks, and covered not with slate but tile, with some barns boarded like those in Suffolk—rows of pollards in some of the hedges; an excellent road of sand; the general features of a woodland country; all combined to give a strong resemblance to many parts of England; but the husbandry is so little like that of England that the least attention to it destroyed every notion of similarity.—27 miles.

JUNE 1. The same wretched country continues to La Loge; the fields are scenes of pitiable management, as the houses are of misery. Yet all

this country highly improvable, if they knew what to do with it; the property, perhaps, of some of those glittering beings who figured in the procession the other day at Versailles. Heaven grant me patience while I see a country thus neglected—and forgive me the oaths I swear at the absence and ignorance of the possessors.—Enter the generality of Bourges, and soon after a forest of oak belonging to the Count d'Artois; the trees are dying at top, before they attain any size. There the miserable Sologne ends; the first view of Verson and its vicinity is fine. A noble vale spreads at your feet, through which the river Cheere leads, seen in several places to the distance of some leagues, a bright sun burnished the water, like a string of lakes amidst the shade of a vast woodland. See Bourges to the left.—18 miles.

2nd. Pass the rivers Cheere and Lave; the bridges well built; the stream fine, and with the wood, buildings, boats, and adjoining hills, form an animated scene. Several new houses, and buildings of good stone in Verson; the place appears thriving, and doubtless owes much to the navigation. We are now in Berri, a province governed by a provincial assembly, consequently the roads good, and made without *corvées*. Vatan is a little town that subsists chiefly by spinning. We drank there excellent Sancere wine, of a deep colour, rich flavour, and good body, 20 sous the bottle; but in the country 10. An extensive prospect before we arrived at Chateauroux where we viewed the manufactures.—40 miles.

3rd. Within about three miles of Argenton come upon a fine scene, beautiful, yet with bold features; a narrow vale bounded on every side with hills covered with wood, all of which are immediately under the eye, without a level acre, except the bottom of the vale, through which a river flows, by an old castle picturesquely situated to the right; and to the left, a tower rising out of a wood.

At Argenton, walk up a rock that hangs almost over the town. It is a delicious scene. A natural ledge of perpendicular rock pushes forward abruptly over the vale, which is half a mile broad, and two or three long; at one end closed by hills, and at the other filled by the town with vineyards rising above it; the surrounding scene that hems in the vale is high enough for relief; vineyards, rocks, or hills covered with wood. The vale cut into enclosures of a lovely verdure, and a fine river winds through it, with an outline that leaves nothing to wish. The venerable fragments of a castle's ruins, near the point of view, are well adapted to awaken reflections on the triumph of the arts of peace over the barbarous rav-

ages of the feudal ages, when every class of society was involved in commotion, and the lower ranks were worse slaves than at present.

The general face of the country, from Verson to Argenton, is an uninteresting flat with many heaths of ling. No appearance of population, and even towns are thin. The husbandry poor and the people miserable. By the circumstances to which I could give attention I conceive them to be honest and industrious; they seem clean; are civil, and have good countenances. They appear to me as if they would improve their country if they formed the part of a system the principles of which tended to national prosperity.—18 miles.

4th. Pass an enclosed country, which would have a better appearance if the oaks had not lost their foliage by insects, whose webs hang over the buds. They are but now coming into leaf again. Cross a stream which separates Berri from La Marche; chestnuts appear at the same time; they are spread over all the fields, and yield the food of the poor. A variety of hill and dale, with fine woods, but little signs of population. Lizards for the first time also. There seems a connection relative to climate between the chestnuts and these harmless animals. They are very numerous, and some of them near a foot long. Sleep at La Ville au Brun.—24 miles.

5th. The country improves in beauty greatly; pass a vale, where a causeway stops the water of a small rivulet and swells it into a lake, that forms one feature of a delicious scene. The indented outlines and the swells margined with wood are beautiful; the hills on every side in unison; one now covered with ling the prophetic eye of taste may imagine lawn. Nothing is wanted to render the scene a garden but to clear away rubbish.

The general face of the country, for 16 miles, by far the most beautiful I have seen in France; it is thickly enclosed, and full of wood; the umbrageous foliage of the chestnuts gives the same beautiful verdure to the hills as watered meadows (seen for the first time to-day) to the vales. Distant mountainous ridges form the background, and make the whole interesting. The declivity of country, as we go down to Bassies, offers a beautiful view; and the approach to the town presents a landscape fancifully grouped of rock, and wood, and water. To Limoge, pass another artificial lake between cultivated hills; beyond are wilder heights, but mixed with pleasant vales; still another lake more beautiful than the former, with a fine accompaniment of wood; across a mountain of chestnut copse, which commands a scene of a character different from any I

have viewed either in France or England, a great range of hill and dale all covered with forest, and bounded by distant mountains. Not a vestige of any human residence; no village: no house or hut, no smoke to raise the idea of a peopled country; an American scene; wild enough for the tomahawk of the savage. Stop at an execrable auberge, called Maison Rouge, where we intended to sleep; but, on examination, found every appearance so forbidding, and so beggarly an account of a larder, that we passed on to Limoge. The roads through all this country are truly noble, far beyond anything I have seen in France or elsewhere.—44 miles.

6th. View Limoge, and examine its manufactures. It was certainly a Roman station, and some traces of its antiquity are still remaining. It is ill built, with narrow and crooked streets, the houses high and disagreeable. They are raised of granite, or wood with lath and plaster, which saves lime, an expensive article here, being brought from a distance of twelve leagues; the roofs are of pantiles, with projecting eaves, and almost flat; a sure proof we have quitted the region of heavy snows. The best of their public works is a noble fountain, the water conducted three-quarters of a league by an arched aqueduct brought under the bed of a rock 60 feet deep to the highest spot in the town, where it falls into a basin 15 feet diameter, cut out of one piece of granite; thence the water is let into reservoirs, closed by sluices, which are opened for watering the streets, or in cases of fires.

The cathedral is ancient, and the roof of stone; there are some arabesque ornaments cut in stone, as light, airy, and elegant as any modern house can boast, whose decoration's are in the same taste.

The present bishop has erected a large and handsome palace, and his garden is the finest object to be seen at Limoge, for it commands a landscape hardly to be equalled for beauty: it would be idle to give any other description than just enough to induce travellers to view it. A river winds through a vale, surrounded by hills that present the gayest and most animated assemblage of villas, farms, vines, hanging meadows, and chestnuts blended so fortunately as to compose a scene truly smiling. This bishop is a friend of the Count de la Rochefoucauld's family; he invited us to dine, and gave us a very handsome entertainment. Lord Macartney, when a prisoner in France, after the Grenades were taken, spent some time with him; there was an instance of French politeness shown to his lordship that marks the urbanity of this people. The order came from court to sing *Te Deum* on the very day that Lord Macartney

was to arrive. Conceiving that the public demonstrations of joy for a victory that brought his noble guest a prisoner might be personally unpleasant to him, the bishop proposed to the intendant to postpone the ceremony for a few days, in order that he might not meet it so abruptly; this was instantly acceded to; and conducted in such a manner afterwards as to mark as much attention to Lord Macartney's feelings as to their own. The bishop told me, that Lord Macartney spoke French better than he could have conceived possible for a foreigner, had he not heard him; better than many well-educated Frenchmen.

The post of intendant here was rendered celebrated by being filled by that friend of mankind, Turgot, whose well-earned reputation in this province placed him at the head of the French finances, as may be very agreeably learned in that production, of equal truth and elegance, his life by the Marquis of Condorcet. The character which Turgot left here is considerable. The noble roads we have passed, so much exceeding any other I have seen in France, were amongst his *good* works; an epithet due to them because not made by *corvees*. There is here a society of agriculture which owes its origin to the same distinguished patriot: but in that most unlucky path of French exertion he was able to do nothing: evils too radically fixed were in the way of the attempt. This society does like other societies,—they meet, converse, offer premiums, and publish nonsense. This is not of much consequence, for the people, instead of reading their memoirs, are not able to read at all. They can however *see*; and if a farm was established in that good cultivation which they ought to copy, something would be presented from which they *might* learn. I asked particularly if the members of this society had land in their own hands, from which it might be judged if they knew anything of the matter themselves: I was assured that they had; but the conversation presently explained it: they had *metayers* around their country-seats, and this was considered as farming their own lands, so that they assume something of a merit from the identical circumstance which is the curse and ruin of the whole country. In the agricultural conversations we have had on the journey from Orleans, I have not found one person who seemed sensible of the mischief of this system.

7th. No chestnuts for a league before we reach Piere Buffiere, they say because the basis of the country is a hard granite; and they assert also at Limoge, that in this granite there grow neither vines, wheat, nor chestnuts, but that on the softer granites these plants thrive well: it is true that chestnuts and this granite appeared together when we entered

Limosin. The road has been incomparably fine, and more like the well-kept alleys of a garden than a common highway. See for the first time old towers, that appear numerous in this country.—33 miles.

8th. Pass an extraordinary spectacle for English eyes, of many houses too good to be called cottages, without any glass windows. Some miles to the right is Pompadour, where the king has a stud; there are all kinds of horses, but chiefly Arabian, Turkish, and English. Three years ago four Arabians were imported, which had been procured at the expense of 72,000 livres (£3149); the price of covering a mare is only three livres to the groom; the owners are permitted to sell their colts as they please, but if these came up to the standard height, the king's officers have the preference, provided they give the price offered by others. These horses are not saddled till six years old. They pasture all day, but at night are confined on account of wolves, which are so common as to be a great plague to the people. A horse of six years old, a little more than four feet six inches high, is sold for £70; and £15 has been offered for a colt of one year old. Pass Uzarch; dine at Douzenac; between which place and Brive meet the first maize, or Indian corn.

The beauty of the country, through the 34 miles from St. George to Brive, is so various, and in every respect so striking and interesting, that I shall attempt no particular description, but observe in general, that I am much in doubt whether there be anything comparable to it either in England or Ireland. It is not that a fine view breaks now and then upon the eye to compensate the traveller for the dullness of a much longer district; but a quick succession of landscapes, many of which would be rendered famous in England by the resort of travellers to view them. The country is all hill or valley; the hills are very high, and would be called with us mountains, if waste and covered with heath; but being cultivated to the very tops, their magnitude is lessened to the eye. Their forms are various: they swell in beautiful semi-globes; they project in abrupt masses, which enclose deep glens: they expand into amphitheatres of cultivation that rise in gradation to the eye: in some places tossed into a thousand inequalities of surface; in others the eye reposes on scenes of the softest verdure. Add to this, the rich robe with which nature's bounteous hand has dressed the slopes with hanging woods of chestnut. And whether the vales open their verdant bosoms, and admit the sun to illumine the rivers in their comparative repose; or whether they be closed in deep glens, that afford a passage with difficulty to the water rolling over their rocky beds, and dazzling the eye with the lustre of cascades; in

every case the features are interesting and characteristic of the scenery. Some views of singular beauty riveted us to the spots; that of the town of Uzarch, covering a conical hill, rising in the hollow of an amphitheatre of wood, and surrounded at its feet by a noble river, is unique. Derry in Ireland has something of its form, but wants some of its richest features. The water-scenes from the town itself, and immediately after passing it, are delicious. The immense view from the descent of Douzenac is equally magnificent. To all this is added the finest road in the world, everywhere formed in the perfect manner, and kept in the highest preservation, like the well-ordered alley of a garden, without dust, sand, stones, or inequality, firm and level, of pounded granite, and traced with such a perpetual command of prospect, that had the engineer no other object in view, he could not have executed it with a more finished taste.

The view of Brive from the hill is so fine that it gives the expectation of a beautiful little town, and the gaiety of the environs encourages the idea; but on entering, such a contrast is found as disgusts completely. Close, ill-built, crooked, dirty, stinking streets, exclude the sun, and almost the air from every habitation, except a few tolerable ones on the promenade.—34 miles.

9th. Enter a different country, with the new province of Quercy, which is a part of Guienne; not near so beautiful as Limosin, but, to make amends, it is far better cultivated. Thanks to maize, which does wonders! Pass Noailles, on the summit of a high hill, the chateau of the Marshal Duke of that name.—Enter a calcareous country, and lose chestnuts at the same time.

In going down to Souillac, there is a prospect that must universally please: it is a bird's-eye view of a delicious little valley sunk deep amongst some very bold hills that enclose it; a margin of wild mountain contrasts the extreme beauty of the level surface below, a scene of cultivation scattered with fine walnut trees; nothing can apparently exceed the exuberant fertility of this spot.

Souillac is a little town in a thriving state, having some rich merchants. They receive staves from the mountains of Auvergne by their river Dordonne, which is navigable eight months in the year; these they export to Bourdeaux and Liboum; also wine, corn, and cattle, and import salt in great quantities. It is not in the power of an English imagination to figure the animals that waited upon us here, at the Chapeau Rouge. Some things that called themselves by the courtesy of Souillac women, but in reality walking dung-hills.—But a neatly dressed clean

waiting girl at an inn will be looked for in vain in France.—34 miles.

10th. Cross the Dordogne by a ferry; the boat well contrived for driving in at one end, and out at the other, without the abominable operation, common in England, of beating horses till they leap into them; the price is as great a contrast as the excellence; we paid. for an English whisky, a French cabriolet, one saddle-horse, and six persons, no more than 50 sous (2*S.* id.). I have paid half-a-crown a wheel in England for execrable ferries, passed over at the hazard of the horses' limbs.—This river runs in a very deep valley between two ridges of high hills: extensive views, all scattered with villages and single houses; an appearance of great population. Chestnuts on a calcareous soil, contrary to the Limosin maxim.

Pass Payrac, and meet many beggars, which we had not done before. All the country, girls and women, are without shoes or stockings; and the ploughmen at their work have neither sabots nor feet to their stockings. This is a poverty that strikes at the root of national prosperity; a large consumption among the poor being of more consequence than among the rich: the wealth of a nation lies in its circulation and consumption; and the case of poor people abstaining from the use of manufactures of leather and wool ought to be considered as an evil of the first magnitude. It reminded me of the misery of Ireland. Pass Pont-de-Rodez, and come to high land, whence we enjoyed an immense and singular prospect of ridges, hills, vales, and gentle slopes, rising one beyond another in every direction, with few masses of wood, but many scattered trees. At least forty miles are tolerably distinct to the eye, and without a level acre; the sun, on the point of being set, illumined part of it, and displayed a vast number of villages and scattered farms. The mountains of Auvergne, at the distance of 100 miles, added to the view. Pass by several cottages, exceedingly well built of stone and slate or tiles, yet without any glass to the windows; can a country be likely to thrive where the great object is to spare manufactures? Women picking weeds into their aprons for their cows, another sign of poverty I observed, during the whole way from Calais.—30 miles.

11th. See for the first time the Pyrenees, at the distance of 150 miles.—To me, who had never seen an object farther than sixty or seventy, I mean the Wicklow mountains, as I was going out of Holyhead, this was interesting. Wherever the eye wandered in search of new objects it was sure to rest there. Their magnitude, their snowy height, the line of separation between two great kingdoms, and the end of our trav-

els altogether account for this effect. Towards Cahors the country changes and has something of a savage aspect; yet houses are seen everywhere, and one-third of it under vines.

That town is bad; the streets neither wide nor straight, but the new road is an improvement. The chief object of its trade and resource are vines and brandies. The true Vin de Cahors, which has a great reputation, is the produce of a range of vineyards, very rocky, on a ridge of hills full to the south, and is called Vin de Grave, because growing on a gravelly soil. In plentiful years the price of good wine here does not exceed that of the cask; last year it was sold at 10s. 6d. a barique, or 8d. a dozen. We drank it at the Trois Rois from three to ten years old, the latter at 30 sous (1s. 3d.) the bottle; both excellent, full-bodied, great spirit, without being fiery, and to my palate much better than our ports. I liked it so well that I established a correspondence with Monsieur Andoury, the innkeeper.¹ The heat of this country is equal to the production of strong wine. This was the most burning day we had experienced.

On leaving Cahors, the mountain of rock rises so immediately that it seems as if it would tumble into the town. The leaves of walnuts are now black with frosts that happened within a fortnight. On inquiry, I found they are subject to these frosts all through the spring months; and though rye is sometimes killed by them, the mildew in wheat is hardly known;—a fact sufficiently destructive of the theory of frosts being the cause of that distemper. It is very rare that any snow falls here. Sleep at Ventillac.—22 miles.

12th. The shape and colour of the peasants' houses here add a beauty to the country; they are square, white, and with rather flat roofs, but few windows. The peasants are for the most part land proprietors. Immense view of the Pyrenees before us, of an extent and height truly sublime: near Perges, the view of a rich vale that seems to reach uninterruptedly to those mountains is a glorious scenery; one vast sheet of cultivation; everywhere chequered with these well-built white houses;—the eye losing itself in the vapour, which ends only with that stupendous ridge, whose snow-capped heads are broken into the boldest outline. The road to Caussade leads through a very fine avenue of six rows of trees, two of them mulberries, which are the first we have seen. Thus we have travelled almost to the Pyrenees before we met with an article of culture which some want to introduce into England. The vale here is all on a dead level; the road finely made and mended with gravel. Montauban is old, but not ill built. There are many good houses without forming hand-

some streets. It is said to be very populous, and the eye confirms the intelligence. The cathedral is modern, and pretty well built, but too heavy. The public college, the seminary, the bishop's palace, and the house of the first president of the court of aids are good buildings: the last large with a most showy entrance. The promenade is finely situated; built on the highest part of the rampart, and commanding that noble vale, or rather plain, one of the richest in Europe, which extends on one side to the sea, and in front to the Pyrenees; whose towering masses, heaped one upon another in a stupendous manner, and covered with snow, offer a variety of lights and shades from indented forms and the immensity of their projections. This prospect, which contains a semicircle of a hundred miles diameter, has an oceanic vastness, in which the eye loses itself; an almost boundless scene of cultivation; an animated, but confused mass of infinitely varied parts—melting gradually into the distant obscure from which emerges the amazing frame of the Pyrenees, rearing their silvered heads far above the clouds. At Montauban I met Captain Plampin, of the royal navy; he was with Major Crew, who has a house and family here, to which he politely carried us; it is sweetly situated on the skirts of the town, commanding a fine view; they were so obliging as to resolve my inquiries upon some points, of which a residence made them complete judges. Living is reckoned cheap here; a family was named to us whose income was supposed to be about 1500 louis a year, and who lived as handsomely as in England on £5000. The comparative dearness and cheapness of different countries is a subject of considerable importance, but difficult to analyse. As I conceive the English to have made far greater advances in the useful arts and in manufactures than the French have done, England ought to be the cheaper country. What we meet with in France is a cheap *mode of living*, which is quite another consideration.—30 miles.

13th. Pass Grisolles, where are well-built cottages without glass, and some with no other light than the door. Dine at Pompinion, at the Grand Soleil, an uncommonly good inn, where Captain Plampin, who accompanied us thus far, took his leave. Here we had a violent storm of thunder and lightning, with rain much heavier I thought than I had known in England; but, when we set out for Toulouse, I was immediately convinced that such a violent shower had never fallen in that kingdom; for the destruction it had poured on the noble scene of cultivation, which but a moment before was smiling with exuberance, was terrible to behold. All now one scene of distress: the finest crops of wheat beaten so

flat to the ground that I question whether they can ever rise again; other fields so inundated that we were actually in doubt whether we were looking on what was lately land or always water. The ditches had been filled rapidly with mud, had overflowed the road, and swept dirt and gravel over the crops.

Cross one of the finest plains of wheat that is anywhere to be seen; the storm, therefore, was fortunately partial. Pass St. Jorry; a noble road, but not better than in Limosin. It is a desert to the very gates; meet not more persons than if it were 100 miles from any town.—31 miles.

14th. View the city, which is very ancient and very large, but not peopled in proportion to its size: the buildings are a mixture of brick and wood, and have consequently a melancholy appearance. This place has always prided itself on its taste for literature and the fine arts. It has had a university since 1215; and it pretends that its famous academy of Jeux Floraux is as old as 1323. It has also a royal academy of sciences, another of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The church of the Cordeliers has vaults, into which we descended, that have the property of preserving dead bodies from corruption; we saw many that they assert to be 500 years old. If I had a vault well lighted that would preserve the countenance and physiognomy as well as the flesh and bones, I should like to have it peopled with all my ancestors; and this desire would, I suppose, be proportioned to their merit and celebrity; but to one like this, that preserves cadaverous deformity, and gives perpetuity to death, the voracity of a common grave is preferable. But Toulouse is not without objects more interesting than churches and academies; these are the new quay, the corn mills, and the canal de Brien. The quay is of a great length, and in all respects a noble work: the houses intended to be built will be regular like those already erected, in a style awkward and inelegant. The canal de Brien, so called from the archbishop of Toulouse, afterwards prime minister and cardinal, was planned and executed in order to join the Garonne at Toulouse with the canal of Languedoc, which is united at two miles from the town with the same river. The necessity of such a junction arises from the navigation of the river in the town being absolutely impeded by the weir which is made across it in favour of the corn mills. It passes arched under the quay to the river, and one sluice levels the water with that of the Languedoc canal. It is broad enough for several barges to pass abreast. These undertakings have been well planned, and their execution is truly magnificent: there is however more magnificence than trade; for while the Languedoc canal is alive

with commerce, that of Brien is a desert.

Among other things we viewed at Toulouse was the house of Monsieur du Barré, brother of the husband of the celebrated countess. By some transactions, favourable to anecdote, which enabled him to draw her from obscurity, and afterwards to marry her to his brother, he contrived to make a pretty considerable fortune. On the first floor is one principal and complete apartment, containing seven or eight rooms, fitted up and furnished with such profusion of expense, that if a fond lover, at the head of a kingdom's finances, were decorating for his mistress, he could hardly give in large anything that is not here to be seen on a moderate scale. To those who are fond of gilding here is enough to satiate; so much that to an English eye it has too gaudy an appearance. But the glasses are large and numerous. The drawing-room very elegant (gilding always excepted).—Here I remarked a contrivance which has a pleasing effect; that of a looking-glass before the chimneys, instead of those various screens used in England; it slides backwards and forwards into the wall of the room. There is a portrait of Madame du Barré, which is said to be very like; if it really is, one would pardon a king some follies committed at the shrine of so much beauty.—As to the garden, it is beneath all contempt, except as an object to make a man stare at the efforts to which folly can arrive: in the space of an acre, there are hills of genuine earth, mountains of pasteboard, rocks of canvas: abbés, cows, sheep, and shepherdesses in lead; monkeys and peasants, asses and altars, in stone. Fine ladies and blacksmiths, parrots and lovers, in wood. Windmills and cottages, shops and villages, nothing excluded except nature.

15th. Meet Highlanders, who put me in mind of those of Scotland; saw them first at Montauban; they have round flat caps and loose breeches: "Pipers, blue bonnets, and oat-meal are found," says Sir James Stuart, "in Catalonia, Auvergne, and Swabia, as well as in Lochaber." Many of the women here are without stockings. Meet them coming from the market, with their shoes in their baskets. The Pyrenees, 60 miles distant, appear now so distinct that one would guess it not more than fifteen; the lights and shades of the snow are seen clearly.—30 m.

16th. A ridge of hills on the other side of the Garonne, which began at Toulouse, became more and more regular yesterday; and is undoubtedly the most distant ramification of the Pyrenees, reaching into this vast vale quite to Toulouse, but no farther. Approach the mountains; the lower ones are all cultivated, but the higher seem covered with wood:

the road now is bad all the way. Meet many waggons, each loaded with two casks of wine, quite backward in the carriage, and as the hind wheels are much higher than the fore ones, it shows that these mountaineers have more sense than John Bull. The wheels of these waggons are all shod with wood instead of iron. Here, for the first time, see rows of maples, with vines, trained in festoons, from tree to tree; they are conducted by a rope of bramble, vine cutting, or willow. They give many grapes, but bad wine. Pass St. Martino, and then a large village of well-built houses, without a single glass window.—30 miles.

17th. St. Gaudens is an improving town, with many new houses, something more than comfortable. An uncommon view of St. Bertrand; you break at once upon a vale sunk deep enough beneath the point of view to command every hedge and tree, with that town clustered round its large cathedral, on a rising ground; if it had been built purposely to add a feature to a singular prospect, it could not have been better placed. The mountains rise proudly around, and give their rough frame to this exquisite little picture.

Cross the Garonne, by a new bridge of one fine arch, built of hard blue limestone. Medlars, plums, cherries, maples in every hedge, with vines trained.—Stop at Laresses; after which the mountains almost close, and leave only a narrow vale, the Garonne and the road occupying some portion of it. Immense quantities of poultry in all this country; most of it the people salt and keep in grease. We tasted a soup made of the leg of a goose thus kept, and it was not nearly so bad as I expected.

Every crop here is backward, and betrays a want of sun; no wonder, for we have been long travelling on the banks of a rapid river, and must now be very high, though still apparently in vales. The mountains, in passing on, grow more interesting. Their beauty, to northern eyes, is very singular; the black and dreary prospects which our mountains offer are known to every one; but here the climate clothes them with verdure, and the highest summits in sight are covered with wood; there is snow on still higher ridges.

Quit the Garonne some leagues before Sirpe, where the river Neste falls into it. The road to Bagnere is along this river, in a very narrow valley, at one end of which is built the town of Luchon, the termination of our journey; which to me has been one of the most agreeable I ever undertook; the good humour and good sense of my companions are well calculated for travelling; one renders a journey pleasing, and the other instructive.—Having now crossed the kingdom, and been in many French

inns, I shall in general observe, that they are on an average better in two respects, and worse in all the rest, than those in England. We have lived better in point of eating and drinking beyond a question than we should have done in going from London to the Highlands of Scotland, at double the expense. But if in England the best of everything is ordered, without any attention to the expense, we should for double the money have lived better than we have done in France; the common cookery of the French gives great advantage. It is true, they roast everything to a chip, if they are not cautioned: but they give such a number and variety of dishes, that if you do not like some, there are others to please your palate. The dessert at a French inn has no rival at an English one; nor are the liqueurs to be despised.—We sometimes have met with bad wine, but upon the whole, far better than such port as English inns give. Beds are better in France; in England they are good only at good inns; and we have none of that torment, which is so perplexing in England, to have the sheets aired; for we never trouble our heads about them, doubtless on account of the climate. After these two points, all is a blank. You have no parlour to eat in; only a room with two, three, or four beds. Apartments badly fitted up; the walls white-washed; or paper of different sorts in the same room; or tapestry so old as to be a fit nidus for moths and spiders; and the furniture such that an English innkeeper would light his fire with it. For a table, you have everywhere a board laid on cross bars, which are so conveniently contrived as to leave room for your legs only at the end.—Oak chairs with rush bottoms, and the back universally a direct perpendicular, that defies all idea of rest after fatigue. Doors give music as well as entrance; the wind whistles through their chinks; and hinges grate discord. Windows admit rain as well as light; when shut they are not easy to open; and when open not easy to shut. Mops, brooms, and scrubbing-brushes are not in the catalogue of the necessaries of a French inn. Bells there are none; the *filie* must always be bawled for; and when she appears, is neither neat, well dressed, nor handsome. The kitchen is black with smoke; the master commonly the cook, and the less you see of the cooking the more likely you are to have a stomach to your dinner; but this is not peculiar to France. Copper utensils always in great plenty, but not always well tinned. The mistress rarely classes civility or attention to her guests among the requisites of her trade.—30 miles.

28th. Having being now ten days fixed in our lodgings, which the Count de la Rochefoucauld's friends had provided for us, it is time to

minute a few particulars of our life here. Monsieur Lazowski and myself have two good rooms on a ground floor, with beds in them, and a servant's room, for 4 livres (3s. 6d.) a day. We are so unaccustomed in England to live in our bed-chambers, that it is at first awkward in France to find that people live nowhere else. At all the inns I have been in, it has been always in bed-rooms; and here I find that everybody, let his rank be what it may, lives in his bed-chamber. This is novel; our English custom is far more convenient, as well as more pleasing. But this habit I class with the economy of the French. The day after we came, I was introduced to the La Rochefoucauld party, with whom we have lived; it consists of the Duke and Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, daughter of the Duke de Chabot; her brother the Prince de Laon and his princess, the daughter of the Duke de Montmorenci; the Count de Chabot, another brother of the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld; the Marquis d'Aubourval, who, with my two fellow-travellers and myself, made a party of nine at dinner and supper. A *traiteur* serves our table at 4 livres a head for the two meals, two courses and a good dessert for dinner; for supper one, and a dessert; the whole very well served, with everything in season: the wine separate, at 6 sous (3d.) a bottle. With difficulty the count's groom found a stable. Hay is little short of £5 English per ton; oats much the same price as in England, but not so good: straw dear, and so scarce that often there is no litter at all.

The states of Languedoc are building a large and handsome bathing house, to contain various separate cells, with baths, and a large common room, with two arcades to walk in, free from sun and rain. The present baths are horrible holes; the patients lie up to their chins in hot sulphureous water, which, with the beastly dens they are placed in, one would think sufficient to cause as many distempers as they cure. They are resorted to for cutaneous eruptions. The life led here has very little variety. Those who bathe or drink the waters, do it at half after five or six in the morning; but my friend and myself are early in the mountains, which are here stupendous; we wander among them to admire the wild and beautiful scenes which are to be met with in almost every direction. The whole region of the Pyrenees is of a nature and aspect so totally different from everything that I had been accustomed to, that these excursions were productive of much amusement. Cultivation is here carried to a considerable perfection in several articles, especially in the irrigation of meadows; we seek out the most intelligent peasants, and have many and long conversations with those who understand French,

which however is not the case with all, for the language of the country is a mixture of Catalan, Provençal, and French.—This, with examining the minerals (an article for which the Duke de la Rochefoucauld likes to accompany us, as he possesses a considerable knowledge in that branch of natural history), and with noting the plants with which we are acquainted, serves well to keep our time employed sufficiently to our taste. The ramble of the morning finished, we return in time to dress for dinner, at half after twelve or one: then adjourn to the drawing-room of Madam de la Rochefoucauld, or the Countess of Grandval alternately, the only ladies who have apartments large enough to contain the whole company. None are excluded; as the first thing done, by every person who arrives, is to pay a morning visit to each party already in the place; the visit is returned, and then everybody is of course acquainted at these assemblies, which last till the evening is cool enough for walking. There is nothing in them but cards, trick-track, chess, and sometimes music; but the great feature is cards: I need not add, that I absented myself often from these parties, which are ever mortally insipid to me in England, and not less so in France. In the evening, the company splits into different parties, for their promenade, which lasts till half an hour after eight; supper is served at nine: there is, after it, an hour's conversation in the chamber of one of our ladies; and this is the best part of the day,—for the chat is free, lively, and unaffected; and uninterrupted, unless on a post-day, when the duke has such packets of papers and pamphlets that they turn us all into politicians. All the world are in bed by eleven. In this arrangement of the day, no circumstance is so objectionable as that of dining at noon, the consequence of eating no breakfast; for as the ceremony of dressing: is kept up, you must be at home from any morning's excursion by twelve o'clock. This single circumstance, if adhered to, would be sufficient to destroy any pursuits, except the most frivolous. Dividing the day exactly in halves destroys it for any expedition, inquiry, or business that demands seven or eight hours' attention, uninterrupted by any calls to the table or the toilette: calls which, after fatigue or exertion, are obeyed with refreshment and with pleasure. We dress for dinner in England with propriety, as the rest of the day is dedicated to ease, to converse, and relaxation; but by doing it at noon, too much time is lost. What is a man good for after his silk breeches and stockings are on, his hat under his arm, and his head *bien poudré!*—Can he botanise in a watered meadow?—Can he clamber the rocks to mineralise?—Can he farm with the peasant and the ploughman?—He is in order for the

conversation of the ladies, which to be sure is in every country, but particularly in France, where the women are highly cultivated, an excellent employment; but it is an employment that never relishes better than after a day spent in active toil or animated pursuit; in something that has enlarged the sphere of our conceptions, or added to the stores of our knowledge.—I am induced to make this observation, because the noon dinners are customary all over France, except by persons of considerable fashion at Paris. They cannot be treated with too much ridicule or severity, for they are absolutely hostile to every view of science, to every spirited exertion, and to every useful pursuit in life.

Living in this way however, with several persons of the first fashion in the kingdom, is an object to a foreigner solicitous to remark the manners and character of the nation. I have every reason to be pleased with the experiment, as it affords me a constant opportunity to enjoy the advantages of an unaffected and polished society, in which an invariable sweetness of disposition, mildness of character, and what in English we emphatically call *good temper*; eminently prevails:—seeming to arise, at least I conjecture it, from a thousand little nameless and peculiar circumstances; not resulting entirely from the personal character of the individuals, but apparently holding of the national one.—Beside the persons I have named, there are among others at our assemblies, the Marquis and Marchioness de Hautfort; the Duke and Duchess de Ville (this duchess is among the good order of beings); the Chevalier de Peyrac; Monsieur l'Abbé Bastard; Baron de Serres; Viscountess Duhamel; the Bishops of Croire and Montauban; Monsieur de la Marche; the Baron de Montagu, a chess player; the Chevalier de Cheyron; and Monsieur de Bellecomb, who commanded in Pondicherry, and was taken by the English. There are also about half a dozen young officers, and three or four abbés.

If I may hazard a remark on the conversation of French assemblies, from what I have known here, I should praise them for equanimity but condemn them for insipidity. All vigour of thought seems so excluded from expression that characters of ability and of inanity meet nearly on a par: tame and elegant, uninteresting and polite, the mingled mass of communicated ideas has powers neither to offend nor instruct; where there is much polish of character there is little argument; and if you neither argue nor discuss, what is conversation?—Good temper, and habitual ease, are the first ingredients in private society; but wit, knowledge, or originality must break their even surface into some inequality

of feeling, or conversation is like a journey on an endless flat.

Of the rural beauties we have to contemplate, the valley of Larbousse, in a nook of which the town of Luchon is situated, is the principal, with its surrounding accompaniment of mountain. The range that bounds it to the north is bare of wood but covered with cultivation; and a large village, about three parts of its height, is perched on a steep that almost makes the unaccustomed eye tremble with apprehension that the village, church, and people will come tumbling into the valley. Villages thus perched, like eagles' nests on rocks, are a general circumstance in the Pyrenees, which appear to be wonderfully peopled. The mountain that forms the western wall of the valley is of a prodigious magnitude. Watered meadow and cultivation rise more than one-third the height. A forest of oak and beech forms a noble belt above it; higher still is a region of ling; and above all snow. From whatever point viewed, this mountain is commanding from its magnitude and beautiful from its luxuriant foliage. The range which closes in the valley to the east is of a character different from the others; it has more variety, more cultivation, villages, forests, glens, and cascades. That of Gouzat, which turns a mill as soon as it falls from the mountain, is romantic, with every accompaniment necessary to give a high degree of picturesque beauty. There are features in that of Montauban which Claude Loraine would not have failed transfusing on his canvas; and the view of the vale from the chestnut rock is gay and animated. The termination of our valley to the south is striking; the river Neste pours in incessant cascades over rocks that seem an eternal resistance. The eminence in the centre of a small vale, on which is an old tower, is a wild and romantic spot; the roar of the waters beneath unites in effect with the mountains, whose towering forests, finishing in snow, give an awful grandeur, a gloomy greatness to the scene; and seem to raise a barrier of separation between the kingdoms too formidable even for armies to pass. But what are rocks, and mountains, and snow, when opposed to human ambition?—In the recesses of the pendant woods, the bears find their habitation on the rocks, and above the eagles have their nests. All around is great; the sublime of nature, with imposing majesty, impresses awe upon the mind; attention is riveted to the spot; and imagination, with all its excursive powers, seeks not to wander beyond the scene.

Deepens the murmurs of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods.

To view these scenes tolerably is a business of some days; and such is the climate here, or at least has been since I was at Bagnere de Luchon, that not more than one day in three is to be depended on for fine weather. The heights of the mountains is such that the clouds, perpetually broken, pour down quantities of rain. From June 26th to July and, we had one heavy shower, which lasted without intermission for sixty hours. The mountains, though so near, were hidden to their bases in the clouds. They do not only arrest the fleeting ones, which are passing in the atmosphere, but seem to have a generative power; for you see small ones at first, like thin vapour rising out of glens, forming on the sides of the hills, and increasing by degrees, till they become clouds heavy enough to rest on the tops, or else rise into the atmosphere and pass away with others.

Among the original tenants of this immense range of mountains, the first in point of dignity, from the importance of the mischief they do, are the bears. There are both sorts, carnivorous and vegetable-eaters; the latter are more mischievous than their more terrible brethren, coming down in the night and eating the corn, particularly buck-wheat and maize; and they are so nice in choosing the sweetest ears of the latter that they trample and spoil infinitely more than they eat. The carnivorous bears wage war against the cattle and sheep, so that no stock can be left in the fields at night. Flocks must be watched by shepherds, who have fire-arms, and the assistance of many stout and fierce dogs; and cattle are shut up in stables every night in the year. Sometimes, by accident, they wander from their keepers, and if left abroad, they run a considerable risk of being devoured.—The bears attack these animals by leaping on their back, force the head to the ground, thrust their paws into the body in the violence of a dreadful hug. There are many hunting days every year for destroying them; several parishes joining for that purpose. Great numbers of men and boys form a cordon, and drive the wood where the bears are known or suspected to be. They are the fattest in winter, when a good one is worth three louis. A bear never ventures to attack a wolf; but several wolves together, when hungry, will attack a bear, and kill and eat him. Wolves are here only in winter. In summer, they are in the very remotest parts of the Pyrenees—the most distant from human habitations: they are here, as everywhere else in France, dreadful to sheep.

A part of our original plan of travelling to the Pyrenees was an excursion into Spain. Our landlord at Luchon had before procured mules

and guides for persons travelling on business to Saragossa and Barcelona, and at our request wrote to Vielle, the first Spanish town across the mountains, for three mules and a conductor who speaks French; and being arrived according to appointment, we set out on our expedition. *For the register of this Tour into Spain, I must refer the reader to the Annals of Agriculture, vol. viii. p. 193.*

JULY 21. Return.—Leave Jonquieres, where the countenances and manners of the people would make one believe all the inhabitants were smugglers. Come to a most noble road which the King of Spain is making; it begins at the pillars that mark the boundaries of the two monarchies, joining with the French road: it is admirably executed. Here take leave of Spain and re-enter France: the contrast is striking. When one crosses the sea from Dover to Calais, the preparation and circumstance of a naval passage lead the mind by some gradation to a change: but here, without going through a town, a barrier, or even a wall, you enter a new world. From the natural and miserable roads of Catalonia, you tread at once on a noble causeway, made with all the solidity and magnificence that distinguishes the highways of France. Instead of beds of torrents you have well built bridges; and from a country wild, desert, and poor, we found ourselves in the midst of cultivation and improvement. Every other circumstance spoke the same language, and told us by signs not to be mistaken, and some great and operating cause worked an effect too clear to be misunderstood. The more one sees, the more I believe we shall be led to think, that there is but one all-powerful cause that instigates mankind, and that is GOVERNMENT!—Others form exceptions, and give shades of difference and distinction, but this acts with permanent and universal force. The present instance is remarkable; for Roussillon is in fact a part of Spain; the inhabitants are Spaniards in language and in customs; but they are under a French government.

Great range of the Pyrenees at a distance. Meet shepherds that speak the Catalan. The cabriolets we meet are Spanish. The farmers thresh their corn like the Spaniards. The inns and the houses are the same. Reach Perpignan; there I parted with Monsieur Lazowski. He returned to Bagnere de Luchon, but I had planned a tour in Languedoc to fill up the time to spare.—15 miles.

22nd. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld had given me a letter to Monsieur Barri de Lasseuses, major of a regiment at Perpignan, and who, he said, understood agriculture, and would be glad to converse with me on the subject. I sallied out in the morning to find him, but being Sunday,

he was at his country-seat at Pia, about a league from the town. I had a roasting walk thither, over a dry stony country under vines. Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle de Lasseuses received me with great politeness. I explained the motives of my coming to France, which were not to run idly through the kingdom with the common herd of travellers, but to make myself a master of their agriculture; that if I found anything good and applicable to England I might copy it. He commended the design greatly; said it was travelling with a truly laudable motive; but expressed much astonishment, as it was so uncommon; and was very sure there was not a single Frenchman in all England on such an errand. He desired I would spend the day with him. I found the vineyard the chief part of his husbandry, but he had some arable land, managed in the singular manner of that province. He pointed to a village which he said was Rivesalta, which produced some of the most famous wine in France; at dinner I found that it merited its reputation. In the evening returned to Perpignan, after a day fertile in useful information.—8 miles.

23rd. Take the road to Narbonne. Pass Rivesalta. Under the mountain there is the largest spring I ever saw. Otters Pool and Hollywell are bubbles to it. It rises at the foot of the rock, and is able to turn immediately many mills; being at once rather a river than a spring. Pass an uninterrupted flat waste, without a single tree, house, or village for a considerable distance: by much the ugliest country I have seen in France. Great quantities of corn everywhere treading out with mules, as in Spain. Dine at Sejean, at the Soleil, a good new inn, where I accidentally met with the Marquis de Tressan. He told me that I must be a singular person to travel so far with no other object than agriculture: he never knew nor heard of the like; but approved much of the plan, and wished he could do the same.

The roads here are stupendous works. I passed a hill, cut through to ease a descent, that was all in the solid rock, and cost 90,000 livres (£3937), yet it extends but a few hundred yards. Three leagues and a half from Sejean to Narbonne cost 1,800,000 livres (£78,750). These ways are superb even to a folly. Enormous sums have been spent to level even gentle slopes. The causeways are raised and walled on each side, forming one solid mass of artificial road, carried across the valleys to the height of six, seven, or eight feet, and never less than fifty wide. There is a bridge of a single arch, and a causeway to it, truly magnificent; we have not an idea of what such a road is in England. The traffic of the way, however, demands no such exertions; one-third of the breadth

is beaten, one-third rough, and one-third covered with weeds. In 36 miles, I have met one cabriolet, half a dozen carts, and some old women with asses. For what all this waste of treasure?—In Languedoc, it is true, these works are not done by *corvees*; but there is an injustice in levying the amount not far short of them. The money is raised by *tailles*, and, in making the assessment, lands held by a noble tenure are so much eased, and others by a base one so burthened, that 120 arpents in this neighbourhood held by the former pay 90 livres and 400 possessed by a plebeian right, which ought proportionally to pay 300 livres, is, instead of that, assessed at 1400 livres. At Narbonne, the canal which joins that of Languedoc deserves attention; it is a very fine work, and will, they say, be finished next month.—36 miles.

24th. Women without stockings, and many without shoes; but if their feet are poorly clad they have a *superb* consolation in walking upon magnificent causeways: the new road is 50 feet wide, and 50 more digged away or destroyed to make it.

The vintage itself can hardly be such a scene of activity and animation as this universal one of treading out the corn, with which all the towns and villages in Languedoc are now alive. The corn is all roughly stacked around a dry firm spot, where great numbers of mules and horses are driven on a trot round a centre, a woman holding the reins, and another, or a girl or two, with whips drive; the men supply and clear the floor; other parties are dressing, by throwing the corn into the air for the wind to blow away the chaff. Every soul is employed, and with such an air of cheerfulness that the people seem as well pleased with their labour as the farmer himself with his great heaps of wheat. The scene is uncommonly animated and joyous. I stopped and alighted often to see their method; I was always very civilly treated, and my wishes for a good price for the farmer, and not too good a one for the poor, well received. This method, which entirely saves barns, depends absolutely on climate: from my leaving Bagnere de Luchon to this moment, all through Catalonia, Roussillon, and this part of Languedoc, there has been nothing like rain; but one unvarying clear bright sky and burning sun, yet not at all suffocating, or to me even unpleasant. I asked whether they were not sometimes caught in the rain? they said, very rarely indeed; but if rain did come, it is seldom more than a heavy shower, which a hot sun quickly succeeds and dries everything speedily.

The canal of Languedoc is the capital feature of all this country. The mountain through which it pierces is insulated, in the midst of an

extended valley, and only half a mile from the road. It is a noble and stupendous work, goes through the hill about the breadth of three toises, and was digged without shafts.

Leave the road, and crossing the canal, follow it to Beziers; nine sluice-gates let the water down the hill to join the river at the town.—A noble work! The port is broad enough for four large vessels to lie abreast; the greatest of them carries from 90 to 100 tons. Many of them were at the quay, some in motion, and every sign of an animated business. This is the best sight I have seen in France. Here Louis XIV. thou art truly great! —Here, with a generous and benignant hand, thou dispensest ease and wealth to thy people!—*Si sic omnia* thy name would indeed have been revered. To effect this noble work, of uniting the two seas, less money was expended than to besiege Turin, or to seize Strasbourg like a robber. Such an employment of the revenues of a great kingdom is the only laudable way of a monarch's acquiring immortality; all other means make their names survive with those only of the incendiaries, robbers, and violators of mankind. The canal passes through the river for about half a league, separated from it by walls which are covered in floods; and then turns off for Cette. Dine at Beziers. Knowing that Monsieur l'Abbé Rozier, the celebrated editor of the *Journal Physique*, and who is now publishing a dictionary of husbandry, which in France has much reputation, lived and farmed near Beziers, I inquired at the inn the way to his house. They told me that he had left Beziers two years, but that the house was to be seen from the street, and accordingly showed it me from something of a square open on one side to the country; adding, that it belonged now to a Monsieur de Rieuse, who had purchased the estate of the abbe. To view the farm of a man celebrated for his writings was an object, as it would, at least, enable me, in reading his book, to understand better the allusions he might make to the soil, situation, and other circumstances. I was sorry to hear, at the table d'hôte, much ridicule thrown on the Abbé Rozier's husbandry, that it had *beaucoup de fantaisie mats rien solide*; in particular, they treated his paving his vineyards as a ridiculous circumstance. Such an experiment seemed remarkable, and I was glad to hear it, that I might desire to see these paved vineyards. The abbe here, as a farmer, has; just that character which every man will be sure to have who departs from the methods of his neighbours; for it is not in the nature of countrymen that anybody should come among them; who can presume with impunity to think for themselves. I asked why he left the country, and they gave me a curious;

anecdote of the Bishop of Beziers cutting a road through the abbé's farm, at the expense of the province, to lead to the house of his (the bishop's) mistress, which occasioned such a quarrel that Monsieur Rozier could stay no longer in the country. This is a pretty feature of a government: that a man is to be forced to sell his estate, and driven out of a country, because bishops make love—I suppose to their neighbours' wives, as no other love is fashionable in France. Which of my neighbours' wives will tempt the Bishop of Norwich to make a road through my farm, and drive me to sell Bradfield?—I give my authority for this anecdote, the chat of a table d'hôte; it is as likely to be false as true; but Languedocian bishops are certainly not English ones.—Monsieur de Rieuse received me politely, and satisfied as many of my inquiries as he could; for he knew little more of the abbé's husbandry than common report, and what the farm itself told him. As to paved vineyards, there was no such thing: the report must have taken rise from a vineyard of Burgundy grapes, which the abbe planted in a new manner; he set them in a curved form, in a foss, covering them only with flints instead of earth; this succeeded well. I walked over the farm, which is beautifully situated, on the slope and top of a hill, which commands Beziers, its rich vale, its navigation, and a fine accompaniment of mountains.

Beziers has a fine promenade; and is becoming, they say, a favourite residence for the English, preferring the air to that of Montpellier. Take the road to Pezenas. It leads up a hill, which commands, for some time, a view of the Mediterranean. Through all this country, but particularly in the olive grounds, the cricket (*cicala*) makes a constant, sharp, monotonous noise; a more odious companion on the road can hardly be imagined. Pezenas opens on a very fine country, a vale of six or eight leagues extent, all cultivated; a beautiful mixture of vines, mulberries, olives, towns, and scattered houses, with a great deal of fine lucerne; the whole bounded by gentle hills, cultivated to their tops.—At supper, at the table d'hôte, we were waited on by a female without shoes or stockings, exquisitely ugly, and diffusing odours not of roses: there were, however, a croix de St. Louis, and two or three mercantile-looking people that prated with her very familiarly: at an ordinary of farmers, at the poorest and remotest market village in England, such an animal would not be allowed by the landlord to enter his house; or by the guests their room.—32 miles.

25th. The road, in crossing a valley to and from a bridge, is a magnificent walled causeway, more than a mile long, ten yards wide, and

from eight to twelve feet high; with stone posts on each side at every six yards—a prodigious work.—I know nothing more striking to a traveller than the roads of Languedoc: we have not in England a conception of such exertions; they are splendid and superb; and if I could free my mind of the recollection of the unjust taxation which pays them, I should travel with admiration at the magnificence displayed by the states of this province. The police of these roads is however execrable—for I scarcely meet a cart but the driver is asleep.

Taking the road to Montpellier, pass through a pleasing country; and by another immense walled causeway, twelve yards broad and three high, leading close to the sea. To Pijan, and near Frontignan and Montbasin, famous for their muscat wines.—Approach Montpellier; the environs, for near a league, are delicious, and more highly ornamented than anything I have seen in France.—Villas well built, dean, and comfortable, with every appearance of wealthy owners, are spread thickly through the country. They are, in general, pretty square buildings; some very large. Montpellier, with the air rather of a great capital than of a provincial town, covers a hill that swells proudly to the view.—But on entering it, you experience a disappointment from narrow, ill-built, crooked streets, but full of people, and apparently alive with business; yet there is no considerable manufacture in the place; the principal are verdigris, silk handkerchiefs, blankets, perfumes, and *liqueurs*. The great object for a stranger to view is the promenade or square, for it partakes of both, called the Perou.—There is a magnificent aqueduct on three tiers of arches for supplying the city with water from a hill at a considerable distance; a very noble work; a *chateau d'eau* receives the water in a circular basin, from which it falls into an external reservoir, to supply the city and the *jets d'eau* that cool the air of a garden below, the whole in a fine square considerably elevated above the surrounding ground, walled in with a balustrade and other mural decorations, and in the centre a good equestrian statue of Louis XIV. There is an air of real grandeur and magnificence in this useful work that struck me more than anything at Versailles. The view is also singularly beautiful. To the south, the eye wanders with delight over a rich vale, spread with villas, and terminated by the sea. To the north, a series of cultivated hills. On one side, the vast range of the Pyrenees trend away till lost in remoteness. On the other, the eternal snows of the Alps pierce the clouds. The whole view one of the most stupendous to be seen, when a clear sky approximates these distant objects.—32 miles.

26th. The fair of Beaucaire fills the whole country with business and motion; meet many carts loaded; and nine diligences going or coming. Yesterday and to-day the hottest I ever experienced; we had none like them in Spain—the flies much worse than the heat.—30 miles.

27th. The amphitheatre of Nismes is a prodigious work, which shows how well the Romans had adapted these edifices to the abominable uses to which they were erected. The convenience of a theatre that could hold 17,000 spectators without confusion; the magnitude; the massive and substantial manner in which it is built without mortar, that has withstood the attacks of the weather, and the worse depredations of the barbarians in the various revolutions of sixteen centuries, all strike the attention forcibly.

I viewed the Maison Quarré last night; again this morning, and twice more in the day; it is beyond all comparison the most light, elegant, and pleasing building I ever beheld. Without any magnitude to render it imposing; without any extraordinary magnificence to surprise, it rivets attention. There is a magic harmony in the proportions that charms the eye. One can fix on no particular part of pre-eminent beauty; it is one perfect whole of symmetry and grace. What an infatuation in modern architects that can overlook the chaste and elegant simplicity of taste manifest in such a work and yet rear such piles of laboured foppery and heaviness as are to be met with in France. The temple of Diana, as it is called, and the ancient baths, with their modern restoration, and the promenade, form parts of the same scene, and are magnificent decorations of the city. I was, in relation to the baths, in ill luck, for the water was all drawn off in order to clean them and the canals.—The Roman pavements are singularly beautiful, and in high preservation. My quarters at Nismes were at the Louvre, a large, commodious, and excellent inn, the house was almost as much a fair from morning to night as Beaucaire itself could be. I dined and supped at the table d'hôte; the cheapness of these tables suits my finances, and one sees something of the manners of the people; we sat down from twenty to forty at every meal, most motley companies of French, Italians, Spaniards, and Germans, with a Greek and Armenian; and I was informed that there is hardly a nation in Europe or Asia that have not merchants at this great fair, chiefly for raw silk, of which many millions in value are sold in four days: all the other commodities of the world are to be found there.

One circumstance I must remark on this numerous table d'hôte, because it has struck me repeatedly, which is the taciturnity of the French.

I came to the kingdom expecting to have my ears constantly fatigued with the infinite volubility and spirits of the people, of which so many persons have written, sitting, I suppose, by their English fire-sides. At Montpellier, though fifteen persons and some of them ladies were present, I found it impossible to make them break their inflexible silence with more than a monosyllable, and the whole company sat more like an assembly of tongue-tied quakers than the mixed company of a people famous for loquacity. Here also, at Nismes, with a different party at every meal, it is the same; not a Frenchman will open his lips. To-day at dinner, hopeless of that nation, and fearing to lose the use of an organ they had so little inclination to employ, I fixed myself by a Spaniard, and having been so lately in his country, I found him ready to converse, and tolerably communicative; but we had more conversation than thirty other persons maintained among themselves.

28th. Early in the morning to the Font du Gard, through a plain covered with vast plantations of olives to the left, but much waste rocky land. At the first view of that celebrated aqueduct; I was rather disappointed, having expected something of greater magnitude; but soon found the error: I was, on examining it more nearly, convinced that it possessed every quality that ought to make a strong impression. It is a stupendous work; the magnitude, and the massive solidity of the architecture, which may probably endure two or three thousand years more, united with the undoubted utility of the undertaking to give us a high idea of the spirit of exertion which executed it for the supply of a provincial town; the surprise, however, may cease, when we consider the nations enslaved that were the workmen.—Returning to Nismes, meet many merchants returning from the fair; each with a child's drum tied to their cloakbag: my own little girl was too much in my head not to love them for this mark of attention to their children;—but why a drum?—Have they not had enough of the military in a kingdom where they are excluded from all the honours, respect, and emolument that can flow from the sword?—I like Nismes much; and if the inhabitants are at all on a par with the appearance of their city, I should prefer it for a residence to most, if not all the towns I have seen in France. The theatre, however, is a capital point, in that Montpellier is said to exceed it.—24 miles.

29th. Pass six leagues of a disagreeable country to Sauve. Vines and olives. The chateau of Monsieur Sabbatier strikes in this wild country; he has enclosed much with dry walls, planted many mulberries and

olives, which are young, thriving, and well enclosed, yet the soil is so stony that no earth is visible; some of his walls are four feet thick, and one of them twelve thick and five high, whence it seems he thinks moving the stones a necessary improvement, which I much question. He has built three or four new farmhouses; I suppose he resides on this estate for improving it. I hope he does not *serve*; that no moonshine pursuit may divert him from a conduct honourable to himself and beneficial to his country.—Leaving Sauve, I was much struck with a large tract of land, seemingly nothing but huge rocks; yet most of it enclosed and planted with the most industrious attention. Every man has an olive, a mulberry, an almond, or a peach-tree, and vines scattered among them; so that the whole ground is covered with the oddest mixture of these plants and bulging rocks that can be conceived. The inhabitants of this village deserve encouragement for their industry, and if I was a French minister they should have it. They would soon turn all the deserts around them into gardens. Such a knot of active husbandmen, who turn their rocks into scenes of fertility, because I suppose THEIR OWN, would do the same by the wastes, if animated by the same omnipotent principle. Dine at St. Hyppolite, with eight protestant merchants returning home to Rouverge from the fair of Beaucaire; as we parted at the same time, we travelled together; and from their conversation, I learned some circumstances of which I wanted to be informed; they told me also that mulberries extend beyond Vigan, but then, and especially about Milhau, almonds take their place, and are in very great quantities.

My Rouverge friends pressed me to pass with them to Milhau and Rodez, assured me that the cheapness of their province was so great that it would tempt me to live some time amongst them. That I might have a house at Milhau, of four tolerable rooms on a floor furnished, for twelve louis a year; and live in the utmost plenty with all my family, if I would bring them over, for 100 louis a year: that there were many families of noblesse who subsisted on fifty, and even on twenty-five a year. Such anecdotes of cheapness are only curious when considered in a political light, as contributing on one hand to the welfare of individuals; and on the other, as contributing to the prosperity, wealth, and power of the kingdom; if I should meet with many such instances, and also with others directly contrary, it will be necessary to consider them more at large.—30 miles.

30th. Going out of Gange, I was surprised to find by far the greatest exertion in irrigation which I had yet seen in France; and then pass by

some steep mountains, highly cultivated in terraces. Much watering at St. Laurence. The scenery very interesting to a farmer. From Gange, to the mountain of rough ground which I crossed, the ride has been the most interesting which I have taken in France; the efforts of industry the most vigorous; the animation the most lively. An activity has been here that has swept away all difficulties before it, and has clothed the very rocks with verdure. It would be a disgrace to common sense to ask the cause: the enjoyment of property *must* have done it. Give a man the secure possession of a bleak rock, and he will turn it into a garden; give him a nine years' lease of a garden, and he will convert it into a desert. To Montadier, over a rough mountain covered with box and lavender; it is a beggarly village, with an auberge that made me almost shrink. Some cut-throat figures were eating black bread, whose visages had so much of the galleys that I thought I heard their chains rattle. I looked at their legs and could not but imagine they had no business to be free. There is a species of countenance here so horridly bad that it is impossible to be mistaken in one's reading, I was quite alone and absolutely without arms. Till this moment I had not dreamt of carrying pistols: I should now have been better satisfied if I had had them. The master of the auberge, who seemed first cousin to his guests, procured for me some wretched bread with difficulty, but it was not black.—No meat, no eggs, no legumes, and execrable wine; no corn for my mule, no hay, no straw, no grass; the loaf fortunately was large; I took a piece, and sliced the rest for my four-footed Spanish friend, who ate it thankfully, but the aubergiste growled.—Descend by a winding and excellent road to Maudieres, where a vast arch is thrown across the torrent. Pass St. Maurice, and cross a ruined forest amongst fragments of trees. Descend three hours by a most noble road hewn out of the mountain side to Lodeve, a dirty, ugly, ill-built town with crooked close streets, but populous, and very industrious.—Here I drank excellent light and pleasing white wine at 5 sous a bottle.—36 miles.

31st. Cross a mountain by a miserable road, and reach Beg de Rieux, which shares with Carcassonne, the fabric of Londrins, for the Levant trade.—Cross much waste to Beziers.— I met to-day with an instance of ignorance in a well dressed French merchant that surprised me. He had plagued me with abundance of tiresome foolish questions, and then asked for the third or fourth time what country I was of. I told him I was a Chinese. How far off is that country?—I replied 200 leagues. *Deux cents lieus! Diablen c'est un grand chemin!* The other day a Frenchman

asked me, after telling him I was an Englishman, if we had trees in England.—I replied that we had a few. Had we any rivers?—Oh, none at all. *Ah ma foi c'est bien triste!* This incredible ignorance, when compared with the knowledge so universally disseminated in England, is to be attributed, like everything else, to government.—40 miles.

AUGUST 1. Leave Beziers, in order to go to Capestan by the pierced mountain. Cross the canal of Languedoc several times; and over many wastes to Pleraville. The Pyrenees now full to left, and their roots but a few leagues off. At Carcassonne they carried me to a fountain of muddy water, and to a gate of the barracks; but I was better pleased to see several large good houses of manufacturers that show wealth.—40 miles.

2nd. Pass a considerable convent with a long line of front, and rise to Fanjour.—16 miles.

3rd. At Mirepoix they are building a most magnificent bridge of seven flat arches, each of 64 feet span, which will cost 1,800,000 livres (£78,750); it has been twelve years erecting, and will be finished in two more. The weather for several days has been as fine as possible, but very hot; to-day the heat was so disagreeable that I rested from twelve to three at Mirepoix; and found it so burning that it was an effort to go half a quarter of a mile to view the bridge. The myriads of flies were ready to devour me, and I could hardly support any light in the room. Rising fatigued me, and I inquired for a carriage of some sort to carry me while these great heats should continue; I had done the same at Carcassonne; but nothing like a cabriolet of any sort was to be had. When it is recollected that that place is one of the most considerable manufacturing towns in France containing 15,000 people, and that Mirepoix is far from being a mean place, and yet not a voiture of any kind to be had, how will an Englishman bless himself for the universal conveniences that are spread through his own country, in which I believe there is not a town of 1500 people in the kingdom where post-chaises and able horses are not to be had at a moment's warning? What a contrast! This confirms the fact deducible from the little traffic on the roads even around Paris itself. Circulation is stagnant in France.—The heat was so great that I left Mirepoix disordered with it: this was by far the hottest day that I ever felt. The hemisphere seemed almost in a flame with burning rays that rendered it impossible to turn one's eyes within many degrees of the radiant orb that now blazed in the heavens.—Cross another fine new bridge of three arches; and come to a woodland, the first I have seen for a great distance. Many vines about Pamiers, which is situated

in a beautiful vale, upon a fine river. The place itself is ugly, stinking, and ill built; with an inn! Adieu, Monsieur Gascit; if fate sends me to such another house as thine—be it an expiation for my sins!—28 miles.

4th. Leaving Amous there is the extraordinary spectacle of a river issuing out of a cavern in a mountain of rock; on crossing the hill you see where it enters by another cavern.—It pierces the mountain. Most countries, however, have instances of rivers passing underground. At St. Geronds go to the Croix Blanche, the most execrable receptacle of filth, vermin, impudence, and imposition that ever exercised the patience or wounded the feelings of a traveller. A withered hag, the demon of beastliness, presides there. I laid, not rested, in a chamber over a stable, whose effluvia through the broken floor were the least offensive of the perfumes afforded by this hideous place.— It could give me nothing but two stale eggs, for which I paid, exclusive of all other charges, 20 sous, Spain brought nothing to my eyes that equalled this sink, from which an English hog would turn with disgust. But the inns all the way from Nismes are wretched, except at Lodeve, Gange, Carcassonne, and Mirepoix. St. Geronds must have, from its appearance, four or five thousand people. Pamiers near twice that number. What can be the circulating connection between such masses of people and other towns and countries that can be held together and supported by such inns? There have been writers who look upon such observations as rising merely from the petulance of travellers, but it shows their extreme ignorance. Such circumstances are political data. We cannot demand all the books of France to be opened in order to explain the amount of circulation in that kingdom: a politician must therefore collect it from such circumstances as he can ascertain; and among these, traffic on the great roads, and the convenience of the houses prepared for the reception of travellers, tell us both the number and the condition of those travellers; by which term I chiefly allude to the natives who move on business or pleasure from place to place; for if they are not considerable enough to cause good inns, those who come from a distance will not, which is evident from the bad accommodations even in the high road from London to Rome. On the contrary, go in England to towns that contain 1500, 2000, or 3000 people, in situations absolutely cut off from all dependence, or almost the expectation of what are properly called travellers, yet you will meet with neat inns, well dressed and clean people keeping them, good furniture, and a refreshing civility; your senses may not be gratified, but they will not be offended; and if you demand a post-chaise and a pair of

horses, the cost of which is not less than £80 in spite of a heavy tax, it will be ready to carry you whither you please. Are no political conclusions to be drawn from this amazing contrast? It proves that such a population in England have connections with other places to the amount of supporting such houses. The friendly clubs of the inhabitants, the visits of friends and relations, the parties of pleasure, the resort of farmers, the intercourse with the capital and with other towns, form the support of good inns; and in a country where they are not to be found, it is a proof that there is not the same quantity of motion; or that it moves by means of less wealth, less consumption, and less enjoyment. In this journey through Languedoc, I have passed an incredible number of splendid bridges and many superb causeways. But this only proves the absurdity and oppression of government. Bridges that cost £70,000 or £80,000 and immense causeways to connect towns that have no better inns than such .as I have described appear to be gross absurdities. They cannot be made for the mere use of the inhabitants, because one-fourth of the expense would answer the purpose of real utility. They are therefore objects of public magnificence, and consequently for the eye of travellers. But what traveller, with his person surrounded by the beggarly filth of an inn, and with all his senses offended, will not condemn such inconsistencies as folly, and will not wish for more comfort and less appearance of splendour.—30 miles.

5th. To St. Martory is an almost uninterrupted range of well enclosed and well cultivated country.—For a hundred miles past, the women generally without shoes even in the towns; and in the country many men also.—The heat yesterday . and to-day as intense as it was before: there is no bearing any light in the rooms; all must be shut close, or none are tolerably cool: in going out of a light room into a dark one, though both to the north, there is a very sensible coolness; and out of a dark one into a roofed balcony is like going into an oven. I have been advised every day not to stir till four o'clock. From ten in the morning till five in the afternoon the heat makes all exercise most uncomfortable; and the flies are a curse of Egypt. Give me the cold and fogs of England, rather than such a heat, should it be lasting. The natives, however, assert that this intensity has now continued as long as it commonly does, namely, four or five days; and that the greatest part even of the hottest months is much cooler than the weather is at present.— In 250 miles' distance, I have met on the road two cabriolets only, and three miserable things like old English one-horse chaises; not one gentleman; though many mer-

chants, as they call themselves, each with two or three cloak-bags behind him:—a paucity of travellers that is amazing.—28 miles.

6th. To Bagnere de Luchon, rejoining my friends, and not displeased to have a little rest in the cool mountains after so burning a ride.—28 miles.

10th. Finding our party not yet ready to set out on their return to Paris, I determined to make use of the time there was yet to spare, ten or eleven days, in a tour to Bagnere de Bigorre, to Bayonne, and to meet them on the way to Bourdeaux at Auch. This being settled, I mounted my English mare and took my last leave of Luchon—28 miles.

11th. Pass a convent of Bernardine monks, who have a revenue of 30,000 livres. It is situated in a vale, watered by a charming crystal stream, and some hills covered with oak shelter it behind.—Arrive at Bagnere which contains little worthy of notice, but it is much frequented by company on account of its waters. To the valley of Campan, of which I had heard great things, and which yet much surpassed my expectation. It is quite different from all the other vales I have seen in the Pyrenees or in Catalonia. The features and the arrangement novel. In general the richly cultivated slopes of those mountains are thickly enclosed; this, on the contrary, is open. The vale itself is a flat range of cultivation and watered meadow, spread thickly with villages and scattered houses. The eastern boundary *is* a rough, steep, and rocky mountain, and affords pasturage to goats and sheep; a contrast to the western, which forms the singular feature of the scene. It is one noble sheet of corn and grass unenclosed, and intersected only by lines that mark the division of properties, or the channels that conduct water from the higher regions for irrigating the lower ones; the whole hanging is one matchless slope of the richest and most luxuriant vegetation. Here and there are scattered some small masses of wood, which chance has grouped with wonderful happiness for giving variety to the scene. The season of the year, by mixing the rich yellow of ripe corn, with the green of the watered meadows, added greatly to the colouring of the landscape, which is upon the whole the most exquisite *tor form* and *colour* that my eye has ever been regaled with.—Take the road to Lourde, where is a castle on a rock, garrisoned for the mere purpose of keeping state prisoners, sent hither by *lettres de cachet*. Seven or eight are *known* to be here at present; thirty have been here at a time; and many for life—torn by the relentless hand of jealous tyranny from the bosom of domestic comfort; from wives, children, friends, and hurried for crimes unknown to themselves—more

probably for virtues—to languish in this detested abode of misery—and die of despair. Oh, liberty! liberty!—and yet this is the mildest government of any considerable country in Europe, our own excepted. The dispensations of providence seem to have permitted the human race to exist only as the prey of tyrants, as it has made pigeons for the prey of hawks.—35 miles.

12th. Pau is a considerable town, that has a parliament and a linen manufacture; but it is more famous for being the birthplace of Henry IV. I viewed the castle, and was shown, as all travellers are, the room in which that amiable prince was born, and the cradle, the shell of a tortoise, in which he was nursed. What an effect on posterity have great and distinguished talents! This is a considerable town, but I question whether anything would ever carry a stranger to it but its possessing the cradle of a favourite character.

Take the road to Moneng, and come presently to a scene which was so new to me in France that I could hardly believe my own eyes. A succession of many well built, tight, and COMFORTABLE farming cottages, built of stone and covered with tiles; each having its little garden enclosed by dipt thorn hedges, with plenty of peach and other fruit trees, some fine oaks scattered in the hedges, and young trees nursed up with so much care that nothing but the fostering attention of the owner could effect anything like it. To every house belongs a farm, perfectly well enclosed, with grass borders mown and neatly kept around the corn-fields, with gates to pass from one enclosure to another. The men are all dressed with red caps, like the highlanders of Scotland. There are some parts of England (where small yeomen still remain) that resemble this country of Bearne; but we have very little that is equal to what I have seen in this ride of twelve miles from Pau to Moneng. It is all in the hands of little proprietors without the farms being so small as to occasion a vicious and miserable population. An air of neatness, warmth, and comfort breathes over the whole. It is visible in their new built houses and stables; in their little gardens; in their hedges; in the courts before their doors; even in the coops for their poultry, and the sties for their hogs. A peasant does not think of rendering his pig comfortable if his own happiness hangs by the thread of a nine years' lease. We are now in Bearne, within a few miles of the cradle of Henry IV. Do they inherit these blessings from that good prince? The benignant genius of that good monarch seems to reign still over the country; each peasant has *the fowl in the pot*.—34 miles.

13th. The agreeable scene of yesterday continues; many small properties; and every appearance of rural happiness. Navareen is a small walled and fortified town, consisting of three principal streets, which cross at right angles, with a small square. From the ramparts there is the view of a fine country. The linen fabric spreads through it. To St. Palais the country is mostly enclosed, and much of it with thorn-hedges, admirably trained and kept neatly clipped.—25 miles.

14th. Left St. Palais, and took a guide to conduct me four leagues to Anspan. Fair day, and the place crowded with farmers; I saw the soup prepared for what we should call the farmers' ordinary. There was a mountain of sliced bread, the colour of which was not inviting; ample provision of cabbage, grease, and water, and about as much meat for some scores of people as half a dozen English farmers would have eaten, and grumbled at their host for short commons.—26 miles.

15th. Bayonne is by much the prettiest town I have seen in France; the houses are not only well built of stone, but the streets are wide and there are many openings which, though not regular squares, have a good effect. The river is broad, and many of the houses being fronted to it, the view of them from the bridge is fine. The promenade is charming; it has many rows of trees, whose heads join and form a shade delicious in this hot climate. In the evening, it was thronged with well-dressed people of both sexes: and the women, through all the country, are the handsomest I have seen in France. In coming hither from Pau, I saw what is very rare in that kingdom, clean and pretty country girls; in most of the provinces, hard labour destroys both person and complexion. The bloom of health on the cheeks of a well-dressed country girl is not the worst feature in any landscape. I hired a chaloup for viewing the embankment at the mouth of the river. By the water spreading itself too much the harbour was injured; and government, to contract it, has built a wall on the north bank a mile long, and another on the south shore of half the length. It is from ten to twenty feet wide, and about twelve high, from the top of the base of rough stone, which extends twelve or fifteen feet more. Towards the mouth of the harbour it is twenty feet wide and the stones on both sides cramp together with irons. They are now driving piles of pine sixteen feet deep for the foundation. It is a work of great expense, magnificence, and utility.

16th. To Dax is not the best way to Auch, but I had a mind to see the famous waste called *Les Landes de Bordeaux*, of which I had long heard and read so much. I was informed that, by this route, I should pass

through more than twelve leagues of them. They reach almost to the gates of Bayonne; but broken by cultivated spots for a league or two. These *landes* are sandy tracts covered with pine trees, cut regularly for resin. Historians report that when the Moors were expelled from Spain, they applied to the court of France for leave to settle on and cultivate these *landes*; and that the court was much condemned for refusing them. It seems to have been taken for granted that they could not be peopled with French; and therefore ought rather to be given to Moors than to be left waste.—At Dax, there is a remarkably hot spring in the middle of the town. It is a very fine one, bubbling powerfully out of the ground in a large basin, walled in; it is boiling hot; it tastes like common water, and I was told that it was not impregnated with any mineral. The only use to which it is applied is for washing linen. It is at all seasons of the same heat and in the same quantity.—27 miles.

17th. Pass district of sand as white as snow, and so loose as to blow; yet has oaks two feet in diameter, by reason of a bottom of white adhesive earth like marl. Pass three rivers, the waters of which might be applied in irrigation, yet no use made of them. The Duke de Bouillon has vast possessions in these lands. A Grand Seigneur will at any time, and in any country, explain the reason of improvable land being left waste.—29 miles.

18th. As dearness is, in my opinion, the general feature of all money exchanges in France, it is but candid to note instances to the contrary. At Airé, they gave me, at the Croix d'Or, soup, eels, sweet bread, and green-peas, a pigeon, a chicken, and veal cutlets, with a dessert of biscuits, peaches, nectarines, plums, and a glass of *liqueur*; with a bottle of good wine, all for 40 sous (20*d.*), oats for my mare 20 sous and hay 10 sous. At the same price at St. Severe I had a supper last night not inferior to it. Everything at Airé seemed good and clean; and what is very uncommon, I had a parlour to eat my dinner in, and was attended by a neat well-dressed girl. The last two hours to Aire it rained so violently that my silk surtout was an insufficient defence; and the old landlady was in no haste to give me fire enough to be dried. As to supper, I had the idea of my dinner.—35 miles.

19th. Pass Beek, which seems a flourishing little place, if we may judge by the building of new houses. The Clef d'Or is a large, new, and good inn.

In the 270 miles from Bagnere de Luchon to Auch, a general Observation I may make is, that the whole, with very few exceptions, is en-

closed; and that the farmhouses are everywhere scattered, instead of being, as in so many parts of France, collected in towns. I have seen scarcely any gentlemen's country seats that seem at all modern; and, in general, they are thin to a surprising degree. I have not met with one country equipage, nor anything like a gentleman riding to see a neighbour. Scarcely a gentleman at all. At Auch, met by appointment my friends, on their return to Paris. The town is almost without manufactures or commerce, and is supported chiefly by the rents of the country. But they have many of the noblesse in the province, too poor to live here; some indeed so poor that they plough their own fields; and these may possibly be much more estimable members of society than the fools and knaves that laugh at them.—31 miles.

20th. Pass Fleuran, which contains many good houses, and go through a populous country to La Tour, a bishopric, the diocesan of which we left at Bagnere de Luchon. The situation is beautiful on the point of a ridge of hills.—20 miles,

22nd. By Leyrac, through a fine country, to the Garonne, which we cross by a ferry. This river is here a quarter of a mile broad, with every appearance of commerce. A large barge passed loaded with cages of poultry; of such consequence throughout the extent of this navigation is the consumption of the great city of Bourdeaux. The rich vale continues to Agen, and is very highly cultivated; but has not the beauty of the environs of Leitour. If new buildings are a criterion of the flourishing state of a place, Agen prospers. The bishop has raised a magnificent palace, the centre of which is in good taste; but the junction with the wings not equally happy.—23 miles.

23rd. Pass a rich and highly cultivated vale to Aguillon; much hemp, and every woman in the country employed on it. Many neat well built farmhouses on small properties, and all the country very populous. View the chateau of the Due d'Aguillon, which, being in the town, is badly situated, according to all rural ideas; but a town is ever an accompaniment of a chateau in France, as it was formerly in most parts of Europe; it seems to have resulted from a feudal arrangement that the Grand Seigneur might keep his slaves the nearer to his call, as a man builds his stables near his house. This edifice is a considerable one, built by the present duke; begun about twenty years ago, when he was exiled here during eight years. And, thanks to that banishment, the building went on nobly; the body of the house done, and the detached wings almost finished. But as soon as the sentence was reversed, the duke went to Paris,

and has not been here since, consequently all now stands still. It is thus that banishment alone will force the French nobility to execute what the English do for pleasure—reside upon and adorn their estates. There is one magnificent circumstance, namely, an elegant and spacious theatre; it fills one of the wings. The orchestra is for twenty-four musicians, the number kept, fed, and paid by the duke when here. This elegant and agreeable luxury, which falls within the compass of a very large fortune, is known in every country in Europe except England: the possessors of great estates here preferring horses and dogs very much before any entertainment a theatre can yield. To Tonnance.—25 miles.

24th. Many new and good country seats of gentlemen, well built, and set off with gardens, plantations, etc. These are the effects of the wealth of Bourdeaux. These people, like other Frenchmen, eat little meat; in the town of Leyrac five oxen only are killed in a year; whereas an English town with the same population would consume two or three oxen a week. A noble view towards Bourdeaux for many leagues, the river appearing in four or five places. Reach Langon, and drink of its excellent white wine.—32 miles.

25th. Pass through Barsac, famous also for its wines. They are now ploughing with oxen between the rows of the vines, the operation which gave Tull the idea of horse-hoeing corn. Great population and country seats all the way. At Castres the country changes to an uninteresting flat. Arrive at Bourdeaux, through a continued village.—30 miles.

26th. Much as I had read and heard of the commerce, wealth, and magnificence of this city, they greatly surpassed my expectations. Paris did not answer at all, for it is not to be compared to London; but we must not name Liverpool in competition with Bourdeaux. The grand feature here, of which I had heard most, answers the least; I mean the quay, which is respectable only for length and its quantity of business, neither of which, to the eye of a stranger, is of much consequence if devoid of beauty. The row of houses is regular, but without either magnificence or beauty. It is a dirty, sloping, muddy shore; parts without pavement, encumbered with filth and stones; barges lie here for loading and unloading the ships which cannot approach to what should be a quay. Here is all the dirt and disagreeable circumstances of trade without the order, arrangement, and magnificence of a quay. Barcelona is unique in this respect. When I presumed to find fault with the buildings on the river, it must not be supposed that I include the whole; the crescent which is in the same line is better. The *place royak*, with the statue

of Louis XV. in the middle, is a fine opening, and the buildings which form it regular and handsome. But the quarter of the *chapeau rouge* is truly magnificent, consisting of noble houses, built, like the rest of the city, of white hewn stone. It joins the *chateau trompette*, which occupies near half a mile of the shore. This fort is bought of the king by a company of speculators, who are now pulling it down with an intention of building a fine square and many new streets, to the amount of 1800 houses. I have seen a design of the square and the streets, and it would, if executed, be one of the most splendid additions to a city that is to be seen in Europe. This great work stands still at present through a fear of resumptons. The theatre, built about ten or twelve years ago, is by far the most magnificent in France. I have seen nothing that approaches it. The building is insulated and fills up a space of 306 feet by 165, one end being the principal front, containing a portico the whole length of it of twelve very large Corinthian columns. The entrance from this portico is by a noble vestibule, which leads not only to the different parts of the theatre, but also to an elegant oval concert room and saloons for walking and refreshments. The theatre itself is of a vast size; in shape the segment of an oval. The establishment of actors, actresses, singers, dancers, orchestra, etc., speak the wealth and luxury of the place. I have been assured that from 30 to 50 louis a night have been paid to a favourite actress from Paris. Larrive, the first tragic actor of that capital, is now here at 500 livres (£21 12s. 6d.) a night, with two benefits. Dauberval, the dancer and his wife (the Mademoiselle Theodore of London), are retained as principal ballet-master and first female dancer at a salary of 28,000 livres (£1225). Pieces are performed every night, Sundays not excepted, as everywhere in France. The mode of living that takes place here among merchants is highly luxurious. Their houses and establishments are on expensive scales. Great entertainments, and many served on plate: high play is a much worse thing; and the scandalous chronicle speaks of merchants keeping the dancing and singing girls of the theatre at salaries which ought to import no good to their credit. This theatre, which does so much honour to the pleasures of Bourdeaux, was raised at the expense of the town and cost ^270,000. The new tide corn-mill, erected by a company, is very well worth viewing. A large canal is dug and formed in masonry of hewn stone, the walls four feet thick, leading under the building for the tide coming in to turn the water wheels. It is then conducted in other equally well-formed canals to a reservoir, and when the tide returns it gives motion to the wheels again. Three of these

canals pass under the building for containing twenty-four pairs of stones. Every part of the work is on a scale of solidity and duration, admirably executed. The estimate of the expense is 8,000,000 livres (£350,000), but I know not how to credit such a sum. How far the erection of steam engines to do the same business would have been found a cheaper method I shall not inquire, but I should apprehend that the common water-mills on the Garonne, which start without such enormous expenses for their power, must in the common course of common events ruin this company. The new houses that are building in all quarters of the town mark, too clearly to be misunderstood, the prosperity of the place. The skirts are everywhere composed of new streets, with still newer ones marked out and partly built. These houses are in general small, or on a middling scale, for inferior tradesmen. They are all of white stone, and add, as they are finished, much to the beauty of the city. I inquired into the date of these new streets and found that four or five years were in general the period, that is to say, since the peace; and from the colour of the stone of those streets next in age, it is plain that the spirit of building was at a stop during the war. Since the peace they have gone on with great activity. What a satire on the government of the two kingdoms, to permit in one the prejudices of manufacturers and merchants, and in the other the insidious policy of an ambitious court, to hurry the two nations for ever into wars that check all beneficial works, and spread ruin where private exertion was busied in deeds of prosperity. The rent of houses and lodgings rises every day, as it has done since the peace considerably, at the same time that so many new houses have been and are erecting, unites with the advance in the prices of everything; they complain that the expenses of living have risen in ten years full 30 per cent.—There can hardly be a clearer proof of an advance in prosperity.

The commercial treaty with England being a subject too interesting not to have demanded attention, we made the necessary inquiries. Here it is considered in a very different light from Abbeville and Rouen: at Bourdeaux they think it a wise measure that tends equally to the benefit of both countries. This is not the place for being more particular on the trade of this town.

We went twice to see Larrive do his two capital parts of the Black Prince in Monsieur du Belloy's *Piere le Cruel*, and Philoctete, which gave me a very high idea of the French theatre. The inns at this city are excellent; the hotel d'Angletere and the Prince of Asturias; at the latter we found every accommodation to be wished, but with an inconsistence

that cannot be too much condemned; we had very elegant apartments and were served on plate, yet the necessary-house the same temple of abomination that is to be met in a dirty village.

28th. Leave Bourdeaux; cross the river by a ferry which employs twenty-nine men and fifteen boats, and lets at 18,000 livres (£787) a year. The view of the Garonne is very fine, appearing to the eye twice as broad as the Thames at London, and the number of large ships lying in it makes it, I suppose, the *richest* water view that France has to boast. From hence to the Dordonne, a noble river, though much inferior to the Garonne, which we cross by another ferry that lets at 6000 livres. Reach Cavignac.—20 miles.

29th. To Barbesieux, situated in a beautiful country, finely diversified and wooded; the marquisate of which, with the chateau, belongs to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, whom we met here; he inherits this estate from the famous Louvois, the minister of Louis XIV. In this thirty-seven miles of country, lying between the great rivers Garonne, Dordonne, and Charente, and consequently in one of the best parts of France for markets, the quantity of waste land is surprising: it is the predominant feature the whole way. Much of these wastes belonged to the Prince de Soubise, who would not sell any part of them. Thus it is whenever you stumble on a Grand Seigneur, even one that was worth millions, you are sure to find his property desert. The Duke of Bouillon's and this prince's are two of the greatest properties in France, and all the signs I have yet seen of their greatness are wastes, *landes*, deserts, fern, ling.—Go to their residence, wherever it may be, and you would probably find them in the midst of a forest, very well peopled with deer, wild boars, and wolves. Oh! if I was the legislator of France for a day I would make such great lords skip again.² We supped with the Duke de la Rochefoucauld; the provincial assembly of Saintonge is soon to meet, and this nobleman, being the president, is waiting for their assembling.

30th. Through a chalk country, well wooded, though without enclosures to Angouleme; the approach to that town is fine; the country around being beautiful with the fine river Charente, here navigable, flowing through it; the effect striking. —25 miles.

31st. Quitting Angouleme, pass through a country almost covered with vines, and across a noble wood belonging to the Duchess d'Anville, mother of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, to Verteui, a chateau of the same lady, built in 1459, where we found everything that travellers could wish in a hospitable mansion. The Emperor Charles V was entertained

here by Anne de Polignac, widow of Francis II. Count de la Rochefoucauld, and that prince said aloud, *n'avoir jamais ete en maison qui sentit mieux sa grande vertu honnetele et seigneurie que celle la.*— It is excellently kept; in thorough repair, fully furnished, and all in order, which merits praise, considering that the family rarely are here for more than a few days in a year, having many other and more considerable seats in different parts of the kingdom. If this just attention to the interests of posterity was more general, we should not see the melancholy spectacle of ruined chateaus in so many parts of France. In the gallery is a range of portraits from the tenth century, by one of which it appears that this estate came by a Mademoiselle la Rochefoucauld in 1470. The park, woods, and river Charente here are fine: the last abounds greatly in carp, tench, and perch. It is at any time easy to get from 50 to 100 brace of fish that weigh from 3 lb. to 10 lb. each: we had a brace of carp for supper, the sweetest, without exception, I ever tasted. If I pitched my tent in France I should choose it to be by a river that gave such fish. Nothing provokes one so in a country residence as a lake, a river, or the sea within view of the windows, and a dinner every day without fish, which is so common in England.— 27 miles.

SEPTEMBER 1. Pass Caudec, Ruffec, Maisons-Blanches, and Chaunay. At the first of these places, view a very fine flour-mill built by the late Count de Broglio, brother of the Marechal de Broglio, one of the ablest and most active officers in the French service. In his private capacity his undertakings were of a national kind; this mill, an iron forge, and the project of a navigation, proved that he had a disposition for every exertion that could, according to the prevalent ideas of the times, benefit his country; that is to say, in every way except the one in which it would have been effective—practical agriculture. This day's journey has been, with some exceptions, through a poor, dull, and disagreeable country.— 35 miles.

2nd. Poitou, from what I see of it, is an unimproved, poor, and ugly country. It seems to want communication, demand, and activity of all kinds, nor does it, on an average, yield the half of what it might. The lower part of the province is much richer and better.

Arrive at Poitiers, which is one of the worst built towns I have seen in France; very large and irregular, but containing scarcely anything worthy of notice, except the cathedral, which is well built and very well kept. The finest thing by far in the town is the promenade, which is the most extensive I have seen; it occupies a considerable space of ground,

with gravelled walks, etc., excellently kept.—12 miles.

3d. A white chalky country to Chateaurault, open and thinly peopled, though not without country seats. That town has some animation owing to its navigable river, which falls into the Loire. There is a considerable cutlery manufacture: we were no sooner arrived than our apartment was full of the wives and daughters of manufacturers, each with her box of knives, scissors, toys, etc., and with so much civil solicitude to have something bought that had we wanted nothing it would have been impossible to let so much urgency prove vain. It is remarkable, as the fabrics made here are cheap, that there is scarcely any division of labour in this manufacture; it is in the hands of distinct and unconnected workmen who go through every branch on their own account, and without assistance except from their families.—25 miles.

4th. Pass a better country, with many chateaus, to Les Ormes, where we stopped to see the seat built by the late Count de Voyer d'Argenson. This chateau is a large handsome edifice of stone with two very considerable wings for offices and strangers' apartments: the entrance is into a neat vestibule, at the end of which is the saloon, a circular marble room, extremely elegant and well furnished; in the drawing-room are paintings of the four French victories of the war of 1744: in every apartment there is a strong disposition to English furniture and modes. This pleasing residence belongs at present to the Count d'Argenson. The late count who built it formed with the present Duke of Grafton, in England, the scheme of a very agreeable party. The duke was to go over with his horses and pack of fox-hounds and live here for some months with a number of friends. It originated in the proposal to hunt French wolves with English fox-dogs. Nothing could be better planned than the scheme, for Les Ormes is large enough to have contained a numerous party, but the count's death destroyed the plan. This is a sort of intercourse between the nobility of two kingdoms which I am surprised does not take place sometimes; it would vary the common scenes of life very agreeably, and be productive of some of the advantages of travelling in the most eligible way.—23 miles.

5th. Through a dead flat and unpleasant country, but on the finest road I have seen in France—nor does it seem possible that any should be finer; not arising from great exertions, as in Languedoc, but from being laid flat with admirable materials. Chateaus are scattered everywhere in this part of Touraine, but farmhouses and cottages thin till you come in sight of the Loire, the banks of which seem one continued vil-

lage. The vale, through which that river flows, may be three miles over; a dead level of burnt russet meadow.

The entrance of Tours is truly magnificent by a new street of large houses, built of hewn white stone with regular fronts. This fine street, which is wide and with foot pavements on each side, is cut in a straight line through the whole city to the new bridge, of fifteen flat arches, each of seventy-five feet span. It is altogether a noble exertion for the decoration of a provincial town. Some houses remain yet to be built, the fronts of which are done; some reverend fathers are satisfied with their old habitations, and do not choose the expense of filling up the elegant design of the Tours projectors; they ought, however, to be unroosted if they will not comply, for fronts without houses behind them have a ridiculous appearance. From the tower of the cathedral there is an extensive view of the adjacent country; but the Loire, for so considerable a river and for being boasted as the most beautiful in Europe, exhibits such a breadth of shoals and sands as to be almost subversive of beauty. In the chapel of the old palace of Louis XI, Les Plessis les Tours, are three pictures which deserve the traveller's notice; a holy family, St. Catharine, and the daughter of Herod; they seem to be of the best age of Italian art. There is a very fine promenade here; long and admirably shaded by four rows of noble and lofty elms, which for shelter against a burning sun can have no superior; parallel with it is another on the rampart of the old walls, which looks down on the adjacent gardens; but these walks, of which the inhabitants have long boasted, are at present objects of melancholy; the corporation has offered the trees to sale, and I was assured they would be cut down the ensuing winter.—One would not wonder at an English corporation sacrificing the ladies' walk for plenty of turtle, venison, and madeira, but that a French one should have so little gallantry is inexcusable.

9th. The Count de la Rochefoucauld having a feverish complaint when he arrived here, which prevented our proceeding on the journey, it became the second day a confirmed fever; the best physician of the place was called in, whose conduct I liked much, for he had recourse to very little physic, but much attention to keep his apartment cool and airy, and seemed to have great confidence in leaving nature to throw off the malady that oppressed him. Who is it that says there is a great difference between a good physician and a bad one, yet very little between a good one and none at all?

Among other excursions I took a ride on the banks of the Loire

towards Saumur, and found the country the same as near Tours, but the chateaus not so numerous or good. Where the chalk hills advance perpendicularly towards the river, they present a most singular spectacle of uncommon habitations; for a great number of houses are cut out of the white rock, fronted with masonry, and holes cut above for chimneys, so that you sometimes know not where the house is from which you see the smoke issuing. These cavern-houses are in some places in tiers one above another. Some with little scraps of gardens have a pretty effect. In general, the proprietors occupy them, but many are let at 10, 12, and 15 livres a year. The people I talked with seemed well satisfied with their habitations, as good and comfortable: a proof of the dryness of the climate. In England the rheumatism would be the chief inhabitant. Walked to the Benedictine convent of Marmoutier, of which the Cardinal de Rohan, at present here, is abbot.

10th. Nature, or the Tours doctor, having recovered the count, we set forward on our journey. The road to Chanteloup is made on an embankment that secures a large level tract from floods. The country more uninteresting than I could have thought it possible for the vicinity of a great river to be.—View Chanteloup, the magnificent seat of the late Duke de Choiseul. It is situated on a rising ground at some distance from the Loire, which in winter or after great floods is a fine object, but at present is scarcely seen. The ground-floor in front consists of seven rooms: the dining-room of about thirty by twenty, and the drawing-room thirty by thirty-three: the library is seventytwo by twenty, but now fitted up by the present possessor, the Duke de Penthièvre, with very beautiful tapestry from the Gobelins.—In the pleasure-ground, on a hill commanding a very extensive prospect, is a Chinese pagoda, 120 feet high, built by the duke in commemoration of the persons who visited him in his exile. On the walls of the first room in it their names are engraved on marble tablets. The number and rank of the persons do honour to the duke and to themselves. The idea was a happy one. The forest you look down on from this building is very extensive, they say eleven leagues across: ridings are cut pointing to the pagoda, and when the duke was alive these glades had the mischievous animation of a vast hunt, supported so liberally as to ruin the master of it, and transferred the property of this noble estate and residence from his family to the last hands I should wish to see it in—a prince of the blood. Great lords love too much an environ of forest, boars, and huntsmen, instead of marking their residence by the accompaniment of neat and well cultivated farms,

clean cottages, and happy peasants. In such a method of showing their magnificence, rearing forests, gilding domes, or bidding aspiring columns rise, might be wanting; but they would have, instead of them, erections of comfort, establishments of ease, and plantations of felicity; and their harvest, instead of the flesh of boars, would be in the voice of cheerful gratitude—they would see public prosperity flourish on its best basis of private happiness. —As a farmer, there is one feature which shows the duke had some merit, he built a noble cow-house; a platform leads along the middle between two rows of mangers with stalls for 72, and another apartment, not so large, for others and for calves. He imported 120 very fine Swiss cows, and visited them with his company every day, as they were kept constantly tied up. To this I may add the best built sheep-house I have seen in France, and I thought I saw from the pagoda part of the farm better laid out and ploughed than common in the country, so that he probably imported some ploughmen.—This has merit in it, but it was all the merit of banishment. Chanteloup would neither have been built, nor decorated, nor furnished if the duke had not been exiled. It was the same with the Duke d'Aguillon. These ministers would have sent the country to the devil before they would have reared such edifices or formed such establishments, if they had not both been sent from Versailles. View the manufacture of steel at Amboise, established by the Duke de Choiseul. Vineyards the chief feature of agriculture.—37 miles.

11th. To Blois, an old town, prettily situated on the Loire, with a good stone bridge of eleven arches. We viewed the castle for the historical monument it affords that has rendered it so famous. They show the room where the council assembled, and the chimney in it before which the Duke of Guise was standing when the king's page came to demand his presence in the royal closet; the door he was entering when stabbed; the tapestry he was in the act of turning aside; the tower where his brother, the cardinal, suffered; with a hole in the floor into the dungeon of Louis XI, of which the guide tells many horrible stories, in the same tone, from having told them so often, in which the fellow in Westminster Abbey gives his monotonous history of the tombs. The best circumstance attending the view of the spots or the walls within which great, daring, or important actions have been performed, is the impression they make on the mind, or rather on the heart of the spectator, for it is an emotion of feeling rather than an effort of reflection. The murders or political executions perpetrated in this castle, though not uninteresting,

were inflicted on and by men that command neither our love nor our veneration. The character of the period, and of the men that figured in it, were alike disgusting. Bigotry and ambition, equally dark, insidious, and bloody, allow no feelings of regret. The parties could hardly be better employed than in cutting each others' throats. Quit the Loire and pass to Chambord. The quantity of vines is very great; they have them very flourishing on a flat poor blowing sand. How well satisfied would my friend Le Blanc be if his poorest sands at Cavenham gave him 100 dozen of good wine per acre per annum! See at one *coup d'ceil* 2000 acres of them. View the royal chateau of Chambord, built by that magnificent prince, Francis I., and inhabited by the late Marechal de Saxe. I had heard much of this castle, and it more than answered my expectation. It gives a great idea of the splendour of that prince. Comparing the centuries and the revenues of Louis XIV. and Francis I., I prefer Chambord infinitely to Versailles. The apartments are large, numerous, and well contrived. I admired particularly the stone staircase in the centre of the house, which, being in a double spiral line, contains two distinct staircases one above another, by which means people are going up and down at the same time without seeing each other. The four apartments in the attic, with arched stone roofs, were in no mean taste. One of these Count Saxe turned into a neat, well-contrived theatre. We were shown the apartment which that great soldier occupied, and the room in which he died. Whether in his bed or not is yet a problem for anecdote hunters to solve. A report not uncommon in France was that he was run through the heart in a duel with the Prince of Conti, who came to Chambord for that purpose, and great care was taken to conceal it from the king (Louis XV.), who had such a friendship for the marechal that he would certainly have driven the prince out of the kingdom. There are several apartments modernised, either for the marechal or for the governors that have resided here since. In one there is a fine picture of Louis XIV on horseback. Near the castle are the barracks for the regiment of 1500 horse, formed by Marechal de Saxe, and which Louis XV gave him by appointing them to garrison Chambord while their colonel made it his residence. He lived here in great splendour, and highly respected by his sovereign and the whole kingdom.—The situation of the castle is bad; it is low and without the least prospect that is interesting; indeed the whole country is so flat that a high ground is hardly to be found in it. From the battlements we saw the environs, of which the park or forest forms three-fourths; it contains within a wall about 20,000 arpents, and

abounds with all sorts of game to a degree of profusion. Great tracts of this park are waste or under heath, etc., or at least a very imperfect cultivation: I could not help thinking that if the King of France ever formed the idea of establishing one complete and perfect farm under the turnip culture of England, here is the place for it. Let him assign the chateau for the residence of the director and all his attendants; and the barracks, which are now applied to no use whatever, for stalls for cattle, and the profits of the wood would be sufficient to stock and support the whole undertaking. What comparison between the utility of such an establishment and that of a much greater expense applied here at present for supporting a wretched haras (stud), which has not a tendency but to mischief! I may, however, recommend such agricultural establishments, but they never were made in any country, and never will be till mankind are governed on principles absolutely contrary to those which prevail at present—until something more is thought requisite for a national husbandry than academies and memoirs.—35 miles.

12th. In two miles from the park wall regain the high road on the Loire. In discourse with a vigneron, we were informed that it froze this morning hard enough to damage the vines; and I may observe that for four or five days past the weather has been constantly clear, with a bright sun, and so cold a north-east wind as to resemble much our cold clear weather in England in April; we have all our great-coats on the day through. Dine at Clarey, and view the monument of that able but bloody tyrant Louis XI in white marble; he is represented in a kneeling posture, praying forgiveness I suppose, which doubtless was promised him by his priests for his basenesses and his murders. Reach Orleans.—30 miles.

13th. Here my companions, wanting to return as soon as possible to Paris, took the direct road thither; but having travelled it before I preferred that by Petivier in the way to Fountain bleau. One motive for my taking this road was its passing by Denainvilliers, the seat of the late celebrated Monsieur du Hamel, and where he made those experiments in agriculture which he has recited in many of his works. At Petivier I was just by, and walked thither for the pleasure of viewing grounds I had read of so often, considering them with a sort of classic reverence. His *homme d'affaire*, who conducted the farm, being dead, I could not get many particulars to be depended upon. Monsieur Fougeroux, the present possessor, was not at home, or I should doubtless have had all the information I wished. I examined the soil, a principal point in all

experiments when conclusions are to be drawn from them, and I also took notes of the common husbandry. Learning from the labourer who attended me that the drill-ploughs, etc., were yet in being, on a loft in one of the offices, I viewed them with pleasure, and found them, as well as I can remember, very accurately represented in the plates which their ingenious author has given. I was glad to find them laid up in a place out of common traffic, where they may remain safe till some other farming traveller, as enthusiastic as myself, may view the venerable remains of a useful genius. Here is a stove and bath for drying wheat, which he also has described. In an enclosure behind the house is a plantation of various curious exotic trees finely grown, also several rows of ash, elm, and poplar along the roads near the chateau, all planted by Monsieur du Hamel. It gave me still greater pleasure to find that Denainvilliers is not an inconsiderable estate. The lands extensive; the chateau respectable; with offices, gardens, etc., that prove it the residence of a man of fortune; from which it appears that this indefatigable author, however he might have failed in some of his pursuits, met with that reward from his court which did it credit to bestow; and that he was not like others left in obscurity to the simple rewards which ingenuity can confer on itself. Four miles before Malsherbs a fine plantation of a row of trees on each side the road begins, formed by Monsieur de Malsherbs, and is a striking instance of attention to decorating an open country. More than two miles of them are mulberries. They join his other noble plantations at Malsherbs, which contain a great variety of the most curious trees that have been introduced in France.—36 miles.

14th. After passing three miles through the forest of Fountainbleau, arrive at that town and view the royal palace, which has been so repeatedly added to by several kings that the share of Francis I, its original founder, is not easily ascertained. He does not appear to such advantage as at Chambord. This has been a favourite with the Bourbons, from there having been so many Nimrods of that family. Of the apartments which are shown here, the king's, the queen's, monsieur's, and madame's are, the chief. Gilding seems the prevalent decoration; but in the queen's cabinet it is well and elegantly employed. The painting of that delicious little 'room is exquisite, and nothing can exceed the extremity of ornament that is here with taste bestowed. The tapestries of Beauvais and the Gobelins are seen in this palace to great advantage. I liked to see the gallery of Francis I. preserved in its ancient state, even to the andirons in the chimney, which are those that served that monarch. The gardens

are nothing; and the grand canal, as it is called, not to be compared with that at Chantilly. In the pond that joins the palace are carp as large and as tame as the Prince of Conde's. The landlord of the inn at Fountainbleau thinks that royal palaces should not be seen for nothing; he made me pay 10 livres for a dinner which would have cost me not more than half the money at the Star and Garter at Richmond. Reach Meulan.—34 miles.

15th. Cross, for a considerable distance, the royal oak forest of Senar.—About Montgeron, all open fields, which produce corn and partridges to eat it, for the number is enormous. There is on an average a covey of birds on every two acres, besides favourite spots, where they abound much more. At St. George the Seine is a much more beautiful river than the Loire. Enter Paris once more, with the same observation I made before, that there is not one-tenth of the motion on the roads around it that there is around London. To the hotel de la Rochefoucauld.—20 miles.

16th. Accompanied the Count de la Rochefoucauld to Liancourt.—38 miles.

I went thither on a visit for three or four days, but the whole family contributed so generally to render the place in every respect agreeable that I stayed more than three weeks. At about half a mile from the chateau is a range of hill that was chiefly a neglected waste: the Duke of Liancourt has lately converted this into a plantation, with winding walks, benches, and covered seats, in the English style of gardening. The situation is very fortunate. These ornamented paths follow the edge of the declivity to the extent of three or four miles. The views they command are everywhere pleasing, and in some places great. Nearer to the chateau the Duchess of Liancourt has built a menagerie and dairy in a pleasing taste. The cabinet and ante-room are very pretty, the saloon elegant, and the dairy entirely constructed of marble. At a village near Liancourt the duke has established a manufacture of linen and stuffs mixed with thread and cotton, which promises to be of considerable utility; there are twenty-five looms employed, and preparations making for more. As the spinning for these looms is also established, it gives employment to great numbers of hands who were idle, for they have no sort of manufacture in the country though it is populous. Such efforts merit great praise. Connected with this is the execution of an excellent plan of the duke's for establishing habits of industry in the rising generation. The daughters of the poor people are received into an institution

to be educated to useful industry:’ they are instructed in their religion, taught to write and read, and to spin cotton: are kept till marriageable, and then a regulated proportion of their earnings given them as a marriage portion. There is another establishment of which I am not so good a judge; it is for training the orphans of soldiers to be soldiers themselves. The Duke of Liancourt has raised some considerable buildings for their accommodation well adapted to the purpose. The whole is under the superintendence of a worthy and intelligent officer, Monsieur le Roux, captain of dragoons and croix de St. Louis, who sees to everything himself. There are at present 120 boys, all dressed in uniform.—My ideas have all taken a turn which I am too old to change: I should have been better pleased to see 120 lads educated to the plough in habits of culture superior to the present, but certainly the establishment is humane and the conduct of it excellent.

The ideas I had formed before I came to France of a country residence in that kingdom I found at Liancourt to be far from correct. I expected to find it a mere transfer of Paris to the country, and that all the burthensome forms of a city were preserved without its pleasures; but I was deceived; the mode of living and the pursuits approach much nearer to the habits of a great nobleman’s house in England than would commonly be conceived. A breakfast of tea for those that chose to repair to it; riding, sporting, planting, gardening, till dinner, and that not till half after two o’clock, instead of their old-fashioned hour of twelve; music, chess, and the other common amusements of a rendezvous-room, with an excellent library of seven or eight thousand volumes, were well calculated to make the time pass agreeably; and to prove that there is a great approximation in the modes of living at present in the different countries of Europe. Amusements, in truth, ought to be numerous within doors; for, in such a climate, none are to be depended on without: the rain that has fallen here is hardly credible. I have, for five-and-twenty years past, remarked in England that I never was prevented by rain from taking a walk every day without going out while it actually rains; it may fall heavily for many hours, but a person who watches an opportunity gets a walk or a ride. Since I have been at Liancourt we have had three days in succession of such incessantly heavy rain that I could not go a hundred yards from the house to the duke’s pavilion without danger of being quite wet. For ten days more rain fell here, I am confident, had there been a gauge to measure it, than ever fell in England in thirty. The present fashion in France of passing some time in the country is new; at

this time of the year and for many weeks past, Paris is, comparatively speaking, empty. Everybody that have country seats are at them, and those who have none visit others who have. This remarkable revolution in the French manners is certainly one of the best customs they have taken from England, and its introduction was effected the easier being assisted by the magic of Rousseau's writings. Mankind are much indebted to that splendid genius, who, when living, was hunted from country to country to seek an asylum with as much venom as if he had been a mad dog; thanks to the vile spirit of bigotry, which has not yet received its death's wound. Women of the first fashion in France are now ashamed of not nursing their own children, and stays are universally proscribed from the bodies of the poor infants, which were for so many ages tortured in them, as they are still in Spain. The country residence may not have effects equally obvious, but they will be no less sure in the end, and in all respects beneficial to every class in the state.

The Duke of Liancourt being president of the provincial assembly of the election of Clermont, and passing several days there in business, asked me to dine with the assembly, as he said there were to be some considerable farmers present. These assemblies, which had been proposed many years past by the French patriots, and especially by the Marquis de Mirabeau, the celebrated *Vami des hommes*, which had been treated by M. Necker, and which were viewed with eyes of jealousy by certain persons who wished for no better government than one whose abuses were the chief foundation of their fortunes—these assemblies were to me interesting to see. I accepted the invitation with pleasure. Three considerable farmers, renters, not proprietors of land, were members, and present. I watched their carriage narrowly to see their behaviour in the presence of a great lord of the first rank, considerable property, and high in royal favour; and it was with pleasure that I found them behaving with becoming ease and freedom, and though modest and without anything like flippancy, yet without any obsequiousness offensive to English ideas. They stated their opinions freely, and adhered to them with becoming confidence. A more singular spectacle was to see two ladies present at a dinner of this sort, with five or six and twenty gentlemen; such a thing could not happen in England. To say that the French manners in this respect are better than our own is the assertion of an obvious truth. If the ladies are not present at meetings where the conversation has the greatest probability of turning on subjects of more importance than the frivolous topics of common discourse, the sex must either

remain on one hand in ignorance, or, on the other, filled with the foppery of over-education, learned, affected, and forbidding. The conversation of men, not engaged in trifling pursuits, is the best school for the education of a woman.

The political conversation of every company I have seen has turned much more on the affairs of Holland than on those of France. The preparations going on for a war with England are in the mouths of all the world; but the finances of France are in such a state of derangement that the people best informed assert a war to be impossible; the Marquis of Verac, the late French ambassador at the Hague, who was sent thither, as the English politicians assert, expressly to bring about a revolution in the government, has been at Liancourt three days. It may easily be supposed that he is cautious in what he says in such a mixed company; but it is plain enough that he is well persuaded that that revolution, change, or lessening the Stadtholder's power—that plan, in a word, whatever it was, for which he negotiated in Holland, had for some time been matured and ready for execution, almost without a possibility of failure, had the Count de Vergennes consented, and not spun out the business by refinement on refinement, to make himself the more necessary to the French cabinet; and it unites with the idea of some sensible Dutchmen with whom I have conversed on the subject.

During my stay at Liancourt, my friend Lazowski accompanied me on a little excursion of two days to Ermenonville, the celebrated seat of the Marquis de Girardon. We passed by Chantilly to Morefontain, the country seat of Monsieur de Morefontain, *prevost des merchands* of Paris; the place has been mentioned as decorated in the English style. It consists of two scenes; one a garden of winding walks, and ornamented with a profusion of temples, benches, grottos, columns, ruins, and I know not what: I hope the French who have not been in England do not consider this as the English taste. It is in fact as remote from it as the most regular style of the last age. The water view is fine. There is a gaiety and cheerfulness in it that contrast well with the brown and unpleasing hills that surround it, and which partake of the waste character of the worst part of the surrounding country. Much has been done here; and it wants but few additions to be as perfect as the ground admits.

Reach Ermenonville, through another part of the Prince of Conde's forest, which joins the ornamented grounds of the Marquis Girardon. This place, after the residence and death of the persecuted but immortal Rousseau, whose tomb every one knows is here, became so famous as

to be resorted to very generally. It has been described and plates published of the chief views; to enter into a particular description would therefore be tiresome, I shall only make one or two observations, which I do not recollect having been touched on by others. It consists of three distinct water scenes; or of two lakes and a river. We were first shown that which is so famous for the small isle of poplars, in which reposes all that was mortal of that extraordinary and inimitable writer. This scene is as well imagined and as well executed as could be wished. The water is between forty and fifty acres; hills rise from it on both sides, and it is sufficiently closed in by tall wood at both ends to render it sequestered. The remains of departed genius stamp a melancholy idea, from which decoration would depart too much, and accordingly there is little. We viewed the scene in a still evening. The declining sun threw a lengthened shade on the lake, and silence seemed to repose on its unruffled bosom; as some poet says, I forget who. The worthies to whom the temple of philosophers is dedicated, and whose names are marked on the columns, are NEWTON, *Lucem*.—DESCARTES, *Nil in rebus inane*.—VOLTAIRE, *Ridiculum*.—ROUSSEAU, *Naturam*.—And on another unfinished column, *Quis hoc perficiet?* The other lake is larger; it nearly fills the bottom of the vale, around which are some rough, rocky, wild, and barren sand hills; either broken or spread with heath; in some places wooded, and in others scattered thinly with junipers. The character of the scene is that of wild and undecorated nature, in which the hand of art was meant to be concealed as much as was consistent with ease of access. The last scene is that of a river which is made to wind through a lawn, receding from the house, and broken by wood: the ground is not fortunate; it is too dead a flat, and nowhere viewed to much advantage.

From Ermenonville we went, the morning after, to Brasseuse, the seat of Madame du Pont, sister of the Duchess of Liancourt. What was my surprise at finding this viscountess a great farmer! A French lady, young enough to enjoy all the pleasures of Paris, living in the country and minding her farm, was an unlooked for spectacle. She has probably more lucerne than any other person in Europe—250 arpents. She gave me, in a most unaffected and agreeable manner, both lucerne and dairy intelligence; but of that more elsewhere. Returned to Liancourt by Pont, where there is a handsome bridge of three arches, the construction uncommon, each pier consisting of four pillars, with a towing-path under one of the arches for the barge-horses, the river being navigable.

Amongst the morning amusements I partook at Liancourt was *la*

chasse. In deer shooting, the sportsmen place themselves at distances around a wood, then beat it, and seldom more than one in a company gets a shot; it is more tedious than is easily conceived: like angling, incessant expectation and perpetual disappointment. Partridge and hare shooting are almost as different from that of England. We took this diversion in the fine vale of Catnoir, five or six miles from Liancourt; arranging ourselves in a file at about thirty yards from person to person, and each with a servant and a loaded gun, ready to present when his master fires: thus we marched across and across the vale, treading up the game. Four or five brace of hares and twenty brace of partridges were the spoils of the day. I like this mode of shooting but little better than waiting for deer. The best circumstance to me of exercise in company (it was not so once) is the festivity of the dinner at the close of the day. To enjoy this, it must not be pushed to great fatigue. Good spirits after violent exercise are always the affectation of silly young folks (I remember being that sort of fool myself when I was young), but with something more than moderate, the exhilaration of body is in unison with the flow of temper, and agreeable company is then delicious. On such days as these we were too late for the regular dinner, and had one by ourselves, with no other dressing than the refreshment of clean linen; and these were not the repasts when the duchess's champagne had the worst flavour. A man is not worth hanging that does not drink a little too much on such occasions: *mais prenez-ygarde* : repeat it often, and make it a mere drinking party, the lustre of the pleasure fades and you become what *was* an English fox-hunter. One day while we were thus dining a *V Anglais*, and drinking the plough, the chase, and I know not what, the Duchess of Liancourt and some of her ladies came in sport to see us. It was a moment for them to have betrayed ill-nature in the contempt of manners not French, which they might have endeavoured to conceal under a laugh:—but nothing of this; it was a good-humoured curiosity; a natural inclination to see others pleased and in spirits. *Ils ont été de grands chasseurs aujourd'hui*, said one. *Oh! Ils s'applaudissent de leurs exploites*. Do they drink the gun? said another. *Leurs maitresses certainement*, added a third. *J'aime a les voir en gaiété; il y a quelque chose d'aimable dans tout ceci*. To note such trifles may seem superfluous to many: but what is life when trifles are withdrawn? and they mark the temper of a nation better than objects of importance. In the moments of council, victory, flight, or death, mankind, I suppose, are nearly the same. Trifles discriminate better, and the number is infinite that gives

me an opinion of the good temper of the French. I am fond neither of a man nor a recital that can appear only on stilts and dressed in holiday gear. It is every-day feelings that decide the colour of our lives; and he who values them the most plays the best for the stake of happiness. But it is time to quit Liancourt, which I do with regret. Take leave of the good old duchess, whose hospitality and kindness ought long to be remembered. —51 miles.

9th, 10th, and 11th. Return by Beauvais and Pontoise, and enter Paris for the fourth time, confirmed in the idea that the roads immediately leading to that capital are deserts, comparatively speaking, with those of London. By what means can the connection be carried on with the country? The French must be the most stationary people upon earth, when in a place they must rest without a thought of going to another. Or the English must be the most restless; and find more pleasure in moving from one place to another than in resting to enjoy life in either. If the French nobility went to their country seats only when exiled there by the court, the roads could not be more solitary.—25 miles.

12th. My intention was to take lodgings; but on arriving at the hotel de la Rochefoucauld, I found that my hospitable duchess was the same person at the capital as in the country; she had ordered an apartment to be ready for me. It grows so late in the season that I shall make no other stay in this capital than what will be necessary for viewing public buildings. This will unite well enough with delivering some letters I brought to a few men of science; and it will leave me the evenings for the theatres, of which there are many in Paris. In throwing on paper a rapid *coup d'oeil* of what I see of a city so well known in England, I shall be apt to delineate my own ideas and feelings perhaps more than the objects themselves; and be it remembered that I profess to dedicate this careless itinerary to trifles much more than to objects that are of real consequence. From the tower of the cathedral the view of Paris is complete. It is a vast city, even to the eye that has seen London from St. Paul's; being circular gives an advantage to Paris; but a much greater is the atmosphere. It is now so clear that one would suppose it the height of summer: the clouds of coal-smoke that envelop London always prevent a distinct view of that capital, but I take it to be one-third at least larger than Paris. The buildings of the parliament-house are disfigured by a gilt and taudry gate, and a French roof. The hotel des Monnoies is a fine building, and the facade of the Louvre one of the most elegant in the world, because they have (to the eye) no roofs; in proportion as a

roof is seen a building suffers. I do not recollect one edifice of distinguished beauty (unless with domes) in which the roof is not so flat as to be hidden, or nearly so. What eyes then must the French architects have had to have loaded so many buildings with coverings of a height destructive of all beauty! Put such a roof as we see on the parliament-house or on the Tuileries upon the fayade of the Louvre, and where would its beauty be?—At night to the opera, which I thought a good theatre, till they told me it was built in six weeks; and then it became good for nothing in my eyes, for I suppose it will be tumbling down in six years. Durability is one of the essentials of building; what pleasure would a beautiful front of painted pasteboard give? The *Alceste* of Gluck was performed; that part by Mademoiselle St. Huberti, their first singer, an excellent actress. As to scenes, dresses, decorations, dancing, etc., this theatre beats the Haymarket to nothing.

13th. Across Paris to the rue des blancs Manteaux, to Monsieur Broussonet, secretary of the Society of Agriculture; he is in Burgundy. Called on Mr. Cook from London, who is at Paris with his drill-plough waiting for weather to show its performance to the Duke of Orleans; this is a French idea, improving France by drilling. A man should learn to walk before he learns to dance. There is agility in cutting capers, and it may be done with grace; but where is the necessity to cut them at all? There has been much rain to-day; and it is almost incredible to a person used to London how dirty the streets of Paris are, and how horribly inconvenient and dangerous walking is without a foot-pavement. We had a large party at dinner, with politicians among them, and some interesting conversation on the present state of France. The feeling of everybody seems to be that the archbishop will not be able to do anything towards exonerating the state from the burthen of its present situation; some think that he has not the inclination; others that he has not the courage; others that he has not the ability. By some he is thought to be attentive only to his own interest; and by others, that the finances are too much deranged to be within the power of any system to recover, short of the states-general of the kingdom; and that it is impossible for such an assembly to meet without a revolution in the government ensuing. All seem to think that something extraordinary will happen; and a bankruptcy is not at all uncommon. But who is there that will have the courage to make it?

14th. To the Benedictine abbey of St. Germain, to see pillars of African marble, etc. It is the richest abbey in France: the abbot has

300,000 livres a year (£13,125). I lose my patience at such revenues being thus bestowed; consistent with the spirit of the tenth century, but not with that of the eighteenth. What a noble farm would the fourth of this income establish! what turnips, what cabbages, what potatoes, what clover, what sheep, what wool!—Are not these things better than a fat ecclesiastic? If an active English farmer was mounted behind this abbot, I think he would do more good to France with half the income than half the abbots of the kingdom with the whole of theirs. Pass the Bastille; another pleasant object to make agreeable emotions vibrate in a man's bosom. I search for good farmers, and run my head at every turn against monks and state prisons.—To the arsenal, to wait on Monsieur Lavoisier, the celebrated chemist, whose theory of the nonexistence of phlogiston has made as much noise in the chemical world as that of Stahl, which established its existence. Dr. Priestley had given me a letter of introduction. I mentioned in the course of conversation his laboratory, and he appointed Tuesday. By the Boulevards, to the *Place Louis XV*, which is not properly a square, but a very noble entrance to a great city. The facades of the two buildings erected are highly finished. The union of the *Place Louis XV* with the Champs Elysees, the gardens of the Tuileries, and the Seine is open, airy, elegant, and superb, and is the most agreeable and best built part of Paris; here one can be clean and breathe freely. But by far the finest thing I have yet seen at Paris is the *Halle aux bleds*, or corn market: it is a vast rotunda; the roof entirely of wood, upon a new principle of carpentry, to describe which would demand plates and long explanations; the gallery is 150 yards round, consequently the diameter is as many feet: it is as light as if suspended by the fairies. In the grand area, wheat, pease, beans, lentils, are stored and sold. In the surrounding divisions, flour on wooden stands. You pass by staircases doubly winding within each other to spacious apartments for rye, barley, oats, etc. The whole is so well planned and so admirably executed that I know of no public building that exceeds it in either France or England. And if an appropriation of the parts to the conveniences wanted, and an adaptation of every circumstance to the end required, in union with that elegance which is consistent with use, and that magnificence which results from stability and duration are the criteria of public edifices, I know nothing that equals it:—it has but one fault, and that is situation; it should have been upon the banks of the river for the convenience of unloading barges without land carriage. In the evening, to the *Comedie Italienne*, the edifice fine; and the whole quarter regular and

new built, a private speculation of the Duke de Choiseui, whose family has a box entailed for ever. —*L'Aimant jaloux*. Here is a young singer, Mademoiselle Renard, with so sweet a voice that if she sung Italian, and had been taught in Italy, would have made a delicious performer.

To the tomb of Cardinal de Richelieu, which is a noble production of genius: by far the finest statue I have seen. Nothing can be wished more easy and graceful than the attitude of the cardinal, nor more expressive nature than the figure of weeping science. Dine with my friend at the Palais Royale, at a coffeehouse; well-dressed people; everything clean, good, and well served: but here, as everywhere else, you pay a good price for good things; we ought never to forget that a low price for bad things is not cheapness. In the evening to *l'Ecole des Pères*. at the *Comedie Francaise*, a crying *larmoyant* thing. This theatre, the principal one at Paris, is a fine building, with a magnificent portico. After the circular theatres of France how can any one relish our ill-contrived oblong holes of London?

16th. To Monsieur Lavoisier, by appointment. Madame Lavoisier, a lively, sensible, scientific lady, had prepared a *dejeuné Anglois* of tea and coffee, but her conversation on Mr. Kirwan's *Essay on Phlogiston*, which she is translating from the English, and on other subjects, which a woman of understanding that works with her husband in his laboratory knows how to adorn, was the best repast. That apartment, the operations of which have been rendered so interesting to the philosophical world, I had pleasure in viewing. In the apparatus for aerial experiments nothing makes so great a figure as the machine for burning inflammable and vital air to make or deposit water; it is a splendid machine. Three vessels are held in suspension with indexes for marking the immediate variations of their weights; two that are as large as half-hogsheads contain the one inflammable, the other the vital air, and a tube of communication passes to the third, where the two airs unite and bum; by contrivances, too complex to describe without plates, the loss of weight of the two airs, as indicated by their respective balances, equal at every moment to the gain in the third vessel from the formation or deposition of the water, it not being yet ascertained whether the water be actually made or deposited. If accurate (of which I must confess I have little conception), it is a noble machine. Monsieur Lavoisier, when the structure of it was commended, said, *Mais oni, monsieur, el meme par un artiste Francois!* with an accent of voice that admitted their general inferiority to ours. It is well known that we have a considerable exper-

tation of mathematical and other curious instruments to every part of Europe, and to France amongst the rest. Nor is this new, for the apparatus with which the French academicians measured a degree in the polar circle was made by Mr. George Graham.³ Another engine Monsieur Lavoisier showed us was an electrical apparatus enclosed in a balloon, for trying electrical experiments in any sort of air. His pond of quicksilver is considerable, containing 250 lb., and his water apparatus very great, but his furnaces did not seem so well calculated for the higher degrees of heat as some others I have seen. I was glad to find this gentleman splendidly lodged, and with every appearance of a man of considerable fortune. This ever gives one pleasure: the employments of a state can never be in better hands than of men who thus apply the superfluity of their wealth. From the use that is generally made of money, one would think it the assistance of all others of the least consequence in affecting any business truly useful to mankind, many of the great discoveries that have enlarged the horizon of science having been in this respect the result of means seemingly inadequate to the end: the energetic exertions of ardent minds bursting from obscurity, and breaking the bands inflicted by poverty, perhaps by distress. To the *hotel des Invalids*, the major of which establishment had the goodness to show the whole of it. In the evening to Monsieur Lomond, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic who has made an improvement of the jenny for spinning cotton. Common machines are said to make too hard a thread for certain fabrics, but this forms it loose and spongy. In electricity he has made a remarkable discovery; you write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate: from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance: within and without a besieged town, for instance; or for a purpose much more worthy, and a thousand times more harmless, between two lovers prohibited or prevented from any better connection. Whatever this use may be, the invention is beautiful. Monsieur Lomond has many other curious machines, all the entire work of his own hands: mechanical invention seems to be in him a natural propensity. In the evening to the *Comedie Francaise*. Mola did the *Bourru Bienfaisant*, and it is not easy for act-

ing to be carried to greater perfection.

17th. To Monsieur l'Abbé Messier, astronomer royal, and of the Academy of Sciences. View the exhibition, at the Louvre, of the Academy's paintings. For one history piece in our exhibitions at London here are ten; abundantly more than to balance the difference between an annual and biennial exhibition. Dined to-day with a party whose conversation was entirely political. Monsieur de Calonne's *Requête au Roi* is come over, and all the world are reading and disputing on it. It seems, however, generally agreed that, without exonerating himself from the charge of the agiotage, he has thrown no inconsiderable load on the shoulders of the Archbishop of Toulouse, the present premier, who will be puzzled to get rid of the attack. But both these ministers were condemned on all hands in the lump as being absolutely unequal to the difficulties of so arduous a period. One opinion pervaded the whole company, that they are on the eve of some great revolution in the government: that everything points to it: the confusion in the finances great; with a *deficit* impossible to provide for without the states-general of the kingdom, yet no ideas formed of what would be the consequence of their meeting: no minister existing, or to be looked to in or out of power, with such decisive talents as to promise any other remedy than palliative ones: a prince on the throne, with excellent dispositions, but without the resources of a mind that could govern in such a moment without ministers: a court buried in pleasure and dissipation; and adding to the distress instead of endeavouring to be placed in a more independent situation: a great ferment amongst all ranks of men, who are eager for some change, without knowing what to look to or to hope for: and a strong leaven of liberty, increasing every hour since the American revolution—altogether form a combination of circumstances that promise e'er long to ferment into motion if some master hand of very superior talents and inflexible courage is not found at the helm to guide events, instead of being driven by them. It is very remarkable that such conversation never occurs but a bankruptcy is a topic: the curious question on which is, *would a bankruptcy occasion a civil war and a total overthrow of the government!* The answers that I have received to this question appear to be just: such a measure conducted by a man of abilities, vigour, and firmness would certainly not occasion either one or the other. But the same measure; attempted by a man of a different character, might possibly do both. All agree that the states of the kingdom cannot assemble without more liberty being the consequence; but I meet with so few men

that have any just ideas of freedom that I question much the species of this new liberty that is to arise. They know not how to value the privileges of THE PEOPLE: as to the nobility and the clergy, if a revolution added anything to their scale I think it would do more mischief than good.⁴

18th. To the Gobelins, which is undoubtedly the first manufacture of tapestry in the world, and such a one as could be supported only by a crowned head. In the evening to that incomparable comedy *La Metromanie* of Pyron, and well acted. The more I see of it the more I like the French theatre; and have no doubt in preferring it far to our own. Writers, actors, buildings, scenes, decorations, music, dancing, take the whole in a mass, and it is unrivalled by London. We have certainly a few brilliants of the first water; but throw all in the scales and that of England kicks the beam. I write this passage with a lighter heart than I should do were it giving the palm to the French plough.

19th. To Charenton, near Paris, to see *l'Ecole Veterinaire* and the farm of the Royal Society of Agriculture. Monsieur Chabert, the directeur-general, received us with the most attentive politeness. Monsieur Flandrein, his assistant and son-in-law, I had had the pleasure of knowing in Suffolk. They showed the whole veterinary establishment, and it does honour to the government of France. It was formed in 1766: in 1783 a farm was annexed to it and four other professorships established, two for rural economy, one for anatomy, and another for chemistry. —I was informed that Monsieur d'Aubenton, who is at the head of this farm with a salary of 6000 livres a year, reads lectures of rural economy, particularly on sheep, and that a flock was for that purpose kept in exhibition. There is a spacious and convenient apartment for dissecting horses and other animals; a large cabinet where the most interesting parts of all domestic animals are preserved in spirits; and also of such parts of their bodies that mark the visible effect of distempers. This is very rich. This, with a similar one near Lyons, is kept up (exclusive of the addition of 1783) at the moderate expense, as appears by the writings of M. Necker, of about 60,000 livres (£2600). Whence, as in many other instances, it appears that the most useful things cost the least. There are at present about one hundred eleves from different parts of the kingdom as well as from every country in Europe, *except England*; a strange exception considering how grossly ignorant our farriers are; and that the whole expense of supporting a young man here does not exceed forty louis a year; nor more than four years necessary for his

complete instruction. As to the farm it is under the conduct of a great naturalist, high in royal academies of science, and whose name is celebrated through Europe for merit in superior branches of knowledge. It would argue in me a want of judgment in human nature to expect good practice from such men. They would probably think it beneath their pursuits and situation in life to be good ploughmen, turnip-hoers, and shepherds; I should therefore betray my own ignorance of life if I was to express any surprise at finding this farm in a situation that—I had rather forget than describe. In the evening, to a field much more successfully cultivated, Mademoiselle St. Huberti, in the *Penelope* of Picini.

20th. To the *Ecole Militaire*, established by Louis XV for the education of 140 youths, the sons of the nobility; such establishments are equally ridiculous and unjust. To educate the son of a man who cannot afford the education himself is a gross injustice if you do not secure a situation in life answerable to that education. If you do secure such a situation you destroy the result of the education, because nothing but merit ought to give that security. If you educate the children of men who are well able to give the education themselves, you tax the people who cannot afford to educate their children in order to ease those who can well afford the burthen; and in such institutions this is sure to be the case. At night to *l'Ambigu Comique*, a pretty little theatre with plenty of rubbish on it. Coffee-houses on the boulevards, music, noise, and *filles* without end; everything but scavengers and lamps. The mud is a foot deep; and there are parts of the boulevards without a single light.

21st. Monsieur de Broussonet being returned from Burgundy, I had the pleasure of passing a couple of hours at his lodgings very agreeably. He is a man of uncommon activity and possessed of a great variety of useful knowledge in every branch of natural history; and he speaks English perfectly well. It is very rare that a gentleman is seen better qualified for a post than Monsieur de Broussonet for that which he occupies of secretary to a Royal Society.

22nd. To the bridge of Neuilie, said to be the finest in France. It is by far the most beautiful one I have anywhere seen. It consists of five vast arches; flat, from the Florentine model; and all of equal span; a mode of building incomparably more elegant and more striking than our system of different sized arches. To the machine at Marly; which ceases to make the least impression. Madame du Barre's residence, Lusienne, is on the hill just above this machine; she has built a pavilion on the brow of the declivity for commanding the prospect, fitted up and deco-

rated with much elegance. There is a table formed of Seve¹ porcelain, exquisitely done. I forget how many thousand louis d'ors it cost. The French, to whom I spoke of Lusienne, exclaimed against mistresses and extravagance with more violence than reason in my opinion. Who, in common sense, would deny a king the amusement of a mistress provided he did not make a business of his plaything? *Mais Frederic le Grand avoit-il une maitresse, lui faisoit-il batir des pavilions, et les meubloit-il de tables de porcelaine?* No: but he had that which was fifty times worse: a king had better make love to a handsome woman than to one of his neighbour's provinces. The King of Prussia's mistress cost a hundred millions sterling, and the lives of 500,000 men; and before the reign of that mistress is over may yet cost as much more. The greatest genius and talents are lighter than a feather, weighed philosophically, if rapine, war, and conquest are the effects of them.

To St. Germain's, the terrace of which is very fine. Monsieur de Broussonet met me here and we dined with Monsieur Breton, at the Marechal Due de Noailles, who has a good collection of curious plants. Here is the finest *sofhora japonica* I have seen.—10 miles.

23rd. To Trianon to view the queen's *Jardin Anglois*. I had a letter to Monsieur Richard, which procured admittance. It contains about 100 acres, disposed in the taste of what we read of in books of Chinese gardening, whence it is supposed the English style was taken. There is more of Sir William Chambers here than of Mr. Brown—more effort than nature—and more expense than taste. It is not easy to conceive anything that art can introduce in a garden that is not here; woods, rocks, lawns, lakes, rivers, islands, cascades, grottos, walks, temples, and even villages. There are parts of the design, very pretty and well executed. The only fault is too much crowding; which has led to another, that of cutting the lawn by too many gravel walks, an error to be seen in almost every garden I have met with in France. But the glory of *La Petite Trianon* is the exotic trees and shrubs. The world has been successfully rifled to decorate it. Here are curious and beautiful ones to please the eye of ignorance and to exercise the memory of science. Of the buildings, the temple of love is truly elegant.

Again to Versailles. In viewing the king's apartment, which he had not left a quarter of an hour, with those slight traits of disorder that showed he *lived* in it, it was amusing to see the blackguard figures that were walking uncontrolled about the palace, and even in his bed-chamber; men whose rags betrayed them to be in the last stage of poverty, and

I was the only person that stared and wondered how the devil they got there. It is impossible not to like this careless indifference and freedom from suspicion. One loves the master of the house who would not be hurt or offended at seeing his apartment thus occupied if he returned suddenly; for if there was danger of this, the intrusion would be prevented. This is certainly a feature of that *good temper* which appears to me so visible everywhere in France. I desired to see the queen's apartments, but I could not. Is her majesty in it? No. Why then not see it as well as the king's? *Mafoi, Monsieur, c'est un aufre chose*. Ramble through the gardens, and by the grand canal, with absolute astonishment at the exaggerations of writers and travellers. There is magnificence in the quarter of the orangerie, but no beauty anywhere; there are some statues good enough to wish them under cover. The extent and breadth of the canal are nothing to the eye, and it is not in such good repair as a farmer's horse-pond. The menagerie is well enough, but nothing great. Let those who desire that the buildings and establishments of Louis XIV should continue the impression made by the writings of Voltaire go to the canal of Languedoc, and by no means to Versailles.—Return to Paris.—14 miles.

24th. With Monsieur de Broussonet to the king's cabinet of natural history and the botanical garden which is in beautiful order. Its riches are well known, and the politeness of Monsieur Thouin, which is that of a most amiable disposition, renders this garden the scene of other rational pleasures besides those of botany. Dine at the Invalides with Monsieur Parmentier, the celebrated author of many economical works, particularly on the *boulangerie* of France. This gentleman, to a considerable mass of useful knowledge, adds a great deal of that fire and vivacity for which his nation has been distinguished, but which I have not recognised so often as I expected.

25th. This great city appears to be in many respects the most ineligible and inconvenient for the residence of a person of small fortune of any that I have seen; and vastly inferior to London. The streets are very narrow, and many of them crowded, nine-tenths dirty, and all without foot-pavements. Walking, which in London is so pleasant and so clean that ladies do it every day, is here a toil and a fatigue to a man and an impossibility to a well-dressed woman. The coaches are numerous, and, what are much worse, there are an infinity of one-horse cabriolets which are driven by young men of fashion and their imitators, alike fools, with such rapidity as to be real nuisances, and render the streets exceedingly

dangerous without an incessant caution. I saw a poor child run over and probably killed, and have been myself many times blackened with the mud of the kennels. This beggarly practice of driving a one-horse booby hutch about the streets of a great capital flows either from poverty or wretched and despicable economy; nor is it possible to speak of it with too much severity. If young noblemen at London were to drive their chaises in streets without foot-ways, as their brethren do at Paris, they would speedily and justly get very well thrashed or rolled in the kennel. This circumstance renders Paris an ineligible residence for persons, particularly families, that cannot afford to keep a coach; a convenience which is as dear as at London. The *fiacres*, hackney-coaches, are much worse than at that city; and chairs there are none, for they would be driven down in the streets. To this circumstance also it is owing that all persons of small or moderate fortune are forced to dress in black, with black stockings; the dusky hue of this in company is not so disagreeable a circumstance as being too great a distinction; too clear a line drawn in company between a man that has a good fortune and another that has not. With the pride, arrogance, and ill-temper of English wealth this could not be borne; but the prevailing good humour of the French eases all such untoward circumstances. Lodgings are not half so good as at London, yet considerably dearer. If you do not hire a whole suite of rooms at a hotel, you must probably mount three, four, or five pair of stairs, and in general have nothing but a bed-chamber. After the horrid fatigue of the streets, such an elevation is a delectable circumstance. You must search with trouble before you will be lodged in a private family as gentlemen usually are at London, and pay a higher price. Servants' wages are about the same as at that city. It is to be regretted that Paris should have these disadvantages, for in other respects I take it to be a most eligible residence for such as prefer a great city. The society for a man of letters, or who has any scientific pursuit, cannot be exceeded. The intercourse between such men and the great, which, if it is not upon an equal footing, ought never to exist at all, is respectable. Persons of the highest rank pay an attention to science and literature, and emulate the character they confer. I should pity the man who expected, without other advantages of a very different nature, to be well received in a brilliant circle at London because he was a fellow of the Royal Society. But this would not be the case with a member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris; he is sure of a good reception everywhere. Perhaps this contrast depends in a great measure on the differ-

ence of the governments of the two countries. Politics are too much attended to in England to allow a due respect to be paid to anything else; and should the French establish a freer government, academicians will not be held in such estimation when rivalled in the public esteem by the orators who hold forth liberty and property in a free parliament.

28th. Quit Paris, and take the road to Flanders. Monsieur de Broussonet was so obliging as to accompany me to Dugny, to view the farm of Monsieur Cretté de Palluel, a very intelligent cultivator. Take the road to Senlis: at Dammertin, I met by accident a French gentleman, a Monsieur du Pre du St. Cotin. Hearing me conversing with a farmer on agriculture, he introduced himself as an amateur, gave me an account of several experiments he had made on his estate in Champagne, and promised a more particular detail; in which he was as good as his word.—22 miles.

29th. Pass Nanteui, where the Prince of Condé has a chateau, to Villes-Coterets, in the midst of immense forests belonging to the Duke of Orleans. The crop of this country, therefore, is princes of the blood; that is to say, hares, pheasants, deer, boars!—26 miles.

30th. Soissons seems a poor town, without manufactures, and chiefly supported by a corn trade, which goes hence by water to Paris and Rouen.—25 miles.

31st. Coucy is beautifully situated on a hill, with a fine vale winding beside it. At St. Gobin, which is in the midst of great woods, I viewed the fabric of plate-glass the greatest in the world. I was in high luck, arriving about half an hour before they begun to run glasses for the day. Pass La Fere. Reach St. Quintin, where are considerable manufactures that employed me all the afternoon. From St. Gobin are the most beautiful slate roofs I have anywhere seen.—30 miles.

NOVEMBER 1. Near Belle Angoise I turned aside half a league to view the canal of Picardy, of which I had heard much. In passing from St. Quintin to Cambray the country rises so much that it was necessary to carry it in a tunnel under ground for a considerable depth, even under many vales as well as hills. In one of these valleys there is an opening for visiting it by an arched staircase, on which I descended 134 steps to the canal, and as this valley is much below the adjacent and other hills, the great depth at which it is dug may be conceived. Over the door of the descent is the following inscription:—*L'ann. 1781.—Monsieur le Comte d'Agay etant intendant de cette province, Monsieur Laurent de Lionni etant directew de Vancien et nouveau canal de Picardie, et Monsieur*

de Champrose inspecteur, Joseph II Empereur Roi des Romanies, a parcourru en batteau le canal sous terrain depuis cet endroit jusques an puit, No. 20, le 28, et a temoigne sa satisfaction d'avoir vu cet ouvrage en ces termes: "Je suis fier d'etre homme, quand je vois qu'un de mes semblables a ose imaginer et executor un ouvrage aussi vaste et aussi hardie. Cette idea me leve l'ame."—These three Messieurs lead the dance here in a very French style. The great Joseph follows humbly in their train; and as to poor Louis XVI at whose expense the whole was done, these gentlemen certainly thought that no name less than that of an emperor ought to be annexed to theirs. When inscriptions are fixed to public works no names ought to be permitted but those of the king, whose merit patronises, and the engineer or artist whose genius executes the work. As to a mob of intendants, directors, and inspectors, let them go to the devil! The canal at this place is ten French feet wide and twelve high, hewn entirely out of the chalk rock, embedded in which are many flints — no masonry. There is only a small part finished of ten toises long for a pattern, twenty feet broad and twenty high. Five thousand toises are already done in the manner of that part which I viewed; and the whole distance under ground, when the tunnel will be complete, is 7020 toises (each six feet) or about nine miles. It has already cost 1,200,000 livres (£52,500) and there wants 2,500,000 livres (£109,375) to complete it; so that the total estimate is near four millions. It is executed by shafts. At present there is not above five or six inches of water in it. This great work has stood still entirely since the administration of the Archbishop of Toulouse. When we see such works stand still for want of money we shall reasonably be inclined to ask. What are the services that continue supplied? and to conclude that amongst kings, and ministers, and nations, economy is the first virtue:—without it genius is a meteor, victory a sound, and all courtly splendour a public robbery.

At Cambray, view the manufacture. These frontier towns, of Flanders are built in the old style, but the streets broad, handsome, well paved, and lighted. I need not observe that all are fortified, and that every step in this country has been rendered famous or infamous, according to the feelings of the spectator, by many of the bloodiest wars that have disgraced and exhausted Christendom. At the hotel de Bourbon I was well lodged, fed, and attended: an excellent inn.—22 miles.

2nd. Pass Bouchaine to Valenciennes, another old town which, like the rest of the Flemish ones, manifests more the wealth of former than of

present times.—18 miles.

3rd. To Orchees; and the 4th to Lisle, which is surrounded! by more windmills for expressing the oil of coleseed than are to be seen anywhere else I suppose in the world. Pass fewer drawbridges and works of fortification here than at Calais; the great strength of this place is in its mines and other *souteraines*. Ire the evening to the play.

The cry here for a war with England amazed me. Every one I talked with said it was beyond a doubt the English had called the Prussian army into Holland; and that the motives in France for a war were numerous and manifest. It is easy enough to discover that the origin of all this violence is the commercial treaty, which is execrated here as the most fatal stroke to their manufactures they ever experienced. These people have the true monopolising ideas; they would involve four-and-twenty millions of people in the certain miseries of a war rather than see the interest of those who consume fabrics preferred to the interest of those who make them. The advantages reaped by four-and-twenty millions of consumers are lighter than a feather compared with the inconveniences sustained by half a million of manufacturers. Meet many small carts in the town drawn each by a dog: I was told by the owner of one, what appears to me incredible, that his dog would draw 700 lb. half a league. The wheels of these carts are very high relative to the height of the dog, so that his chest is a good deal below the axle,

6th. In leaving Lisle, the reparation of a bridge made me take a road on the banks of the canal close under the works of the citadel. They appear to be very numerous, and the situation exceedingly advantageous, on a gently rising ground, surrounded by low watery meadows, which may with ease be drowned. Pass Darmentiers, a large paved town. Sleep at Mont Cassel.—30 miles.

7th. Cassel is on the summit of the only hill in Flanders. They are now repairing the basin at Dunkirk, so famous in history for an imperiousness in England which she must have paid dearly for. Dunkirk, Gibraltar, and the statue of Louis XIV. in the *Place de Victoire* I place in the same political class of national arrogance. Many men are now at work on this basin, and when finished it will not contain more than twenty or twenty-five frigates; and appears to an unlearned eye a ridiculous object for the jealousy of a great nation, unless it professes to be jealous of privateers.—I made inquiries concerning the import of wool from England, and was assured that it was a very trifling object. I may here observe that when I left the town my little cloak-bag was examined

as scrupulously as if I had just left England with a cargo of prohibited goods, and again at a fort two miles off. Dunkirk being a free port, the custom-house is at the gates. What are we to think of our woollen manufacturers in England, when suing for their wool bill of infamous memory, bringing one Thomas Wilkinson from Dunkirk quay to the bar of the English House of Lords to *swear* that wool passes from Dunkirk without entry, duty, or anything being required, at double custom-houses, for a check on each other, where they examine even a cloak-bag? On such evidence did our legislature, in the true shop-keeping spirit, pass an act of fines, pains, and penalties against all the wool-growers of England. Walk to Rossendal near the town, where Monsieur Ie Brun has an improvement on the Dunes which he very obligingly showed me. Between the town and that place are a great number of neat little houses, built with each its garden, and one or two fields enclosed of most wretched blowing *dune* sand, naturally as white as snow, but improved by industry. The magic of PROPERTY turns sand to gold.—18 miles.

8th. Leave Dunkirk, where the *Concierge*, a good inn, as indeed I have found all in Flanders. Pass Gravelline, which, to my unlearned eyes, seems the strongest place I have yet seen, at least the works above ground are more numerous than at any other. Ditches, ramparts, and drawbridges without end. This is a part of the art military I like: it implies defence and leaving rascality to neighbours. If Gengischan or Tamerlane had met with such places as Gravelline or Lisle in their way, where would their conquests and extirpations of the human race have been?—Reach Calais. And here ends a journey which has given me a great deal of pleasure, and more information than I should have expected in a kingdom not so well cultivated as our own. It has been the first of my foreign travels; and has with me confirmed the idea that to know our own country well we must see something of others. Nations figure by comparison; and those ought to be esteemed the benefactors of the human race who have most established public prosperity on the basis of private happiness. To ascertain how far this has been the case with the French has been one material object of my tour. It is an inquiry of great range and no trifling complexity; but a single excursion is too little to trust to. I must come again and again before I venture conclusions.—25 miles.

Wait at Desseins three days for a wind (the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are in the same inn and situation) and for a packet. A captain behaved shabbily: deceived me, and was hired by a family that would

admit nobody but themselves: I did not ask what nation this family was of.—Dover—London—Bradfield;—and have more pleasure in giving my little girl a French doll than in viewing Versailles.

1788

The long journey I had last year taken in France suggested a variety of reflections on the agriculture and on the sources and progress of national prosperity in that kingdom; in spite of myself, these ideas fermented in my mind; and while I was drawing conclusions relative to the political state of that great country, in every circumstance connected with its husbandry. I found, at each moment of my reflection, the importance of making as regular a survey of the whole as was possible for a traveller to effect. Thus instigated, I determined to attempt finishing what I had fortunately enough begun.

JULY 30. Left Bradfield; and arrived at Calais.—161 miles.

AUGUST 5. The next day I took the road to St. Omers. Pass the bridge *Sans Pareil*, which serves a double purpose, passing two streams at once; but it has been praised beyond its merit, and cost more than it was worth. St. Omers contains little deserving notice, and if I could direct the legislatures of England and Ireland should contain still less:—why are Catholics to emigrate in order to be ill educated abroad, instead of being allowed institutions that would educate them well at home? The country is seen to advantage from St. Bertin's steeple.—25 miles.

7th. The canal of St. Omers is carried up a hill by a series of sluices. To Aire, and Lilliers, and Bethune, towns well known in military story.—25 miles.

8th. The country now a champaign, one changes; from Bethune to Arras an admirable gravel road. At the last town there is nothing but the great and rich abbey of Var, which they would not show me—it was not the right day—or some frivolous excuse. The cathedral is nothing.—17½ miles.

9th. Market-day; coming out of the town I met at least a hundred asses, some loaded with a bag, others a sack, but all apparently with a trifling burthen, and swarms of men and women. This is called a market, being plentifully supplied; but a great proportion of all the labour of a country is idle in the midst of harvest to supply a town which in England would be fed by one-fortieth of the people: whenever this swarm of triflers buzz in a market I take a minute and vicious division of the soil for granted. Here my only companion *de voyage*, the English mare

that carries me, discloses by her eye a secret not the most agreeable that she is going rapidly blind. She is moon-eyed, but our fool of a Bury farrier assured me I was safe for above a twelvemonth. It must be confessed this is one of those agreeable situations which not many will believe a man would put himself into. *Ma foi!* this is a piece of my good luck;—the journey at best is but a drudgery that others are paid for performing on a good horse, and I pay myself for doing it on a blind one;—I shall feel this inconvenience perhaps at the expense of my neck.—20 miles.

10th. To Amiens. Mr. Fox slept here last night, and it was amusing to hear the conversation at the table d'hôte; they wondered that so great a man should not travel in a greater style: I asked what was his style? Monsieur and *Madame* were in an English post-chaise, and the fille and valet de chambre in a cabriolet with a French courier to have horses ready. What would they have? but a style both of comfort and amusement? A plague on a blind mare!—But I have worked through life; and he TALKS.

11th. By Poix to Aumale; enter Normandy.—25 miles.

12th. From thence to Newchatel, by far the finest country since Calais. Pass many villas of Rouen merchants.—40 miles.

13th. They are right to have country villas—to get out of this great ugly, stinking, close, and ill-built town which is full of nothing but dirt and industry. What a picture of new buildings does a flourishing manufacturing town in England exhibit! The choir of the cathedral is surrounded by a most magnificent railing of solid brass. They show the monument of Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, and of his son; of William Longsword; also those of Richard Coeur de Lion; his brother Henry; the Duke of Bedford, regent of France; of their own King Henry V; of the Cardinal d'Ambrose, minister of Louis XII. The altar-piece is an adoration of the shepherds, by Philip of Champagne. Rouen is dearer than Paris, and therefore it is necessary for the pockets of the people that their bellies should be wholesomely pinched. At the table d'hôte at the hotel *pomme du pin* we sat down, sixteen, to the following dinner: a soup, about 3 lb. of bouilli, one fowl, one duck, a small fricassee of chicken, rote of veal of about 2 lb., and two other small plates with a salad: the price 45 sous and 20 sous more for a pint of wine; at an ordinary of 2od. a head in England there would be a piece of meat which would, literally speaking, outweigh this whole dinner! The ducks were swept clean so quickly that I moved from table without half a dinner.

Such table d'hôtes are among the cheap things of France! Of all *sombre* and *triste* meetings a French table d'hôte is foremost; for eight minutes a dead silence, and as to the politeness of addressing a conversation to a foreigner, he will look for it in vain. Not a single word has anywhere been said to me unless, to answer some question: Rouen not singular in this. The parliament-house here is shut up and its members exiled a month, past to their country seats because they would not register the edict for a new land-tax. I inquired much into the common sentiments of the people, and found that the king personally, from having been here, is more popular than the parliament, to whom they attribute the general dearness of everything. Called; on Monsieur d'Amboumay, the author of a treatise on using madder green instead of dried, and had the pleasure of a long conversation with him on various farming topics interesting to my inquiries.

14th. To Barentin, through abundance of apples and pears, and a country better than the husbandry: to Yveot richer, but miserable management.—21 miles.

15th. Country the same to Bolbec; their enclosures remind me of Ireland, the fence is a high broad parapet bank, very well planted with hedges and oak and beech trees. All the way from Rouen there is a scattering of country seats, which I am glad to see; farmhouses and cottages everywhere, and the cotton manufacture in all. Continues the same to Harfleur. To Havre de Grace, the approach strongly marks a very flourishing place: the hills are almost covered with little new-built villas, and many more are building; some are so close as to form almost streets, and considerable additions are also making to the town.—30 miles.

16th. Inquiries are not necessary to find out the prosperity of this town; it is nothing equivocal: fuller of motion, life, and activity than any place I have been at in France. A house here, which in 1779 let without any fine on a lease of six years for 240 livres per annum was lately let for three years at 600 livres which twelve years past was to be had at 24 livres. The harbour's mouth is narrow and formed by a mole, but it enlarges into two oblong basins of greater breadth; these are full of ships to the number of some hundreds, and the quays around are thronged with business, all hurry, bustle, and animation. They say a fifty-gun ship can enter, but I suppose without her guns. What is better, they have merchantmen of five and six hundred tons: the state of the harbour has however given them much alarm and perplexity; if nothing had been

done to improve it, the mouth would have been filled up with sand, an increasing evil; to remedy which many engineers have been consulted. The want of a backwater to wash it out is so great that they are now, at the king's expense, forming a most noble and magnificent work, a vast basin walled off from the ocean, or rather an enclosure of it by solid masonry, 700 yards long, 5 yards broad, and 10 or 12 feet above the surface of the sea at high water; and for 400 yards more it consists of two exterior walls, each 3 yards broad and filled up 7 yards wide between them with earth; by means of this new and enormous basin they will have an artificial backwater capable, they calculate, of sweeping out the harbour's mouth clean from all obstructions. It is a work that does honour to the kingdom. The view of the Seine from this mole is striking; it is 5 miles broad with high lands for its opposite shore, and the chalk cliffs and promontories that recede to make way for rolling its vast tribute to the ocean, bold and noble.

Wait on Monsieur l'Abbé Dicquemarre, the celebrated naturalist, where I had also the pleasure of meeting Mademoiselle le Masson le Golf, author of some agreeable performances; among others, *Entrelien sur le Havre*, 1781, when the number of souls was estimated at 25,000. The next day Monsieur le Reiseicourt, captain of the *corps royale du Genie*, to whom also I had letters, introduced me to Messrs. Hombergs, who rank amongst the most considerable merchants of France. I dined with them at one of their country houses, meeting a numerous company and splendid entertainment. These gentlemen have wives and daughters, cousins and friends, cheerful, pleasing, and well informed. I did not like the idea of quitting them so soon, for they seemed to have a society that would have made a longer residence agreeable enough. It is no bad prejudice surely to like people that like England; most of them have been there. *Nous avons assurancement en France de belles, d'agreeables et de bonnes chases, mais on trouve une telle energie dans votre nation*—

18th. By the passage-packet, a decked vessel, to Honfleur, seven and a half miles, which we made with a strong north wind in an hour, the river being rougher than I thought a river could be. Honfleur is a small town full of industry and a basin full of ships, with some Guinea-men as large as at Havre. At Font au de Mer, wait on Monsieur Martin, director of the *manufacture royale* of leather. I saw eight or ten Englishmen that are employed here (there are forty in all), and conversed with one from Yorkshire, who told me he had been deceived into coming; for though

they are well paid yet they find things very dear instead of very cheap, as they had been given to understand.—20 miles.

19th. To Pont l'Eveque, towards which town the country is richer, that is, has more pasturage; the whole has singular features, composed of orchard enclosures with hedges so thick and excellent, though composed of willow with but a sprinkling of thorns, that one can scarcely see through them; chateaus are scattered and some good, yet the road is villainous. Pont l'Eveque is situated in the Pays d'Auge, celebrated for the great fertility of its pastures. To Lisieux, through the same rich district, fences admirably planted and the country thickly enclosed and wooded.—At the hotel d'Angleterre, an excellent inn, new, clean, and well furnished; and I was well served and well fed.—26 miles.

20th. To Caen; the road passes on the brow of a hill that commands the rich valley of Corbon, still in the Pays d'Auge, the most fertile of the whole, all is under fine Poictou bullocks and would figure in Leicester or Northampton.—28 miles.

21st. The Marquis de Guerchy, whom I had had the pleasure of seeing in Suffolk, being colonel of the regiment of Artois, quartered here, I waited on him; he introduced me to his lady and remarked, that as it was the fair of Guibray and himself going I could not do better than accompany him, since it was the second fair in France. I readily agreed: in our way we called at Bon and dined with the Marquis of Turgot, elder brother of the justly celebrated comptroller-general: this gentleman is author of some memoirs on planting, published in the Trimestres of the Royal Society of Paris; he showed and explained to us all his plantations, but chiefly prides himself on the exotics; and I was sorry to find in proportion, not to their promised utility, but merely to their rarity. I have not found this uncommon in France; and it is far from being so in England. I wished every moment of a long walk to change the conversation from trees to husbandry, and made many efforts, but all in vain. In the evening to the fair play-house—*Richard Coeur de Lion*; and I could not but remark an uncommon number of pretty women. Is there no antiquarian that deduces English beauty from the mixture of Norman blood? or who thinks, with Major Jardine, that nothing improves so much as crossing; to read his agreeable book of travels one would think none wanting, and yet to look at his daughters and hear their music, it would be impossible to doubt his system. Supped at the Marquis d'Ecougal's, at his chateau *a la Frenaye*. If these French marquises cannot show me good crops of corn and turnips, here is a noble one of something else—

of beautiful and elegant daughters, the charming copies of an agreeable mother: the whole family I pronounced at the first blush amiable: they are cheerful, pleasing, interesting: I want to know them better, but it is the fate of a traveller to meet opportunities of pleasure and merely see to quit them. After supper, while the company were at cards, the marquis conversed on topics interesting to my inquiries.—22½ miles.

22nd. At this fair of Guibray, merchandise is sold, they say, to the amount of six millions (£262,500), but at that of Beaucaire to ten: I found the quantity of English goods considerable, hard and queen's ware; cloths and cottons. A dozen of common plain plates, 3 livres and 4 livres for a French imitation, but much worse; I asked the man (a Frenchman) if the treaty of commerce would not be very injurious with such a difference—C'est precisement le contraire, Monsieur—quelque mauvaise que soit cette imitation, on n'a encore rien fait d'aussi bien en France; l'année prochaine on fera mieux—nous perfectionnerons—et en fin nous l'emporterons sur vous.—I believe he is a very good politician, and that without competition it is not possible to perfect any fabric. A dozen with blue or green edges, English, 5 livres 5 sous. Return to Caen; dine with the Marquis of Guerchy, lieutenant-colonel, major, etc., of the regiment, and their wives present a large and agreeable company. View the Abbey of Benedictines, founded by William the Conqueror. It is a splendid building, substantial, massy, and magnificent, with very large apartments, and stone staircases worthy of a palace. Sup with Monsieur du Mesni, captain of the *corps de Genie*, to whom I had letters; he had introduced me to the engineer employed on the new port which will bring ships of three or four hundred tons to Caen, a noble work, and among those which do honour to France.

23rd. Monsieur de Guerchy and the Abbe de —— accompanied me to view Harcourt, the seat of the Duke d'Harcourt, governor of Normandy, and of the Dauphin; I had heard it called the finest English garden in France, but Ermenonville will not allow that claim, though not near its equal as a residence. Found at last a horse to try in order to prosecute my journey a, little less like Don Quixote, but it would by no means do, an suneasy stumbling beast, at a price that would have bought a good one, so my blind friend and I must jog on still further.—30 miles.

24th. To Bayeux; the cathedral has three towers, one of which is very light, elegant, and highly ornamented.

25th. In the road to Carentan, pass an arm of the sea at Issigny which is fordable. At Carentan I found myself so ill, from accumulated

colds I suppose, that I was seriously afraid of being laid up—not a bone without its aches; and a horrid dead leaden weight all over me. I went early to bed, washed down a dose of antimonial powders, which proved sudorific enough to let me prosecute my journey.—23 miles.

26th. To Volognes; thence to Cherbourg, a thick woodland, much like Sussex. The Marquis de Guerchy had desired me to call on Monsieur Doumerc, a great improver at Pierbutte near Cherbourg, which I did; but he was absent at Paris: however his bailiff, Monsieur Baillio, with great civility showed me the lands and explained everything.—30 miles.

27th. Cherbourg. I had letters to the Duke de Beuvron, who commands here; to the Count de Chavagnac, and M. de Meusnier, of the Academy of Sciences, and translator of Cook's *Voyages*; the count is in the country. So much had I heard of the famous works erecting to form a harbour here that I was eager to view them without the loss of a moment: the duke favoured me with an order for that purpose, I therefore took a boat, and rowed across the artificial harbour formed by the celebrated cones. As it is possible that this itinerary may be read by persons that have not either time or inclination to seek other books for an account of these works, I will in a few words sketch the intention and execution. The French possess no port for ships of war from Dunkirk to Brest, and the former capable of receiving only frigates. This deficiency has been fatal to them. more than once in their wars with England, whose more favourable coast affords not only the Thames, but the noble harbour of Portsmouth. To remedy the want they planned a mole across the open bay of Cherbourg; but to enclose a space sufficient to protect a fleet of the line would demand so extended a wall, and so exposed to heavy seas, that the expense would be far too great to be thought of; and at the same time the success too dubious to be ventured. The idea of a regular mole was therefore given up, and a partial one, on a new plan, adopted; this was. to erect in the sea a line, where a mole is wanted, insulated columns of timber and masonry, of so vast a size as to resist the violence of the ocean, and to break its waves sufficiently to permit a bank being formed between column and column. These have been called cones from their form. They are 140 feet diameter at the base, 60 diameter at the top, and 60 feet vertical height, being, when sunk in the sea, 30 to 34 feet immersed at the low water of high tides. These enormous broad-bottomed tubes being constructed of oak, with every attention to strength and solidity, when finished for launching were loaded with stone just

sufficient for sinking, and in that state each cone weighed 1000 tons (of 2000 lb.). To float them, sixty empty casks, each of ten pipes, were attached around by cords, and in this state of buoyancy the enormous machine was floated to its destined spot, towed by numberless vessels, and before innumerable spectators. At a signal the cords are cut in a moment and the pile sinks: it is then filled instantly with stone from vessels ready attending, and capped with masonry. The contents of each, filled only to within four feet of the surface, 2500 cubical toises of stone. A vast number of vessels are then employed to form a bank of stone from cone to cone, visible at low water in neap tides. Eighteen cones, by one account, but 33 by another, would complete the work, leaving only two entrances commanded by two very fine new-built forts. *Royals* and *d'Artois*, thoroughly well provided, it is said, for they do not show them, with an apparatus for heating cannon balls. The number of cones will depend on the distances at which they are placed. I found eight finished, and the skeleton frames of two more in the dockyard; but all is stopped by the Archbishop of Toulouse in favour of the economical plans at present in speculation. Four of them, the last sunk, being most exposed, are now repairing, having been found too weak to resist the fury of the storms and the heavy westerly seas. The last cone is much the most damaged, and, in proportion as they advance, they will be still more and more exposed, which gives rise to the opinion of many skilful engineers that the whole scheme will prove fruitless, unless such an expense is bestowed on the remaining cones as would be sufficient to exhaust the revenues of a kingdom. The eight already erected have for some years given a new appearance to Cherbourg; new houses, and even streets, and such a face of activity and animation, that the stop to the works was received with blank countenances. They say that, quarrymen included, 3000 were employed. The effect of the eight cones already erected, and the bank of stone formed between them, has been to give perfect security to a considerable portion of the intended harbour. Two 40-gun ships have lain at anchor within them these eighteen months past, by way of experiment, and though such storms have happened in that time as have put all to severe trials, and, as I mentioned before, considerably damaged three of the cones, yet these ships have not received the smallest agitation; hence it is a harbour for a small fleet without doing more. Should they ever proceed with the rest of the cones, they must be built much stronger, perhaps larger, and far greater precautions taken in giving them firmness and solidity: it is also a question

whether they must not be sunk much nearer to each other; at all events, the proportional expense will be nearly doubled, but for wars with England, the importance of having a secure harbour, so critically situated, they consider as equal almost to any expense; at least this importance has its full weight in the eyes of the people of Cherbourg. I remarked, in rowing across the harbour, that while the sea without the artificial bar wasso rough that it would have been unpleasant for a boat, within it was quite smooth. I mounted two of the cones, one of which has this inscription:—*Louis XVI.—Sur ce premiere cône échoue le 6 Juin 1784, a vu l'immersion de celui de l'est, le 23 Juin 1786.*—On the whole the undertaking is a prodigious one, and does no trifling credit to the spirit of enterprise of the present age in France. The service of the marine is a favourite; whether justly or not is another question; and this harbour shows that when this great people undertake any capital works, that are really favourites, they find inventive genius to plan, and engineers of capital talents to execute, whatever is devised, in a manner that does honour to their kingdom. The Duke de Beuvron had asked me to dinner, but I found that if I accepted his invitation it would then take me the next day to view the glass manufacture; I preferred therefore business to pleasure, and taking with me a letter from that nobleman to secure a sight of it, I rode thither in the afternoon; it is about three miles from Cherbourg. Monsieur de Puye, the director, explained everything to me in the most obliging manner. Cherbourg is not a place for a residence longer than necessary; I was here fleeced more infamously than at any other town in France; the two best inns were full; I was obliged to go to the *barque*, a vile hole, little better than a hog-sty; where, for a miserable dirty wretched chamber, two suppers composed chiefly of a plate of apples and some butter and cheese, with some trifle besides too bad to eat, and one miserable dinner, they brought me in a bill of 31 livres (£1 7s. 1d.); they not only charged the room 3 livres a night, but even the very stable for my horse, after enormous items for oats, hay, and straw. This is a species of profligacy which debases the national character. Calling, as I returned, on Monsieur Baillo, I showed him the bill, at which he exclaimed for imposition, and said the man and woman were going to leave off their trade; and no wonder if they had made a practice of fleecing others in that manner. Let no one go to Cherbourg without making a bargain for everything he has, even to the straw and stable; pepper, salt, and table-cloth.—10 miles.

28th. Return to Carentan ; and the 29th, pass through a rich and

thickly enclosed country, to Coutances, capital of the district called the Cotentin. They build in this country the best mud houses and barns I ever saw, excellent habitations even of three stories, and all of mud, with considerable barns and other offices. The earth (the best for the purpose is a rich brown loam) is well kneaded with straw; and being spread about four inches thick on the ground, is cut in squares of nine inches, and these are taken with a shovel and tossed to the man on the wall who builds it; and the wall built, as in Ireland, in layers each three feet high, that it may dry before they advance. The thickness about two feet. They make them project about an inch, which they cut off layer by layer perfectly smooth. If they had the English way of white washing they would look as well as our lath and plaster, and are much more durable. In good houses the doors and windows are in stone work.—20 miles.

30th. A fine sea view of the Isles of Chausee, at five leagues distant; and afterwards Jersey, clear at about forty miles, with that of the town of Grandval on a high peninsula: entering the town, every idea of beauty is lost; a close, nasty, ugly, ill-built hole: market day, and myriads of triflers, common at a French market. The bay of Cancalle, all along to the right, and St. Michael's rock rising out of the sea, conically, with a castle on the top, a most singular and picturesque object.—30 miles.

31st. At Font Orsin, enter Bretagne; there seems here a more minute division of farms than before. There is a long street in the episcopal town of Doll without a glass window; a horrid appearance. My entry into Bretagne gives me an idea of its being a miserable province.—22 miles.

SEPTEMBER 1. To Combourg, the country has a savage aspect; husbandry not much further advanced, at least in skill, than among the Hurons, which appears incredible amidst enclosures; the people almost as wild as their country, and their town of Combourg one of the most brutal filthy places that can be seen; mud houses, no windows, and a pavement so broken as to impede all passengers, but ease none—yet here is a chateau, and inhabited; who is this Monsieur de Chateaubriant, the owner, that has nerves strung for a residence amidst such filth and poverty? Below this hideous heap of wretchedness is a fine lake, surrounded by well wooded enclosures. Coming out of Hede, there is a beautiful lake belonging to Monsieur de Blassac, intendant of Poitiers, with a fine accompaniment of wood. A very little cleaning would make here a delicious scenery. There is a chateau, with four rows of trees, and

nothing else to be seen from the windows in the true French style. Forbid it, taste, that this should be the house of the owner of that beautiful water; and yet this Monsieur de Blassac has made at Poitiers the finest promenade in France! But that taste which draws a strait line, and that which traces a waving one, are founded on feelings and ideas as separate and distinct as painting and music—as poetry or sculpture. The lake abounds with fish, pike to 36 lb., carp to 24 lb., perch 4 lb., and tench 5 lb. To Rennes the same strange wild mixture of desert and cultivation, half savage, half human.—31 miles.

2nd. Rennes is well built, and it has two good squares; that particularly of Louis XV where is his statue. The parliament being in exile the house is not to be seen. The Benedictines' garden, called the *Tubour*, is worth viewing. But the object at Rennes most remarkable at present is a camp, with a marshal of France (de Stainville), and four regiments of infantry and two of dragoons, close to the gates. The discontents of the people have been double, first on account of the high price of bread, and secondly for the banishment of the parliament. The former cause is natural enough, but why the people should love their parliament was what I could not understand, since the members as well as of the states, are all noble, and the distinction between the *noblesse* and *roturiers* nowhere stronger, more offensive, or more abominable than in Bretagne. They assured me, however, that the populace have been blown up to violence by every art of deception, and even by money distributed for that purpose. The commotions rose to such a height before the camp was established that the troops here were utterly unable to keep the peace. Monsieur Argentaize, to whom I had brought letters, had the goodness during the four days I was here to show and explain everything to be seen. I find Rennes very cheap; and it appears the more so to me just come from Normandy where everything is extravagantly dear. The table d'hôte at the *grand maison* is well served; they give two courses containing plenty of good things, and a very ample regular dessert: the supper one good course with a large joint of mutton and another good dessert; each meal with the common wine, 40 sous and for 20 more you have very good wine, instead of the ordinary sort; 30 sous for the horse: thus with good wine it is no more than 6 livres 10 sous a day, or 5s. 10d. Yet a camp which they complain has raised prices enormously.

5th. To Montauban. The poor people seem poor indeed; the children terribly ragged, if possible worse clad than if with no clothes at all; as to shoes and stockings they are luxuries. A beautiful girl of six or

seven years playing with a stick, and smiling under such a bundle of rags as made my heart ache to see her: they did not beg, and when I gave them anything seemed more surprised than obliged. One third of what I have seen of this province seems uncultivated, and nearly all of it in misery. What have kings, and ministers, and parliaments, and states to answer for their prejudices, seeing millions of hands that would be industrious idle and starving, through the execrable maxims of despotism or the equally detestable prejudices of a feudal nobility. Sleep at the *lion d'or*, at Montauban, an abominable hole.—20 miles.

6th. The same enclosed country to Brooms; but near that town improves to the eye from being more hilly. At the little town of Lamballe there are above fifty families of noblesse that live in winter, who reside on their estates in the summer. There is probably as much foppery and nonsense in their circles, and for what I know as much happiness, as in those of Paris. Both would be better employed in cultivating their lands and rendering the poor industrious.—30 miles.

7th. Leaving Lamballe the country immediately changes. The Marquis d'Urvoy, who I met at Rennes and has a good estate at St. Brieux, gave me a letter for his agent, who answered my questions.—12½ miles.

8th. To Guingamp, a *sombre* enclosed country. Pass Chateaulandrin, and enter Bas Bretagne. One recognises at once another people, meeting numbers who have not more French than *Je ne sai pas ce que vous dites*, or *Je n'entend rien*. Enter Guingamp by gateways, towers, and battlements, apparently of the oldest military architecture; every part denoting antiquity and in the best preservation. The poor people's habitations are not so good; they are miserable heaps of dirt; no glass and scarcely any light, but they have earth chimneys. I was in my first sleep at Belleisle when the aubergiste came to my bedside, undrew a curtain, that I expected to cover me with spiders, to tell me that I had *une jument Anglois superbe*, and that a signeur wished to buy it of me: I gave him half a dozen flowers of French eloquence for his impertinence, when he thought proper to leave me and his spiders at peace. There was a great *chasse* assembled. These Bas Bretagne signeurs are capital hunters, it seems, that fix on a blind mare for an object of admiration. *A propos* to the breeds of horses in France; this mare cost me twenty-three guineas when horses were dear in England and had been sold for sixteen when they were rather cheaper; her figure may therefore be guessed; yet she was much admired and often in this journey, and as to Bretagne she rarely met a rival. That province, and it is the same in parts of Normandy,

is infested in every stable with a pack of garran pony stallions, sufficient to perpetuate the miserable breed that is everywhere seen. This villainous hole, that calls itself the *grand maison*, is the best inn at a post town on the great road to Brest, at which marshals of France, dukes, peers, countesses, and so forth must now and then, by the accidents to which long journeys are subject to, have found themselves. What are we to think of a country that has made, in the eighteenth century, no better provision for its travellers!—30 miles.

9th. Morlaix is the most singular port I have seen. It has but one feature, a vale just wide enough for a fine canal with two quays and two rows of houses; behind them the mountain rises steep and woody on one side; on the other, gardens, rocks, and wood; the effect romantic and beautiful. Trade now very dull, but flourished much in the war.—20 miles.

10th. Fair day at Landervisier, which gave me an opportunity of seeing numbers of Bas Bretons collected as well as their cattle. The men dress in great trousers like breeches, many with naked legs, and most with wooden shoes, strong marked features like the Welsh, with countenances a mixture of half energy, half laziness; their persons stout, broad, and square. The women furrowed without age by labour, to the utter extinction of all softness of sex. The eye discovers them at first glance to be a people absolutely distinct from the French. Wonderful that they should be so, with distinct language, manners, dress, etc., after having been settled here 1300 years.—35 miles.

11th. I had respectable letters, and to respectable people at Brest, in order to see the dockyard, but they were vain; Monsieur le Chevalier de Tredairne particularly applied for me earnestly to the commandant, but the order, contrary to its being shown either to Frenchmen or foreigners, was too strict to be relaxed without an express direction from the minister of the marine, given very rarely, and to which, when it does come, they give but an unwilling obedience. Monsieur Tredairne, however, informed me that Lord Pembroke saw it not long since by means of such an order: and he remarked himself, knowing that I could not fail doing the same, that it was strange to show the port to an English general and governor of Portsmouth yet deny it to a farmer. He however assured me that the Duke of Chartres went away but the other day without being permitted to see it. Gretry's music at the theatre, which, though not large, is neat and even elegant, was not calculated to put me in good humour; it was *Panurge*.—Brest is a well built town, with many regular

and handsome streets, and the quay, where many men-of-war are laid up and other shipping, has much of that life and motion which animates a seaport.

12th. Return to Landernau, where, at the *Due de Chartre*, which is the best and cleanest inn in the bishopric, as I was going to dinner, the landlord told me there was a *Monsieur un homme comme il faut*, and the dinner would be better if we united; *de tout mon cceur*. He proved a Bas Breton noble, with his sword and a little miserable but nimble nag. This signeur was ignorant that the Duke de Chartres, the other day at Brest, was not the duke that was in Monsieur d'Orvillier's fleet. Take the road to Nantes.—25 miles.

13th. The country to Chateaulin more mountainous; onethird waste. All this region far inferior to Leon and Tragner; no exertions, nor any marks of intelligence, yet all near to the great navigation and market of Brest water, and the soil good. Quimper, though a bishopric, has nothing worth seeing but its promenades, which are among the finest in France.—25 miles.

14th. Leaving Quimper there seem to be more cultivated features; but this only for a moment; wastes—wastes—wastes. Reach Quimperiy.—27 miles.

15th. The same *sombre* country to l'Orient, but with a mixture of cultivation and much wood.—I found l'Orient so full of fools, gaping to see a man-of-war launched, that I could get no bed for myself nor stable for my horse at the *epée royale*. At the *cheval blanc*, a poor hole, I got my horse crammed among twenty others like herrings in a barrel, but could have no bed. The Duke de Brissac, with a suite of officers, had no better success. If the governor of Paris could not, without trouble, get a bed at l'Orient, no wonder Arthur Young found obstacles.. I went directly to deliver my letters; found Monsieur Besne, a merchant, at home; he received me with a frank civility better than a million of compliments, and the moment he understood my situation offered me a bed in his house, which I accepted. The *Tourville*, of eighty-four guns, was to be launched at three o'clock, but put off till the next day, much to the joy of the aubergistes, etc., who were well pleased to see such a swarm of strangers kept another day. I wished the ship in their throats, for I thought only of my poor mare being squeezed a night. amongst the Bretagne garrans; sixpence, however, to the garcon had effects marvellously to her ease. The town is modern and regularly built, the streets diverge in rays from the gate and are crossed by others at right angles, broad,

handsomely built, and well paved; with many houses that make a good figure. But what makes l'Orient more known is being the appropriated port for the commerce of India, containing all the shipping and magazines of the company. The latter are truly great and speak the royal munificence from which they arose. They are of several stories and all vaulted in stone, in a splendid style and of vast extent. But they want, at least at present, like so many other magnificent establishments in France, the vigour and vivacity of an active commerce. The business transacting: here seems trifling. Three eighty-four-gun ships, the *Tourville*, *l'Eole*, and *Jean Bart*, with a thirty-two-gun frigate, are upon the stocks. They assured me that the *Tourville* has been only nine months building: the scene is alive, and fifteen large men-of-war being laid up here in ordinary, with some Indiamen and a few traders, render the port a pleasing spectacle. There is a beautiful round tower, 100 feet high, of white stone, with a railed gallery at top; the proportions light and agreeable; it is, for looking out and making signals. My hospitable merchant I find a plain unaffected character, with some whimsical originalities that make him more interesting; he has an agreeable daughter who entertains me with singing to her harp. The next morning the *Tourville* quitted her stocks, to the music of the regiments and the shouts of thousands collected to see it. Leave l'Orient. Arrive at Hennebon.—74 miles.

17th. To Auray, the eighteen poorest miles I have yet seen a in Bretagne. Good houses of stone and slate without glass. Auray has a little port and some sloops, which always give an air of life to a town. To Vannes, the country various, but *landes* the more permanent feature. Vannes is not an inconsiderable town, but its greatest beauty is its port and promenade.

18th. To Musiliac. Belleisle with the smaller ones, d'Hedic and d'Honat, are in sight. Musiliac, if it can boast of nothing else, may at least vaunt its cheapness. I had for dinner two good flat fish, a dish of oysters, soup, a fine duck roasted, with an ample dessert of grapes, pears, walnuts, biscuits, liqueur, and a pint of good Bourdeaux wine; my mare, besides hay, had three-fourths of a peck of corn, and the whole 56 sous, 2 sous to the fille and two to the garcon, in all 2s. 6d. Pass *landes*—*landes*—*landes*—to la Roche Bernard. The view of the river Villaine is beautiful from the boldness of the shores, there are no insipid flats; the river is two-thirds of the width of the Thames at Westminster, and would be equal to anything in the world if the shores were woody, but they are the savage wastes of this country.—33 miles.

19th. Turned aside to Auvergnac the seat of the Count de la Bourdonaye, to whom I had a letter from the Duchess d'Anville, as a person able to give me every species of intelligence relative to Bretagne, having for five-and-twenty years been first syndac of the noblesse. A fortuitous jumble of rocks and steeps could scarcely form a worse road than these five miles: could I put as much faith in two bits of wood laid over each other as the good folks of the country do, I should have crossed myself, but my blind friend with the most incredible sure-footedness carried me safe over such places, that if I had not been in the every-day habit of the saddle I should have shuddered at, though guided by eyes keen as Eclipse's; for I suppose a fine racer, on whose velocity so many fools have been ready to lose their money, must have good eyes as well as good legs. Such a road leading to several villages and one of the first noblemen of the province shows what the state of society must be;—no communication—no neighbourhood—no temptation to the expenses which flow from society; a mere seclusion to save money in order to spend it in towns. The count received me with great politeness; I explained to him my plan and motives for travelling in France, which he was pleased very warmly to approve, expressing his surprise that I should attempt so large an undertaking as such a survey of France unsupported by my government; I told him he knew very little of our government if he supposed they would give a shilling to any agricultural project or projector; that whether the minister was whig or tory made no difference, the party of THE PLOUGH never yet had one on its side; and that England has had many Colberts but not one Sully. This led to much interesting conversation on the balance of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and on the means of encouraging them; and in reply to his inquiries I made him understand their relations in England, and how our husbandry flourished in spite of the teeth of our ministers, merely by the protection which civil liberty gives to property; and consequently that it was in a poor situation comparatively with what it would have been in had it received the same attention as manufactures and commerce. I told M. de la Bourdonaye that his province of Bretagne seemed to me to have nothing in it but privileges and poverty, he smiled and gave me some explanations that are important; but no nobleman can ever probe this evil as it ought to be done, resulting as it does from the privileges going to themselves and the poverty to the people. He showed me his plantations which are very fine and well thriven, and shelter him thoroughly on every side, even from the S.W. so near to the sea; from

his walks we see Belleisle and a little isle or rock belonging to him which he says the King of England took from him after Sir Edward Hawke's victory, but that his majesty was kind enough to leave him his island after one night's possession.—20 miles.

20th. Take my leave of Monsieur and Madame de la Bourdonaye, to whose politeness as well as friendly attentions I am much obliged. Towards Nazaire there is a fine view of the mouth of the Loire, from the rising grounds, but the headlands that form the embouchure are low, which takes off from that greatness of the effect which highlands give to the mouth of the Shannon. The swelling bosom of the Atlantic boundless to the right. Savanal poverty itself.—33 miles.

21st. Come to an improvement in the midst of these deserts, four good houses of stone and slate, and a few acres run to wretched grass, which have been tilled, but all savage, and become almost as rough as the rest. I was afterwards informed that this improvement, as it is called, was wrought by Englishmen, at the expense of a gentleman they ruined as well as themselves.—I demanded how it had been done? Pare and burn and sow wheat, then rye, and then oats. Thus it is for ever and ever! the same follies, the same blundering, the same ignorance; and then all the fools in the country said, as they do now, that these wastes are good for nothing. To my amazement find the incredible circumstance that they reach within three miles of the great commercial city of Nantes! This is a problem and a lesson to work at, but not at present. Arrive—go to the theatre, new built of fine white stone, and has a magnificent portico front of eight elegant Corinthian pillars, and four others within, to part the portico from a grand vestibule. Within all is gold and painting, and a *coup d'oeil* at entering, that struck me forcibly. It is, I believe, twice as large as Drury Lane, and five times as magnificent. It was Sunday and therefore full. *Mon Dieu!* cried I to myself, do all the wastes, the deserts, the heath, ling, furze, broom, and bog that I have passed for 300 miles lead to this spectacle? What a miracle, that all this splendour and wealth of the cities in France should be so unconnected with the country! There are no gentle transitions from ease to comfort, from comfort to wealth: you pass at once from beggary to profusion,—from misery in mud cabins to Mademoiselle St. Huberti, in splendid spectacles at 500 livres a night (£21 17s. 6d.). The country deserted, or if a gentleman in it, you find him in some wretched hole, to save that money which is lavished with profusion in the luxuries of a capital.—20 miles.

22nd. Deliver my letters. As much as agriculture is the chief object of my journey, it is necessary to acquire such intelligence of the state of commerce, as can be best done from merchants, for abundance of useful information is to be gained without putting any questions that a man would be cautious of answering, and even without putting any questions at all. Monsieur Riedy was very polite and satisfied many of my inquiries; I dined once with him, and was pleased to find the conversation take an important turn on the relative situations of France and England in trade, particularly in the West Indies. I had a letter also to Monsieur Epivent, *consilier* in the parliament of Rennes, whose brother. Monsieur Epivent de la Villesboisnet, is a very considerable merchant here. It was not possible for any person to be more obliging than these two gentlemen; their attentions to me were marked and friendly, and rendered a few days' residence here equally instructive and agreeable. The town has that sign of prosperity of new buildings which never deceives. The quarter of the *comédie* is magnificent, all the streets at right angles and of white stone. I am in doubt whether the *hotel de Henri IV* is not the finest inn in Europe: Dessein's at Calais is larger, but neither built, fitted up, nor furnished like this, which is new. It cost 400,000 livres (£17,500) furnished, and is let at 14,000 livres per annum (£,612 10^{ds}.) with no rent for the first year. It contains 60 beds for masters, and 25 stalls for horses. Some of the apartments of two rooms, very neat, are 6 livres a day; one good 3 livres, but for merchants 5 livres per diem for dinner, supper, wine, and chamber, and 35 sous for his horse. It is, without comparison, the first inn I have seen in France, and very cheap. It is in a small square close to the theatre, as convenient for pleasure or trade as the votaries of either can wish. The theatre cost 450,000 livres and lets to the comedians at 17,000 livres a year; it holds, when full, 120 louis d'or. The land the inn stands on was bought at 9 livres a foot: in some parts of the city it sells as high as 15 livres. This value of the ground induces them to build so high as to be destructive of beauty. The quay has nothing remarkable; the river is choked with islands, but at the furthest part next to the sea is a large range of houses regularly fronted. An institution common in the great commercial towns of France, but particularly flourishing in Nantes, is a *chambre de lecture*, or what we should call a book-club, that does not divide its books, but forms a library. There are three rooms, one for reading, another for conversation, and the third is the library; good fires in winter are provided, and wax candles. Messrs. Epivent had the goodness to attend me in a water

expedition, to view the establishment of Mr. Wilkinson, for boring cannon, in an island in the Loire below Nantes. Until that well-known English manufacturer arrived the French knew nothing of the art of casting cannon solid and then boring them. Mr. Wilkinson's machinery, for boring four cannons, is now at work, moved by tide wheels; but they have erected a steam engine, with a new apparatus for boring seven more; M. de la Motte, who has the direction of the whole, showed us also a model of this engine, about six feet long, five high, and four or five broad; which he worked for us, by making a small fire under the boiler that is not bigger than a large tea-kettle; one of the best machines for a travelling philosopher that I have seen. Nantes is as *enflamme* in the cause of liberty as any town in France can be; the conversations I witnessed here prove how great a change is effected in the minds of the French, nor do I believe it will be possible for the present government to last half a century longer unless the clearest and most decided talents are at the helm. The American revolution has laid the foundation of another in France, if government does not take care of itself.⁵ The 23rd one of the twelve prisoners from the Bastille arrived here—he was the most violent of them all—and his imprisonment has been far enough from silencing him.

25th. It was not without regret that I quitted a society both intelligent and agreeable, nor should I feel comfortably if I did not hope to see Messrs. Epivents again; I have little chance of being at Nantes, but if they come a second time to England I have a promise of seeing them at Bradfield. The younger of these gentlemen spent a fortnight with Lord Shelburne at Bowood, which he remembers with much pleasure; Colonel Barré and Dr. Priestley were there at the same time. To Aucenis is all enclosed: for seven miles many seats.— 22½ miles.

26th. To the scene of the vintage. I had not before been witness to so much advantage as here; last autumn the heavy rains made it a melancholy business. At present all is life and activity. The country all thickly and well enclosed. Glorious view of the Loire from a village, the last of Bretagne, where is a great barrier across the road and custom-houses to search everything coming from thence. The Loire here takes the appearance of a lake large enough to be interesting. There is on both sides an accompaniment of wood, which is not universal on this river. The addition of towns, steeples, windmills, and a great range of lovely country covered with vines; the character gay as well as noble. Enter Anjou, with a great range of meadows. Pass St. George and take the road to

Angers. For ten miles quit the Loire and meet it again at Angers. Letters from Monsieur de Broussonet; but he is unable to inform me in what part of Anjou was the residence of the Marquis de Tourbilly; to find out that nobleman's farm, where he made those admirable improvements which he describes in the *Memoire sur les defrichemens*, was such an object to me that I was determined to go to the place, let the distance out of my way be what it might.—30 miles.

27th. Among my letters one to Monsieur de la Livoniere, perpetual secretary of the Society of Agriculture here. I found he was at his country-seat, two leagues off at Mignianne. On my arrival at his seat, he was sitting down to dinner with his family; not being past twelve, I thought to have escaped this awkwardness; but both himself and madame prevented all embarrassment by very unaffectedly desiring me to partake with them, and making not the least derangement either in table or looks, placed me at once at my ease, to an indifferent dinner, garnished with so much ease and cheerfulness that I found it a repast more to my taste than the most splendid tables could afford. An English family in the country, similar in situation, taken unawares in the same way, would receive you with an unquiet hospitality and an anxious politeness; and after waiting for a hurry-scurry derangement of cloth, table, plates, side-board, pot and spit, would give you perhaps so good a dinner that none of the family, between anxiety and fatigue, could supply one word of conversation, and you would depart under cordial wishes that you might never return.—This folly, so common in England, is never met with in France: the French are quiet in their houses and do things without effort.—Monsieur Livoniere conversed with me much on the plan of my travels which he commended greatly, but thought it very extraordinary that neither government, nor the Academy of Sciences, nor the Academy of Agriculture should at least be at the expense of my journey. This idea is purely French; they have no notion of private people going out of their way for the public good without being paid by the public; nor could he well comprehend me when I told him that everything is well done in England except what is done with public money. I was greatly concerned to find that he could give me no intelligence concerning the residence of the late Marquis de Tourbilly, as it would be a provoking circumstance to pass all through the province without finding his house, and afterwards hear perhaps that I had been ignorantly within a few miles of it. In the evening returned to Angers.—20 miles.

28th. To La Fleche. The chateau of Duretal, belonging to the Duch-

ess d'Estissac, is boldly situated above the little town of that name and on the banks of a beautiful river, the slopes to which that hang to the south are covered with vines. The country cheerful, dry, and pleasant for residence. I inquired here of several gentlemen for the residence of the Marquis de Tourbilly, but all in vain. The thirty miles to La Fleche the road is a noble one; of gravel, smooth, and kept in admirable order. La Fleche is a neat, clean, little town, not ill built, on the river that flows to Duretal which is navigable, but the trade is inconsiderable. My first business here, as everywhere else in Anjou, was to inquire for the residence of the Marquis de Tourbilly. I repeated my inquiries till I found that there was a place not far from La Fleche called Tourbilly, but not what I wanted, as there was no Monsieur de Tourbilly there but a Marquis de Galway, who inherited Tourbilly from his father. This perplexed me more and more, and I renewed my inquiries with so much eagerness that several people, I believe, thought me half mad. At last I met with an ancient lady who solved my difficulty; she informed me that Tourbilly, about twelve miles from La Fleche, was the place I was in search of: that it belonged to the marquis of that name who had written some books she believed; that he died twenty years ago insolvent; that the father of the present Marquis de Galway bought the estate. This was sufficient for my purpose; I determined to take a guide the next morning, and, as I could not visit the marquis, at least see the remains of his improvements. The news, however, that he died insolvent, hurt me very much; it was a bad commentary on his book, and foresaw that whoever I should find at Tourbilly would be full of ridicule on a husbandry that proved the loss of the estate on which it was practised.—30 miles.

29th. This morning I executed my project; my guide was a countryman with a good pair of legs, who conducted me across a range of such ling wastes as the marquis speaks of in his memoir. They appear boundless here; and I was told that I could travel many, many days and see nothing else: what fields of improvement to make, not to lose estates! At last we arrived at Tourbilly, a poor village of a few scattered houses, in a vale between two rising grounds which are yet heath and waste; the chateau in the midst, with plantations of fine poplars leading to it. I cannot easily express the anxious inquisitive curiosity I felt to examine every scrap of the estate; no hedge or tree, no bush but what was interesting to me; I had read the translation of the marquis's history of his improvements in Mr. Mills' husbandry, and thought it the most interesting morsel I had met with, long before I procured the original *Memoirs*

sur les defrichemens; and determined that if ever I should go to France to view improvements the recital of which had given me such pleasure. I had neither letter nor introduction to the present owner, the Marquis de Galway. I therefore stated to him the plain fact that I had read Monsieur de Tourbilly's book with so much pleasure that I wished much to view the improvements described in it; he answered me directly in good English, received me with such cordiality of politeness, and such expressions of regard for the purport of my travels, that he put me perfectly in humour with myself and consequently with all around me. He ordered breakfast *a l'Angloise*; gave orders for a man to attend us in our walk, who I desired might be the oldest labourer to be found of the late Marquis de Tourbilly's, I was pleased to hear that one was alive who had worked with him from the beginning of his improvement. At breakfast Monsieur de Galway introduced me to his brother, who also spoke English, and regretted that he could not do the same to Madame de Galway, who was in the straw: he then gave me an account of his father's acquiring the estate and chateau of Tourbilly. His great-grandfather came to Bretagne with King James II when he fled from the English throne; some of the same family are still living in the county of Cork, particularly at Lotta. His father was famous in that province for his skill in agriculture, and as a reward for an improvement he had; wrought on the *landes*, the states of the province gave him a waste tract in the island of Belleisle, which at present belongs to his son. Hearing that the Marquis de Tourbilly was totally ruined and his estates in Anjou to be sold by the creditors, he viewed them, and finding the land very improvable made the purchase, giving about 15,000 louis d'ors for Tourbilly, a price which made the acquisition highly advantageous, notwithstanding his having bought some lawsuits with the estate. It is about 3000 arpents, nearly contiguous, the seigneurie of two parishes, with the *haute justice*, etc., a handsome, large, and convenient chateau, offices very complete, and many plantations, the work of the celebrated man concerning whom my inquiries were directed. I was almost breathless on the question of so great an improver being ruined! "You are unhappy that a man? should be ruined by an art you love so much." Precisely so. But he eased me in a moment, by adding that if the marquis had done nothing but farm and improve, he had never been ruined. One day as he was boring to find marl, his ill-stars discovered a vein of earth perfectly white, which on trial did not effervesce with acids. It struck him as an acquisition for porcelain—he showed it to a manufacturer—it was pronounced excel-

lent: the marquis's imagination took fire, and he thought of converting the poor village of Tourbilly into a town by a fabric of china—he went to work on his own account—raised buildings—and got together all that was necessary, except skill and capital.—In fine, he made good porcelain, was cheated by his agents and people, and at last ruined. A soap manufactory which he established also, as well as some lawsuits relative to other estates, had their share in causing his misfortunes: his creditors seized the estate, but permitted him to administer it till his death, when it was sold. The only part of the tale that lessened my regret was that, though married, he left no family; so that his ashes will sleep in peace without his memory being reviled by an indigent posterity. His ancestors acquired the estate by marriage in the fourteenth century. His agricultural improvements, Monsieur Galway observed, certainly did not hurt him; they were not well done nor well supported by himself, but they rendered the estate more valuable; and he never heard that they had brought him into any difficulties. I cannot but observe here that there seems a fatality to attend country gentlemen whenever they attempt trade or manufacture. In England I never knew a man of landed property, with the education and habits of landed property, attempt either but they were infallibly ruined; or if not ruined considerably hurt by them. Whether it is that the ideas and principles of trade have something in them repugnant to the sentiments which *ought* to flow from education—or whether the habitual inattention of country gentlemen to small gains and savings, which are the soul of trade, renders their success impossible; to whatever it may be owing, the fact is such, not one in a million succeeds. Agriculture, in the improvement of their estates, is the only proper and legitimate sphere of their industry; and though ignorance renders this sometimes dangerous, yet they can with safety attempt no other. The old labourer, whose name is Piron (as propitious I hope to farming as to wit), being arrived, we sallied forth to tread what to me was a sort of classic ground. I shall dwell but little on the particulars: they make a much better figure in the *Memoirs sur les defrichemens* than at Tourbilly; the meadows, even near the chateau, are yet very rough; the general features are rough, but the alleys of poplars, of which he speaks in the memoirs, are nobly grown indeed and do credit to his memory; they are 60 or 70 feet high and girth a foot; the willows are equal. Why were they not oak? to have transmitted to the farming travellers of another century the pleasure I feel in viewing the more perishable poplars of the present time; the causeways near the castle must have been arduous works. The

mulberries are in a state of neglect; Monsieur Galway's father not being fond of that culture destroyed many, but some hundreds remain, and I was told that the poor people had made as far as 25 lb. of silk, but none attempted at present. The meadows had been drained and improved near the chateau to the amount of 50 or 60 arpents, they are now rushy but valuable in such a country. Near them as a wood of Bourdeaux pines, sown thirty-five years ago, and are now worth 5 or 6 livres each. I walked into the boggy bit that produced the great cabbages he mentioned, it joins a large and most improvable bottom. Piron informed me that the marquis pared and burnt about 100 arpents in all, and he folded 350 sheep. On our return to the chateau, Monsieur de Galway, finding what an enthusiast I was in agriculture, searched among his papers to find a manuscript of the Marquis de Tourbilly's, written with his own hand, which he had the goodness to make me a present of, and which I shall keep amongst my curiosities in agriculture. The polite reception I had met from Monsieur Galway and the friendly attention he had given to my views, entering into the spirit of my pursuits, and wishing to promote it, would have induced me very cheerfully to have accepted his invitation of remaining some days with him, had I not been apprehensive that the moment of Madame Galway's being in bed would render such an unlooked-for visit inconvenient. I took my leave therefore in the evening and returned to La. Fleche by a different road.—25 miles.

30th. A quantity of moors to Le Mans, they assured me at Guerces that they are here sixty leagues in circumference with no great interruptions. At Le Mans I was unlucky in Monsieur Tournai, secretary to the Society of Agriculture, being absent.—28 miles.

OCTOBER 1. Towards Alencon, the country a contrast to what I passed yesterday; good land, well enclosed, well built, and tolerably cultivated with marling. A noble road of dark-coloured stone, apparently ferruginous, that binds well. Near Beaumont vineyards in sight on the hills, and these are the last in thus travelling northwards; the whole country finely watered by rivers and streams, yet no irrigation.—30 miles.

2nd. Four miles to Nouant, of rich herbage, under bullocks.—28 miles.

3rd. From Gacé towards Bernay. Pass the Marishal Due de Broglio's chateau at Broglio, which is surrounded by such a multiplicity of clipped hedges, double, treble, and quadruple, that he must half maintain the poor of the little town in clipping,—25 miles.

4th. Leave Bemay, where, and at other places in this. country, are

many mud walls made of rich red loam, thatched at top and well planted with fruit trees: a hint very well worth taking for copying in England where brick and stone are dear. Come to one of the richest countries in France or indeed in Europe. There are few finer views than the first of Elbeuf, from the eminence above it, which is high; the town at your feet in the bottom; on one side the Seine presents a noble reach, broken by wooded islands, and an immense amphitheatre of hill, covered with a prodigious wood, surrounding the whole.

5th. To Rouen, where I found the *hotel royal*, a contrast to that dirty, impertinent, cheating hole the *pomme de pin*. In the evening to the theatre, which is not so large I think as that of Nantes, but not comparable in elegance or decoration; it is *sombre* and dirty. Gretty's *Caravanne de Caire*, the music of which, though too much chorus and noise, has some tender and pleasing passages. I like it better than any other piece I have heard of that celebrated composer. The next morning waited on Monsieur Scanegatty, *professeur de physique dans la Societe Royale d'Agriculture*; he received me with politeness. He has a considerable room furnished with mathematical and philosophical instruments and models. He explained some of the latter to me that are of his own invention, particularly one of a furnace for calcining gypsum, which is brought here in large quantities from Montmartre. Waited on Messrs. Midy, Roffec and Co., the most considerable wool merchants in France, who were so kind as to show me a great variety of wools from most of the European countries, and permitted me to take specimens. The next morning I went to Dametal, where Monsieur Curmer showed me his manufacture. Return to Rouen and dined with Monsieur Portier, *directeur general des fermes*, to whom I had brought a letter from the Due de la Rochefoucauld. The conversation turned, among other subjects, on the want of new streets at Rouen, on comparison with Havre, Nantes, and Bourdeaux; at the latter places it was remarked that a merchant makes a fortune in ten or fifteen years and builds away, but at Rouen it is a commerce of economy, in which a man is long doing it, and therefore unable with prudence to make the same exertions. Every person at table agreed in another point which was discussed, that the wine provinces are the poorest in all France: I urged the produce being greater per arpent by far than of other lands; they adhered to the fact as one generally known and admitted. In the evening at the theatre Madame du Fresne entertained me greatly; she is an excellent actress, never overdoes her parts, and makes one feel by feeling herself. The more I see of the French

theatre the more I am forced to acknowledge the superiority to our own, in the number of good performers and in the paucity of bad ones; and in the quantity of dancers, singers, and persons on whom the business of the theatre depends, all established on a great scale. I remark, in the sentiments that are applauded, the same generous feelings in the audience in France that have many times in England put me in good humour with my countrymen. We are too apt to hate the French, for myself I see many reasons to be pleased with them; attributing faults very much to their government; perhaps in our own, our roughness and want of good temper are to be traced to the same origin.

8th. My plan had for some time been to go directly to England on leaving Rouen, for the post offices had been cruelly uncertain. I had received no letters for some time from my family, though I had written repeatedly to urge it; they passed to a person at Paris who was to forward them; but some carelessness or other cause impeded all, at a time that others directed to the towns I passed came regularly; I had fears that some of my family were ill, and that they would not write bad news to me in a situation where knowing the worst could have no influence in changing it for better. But the desire I had to accept the invitation to La Roche Guyon, of the Duchess d'Anville's and the Due de la Rochefoucauld, prolonged my journey, and I set forward on this further excursion. A truly noble view from the road above Rouen; the city at one end of the vale, with the river flowing to it perfectly checkered with isles of wood. The other divides into two great channels, between which the vale is all spread with islands, some arable, some meadow, and much wood on all. Pass Pont l'Arch to Louviers. I had letters for the celebrated manufacturer Monsieur Decretot, who received me with a kindness that ought to have some better epithet than polite; he showed me his fabric, unquestionably the first woollen one in the world, if success, beauty of fabric, and an inexhaustible invention to supply with taste all the cravings of fancy can give the merit of such superiority. Perfection goes no further than the Vigonia cloths of Monsieur Decretot at 110 livres (£4 16s. 3d.) the aulne. He showed me also his cotton-mills under the direction of two Englishmen. Near Louviers is a manufacture of copper plates for the bottoms of the king's ships; a colony of Englishmen. I supped with Monsieur Decretot, passing a very pleasant evening in the company of some agreeable ladies.—17 miles.

9th. By Guillon to Vernon; the vale flat rich arable. Among the notes I had long ago taken of objects to see in France was the plantation

of mulberries and the silk establishment of the Marechal de Belleisle at Bissy near Vernon; the attempts repeatedly made by the society for the encouragement of arts at London to introduce silk into England had made the similar undertakings in the north of France more interesting. I accordingly made all the inquiries that were necessary for discovering the success of this meritorious attempt. Bissy is a fine place, purchased on the death of the Due de Belleisle by the Due de Penthièvre, who has but one amusement which is that of varying his residence at the numerous seats he possesses in many parts of the kingdom. There is something rational in this taste; I should like myself to have a score of farms from the vale of Valencia to the Highlands of Scotland, and to visit and direct their cultivation by turns. From Vernon, cross the Seine, and mount the chalk hills again; after which mount again and to La Roche Guyon, the most singular place I have seen. Madame d'Anville and the Due de la Rochefoucauld received me in a manner that would have made me pleased with the place had it been in the midst of a bog. It gave me pleasure to find also the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld here, with whom I had passed so much agreeable time at Bagnere de Luchon, a thoroughly good woman, with that simplicity of character which is banished by pride of family or foppery of rank. The Abbé Rochon, the celebrated astronomer of the academy of sciences, with some other company, which, with the domestics and trappings of a grand seigneur, gave La Roche Guyon exactly the resemblance of the residence of a great lord in England. Europe is now so much assimilated that if one goes to a house where the fortune is £15,000 or £20,000 a-year, we shall find in the mode of living much more resemblance than a young traveller will ever be prepared to look for.—23 miles.

10th. This is one of the most singular places I have been at. The chalk rock has been cut perpendicularly to make room for the chateau. The kitchen, which is a large one, vast vaults, and extensive cellars (magnificently filled by the way), with various other offices, are all cut out of the rock with merely fronts of brick; the house is large, containing thirty-eight apartments. The present duchess has added a handsome saloon of forty-eight feet long and well proportioned, with four fine tablets of the Gobelin tapestry, also a library well filled. Here I was shown the ink-stand that belonged to the famous Louvois, the minister of Louis XIV, known to be the identical one from which he signed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and I suppose also the order to Turenne to burn the Palatinate. This Marquis de Louvois was grandfather to the two

duchesses d'Anville and d'Estissac, who inherited all his fortune as well as their own family one of the house of La Rochefoucauld, from which family I conceive, and not from Louvois, they inherited their dispositions. From the principal apartment there is a balcony that leads to the walks which serpentine up the mountain. Like all French seats there is a town and a great *potager* to remove before it would be consonant with English ideas. Bissy, the Due de Penthièvre's, is just the same; before the chateau there is a gently falling vale with a little stream through it that might be made anything of for *lawning and watering*; exactly there, in full front of the house, they have placed a great kitchen-garden with walls enough for a fortress. The houses of the poor people here, as on the Loire in Touraine, are burrowed into the chalk rock and have a singular appearance: here are two streets of them, one above another; they are asserted to be wholesome, warm in winter and cool in summer, but others thought differently; and that they were bad for the health of the inhabitants. The Due de la Rochefoucauld had the kindness to order the steward to give me all the information I wanted relative to the agriculture of the country, and to speak to such persons as were necessary on points that he was in doubt about. At an English nobleman's there would have been three or four farmers asked to meet me, who would have dined with the family amongst ladies of the first rank. I do not exaggerate when I say that I have had this at least a hundred times in the first houses of our islands. It is, however, a thing that in the present state of manners in France would not be met with from Calais to Bayonne, except by chance in the house of some great lord that had been much in England,⁶ and then not unless it was asked for. The nobility in France have no more idea of practising agriculture and making it an object of conversation, except on the mere theory as they would speak of a loom or a bowsprit, than of any other object the most remote from their habits and pursuits. I do not so much blame them for this neglect as I do that herd of visionary and absurd writers on agriculture who, from their chambers in cities, have, with an impertinence almost incredible, deluged France with nonsense and theory enough to disgust and ruin the whole nobility of the kingdom.

12th. Part with regret from a society I had every reason to be pleased with.—35 miles.

13th. The twenty miles to Rouen the same features. First view of Rouen sudden and striking; but the road doubling in order to turn more gently down the hill, presents from an elbow the finest view of a town I

have ever seen; the whole city, with all its churches and convents and its cathedral proudly rising in the midst, fills the vale. The river presents one reach crossed by the bridge, and then dividing into two fine channels forms a large island covered with wood; the rest of the vale of verdure and cultivation, of gardens and habitations, finish the scene, in perfect unison with the great city that forms the capital feature. Wait on Monsieur d'Ambournay, secretary of the society of agriculture, who was absent when I was here before; we had an interesting conversation on agriculture, and on the means of encouraging it. I found, from this very ingenious gentleman, that his plan of using madder green, which many years ago made so much noise in the agricultural world, is not practised at present anywhere; but he continues to think it perfectly practicable. In the evening to the play, where Madame Cretal, from Paris, acted *Nina*; and it proved the richest treat I have received from the French theatre. She performed it with an inimitable expression, with a tenderness, a *naïvete*, and an elegance withal that mastered every feeling of the heart against which the piece was written: her expression is as delicious as her countenance is beautiful; in her acting nothing overcharged, but all kept within the simplicity of nature. The house was crowded, garlands of flowers and laurel were thrown on the stage, and she was crowned by the other actors, but modestly removed them from her head as often as they were placed there.—20 miles.

14th. Take the road to Dieppe. Meadows in the vale well watered and hay now making. Sleep at Tote.—17½ miles.

15th. To Dieppe. I was lucky enough to find the passage boat ready to sail; go on board with my faithful sure-footed blind friend. I shall probably never ride her again, but all my feelings prevent my selling her in France.—Without eyes she has carried me in safety above 1500 miles; and for the rest of her life she shall have no other master than myself; could I afford it this should be her last labour: some ploughing, however, on my farm she will perform for me, I dare say, cheerfully.

Landing at the neat new-built town of Brighthelmstone, offers a much greater contrast to Dieppe, which is old and dirty, than Dover does to Calais; and in the castle inn I seemed for a while to be in fairy land; but I paid for the enchantment. The next day to Lord Sheffield's, a house I never go to but to receive equal pleasure and instruction. I longed to make one for a few days in the evening library circle, but I took it strangely into my head, from one or two expressions, merely accidental in the conversation, coming after my want of letters to France, that I had

certainly lost a child in my absence; and I hurried to London next morning, where I had the pleasure of finding my alarm a false one; letters enough had been written, but all failed. To Bradfield.—202 miles.

1789

My two preceding journeys had crossed the whole western half of France in various directions; and the information I had received in making them had made me as much a master of the general husbandry, the soil, management, and productions as could be expected without penetrating in every corner and residing long in various stations, a method of surveying such a kingdom as France that would demand several lives instead of years. The eastern part of the kingdom remained. The great mass of country formed by the triangle, whose three points are Paris, Strasbourg, and Moulins, and the mountainous region S.E. of the last town, presented in the map an ample space which it would be necessary to pass before I could have such an idea of the kingdom as I had planned the acquisition; I determined to make this third effort in order to accomplish a design which appeared more and more important the more I reflected on it; and less likely to be executed by those whose powers are better adapted to the undertaking than mine. The meeting of the States General of France also, who were now assembled, made it the more necessary to lose no time; for in all human probability that assembly will be the epoch of a new constitution which will have new effects and, for what I know, attended with a new agriculture; and to have the regal sun in such a kingdom both rise and set without the territory being known must of necessity be regretted by every man solicitous for real political knowledge. The events of a century and half, including the brilliant reign of Louis XIV, will for ever render the sources of the French power interesting to mankind, and particularly that its state may be known previous to the establishment of an improved government, as the comparison of the effects of the old and new system will be not a little curious in future.

JUNE 2. To London. At night, *II Generosità d'Alessandro*, by Tarchi, in which Signer Marchesi exerted his power and sung a duet that made me for some moments forget all the sheep and pigs of Bradfield. I was, however, much better entertained after it by supping at my friend Dr. Burney's, and meeting Miss Burney; how seldom it is that we can meet two characters at once in whom great celebrity deducts nothing from private amiableness: how many dazzling ones that we have no desire to live with! give me such as to great talents, add the qualities that make us

wish to *shut up doors* with them..

3rd. Nothing buzzing in my ears but the fete given last night by the Spanish ambassador. The best fete of the present period is that which ten millions of people are giving to themselves,

The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

The animated feelings of bosoms beating with gratitude for the escape of one common calamity, and the thrilling hope of the continuance of common blessings. Meet the Count de Berchtold at Mr. Songa's; a reach of good sense and important views: —Why does not the emperor call him to his own country and make him his prime minister? The world will never be well governed till princes know their subjects.

4th. To Dover in the machine, with two merchants from Stockholm, a German and a Swede; we shall be companions to Paris. I am more likely to learn something useful from the conversation of a Swede and a German than from the chance medley Englishmen of a stage-coach.—72 miles.

5th. Passage to Calais; fourteen hours for reflection in a vehicle that does not allow one power to reflect.—21 miles.

6th. A Frenchman and his wife, and a French teacher from Ireland, full of foppery and affectation which her own nation did not give her, were our company, with a young good-natured raw countryman of hers, at whom she played off many airs and graces. The man and his wife contrived to produce a pack of cards, to banish, they said, *l'ennui* of the journey; but they contrived also to fleece the young fellow of five louis. This is the first French diligence I have been in, and shall be the last; they are detestable. Sleep at Abbeville.—78 miles.

These men and women, girls and boys, think themselves (except the Swede) very cheerful because very noisy; they have stunned me with singing; my ears have been so tormented with French airs that I would almost as soon have rode the journey blindfold on an ass. This is what the French call good spirits; no truly cheerful emotion in their bosoms; silent or singing; but for conversation they had none. I lose all patience in such company. Heaven send me a blind mare rather than another diligence! We were all this night, as well as all the day, on the road, and reached Paris at nine in the morning.—102 miles.

8th. To my friend Lazowski, to know where were the lodgings I had written him to hire me, but my good Duchess d'Estissac would not al-

low him to execute my commission. I found an apartment in her hotel prepared for me. Paris is at present in such a ferment about the states-general, now holding at Versailles, that conversation is absolutely absorbed by them. Not a word of anything else talked of. Everything is considered, and justly so, as important in such a crisis of the fate of four-and-twenty millions of people. It is now a serious contention whether the representatives are to be called the *Commons* or the *Tiers Etat*; they call themselves steadily the former, while the court and the great lords reject the term with a species of apprehension, as if it involved a meaning not easily to be fathomed. But this point is of little consequence, compared with another, that has kept the states for some time in inactivity, the verification of their power separately or in common. The nobility and the clergy demand the former, but the Commons steadily refuse it; the reason why a circumstance, apparently of no great consequence, is thus tenaciously regarded is that it may decide their sitting for the future in separate houses or in one. Those who are warm for the interest of the people declare that it will be impossible to reform some of the grossest abuses in the state if the nobility, by sitting in a separate chamber, shall have a negative on the wishes of the people: and that to give such a *veto* to the clergy would be still more preposterous; if therefore, by the verification of their powers in one chamber, they shall once come together, the popular party hope that there will remain no power afterwards to separate. The nobility and clergy foresee the same result, and will not therefore agree to it. In this dilemma it is curious to remark the *feelings* of the moment. It is not my business to write memoirs of what passes, but I am intent to catch, as well as I can, the opinions of the day most prevalent. While I remain at Paris, I shall see people of all descriptions, from the coffee-house politicians to the leaders in the states; and the chief object of such rapid notes as I throw on paper will be to catch the ideas of the moment; to compare them afterwards with the actual events that shall happen will afford amusement at least. The most prominent feature that appears at present is, that an idea of common interest and common danger does not seem to unite those who, if not united, may find themselves too weak to oppose the common danger that must arise from the people being sensible of a strength the result of *their* weakness. The king, court, nobility, clergy, army, and parliament are nearly in the same situation. All these consider, with equal dread, the ideas of liberty now afloat; except the first who, for reasons obvious to those who know his character, troubles himself little, even with circum-

stances that concern his power the most intimately. Among the rest, the feeling of danger is common, and they would unite, were there a head to render it easy, in order to do without the states at all. That the commons themselves look for some such hostile union as more than probable appears from an idea which gains ground that they will find it necessary, should the other two orders continue to unite with them in one chamber, to declare themselves boldly the representatives of the kingdom at large, calling on the nobility and clergy to take their places—and to enter upon deliberations of business without them should they refuse it. All conversation at present is on this topic, but opinions are more divided than I should have expected. There seem to be many who hate the clergy so cordially that rather than permit them to form a distinct chamber would venture on a new system, dangerous as it might prove.

9th. The business going forward at present in the pamphlet shops of Paris is incredible. I went to the Palais Royal to see what new things were published, and to procure a catalogue of all. Every hour produces something new. Thirteen came out to-day, sixteen yesterday, and ninety-two last week. We think sometimes that Debrett's or Stockdale's shops at London are crowded, but they are mere deserts compared to Desein's, and some others here, in which one can scarcely squeeze from the door to the counter. The price of printing two years ago was from 27 livres to 30 livres per sheet, but now it is from 60 livres to 80 livres. This spirit of reading political tracts, they say, spreads into the provinces so that all the presses of France are equally employed. Nineteen-twentieths of these productions are in favour of liberty, and commonly violent against the clergy and nobility; I have to-day bespoke many of this description that have reputation; but inquiring for such as had appeared on the other side of the question, to my astonishment I find there are but two or three that have merit enough to be known. Is it not wonderful, that while the press teems with the most levelling and even seditious principles, that if put in execution would over-turn the monarchy, nothing in reply appears, and not the least step is taken by the court to restrain this extreme licentiousness of publication? It is easy to conceive the spirit that must thus be raised among the people. But the coffee-houses in the Palais Royal present yet more singular and astonishing spectacles; they are not only crowded within, but other expectant crowds are at the doors and windows, listening *a gorge déployé* to certain orators, who from chairs or tables harangue each his little audience: the eagerness with which they are heard, and the thunder of applause they receive for every senti-

ment of more than common hardness or violence against the present government, cannot easily be imagined. I am all amazement at the ministry permitting such nests and hot-beds of sedition and revolt which disseminate; amongst the people every hour principles that by and by must be opposed with vigour, and therefore it seems little short of madness to allow the propagation at present.

10th. Everything conspires to render the present period in France critical: the want of bread is terrible: accounts arrive every moment from the provinces of riots and disturbances, and calling in the military to preserve the peace of the markets The prices reported are the same as I found at Abbeville and Amiens, 5 sous ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$) a pound for white bread, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ sous to 4 sous for the common sort eaten by the poor: these rates are beyond! their faculties and occasion great misery. At Meudon, the police, that is to say the intendant, ordered that no wheat should be sold on the market without the person taking at the same time an equal quantity of barley. What a stupid and ridiculous regulation to lay obstacles on the supply in order to be better supplied; and to show the people the fears and apprehensions of government, creating thereby an alarm, and raising the price at the very moment they wish to sink it. I have had some conversation on this topic with well-informed persons, who have assured me that the price is, as usual, much higher than the proportion of the crop demanded, and there would have been no real scarcity if Mr. Necker would have let the corn-trade alone y but his edicts of restriction, which have been mere comments on his book on the legislation of corn, have operated more to raise the price than all other causes together. It appears plain to me that the violent friends of the commons are not displeased at the high price of corn, which seconds their views greatly, and makes any appeal to the common feeling of the people more easy and much more to their purpose than if the price was low. Three days past, the chamber of the clergy contrived a cunning proposition; it was to send a deputation to the commons, proposing to name a commission from the three orders to take into consideration the misery of the people, and to deliberate on the means of lowering the price of bread. This would have led to the deliberation by order, and not by heads, consequently must be rejected, but unpopularly so from the situation of the people: the commons were equally dextrous; in their reply, they prayed and conjured the clergy to join them in the common hall of the states to deliberate, which was no sooner reported at Paris than the clergy became doubly an object of hatred; and it became a question with the

politicians of the *Caffé de Foy*, whether it was not lawful for the commons to decree the application of their estates towards easing the distress of the people.

11th. I have been in much company all day and cannot but remark that there seem to be no settled ideas of the best means of forming a new constitution. Yesterday the Abbe Syeyes made a motion in the house of commons, to declare boldly to the privileged orders, that if they will not join the commons, the latter will proceed in the national business without them; and the house decreed it with a small amendment. This causes much conversation on what will be the consequence of such a proceeding; and on the contrary, on what may flow from the nobility and clergy continuing steadily to refuse to join the commons, and should they so proceed, to protest against all they decree, and appeal to the king to dissolve the states, and recall them in such a form as may be practicable for business. In these most interesting discussions I find a general ignorance of the principles of government; a strange and unaccountable appeal, on one side, to ideal and visionary rights of nature; and, on the other, no settled plan that shall give security to the people for being in future in a much better situation than hitherto, a security absolutely necessary. But the nobility, with the principles of great lords that I converse with, are most disgustingly tenacious of all old rights however hard they may bear on the people; they will not hear of giving way in the least to the spirit of liberty, beyond the point of paying equal land-taxes, which they hold to be all that can with reason be demanded. The popular party, on the other hand, seem to consider all liberty as depending on the privileged classes being lost, and outvoted in the order of the commons, at least for making the new constitution; and when I urge the great probability that, should they once unite, there will remain no power of ever separating them, and that in such case they will have a very questionable constitution, perhaps a very bad one, I am always told that the first object must be for the people to get the power of doing good; and that it is no argument against such a conduct to urge that an ill use may be made of it. But among such men, the common idea \s, that anything tending towards a separate order, like our house of lords, is absolutely inconsistent with liberty; all which seems perfectly wild and unfounded.

12th. To the royal society of agriculture, which meets at the *hotel de ville*, and of which being an *associe* I voted and received a *jetton*, which is a small medal given to the members every time they attend, in

order to induce them to mind the business of their institution; it is the same at all royal academies, etc., and amounts, in a year, to a considerable and ill-judged expense; for what good is to be expected from men who would go only to receive their *jetton*? Whatever the motive may be it seems well attended: near thirty were present; among them Parmentier, vice-president, Cadet de Vaux, Fourcroy, Tillet, Desmarests, Broussonet, secretary, and Crete de Palieui, at whose farm I was two years ago and who is the only practical farmer in the society. The secretary reads the titles of the papers presented and gives some little account of them; but they are not read unless particularly interesting, then memoirs are read by the members or reports of references; and when they discuss or debate there is no order, but all speak together as in a warm private conversation. The Abbe Reynal has given them 1200 livres (£52 10s.) for a premium on some important subject; and my opinion was asked what it should be given for. Give it, I replied, in some way for the introduction of turnips. But that they conceive to be an object of impossible attainment; they have done so much and the government so much more, and all in vain, that they consider it as a hopeless object. I did not tell them that all hitherto done has been absolute folly; and that the right way to begin was to undo everything done. I am never present at any societies of agriculture, either in France or England, but I am much in doubt with myself whether, when best conducted, they do most good or mischief; that is, whether the benefits a national agriculture may by great chance owe to them are not more than counterbalanced by the harm they effect; by turning the public attention to frivolous objects instead of important ones, or dressing important ones in such a garb as to make them trifles? The only society that could be really useful would be that which in the culture of a large farm should exhibit a perfect example of good husbandry for the use of such as would resort to it; consequently one that should consist solely of practical men; and then query whether many good cooks would not spoil a good dish. The ideas of the public on the great business going on at Versailles change daily and even hourly. It now seems the opinion that the commons, in their late violent vote, have gone too far; and that the union of the nobility, clergy, army, parliament, and king will be by far too many for them; such a union is said to be in agitation; and that the Count d'Artois, the queen, and the party usually known by her name, are taking steps to effect it, against the moment when the proceedings of the commons shall make it necessary to act with unity and vigour. The abolition of the parliaments is common con-

versation among the popular leaders, as a step essentially necessary; because, while they exist, they are tribunals to which the court can have resort should they be inclined to take any step against the existence of the states: those bodies are alarmed, and see with deep regret, that their refusal to register the royal edicts has created a power in the nation not only hostile but dangerous to their own existence. It is now very well known and understood on all hands that, should the king get rid of the states and govern on any tolerable principles, all his edicts would be enregistered by all the parliaments. In the dilemma and apprehension of the moment the people look very much to the Due d'Orleans as to a head; but with palpable and general ideas of distrust and want of confidence; they regret his character, and lament that they cannot depend on him in any severe and difficult trial: they conceive him to be without steadiness, and that his greatest apprehension is to be exiled from the pleasures of Paris, and tell of many littlenesses he practised before to be recalled from banishment. They are, however, so totally without a head that they are contented to look to him as one; and are highly pleased with what is every moment reported, that he is determined to go at the head of a party of the nobility and verify their powers in common with the commons. All agree that had he firmness in addition to his vast revenue of seven millions (£306,250) and four more (£175,000) in reversion, after the death of his father-in-law, the Due de Penthièvre, he might at the head of the popular cause do anything.

13th. In the morning to the king's library which I had not seen when before at Paris; it is a vast apartment and, as all the world knows, nobly filled. Everything is provided to accommodate those who wish to read or transcribe—of whom there were sixty or seventy present. Along the middle of the rooms are glass cases containing models of the instruments of many trades preserved for the benefit of posterity, being made on the most exact scale of proportion; among others the potter, founder, brickmaker, chemist, etc., etc., and lately added a very large one of the English garden, most miserably imagined; but with all this not a plough or an iota of agriculture; yet a farm might be much easier represented than the garden they have attempted and with infinitely more use. I have no doubt but there may arise many cases in which the preservation of instruments unaltered may be of considerable utility; I think I see clearly that such a use would result in agriculture, and if so, why not in other arts? These cases of models, however, have so much the air of children's play-houses that I would not answer for my little girl, if I had her here,

not crying for them. At the Duchess d'Anville's, where meet the Archbishop of Aix, Bishop of Blois, Prince de Laon, and Due and Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, the three last of my old Bagnere de Luchon acquaintance, Lord and Lady Camelford, Lord Eyre, etc., etc.

All this day I hear nothing but anxiety of expectation for what the crisis in the states will produce. The embarrassment of the moment is extreme. Every one agrees that there is no ministry: the queen is closely connecting herself with the party of the princes, with the Count d'Artois at their head; who are all so adverse to Monsieur Necker that everything is in confusion: but the king, who is personally the honestest man in the world, has but one wish, which is to do right; yet being without those decisive parts that enable a man to foresee difficulties and to avoid them, finds himself in a moment of such extreme perplexity that he knows not what council to take refuge in: it is said that Monsieur Necker is alarmed for his power, and anecdote reports things to his disadvantage which probably are not true:—of his trimming—and attempting to connect himself with the Abbé de Vermont, reader to the queen, and who has great influence in all affairs in which he chooses to interfere; this is hardly credible as that party are known to be exceedingly adverse to Monsieur Necker; and it is even said that as the Count d'Artois, Madame de Polignac, and a few others were but two days ago walking in the private garden of Versailles they met Madame Necker and descended even to hissing her: if half this is true it is plain enough that this minister must speedily retire. All who adhere to the ancient constitution, or rather government, consider him as their mortal enemy; they assert, and truly, that he came in under circumstances that would have enabled him to do everything he pleased—he had king and kingdom at command—but that the errors he was guilty of, for want of some settled plan, have been the cause of all the dilemmas experienced since. They accuse him heavily of assembling the notables as a false step that did nothing but mischief: and assert that his letting the king go to the states-general before their powers were verified, and the necessary steps taken to keep the orders separate after giving double the representation to the *tiers* to that of the other two orders, was madness. That he ought to have appointed commissaries to have received the verification before admittance: they accuse him further of having done all this through an excessive and insufferable vanity, which gave him the idea of guiding the deliberation of the states by his knowledge and reputation. The character of a man, drawn by his enemies, must necessarily be charged; but these are his features

here of which all parties recognise some truth, however rejoiced they may be that error was a part of his constitution. It is expressly asserted by M. Necker's most intimate friends that he has acted with good faith, and that he has been in principle a friend to the regal power, as well as to an amelioration of the condition of the people. The worst thing I know of him is his speech to the states on their assembling,—a great opportunity, but lost,—no great leading or masterly views, no decision on circumstances in which the people ought to be relieved, and new principles of government adopted;—it is the speech you would expect from a banker's clerk of some ability. Concerning it there is an anecdote worth inserting; he knew his voice would not enable him to go through the whole of it in so large a room, and to so numerous an assembly; and therefore he had spoken to Monsieur de Broussonet, of the academy of sciences, and secretary to the royal society of agriculture, to be in readiness to read it for him. He had been present at an annual general meeting of that society, when Monsieur Broussonet had read a discourse with a powerful piercing voice, that was heard distinctly to the greatest distance. This gentleman attended him several times to take his instructions, and be sure of understanding the interlineations that were made, even after the speech was finished. M. Broussonet was with him the evening before the assembly of the states at nine o'clock: and next day when he came to read it in public, he found still more corrections and alterations which Monsieur Necker had made after quitting him; they were chiefly in style, and show how very solicitous he was in regard to the form and decoration of his matter: the ideas in my opinion wanted this attention more than the style. Monsieur Broussonet himself told me this little anecdote. This morning in the states three cures of Poitou have joined themselves to the commons for the verification of their powers, and were received with a kind of madness of applause; and this evening at Paris nothing else is talked of. The nobles have been all day in debate without coming to any conclusion and have adjourned to Monday.

14th. To the king's garden where Monsieur Thouin had the goodness to show me some small experiments he has made on plants that promise greatly for the farmer, particularly the *lathyrus biennis* and the *melilotus syberica*⁷ which now make an immense figure for forage; both are biennial; but will last three or four years if not seeded; the *Achillcea syberica* promises well, and an *astragalus*; he has promised me seeds. The Chinese hemp has perfected its seeds, which it had not done before in France. The more I see of Monsieur Thouin the better I like him, he is

one of the most amiable men I know.

To the repository of the royal machines, which Monsieur Vandermond showed and explained to me, with great readiness and politeness. What struck me most was Monsieur Vaucusson's machine for making a chain, which I was told Mr. Watt of Birmingham admired very much, at which my attendants seemed not displeas'd. Another for making the cogs indented in iron wheels. There is a chaff cutter, from an English original; and a model of the nonsensical plough to go without horses, these are the only ones in agriculture. Many of very ingenious contrivance for winding silk, etc. In the evening to the theatre *Francoise*, the *Siege of Calais*, by Monsieur de Belloy, not a good, but a popular performance.

It is now decided by the popular leaders that they will move tomorrow to declare all taxes illegal not raised by authority of the states-general, but to grant them immediately for a term; either for two years, or for the duration of the present session of the states. This plan is highly approved at Paris by all friends of liberty; and it is certainly a rational mode of proceeding, founded on just principles, and will involve the court in a great dilemma.

15th. This has been a rich day, and such a one as ten years ago none could believe would ever arrive in France; a very important debate being expected on what, in our house of commons, would be termed the state of the nation. My friend Monsieur Lazowski and myself were at Versailles by eight in the morning. We went immediately to the hall of the states to secure good seats in the gallery; we found some deputies already there, and a pretty numerous audience collected. The room is too large; none but stentorian lungs, or the finest clearest voices can be heard; however the very size of the apartment, which admits 2000 people, gave a dignity to the scene. It was indeed an interesting one. The spectacle of the representatives of 25,000,000 people, just emerging from the evils of 200 years of arbitrary power, and rising to the blessings of a freer constitution, assembled with open doors under the eye of the public, was framed to call into animated feelings every latent spark, every emotion of a liberal bosom; to banish whatever ideas might intrude of their being a people too often hostile to my own country,—and to dwell with pleasure on the glorious idea of happiness to a great nation—of felicity to millions yet unborn. Monsieur l'Abbé Syeyes opened the debate. He is one of the most zealous sticklers for the popular cause; carries his ideas not to a regulation of the present government, which he thinks too bad to be regulated at all, but wishes to see it absolutely

overturned; being in fact a violent republican: this is the character he commonly bears, and in his pamphlets he seems pretty much to justify such an idea. He speaks ungracefully and uneloquently, but logically, or rather reads so, for he read his speech, which was prepared. His motion, or rather string of motions, was to declare themselves the representatives known and verified of the French nation, admitting the right of all absent deputies (the nobility and clergy) to be received among them on the verification of their powers. Monsieur de Mirabeau spoke without notes for near an hour, with a warmth, animation, and eloquence that entitles him to the reputation of an undoubted orator. He opposed the words *known* and *verified* in the proposition of Abbé Syeyes with great force of reasoning; and proposed in lieu that they should declare themselves simply *Representatives du peuple Francoise*: that no *veto* should exist against their resolves in any other assembly; that all taxes are illegal, but should be granted during the present session of the states and no longer: that the debt of the king should become the debt of the nation and be secured on funds accordingly. Monsieur de Mirabeau was well heard and his proposition much applauded. Monsieur de Mounier, a deputy from Dauphine, of great reputation, and who has also published some pamphlets very well approved by the public, moved a different resolution to declare themselves the legitimate representatives of the majority of the nation; that they should vote by head and not by order: and that they should never acknowledge any right in the representatives of the clergy or nobility to deliberate separately. Monsieur Rabaud St. Etienne, a protestant from Languedoc, also an author who has written in the present affairs, and a man of considerable talents, spoke also and made his proposition, which was to declare themselves the representatives of the people of France; to declare all taxes null; to regrant them during the sitting of the states; to verify and consolidate the debt; and to vote a loan. All which were well approved except the loan, which was not at all to the feeling of the assembly. This gentleman speaks clearly and with precision, and only passages of his speech from notes. Monsieur Bernarve, a very young man from Grenoble, spoke without notes with great warmth and animation. Some of his periods were so well rounded and so eloquently delivered that he met with much applause, several members crying—*bravo!*

In regard to their general method of proceeding there are two circumstances in which they are very deficient: the spectators in the galleries are allowed to interfere in the debates by clapping their hands and

other noisy expressions of approbation: this is grossly indecent; it is also dangerous; for, if they are permitted to express approbation, they are, by parity of reason, allowed expressions of dissent; and they may hiss as well as clap; which it is said they have sometimes done:—this would be to over-rule the debate and influence the deliberations. Another circumstance is the want of order among themselves; more than once to-day there were a hundred members on their legs at a time and Monsieur Baillie absolutely without power to keep order. This arises very much from complex motions being admitted; to move a declaration relative to their title, to their powers, to taxes, to a loan, etc., etc., all in one proposition appears to English ears preposterous, and certainly is so. Specific motions founded on single and simple propositions can alone produce order in debate; for it is endless to have five hundred members declaring their reasons of assent to one part of a complex proposition and their dissent to another part. A debating assembly should not proceed to any business whatever till they have settled the rules and orders of their proceedings, which can only be done by taking those of other experienced assemblies, confirming them as they find useful, and altering such as require to be adapted to different circumstances. The rules and orders of debate in the house of commons of England, as I afterwards took the liberty of mentioning to Monsieur Rabaud St. Etienne, might have been taken at once in Mr. Hatsel's book, and would have saved them at least a fourth of their time. They adjourned for dinner. Dined ourselves with the Due de Liancourt at his apartments in the palace, meeting twenty deputies. —I sat by M. Raboud St. Etienne and had much conversation with him; they all speak with equal confidence on the fall of despotism. They foresee that attempts, very adverse to the Spirit of liberty, will be made, but the spirit of the people is too much excited at present to be crushed any more. Finding that the question of to-day's debate cannot be decided to-day, and that in all probability it will be unfinished even to-morrow, as the number that will speak on it is very great. Return in the evening to Paris.

16th. To Dugny, ten miles from Paris, again with Monsieur de Broussonet, to wait on Monsieur Crete de Palieui, the only practical farmer in the society of agriculture. Monsieur Broussonet, than whom no man can be more eager for the honour and improvement of agriculture, was desirous that I should witness the practice and improvements of a gentleman who stands so high in the list of good French farmers. Called first on the brother of Monsieur Crete who at present has the

paste, and consequently 140 horses; walked over this farm, and the crops he showed me of wheat and oats were on the whole very fine and some of them superior; but I must confess I should have been better pleased with them if he had not had his stables so well filled with a view different from that of the farm. And to look for a course of crops in France is vain; he sows white corn twice, thrice, and even four times in succession. At dinner, etc., had much conversation with the two brothers, and with some other neighbouring cultivators present on this point, in which I recommended either turnips or cabbages, according to the soil, for breaking their rotations of white corn. But every one of them, except Monsieur de Broussonet, was against me; they demanded, *Can we sow wheat after turnips and cabbages?* On a small portion you may and with great success; but the time of consuming the greater part of the crop renders it impossible. *That is sufficient, if we cannot sow wheat after them they cannot be good in France.* This idea is everywhere nearly the same in that kingdom. I then said that they might have half their land under wheat and yet be good farmers; thus:—i. Beans;—a. Wheat;—3. Tares;—4. Wheat;—5. Clover;—6. Wheat;— this they approved better of, but thought their own courses more profitable. But the most interesting circumstance of their farms is the chicory (*chicorium intybus*). I had the satisfaction to find that Monsieur Crete de Palieui, had as great an opinion of it as ever; that his brother had adopted it; that it was very flourishing on both their farms; and on those of their neighbours also: I never see this plant but I congratulate myself on having travelled for something more than to write in my closet: and that the introduction of it in England would alone, if no other result had flowed from one man's existence, have been enough to show that he did not live in vain. Of this excellent plant, and Monsieur Crete's experiments on it, more elsewhere.

17th. All conversation on the motion of l'Abbé Syeyes being accepted, yet that of the Count de Mirabeau better relished. But his character is a dead weight upon him; there is a suspicion that he has received 100,000 livres from the queen; a blind, improbable report; for his conduct would in every probability be very different had any such transaction taken place: but when a man's life has not passed free from gross errors, to use the mildest language, suspicions are ever ready to fix on him, even when he is as free from what ought at the moment to give the imputation as any the most immaculate of their patriots. This report brings out others from their lurking holes; that he published, at her insti-

gation, the anecdotes of the court of Berlin; and that the King of Prussia, knowing the causes of that publication, circulated the memoirs of Madame de la Motte all over Germany. Such are the eternal tales, suspicions, and improbabilities for which Paris has always been so famous. One clearly, however, gathers from the complexion of conversation, even on the most ridiculous topics, provided of a public nature, how far, and for what reason, confidence is lodged in certain men. In every company, of every rank, you hear of the Count de Mirabeau's talents; that he is one of the first pens of France, and the first orator; and yet that he could not carry from confidence six votes on any question in the states. His writings, however, spread in Paris and the provinces: he published a journal of the states, written for a few days with such force, and such severity, that it was silenced by an express edict of government. This is attributed to Monsieur Necker, who was treated in it with so little ceremony that his vanity was wounded to the quick. The number of subscribers to the journal was such that I have heard the profit to Monsieur Mirabeau calculated at 80,000 livres (£3500) a year. Since its suppression he publishes once or twice a week a small pamphlet to answer the same purpose of giving an account of the debates, or rather observations on them, entitled one, two, three, etc. *Lettre des Comte de Mirabeau a ses Commettans*, which, though violent, sarcastic, and severe, the court has not thought proper to stop, respecting, I suppose, its title. It is a weak and miserable conduct to single out any particular publication for prohibition while the press groans with innumerable productions whose tendency is absolutely to overturn the present government; to permit such pamphlets to be circulated all over the kingdom, even by the posts and diligences in the hands of government, is a blindness and folly, from which there are no effects that may not be expected. In the evening to the comic opera; Italian music, Italian words, and Italian performers; and the applause so incessant and rapturous that the ears of the French must be changing apace. What could Jean Jacques have said, could he have been a witness to such a spectacle at Paris!

18th. Yesterday the commons decreed themselves, in consequence of the Abbé Syeyes's amended motion, the title of *Assembles Nationale*; and also, considering themselves then in activity, the illegality of all taxes; but granted them during the session, declaring that they would, without delay, deliberate on the consolidating of the debt; and on the relief of the misery of the people. These steps give great spirits to the violent partisans of a new constitution, but amongst more sober minds I

see evidently an apprehension that it will prove a precipitate measure. It is a violent step, which may be taken hold of by the court and converted very much to the people's disadvantage. The reasoning of Monsieur de Mirabeau against it was forcible and just—*Si je voulois employer contre les autres motions les armes dont on se sert pour attaquer la mienne, ne pourrois-je pas dire a montour: de quelque maniere que vous-vous qualifiez que vous soyez les representans connus et verisies de la nation, les representans de 25,000,000 d'hommes, les representans de la majorité du peuple, dussies-vous même vous appeller l'Assemblée Nationale, les etats généraux, empecherez-vous les classes privilegées de continuer des assemblées que sa majeste a reconnues? Les empecherez-vous de prendre des deliberationes? Les empecherez-vous de pretendre au veto? Empecherez-vous le Roi de les recevoir? De les reconnoitre, de leur continuer les mêmes litres qu'il leur adonnés jusqu'a present? Enfin, empecherez-vous la nation d'appeller le clergé, le clergé, la noblesse, la noblesse?*

To the royal society of agriculture, where I gave my vote with the rest, who were unanimous for electing General Washington an honorary member; this was a proposal of Monsieur Broussonet, in consequence of my having assured him that the general was an excellent farmer, and had corresponded with me on the subject. Abbé Commerel was present; he gave a pamphlet of his on a new project, the *choux afauche*, and a paper of the seed.

19th. Accompanied Monsieur de Broussonet to dine with Monsieur de Parmentier, at the *hotel des invalids*. A president of the parliament, a Monsieur Mailly, brother-in-law to the chancellor, was there; Abbé Commerel, etc., etc. I remarked two years ago that Monsieur Parmentier is one of the best of men and beyond all question understands every circumstance of the *boulangerie* better than any other writer, as his productions clearly manifest. After dinner to the plains of Sablon, to see the society's potatoes and preparation for turnips, of which I shall only say that I wish my brethren to stick to their *scientific* farming, and leave the practical to those who understand it. What a sad thing for philosophical husbandmen that God Almighty created such a thing as couch (*triticum repens*).

20th. News!—News!—Every one stares at what every one might have expected. A message from the king to the presidents of the three orders, that he should meet them on Monday; and under pretence of preparing the hall for the *seance royale*, the French guards were placed

with bayonets to prevent any of the deputies entering the room. The circumstances of doing this ill-judged act of violence have been as ill advised as the act itself. Monsieur Bailly received no other notice of it than by a letter from the Marquis de Breze, and the deputies met at the door of the hall without knowing that it was shut. Thus the seeds of disgust were sown wantonly in the manner of doing a thing which in itself was equally unpalatable and unconstitutional. The resolution taken on the spot was a noble and firm one; it was to assemble instantly at the *feu de paume*, and there the whole assembly took a solemn oath never to be dissolved but by their own consent, and consider themselves and act as the national assembly, let them be wherever violence or fortune might drive them, and their expectations were so little favourable that expresses were sent off to Nantes, intimating that the national assembly might possibly find it necessary to take refuge in some distant city. This message, and placing guards at the hall of the states, are the result of long and repeated councils, held in the king's presence at Marly, where he has been shut up for some days, seeing nobody; and no person admitted, even to the officers of the court, without jealousy and circumspection. The king's brothers have no seat in the council, but the Count d'Artois incessantly attends the resolutions, conveys them to the queen, and has long conferences with her. When this news arrived at Paris, the Palais Royal was in a flame, the coffee-houses, pamphlet-shops, corridors, and gardens were crowded,—alarm and apprehension sat in every eye,—the reports that were circulated eagerly, tending to show the violent intentions of the court, as if it was bent on the utter extirpation of the French nation, except the party of the queen, are perfectly incredible for their gross absurdity; but nothing was so glaringly ridiculous but the mob swallowed it with indiscriminating faith. It was, however, curious to remark among people of another description (for I was in several parties after the news arrived), that the balance of opinions was clearly that the national assembly, as it called itself, had gone too far—had been too precipitate—and too violent—had taken steps that the mass of the people would not support. From which we may conclude that if the court, having seen the tendency of their late proceedings, shall pursue a firm and politic plan, the popular cause will have little to boast.

21st. It is impossible to have any other employment at so critical a moment than going from house to house demanding news; and remarking the opinions and ideas most current. The present moment is, of all others, perhaps that which is most pregnant with the future destiny of

France. The step the commons have taken of declaring themselves the national assembly, independent of the other orders, and of the king himself, precluding a dissolution, is in fact an assumption of all the authority in the kingdom. They have at one stroke converted themselves into the long parliament of Charles I. It needs not the assistance of much penetration to see that if such a pretension and declaration are not done away, king, lords, and clergy are deprived of their shares in the legislature of France. So bold, and apparently desperate a step, full in the teeth of every other interest in the realm, equally destructive to the royal authority, by parliaments and the army, can never be allowed. If it, is not opposed, all other powers will lie in ruins around that of the common. With what anxious expectation must one therefore wait to see if the crown will exert itself firmly on the occasion, with such an attention to an improved system of liberty as is absolutely necessary to the moment! All things considered, that is, the characters of those who are in possession of power, no well digested system and steady execution are to be looked for. In the evening to the play: Madame Rocquere did the queen in *Hamlet*; it may easily be supposed how that play of Shakespeare is cut in pieces. It has however effect by her admirable acting.

22nd. To Versailles at six in the morning to be ready for the *seance royale*. Breakfasting with the Due de Liancourt, we found that the king had put off going to the states till to-morrow morning. A committee of council was held last night which sat till midnight, at which were present Monsieur and the Count d'Artois for the first time: an event considered as extraordinary, and attributed to the influence of the queen. The Count d'Artois, the determined enemy of Monsieur Necker's plans, opposed his system, and prevailed to have the *seance* put off to give time for a council in the king's presence to-day. From the chateau we went to find out the deputies; reports were various where they were assembling. To the *Recolets*, where they had been, but finding it incommodious they went to the church of St. Louis, whither we followed them, and were in time to see M. Bailly take the chair and read the king's letter putting off the *seance* till to-morrow. The spectacle of this meeting was singular—the crowd that attended in and around the church was great,—and the anxiety and suspense in every eye, with the variety of expression that flowed from different views and different characters, gave to the countenances of all the world an impression I had never witnessed before. The only business of importance transacted, but which lasted till three o'clock, was receiving the oaths and the signatures of some deputies,

who had not taken them at the *Jeu, de paume*; and the union of three bishops and 150 of the deputies of the clergy, who came to verify their powers, and were received by such applause, with such clapping and shouting from all present, that the church resounded. Apparently the inhabitants of Versailles, which having a population of 60,000 people can afford a pretty numerous mob, are to the last person in the interest of the commons; remarkable, as this town is absolutely fed by the palace, and if the cause of the court is not popular here, it is easy to suppose what it must be in all the rest of the kingdom. Dine with the Due de Liancourt in the palace, a large party of nobility and deputies of the commons, the Due d'Orleans, amongst them; the Bishop of Rodez, Abbé Syeyes, and Monsieur Rabaud St. Etienne. This was one of the most striking instances of the impression made on men of different ranks by great events. In the streets, and in the church of St. Louis, such anxiety was in every face, that the importance of the moment was written in the physiognomy; and all the common forms and salutations of habitual civility lost in attention: but amongst a class so much higher as those I dined with, I was struck with the difference. There were not, in thirty persons, five in whose countenances you could guess that any extraordinary event was going forward: more of the conversation was indifferent than I should have expected. Had it all been so, there would have been no room for wonder; but observations were made of the greatest freedom, and so received as to mark that there was not the least impropriety in making them. In such a case, would not one have expected more energy of feeling and expression, and more attention in conversation to the crisis that must in its nature fill every bosom? Yet they ate, and drank, and sat, and walked, loitered and smirked and smiled, and chatted with that easy indifference that made me stare at their insipidity. Perhaps there is a certain nonchalance that is natural to people of fashion from long habit, and which marks them from the vulgar, who have a thousand asperities in the expression of their feelings that cannot be found on the polished surface of those whose manners are smoothed by society, not worn by attrition. Such an observation would therefore in all common cases be unjust; but I confess the present moment, which is beyond all question the most critical that France has seen from the foundation of the monarchy, since the council was assembled that must finally determine the king's conduct, was such as might have accounted for a behaviour totally different. The Due d'Orleans' presence might do a little, but not much; his manner might do more; for it was not without

some disgust that I observed him several times playing off that small sort of wit and flippant readiness to titter which, I suppose, is a part of his character or it would not have appeared to-day. From his manner he seemed not at all displeas'd. The Abbé Syeyes has a remarkable physiognomy, a quick rolling eye; penetrating the ideas of other people, but so cautiously reserved as to guard his own. There is as much character in his air and manner as there is vacuity of it in the countenance of Monsieur Rabaud St. Etienne, whose physiognomy, however, is far from doing him Justice, for he has undoubted talents. It seems agreed that if, in the council, the Count d'Artois carries his point. Monsieur Necker, the Count de Montmorin, and Monsieur de St. Priest will resign; in which case Monsieur Necker's return to power, and in triumph, will inevitably happen. Such a turn, however, must depend on events.—Evening—The Count d'Artois' plan accepted; the king will declare it in his speech to-morrow. Monsieur Necker demanded to resign, but was refus'd by the king. All is now anxiety to know what the plan is.

23rd. The important day is over; in the morning Versailles seem'd filled with troops: the streets, about ten o'clock, were lined with the French guards and some Swiss regiments, etc.: the hall of the states was surrounded and sentinels fixed in all the passages and at the doors, and none but deputies admitted. This military preparation was ill-judg'd, for it seem'd admitting the impropriety and unpopularity of the intended measure, and the expectation, perhaps fear, of popular commotions. They pronounc'd, before the king left the chateau, that his plan was adverse to the people, from the military parade with which it was usher'd in. The contrary, however, prov'd to be the fact; the propositions are known to all the world: the plan was a good one; much was granted to the people in great and essential points; and as it was granted before they had provided for those public necessities of finance, which occasion'd the states being call'd together; and consequently left them at full power in future to procure for the people all that opportunity might present, they apparently ought to accept them, provided some security is given for the future meetings of the states, without which all the rest would be insecure; but as a little negotiation may easily secure this, I apprehend the deputies will accept them conditionally: the use of soldiers, and some imprudencies in the manner of forcing the king's system, relative to the interior constitution, and assembling of the deputies, as well as the ill-blood which had had time to brood for three days past in their minds, prevent'd the commons from receiving the king with any

expressions of applause; the clergy, and some of the nobility, cried *vive le Roi!* but treble the number of mouths being silent took off all effect. It seems they had previously determined to submit to no violence: when the king was gone, and the clergy and nobility retired, the Marquis de Brézé waiting a moment to see if they meant to obey the king's express orders to retire also to another chamber prepared for them, and perceiving that no one moved, addressed them,—*Messieurs, vous connoissez les intentions du Roi.* A dead silence ensued; and then it was that superior talents bore the sway, that overpowers in critical moments all other considerations. The eyes of the whole assembly were turned on the Count de Mirabeau, who instantly replied to the Marquis de Brézé—*Oui, Monsieur, nous avons entendu les intentions qu'on a suggérées au Roi, et vous qui ne sauriez être son organe auprès des états généraux, vous qui n'avez ici ni place, ni voix, ni droit de parler, vous n'êtes pas fait pour nous rappeler son discours. Cependant pour éviter toute équivoque, et tout délai, je vous declare que si l'on vous a chargé de nous faire sortir d'ici, vous devez demander des ordres pour employer la force, car nous ne quitterons nos places que par la puissance de la baionette.*—On which there was a general cry of—*Tel est le voeu de l'Assemblée.* They then immediately passed a confirmation of their preceding arrests; and, on the motion of the Count de Mirabeau, a declaration that their persons, individually and collectively, were sacred; and that all who made any attempts against them should be deemed infamous traitors to their country.

24th. The ferment at Paris is beyond conception; 10,000 people have been all this day in the Palais Royal; a full detail of yesterday's proceedings was brought this morning, and read by many apparent leaders of little parties, with comments, to the people. To my surprise, the king's propositions are received with universal disgust. He said nothing explicit on the periodical meeting of the states; he declared all the old feudal rights to be retained as property. These, and the change in the balance of representation in the provincial assemblies, are the articles that give the greatest offence. But instead of looking to, or hoping for further concessions on these points, in order to make them more consonant to the general wishes, the people seem, with a sort of frenzy, to reject all idea of compromise, and to insist on the necessity of the orders uniting, that full power may consequently reside in the commons, to effect what they call the regeneration of the kingdom, a favourite term, to which they affix no precise idea, but add the indefinite explanation of

the general reform of all abuses. They are also full of suspicions at M. Necker's offering to resign, to which circumstance they seem to look more than to much more essential points. It is plain to me, from many conversations and harangues I have been witness to, that the constant meetings at the Palais Royal, which are carried to a degree of licentiousness and fury of liberty that is scarcely credible, united with the innumerable inflammatory publications that have been hourly appearing since the assembly of the states, have so heated the people's expectations, and given them the idea of such total changes, that nothing the king or court could do would now satisfy them; consequently it would be idleness itself to make concessions that are not steadily adhered to, not only to be observed by the king, but to be enforced on the people, and good order at the same time restored. But the stumbling-block to this and every plan that can be devised, as the people know and declare in every corner, is the situation of the finances, which cannot possibly be restored but by liberal grants of the states on one hand, or by a bankruptcy on the other. It is well known that this point has been warmly debated in the council: Monsieur Necker has proved to them that a bankruptcy is inevitable if they break with the states before the finances are restored; and the dread and terror of taking such a step, which no minister would at present dare to venture on, has been the great difficulty that opposed itself to the projects of the queen and the Count d'Artois. The measure they have taken is a middle one, from which they hope to gain a party among the people and render the deputies unpopular enough to get rid of them: an expectation, however, in which they will infallibly be mistaken. If on the side of the people it is urged that the vices of the old government make a new system necessary, and that it can only be by the firmest measures that the people can be put in possession of the blessings of a free government, it is to be replied, on the other hand, that the personal character of the king is a just foundation for relying that no measures of actual violence can be seriously feared: that the state of the finances under any possible regimen, whether of faith or bankruptcy, must secure their existence, at least for time sufficient to secure by negotiation what may be hazarded by violence: that by driving things to extremities, they risk a union between all the other orders of the state, with the parliaments, army, and a great body even of the people, who must disapprove of all extremities; and when to this is added the possibility of involving the kingdom in a civil war, now so familiarly talked of, that it is upon the lips of all the world, we must confess that the commons, if

they steadily refuse what is now held out to them, put immense and certain benefits to the chance of fortune, to that hazard which may make posterity curse, instead of bless, their memories as real patriots, who had nothing in view but the happiness of their country. Such an incessant buzz of politics has been in my ears for some days past that I went to-night to the Italian opera for relaxation. Nothing could be better calculated for that effect than the piece performed. *La Vittanella Rapita*, by Bianchi, a delicious composition. Can it be believed that this people, who so lately valued nothing at an opera but the dances, and could hear nothing but a squall,—now attend with feeling to Italian melodies, applaud with taste and rapture, and this without the meretricious aid of a single dance! The music of this piece is charming, elegantly playful, airy, and pleasing, with a duet, between Signora Mandini and Vigagnoni, of the first lustre. The former is a most fascinating singer,—her voice nothing, but her grace, expression, soul, all strung to exquisite sensibility.

25th. The criticisms that are made on Monsieur Necker's conduct, even by his friends, if above the level of the people, are severe. It is positively asserted that Abbé Syeyes, Messrs. Mounier, Chapellier, Bernave, Target, Tourette, Rabaud, and other leaders, were almost on their knees to him to insist peremptorily on his resignation being accepted, as they were well convinced that his retreat would throw the queen's party into infinitely greater difficulties and embarrassment than any other circumstance. But his vanity prevailed over all their efforts, to listen to the insidious persuasions of the queen, who spoke to him in a style of asking a request that would keep the crown on the king's head; at the same time that he yielded to do it, contrary to the interest of the friends of liberty, he courted the huzzas of the mob of Versailles, in a manner that did much mischief. The ministers never go to and from the king's apartment on foot across the court, which Monsieur Necker took this opportunity of doing, though he himself had not done it in quiet times, in order to court the flattery of being called the father of the people, and moving with an immense and shouting multitude at his heels. Nearly at the time that the queen, in an audience almost private, spoke as above to M. Necker, she received the deputation from the nobility with the Dauphin in her hand, whom she presented to them, claiming of their honour the protection of her son's rights; clearly implying that, if the step the king had taken was not steadily asserted, the monarchy would be lost and the nobility sunk. While M. Necker's mob was heard

through every apartment of the chateau, the king passed in his coach to Marly, through a dead and mournful silence,—and that just after having given to his people, and the cause of liberty, more perhaps than ever any monarch had done before. Of such materials are all mobs made,—so impossible is it to satisfy in moments like these, when the heated imagination dresses every visionary project of the brain in the bewitching colours of liberty. I feel great anxiety to know what will be the result of the deliberations of the commons, after their first protests are over, against the military violence which was so unjustifiably and injudiciously used. Had the king's proposition come after the supplies were granted, and on any inferior question, it would be quite another affair; but to offer this before one shilling is granted, or a step taken, makes all the difference imaginable.—Evening—The conduct of the court is inexplicable and without plan: while the late step was taken, to secure the orders sitting separate, a great body of the clergy has been permitted to go to the commons, and the Due d'Orleans at the head of forty-seven of the nobility has done the same: and, what is equally a proof of the unsteadiness of the court, the commons are in the common hall of the states, contrary to the express command of the king. The fact is, the *seance royale* was contrary to the personal feelings of the king, and he was brought to it by the council, with much difficulty; and when it afterwards became, as it did every hour, to give new and effective orders to support the system then laid down, it was necessary to have a new battle for every point; and thus the scheme was only opened and not persisted in:—this is the report and apparently authentic: it is easy to see that that step had better, on a thousand reasons, not have been taken at all for all vigour and effect of government will be lost, and the people be more assuming than ever. Yesterday at Versailles the mob was violent,—they insulted and even attacked all the clergy and nobility that are known to be strenuous for preserving the separation of orders. The Bishop of Beauvais had a stone on his head, that almost struck him down.⁸ The Archbishop of Paris had all his windows broken and forced to move his lodgings, and the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld hissed and hooted. The confusion is so great that the court have only the troops to depend on; and it is now said confidently that if an order is given to the French guards to fire on the people they will refuse obedience: this astonishes all, except those who know how they have been disgusted by the treatment, conduct, and manoeuvres of the Due de Chatelet, their colonel: so wretchedly have the affairs of the court, in every particular, been managed; so miserable

its choice of the men in offices, even such as are the most intimately connected with its safety, and even existence. What a lesson to princes how they allow intriguing courtiers, women, and fools to interfere, or assume the power that can be lodged, with safety, only in the hands of ability and experience. It is asserted expressly that these mobs have been excited and instigated by the leaders of the commons, and some of them paid by the Due d'Orleans. The distraction of the ministry is extreme.—At night to the theatre *Francoise*; the *Earl of Essex* and the *Maison de Moliere*.

25th. Every hour that passes seems to give the people fresh spirit: the meetings at the Palais Royal are more numerous, more violent, and more assured; and in the assembly of electors, at Paris, for sending a deputation to the National Assembly, the language that was talked by all ranks of people was nothing less than a revolution in the government and the establishment of a free constitution: what they mean by a free constitution is easily understood—*a republic*; for the doctrine of the times runs every day more and more to that point; yet they profess that the kingdom ought to be a monarchy too; or, at least, that there ought to be a king. In the streets one is stunned by the hawkers of seditious pamphlets and descriptions of pretended events, that all tend to keep the people equally ignorant and alarmed. The supineness and even stupidity of the court is without example: the moment demands the greatest decision,—and yesterday, while it was actually a question, whether he should be a doge of Venice or a king of France, the king went a hunting! The spectacle the Palais Royal presented this night, till eleven o'clock and, as we afterwards heard, almost till morning, is curious. The crowd was prodigious, and fire-works of all sorts were played off, and all the building was illuminated: these were said to be rejoicings on account of the Due d'Orleans and the nobility joining the commons; but united with the excessive freedom, and even licentiousness of the orators, who harangue the people. With the general movement which before was threatening, all this bustle and noise, which will not leave them a moment tranquil, has a prodigious effect in preparing them for whatever purposes the leaders of the commons shall have in view; consequently they are grossly and diametrically opposite to the interests of the court;—but all these are blind and infatuated. It is now understood by everybody that the king's offers in the *seance royale* are out of the question. The moment the commons found a relaxation, even in the trifling point of assembling in the great hall, they disregarded all the rest and considered

the whole as null, and not to be taken notice of unless enforced in a manner of which there were no signs. They lay it down for a maxim that they have a right to a great deal more than what the king touched on, but that they will accept of nothing as the concession of power: they will assume and secure all to themselves, as matters of right. Many persons I talk with seem to think there is nothing extraordinary in this,—but it appears that such pretensions are equally dangerous and inadmissible, and lead directly to a civil war, which would be the height of madness and folly, when public liberty might certainly be secured without any such extremity. If the commons are to assume everything as their right, what power is there in the state, short of arms, to prevent them from assuming what is not their right? They instigate the people to the most extensive expectations, and if they are not gratified, all must be confusion; and even the king himself, easy and lethargic as he is, his indifference to power will, by and by, be seriously alarmed, and then he will be ready to listen to measures to which he will not at present give a moment's attention. All this seems to point strongly to great confusion, and even civil commotions; and to make it apparent that to have accepted the king's offers, and made them the foundation of future negotiation, would have been the wisest conduct, and with that idea I shall leave Paris.

27th. The whole business now seems over, and the revolution complete. The king has been frightened by the mobs into overturning his own act of the *seance royale*, by writing to the presidents of the orders of the nobility and clergy, requiring them to join the commons,—full in the teeth of what he had ordained before. It was represented to him, that the want of bread was so great in every part of the kingdom that there was no extremity to which the people might not be driven: that they were nearly starving, and consequently ready to listen to any suggestions, and on the *qui vive* for all sorts of mischief: that Paris and Versailles would inevitably be burnt; and in a word, that all sorts of misery and confusion would follow his adherence to the system announced in the *seance royale*. His apprehensions got the better of the party who had for some days guided him; and he was thus induced to take this step, which is of such importance, that he will never more know where to stop or what to refuse; or rather he will find that, in the future arrangement of the kingdom, his situation will be very nearly that of Charles I, a spectator, without power, of the effective resolutions of a long parliament. The joy this step occasioned was infinite: the assembly, uniting with the people, all hurried to the chateau. *Vive le Roi* might have been heard at

Marly: the king and queen appeared in the balcony, and were received with the loudest shouts of applause; the leaders, who governed these motions, knew the value of the concession much better than those who made it. I have to-day had conversation with many persons on this business, and, to my amazement, there is an idea, and even among many of the nobility, that this union of the orders is only for the verification of their powers and for *making the constitution*, which is a new term they have adopted; and which they use as if a constitution was a pudding to be made by a receipt. In vain I have asked, where is the power that can separate them hereafter, if the commons insist on remaining together, which may be supposed, as such an arrangement will leave all the power in their own hands? And in vain I appeal to the evidence of the pamphlets written by the leaders of that assembly, in which they hold the English constitution cheap, because the people have not power enough, owing to that of the crown and the house of lords. The event now appears so clear as not to be difficult to predict: all real power will be henceforward in the commons; having so much inflamed the people in the exercise of it, they will find themselves unable to use it temperately; the court cannot sit to have their hands tied behind them; the clergy, nobility, parliaments, and army will, when they find themselves all in danger of annihilation, unite in their mutual defence; but as such a union will demand time, they will find the people armed, and a bloody civil war must be the result. I have more than once declared this as my opinion, but do not find that others unite in it.⁹ At all events, however, the tide now runs so strongly in favour of the people, and the conduct of the court seems to be so weak, divided, and blind, that little can happen that will not clearly date from the present moment. Vigour and abilities would have turned everything on the side of the court; for the great mass of nobility in the kingdom, the higher clergy, the parliaments, and the army were with the crown; but this desertion of the conduct, that was necessary to secure its power, at a moment so critical, must lead to all sorts of pretensions. At night the fire-works, and illuminations, and mob, and noise, at the Palais Royal increased; the expense must be enormous; and yet nobody knows with certainty from whence it arises: shops there are, however, that for 12 sous give as many squibs and serpents as would cost 5 livres. There is no doubt of its being the Due d'Orleans's money: the people are thus kept in a continual ferment, are for ever assembled, and ready to be in the last degree of commotion whenever called on by the men they have confidence in. Lately a company of Swiss would have

crushed all this; a regiment would do it now if led with firmness; but, let it last a fortnight longer, and an army will be wanting.— At the play, Mademoiselle Contá, in the *Misanthrope* of Molière, charmed me. She is truly a great actress; ease, grace, person, beauty, wit, and soul. Mola did the misanthrope admirably. I will not take leave of the theatre Francois without once more giving it the preference to all I have ever seen. I shall leave Paris, however, truly rejoiced that the representatives of the people have it undoubtedly in their power so to improve the constitution of their country as to render all great abuses in future, if not impossible, at least exceedingly difficult, and consequently will establish to all useful purposes an undoubted political liberty; and if they effect this, it cannot be doubted but that they will have a thousand opportunities to secure to their fellow-subjects the invaluable blessing of civil liberty also. The state of the finances is such that the government may easily be kept virtually dependent on the states, and their periodical existence absolutely secured. Such benefits will confer happiness on 25,000,000 of people; a noble and animating idea, that ought to fill the mind of every citizen of the world, whatever be his country, religion, or pursuit. I will not allow myself to believe for a moment, that the representatives of the people can ever so far forget their duty to the French nation, to humanity, and their own fame, as to suffer any inordinate and impracticable views,—any visionary or theoretic systems,—any frivolous ideas of speculative perfection: much less any ambitious private views, to impede their progress, or turn aside their exertions, from that security which is in their hands, to place on the chance and hazard of public commotion and civil war the invaluable blessings which are certainly in their power. I will not conceive it possible, that men who have eternal fame within their grasp, will place the rich inheritance on the cast of a die, and, losing the venture, be damned among the worst and most profligate adventurers that ever disgraced humanity.—The Due de Liancourt having made an immense collection of pamphlets, buying everything that has a relation to the present period; and, among the rest, the cahiers of all the districts and towns of France of the three orders; it was a great object with me to read these, as I was sure of finding in them a representation of the grievances of the three orders, and an explanation of the improvements wished for in the government and administration. These cahiers being instructions given to their deputies, I have now gone through them all, with a pen in hand, to make extracts, and shall therefore leave Paris to-morrow.

28th. Having provided myself a light French cabriolet for one horse, or gig Anglois, and a horse, I left Paris, taking leave of my excellent friend. Monsieur Lazowski, whose anxiety for the fate of his country made me respect his character as much as I had reason to love it for the thousand attentions I was in the daily habit of receiving from him. My kind protectress, the Duchess d'Estissac, had the goodness to make me promise that I would return again to her hospitable hotel when I had finished the journey I was about to undertake. Of the place I dined at on my road to Nangis, I forget the name, but it is a posthouse on the left, at a small distance out of the road. It afforded me a bad room, bare walls, cold raw weather, and no fire; for, when lighted, it smoked too much to be borne;—I was thoroughly out of humour: I had passed some time at Paris amidst the fire, energy, and animation of a great revolution. And for those moments not filled by political events, I had enjoyed the resources of liberal and instructing conversation; the amusements of the first theatre in the world, and the fascinating accents of Mandini, had by turns solaced and charmed the fleeting moments; the change to inns, and those French inns; the ignorance of everybody of those events that were now passing, and which so intimately concerned them; the detestable circumstance of having no newspapers, with a press much freer than the English, altogether formed such a contrast, that my heart sunk with depression. At Guignes, an itinerant dancing-master was fiddling to some children of tradesmen; to relieve my sadness, I became a spectator of their innocent pleasures, and with great magnificence I gave four 12 sou pieces for a cake for the children, which made them dance with fresh animation; but my host, the postmaster, who is a surly pickpocket, thought that if I was so rich, he ought also to receive the benefit, and made me pay 9 livres 10 sous for a miserable tough chicken, a cutlet, a salad, and a bottle of sorry wine. Such a dirty, pilfering disposition did not tend to bring me into better humour.—30 miles.

29th. To Nangis, the chateau of which belongs to the Marquis de Guerchy, who last year at Caen had kindly made me promise to spend a few days here. A house almost full of company, and some of them agreeable, with the eagerness of Monsieur de Guerchy for farming, and the amiable *naïveté* of the marchioness, whether in life, politics, or a farm, were well calculated to bring me into tune again. But I found myself in a circle of politicians with whom I could agree in hardly any other particular except the general one of cordially wishing that France might establish an indestructible system of liberty; but for the means of doing

it we were far as the poles asunder. The chaplain of Monsieur de Guerchy's regiment, who has a cure here, and I had known at Caen, Monsieur l'Abbé de —, was particularly strenuous for what is called the regeneration of the kingdom, by which it is impossible, from the explanation, to understand anything more than a theoretic perfection of government; questionable in its origin, hazardous in its progress, and visionary in its end; but always presenting itself under a most suspicious appearance to me, because its advocates, from the pamphlets of the leaders in the National Assembly to the gentlemen who make its panegyric at present, all affect to hold the constitution of England cheap in respect of liberty: and as that is unquestionably, and by their own admission the best the world ever saw, they profess to appeal from practice to theory, which, in the arrangement of a question of science, might be admitted (though with caution); but, in establishing the complex interests of a great kingdom, in *securing* freedom to 25,000,000 of people, seems to me the very acme of imprudence, the very quintessence of insanity. My argument was an appeal to the English constitution; take it at once, which is the business of a single vote; by your possession of a real and equal representation of the people you have freed it from its only great objection; in the remaining circumstances, which are but of small importance, improve it—but improve it cautiously; for surely that ought to be touched with caution which has given from the moment of its establishment felicity to a great nation; which has given greatness to a people designed by nature to be little; and, from being the humble copiers of every neighbour, has rendered them, in a single century, rivals to the most successful nations in those decorative arts that embellish human life: and the masters of the world in all those that contribute to its convenience. I was commended for my attachment to *what I thought was liberty*; but answered, that the king of France must have no *veto* on the will of the nation; and that the army must be in the hands of the provinces, with a hundred ideas equally impracticable and preposterous. Yet these are the sentiments which the court has done all in its power to spread through the kingdom; for, will posterity believe, that while the press has swarmed with inflammatory productions, that tend to prove the blessings of theoretical confusion and speculative licentiousness, not one writer of talent has been employed to refute and confound the fashionable doctrines, nor the least care taken to disseminate works of another complexion? By the way, when the court found that the states could not be assembled on the old plan, and that great innova-

tions must accordingly be made, they ought to have taken the constitution of England for their model; in the mode of assembling, they should have thrown the clergy and nobles into one chamber, with a throne for the king, when present. The commons should have assembled in another, and each chamber have, as in England, verified their powers only to themselves. And when the king held a *séance royale*, the commons should have been sent for to the bar of the lords, where seats should have been provided; and the king, in the edict that constituted the states, should have copied from England enough of the rules and orders of proceeding to prevent those preliminary discussions which in France lost two months and gave time for heated imaginations to work upon the people too much. By taking such steps, security would have been had that, if changes or events unforeseen arose, they would at least be met with in no such dangerous channel as another form and order of arrangement would permit.—15 miles.

30th. My friend's chateau is a considerable one, and much better built than was common in England in the same period, 200 years ago; I believe, however, that this superiority was universal in France in all the arts. They were, I apprehend, in the reign of Henry IV far beyond us in towns, houses, streets, roads, and, in short, in everything. We have since, thanks to liberty, contrived to turn the tables on them. Like all the chateaus I have seen in France, it stands close to the town, indeed joining the end of it; but the back *front*, by some very judicious plantations, has entirely the air of the country, without the sight of any buildings. There the present marquis has formed an English lawn, with some agreeable winding walks of gravel, and other decorations to skirt it. In this lawn they are making hay; and I have had the marquis, Monsieur l'Abbé, and some others on the stack to show them how to make and tread it: such hot politicians!—it is well they did not set the stack on fire. Nangis is near enough to Paris for *the people* to be politicians; the perruquier that dressed me this morning tells me that everybody is determined to pay no taxes, should the National Assembly so ordain. But the soldiers will have something to say. No, Sir, never:—be assured as we are, that the French soldiers will never fire on the people: but, if they should, it is better to be shot than starved. He gave me a frightful account of the misery of the people; whole families in the utmost distress; those that work have a pay insufficient to feed them— and many that find it difficult to get work at all. I inquired of Monsieur de Guerchy concerning this, and found it true. By order of the magistrates no person is allowed

to buy more than two bushels of wheat at a market, to prevent monopolising. It is clear to common sense that all such regulations have a direct tendency to increase the evil, but it is in vain to reason with people whose ideas are immovably fixed. Being here on a market-day, I attended, and saw the wheat sold out under this regulation, with a party of dragoons drawn up before the market-cross to prevent violence. The people quarrel with the bakers, asserting the prices they demand for bread are beyond the proportion of wheat, and proceeding from words to scuffling, raise a riot, and then run away with bread and wheat for nothing: that has happened at Nangis, and many other markets; the consequence was, that neither farmers nor bakers would supply them till they were in danger of starving, and, when they did come, prices under such circumstances must necessarily rise enormously, which aggravated the mischief, till troops became really necessary to give security to those who supplied the markets. I have been sifting Madame de Guerchy on the expenses of living; our friend Monsieur l'Abbé joined the conversation, and I collect from it, that to live in a chateau like this, with six men-servants, five maids, eight horses, a garden, and a regular table, with company, but never to go to Paris, might be done for 1000 louis a year. It would in England cost 2000; the mode of living (not the price of things) is therefore cent per cent. different.—There are gentlemen (noblesse) that live in this country on 6000 or 8000 livres (£262 to £350), that keep two men, two maids, three horses, and a cabriolet; there are the same in England, but they are fools. Among the neighbours that visited Nangis was Monsieur Trudaine de Montigny, with his new and pretty wife, to return the first visit of ceremony: he has a fine chateau at Montigny, and an estate of 4000 louis a year. This lady was Mademoiselle de Cour Breton, niece to Madame Calonne; she was to have been married to the son of Monsieur Lamoignon, but much against her inclinations; finding that common refusals had no avail, she determined on a very uncommon one, which was to go to church, in obedience to her father's orders, and give a solemn NO instead of a *yea*. She was afterwards at Dijon, and never stirred but she was received with huzzas and acclamations by the people for refusing to be allied with la Cour Pleniere; and her firmness was everywhere spoken of much to her advantage. Monsieur la Luzerne was with them, nephew to the French ambassador at London, who, in some broken English, informed me that he had learned to box of Mendoza. No one can say that he has travelled without making acquisitions. Has the Due d'Orleans learned to box also?

The news from Paris is bad: the commotions increase greatly: and such an alarm has spread, that the queen has called the Marechal de Broglio to the king's closet; he has had several conferences: the report is, that an army will be collected under him. It may be now necessary; but woeful management to have made it so.

JULY 2. To Meaux. Monsieur de Guerchy was so kind as to accompany me to Columiers; I had a letter to Monsieur Anvee Dumeé. Pass Rosoy to Maupertuis, through a country cheerfully diversified by woods and scattered with villages; and single farms spread everywhere as about Nangis. Maupertuis seems to have been the creation of the Marquis de Montesquieu, who has here a very fine chateau of his own building; an extensive English garden, made by the Count d'Artois' gardener, with the town, has all been of his own forming. I viewed the garden with pleasure; a proper advantage has been taken of a good command of a stream, and many fine springs which rise in the grounds; they are well conducted, and the whole executed with taste. In the kitchen-garden, which is on the slope of a hill, one of these springs has been applied to excellent use: it is made to wind in many doubles through the whole on a paved bed, forming numerous basins for watering the garden, and might, with little trouble, be conducted alternately to every bed as in Spain. This is a hint of real utility to all those who form gardens on the sides of hills; for watering with pots and pails is a miserable, as well as expensive succedaneum to this infinitely more effective method. There is but one fault in this garden, which is its being placed near the house, where there should be nothing but lawn and scattered trees when viewed from the chateau. The road might be hidden by a judicious use of planting. The road to Columiers is admirably formed of broken stone, like gravel, by the Marquis of Montesquieu, partly at his own expense. Before I finish with this nobleman, let me observe that he is commonly esteemed the second family in France, and by some who admit his pretensions, even the first; he claims from the house of Armagnac, which was undoubtedly from Charlemagne: the present King of France, when he signed some paper relative to this family that seemed to admit the claim, or refer to it, remarked that it was declaring one of his subjects to be a better gentleman than himself. But the house of Montmorenci, of which family are the Dukes of Luxembourg and Laval, and the Prince of Robec, is generally admitted to be the first. Monsieur de Montesquieu is a deputy in the states, one of the *quarante* in the French academy, having written several pieces: he is also chief minister to Monsieur the

king's brother, an office that is worth 100,000 livres a year (£4375). Dine with Monsieur and Madame Dumee; conversation here, as in every other town of the country, seems more occupied by the dearness of wheat than on any other circumstance; yesterday was marketday, and a riot ensued of the populace, in spite of the troops that were drawn up as usual to protect the corn: it rises to 46 livres (40s. 3d.) the septier or half-quarter,—and some is sold yet higher. To Meaux.—32 miles.

3d. Meaux was by no means in my direct road; but its district, Brie, is so highly celebrated for fertility, that it was an object not to omit. I was provided with letters for M. Bemier, a considerable farmer, at Chaucaunin, near Meaux; and for M. Gibert, of Neuf Moutier, a considerable cultivator, whose father and himself had between them made a fortune by agriculture. The former gentleman was not at home; by the latter I was received with great hospitality; and I found in him the strongest desire to give me every information I wished. Monsieur Gibert has built a very handsome and commodious house, with farming-offices, on the most ample and solid scale. I was pleased to find his wealth, which is not inconsiderable, to have arisen all from the plough. He did not forget to let me know that he was noble, and exempted from all tailles, and that he had the honours of the chase, his father having purchased the charge of *Secrétaire du Roi*: but he very wisely lives *enfermier*. His wife made ready the table for dinner, and his bailiff, with the female domestic, who has the charge of the dairy, etc., both dined with us. This is in a true farming style; it has many conveniencies, and looks like a plan of living which does not promise, like the foppish modes of little gentlemen, to run through a fortune from false shame and silly pretensions. I can find no other fault with his system than having built a house enormously beyond his plan of living, which can have no other effect than tempting some successor, less prudent than himself, into expenses that might dissipate all his and his father's savings. In England that would certainly be the case: the danger, however, is not equal in France.

4th. To Chateau Thiery, following the course of the Marne. The country is pleasantly varied, and hilly enough to render it a constant picture, were it enclosed. Thiery is beautifully situated on the same river. I arrived there by five o'clock, and wished, in a period so interesting to France, and indeed to all Europe, to see a newspaper. I asked for a coffee-house, not one in the town. Here are two parishes, and some thousands of inhabitants, and not a newspaper to be seen by a traveller, even in a moment when all ought to be anxiety.—What stupidity, pov-

erty, and want of circulation! This people hardly deserve to be free; and should there be the least attempt with vigour to keep them otherwise, it can hardly fail of succeeding. To those who have been used to travel amidst the energetic and rapid circulation of wealth, animation, and intelligence of England, it is not possible to describe, in words adequate to one's feelings, the dulness and stupidity of France. I have been to-day on one of their greatest roads, within thirty miles of Paris, yet I have not seen one diligence, and met but a single gentleman's carriage, nor anything else on the road that looked like a gentleman.—30 miles.

5th. To Mareuil. The Marne, about 25 rods broad, flows in an arable vale to the right. The country hilly, and parts of it pleasant; from one elevation there is a noble view of the river. Mareuil is the residence of Monsieur Le Blanc, of whose husbandry and improvements, particularly in sheep of Spain, and cows of Switzerland, Monsieur de Broussonet had spoken very advantageously. This was the gentleman also on whom I depended for information relative to the famous vineyards of Epernay that produce the fine Champagne. What therefore was my disappointment when his servants informed me that he was nine leagues off on business. Is Madame Le Blanc at home? *No, she is at Dormans.* My complaining ejaculations were interrupted by the approach of a very pretty young lady, whom I found to be Mademoiselle Le Blanc. *Her mama would return to dinner, her papa at night; and, if I wished to see him, I had better stay.* When persuasion takes so pleasing a form, it is not easy to resist it. There is a manner of doing everything that either leaves it absolutely indifferent or that interests. The unaffected good humour and simplicity of Mademoiselle Le Blanc entertained me till the return of her mama, and made me say to myself, *you will make a good farmer's wife.* Madame Le Blanc, when she returned, confirmed the native hospitality of her daughter; assured me that her husband would be at home early in the morning, as she must dispatch a messenger to him on other business. In the evening we supped with Monsieur B. in the same village, who married Madame Le Blanc's niece; to pass Mareuil, it has the appearance of a small hamlet of inconsiderable farmers, with the houses of their labourers; and the sentiment that would arise in most bosoms would be that of picturing the banishment of being condemned to live in it. Who would think that there should be two gentlemen's families in it; and that in one I should find Mademoiselle Le Blanc singing to her systum, and in the other Madame B. young and handsome, performing on an excellent English pianoforte? Compared notes of the

expenses of living in Champagne and Suffolk; agreed that 100 louis d'or a year in Champagne were as good an income as 180 in England, which I believe true. On his return. Monsieur Le Blanc, in the most obliging manner, satisfied all my inquiries, and gave me letters to the most celebrated wine districts.

7th. To Epernay, famous for its wines. I had letters for Monsieur Paretilaine, one of the most considerable merchants, who was so obliging as to enter, with two other gentlemen, into a minute disquisition of the produce and profit of the fine vineyards. The *hotel de Rohan* here is a very good inn, where I solaced myself with a bottle of excellent *vin mousseux* for 40 sous and drank prosperity to true liberty in France.—12 miles.

8th. To Ay, a village not far out of the road to Rheims, very famous for its wines. I had a letter for Monsieur Lasnier, who has 60,000 bottles in his cellar, but unfortunately he was not at home. Monsieur Dorse has from 30,000 to 40,000. All through this country the crop promises miserably, not owing to the great frost, but the cold weather of last week.

To Rheims, through a forest of five miles, on the crown of the hill, which separates the narrow vale of Epernay from the great plain of Rheims. The first view of that city from this hill, just before the descent, at the distance of about four miles, is magnificent. The cathedral makes a great figure, and the church of St. Remy terminates the town proudly. Many times I have had such a view of towns in France, but when you enter them all is a clutter of narrow, crooked, dark, and dirty lanes. At Rheims it is very different: the streets are almost all broad, straight, and well built, equal in that respect to any I have seen; and the inn, the *hotel de Moulinet*, is so large and well served as not to check the emotions raised by agreeable objects by giving an impulse to contrary vibrations in the bosom of the traveller, which at inns in France is too often the case. At dinner they gave me also a bottle of excellent wine. I suppose fixed air is good for the rheumatism; I had some writhes of it before I entered Champagne, but the *vin mousseux* has absolutely banished it. I had letters for Monsieur Cadot L'aine, a considerable manufacturer, and the possessor of a large vineyard, which he cultivates himself; he was therefore a double fund to me. He received me very politely, answered my inquiries, and showed me his fabric. The cathedral is large, but does not strike me like that of Amiens, yet ornamented, and many painted windows. They showed me the spot where the kings are crowned. You enter and quit Rheims through superb and elegant iron gates: in

such public decorations, promenades, etc., French towns are much beyond English ones. Stopped at Sillery, to view the wine press of the Marquis de Sillery; he is the greatest wine-farmer in all Champagne, having in his own hands 180 arpents. Till I got to Sillery, I knew not that it belonged to the husband of Madame de Genlis; but I determined, on hearing that it did, to pluck up impudence enough to introduce myself to the marquis, should he be at home: I did not like to pass the door of Madame de Genlis without seeing her: her writings are too celebrated. *La Petite Loge*, where I slept, is bad enough of all conscience, but such a reflection would have made it ten times worse: the absence, however, of both Monsieur and Madame quieted both my wishes and anxieties. He is in the states.—28 miles.

9th. To Chalons, through a poor country and poor crops. M. de Broussonet had given me a letter to Monsieur Sabbatier, secretary to the academy of sciences, but he was absent. A regiment passing to Paris, an officer at the inn addressed me in English:—He had learned, he said, in America, damme!—*He* had taken lord Cornwallis, damme!—Marechal Broglio was appointed to command an army of 50,000 men near Paris—it was necessary—the *tiers etat* were running mad—and wanted some wholesome correction;—they want to establish a republic—absurd! Pray, Sir, what did you fight for in America? To establish a republic. What was so good for the Americans, is it so bad for the French? Aye, damme! that is the way the English want to be revenged. It is, to be sure, no bad opportunity. Can the English follow a better example? He then made many inquiries about what we thought and said upon it in England: and I may remark, that almost every person I meet has the same idea—*The English must be very well contented at our confusion*. They feel pretty pointedly what they deserve.—12½ miles.

10th. To Ove. Pass Courtisseau, a small village, with a great church; and though a good stream, not an idea of irrigation. Roofs of houses almost flat, with projecting eaves, resembling those from Pau to Bayonne. At St. Menehoud a dreadful tempest, after a burning day, with such a fall of rain that I could hardly get to Monsieur l' Abbé Michel, to whom I had a letter. When I found him, the incessant flashes of lightning would allow me no conversation; for all the females of the house came into the room for the abbe's protection, I suppose, so I took leave. The *vin de Champagne*, which is 40 sous at Rheims, is 3 livres at Chalons and here, and execrably bad; so there is an end of my physic for the rheumatism.—25 miles.

11th. Pass Islets, a town (or rather collection of dirt and dung) of new features, that seem to mark, with the faces of the people, a country not French.—25 miles.

12th. Walking up a long hill, to ease my mare, I was joined by a poor woman who complained of the times and that it was a sad country; demanding her reasons, she said her husband had but a morsel of land, one cow, and a poor little horse, yet they had *a franchar* (42 lb.) of wheat and three chickens to pay as a quit-rent to one seigneur and four *franchar* of oats, one chicken, and 1 sou to pay to another, besides very heavy *tailles* and other taxes. She had seven children, and the cow's milk helped to make the soup. But why, instead of a horse, do not you keep another cow? Oh, her husband could not carry his produce so well without a horse; and asses are little used in the country. It was said, at present, that *something was to be done by some great folks for such poor ones, but she did not know who nor how*, but God send us better, *car les tailles et les droits nous écrasent*.—This woman, at no great distance, might have been taken for sixty or seventy, her figure was so bent and her face so furrowed and hardened by labour,—but she said she was only twenty-eight. An Englishman who has not travelled cannot imagine the figure made by infinitely the greater part of the countrywomen in France; it speaks, at the first sight, hard and severe labour: I am inclined to think that they work harder than the men, and this, united with the more miserable labour of bringing a new race of slaves into the world, destroys absolutely all symmetry of person and every feminine appearance. To what are we to attribute this difference in the manners of the lower people in the two kingdoms? To GOVERNMENT.—23 miles.

13th. Leave Mar-le-Tour at four in the morning: the village herdsman was sounding his horn; and it was droll to see every door vomiting out its hogs or sheep, and some a few goats, the flock collecting as it advances. Very poor sheep, and the pigs with mathematical backs, large segments of small circles. They must have abundance of commons here, but, if I may judge by the report of the animals' carcasses, dreadfully overstocked. To Metz, one of the strongest places in France; pass three drawbridges, but the command of water must give a strength equal to its works. The common garrison is 10,000 men, but there are fewer at present. Waited on M. de Payen, secretary of the academy of sciences; he asked my plan, which I explained; he appointed me at four in the afternoon at the academy, as there would be *séance* held; and he promised to introduce me to some persons who could answer my inquiries. I

attended accordingly, when I found the academy assembled at one of their weekly meetings. Monsieur Payen introduced me to the members, and, before they proceeded to their business, they had the goodness to sit in council on my inquiries, and to resolve many of them. In the *Almanach des Trois Evechés*, 1789, this academy is said to have been instituted particularly for agriculture; I turned to the list of their honorary members to see what attention they had paid to the men who, in the present age, have advanced that art. I found an Englishman, Dom Cowley, of London. Who is Dom Cowley?—Dined at the table d’hôte, with seven officers, out of whose mouths, at this important moment, in which conversation is as free as the press, not one word issued for which I would give a straw, nor a subject touched on of more importance than a coat or a puppy dog. At table d’hôtes of officers you have a voluble garniture of bawdry or nonsense; at those of merchants, a mournful and stupid silence. Take the mass of mankind, and you have more good sense in half an hour in England than in half a year in France —Government! Again:—all—all—is government.—15 miles.

14th. They have a *cabinet littéraire* at Metz, something like that I described at Nantes, but not on so great a plan; and they admit any person to read or go in and out for a day on paying 4 sous. To this I eagerly resorted, and the news from Paris, both in the public prints and by the information of a gentleman, I found to be interesting. Versailles and Paris are surrounded by troops: 35,000 men are assembled, and 20,000 more on the road, large trains of artillery collected, and all the preparations of war. The assembling of such a number of troops has added to the scarcity of bread; and the magazines that have been made for their support are not easily by the people distinguished from those they suspect of being collected by monopolists. This has aggravated their evils almost to madness; so that the confusion and tumult of the capital are extreme. A gentleman of an excellent understanding, and apparently of consideration, from the attention paid him, with whom I had some conversation on the subject, lamented in the most pathetic terms the situation of his country; he considers a civil war as impossible to be avoided. There is not, .he added, a doubt but the court, finding it impossible to bring the National Assembly to terms, will get rid of them; a bankruptcy at the same moment is inevitable; the union of such confusion must be a civil war; and it is now only by torrents of blood that we have any hope of establishing a freer constitution: yet it must be established; for the old government is riveted to abuses that are insupport-

able. He agreed with me entirely, that the propositions of the *séance royale*, though certainly not sufficiently satisfactory, yet were the ground for a negotiation that would have secured by degrees *all even that the sword can give us, let it be as successful as it will. The purse—the power of the purse is everything ; skilfully managed, with so necessitous a government as ours, it would, one after another, have gained all we wished. As to a war. Heaven knows the event; and if we have success, success itself may ruin us; France may have a Cromwell in its bosom, as well as England.* Metz is, without exception, the cheapest town I have been in. The table d'hôte is 36 sous a head, plenty of good wine included. We were ten, and had two courses and a dessert of ten dishes each, and those courses plentiful. The supper is the same; I had mine, of a pint of wine and a large plate of chaudies, in my chamber, for 10 sous; a horse, hay, and corn 25 sous, and nothing for the apartment; my expense was therefore 71 sous a day, or 2s. 11½d.; and with the table d'hôte for supper would have been but 97 sous or 4s. 0½d.—In addition, much civility and good attendance. It is at the *Faisan*. Why are the cheapest inns in France the best?—The country to Pont-a-Mousson is all of bold feature.—The river Moselle, which is considerable, runs in the vale, and the hills on either side are high. Not far from Metz there are the remains of an ancient aqueduct for conducting the waters of a spring across the Moselle: there are many arches left on this side, with the houses of poor people built between them. At Pont-a-Mousson Monsieur Pichon, the sub-delegate of the intendant, to whom I had letters, received me politely, satisfied my inquiries, which he was well able to do from his office, and conducted me to see whatever was worth viewing in the town. It does not contain much; the *scale militwe*, for the sons of the poor nobility, also the *couvent de Premonté*, which has a very fine library, 107 feet long and 25 broad. I was introduced to the abbot as a person who had some knowledge in agriculture.—17 miles.

15th. I went to Nancy, with great expectation, having heard it represented as the prettiest town in France. I think, on the whole, it is not undeserving the character in point of building, direction, and breadth of streets.—Bordeaux is far more magnificent; Bayonne and Nantes are more lively; but there is more equality in Nancy; it is almost all good; and the public buildings are numerous. The *place royale* and the adjoining area are superb. Letters from Paris! all confusion! the ministry removed; Monsieur Necker ordered to quit the kingdom without noise.

The effect on the people of Nancy was considerable.—I was with Monsieur Willemet when his letters arrived, and for some time his house was full of inquirers; all agreed that it was fatal news, and that it would occasion great commotions. *What will be the result at Nancy?* The answer was in effect the same from all I put this question to: *We are a provincial town, we must wait to see what is done at Paris; but everything is to be feared from the people, because bread is so dear, they are half starved, and are consequently ready for commotion.*— This is the general feeling; they are as nearly concerned as Paris; but they dare not stir; they dare not even have an opinion of their own till they know what Paris thinks; so that if a starving populace were not in question, no one would dream of moving. This confirms what I have often heard remarked, that the *deficit* would not have produced the revolution but in concurrence with the price of bread. Does not this show the infinite consequence of great cities to the liberty of mankind? Without Paris, I question whether the present revolution, which is fast working in France, could possibly have had an origin. It is not in the villages of Syria or Diarbekir that the Grand Seigneur meets with a murmur against his will; it is at Constantinople that he is obliged to manage and mix caution even with despotism. Mr. Willemet, who is demonstrator of botany, showed me the botanical garden, but it is in a condition that speaks the want of better funds. He introduced me to a Monsieur Durival, who has written on the vine, and gave me one of his treatises, and also two of his own on botanical subjects. He also conducted me to Monsieur l'Abbé Grandpère, a gentleman curious in gardening, who, as soon as he knew that I was an Englishman, whimsically took it into his head to introduce me to a lady, my countrywoman, who hired, he said, the greatest part of his house. I remonstrated against the impropriety of this, but all in vain; the abbe had never travelled, and thought that if he were at the distance of England from France (the French are not commonly good geographers) he should be very glad to see a Frenchman; and that, by parity of reasoning, this lady must be the same to meet a countryman she never saw or heard of. Away he went, and would not rest till I was conducted into her apartment. It was the dowager Lady Douglas; she was unaffected and good enough not to be offended at such a strange intrusion.— She had been here but a few days; had two fine daughters with her, and a beautiful Kamchatka dog; she was much troubled with the intelligence her friends in the town had just given her, that she would, in all probability, be forced to move again, as the news of Monsieur Neckar's

removal, and the new ministry being appointed, would certainly occasion such dreadful tumults that a foreign family would probably find it equally dangerous and disagreeable.—18 miles.

16th. All the houses at Nancy have tin eave troughs and pipes, which render walking the streets much more easy and agreeable; it is also an additional consumption, which is politically useful. Both this place and Luneville are lighted in the English manner, instead of the lamps being strung across the streets as in other French towns. Before I quit Nancy, let me caution the unwary traveller, if he is not a great lord, with plenty of money that he does not know what to do with, against the *hotel d'Angleterre*; a bad dinner 3 livres, and for the room as much more. A pint of wine and a plate of chaudié 20 sous, which at Metz was 10 sous, and in addition I liked so little my treatment that I changed my quarters to the *hotel de Halle*, where, at the table d'hôte, I had the company of some agreeable officers, two good courses, and a dessert, for 36 sous with a bottle of wine. The chamber 20 sous; for building, however, the *hotel d'Angleterre* is much superior, and is the first inn. In the evening to Luneville. The country about Nancy is pleasing.—17 miles.

17th. Luneville being the residence of Monsieur Lazowski, the father of my much esteemed friend, who was advertised of my journey, I waited on him in the morning; he received me with not politeness only, but hospitality—with a hospitality I began to think was not to be found on this side of the kingdom. —From Mareuil hither, I had really been so unaccustomed to receive any attentions of that sort, that it awakened me to a train of new feelings agreeable enough.—An apartment was ready for me, which I was pressed to occupy, desired to dine, and expected to stay some days: he introduced me to his wife and family, particularly to M. l'Abbé Lazowski, who, with the most obliging alacrity, undertook, the office of showing me whatever was worth seeing.—We examined, in a walk before dinner, the establishment of the orphans; well regulated and conducted. Luneville wants such establishments, for it has no industry, and therefore is very poor; I was assured not less than half the population of the place, or 10,000 persons, are poor. Luneville is cheap. A cook's wages 2, 3, or 4 louis. A maid's, that dresses hair, 3 or 4 louis; a common housemaid, 1 louis; a common footman, or a house lad, 3 louis. Rent of a good house 15 or 17 louis. Lodgings of four or five rooms, some of them small, 9 louis. After dinner, wait on M. Vaux dit Pomponne, an intimate acquaintance of my friend's; here mingled hospitality and politeness also received me, and so much pressed to dine with

him to-morrow that I should certainly have stayed had it been merely for the pleasure of more conversation with a very sensible and cultivated man, who, though advanced in years, has the talents and good humour to render his company universally agreeable: I was obliged to refuse it; I was out of order all day. Yesterday's heat was followed, after some lightning, by a cold night, and I laid, without knowing it, with the windows open, and caught cold, I suppose, from the information of my bones. I am acquainted with strangers as easily and quickly as anybody, a habit that much travelling can scarcely fail to give, but to be ill among them would be *enuyante*, demand too much attention, and encroach on their humanity. This induced me to refuse the obliging wishes of both the Messrs. Lazowskis, Monsieur Pompone, and also of a pretty and agreeable American lady I met at the house of the latter. Her history is singular, and yet very natural. She was Miss Blake, of New York; what carried her to Dominica I know not; but the sun did not spoil her complexion: a French officer, Monsieur Tibalie, on taking the island, made her his captive, and himself became her own, fell in love, and married her; brought his prize to France and settled her in his native town of Luneville. The regiment, of which he is major, being quartered in a distant province, she complained of seeing her husband not more than for six months in two years. She has been four years at Luneville; and having the society of three children, is reconciled to a scene of life new to her. Monsieur Pompone, who, she assured me, is one of the best men in the world, has parties every day at his house, not more to his own satisfaction than to her comfort.—This gentleman is another instance, as well as the major, of attachment to the place of nativity; he was born at Luneville; attended King Stanislaus in some respectable office, near his person; has lived much at Paris and with the great, and had first ministers of state for his intimate friends; but the love of the *natale solum* brought him back to Luneville, where he has lived beloved and respected for many years, surrounded by an elegant collection of books, amongst which the poets are not forgotten, having himself no inconsiderable talents in transfusing agreeable sentiments into pleasing verses. He has some couplets of his own composition under the portraits of his friends which are pretty and easy. It would have given me much pleasure to have spent some days at Luneville; an agreeable opening was made for me in two houses, where I should have met with a friendly and agreeable reception: but the misfortunes of travelling are sometimes the accidents that cross the moments prepared for enjoyment; and at others,

the system of a journey inconsistent with the plans of destined pleasure.

18th. To Haming, through an uninteresting country.—28 miles.

19th. To Savern, in Alsace: the country to Phalsbourg, a small fortified town, on the frontiers, is much the same to the eye as hitherto. The women in Alsace all wear straw hats as large as those worn in England; they shelter the face, and should secure some pretty country girls, but I have seen none yet. Coming out of Phalsbourg, there are some hovels miserable enough, yet have chimneys and windows, but the inhabitants in the lowest poverty. From that town to Savern all a mountain of oak timber, the descent steep, and the road winding. In Savern, I found myself to all appearance veritably in Germany; for two days past much tendency to a change, but here not one person in a hundred has a word of French; the rooms are warmed by stoves; the kitchen-hearth is three or four feet high, and various other trifles show that you are among another people. Looking at a map of France and reading histories of Louis XIV never threw his conquest or seizure of Alsace into the light which travelling into it did: to cross a great range of mountains; to enter a level plain, inhabited by a people totally distinct and different from France, with manners, language, ideas, prejudices, and habits all different, made an impression of the injustice and ambition of such a conduct much more forcible than ever reading had done: so much more powerful are things than words.—22 miles.

20th. To Strasbourg, through one of the richest scenes of soil and cultivation to be met with in France, and rivalled only by Flanders, which, however, exceeds it. I arrived there at a critical moment, which I thought would have broken my neck; a detachment of horse with their trumpets on one side, a party of infantry, with their drums beating on the other, and a great mob hallooing, frightened my French mare; and I could scarcely keep her from trampling on messieurs the *tiers etat*. On arriving at the inn, hear the interesting news of the revolt of Paris.—The *Guardes Francoises* joining the people; the little dependence on the rest of the troops; the taking the Bastile; and the institution of the *milice bourgeoise*; in a word, of the absolute overthrow of the old government. Everything being now decided, and the kingdom absolutely in the hands of the assembly, they have the power to make a new constitution such as they think proper; and it will be a great spectacle for the world to view, in this enlightened age, the representatives of 25,000,000 of people sitting on the construction of a new and better order and fabric of liberty than Europe has yet offered. It will now be seen whether they will copy

the constitution of England, freed from its faults, or attempt, from theory, to frame something absolutely speculative: in the former case, they will prove a blessing to their country; in the latter they will probably involve it in inextricable confusions and civil wars, perhaps not in the present period, but certainly at some future one. I hear nothing of their removing from Versailles; if they stay there under the control of an armed mob they must make a government that will please the mob; but they will, I suppose, be wise enough to move to some central town, Tours, Blois, or Orleans, where their deliberations may be free. But the Parisian spirit of commotion spreads quickly; it is here; the troops that were near breaking my neck are employed to keep an eye on the people who show signs of an intended revolt. They have broken the windows of some magistrates that are no favourites; and a great mob of them is at this moment assembled demanding clamorously to have meat at 5 sous a pound. They have a cry among them that will conduct them to good lengths,—*Point d'impôt et vive les états.*—Waited on Monsieur Herman, professor of natural history in the university here, to whom I had letters; he replied to some of my questions, and introduced me for others to Monsieur Zimmer, who having been in some degree a practitioner, had understanding enough of the subject to afford me some information that was valuable. View the public buildings and cross the Rhine, passing for some little distance into Germany, but no new features to mark a change; Alsace is Germany, and the change great on descending the mountains. The exterior of the cathedral is fine, and the tower singularly light and beautiful; it is well known to be one of the highest in Europe; commands a noble and rich plain through which the Rhine, from the number of its islands, has the appearance of a chain of lakes rather than of a river.—Monument of Marechal Saxe, etc., etc. I am puzzled about going to Carlsruhe, the residence of the Margrave of Baden: it was an old intention to do it, if ever I was within a hundred miles, for there are some features in the reputation of that sovereign which made me wish to be there. He fixed Mr. Taylor, of Bifrons in Kent, whose husbandry I describe in my *Eastern Tour*; on a large farm; and the *economistes*, in their writings, speak much of an experiment he made in their physiocratical rubbish, which, however erroneous their principles might be, marked much merit in the prince. Monsieur Herman tells me also that he has sent a person into Spain to purchase rams for the improvement of wool: I wish he had fixed on somebody likely to understand a good ram, which a professor of botany is not likely to do too well. This botanist is the only person

Monsieur Herman knows at Carlsruhe, and therefore can give me no letter thither, and how I can go, unknown to all the world, to the residence of a sovereign prince, for Mr. Taylor has left him, is a difficulty apparently insurmountable.—22½ miles.

21st. I have spent some time this morning at the *cabinet littéraire*, reading the gazettes and journals that give an account of the transactions at Paris: and I have had some conversation with several sensible and intelligent men on the present revolution. The spirit of revolt is gone forth into various parts of the kingdom; the price of bread has prepared the populace everywhere for all sorts of violence; at Lyons there have been commotions as furious as at Paris and the same at a great many other places: Dauphine is in arms and Bretagne in absolute rebellion. The idea is, that the people will, from hunger, be driven to revolt; and when once they find any other means of subsistence than that of honest labour, everything will be to be feared. Of such consequence it is to a country, and indeed to every country, to have a good police of corn; a police that shall, by securing a high price to the farmer, encourage his culture enough to secure the people at the same time from famine. My anxiety about Carlsruhe is at an end; the Margrave is at Spaw; I shall not therefore think of going.—*Night*—I have been witness to a scene curious to a foreigner but dreadful to Frenchmen that are considerate. Passing through the square of the *hotel de ville*, the mob were breaking the windows with stones, notwithstanding an officer and a detachment of horse was in the square. Perceiving that their numbers not only increased, but that they grew bolder and bolder every moment, I thought it worth staying to see what it would end in, and clambered on to the roof of a row of low stalls opposite the building against which their malice was directed. Here I beheld the whole commodiously. Perceiving that the troops would not attack them, except in words and menaces, they grew more violent, and furiously attempted to beat the doors in pieces with iron crows, placing ladders to the windows. In about a quarter of an hour, which gave time for the assembled magistrates to escape by a back door, they burst all open, and entered like a torrent with a universal shout of the spectators. From that minute a shower of casements, sashes, shutters, chairs, tables, sofas, books, papers, pictures, etc., rained incessantly from all the windows of the house, which is 70 or 80 feet long, and which was then succeeded by tiles, skirting boards, bannisters, framework, and every part of the building that force could detach. The troops, both horse and foot, were quiet spectators. They were at first too few to

interpose, and, when they became more numerous, the mischief was too far advanced to admit of any other conduct than guarding every avenue around, permitting none to go to the scene of action, but letting every one that pleased retire with his plunder; guards being at the same time placed at the doors of the churches and all public buildings. I was for two hours a spectator at different places of the scene, secure myself from the falling furniture, but near enough to see a fine lad of about fourteen crushed to death by something as he was handing plunder to a woman, I suppose his mother, from the horror that was pictured in her countenance. I remarked several common soldiers, with their white cockades, among the plunderers, and instigating the mob even in sight of the officers of the detachment. There were amongst them people so decently dressed that I regarded them with no small surprise:—they destroyed all the public archives; the streets for some way around strewed with papers; this has been a wanton mischief; for it will be the ruin of many families unconnected with the magistrates.

22nd. To Schelestadt. At Strasbourg, and the country I passed, the lower ranks of women wear their hair in a toupee in front, and behind braided into a circular plait, three inches thick, and is most curiously contrived to convince one that they rarely pass a comb through it. I could not but picture them as the *nidus* of living colonies, that never approach me (they are not burthened with too much beauty) but I scratched my head from sensations of imaginary itching. The moment you are out of a great town all in this country is German; the inns have one common large room, many tables and cloths ready spread, where every company dines; gentry at some and the poor at others. Cookery also German: *schnitz* is a dish of bacon and fried pears; has the appearance of a mess for the devil; but I was surprised, on tasting, to find it better than passable. At Schelestadt I had the pleasure of finding the Count de la Rochefoucauld, whose regiment (of Champagne), of which he is second major, is quartered here. No attentions could be kinder than what I received from him; they were a renewal of the numerous ones I was in the habit of experiencing from his family; and he introduced me to a good farmer from whom I had the intelligence I wanted.—25 miles.

23rd. An agreeable quiet day, with the Count de la Rochefoucauld: dine with the officers of the regiment, the Count de Loumene, the colonel, nephew to the Cardinal de Loumene, present. Sup at my friend's lodgings; an officer of infantry, a Dutch gentleman who has been much in the East Indies, and speaks English, there. This has been a refreshing

day; the society of well-informed people, liberal, polite, and communicative, has been a contrast to the *sombre* stupidity of table d'hôtes.

24th. To Isenheim, by Colmar. The country is in general a dead level, with the Voge mountains very near to the right; those of Suabia to the left; and there is another range very distant that appears in the opening to the south. The news at the table d'hôte at Colmar curious, that the queen had a plot, nearly on the point of execution, to blow up the National Assembly by a mine, and to march the army instantly to massacre all Paris. A French officer present presumed but to doubt of the truth of it, and was immediately overpowered with numbers of tongues. A deputy had written it, they had seen the letter, and not a hesitation could be admitted: I strenuously contended that it was folly and nonsense at the first blush, a mere invention to render persons odious who, for what I knew; might deserve to be so, but certainly not by such means; if the angel Gabriel had descended and taken a chair at table to convince them, it would not have shaken their faith. Thus it is in revolutions, one rascal writes and a hundred thousand fools believe.—25 miles.

25th. From Isenheim, the country changes from the dead flat to pleasant views and inequalities, improving all the way to Befort, but neither scattered houses nor enclosures. Great riots at Befort:—last night a body of mob and peasants demanded of the magistrates the arms in the magazine, to the amount of three or four thousand stand; being refused, they grew riotous and threatened to set fire to the town, on which the gates were shut; and to-day the regiment of Bourgogne arrived for their protection. Monsieur Necker passed here to-day in his way from Basle to Paris, escorted by fifty bourgeois horsemen, and through the town by the music of all the troops. But the most brilliant period of his life is past; from the moment of his reinstatement in power to the assembling of the states, the fate of France, and of the Bourbons, was then in his hands; and whatever may be the result of the present confusions they will, by posterity, be attributed to his conduct, since he had unquestionably the power of assembling the states in whatever form he pleased: he might have had two chambers, three, or one; he might have given what would unavoidably have slid into the constitution of England; all was in his hands; he had the greatest opportunity of political architecture that ever was in the power of man: the great legislators of antiquity never possessed such a moment: in my opinion he missed it completely and threw that to the chance of the winds and waves to which he might have given impulse, direction, and life. I had letters to Monsieur de Bellonde,

commissaire de Guerre; I found him alone: he asked me to sup, saying he should have some persons to meet me who could give me information. Or, my returning, he introduced me to Madame de Bellonde and a circle of a dozen ladies, with three or four young officers, leaving the room himself to attend Madame, the princess of something, who was on her flight to Switzerland. I wished the whole company very cordially at the devil, for I saw, at one glance, what sort of information I should have. There was a little *coterie* in one corner listening to an officer's detail of leaving Paris. This gentleman further informed us that the Count d'Artois, and all the princes of the blood, except Monsieur and the Duke d'Orleans, the whole connection of Polignac, the Marechal de Broglio, and an infinite number of the first nobility had fled the kingdom, and were daily followed by others; and lastly, that the king, queen, and royal family were in a situation at Versailles really dangerous and alarming, without any dependence on the troops near them, and, in fact, more like prisoners than free. Here is, therefore, a revolution effected by a sort of magic; all powers in the realm are destroyed but that of the commons; and it now will remain to see what sort of architects they are at rebuilding an edifice in the place of that which has been thus marvellously tumbled in ruins. Supper being announced, the company quitted the room, and as I did not push myself forward, I remained at the rear till I was very whimsically alone; I was a little struck at the turn of the moment, and did not advance when I found myself in such an extraordinary situation, in order to see whether it would arrive at the point it did. I then, smiling, took my hat and walked fairly out of the house. I was, however, overtaken below; but I talked of business—or pleasure—or of something, or nothing—and hurried to the inn. I should not have related this if it had not been at a moment that carried with it its apology: the anxiety and distraction of the time must fill the head and occupy the attention of a gentleman;—and, as to ladies, what can French ladies think of a man who travels for the plough?—25 miles.

26th. For twenty miles to Lisle sur Daube, the country nearly as before; but after that, to Baume les Dames, it is all mountainous and rock, much wood, and many pleasing scenes of the river flowing beneath. The whole country is in the greatest agitation; at one of the little towns I passed I was questioned for not having a cockade of the *tiers etat*. They said it was ordained by the *tiers*, and, if I was not a seigneur, I ought to obey. *But suppose I am a seigneur, what then, my friends?*—What then? they replied sternly, why, be hanged; for that most likely is

what you deserve. It was plain this was no moment for joking, the boys and girls began to gather, whose assembling has everywhere been the preliminaries of mischief; and if I had not declared myself an Englishman, and ignorant of the ordinance, I had not escaped very well. I immediately bought a cockade, but the hussy pinned it into my hat so loosely that before I got to Lisle it blew into the river and I was again in the same danger. My assertion of being English would not do. I was a seigneur, perhaps in disguise, and without doubt a great rogue. At this moment a priest came into the street with a letter in his hand: the people immediately collected around him, and he then read aloud a detail from Befort, giving an account of M. Necker's passing, with some general features of news from Paris, and assurances that the condition of the people would be improved. When he had finished, he exhorted them to abstain from all violence; and assured them they must not indulge themselves with any ideas of impositions being abolished; which he touched on as if he knew that they had got such notions. When he retired, they again surrounded me, who had attended to the letter like others; were very menacing in their manner; and expressed many suspicions: I did not like my situation at all, especially on hearing one of them say that I ought to be secured till somebody would give an account of me. I was on the steps of the inn and begged they would permit me a few words; I assured them that I was an English traveller, and to prove it I desired to explain to them a circumstance in English taxation which would be a satisfactory comment on what Monsieur l'Abbé had told them, to the purport of which I could not agree. He had asserted that the impositions must be paid as heretofore: that the impositions must be paid was certain, but not as heretofore, as they might be paid as they were in England. Gentlemen/we have a great number of taxes in England which you know nothing of in France; but the *tiers etat*, the poor, do not pay them; they are laid on the rich; every window in a man's house pays, but if he has no more than six windows he pays nothing; a seigneur, with a great estate, pays the *vingtiemes* and *failles*, but the little proprietor of a garden pays nothing; the rich for their horses, their voitures, their servants, and even for liberty to kill their own partridges, but the poor farmer nothing of all this: and what is more, we have in England a tax paid by the rich for the relief of the poor; hence the assertion of Monsieur l'Abbé, that because taxes existed before they must exist again, did not at all prove that they must be levied in the same manner; our English method seemed much better. There was not a word of this dis-

course they did not approve of; they seemed to think that I might be an honest fellow, which I confirmed by crying, *vive le tiers, sans impositions*, when they gave me a bit of a huzza, and I had no more interruption from them. My miserable French was pretty much on a par with their own *patois*. I got, however, another cockade, which I took care to have so fastened as to lose it no more. I do not half like travelling in such an unquiet and fermenting moment; one is not secure for an hour beforehand.—35 miles.

27th. To Besancon; the country mountain, rock, and wood, above the river; some scenes are fine. I had not arrived an hour before I saw a peasant pass the inn on horseback, followed by an officer of the *guard bourgeois*, of which there are 1200 here, and 200 under arms, and his parti-coloured detachment, and these by some infantry and cavalry. I asked why the militia took the *pas* of the king's troops? *For a very good reason*, they replied, *the troops would be attacked and knocked on the head, but the populace will not resist the milice*. This peasant, who is a rich proprietor, applied for a guard to protect his house in a village where there is much plundering and burning, The mischiefs which have been perpetrated in the country, towards the mountains and Vesoul, are numerous and shocking. Many chateaus have been burnt; others plundered, the seigneurs hunted down like wild beasts, their wives and daughters ravished, their papers and titles burnt, and all their property destroyed: and these abominations not inflicted on marked persons, who were odious for their former conduct or principles, but an indiscriminating blind rage for the love of plunder. Robbers, galley-slaves, and villains of all denominations have collected and instigated the peasants to commit all sorts of outrages. Some gentlemen at the table d'hôte informed me that letters were received from the Maconois, the Lyonois, Auvergne, Dauphine, etc., and that similar commotions and mischiefs were perpetrating everywhere; and that it was expected they would pervade the whole kingdom. The backwardness of France is beyond credibility in everything that pertains to intelligence. From Strasbourg hither, I have not been able to see a newspaper. Here I asked for the *Cabinet Litteraire*. None. The gazettes? At the coffee-house. Very easily replied, but not so easily found. Nothing but the *Gazette de France*, for which, at this period, a man of common sense would not give one *sol*. To four other coffee-houses; at some no paper at all, not even the *Mercur*; at the *Caffé Militaire*, the *Courier de l'Europe* a fortnight old; and well-dressed people are now talking of the news of two or three weeks past,

and plainly by their discourse know nothing of what is passing. The whole town of Besancon has not been able to afford me a sight of the *Journal de Paris*, nor of any paper that gives a detail of the transactions of the states; yet it is the capital of a province, large as half a dozen English counties, and containing 25,000 souls,—with, strange to say! the post coming in but three times a week. At this eventful moment, with no licence, nor even the least restraint on the press, not one paper established at Paris for circulation in the provinces with the necessary steps taken by *affiche*, or *placard*, to inform the people in all the towns of its establishment. For what the country knows to the contrary, their deputies are in the Bastile, instead of the Bastile being rased; so the mob plunder, bum, and destroy in complete ignorance:, and yet, with all these shades of darkness, these clouds of tenebrity, this universal mass of ignorance, there are men every day in the states who are puffing themselves off for the FIRST NATION IN EUROPE ! the GREATEST PEOPLE IN THE UNIVERSE! as if the political jontos or literary circles of a capital constituted a people; instead of the universal illumination of knowledge, acting by rapid intelligence on minds prepared by habitual energy of reasoning to receive, combine, and comprehend it. That this dreadful ignorance of the mass of the people of the events that most intimately concern them is owing to the old government no one can doubt; it is however curious to remark that if the nobility of other provinces are hunted like those of Franche Compte, of which there is little reason to doubt, that whole order of men undergo a proscription, and suffer like sheep, without making the least effort to resist the attack. This appears marvellous, with a body that have an army of 150,000 men in their hands; for though a part of those troops would certainly disobey their leaders, yet let it be remembered that, out of the 40,000, or possibly 100,000 noblesse of France, they might, if they had intelligence and union amongst themselves, fill half the ranks of more than half the regiments of the kingdom with men who have fellow-feelings and fellow-sufferings with themselves; but no meetings, no associations among them; no union with military men; no taking refuge in the ranks of regiments to defend or avenge their cause; fortunately for France they fall without a struggle and die without a blow. That universal circulation of intelligence, which in England transmits the least vibration of feeling or alarm: with electric sensibility, from one end of the kingdom to another, and which unites in bands of connection men of similar interests and situations, has no existence in France. Thus it may be said, perhaps with truth, that the fall

of the king, court, lords, nobles, army, church, and parliaments is owing to a want of intelligence being quickly circulated, consequently is owing to the very effects of that thralldom in which they held the people: it is therefore a retribution rather than a punishment.—18 miles.

28th. At the table d'hôte last night a person gave an account of being stopped at Salins for want of a passport and suffering the greatest inconveniencies; I found it necessary, therefore, to demand one for myself, and went accordingly to the *Bureau*; this was the house of a Monsieur Bellamy, an attorney, with whom the following dialogue ensued:

Mais, Monsieur, qui me repondra de vous? Est ce que personne vous connoit? Connoissez vous quelqu'un a Besançon?

Non personne, mon dessein etoit d'aller a Vesoul d'ou j'aurois eu des lettres, mats j'ai change de route a cause de ces tumultes.

Monsieur je ne vous connois pas, et si vous etes inconnu a Besançon vous ne pouvez avoir de passport.

Mais voici mes lettres fen ai plusieurs pour d'autres villes en France, il y a en meme d'adreeses a Vesoul e a Arbois, ouvrez et lisez les, et vous trouverez que je ne suis pas inconnu ailleurs quoique je le sois a Besançon.

N'importe; je ne vous connois pas, il n'y a personne ici qui vous connoisse ainsi vous n'aurez point de passport.

Je vous dit Monsieur que ces lettres vous expliqueront.

Il me faut des gens, et non pas des lettres pour m'expliquer qui vous etes; ces lettres ne me valent rien.

Cette façon d'agir me paroît assez singuliere; apparaement que vous la croyez tres honnête; pour moi, Monsieur, j'en pense bien autrement.

Eh Monsieur je ne m'en soucie de ce que vous en pensez.

En verité void ce qui s'appelle, avoir des manieres gracieuses envers un etranger; c'est la premiere, sois que j'ai eu a faire avec ces Messieurs du tiers etat, et sous m'avoues qu'il n'y a rien ici qui puisse me downer une haute idée du caractere de ces Messieurs la. Monsieur, cela m'est fort égal.

Je donnerai a mon retour en Angleterre le detail de mon voyage au publique, et assurement Monsieur je n'oublierai pas d'enregistrer ce trait de vôtre politesse, il vous fait tant d'honneur, et a ceux pour qui vous agissez.

Monsieur je regarde tout cela avec la.derniere indifference.

My gentleman's manner was more offensive than his words; he walked backward and forward among his parchments with an air

veritablement d'un commis de bureau.—These passports are new things from new men, in new power, and show that they do not bear their new honours too meekly. Thus it is impossible for me, without running my head against a wall, to go see the Salins, or to Arbois, where I have a letter from M. de Broussonet, but I must take my chance and get to Dijon as fast as I can, where the president de Virly knows me, having spent some days at Bradfield, unless indeed being a president and a nobleman he has got knocked on the head by the *tiers etat*. At night to the play; miserable performers; the theatre, which has not been built many years, is heavy; the arch that parts the stage from the house is like the entrance of a cavern, and the line of the amphitheatre that of a wounded eel; I do not like the air and manners of the people here—and I would see Besancon swallowed up by an earthquake before I would live in it. The music, and bawling, and squeaking of *l'Épreuve Villageoise* of Gretry, which is wretched, had no power to put me in better humour. I will not take leave of this place, to which I never desire to come again, without saying that they have a fine promenade; and that Monsieur Arthaud, the arpenteur, to whom I applied for information, without any letter of recommendation, was liberal and polite, and answered my inquiries satisfactorily.

29th. To Orechamp the country is bold and rocky, with fine woods, and yet it is not agreeable; it is like many men that have estimable points in their characters and yet we cannot love them. Poorly cultivated too. Coming out of St. Vete, a pretty riant landskip of the river doubling through the vale, enlivened by a village and some scattered houses: the most pleasing view I have seen in Franche Compté.—23 miles.

30th. The mayor of Dole is made of as good stuff as the notary of Besançon; he would give no passport; but as he accompanied his refusal with neither airs nor graces, I let him pass. To avoid the sentinels, I went round the town. The country to Auxonne is cheerful. Cross the Soane at Auxonne; it is a fine river, through a region of flat meadow of beautiful verdure; commons for great herds of cattle; vastly flooded, and the haycocks under water. To Dijon is a fine country, but wants wood. My passport demanded at the gate: and as I had none, two *bourgeois* musketeers conducted me to the *hotel de ville*, where I was questioned, but finding that I was known at Dijon, they let me go to my inn. Out of luck: Monsieur de Virly, on whom I most depended for Dijon, is at Bourbon le Bains, and Monsieur de Morveau, the celebrated chemist, who I expected would have had letters for me, had none, and though he

received me very politely, when I was forced to announce myself as his brother in the royal society of London, yet I felt very awkwardly; however, he desired to see me again next morning. They tell me here that the intendant is fled; and that the Prince of Condé, who is governor of Burgundy, is in Germany: they positively assert, and with very little ceremony, that they would both be hanged if they were to come here at present; such ideas do not mark too much authority in the *milice bourgeoise*, as they have been instituted to stop and prevent hanging and plundering. They are too weak, however, to keep the peace: the licence and spirit of depredation, of which I heard so much in crossing Franche Comte, has taken place, but not equally in Burgundy. In this inn, *la Ville de Lyon*, there is at present a gentleman, unfortunately a seigneur, his wife, family, three servants, an infant but a few months old, who escaped from their flaming chateau half naked in the night; all their property lost except the land itself; and this family valued and esteemed by the neighbours, with many virtues to command the love of the poor, and no oppressions to provoke their enmity. Such abominable actions must bring the more detestation to the cause from being unnecessary; the kingdom might have been settled in a real system of liberty, without the *regeneration* of fire and sword, plunder and bloodshed. Three hundred *bourgeois* mount guard every day at Dijon, armed, but not paid at the expense of the town; they have also six pieces of cannon. The noblesse of the place, as the only means of safety, have joined them—so that there are croix de St. Louis in the ranks. The *palais des etats* here is a large and splendid building, but not striking proportionably to the mass and expense. The arms of the Prince of Condé are predominant; and the great salon is called the *Salle a manger de Prince*. A Dijon artist has painted the battle of Seniff, and the Grande Condé thrown from his horse, and a ceiling, both well executed. Tomb of the Duke of Bourgogne, 1404. A picture by Rubens at the Chartreuse. They talk of the house of Monsieur de Montigny, but his sister being in it, not shown. Dijon, on the whole, is a handsome town; the streets, though old built, are wide and very well paved, with the addition, uncommon in France, of *trottoirs*.—28 miles.

31st. Waited on Monsieur de Morveau, who has, most fortunately for me, received, only this morning, from Monsieur de Virly, a recommendation of me, with four letters from Monsieur de Broussonet; but Monsieur Vaudrey, of this place, to whom one of them is addressed, is absent. We had some conversation on the interesting topic to all philoso-

phers, phlogiston; Monsieur de Morveau contends vehemently for its nonexistence; treats Dr. Priestley's last publication as wide of the question; and declared that he considers the controversy as much decided as the question of liberty is in France. He showed me part of the article *air* in the New Encyclopaedia by him, to be published soon; in which work he thinks he has, beyond controversy, established the truth of the doctrine of the French chemists of its non-existence. Monsieur de Morveau requested me to call on him in the evening to introduce me to a learned and agreeable lady; and engaged me to dine with him to-morrow. On leaving him, I went to search coffee-houses; but will it be credited, that I could find but one in this capital of Burgundy where I could read the newspapers?—At a poor little one in the square, I read a paper, after waiting an hour to get it. The people I have found everywhere desirous of reading newspapers, but it is rare that they can gratify themselves: and the general ignorance of what is passing may be collected from this, that I found nobody at Dijon had heard of the riot at the town-house of Strasbourg; I described it to a gentleman, and a party collected around me to hear it; not one of them had heard a syllable of it, yet it is nine days since it happened; had it been nineteen, I question whether they would more than have received the intelligence; but, though they are slow in knowing what has really happened, they are very quick in hearing what is impossible to happen. The current report at present, to which all possible credit is given, is that the queen has been convicted of a plot to poison the king and Monsieur, and give the regency to the Count d'Artois; to set fire to Paris, and blow up the *Palais Royale* by a mine!—Why do not the several parties in the states cause papers to be printed that shall transmit only their own sentiments and opinions? in order that no man in the nation, arranged under the same standard of reasoning, may want the facts that are necessary to govern his arguments, and the conclusions that great talents have drawn from those facts. The king has been advised to take several steps of authority against the states, but none of his ministers have advised the establishment of journals, and their speedy circulation, that should undeceive the people in those points his enemies have misrepresented. When numerous papers are published in opposition to each other, the people take pains to sift into and examine the truth; and that inquisitiveness alone—the very act of searching—enlightens them; they become informed, and it is no longer easy to deceive them. At the table d'hôte only three, myself and two noblemen driven from their estates, as I conjecture by their conversation, but they

did not hint at anything like their houses being burnt. Their description of the state of that part of the province they come from, in the road from Langres to Gray, is terrible; the number of chateaus burnt not considerable, but three in five plundered, and the possessors driven out of the country, and glad to save their lives. One of these gentlemen is a very sensible well-informed man; he considers all rank, and all the rights annexed to rank, as destroyed in fact in France; and that the leaders of the National Assembly having no property, or very little themselves, are determined to attack that also and attempt an equal division. The expectation is got among many of the people; but whether it takes place or not, he considers France as *absolutely ruined*. That, I replied, was going too far, for the destruction of rank did not imply *ruin*. "I call nothing ruin," he replied, "but a general and confirmed civil war, or dismemberment of the kingdom; in my opinion, both are inevitable; not perhaps this year, or the next, or the year after that, but whatever government is built on the foundation now laying in France cannot stand any rude shocks; and unsuccessful or a successful war will equally destroy it."—He spoke with great knowledge of historical events, and drew his political conclusions with much acumen. I have met very few such men at table d'hotes. It may be believed I did not forget M. de Morveau's appointment. He was as good as his word; Madame Picardet is as agreeable in conversation as she is learned in the closet; a very pleasing unaffected woman; she has translated Scheele from the German, and a part of Mr. Kirwan from the English; a treasure to M. de Morveau, for she is able and willing to converse with him on chemical subjects, and on any others that tend either to instruct or please. I accompanied them in their evening's promenade. She told me that her brother, Monsieur de Poule, was a great farmer, who had sowed large quantities of sainfoin, which he used for fattening oxen; she was sorry he was engaged so closely in the municipal business at present that he could not attend me to his farm.

AUGUST 1. Dined with Monsieur de Morveau by appointment; Monsieur Professeur Chausee and Monsieur Picardet of the party. It was a rich day to me; the great and just reputation of Monsieur de Morveau, for being not only the first chemist of France, but one of the greatest that Europe has to boast, was alone sufficient to render his company interesting; but to find such a man void of affectation, free from those airs of superiority which are sometimes found in celebrated characters, and that reserve which oftener throws a veil over their talents as well as

conceals their deficiencies for which it is intended— was very pleasing. Monsieur de Morveau is a lively, conversable, eloquent man, who, in any station of life, would be sought as an agreeable companion. Even in this eventful moment of revolution, the conversation turned almost entirely on chemical subjects. I urged him, as I have done Dr. Priestley more than once, and Monsieur La Voisier also, to turn his inquiries a little to the application of his science to agriculture; that there was a fine field for experiments in that line, which could scarcely fail of making discoveries; to which he assented; but added that he had no time for such inquiries: it is clear, from his conversation, that his views are entirely occupied by the non-existence of phlogiston, except a little on the means of establishing and enforcing the new nomenclature. While we were at dinner a proof of the *New Encyclopaedia* was brought him, the chemical part of which work is printed at Dijon, for the convenience of Monsieur de Morveau. I took the liberty of telling him that a man who can devise the experiments which shall be most conclusive in ascertaining the questions of a science, and has talents to draw all the useful conclusions from them, should be entirely employed in experiments and their register; and if I was king, or minister of France, I would make that employment so profitable to him that he should do nothing else. He laughed, and asked me, if I was such an advocate for working and such an enemy to writing, what I thought of my friend Dr. Priestley. And he then explained to the two other gentlemen that great philosopher's attention to metaphysics and polemic divinity. If a hundred had been at table, the sentiment would have been the same in every bosom. Monsieur M. spoke, however, with great regard for the experimental talents of the Doctor, as indeed who in Europe does not?—I afterwards reflected on Monsieur de Morveau's not having time to make experiments that should apply chemistry to agriculture, yet have plenty for writing in so voluminous a work as Pankouck's. I lay it down as a maxim, that no man can establish or support a reputation in any branch of experimental philosophy, such as shall really descend to posterity, otherwise than by experiment; and that commonly the more a man works and the less he writes the better, at least the more valuable will be his reputation. The profit of writing has ruined that of many (those who know Monsieur de Morveau will be very sure I am far enough from having him in my eye; his situation in life puts it out of the question); that compression of materials which is luminous that brevity which appropriates facts to their destined points, are alike inconsistent with the principles that govern all

compilations; there are able and respectable men now in every country for compiling; experimenters of genius should range themselves in another class. If I were a sovereign, and capable consequently of rewarding merit, the moment I heard of a man of real genius engaged in such a work I would give him double the bookseller's price to let it alone and to employ himself in paths that did not admit a rival at every door. There are who will think that this opinion comes oddly from one who has published so many books as I have; but I hope it will be admitted to come naturally at least from one who is writing a work from which he does not expect to make one penny, who, therefore, has stronger motives to brevity than temptations to prolixity. The view of this great chemist's laboratory will show that he is not idle:—it consists of two large rooms, admirably furnished indeed. There are six or seven different furnaces (of which Macquer's is the most powerful), and such a variety and extent of apparatus, as I have seen nowhere else, with a furniture of specimens from the three kingdoms as looks truly like business. There are little writing desks, with pens and paper, scattered everywhere, and in his library also, which is convenient. He has a large course of eudiometrical experiments going on at present, particularly with Fontana's and Volta's eudiometers. He seems to think that eudiometrical trials are to be depended on: keeps his nitrous air in quart bottles, stopped with common corks, but reversed; and that the air is always the same if made from the same materials. A very simple and elegant method of ascertaining the proportion of vital air, he explained to us, by making the experiment; putting a morsel of phosphorus into a glass retort, confined by water or mercury, and inflaming it, by holding a bougie under it. The diminution of air marks the quantity that was vital on the antiphlogistic doctrine. After one extinction, it will boil, but not enflame. He has a pair of scales made at Paris which, when loaded with 3000 grains, will turn with the twentieth part of one grain; an air pump, with glass barrels, but one of them broken and repaired; the Count de Button's system of burning lens; an absorber; a respirator, with vital air in a jar on one side and lime-water in another; and abundance of new and most ingenious inventions for facilitating inquiries in the new philosophy of air. These are so various, and at the same time so well contrived to answer the purpose intended, that this species of invention seems to be one very great and essential part of Monsieur de Morveau's merit; I wish he would follow Dr. Priestley's idea of *publishing his tools*, it would add not inconsiderably to his great and well earned repu-

tation, and at the same time promote the inquiries he engages in amongst all other experimenters. M. de Morveau had the goodness to accompany me in the afternoon to the academy of sciences: they have a very handsome salon, ornamented with the busts of Dijon worthies; of such eminent men as this city has produced, Bossuet—Fevret—De Brosses—De Crebillon—Pyron—Bonhier—Rameau—and lastly Buffon; and some future traveller will doubtless see here that of a man inferior to none of those. Monsieur de Morveau, by whom I had now the honour of being conducted. In the evening we repaired again to Madame Picardet, and accompanied her promenade: I was pleased, in conversation on the present disturbances of France, to hear Monsieur de Morveau remark that the outrages committed by the peasants arose from their defects of *lumieres*. In Dijon it had been publicly recommended to the *cures* to enlighten them somewhat politically in their sermons, but all in vain, not one would go out of the usual routine of his preaching. —*Quere*, Would not one newspaper enlighten them more than a score of priests? I asked Monsieur de Morveau how far it was true that the chateaus had been plundered and burnt by the peasants alone; or whether by those troops of *brigands* reported to be formidable. He assured me that he has made strict inquiries to ascertain this matter, and is of opinion that all the violences in this province, that have come to his knowledge, have been committed by the peasants only; much has been reported of *brigands*, but nothing proved. At Besancon I heard of 800; but how could a troop of 800 banditti march through a country and leave their existence the least questionable?—as ridiculous as Mr. Bayes's army *incog*.

2nd. To Beaune; a range of hills to the right under vines, and a flat plain to the left, all open and too naked. At the little insignificant town of Nuys, forty men mount guard every day, and a large corps at Beaune. I am provided with a passport from the mayor of Dijon, and a flaming cockade of the *tiers etat*, and therefore hope to avoid difficulties; though the reports of the riots of the peasants are so formidable that it seems impossible to travel in safety. Stop at Nuys for intelligence concerning the vineyards of this country, so famous in France, and indeed in all Europe; and examine the *Clos de Veavgeau*, of 100 *journaux*, walled in and belonging to a convent of Bernardine monks.—When are we to find these fellows choosing badly? The spots they appropriate show what a righteous attention they give to things of the spirit.—22 miles.

3rd. Going out of Chagnie, where I quitted the great Lyons road, pass by the canal of Chaulais, which goes on very poorly; it is a truly

useful undertaking, and therefore left undone; had it been for boring cannon, or coppering men of war, **it** would have been finished long ago. To Montcenis a disagreeable country; singular in its features. It is the seat of one Monsieur *Weelkainsong's* establishments for casting and boring cannon: I have already described one near Nantes. The French say that this active Englishman is brother-in-law of Dr. Priestley, and therefore a friend of mankind; and that he taught them to bore cannon in order to give liberty to America. The establishment is very considerable; there are from 500 to 600 men employed, besides colliers; five steam engines are erected for giving the blasts and for boring; and a new one building. I conversed with an Englishman who works in the glass-house, in the crystal branch; there were once many, but only two are left at present: he complained of the country, saying there was nothing good in it but wine and brandy; of which things I question not but he makes a sufficient use.—25 miles.

4th. By a miserable country most of the way, and through hideous roads to Autun. The first seven or eight miles the agriculture quite contemptible. From thence to Autun all, or nearly all, enclosed, and the first so for many miles. From the hill before Autun an immense view down on that town, and the flat country of the Bourbonnois for a great extent.—View at Autun the temple of Janus—the walls—the cathedral—the abbey. The reports here of *brigands*, and burning and plundering, are as numerous as before; and when it was known in the inn that I came from Burgundy and Franche Compté, I had eight or ten people introducing themselves in order to ask for news. The rumour of *brigands* here had got to 1600 strong. They were much surprised to find that I gave no credit to the existence of *brigands*, as I was well persuaded that all the outrages that had been committed were the work of the peasants only, for the sake of plundering. This they had no conception of, and quoted a list of chateaus burnt by them; but on analysing these reports, they plainly appeared to be ill founded.—20 miles.

5th. The extreme heat of yesterday made me feverish, and this morning I waked with a sore throat. I was inclined to waste a day here for the security of my health; but we are all fools in trifling with the things most valuable to us. Loss of time, and vain expense, are always in the head of a man who travels as much *en philosophe* as I am forced to do. To Maison de Bourgogne, I thought myself in a new world; the road is not only excellent, of gravel, but the country is enclosed and wooded. There are many gentle inequalities, and several ponds that decorate them. The

weather, since the commencement of August, has been clear, bright, and burning; too hot to be perfectly agreeable in the middle of the day, but no flies, and therefore I do not regard the heat. This circumstance may, I think, be fixed on as the test. In Languedoc, etc., these heats; as I have experienced, are attended by myriads, and consequently they are tormenting. One had need be sick at this *Maison de Bourgogne*; a healthy stomach would not be easily filled; yet it is the post-house. In the evening to Lusy, another miserable post-house. Note, through all Burgundy the women wear flapped men's hats, which have not nearly so good an effect as the straw ones of Alsace.—22 miles.

6th. To escape the heat, out at four in the morning to Bourbon Lancy, through the same country enclosed, but villainously cultivated, and all amazingly improvably. If I had a large tract in thio country, I think I should not be long in making a fortune; climate, prices, roads, enclosures, and every advantage, except government. All from Autun to the Loire is a noble field for improvement, not by expensive operations of manuring and draining, but merely by substituting crops adapted to the soil. When I see such a country thus managed, and in the hands of starving *metayers*, instead of fat farmers, I know not how to pity the seigneurs, great as their present sufferings are. I met one of them, to whom I opened my mind:—he pretended to talk of agriculture, finding I attended to it; and assured me that he had Abbé Roziere's *corps complete*, and he believed, from his accounts, that this country would not do for anything but rye. I asked him whether he or Abbé Roziere knew the right end of a plough. He assured me that he was *un homme de grand merite, beaucozip d'agriculteur*. Cross the Loire by a ferry; it is here the same nasty scene of shingle as in Touraine. Enter the Bourbonnois; the same enclosed country, and a beautiful gravel road. At *Chavanne le Roi*, Monsieur Joly, the *aubergiste*, informed me of three domains (farms) to be sold, adjoining almost to his house, which is new and well built. I was for appropriating his inn at once in my imagination for a farmhouse, and had got hard at work on turnips and clover, when he told me that if I would walk behind his stable I might see, at a small distance, two of the houses; he said the price would be about 50,000 or 60,000 livres (£2625), and would altogether make a noble farm. If I were twenty years younger I should think seriously of such a speculation; but there again is the folly and deficiency of life; twenty years ago such a thing would, for want of experience, have been my ruin; and now I have the experience I am too old for the undertaking.—27 miles.

7th. Moulins appears to be but a poor ill-built town. I went to the *Belle Image*, but found it so bad that I left it, and went to the *Lyon d'Or*; which is worse. This capital of the Bourbonnois, and on the great post road to Italy, has not an inn equal to the little village of Chavanne. To read the papers I went to the coffee-house of Madame Bourgeau, the best in the town, where I found near twenty tables set for company, but, as to a newspaper, I might as well have demanded an elephant. Here is a feature of national backwardness, ignorance, stupidity, and poverty: in the capital of a great province, the seat of an intendant, at a moment like the present, with a National Assembly voting a revolution, and not a newspaper to inform the people whether Fayette, Mirabeau, or Louis XVI is on the throne. Companies at a coffee-house, numerous enough to fill twenty tables, and curiosity not active enough to command one paper. What impudence and folly!—Folly in the customers of such a house not to insist on half a dozen papers, and all the journals of the assembly; and impudence of the woman not to provide them! Could such a people as this ever have made a revolution or become free? Never, in a thousand centuries. The enlightened mob of Paris, amidst hundreds of papers and publications, have done the whole. I demanded why they had no papers. *They are too dear*; but she made me pay 24 sous for one dish of coffee, with milk, and a piece of butter about the size of a walnut. It is a great pity there is not a camp of *brigands* in your coffee-room, Madame Bourgeau. Among the many letters for which I am indebted to Monsieur Broussonet, few have proved more valuable than one I had for Monsieur l'Abbé de Barnt, principal of the college of Moulins, who entered with intelligence and animation into the object of my journey, and took every step that was possible to get me well informed. He carried me to Monsieur le Count de Grimau, lieutenantgeneral of the Balliage, and director of the society of agriculture at Moulins, who kept us to dinner. He appears to be a man of considerable fortune, of information and knowledge, agreeable and polite. He discoursed with me on the state of the Bourbonnois; and assured me that estates were rather given away than sold: that the *metayers* were so miserably poor it was impossible for them to cultivate well. I started some observations on the modes which ought to be pursued; but all conversation of that sort is time lost in France. After dinner, M. Grimau carried me to his villa, at a small distance from the town, which is very prettily situated, commanding a view of the vale of the Allier. Letters from Paris, which contain nothing but accounts truly alarming, of the violences committed all over

the kingdom, and particularly at and in the neighbourhood of the capital. M. Necker's return, which it was expected would have calmed everything, has no effect at all; and it is particularly noted in the National Assembly that there is a violent party evidently bent on driving things to extremity: men who, from the violence and conflicts of the moment, find themselves in a position and of an importance that results merely from public confusion, will take effectual care to prevent the settlement, order, and peace, which, if established, would be a mortal blow to their consequence: they mount by the storm and would sink in a calm. Among other persons to whom Monsieur l'Abbé Barnt introduced me was the Marquis de Goutte, *chef d'escadre* of the French fleet, who was taken by Admiral Boscawen at Louisbourg in 1758, and carried to England, where he learned English, of which he yet retains something. I had mentioned to Monsieur l'Abbé Barnt that I had a commission from a person of fortune in England to look out for a good purchase in France; and knowing that the marquis would sell one of his estates, he mentioned it to him. Monsieur de Goutte gave me such a description of it that I thought, though my time was short, that it would be very well worth bestowing one day to view it, as it was no more than eight miles from Moulins, and proposing to take me to it the next day in his coach, I readily consented. At the time appointed, I attended the marquis, with Monsieur l'Abbé Barnt, to his chateau of Riaux, which is in the midst of the estate he would sell on such terms that I never was more tempted to speculate: I have very little doubt but that the person who gave me a commission to look out for a purchase is long since sickened of the scheme, which was that of a residence for pleasure, by the disturbances that have broken out here: so that I should clearly have the refusal of it myself. It would be upon the whole a more beneficial purchase than I had any conception of, and confirms Monsieur de Grimau's assertion, that estates here are rather given away than sold. The chateau is large and very well built, containing two good rooms, either of which would hold a company of thirty people, with three smaller ones on the ground floor; on the second ten bed-chambers and over them good garrets, some of which are well fitted up; all sorts of offices substantially erected, and on a plan proportioned to a large family, including barns new built, for holding half the corn of the estate in the straw, and granaries to contain it when threshed. Also a wine press and ample cellaring for keeping the produce of the vineyards in the most plentiful years. The situation is on the side of an agreeable rising, with views not extensive, but pleasing, and all the coun-

try round of the same features I have described, being one of the finest provinces in France. Adjoining the chateau is a field of five or six arpents, well walled in, about half of which is in culture as a garden, and thoroughly planted with all sorts of fruits. There are twelve ponds, through which a small stream runs, sufficient to turn two mills, that let at 1000 livres (£43 15s.) a-year. The ponds supply the proprietor's table amply with fine carp, tench, perch, and eels; and yield besides a regular revenue of 1000 livres. There are 20 arpents of vines that yield excellent white and red wine, with houses for the vigneron; woods more than sufficient to supply the chateau with fuel; and lastly, nine domains or farms let to *metayers*, tenants at will, at half produce, producing in cash 10,500 livres (£459 7s. 6d.); consequently, the gross produce, farms, mills, and fish, is 12,500 livres. The quantity of land, I conjecture from viewing it, as well as from notes taken, may be above 3000 arpents or acres, lying all contiguous and near the chateau. The outgoing for those taxes paid by the landlord; repairs, *guard de chasse*, gamekeeper (for here are all the seigneurial rights, *haut justice*, etc.), steward, expenses on wine, etc., amount to about 4400 livres (£192 10s.). It yields therefore net something more than 8000 livres (£350) a year. The price asked is 300,000 livres (£13,125); but for this price is given in the furniture complete of the chateau, all the timber, amounting, by valuation of oak only, to 40,000 livres (£1750), and all the cattle on the estate, viz., 1000 sheep, 60 cows, 72 oxen, 9 mares, and many hogs. Knowing, as I did, that I could, on the security of this estate, borrow the whole of the purchase-money, I withstood no trifling temptation when I turned my back on it. The finest climate in France, perhaps in Europe; a beautiful and healthy country; excellent roads; a navigation to Paris; wine, game, fish, and everything that ever appears on a table, except the produce of the tropics; a good house, a fine garden, ready markets for every sort of produce; and, above all the rest, 3000 acres of enclosed land, capable in a very little time of being, without expense, quadrupled in its produce, altogether formed a picture sufficient to tempt a man who had been five-and-twenty years in the constant practice of husbandry adapted to this soil. But the state of government—the possibility that the leaders of the Paris democracy might in their wisdom abolish property as well as rank; and that in buying an estate I might be purchasing my share in a civil war—deterred me from engaging at present, and induced me only to request that the marquis would give me the refusal of it before he sold it to anybody else. When I have to connect with a person for a purchase, I

shall wish to deal with such a one as the Marquis de Goutte. He has a physiognomy that pleases me; the ease and politeness of his nation is mixed with great probity and honour; and is not rendered less amiable by an appearance of dignity that flows from an ancient and respectable family. To me he seems a man in whom one might, in any transaction, place implicit confidence. I could have spent a month in the Bourbonnois, looking at estates to be sold; adjoining to that of M. de Goutte's is another of 270,000 livres' purchase, Ballain; Monsieur l'Abbé Barnt having made an appointment with the proprietor, carried me in the afternoon to see the chateau and a part of the lands; all the country is the same soil and in the same management. It consists of eight farms, stocked with cattle and sheep by the landlords; and here too the ponds yield a regular revenue. Income at present 10,000 livres (£437 10s.) a year; price 260,000 livres (£11,375) and 10,000 livres for wood—twenty-five years' purchase. Also, near St. Poncin another of 400,000 livres (£17,500), the woods of which, 450 acres, produce 5000 livres a year; 80 acres of vines, the wine so good as to be sent to Paris; good land for wheat, and much sown; a modern chateau, *avec toutes les aisances*, etc. And I heard of many others. I conjecture that one of the finest contiguous estates in Europe might at present be laid together in the Bourbonnois. And I am further informed that there are at present 6000 estates to be sold in France; if things go on as they do at present, it will not be a question of buying estates, but kingdoms, and France itself will be under the hammer. I love a system of policy that inspires such confidence as to give a value to land, and that renders men so comfortable on the estates as to make the sale of them the last of their ideas. Return to Moulins.—30 miles.

10th. Took my leave of Moulins, where estates and farming have driven even Maria and the poplar from my head, and left me no room for the tombeau de Montmorenci; having paid extravagantly for the mud walls, cobweb tapestry, and unsavoury scents of the *Lyon d'Or*; I turned my mare towards Chateaneuf, on the road to Auvergne. The accompaniment of the river makes the country pleasant. I found the inn full, busy, and bustling. Monseigneur, the bishop, coming to the fete of St. Laurence, patron of the parish here; asking for the *commodité*, I was desired to walk into the garden. This has happened twice or thrice to me in France; I did not before find out that they were such good cultivators in this country; I am not well made for dispensing this sort of fertility; but my lord the bishop and thirty fat priests will, after a dinner that has

employed all the cooks of the vicinity, doubtless contribute amply to the amelioration of the lettuces and onions of Monsieur le Maitre de la Poste. To St. Poncin.—30 miles.

11th. Early to Riom, in Auvergne. Near that town the country is interesting; a fine wooded vale to the left, everywhere bounded by mountains; and those nearer to the right of an interesting outline. Riom, part of which is pretty enough, is all volcanic; it is built of lava from the quarries of volvic, which are highly curious to a naturalist. The level plain, which I passed in going to Clermont, is the commencement of the famous Limagne of Auvergne, asserted to be the most fertile of all France; but that is an error, I have seen richer land in both Flanders and Normandy. This plain is as level as a still lake; the mountains are all volcanic and consequently interesting.— Pass a scene of very fine irrigation, that will strike a farming eye, to Mont Ferrand, and after that to Clermont. Riom, Ferrand, and Clermont are all built, or rather perched, on the tops of rocks. Clermont is in the midst of a most curious country, all volcanic; and is built and paved with lava: much of it forms one of the worst built, dirtiest, and most stinking places I have met with. There are many streets that can, for blackness, dirt, and ill scents, only be represented by narrow channels cut in a night dunghill. The contention of nauseous savours, with which the air is impregnated; when brisk mountain gales do not ventilate these excrementitious lanes, made me envy the nerves of the good people who, for what I know, may be happy in them. It is the fair, the town full, and the table d'hôtes crowded.—25 miles.

12th. Clermont is partly free from the reproach I threw on Moulins and Besancon, for there is a *salle a lecture* at a Monsieur Bovares, a bookseller, where I found several newspapers and journals; but at the coffee-house I inquired for them in vain:— they tell me also that the people here are great politicians, and attend the arrival of the courier with impatience. The consequence is, there have been no riots; the most ignorant will always be the readiest for mischief. The great news just arrived from Paris, of the utter abolition of tithes, feudal rights, game, warrens, pigeons, etc., has been received with the greatest joy by the mass of the people, and by all not immediately interested; and some even of the latter approve highly of the declaration: but I have had much conversation with two or three very sensible people, who complain bitterly of the gross injustice and cruelty of any such declarations of what will be done, but is not effected and regulated at the moment of declar-

ing. Monsieur l'Abbé Arbre, to whom Monsieur de Broussonet's letter introduced me, had the goodness not only to give me all the information relative to the curious country around Clermont, which particularly depended on his inquiries as a naturalist, but also introduced me to Monsieur Chabrol, as a gentleman who has attended much to agriculture, and who answered my inquiries in that line with great readiness.

13th. At Roya, near Clermont, a village in the volcanic mountains, which are so curious, and of late years so celebrated, are some springs, reported by philosophical travellers to be the finest and most abundant in France: to view these objects, and more still, a very fine irrigation, said also to be practised there, I engaged a guide. Report, when it speaks of things of which the reporter is ignorant, is sure to magnify; the irrigation is nothing more than a mountain side converted by water to some tolerable meadow, but done coarsely, and not well understood. That in the vale, between Riom and Ferrand, far exceeds it. The springs are curious and powerful: they gush, or rather burst, from the rock in four or five streams, each powerful enough to turn a mill, into a cave a little below the village. About half a league higher there are many others; they are indeed so numerous that scarcely a projection of the rocks or hills is without them. At the village I found that my guide, instead of knowing the country perfectly, was in reality ignorant; I therefore took a woman to conduct me to the springs higher up the mountain; on my return she was arrested by a soldier of the *garde bourgeois* (for even this wretched village is not without its national militia) for having, without permission, become the guide of a stranger. She was conducted to a heap of stones they call the chateau. They told me they had nothing to do with me; but as to the woman she should be taught more prudence for the future: as the poor devil was in jeopardy on my account, I determined at once to accompany them for the chance of getting her cleared by attesting her innocence. We were followed by a mob of all the village, with the woman's children crying bitterly, for fear their mother should be imprisoned. At the castle, we waited some time, and were then shown into another apartment, where the town committee was assembled; the accusation was heard; and it was wisely remarked by all that, in such dangerous times as these, when all the world knew that so great and powerful a person as the queen was conspiring against France in the most alarming manner, for a woman to become the conductor of a stranger—and of a stranger who had been making so many suspicious inquiries as I had, was a high offence. It was immediately agreed that

she ought to be imprisoned. I assured them she was perfectly innocent, for it was impossible that any guilty motive should be her inducement; finding me curious to see the springs, having viewed the lower ones, and wanting a guide for seeing those higher in the mountains, she offered herself: that she certainly had no other than the industrious view of getting a few *sols* for her poor family. They then turned their inquiries against myself, that if I wanted to see springs only, what induced me to ask a multitude of questions concerning the price, value, and product of the lands? What had such inquiries to do with springs and volcanoes? I told them that, cultivating some land in England, rendered such things interesting to me personally: and lastly that, if they would send to Clermont, they might know, from several respectable persons, the truth of all I asserted, and therefore I hoped, as it was the woman's first indiscretion, for I could not call it offence, they would dismiss her. This was refused at first, but assented to at last, on my declaring that if they imprisoned her, they should do the same by me, and answer it as they could. They consented to let her go with a reprimand, and I departed; *not* marvelling, for I have done with that, at their ignorance, in imagining that the queen should conspire so dangerously against their rocks and mountains. I found my guide in the midst of the mob who had been very busy in putting as many questions about me as I had done about their crops.—There were two opinions, one party thought I was a *commissaire*, come to ascertain the damage done by the hail: the other, that I was an agent of the queen's, who intended to blow the town up with a mine and send all that escaped to the galleys. The care that must have been taken to render the character of that princess detested among the people is incredible, and there seems everywhere to be no absurdities too gross, nor circumstances too impossible for their faith. In the evening to the theatre, the *Optimist* well acted. Before I leave Clermont, I must remark that I dined, or supped, five times at the table d'hôte, with from twenty to thirty merchants and tradesmen, officers, etc.; and it is not easy for me to express the insignificance, the inanity of the conversation. Scarcely any politics, at a moment when every bosom ought to beat with none but political sensations. The ignorance or the stupidity of these people must be absolutely incredible; not a week passes without their country abounding with events that are analysed and debated by the carpenters and blacksmiths of England. The abolition of tithes, the destruction of the *gabelle*, game made property, and feudal rights destroyed, are French topics that are translated into English within six

days after they happen, and their consequences, combinations, results, and modifications become the disquisition and entertainment of the grocers, chandlers, drapers, and shoemakers of all the towns of England; yet the same people in France do not think them worth their conversation, except in private. Why? because conversation in private wants little knowledge, but in public it demands more, and therefore I suppose, for I confess there are a thousand difficulties attending the solution, they are silent. But how many people, and how many subjects, on which volubility is proportioned to ignorance? Account for the fact as you please, but it is confirmed with me, and admits no doubt.

14th. To Izoire, the country all interesting, from the number of conic mountains that rise in every quarter; some are crowned with towns;—on others are Roman castles, and the knowledge that the whole is the work of subterranean fire, though in ages far too remote for any record to announce, keeps the attention perpetually alive. Monsieur de l'Arbre had given me a letter to Monsieur Bres, doctor of physic, at Izoire: I found him, with all the townsmen, collected at the *hotel de ville*, to hear a newspaper read. He conducted me to the upper end of the room, and seated me by himself: the subject of the paper was the suppression of the religious houses and the commutation of tithes. I observed that the auditors, among whom were some of the lower class, were very attentive; and the whole company seemed well pleased with whatever concerned the tithes and the monks. Monsieur Bres, who is a sensible and intelligent gentleman, walked with me to his farm, about half a league from the town, on a soil of superior richness; like all other farms, this is in the hands of a *metayer*. Supped at his house afterwards, in an agreeable company, with much animated political conversation. We discussed the news of the day; they were inclined to approve of it very warmly; but I contended that the National Assembly did not proceed on any regular well digested system: that they seemed to have a rage for pulling down, but no taste for rebuilding: that if they proceeded much further in such a plan, destroying everything, but establishing nothing, they would at last bring the kingdom into such confusion that they would even themselves be without power to restore it to peace and order; and that such a situation would, in its nature, be on the brink of the precipice of bankruptcy and civil war.—I ventured further, to declare it as my idea, that without an upper house they never could have either a good or a durable constitution. We had a difference of opinion on these points; but I was glad to find that there could be a fair discussion—and that, in a company of six

or seven gentlemen, two would venture to agree with a system so unfashionable as mine.—17 miles.

15th. The country continues interesting to Brioud. On the tops of the mountains of Auvergne are many old castles, and towns, and villages. Pass the river, by a bridge of one great arch, to the village of Lampdes. At that place, wait on Monsieur Greyffier de Talairat, *avocat* and *subdelegé*, to whom I had a letter; and who was so obliging as to answer, with attention, all my inquiries into the agriculture of the neighbourhood. He inquired much after Lord Bristol, and was not the worst pleased with me when he heard that I came from the same province in England. We drank his lordship's health, in the strong white wine, kept four years in the sun, which Lord Bristol had much commended.—18 miles.

16th. Early in the morning, to avoid the heat, which has rather incommoded me, to Fix. Cross the river by a ford, near the spot where a bridge is building, and mount gradually into a country, which continues interesting to a naturalist from its volcanic origin; for all has been either overturned or formed by fire. Pass Chomet; and descending, remark a heap of basaltic columns by the road, to the right; they are small, but regular hexagons. Poulaget appears in the plain to the left. Stopped at St. George, where I procured mules, and a guide, to see the basaltic columns at Chilliach, which, however, are hardly striking enough to reward the trouble. At Fix, I saw a field of fine clover; a sight that I have not been regaled with, I think, since Alsace. I desired to know to whom it belonged: to Monsieur Comer, doctor of medicine. I went to his house to make inquiries, which he was obliging enough to gratify, and indulged me in a walk over the principal part of his farm. He gave me a bottle of excellent *vin blanc mousseux*, made in Auvergne. I inquired of him the means of going to the mine of antimony, four leagues from hence; but he said the country was so *enrage* in that part, and had lately been mischievous, that he advised me by all means to give up the project. This country, from climate, as well as pines, must be very high. I have been for three days past melted with heat; but to-day, though the sun is bright, the heat has been quite moderate, like an English summer's day, and I am assured that they never have it hotter; but complain of the winter's cold being very severe,—and that the snow in the last was 16 inches deep on the level. The interesting circumstance of the whole is the volcanic origin: all buildings and walls are of lava: the roads are mended with lava, pozzolana, and basaltes; and the face of the country

everywhere exhibits the origin in subterranean fire. The fertility, however, is not apparent, without reflection. The crops are not extraordinary, and many bad; but then the height is to be considered. In no other country that I have seen are such great mountains as these cultivated so high; here corn is seen everywhere, even to their tops, at heights where it is usual to find rock, wood, or ling (*erica vulgaris*).—42 miles.

17th. The whole range of the 15 miles to Le Puy en Velay is wonderfully interesting. Nature, in the production of this country, such as we see it at present, must have proceeded by means not common elsewhere. It is all in its form tempestuous as the billowy ocean. Mountain rises beyond mountain, with endless variety: not dark and dreary, like those of equal height in other countries, but spread with cultivation (feeble indeed) to the very tops. Some vales sunk among them, of beautiful verdure, please the eye. Towards Le Puy the scenery is still more striking, from the addition of some of the most singular rocks anywhere to be seen. The castle of Polignac, from which the duke takes his title, is built on a bold and enormous one, it is almost of a cubical form, and towers perpendicularly above the town, which surrounds it at its foot. The family of Polignac claim an origin of great antiquity; they have pretensions that go back, I forget whether to Hector or Achilles; but I never found any one in conversation inclined to allow them more than being in the first class of French families, which they undoubtedly are. Perhaps there is nowhere to be met with a castle more formed to give a *local* pride of family than this of Polignac: the man hardly exists that would not feel a certain vanity at having given his own name, from remote antiquity, to so singular and so commanding a rock; but if, with the name, it belonged to me, I would scarcely sell it for a province. The building is of such antiquity, and the situation so romantic, that all the feudal ages pass in review in one's imagination, by a sort of magic influence; you recognise it for the residence of a lordly baron who, in an age more distant and more respectable, though perhaps equally barbarous, was the patriot defender of his country against the invasion and tyranny of Rome. In every age, since the horrible combustions of nature which produced it, such a spot would be chosen for security and defence. To have given one's name to a castle, without any lofty pre-eminence or singularity of nature, in the midst, for instance, of a rich plain, is not equally flattering to our feelings; all antiquity of family derives from ages of great barbarity, when civil commotions and wars swept away and confounded the inhabitants of such situations. The Bretons of

the plains of England were driven to Bretagne; but the same people, in the mountains of Wales, stuck secure and remain there to this day. About a gun-shot from Polignac is another rock, not so large, but equally remarkable; and in the town of Le Puy, another commanding one rises to a vast height; with another more singular for its tower-like form,—on the top of which St. Michael's church is built. Gypsum and limestone abound; and the whole country is volcanic; the very meadows are on lava: everything, in a word, is either the product of fire, or has been disturbed or tossed about by it. At Le Puy, fair day, and a table d'hôte, with ignorance as usual. Many coffeehouses, and even considerable ones, but not a single newspaper to be found in any.—15 miles.

18th. Leaving Puy, the hill which the road mounts on the way to Costerous, for four or five miles, commands a view of the town far more picturesque than that of Clermont. The mountain, covered with its conical town crowned by a vast rock, with those of St. Michael and of Polignac, form a most singular scene. The road is a noble one, formed of lava and pozzolana. The adjacent declivities have a strong disposition to run into basaltic pentagons and sexagons; the stones put up in the road, by way of posts, are parts of basaltic columns. The inn at Pradelles, kept by three sisters, Pichots, is one of the worst I have met with in France. Contraction, poverty, dirt, and darkness.—20 miles.

19th. To Thuytz; pine woods abound; there are saw-mills, and with ratchet wheels to bring the tree to the saw, without the constant attention of a man, as in the Pyrenees; a great improvement. Pass by a new and beautiful road along the side of immense mountains of granite; chestnut trees spread in every quarter, and cover with luxuriance of vegetation rocks apparently so naked that earth seems a stranger. This beautiful tree is known to delight in volcanic soils and situations: many are very large; I measured one fifteen feet in circumference, at five from the ground; and many are nine to ten feet, and fifty to sixty high. At Maise the fine road ends, and then a rocky, almost natural one for some miles; but for half a mile before Thuytz recover the new one again, which is here equal to the finest to be seen, formed of volcanic materials, forty feet broad, without the least stone, a firm and naturally level cemented surface. They tell me that 1800 toises of it, or about 2½ miles, cost 180,000 livres (£8250). It conducts, according to custom, to a miserable inn but with a large stable; and in every respect Monsieur Grenadier excels the Demoiselles Pichots. Here mulberries first appear, and with them flies; for this is the first day I have been incommoded. At

Thuytz I had an object which I supposed would demand a whole day: it is within four hours' ride of the *Montague de la coup au Colet d'Aisa*, of which M. Faujas de St. Fond has given a plate, in his *Researches sur les volcans eteints*, that shows it to be a remarkable object: I began to make inquiries and arrangements for having a mule and a guide to go thither the next morning; the man and his wife attended me at dinner and did not seem, from the difficulties they rased at every moment, to approve my plan: having asked them some questions about the price of provisions and other things, I suppose they regarded me with suspicious eyes and thought that I had no good intentions. I desired, however, to have the mule—some difficulties were made—I must have two mules.—Very well, get me two. Then returning, a man was not to be had; with fresh expressions of surprise that I should be eager to see mountains that did not concern me. After raising fresh difficulties to everything I said, they at last plainly told me that I should have neither mule nor man; and this with an air that evidently made the case hopeless. About an hour after I received a polite message from the Marquis Deblou, seigneur of the parish, who hearing that an inquisitive Englishman was at the inn inquiring after volcanoes, proposed the pleasure of taking a walk with me. I accepted the offer with alacrity, and going directly towards his house met him in the road. I explained to him my motives and my difficulties; he said the people had got some absurd suspicions of me from my questions, and that the present time was so dangerous and critical to all travellers that he would advise me by no means to think of any such excursions from the great road, unless I found much readiness in the people to conduct me: that at any other moment than the present he should be happy to do it himself, but that at present it was impossible for any person to be too cautious. There was no resisting this reasoning, and yet to lose the most curious volcanic remains in the country, for the crater of the mountain is as distinct in the print of Monsieur de St. Fond as if the lava was now running from it, was a mortifying circumstance. The marquis then showed me his garden and his chateau, amidst the mountains; behind it is that of Gravene, which is an extinguished volcano likewise, but the crater not discernible without difficulty. In conversation with him and another gentleman, on agriculture, particularly the produce of mulberries, they mentioned a small piece of land that produced, by silk only, 120 livres (£5 5s.) a year, and being contiguous to the road we walked to it. Appearing very small for such a produce, I stepped it to ascertain the contents, and minuted them in my pocket-

book. Soon after, growing dark, I took my leave of the gentlemen, and retired to my inn. What I had done had more witnesses than I dreamt of; for at eleven o'clock at night, a full hour after I had been asleep, the commander of a file of twenty *milice bourgeois*, with their muskets, or swords, or sabres, or pikes, entered my chamber, surrounded my bed, and demanded my passport. A dialogue ensued, too long to minute; I was forced first to give them my passport, and that not satisfying them, my papers. They told me that I was undoubtedly a conspirator with the queen, the Count d'Artois, and the Count d'Entraques (who has property here), who had employed me as an *arpenteur* to measure their fields, in order to double their taxes. My papers being in English saved me. They had taken it into their heads that I was not an Englishman—only a pretended one; for they speak such a jargon themselves that their ears were not good enough to discover by my language that I was an undoubted foreigner. Their finding no maps, or plans, nor anything that they could convert by supposition to a *cadastre* of their parish, had its effect, as I could see by their manner, for they conversed entirely in patois. Perceiving, however, that they were not satisfied, and talked much of the Count d'Entraques, I opened a bundle of letters that were sealed—these, gentlemen, are my letters of recommendation to various cities of France and Italy, open which you please and you will find, for they are written in French, that I am an honest Englishman and not the rogue you take me for. On this they held a fresh consultation and debate which ended in my favour; they refused to open the letters, prepared to leave me, saying that my numerous questions about lands, and measuring a field, while I pretended to come after volcanoes, had raised great suspicions which they observed were natural at a time when it was known to a certainty that the queen, the Count d'Artois, and the Count d'Entraques were in a conspiracy against the Vivarais. And thus, to my entire satisfaction, they wished me good night and left me to the bugs which swarmed in the bed like flies in a honey-pot. I had a narrow escape—it would have been a delicate situation to have been kept prisoner probably in some common gaol or, if not, guarded at my own expense while they sent a courier to Paris for orders, and me to pay the piper.— 20 miles.

20th. The same imposing mountain features continue to Villeneuve de Berg. The road, for half a mile, leads under an immense mass of basaltic lava run into configurations of various forms, and resting on regular columns; this vast range bulges in the centre into a sort of promontory. The height, form, and figures, and the decisive volcanic charac-

ter the whole mass has taken, render it a most interesting spectacle to the learned and unlearned eye. Just before Aubenas, mistaking the road, which is not half finished, I had to turn; it was on the slope of the declivity, and very rare that any wall or defence is found against the precipices. My French mare has an ill talent of backing too freely when she begins: unfortunately she exercised it at a moment of imminent danger, and backed the chaise, me, and herself down the precipice; by great good luck there was at the spot a sort of shelf of rock, that made the immediate fall not more than five feet direct. I leaped out of the chaise in the moment and fell unhurt: the chaise was overthrown and the mare on her side, entangled in the harness, which kept the carriage from tumbling down a precipice of sixty feet. Fortunately she lay quietly, for had she struggled both must have fallen. I called some lime-burners to my assistance, who were with great difficulty brought to submit to directions, and not each pursue his own idea to the certain precipitation of both mare and chaise. We extricated her unhurt, secured the chaise, and then with still greater difficulty regained the road with both. This was by far the narrowest escape I have had. A blessed country for a broken limb—confinement for six weeks or two months at the *Cheval Blanc*, at Aubenas, an inn that would have been purgatory to one of my hogs:—alone,—without relation, friend, or servant, and not one person in sixty that speaks French.— Thanks to the good providence that preserved me! What a situation—I shudder at the reflection more than I did falling in the jaws of the precipice. Before I got from the place there were seven men about me, I gave them a 3 livre piece to drink, which for some time they refused to accept, thinking, with unaffected modesty, that it was too much. At Aubenas repaired the harness, and leaving that place viewed the silk mills, which are considerable. Reach Villeneuve de Berg. I was immediately hunted out by the *milice bourgeoise*. *Where is your certificate!* Here again the old objection that my features and person were not described.—*Your papers?* The importance of the case, they said, was great: and looked as big as if a marshal's baton was in hand. They tormented me with a hundred questions; and then pronounced that I was a suspicious looking person. They could not conceive why a Suffolk farmer could travel into the Vivarais? Never had they heard of any person travelling for agriculture! They would take my passport to the *hotel de ville*—have the permanent council assembled—and place a sentinel at my door. I told them they might do what they pleased, provided they did not prohibit my dinner, as I was hungry; they then departed. In

about half an hour a gentlemanlike man, a *Croix de St. Louis*, came, asked me some questions very politely, and seemed not to conclude that Maria Antonietta and Arthur Young were at this moment in any very dangerous conspiracy. He retired saying he hoped I should not meet with any difficulties. In another half hour a soldier came to conduct me to the *hotel de ville*, where I found the council assembled; I had a good many questions asked; and some expressions of surprise that an English farmer should travel so far for agriculture—they had never heard of such a thing;—but all was in a polite liberal manner; and though traveling for agriculture was as new to them as if it had been like the ancient philosopher's tour of the world on a cow's back and living on the milk—yet they did not deem anything in my recital improbable, signed my passport very readily, assured me of every assistance and civility I might want, and dismissed me with the politeness of gentlemen. I described my treatment at Thuytz, which they loudly condemned. I took this opportunity to beg to know where that Pradel was to be found in this country of which Oliver de Serres was seigneur, the well-known French writer on agriculture in the reign of Henry IV. They at once pointed out of the window of the room we were in to the house which in this town belonged to him, and informed me that Pradel was within a league. As this was an object I had noted before I came to France, the information gave me no slight satisfaction. The mayor, in the course of the examination, presented me to a gentleman who had translated Sterne into French, but who did not speak English; on my return to the auberge I found that this was Monsieur de Boissiere, *avocat general* of the parliament of Grenoble. I did not care to leave the place without knowing something more of one who had distinguished himself by his attention to English literature; and I wrote to him a note, begging permission to have the pleasure of some conversation with a gentleman who had made our inimitable author speak the language of a people he loved so well. Monsieur de Boissiere came to me immediately, conducted me to his house, introduced me to his lady and some friends, and as I was much interested concerning Oliver de Serres, he offered to take a walk with me to Pradel. It may easily be supposed that this was too much to my mind to be refused, and few evenings have been more agreeably spent. I regarded the residence of the great parent of French agriculture, and who was undoubtedly one of the first writers on the subject that had then appeared in the world, with that sort of veneration which those only can feel who have addicted themselves strongly to some predominant pur-

suit, and find it in such moments indulged in its most exquisite feelings. Two hundred years after his exertions, let me do honour to his memory; he was an excellent farmer and a true patriot, and would not have been fixed on by Henry IV as his chief agent in the great project of introducing the culture of silk in France if he had not possessed a considerable reputation; a reputation well earned, since posterity has confirmed it. The period of his practice is too remote to gain anything more than a general outline of what may now be supposed to have been his farm. The basis of it is limestone; there is a great oak wood near the chateau, and many vines, with plenty of mulberries, some apparently old enough to have been planted by the hand of the venerable genius that has rendered the ground classic. The estate of Pradel, which is about 5000 livres (£218 15s.) a year, belongs at present to the Marquis of Mirabel, who inherits it in right of his wife, as the descendant of De Serres. I hope it is exempted for ever from all taxes; he whose writings laid the foundation for the improvement of a kingdom should leave to his posterity some marks of his countrymen's gratitude. When the present Bishop of Sisteron was shown, like me, the farm of De Serres, he remarked, that the nation ought to erect a statue to his memory. The sentiment is not without merit, though no more than common snuff-box chat; but if this bishop has a well cultivated farm in his hands it does him honour. Supped with Monsieur and Madame de Boissiere, etc., and had the pleasure of an agreeable and interesting conversation.—21 miles.

21st. Monsieur de Boissiere, wishing to take my advice in the improvement of a farm, which he has taken into his hands, six or seven miles from Berg, in my road to Viviers, accompanied me thither. I advised him to form one well executed and well improved enclosure every year—to finish as he advances, and to do well what he attempts to do at all; and I cautioned him against the common abuse of that excellent husbandry, paring and burning. I suspect, however, that his *homme d'affaire* will be too potent for the English traveller.—I hope he has received the turnip-seed I sent him. Dine at Viviers, and pass the Rhone. After the wretched inns of the Vivarais, dirt, filth, bugs, and starving, to arrive at the *hotel de Monsieur*; at Montilimart, a great and excellent inn, was something like the arrival in France from Spain: the contrast is striking; and I seemed to hug myself that I was again in a Christian country among the Milors Ninchitreas, and my Ladi Bettis, of Monsieur Chabot.—23 miles.

22nd. Having a letter to Monsieur Faujas de St. Fond, the celebrated

naturalist, who has favoured the world with many important works on volcanoes, aerostation, and various other branches of natural history, I had the satisfaction, on inquiring, to find that he was at Montilimart; and, waiting on him, to perceive that a man of distinguished merit was handsomely lodged, with everything about him that indicated an easy fortune. He received me with the frank politeness inherent in his character; introduced me, on the spot, to a Monsieur l'Abbé Berenger, who resided near his country seat, and was he said an excellent cultivator; and likewise to another gentleman, whose taste had taken the same good direction. In the evening Monsieur Faujas took me to call on a female friend, who was engaged in the same inquiries, Madame Cheinet, whose husband is a member of the National Assembly; if he has the good luck to find at Versailles some other lady as agreeable as her he has left at Montilimart his mission will not be a barren one; and he may perhaps be better employed than in voting regenerations. This lady accompanied us in a walk for viewing the environs of Montilimart; and it gave me no small pleasure to find that she was an excellent farmeress, practises considerably, and had the goodness to answer many of my inquiries, particularly in the culture of silk. I was so charmed with the *naivete* of character, and pleasing conversation of this very agreeable lady, that a longer stay here would have been delicious—but the plough!

23rd. By appointment, accompanied Monsieur Faujas to his country seat and farm at l'Oriol, fifteen miles north of Montilimart, where he is building a good house. I was pleased to find his farm amount to 280 septeres of land: I should have liked it better had it not been in the hands of a *metayer*. Monsieur Faujas pleases me much; the liveliness, vivacity, *phlogiston* of his character, do not run into pertness, foppery, or affectation; he adheres steadily to a subject; and shows that to clear up any dubious point by the attrition of different ideas in conversation gives him pleasure; not through a vain fluency of colloquial powers, but for better understanding a subject. The next day Monsieur l'Abbé Berenger, and another gentleman, passed it at Monsieur Faujas': we walked to the abbe's farm. He is of the good order of beings, and pleases me much; *cure* of the parish and president of the permanent council. He is at present warm on a project of reuniting the protestants to the church; spoke, with great pleasure, of having persuaded them, on occasion of the general thanksgiving for the establishment of liberty, to return thanks to God and sing the *Te Deum* in the catholic church, in common as brethren, which, from confidence in his character, they did. His is firmly per-

suaded that, by both parties giving way a little, and softening or retrenching reciprocally somewhat in points that are disagreeable, they may be brought together. The idea is so liberal that I question it for the multitude, who are never governed by reason, but by trifles and ceremonies,—and who are usually attached to their religion in proportion to the absurdities it abounds with. I have not the least doubt but the mob in England would be much more scandalised at parting with the creed of St. Athanasius than the whole bench of bishops, whose illumination would perhaps reflect correctly that of the throne. Monsieur l'Abbé Berenger has prepared a memorial, which is ready to be presented to the National Assembly, proposing and explaining this ideal union of the two religions; and he had the plan of adding a clause, proposing that the clergy should have permission to marry. He was convinced that it would be for the interest of morals and much for that of the nation that the clergy should not be an insulated body, but holding by the same interests and connections as other people. He remarked that the life of a *cure*, and especially in the country, is melancholy; and, knowing my passion, observed, that a man never could be so good a farmer, on any possession he might have, excluded from being succeeded by his children. He showed me his memoir, and I was pleased to find that there is a present great harmony between the two religions, owing certainly to such good *cures*. The number of protestants is very considerable in this neighbourhood. I strenuously contended for the insertion of the clause respecting marriage; assured him, that at such a moment as this, it would do all who were concerned in this memorial the greatest credit; and that they ought to consider it as a demand of the rights of humanity, violently, injuriously, and, relative to the nation, impolitically withheld. Yesterday, in going with Monsieur Faujas, we passed a congregation of protestants assembled, Druid-like, under five or six spreading oaks, to offer their thanksgiving to the great Parent of their happiness and hope.—In such a climate as this, is it not a worthier temple, built by the great hand they revere, than one of brick and mortar?—This was one of the richest days I have enjoyed in France; we had a long and truly farming dinner; drank a l'Anglois success to THE PLOUGH! and had so much agricultural conversation, that I wished for my farming friends in Suffolk to partake my satisfaction. If Monsieur Faujas de St. Fond comes to England, as he gives me hope, I shall introduce him to them with pleasure. In the evening return to Montilimart.—30 miles.

25th. To Chateau Rochemaur, across the Rhone. It is situated on a

basaltic rock, nearly perpendicular, with every columnar proof of its volcanic origin. See Monsieur de Faujas' *Recherches*. In the afternoon to Piere Latte, through a country sterile, uninteresting, and far inferior to the environs of Montilimart.—22 miles.

26th. To Orange, the country not much better; a range of mountains to the left: see nothing of the Rhone. At that town there are remains of a large Roman building, seventy or eighty feet high, called a circus, of a triumphal arch, which, though a good deal decayed, manifests, in its remains, no ordinary decoration, and a pavement in the house of a poor person which is very perfect and beautiful, but much inferior to that of Nismes. The *vent de bize* has blown strongly for several days, with a clear sky, tempering the heats, which are sometimes sultry and oppressive; it may, for what I know, be wholesome to French constitutions, but it is diabolical to mine; I found myself very indifferent, and as if I was going to be ill, a new and unusual sensation over my whole body: never dreaming of the wind, I knew not what to attribute it to, but my complaint coming at the same time, puts it out of doubt; besides, instinct now, much more than reason, makes me guard as much as I can against it. At four or five in the morning it is so cold that no traveller ventures out. It is more penetratingly drying than I had any conception of; other winds stop the cutaneous perspiration; but this piercing through the body seems, by its sensation, to desiccate all the interior humidity.—20 miles.

27th. To Avignon.—Whether it was because I had read much of this town in the history of the middle ages, or because it had been the residence of the popes, or more probably from the still more interesting memoirs which Petrarch has left concerning it, in poems that will last as long as Italian elegance and human feelings shall exist, I know not—but I approached the place with a sort of interest, attention, and expectancy that few towns have kindled. Laura's tomb is in the church of the Cordeliers; it is nothing but a stone in the pavement, with a figure engraven on it partly effaced, surrounded by an inscription in Gothic letters, and another in the wall adjoining, with the armorial of the family of Sade. Now incredible is the power of great talents when employed in delineating passions common to the human race. How many millions of women, fair as Laura, have been beloved as tenderly—but, wanting a Petrarch to illustrate the passion, have lived and died in oblivion! whilst his lines, not written to die, conduct thousands under the impulse of feelings, which genius only can excite, to mingle in idea their melancholy sighs with those of the poet who consecrated these remains to

immortality!—There is a monument of the brave Crillon in the same church; and I saw other churches and pictures—but Petrarch and Laura are predominant at Avignon.—19 miles.

28th. Wait upon Pere Brouillon, provincial visitor, who, with great politeness, procured me the information I wished by introducing me to some gentlemen understanding in agriculture. From the rock of the legate's palace there is one of the finest views of the windings of the Rhone that is to be seen: it forms two considerable islands which, with the rest of the plain, richly watered, cultivated, and covered with mulberries, olives, and fruit-trees, have a fine boundary in the mountains of Provence, Dauphine, and Languedoc.—The circular road fine. I was struck with the resemblance between the women here and in England. It did not at once occur in what it consisted; but it is their caps; they dress their heads quite different from the French women. A better particularity is there being no wooden shoes here, nor, as I have seen, in Provence.¹⁰—I have often complained of the stupid ignorance I met with at table d'hotes. Here, if possible, it has been worse than common. The politeness of the French is proverbial, but it never could arise from the manners of the classes that frequent these tables. Not one time in forty will a foreigner, as such, receive the least mark of attention. The only political idea here is that if the English should attack France they have a million of men in arms to receive them; and their ignorance seems to know no distinction between men in arms in their towns and villages, or in action without the kingdom. They conceive, as Sterne observes, much better than they combine: I put some questions to them, but in vain: I asked if the union of a rusty firelock and a *bourgeois* made a soldier.—I asked them in which of their wars they had wanted men. I demanded whether they had ever felt any other want than that of money. And whether the conversion of a million of men into the bearers of muskets would make money more plentiful. I asked if personal service was not a tax. And whether paying the tax of the service of a million of men increased their faculties of paying other and more useful taxes. I begged them to inform me if the regeneration of the kingdom, which had put arms into the hands of a million of mob, had rendered industry more productive, internal peace more secure, confidence more enlarged, or credit more stable. And lastly, I assured them that, should the English attack them at present, they would probably make the weakest figure they had done from the foundation of their monarchy: but, gentlemen, the English, in spite of the example you set them in the American war, will disdain such

a conduct; they regret the constitution you are forming, because they think it a bad one—but whatever you may establish, you will have no interruption, but many good wishes from your neighbour. It was all in vain; they were well persuaded their government was the best in the world; that it was a monarchy, and no republic, which I contended; and that the English thought it good because they would unquestionably abolish their house of lords, in the enjoyment of which accurate idea I left them.—In the evening to Lille, a town which has lost its name in the world in the more splendid fame of Vaucluse. There can hardly be met with a richer or better cultivated sixteen miles; the irrigation is superb. Lille is most agreeably situated. On coming to the verge of it I found fine plantations of elms, with delicious streams, bubbling over pebbles on either side; well dressed people were enjoying the evening at a spot I had conceived to be only a mountain village. It was a sort of fairy scene to me. Now, thought I, how detestable to leave all this fine wood and water, and enter a nasty, beggarly, walled, hot, stinking town; one of the contrasts most offensive to my feelings. What an agreeable surprise, to find the inn without the town, in the midst of the scenery I had admired! and more, a good and civil inn. I walked on the banks of this classic stream for an hour, with the moon gazing on the waters that will run for ever in mellifluous poetry: retired to sup on the most exquisite trout and craw fish in the world. To-morrow to the famed origin.— 16 miles.

29th. I am delighted with the environs of Lille; beautiful roads, well planted, surround and pass off in different directions, as if from a capital town, umbrageous enough to form promenades against a hot sun, and the river splits and divides into so many streams, and is conducted with so much attention that it has a delicious effect, especially to an eye that recognises all the fertility of irrigation. To the fountain of Vaucluse, which is justly said to be as celebrated almost as that of Helicon. Crossing a plain, which is not so beautiful as one's idea of Tempe, the mountain presents an almost perpendicular rock, at the foot of which is an immense and very fine cavern, half filled with a pool of stagnant, but clear water, this is the famous fountain; at other seasons it fills the whole cavern, and boils over in a vast stream among rocks; its bed now marked by vegetation. At present the water gushes out 200 yards lower down, from beneath masses of rock, and in a very small distance forms a considerable river, which almost immediately receives deviations by art for mills and irrigation. On the summit of a rock above the village, but much below the mountain, is a ruin, called by the poor people here the

chateau of Petrarch—who tell you it was inhabited by Monsieur Petrarch and Madame Laura. The scene is sublime; but what renders it truly interesting to our feelings is the celebrity which great talents have given it. The power of rocks, and water, and mountains, even in their boldest features, to arrest attention and fill the bosom with sensations that banish the insipid feelings of common life—holds not of inanimate nature. To give energy to such sensations it must receive animation from the creative touch of a vivid fancy: described by the poet, or connected with the residence, actions, pursuits, or passions of great geniuses, it lives, as it were, personified by talents, and commands the interest that breathes around whatever is consecrated by fame. To Orgon. Quit the pope's territory by crossing the Durance; there view the skeleton of the navigation of Boisgelin, the work of the Archbishop of Aix, a noble project, and where finished perfectly well executed; a hill is pierced by it for a quarter of a mile, a work that rivals the greatest similar exertions. It has, however, stood still many years for want of money. The *vent de bize* gone, and the heat increased, the wind now S.W. my health better to a moment, which proves how pernicious it is, even in August.—20 miles.

30th. I forgot to observe that, for a few days past, I have been pestered with all the mob of the country shooting: one would think that every rusty gun in Provence is at work killing all sorts of birds; the shot has fallen five or six times in my chaise and about my ears. The National Assembly has declared that every man has a right to kill game on his own land; and advancing this maxim so absurd as a declaration, though so wise as a law, without any statute of provision to secure the right of game to the possessor of the soil, according to the tenor of the vote, has, as I am everywhere informed, filled all the fields of France with sportsmen to an utter nuisance. The same effects have flowed from declarations of right relative to tithes, taxes, feudal rights, etc. In the declarations, conditions, and compensations are talked of; but an unruly ungovernable multitude seize the benefit of the abolition and laugh at the obligations or recompense. Out by daybreak for Salon, in order to view the Crau, one of the most singular districts in France for its soil, or rather want of soil, being apparently a region of sea flints, yet feeding great herds of sheep. View the improvement of Monsieur Pasquali, who is doing great things, but roughly: I wished to see and converse with him, but unfortunately he was absent from Salon. At night to St. Canat.—46 miles.

31st. To Aix. Many houses without glass windows. The women

with men's hats, and no wooden shoes. At Aix waited on Monsieur Gibelin, celebrated for his translations of the works of Dr. Priestley and of the Philosophical Transactions. He received me with that easy and agreeable politeness natural to his character, being apparently a friendly man. He took every method in his power to procure me the information I wanted, and engaged to go with me the next day to Tour D'Aigues to wait on the baron of that name, president of the parliament of Aix, to whom also I had letters; and whose" essays, in the *Trimestres* of the Paris society of agriculture, are among the most valuable on rural economics in that work.—12 miles.

SEPTEMBER 1. Tour d'Aigues is twenty miles north of Aix, on the other side of the Durance, which we crossed at a ferry. The country about the chateau is bold and hilly, and swells in four or five miles into rocky mountains. The president received me in a very friendly manner, with a simplicity of manners that gives a dignity to his character void of affectation; he is very fond of agriculture and planting. The afternoon was passed in viewing his home-farm, and his noble woods, which are uncommon in this naked province. The chateau of Tour d'Aigues, before much of it was accidentally consumed by fire, must have been one of the most considerable in France; but at present a melancholy spectacle is left. The baron is an enormous sufferer by the revolution; a great extent of country, which belonged in absolute right to his ancestors, has been granted for quit rents, *cens*, and other feudal payments, so that there is no comparison between the lands retained and those thus granted by his family. The loss of the *droits honorifiques* is much more than has been apparent, and is an utter loss of all influence; it was natural to look for some plain and simple mode of compensation; but the declaration of the National Assembly allows none; and it is feelingly known in this chateau that the solid payments which the Assembly have declared to be *rachetable* are every hour falling to nothing, without a shadow of recompense. The people are in arms, and at this moment very unquiet. The situation of the nobility in this country is pitiable; they are under apprehensions that nothing will be left them, but simply such houses as the mob allows to stand unburnt; that the *metayers* will retain their farms without paying the landlord his half of the produce; and that, in case of such a refusal, there is actually neither law nor authority in the country to prevent it. Here is, however, in this house, a large and an agreeable society, and cheerful to a miracle, considering the times, and what such a great baron is losing, who has inherited from his ancestors immense

possessions, now frittering to nothing by the revolution. This chateau, splendid even in ruins, the venerable woods, park, and all the ensigns of family and command, with the fortune and even the lives of the owners at the mercy, and trampled on by an armed rabble. What a spectacle! The baron has a very fine and well filled library, and one part of it totally with books and tracts on agriculture, in all the languages of Europe. His collection of these is nearly as numerous as my own.—20 miles.

2nd. Monsieur Le President dedicated this day for an excursion to his mountain-farm, five miles off, where he has a great range, and one of the finest lakes in Provence, two thousand toises round and forty feet deep. Directly from it rises a fine mountain, consisting of a mass of shell agglutinated into stone; it is a pity this hill is not planted, as the water wants the immediate accompaniment of wood. Carp rise to 25 lb. and eels to 12 lb. (Note, there are carp in the lake Bourgeat, in Savoy, of 60 lb.) A neighbouring gentleman, Monsieur Jouvent, well acquainted with the agriculture of this country, accompanied us, and spent the rest of the day at the castle. I had much valuable information from the Baron de Tour d'Aigues, this gentleman, and from Monsieur l'Abbé de —, I forget his name. In the evening I had some conversation on housekeeping with one of the ladies, and found, among other articles, that the wages of a gardener are 300 livres (£13 2s. 6d.); a common man-servant, 150 livres (£7); a bourgeois cook, 75 to 90 livres (90 livres are £3 18s. 9d.); a housemaid, 60 to 70 livres (£3 1s. 3d.) Rent of a good house for a bourgeois 700 or 800 livres (£35).—10 miles.

3rd. Took my leave of Monsieur Tour d'Aigues' hospitable chateau, and returned with Monsieur Gibelin to Aix.—20 miles.

4th. The country to Marseilles is all mountainous, but much cultivated with vines and olives; it is, however, naked and uninteresting; and much of the road is left in a scandalous condition, for one of the greatest in France, not wide enough, at places, for two carriages to pass with convenience. What a deceiving painter is the imagination!—I had read I know not what lying exaggerations of the *bastilles* about Marseilles, being counted not by hundreds, but by thousands, with anecdotes of Louis XIV adding one to the number by a citadel.—I have seen other towns in France where they are more numerous; and the environs of Montpellier, without external commerce, are as highly decorated as those of Marseilles; yet Montpellier is not singular. The view of Marseilles, in the approach, is not striking. It is well built in the new quarter, but like

all others in the old, close, ill built, and dirty; the population, if we may judge from the throng in the streets, is very great; I have met with none that exceeds it in this respect. I went in the evening to the theatre, which is new, but not striking; and not in any respect to be named with that of Bourdeaux, or even Nantes; nor is the general magnificence of the town at all equal to Bourdeaux; the new buildings are neither so extensive nor so good—the number of ships in the port not to be compared, and the port itself is a horse-pond, compared with the Garonne.—20 miles.

5th. Marseilles is absolutely exempt from the reproaches I have so often cast on others for want of newspapers. I breakfasted at the *Café d'Acajon* amidst many. Deliver my letters, and receive information concerning commerce; but I am disappointed of one I expected for Monsieur l'Abbé Raynal, the celebrated author. At the table d'hôte, the Count de Mirabeau, both here and at Aix, a topic of conversation; I expected to have found him more popular, from the extravagancies committed in his favour in Provence and at Marseilles; they consider him merely as a politician of great abilities whose principles are favourable to theirs: as to his private character, they think they have nothing to do with it, and assert that they had much rather trust to a rogue of abilities, than put any confidence in an honest man of no talents; not, however, meaning to assert that Monsieur de Mirabeau deserved any such appellation. They say he has an estate in Provence. I observed, that I was glad to hear he had property; for in such revolutions it was a necessary hold on a man that he will not drive everything to confusion, in order to possess a consequence and importance which cannot attend him in peaceable and quiet times. But to be at Marseilles without seeing Abbé Raynal, one of the undoubted precursors of the present revolution in France, would be mortifying. Having no time to wait longer for letters, I took the resolution to introduce myself. He was at the house of his friend Monsieur Bertrand. I told him my situation: and, with that ease and politeness which flows from a man's knowledge of the world, he replied, that he was always happy to be of use to any gentleman of my nation; and, turning to his friend, said, here also is one, Sir, who loves the English and understands their language. In conversing on agriculture, which I had mentioned as the object of my journey, they both expressed their surprise to find, by accounts apparently authentic, that we imported great quantities of wheat, instead of exporting, as we formerly did; and desired to know, if this was really the case, to what it was owing; and recurring, at the same time, to the *Mercure de France* for a statement of

the export and import of corn, he read it as a quotation from Mr. Arthur Young. This gave me the opportunity of saying that I was the person, and it proved a lucky introduction; for it was not possible to be received with more politeness or with more offers of service and assistance. I explained that the change had taken place in consequence of a vast increase of population, a cause still increasing more rapidly than ever.— We had an interesting conversation on the agriculture of France and on the present situation of affairs, which they both think going on badly; are convinced of the necessity of an upper house in the legislature; and dread nothing more than a mere democratical government, which they think a species of republic ridiculous for such a kingdom as France. I remarked that I had often reflected with amazement that Monsieur Necker did not assemble the states in such a form, and under such regulations, as would have naturally led to adopt the constitution of England, free from the few faults which time has discovered in it. On which Monsieur Bertrand gave me a pamphlet he had published, addressed to his friend Abbé Raynal, proposing several circumstances in the English constitution to be adopted in that of France. Monsieur l'Abbé Raynal remarked, that the American revolution had brought the French one in its train: I observed, that if the result in France should be liberty, that revolution had proved a blessing to the world, but much more so to England than to America. This they both thought such a paradox that I explained it by remarking that I believed the prosperity which England had enjoyed since the peace, not only much exceeded that of any other similar period, but also that of any other country in any period since the establishment of the European monarchies: a fact that was supported by the increase of population, of consumption, of industry, of navigation, shipping, and sailors: by the augmentation and improvement of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; and in a peculiar mass and aggregate, flowing from the whole, the rising ease and felicity of the people. I mentioned the authentic documents and public registers which supported such a representation; and I remarked that Abbe Raynal, who attended closely to what I said, had not seen or heard of these circumstances, in which he is not singular, for I have not met with a single person in France acquainted with them; yet they unquestionably form one of the most remarkable and singular experiments in the science of politics that the world has seen; for a people to lose an empire— thirteen provinces, and to GAIN by that *loss* an increase of wealth, felicity, and power! When will the obvious conclusions, to be from that prodigious event, be

adopted? that all transmarine or distant dominions are sources of weakness: and that to renounce them would be wisdom. Apply this in France to St. Domingo, in Spain to Peru, or in England to Bengal, and mark the ideas and replies that are excited. I have no doubt, however, of the fact. I complimented him on his generous gift to the society of agriculture at Paris of 1200 livres for a premium; he said they had thanked him, not in the usual form by the secretary signing alone, but had every one present signed it. He said that he should do the same by the academies of sciences and belles lettres, and he has given the same sum to the academy at Marseilles for a premium relative to their commerce. He said also, that he had formed a plan which he should execute when he had saved money enough, which is to expend, by means of the society of agriculture, 1200 livres a year in purchasing models of all the useful implements of husbandry to be found in other countries, especially in England, and to spread them over France. The idea is an excellent one, and merits great praise; yet it is to be questioned whether the effect would answer the expense. Give the tool itself to a farmer and he will not know how to use it, or will be too much prejudiced to like it; a model he will still less take the trouble to copy. Gentlemen farming everywhere their own lands, with enthusiasm and passion for the art, would apply and use those models; but I fear that none such are to be found in France. The spirit and pursuits of gentlemen must be changed from their present frivolous turns before any such thing could be effected. He approved of my recommending turnips and potatoes; but said that good sorts were wanting; and mentioned a trial he had made himself, a comparison of the English and Provencal potatoes in making bread, and the English produced one-third more flour than the French.—Among other causes of bad husbandry in France, he named the illegality of usury; at present moneyed people in the country locked it up instead of lending it for improvement. These sentiments of an illustrious writer do him honour; and it was pleasing to me to find that he gave attention to objects which have almost monopolised mine; and yet more so to find that this justly celebrated writer, though not young, is in good spirits, and that he may live many years to enlighten the world by the productions of a pen that has never been employed but for the benefit of the human species.

8th. To Cuges. For three or four miles the road leads through rows of *bastides* and walls; it is made of powdered white stone, and, without exception, the most dusty I ever saw; the vines, for twenty rods on each side, were like a dressed head: the country all mountains of rock, with

poor pines.—Uninteresting and ugly; the plains, of no great breadth, are covered with vines and olives. Meet capers first at Cuges. At Aubagne, I dined on six dishes, not bad, a dessert, and a bottle of wine, for 24 sous and by myself too, for no table d'hôte. What Monsieur Dutens could mean by calling the post-house at Cuge., a good *auberge* is inexplicable; it is a miserable hole, in which I have one of the best rooms, without glass to the windows.—21 miles.

9th. The country to Toulon is more interesting; the mountains are bolder; the sea adds to the view; and there is one passage among the rocks where are sublime features. Nine-tenths are waste mountain, and a wretched country of pines, box, and miserable aromatics, in spite of the climate. Near Toulon, especially at Olioules, there are pomegranates in the hedges with fruit as large as nonpareils; they have a few oranges also. The basin of Toulon, with ranges of three deckers and other large men-of-war, with a quay of life and business, are fine. The town has nothing that deserves description; the great and only thing that is worth seeing, the dock yard, I could not see, yet I had letters; but the regulation forbidding it, as at Brest, all applications were vain.—25 miles.

10th. Lady Craven has sent me upon a wild-goose chase to Hyeres—one would think this country, from her's and many other descriptions, was all a garden; but it has been praised much beyond its merit. The vale is everywhere richly cultivated and planted with olives and vines, with a mixture of some mulberries, figs, and other fruit trees. The hills are either rocks, or spread with a poor vegetation of evergreens, pines, lentiscus, etc. The vale, though scattered with white *bastides* which animate the scene, yet betrays that poverty in the robe of nature which always offends the eye where olives and fruits form the principal clothing. Every view is meagre on comparison with the rich foliage of our northern forests. The only singular features are the orange and lemon trees; they here thrive in the open air, are of a great size, and render every garden interesting to eyes that travel to the south; but last winter's frost has shorn them of their glory. They are all so nearly destroyed as to be cut almost to the root, or to the trunk, but are in general shooting again. I conjecture that these trees, even when in health and foliage, however they may be separately taken, add but little to the general effect of a view. They are all in gardens, mixed with walls and houses, and consequently lose much beauty as the part of a landscape. Lady Craven's Tour sent me to the chapel of *Notre Dame de consolation*, and to the

hills leading to Monsieur Glapiere de St. Tropes; and I asked for father Laurent, who was however very little sensible of the honour she had done him. The views from the hills on both sides of the town are moderate. The islands Portecroix, Pourcurolle, and Levant (the nearest joined to the continent by a causeway and saltmarsh, which they call a pond), the hills, mounts, rocks, all are naked. The pines that spread on some of them have not a much better effect than gorse. The verdure of the vale is hurt by the hue of the olives. There is a fine outline to the views; but for a climate, where vegetation is the chief glory, it is poor and meagre; and does not refresh the imagination with the idea of a thick shade against the rays of an ardent — I can hear of no cotton in Provence, which has been reported in several books; but the date and pistachio succeed: the myrtle is indigenous everywhere, and the *jasminum, commune, and fruticans*. In l'Isle de Levant is the *genista candescens* and the *teucrium herba poma*. Returning from my ride to the *hotel de Necker*, the landlord worried me with a list of English that pass the winter at Hyeres; there are many houses built for letting, from two to six louis a month, including all the furniture, linen, necessary plate, etc. Most of these houses command the prospect of the vale and the sea; and if they do not feel the *vent de bize*, I should suppose it must be a fine winter climate. In December, January, and February perhaps it may not incommode them, but does it not in March and April? There is a table d'hôte very well served at the *hotel de Necker* in winter, at 4 livres a-head each meal. View the king's garden here, which may be 10 or 12 acres, and nobly productive in all the fruits of the climate, its crop of oranges only last year was 21,000 livres (£918 15s.). Oranges at Hyeres have produced as far as two louis each tree. Dine with Monsieur de St. Caesaire, who has a pretty new built house, a noble garden walled in, and an estate around it, which he would sell or let. He was so obliging as to give me, with Doctor Battaile, much useful information concerning the agriculture and produce of this country. In the evening return to Toulon.— 34 miles.

11th. The arrangement of my journey in Italy occupied some attention. I had been often informed, and by men that have travelled much in Italy, that I must not think of going thither with my one-horse chaise. To watch my horse being fed would, they assured me, take up abundantly too much time, and if it was omitted, with respect to hay, as well as oats, both would be equally stolen. There are also parts of Italy where travelling alone, as I did, would be very unsafe, from the number of robbers

that infest the roads. Persuaded by the opinions of persons, who I suppose must know much better than myself, I had determined to sell my mare and chaise, and travel in Italy by the *vetturini*, who are to be had it seems everywhere, and at a cheap rate. At Aix they offered me for both 20 louis; at Marseilles, 18; so the further I went I expected the price would sink; but to get out of the hands of the *aubergistes*, and the *garçons d'écuries*, who expected everywhere to make a property of me, I had it drawn into the street at Toulon, with a large label, written *a vendre*, and the price 25 louis: they had cost me at Paris 32. My plan took, and I sold them for 22; they had brought me above 1200 miles, but yet were a cheap bargain to an officer that was the purchaser. I had next to consider the method to get to Nice; and will it be believed, that from Marseilles with 100,000 souls, and Toulon with 30,000, lying in the great road to Antibes, Nice, and Italy, there is no diligence or regular voiture? A gentleman at the table d'hôte assured me they asked him 3 louis for a place in a voiture to Antibes, and to wait till some other person would give 3 more for another seat. To a person accustomed to the infinity of machines that fly about England in all directions, this must appear hardly credible. Such great cities in France have not the hundredth part of connection and communication with each other that much inferior places enjoy with us: a sure proof of their deficiency in consumption, activity, and animation. A gentleman who knew every part of Provence well, and had been from Nice to Toulon by sea, advised me to take the common barque, for one day, from Toulon, that I might at least pass the isles of Hyeres: I told him I had been at Hyeres and seen the coast. I had seen nothing, he said, if I had not seen them, and the coast from the sea, which was the finest object in all Provence; that it would be only one day at sea, as I might land at Cavalero, and take mules for Frejus; and that I should lose nothing as the common route was the same as what I had seen, mountains, vines, and olives. His opinion prevailed, and I spoke to the captain of the barque for my passage to Cavalero.

12th. At six in the morning, on board the barque, captain Jassoires, of Antibes; the weather was delicious; and the passage out of the harbour of Toulon and its great basin beautiful and interesting. Apparently it is impossible to imagine a harbour more completely secure and land-locked. The inner one, contiguous to the quay, is large and seems formed by art, a range of mole, which it is built on, separating it from the great basin. Only one ship can enter at a time, but it could contain a fleet. There are

now lying, moored, in two ranges, one ship, the *Commerce of Marseilles*, of 130 guns, the finest ship in the French navy, and seventeen others of 90 guns each, with several smaller. When in 'the great basin, which is two or three miles across, you seem absolutely enclosed by high lands, and it is only on the moment of quitting it that you can guess where the outlet is by which you are connected with the sea. The town, the shipping, the high mountain, which rises immediately above it, the hills, covered with plantations, and spread everywhere with *bastides*, unite to form a striking *coup d'oeil*. But as to the Isles of Hyeres and the fine views of the coast which I was to enjoy, my informant could have no eyes, or absolutely without taste: they are, as well as all the coast, miserably barren rocks and hills with only pines to give any idea of vegetation. If it was not for a few solitary houses, with here and there a square patch of cultivation to change the colour of the mountains, I should have imagined that this coast must have borne a near resemblance to those of New Zealand or New Holland—dark, gloomy, and silent;—a savage *sombre* air spread over the whole. The pines and evergreen shrubs, that cover the greatest part, cover it with more gloom than verdure. Landed at night at Cavalero, which I expected to have found a little town; but it consists only of three houses, and a more wretched place not to be imagined. They spread a mattress on a stone floor for me, for bed they had none; after starving all day, they had nothing but stale eggs, bad bread, and worse wine; and as to the mules which were to take me to Frejus, there was neither horse, ass, nor mule in the place, and only four oxen for ploughing the ground. I was thus in a pretty situation, and must have gone on by sea to Antibes, for which also the wind gave tokens of being contrary, if the captain had not promised me two of his men to carry my baggage to a village two leagues off, where mules were certainly to be had, with which comfort I betook myself to my mattress.—24 miles.

13th. The captain sent three sailors;—one a Corsican, another a mongrel Italian, and the third a Provencal: among the three, there was not French enough for half an hour's conversation. We crossed the mountains, and wandered by crooked unknown paths, and beds of torrents, and then found the village of Gassang on the top of a mountain, which, however, was more than a league from that to which we intended to go. Here the sailors refreshed themselves, two with wine, but the third never drank anything except water. I asked if he had equal strength with the others that drank wine. Yes, they replied, as strong for his size as any other man: I rather think that I shall not soon find an English sailor who

will make the experiment. No milk; I breakfasted on grapes, rye bread, and bad wine. Mules were reported to abound at this village, or rather that which we missed, but the master of the only two we could hear of being absent, I had no other resource than agreeing with a man to take my baggage on an ass, and myself to walk a league further, to St. Tropes, for which he demanded 3 livres. In two hours reached that town, which is prettily situated and tolerably well built on the banks of a noble inlet of the sea. From Cavalero hither, the country is all mountain, eighteenth-twentieths of it covered with pines, or a poor wilderness of evergreen shrubs, rocky and miserable. Cross the inlet, which is more than a league wide; the ferrymen had been on board the king's ship and complained heavily of their treatment—but said that now they were free-men they should be well treated; and, in case of a war, they should pay the English by a different account—it would now be man to man; before it was free men fighting with slaves. Land at St. Maxime, and there hire two mules and a guide to Frejus. The country the same mountainous and rocky desert of pines and lentiscus; but, towards Frejus, some arbutus. Very little culture before the plain near Frejus. I passed to-day thirty miles, of which five are not cultivated. The whole coast of Provence is nearly the same desert; yet the climate would give, on all these mountains, productions valuable for feeding sheep and cattle, but they are encumbered with shrubs absolutely worthless. The effect of liberty had better appear in their cultivation than on the decks of a man-of-war.—30 miles.

14th. Stayed at Frejus to rest myself;—to examine the neighbourhood, which, however, contains nothing—and to arrange my journey to Nice. Here are remains of an amphitheatre and aqueduct. On inquiring for a voiture to go post, I found there was no such thing to be had; so I had no resource but mules. I employed the *garçon d'écurie* (for a postmaster thinks himself of too much consequence to take the least trouble), and he reported that I should be well served for 12 livres to Estrelles: this price for ten miles on a miserable mule was a very entertaining idea; I bid him half the money; he assured me he had named the lowest price and left me, certainly thinking me safe in his clutches. I took a walk round the town, to gather some plants that were in blossom, and, meeting a woman with an assload of grapes, I asked her employment; and found, by help of an interpreter, that she carried grapes from vineyards for hire. I proposed loading her ass to Estrelles with my baggage—and demanded her price—40 *sols*. I will give it. Break of day

appointed; and I returned to the inn, at least an economist, saving 10 livres by my walk.

15th. Myself, my female, and her ass jogged merrily over the mountains; the only misfortune was, we did not know one word of each other's lingo; I could just discover that she had a husband and three children. I tried to know if he was a good husband, and if she loved him very much; but our language failed in such explanations;—it was no matter; her ass was to do my business and not her tongue. At Estrelles I took posthorses; it is a single house, and no women with asses to be had, or I should have preferred them. It is not easy for me to describe how agreeable a walk of ten or fifteen miles is to a man who walks well, after sitting a thousand in a carriage. To-day's journey all through the same bad country, mountain beyond mountain, encumbered with worthless evergreens, and not one mile in twenty cultivated. The only relief is the gardens at Grasse, where very great exertions are made, but of a singular kind. Roses are a great article for the famous *otter*, which is commonly supposed all to come from Bengal. They say that 1500 flowers go to a single drop; 20 flowers sell for 1 *sol*, and an ounce of the *otter* 400 livres (£17 10s.). Tuberoses, etc., are also cultivated for perfumes in immense quantities, for Paris and London. Rosemary, lavender, bergamot, and oranges are here capital articles of culture. Half Europe is supplied with essences from hence. Cannes is prettily situated, close on the shore, with the isles of St. Marguerite, where is a detestable state prison, about two miles off, and a distant boundary of the Estrelles mountains, with a bold broken outline. These mountains are barren to excess. At all the villages, since Toulon, at Frejus, Estrelles, etc., I asked for milk, but no such thing to be had, not even of goats or sheep: the cows are all in the higher mountains; and as to butter, the landlord at Estrelles told me it was a contraband commodity that came from Nice. Good heaven!—what an idea northern people have, like myself, before I knew better, of a fine sun and a delicious climate, as it is called, that gives myrtles, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, jasmynes, and aloes in the hedges; yet are such countries, if irrigation be wanted, the veriest deserts in the world. On the most miserable tracts of our heaths and moors you will find butter, milk, and cream; give me that that will feed a cow, and let oranges remain to Provence. The fault, however, is in the people more than the climate; and as the people have never any faults (*till they become the masters*) all is government. The arbutus, laurustinus, cistus, and Spanish broom are found scattered about the wastes. Nobody in the inn but a

merchant of Bourdeaux returning home from Italy; we supped together and had a good deal of conversation, not uninteresting; he was melancholy to think, he said, what a sad reputation the French revolution has wherever he has been in Italy. Unhappy France! was his frequent ejaculation. He made many inquiries of me, and said his letters confirmed my accounts; the Italians seemed all convinced that the rivalry of France and England was at an end, and that the English would now have it in their power amply to revenge the American war by seizing St. Domingo, and indeed all the possessions the French have out of France itself. I said the idea was a pernicious one, and so contrary to the personal interests of the men who governed England, that it was not to be thought of. He replied that if we did not do it, we should be marvellously forbearing, and set an example of political purity sufficient to eternise that part of our national character, in which the world thought us most deficient, *moderation*. He complained bitterly of the conduct of certain leaders of the National Assembly, who seemed to be determined on a bankruptcy, and perhaps a civil war. He gave me a list of many good inns in Lombardy, and advice respecting travelling.—22 miles.

16th. At Cannes I was quite without a choice; no post-house, carriage, nor horses, nor mules to let; I was therefore forced again to take refuge in a woman and her ass. At five in the morning I walked to Antibes. This line of nine miles is chiefly cultivated, but the mountains rise so immediately that, in a general idea, all is waste. Antibes being a frontier town is regularly fortified; the mole is pretty, and the view from it pleasing. Take a post-chaise to Nice: cross the Var, and bid adieu for the present to France. The approach to Nice is pleasing. But am I judge? The first approach to that country so long and justly celebrated that has produced the men who have conquered, and those who have decorated the world, fills the bosom with too many throbbing feelings to permit a bush, a stone, a clod to be uninteresting. Our percipient faculties are expanded; we wish to enjoy; and then all is attention, and willingness to be pleased. The approach marks a flourishing town; new buildings, the never-failing mark of prosperity, are numerous. Pass many gardens full of oranges. Arrive in time for dinner at the table d'hôte, *hotel de quatre nations*, and agree with the master of it for my apartment, which is exceedingly good, and dinner and supper at 5 Piedmontese livres a-day, that is 5s. Here I am, then, in the midst of another people, language, sovereignty, and country—one of the moments of a man's life that will always be interesting, because all the springs of curiosity and attention

are on the stretch. Several Frenchmen, but more Italians, at the table d'hôte; and the French revolution only talked of. The Frenchmen all in favour of it, and the Italians all against it, and absolute victors in the argument.—25 miles.

17th. I have no letters for Nice; and therefore, knowing nothing of the insides of the houses, I must be content with what meets the eye. The new part of the town is very well built; the streets straight and broad. The sea-view is fine, and, for enjoying it in greater perfection, they have an admirable contrivance, which I have seen nowhere else. A row of low houses, forming one side of a street, a quarter of a mile long, has flat roofs, which are covered with a stucco floor, forming a noble terrace, opens immediately to the sea, raised above the dirt and annoyance of a street, and equally free from the sand and shingle of a beach. At one end some finely situated lodging-houses open directly on to it. The walk this terrace affords is, in fine weather, delicious. The square is handsome, and the works which form the port are well built, but it is small and difficult to enter, except in favourable weather; admits ships of near three hundred tons; yet, though free, has but an inconsiderable trade.—The number of new streets and houses building at present is an unequivocal proof that the place is flourishing; owing very much to the resort of foreigners, principally English, who pass the winter here, for the benefit and pleasure of the climate. They are dismally alarmed at present with the news that the disturbances in France will prevent many of the English from coming this winter; but they have some consolation in expecting a great resort of French. Last winter there were fifty-seven English and nine French; this winter, they think it will be nine English and fifty-seven French. At the table d'hôte informed that I must have a passport for travelling in Italy; and that the English consul is the proper person to apply to. I went to Mr. Consul Green, who informed me that it was a mistake, there was no want of any passport; but if I wished to have one, he would very readily give it. My name occurring to him, he took the opportunity to be very polite to me, and offered anything in his power to assist me. On my telling him the object of my travels, he remarked that the gardens here, and mixture of half garden half farm, were rather singular, and if I called on him in the evening he would walk and show me some. I accepted his obliging invitation, and when I went again, met a Colonel Ross, a gentleman from Scotland, second in command in the King of Sardinia's marine, and at present in chief: having been much in Sardinia, I made some inquiries of him concerning that

island, and the circumstances he instanced were curious. The *intemperia* is so prevalent in summer, from the quantity of evaporating water leaving mud exposed to the sun, as to be death to a stranger: but in winter it is a good climate. The soil wonderfully rich and fertile, but vast plains that would produce anything are uncultivated. He has past one line of fifty miles by thirty, all plain and the land good, yet without one house and mostly a neglected desert. The people are wretched and deplorably ignorant: there are districts, he has been informed, where there are olives, and the fruit left rotting under the trees for want of knowing how to make oil. In general, there are no roads and no inns. When a traveller, or other person, goes into the island, he is recommended from convent to convent, or *cure* to *curé*, some of whom are at their ease; you are sure to be well entertained—and at no other expense than a trifle to the servants. The plenty of game and wild-fowl great. The horses are small, but excellent; all stallions. One had been known to be rode four-and-twenty hours without drawing bit. I demanded to what could be attributed such a neglected state of the island: to government, I suppose? By no means; government has manifested every disposition to set things on a better footing. It certainly is owing to the feudal rights of the nobility keeping the people in a state of comparative slavery. They are too wretched to have the inducement to industry. Such is the case at present in many other countries besides Sardinia. When I see and hear of the abominable depredations and enormities committed by the French peasants, I detest the democratical principles; when I see or hear of such wastes as are found in Sardinia, I abhor the aristocratical ones. Accompany Mr. Green to view some gardens, which have a luxuriance of vegetation, by means of watering, that makes them objects worth attention; but the great product, and a most valuable one it is, are oranges and lemons; chiefly the former, and a few bergamots for curiosity. We examined the garden of a nobleman, something under two acres of land, that produces 30 louis d'or a-year in oranges only, besides all the crops of common vegetables. The great value of these products, such is the perversity of human life, is the exact reason why such gardens would be detestable to me, if under the economical management of the gentry of Nice. An acre of garden forms an object of some consequence in the income of a nobleman who, in point of fortune, is reckoned in good circumstances if he has £150 to £200 a-year. Thus the garden, which with us is an object of pleasure, is here one of economy and income, circumstances that are incompatible. It is like a well-furnished room in a

man's house which he lets to a lodger.—They sell their oranges so strictly that they cannot gather one to eat. A certain momentary and careless consumption is a part of the convenience and agreeableness of a garden; a system which thus constrains the consumption destroys all the pleasure. Oranges may certainly be sold with as much propriety as corn or timber, but then let them grow at a distance from the house; that open apartment of a residence, which we call a garden, should be free from the shackle of a contract, and the scene of pleasure, not profit.

18th. Walked to Villa Franche, another little sea-port of the King of Sardinia's, on the other side of the mountain, to the east of Nice. Call on Mr. Green, the consul, who has given me letters to Genoa, Alexandria, and Padoua: he has behaved with so friendly an attention that I cannot omit acknowledging warmly his civilities. Learn this morning from him that Lord Bristol is somewhere in Italy, and that Lady Eme is probably at Turin; my stars will not be propitious if I do not see them both.

19th. I have now waited two days merely for the means of getting away: I can go either by a *felucca* to Genoa, or with a *vetturino* to Turin; and there is so much for and against both schemes that priority of departure is as good a motive for a preference as any other. If I go by Genoa to Milan, I see Genoa and a part of its territory, which is much, but I lose sixty miles of superb irrigation, from Coni to Turin, and I lose the line of country between Turin and Milan, which I am told is better than that between Genoa and Milan; as to Turin itself, I should see it in my return. But here is Luigi Tonini, a *vetturino*, from Coni, who sets out on Monday morning for Turin, which decides me; so with Mr. Green's kind assistance I have bargained with him to take me thither for seven French crowns. He has got two officers in the Sardinian service, and is not to wait longer for filling the third place. We have every day, at the table d'hôte, a Florentine Abbe, who has been a marvellous traveller—no man names a country in which he has not travelled; and he is singular in never having made a note, making rather a boast that his memory retains every particular he would wish to know, even to numbers correctly. The height and measures of the pyramids of Egypt, of St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's at London, etc., with the exact length and breadth of every fine street in Europe, he has at his tongue's end. He is a great critic in the beauty of cities; and he classes the four finest in the world thus, 1. Rome.—2. Naples.—3. Venice.—4. London. Being a little inclined to the marvellous, in the idea of an old Piedmontese colonel, a knight of St. Maurice, a plain and unaffected character, and apparently

a very worthy man, he pecks at the authority of Signore Abbate, and has afforded some amusement to the company..

20th, Sunday. Mr. Consul Green continues his friendly attentions to the last; I dined, by invitation, with him to-day; and, for the honour of Piedmontese grazing, ate as fine, sweet, and fat a piece of roast beef as I would ever wish to do in England, and such as would not be seen at the table d'hôte at the *quatre nations* in seven years—if in seven ages. An English master and mistress of the table, with roast beef, plum pudding, and porter, made me drop for a moment the idea of the formidable distance that separated me from England. Unknown and unrecommended at Nice, I expected nothing but what could be shot flying in any town; but I found in Mr. Green both hospitality, and something too friendly to call politeness. In the evening we had another walk among gardens, and conversed with some of the proprietors on prices, products, etc. The description Mr. Green gives me of the climate of Nice in the winter is the most inviting that can be imagined; a clear blue expanse is constantly overhead, and a sun warm enough to be exhilarating, but not hot enough to be disagreeable. *But, Sir, the vent de bize!* We are sheltered from it by the mountains; and as a proof that this climate is vastly more mild than where you have felt that wind, the oranges and lemons which we have in such profusion will not thrive either in Genoa or Provence, except in a very few spots, singularly sheltered like this. He remarked, that Dr. Smollet, in his description, has done great injustice to the climate, and even against the feelings of his own crazy constitution; for he never was so well after he left Nice as he had been at it, and made much interest with Lord Shelburne to be appointed consul, who told him, and not without some foundation, that he would on no account be such an enemy to a man of genius;—that he had libelled the climate of Nice so severely, that if he was to go again thither the Nissards would certainly knock him on the head. Mr. Green has seen hay made, and well made, at Christmas.

21st. Commenced my first Italian journey; of my two military companions, one was as stupid as a brick-bat, and the other too lively for me:—there are few things more repugnant to my nerves than the vivacity of inanity; I am not young enough for it. Here was also a friar, who made no compensation for the deficiencies of his countrymen:—low, vulgar, and ignorant; could speak no French, and but little Italian: I looked in vain for so many of his Piedmontese words in my dictionary that I was soon tired of following him. We dined at Scareno, and slept at

Sospello, at both which places we joined the company of another *vetturino*, consisting of the Piedmontese colonel I had met at the table d'hôte, his brother an abbé, and another abbé a friend, all well bred polite men, who were very attentive to me as a foreigner, and had great readiness to answer all my inquiries: I reaped a good deal of information from their conversation. The three first days of this journey are employed in crossing three mountains; to-day we passed the Col de Pruss. The features in the heights are interesting, wild, and great. The descent to Sospello is picturesque.—26 miles.

22nd. My friend, the old Piedmontese colonel, commends the English character greatly, when it is truly English; that is, as I guessed by his explanations, when it is not a hurrying, bustling, expensive young man of great fortune against whom he threw out some severe reflections. He desired my name, and where I lived in England, which he begged me to write down for him; and commended very much the object of my journey, which appeared so extraordinary to him that he could not help putting many questions. The mountain we crossed to-day is yet more savage than that of yesterday; much of it wild, and even sublime. The little town of Saorgio and its castle are situated most romantically, stuck against the side of a mountain, like a swallow's nest against the side of a house. I had no opportunity of asking how many necks are broken in a year, in going peaceably to and fro; but the blackness of this town, and the total want of glass, make it gloomy as well as romantic; indeed the view of all these mountain-towns, where there may be so much happiness with so little appearance of it, is forbidding. Tende, which is the capital of a district, and gives name to this great ridge of mountain (*Col de Tende*), is a horrid place of this sort, with a vile inn; all black, dirty, stinking, and no glass.—30 miles.

23rd. Out by four in the morning, in the dark, in order to cross the Col de Tende as soon after break of day as possible, a necessary precaution they say, as the wind is then most quiet; if there is any storm, the passage is dangerous, and even impracticable; not so much from height as from situation, in a draught of wind between Piedmont and the sea. The pass in the rocks for some distance before mounting the hill is sublime, hemmed in among such enormous mountains and rocks that they reminded me a little of the amazing pass in the Pyrenees, but are much inferior to it. In the face of one of them is a long inscription to the honour of Victor Amadeus III for making the road; and near it an old one, purporting that the eleventh Duke of Savoy made the old road, to

connect Piedmont and Nice, *a proprie spese con tutta diligensa*. This old road is passable only by mules, and is that by which Mr. Dutens passed the Col de Tende. I shall observe once for all, that the new one is a most useful and princely undertaking. From within a few miles of Nice, where it is not finished, to Limon cost 3,500,000 livres (£175,000). It winds prodigiously, in order to pass the steepest mountains in such angles as to admit carriages without difficulty. The worst part is that which goes up to the Col de Tende; this has not been made with equal attention as the rest, perhaps because they have begun to execute a vast design of perforating the mountain. At present, notwithstanding the goodness of the road in summer, it is absolutely impassable in winter for carriages, and with difficulty sometimes even with mules, owing to the immense falls of snow. They have opened a cavern like a vault of rock, about thirty *trebulchi* long, and wide enough for carriages to pass, but it soon divides into two passages, one for going and another for returning, which is found cheaper than one large enough for both; the whole will be above five hundred *trebulchi*, and will demand such an expense as leaves little hope of seeing it executed in this century. Take the new road, however, for all in all, and it is a work that does honour to the king arid country. Descend into the rich and beautiful vale of Piedmont, a few miles before Coni, and between the Alps and Apennines, which here separate, one range running from hence to Calabria, I believe uninterruptedly, and the other to Constantinople. Amongst the maps never made, but much wanted, is one of the mountains of Europe, to show at one *coup d'oeil* which are connected and which separate: this separation of the Alps and Apeninnes so narrow that they would, on a map on any scale, appear as one range; they connect with all the mountains of France, by Dauphiné, Vivais, and Auvergne, but not with the Pyrenees; I have myself travelled the whole range of those from sea to sea. *Quere*, Do they connect with Germany, Poland, etc.? Perhaps they may with those of the hereditary dominions of the House of Austria. This would make only two ranges of mountains on the continent of Europe, the Alps and the Pyrenees; for all the Spanish connect with the latter, unless those of Norway and Sweden do not join the Russian, Polish, etc.—Reach Coni, which is strongly fortified and well situated; but as for inns, the *croce bianca*, which they speak of as being excellent, afforded me a good room enough, but without a single pane of glass in the windows, only ragged paper—and such a necessary house!—let me drive the recollection from my memory! Here we lost the company of the old colonel, his

brother, and friend; they went five miles further to the estate of one of them at Centalle. Sup at the table d'hôte. Our landlady is a tall well-looking *virago*; the officers made love to her with one hand, while they supped with the other. They then asked me a thousand questions about English duelling. Was it in a circle? At what distance? On horseback? With what pistols? etc.—37 miles.

24th. The friar and one of the officers proceeded no further; the other and myself for Turin. Leaving Coni, the view from the fortifications of the Alps is very fine; a range of them capped with snow is now seen by us to the left; Mont Viso among them very high. At Centalle we were stopped by the servant of my friend, the colonel, who had orders to conduct us to the house of the *curé*, to take chocolate. The brother of the colonel is, it seems, *curé* and *archpretre* of the parish. It was impossible to be received with more kindness and hospitality than I was here. The colonel started a plan for keeping us to dinner, and his brother immediately begged we would change our intention of sleeping at Carignan for Racconis, which would enable us to dine with him. To this we readily assented. I now found that the colonel was the Chevalier Brun, on a visit to his brother, who has built an excellent parsonage-house, as we should call it, at his own expense, and has two *curés* under him as *archpretre*; he has arch-hospitality also; gave us an admirable dinner, well served, and excellent wine, and wished I would make a longer stay. As this was the first Italian house I had been in, except inns, it was interesting enough to me to excite all my curiosity and attention. Expressing a wish to have some conversation with a practical cultivator, they had the goodness to walk with me to the Count de Bonifante, who lives on his own estate here and farms it. I soon found that this nobleman loved the subject, for he seemed to take a pleasure in answering my inquiries. We walked over his, and some of his neighbours' farms for more than two hours; and though my questions were pretty numerous he was so kind as to meet them with the utmost willingness of explanation. If I have many such days as this in Italy, I shall be equally well pleased and informed. Centalle was the residence of the Marquis de Suza. Take my leave of this agreeable and hospitable family, which I shall long remember with pleasure. Pass Savignan, a considerable and pretty town; and what is much better to my eyes, a fine range of level plain, all rich and much watered. The scene in some places is charming: the road is like a fine alley, passing through a new mown garden; the meadows are as level as a die, without a mole-cast or ant-hill: thanks to watering! The mowing neat; the hay

now cocking; rows of trees everywhere, and not being in straight lines, the appearance is pleasing. It is an observation I have more than once made, and it is nowhere so exemplified as in this country, that there are beauties resulting from extreme fertility that belong to a flat which would be hurt by inequalities of soil. The approach to Racconis is by a double row of trees on each side of the road, with two shady paths, very pleasing even by moonlight; but my fellow-traveller, with his drawn sword, ready to pass at the breast of a robber, should any attack us, did not people these shades with the most agreeable figures of the fancy. He says there are many in Piedmont; and that travelling in the dark is always dangerous. Such things are to be laid to the account of government; and a pretty satire it is on despotism, not to be able to keep its roads clear from robbers. At Racconis, a great trade in winding silk: a beggarly inn—paper windows, etc.—27 miles.

25th. Pursuing our road, pass a country seat of the Prince of Carignan, with a great enclosure of plantation, and many Lombardy poplars. Cross the Po by a most commodious ferry; a platform on two boats; the coach drove on and off without our moving. Why have we not such ferries in England? All a rich level country till we come near the mountain of Turin, and pass the chateau of Moncaglia, the present residence of the Count d'Artois. Reach Turin; drive to the *hotel royal*; all full. To the *hotel d'Angleterre*; all taken for the Prince of Condé. To the *bonne femme*, which good woman received me. I was in time for the table d'hôte, at which were several French refugees, whose accounts of affairs in France are dreadful. These were driven from their chateaus, some of them in flames; it gave me an opportunity of inquiring by whom such enormities were committed; by the peasants or wandering *brigands* they said by peasants, undoubtedly; but that the great and indisputable origin of most of those villainies was the settled plan and conduct of some leaders in the National Assembly, in union with, and by the money of, *one other -person of great rank*, who would deserve the eternal execrations and reproaches of all true Frenchmen and every honest man: that when the assembly had rejected the proposal of the Count de Mirabeau to address the king to establish the *milice bourgeoise*, couriers were soon after sent to all quarters of the kingdom to give a universal alarm of great troops of *brigands* being on the actual march, plundering and burning everywhere, at the instigation of aristocrats, and calling on the people to arm immediately in their defence: that by intelligence afterwards, received from different parts of the kingdom, it was

found that these couriers must have been dispatched from Paris at the same time.¹¹ Forged orders of the king in council were likewise sent, directing the people to bum the chateaus of the aristocratical party; and thus, as it were by magic, all France was armed at the same moment, and the peasants instigated to commit the enormities which have since disgraced the kingdom.—22 miles.

26th. This being the first Italian city of renown for beauty that I have seen, I have been all eyes to-day. Some travellers have represented it as the prettiest town in Europe, and the Strada di Po the finest street. I hurried to it with eagerness. I was in the middle of it, asking for it. *Questa, questa* I replied an officer, holding up his hands, as if to point out an object of great beauty which I did not see, and in truth I saw it not. It is straight and broad and nearly regular. Two rows of brick barns might be so equally. The houses are of an ugly obfuscated brick; a few have stucco, and that old and dirty; the scaffold holes in the walls of all the rest are left unfilled; some of them are enlarged by time, and several courses of bricks between those holes not pointed, which has as bad an effect; the windows are narrow and poor; some with iron balconies—some without; the arcades, for there is a row on each side of the street, would be destructive of beauty, if it was here: the arches are plastered, which patches the line with white: and through them are exhibited nothing but poor shops that encumber their spans with all sorts of lumber; the lamps are fifty or sixty yards asunder. In a word, there are fifty streets at London to which this cannot be compared. If those who have travelled in Italy think this street fine, what am I to meet with in other towns?—The Strada della Dora Grossa is by far a finer street than that of the Po, but the houses are greatly too high. There is a beautiful arcade entrance to the herb-market, which seems to have furnished the idea of that at the new buildings of Somerset House. The streets are almost all quite regular and at right angles. I expected that this circumstance would have been attended with much more beauty than it is. It gives too great a sameness; the constant return of the same angles tires the eye; and I am convinced that a city would be much more striking and more admired that had varied lines instead of uniform ones. Circles, semi-circles, crescents, semi-ellipses, squares, semi-squares, and compounds composed of these, mixed with the common oblongs, would give a greater air of grandeur and magnificence. The most splendid object I have seen at Turin is the staircase and saloon in the chateau contiguous to the royal palace. There is nothing at Versailles, except the

gallery, to be compared with it. The front of this edifice is fine, and the whole does honour to Juvara. This morning I should have delivered my letters, but am unlucky. The Marchese de Palavicino, president of the agrarian society, and Signore Bissatti, the secretary of it, are both in the country. Signore Capriata, the *president en second*, I met with, but he is no practical farmer; he has been obliging enough, however, to promise me an introduction to some persons who are conversant with agriculture. Meeting with these disappointments, I began to fear I might want the intelligence that was necessary to my design; and be in that ineligible situation of seeing only the outsides of houses, and knowing nothing of the persons within. With time thus on my hands, I inquired for a bookseller, and was directed to Signore Briolo, who prints the memoirs of all the learned bodies here; among others, those of the agrarian society, which I bought, and afterwards turning over, found that I made a pretty conspicuous figure in one written by the Cavaliere di Capra, colonel of the regiment of Tortona, on the size of farms. He is a bitter enemy to large ones; not content with strictures on Piedmont, he presses England into his service, and finds it necessary to refute me, as I appear in the translation of Monsieur Freville, from which he quotes passages which I never wrote. I wished to assure the author that it was the French translator and not the English farmer that he had refuted. I laughed very hearty with Signore Capriata at this adventure of the memoirs. In the evening to the opera; the theatre is a fine one, though not the principal; the house nearly full, yet all the world is in the country.

27th. The Cavaliere Capra having seen Signore Capriata, I this morning received a visit from him: I was glad of an opportunity to remark to him that he had quoted passages erroneously from my *Political Arithmetic*. He said he was sorry he should misunderstand me; and beginning at once to declaim against great farms, I begged to remark that my opinion was exactly the same at present as it had always been, that the size of farms should be left absolutely free. He was violent against great ones in Piedmont, which he said ruined and depopulated the country, as I should find when I came among the rice-grounds in my way to Milan. Signore Capra was polite, tendered me every service in his power, and expressed the utmost readiness to assist my inquiries. Signore Briolo, as soon as he understood who I was, showed me every attention in his power; and that I might have the benefit of conversing with such persons as he thought most suitable to my inquiries, he made known my arrival to Signore Fontana, a practical chemist and deputy secretary to

the agrarian society; to Signore Gio. Piet. Mariadana, professor of botany in the university; to Signore il Dottore Buniva, his assistant, who travelled in France and England as a naturalist. From these gentlemen I had this morning a visit, and an interesting conversation on the present agricultural state of Italy. To Signore Briolo I was also indebted for an introduction to Signore Giobert, academician, and of the agrarian society, who has gained a prize by a memoir on the quality of earths and manures. Viewed the king's palace, sensibly built, not so splendid as to raise disagreeable emotions in the breast of a philosophical spectator; and no marks of provinces having been oppressed to raise it. Of the pictures, which are numerous, those which pleased me best are a virgin, child, and St. John, by Lorenzo Sabattini; Apollo flaying Marsias, by Guido; a Venus, by Carlo Cignani; a sick woman, by Gerard Dow; a virgin and child after Raphael, by Sassa Ferrata. Vandyke shines greatly in this collection; there are the children of Charles I. finely done; a man and woman sitting; but above all, Prince Tomaraso di Carignano on horseback, which for life and force of expression is admirable. In the evening to the opera, and being Sunday the house was full. The *Lasca Fiera*; there is a pretty duet, between Contini and Gaspara, in the first act.

28th. Walked to Moncaglia early in the morning. The palace is boldly situated on a hill, the Windsor of Piedmont:— commands noble views of the Po, and a rich scene of culture. After dinner, on horseback to Superga, the burying-place of the royal family; where the bodies of these princes repose more magnificently than the Bourbons at St. Denis. The view from the tower is, I suppose, the *finest farmer's* prospect in Europe. You look down on much the greater part of Piedmont as on a map, and the eye takes in Milan at eighty miles' distance; the whole with such a horizon of mountains as is nowhere else to be found,—for the enormous masses of snow, which the Alps present, are easier conceived than described.

29th. Signore Briolo was this morning my conductor to Gruliascho, to view the farm, by appointment of Signore Bracco, to whom Signore Capriata had spoken for that purpose; we walked by the nobly planted road that leads to Suza, and I was glad to find that my Turin bookseller was a farmer, though *a la meta*, and answered those useful inquiries which I have long found abundantly convenient always to have ready arranged in my head and adapted to the people into whose hands chance may throw me. We dined together at the village, in a villainous hole,

much better adapted to offend the senses than to gratify them. Our repast finished, we sallied forth to find Signore Bracco; he showed us several watered meadows, and explained all the particulars; after which, coming to the house, lo! instead of a farmer or *metayer*, as I expected, I found a large house, in a style superior to any farm one, and that he was a bailiff to a signore, I do not know whom, jeweller to the king and court; an awkward explanation of this came on, and then I found this person knew of my coming two days before:—to mend the matter, after making us wait some time he showed himself. I was pressed to enter:—whether it was that a hot walk or a bad dinner had fretted me, or, in fine, that I did not like the jeweller’s physiognomy, I know not, but I begged to be excused, and persisted in my refusal. A rich citizen, at his country villa, is to me a formidable animal.—Had he said he was a farmer, and would converse on the subject, or anything of that tendency, it had been otherwise; but I departed *brusquement*, with a character, I believe, *molto selvaggio*. In the evening, some beautiful passages in the *Pastor ella Nobile* brought me into better temper.

30th. The intendant Bissati returned to Turin, and I had the pleasure of a visit from him; he carried me to the university, and some other places which I had not seen before; Signore Capra also, and Dr. Buniva, favoured me with their company. The knight, I find, is as complete a croaker as could ever issue from the school of Dr. Price himself. Piedmont furnishes an instance which, if I had touched upon to Signore Capra, he would have pressed it into his service on the question of farms. But there are not many circumstances more curious in politics than the contrast between great and small dominions. Here is a court sufficiently splendid; and a palace well kept; an army (not equally well kept) of 30,000 men; fortifications many, and among the first in the world, and a power of receiving with hospitality and splendour the princes of the blood of France; all this is done with 30,000,000 of French money: if the comparison had been made in the late king’s reign, the circumstances would have been stronger. The King of France had 600,000,000; that is to say, twenty times as much: he could, therefore, with equal proportions, have twenty such palaces, or more exactly a hundred, as there are five in Piedmont; twenty such courts, and an army of 600,000 men. But instead of this, the difference between the palaces of the two kings and their courts, their parade and their vanity, is not in the *ratio* of one-fourth of their revenue; and as to the army of the King of Sardinia (proportions preserved) it is six times more powerful than that of the King of

France: but the contrast goes further; for while the debts of this country are inconsiderable, those of France are so great that the *deficit* alone is more than five times the whole revenue of Sardinia.

OCTOBER 1. The political state of Piedmont at present holds almost entirely of the personal character of the king, who is esteemed an easy good-natured man, too much imposed on by a set of people without merit. The consequence of which is, that talents and all sorts of abilities, instead of being in the posts for which they are qualified, are found only in retirement. I am told that he often takes bank notes in his pocket-book, and at night if he has not given them away he expresses uneasiness; yet this is with an empty treasury and an incomplete ill-paid army. This conduct is remarkably different from that of the princes his majesty's predecessors, who, as all the world knows, were good economists, and kept themselves so well prepared that they were able to turn opportunities to their notable advantage, which must have passed barren of events under a different system of government. The king's motives, however, are excellent, and no faults are found with his government that do not flow from that sort of goodness of heart which better befits a private station than a throne. Similar errors are not expected from the prince of Piedmont, who is represented as a man of good understanding, with, however, rather too great a tincture of religion. Nothing can be more regular and decent than the conduct of all the court; no licentious pleasures are here countenanced; and very little that looks like dissipation. How the Count d'Artois passes his time is not easy to conceive; for a prince who was dying with *ennui* in the midst of Versailles, for want of pleasures that had not lost their lustre, one would suppose that of all the courts of Europe there was scarcely one to be found less adapted than this to his feelings, whatever it might be to his convenience.

2nd. To Verceil, by a *vetturino*; I find but one agreeable circumstance in this way of travelling, which is their going as slow and stopping as often as you please: I walked most of the way, and generally outwalked the coach, except when there was any little descent. A gentleman, a proprietor and cultivator of rice near Verceil, supped with us, who was communicative.—45 miles.

3rd. To Novara, much rice; some yet uncut; they are threshing it everywhere, and we meet gleaners loaded with it: a nasty country, as ill to the eye as to the health: there hang the limbs of a robber in the trees, in unison with the *sombre* and pestiferous aspect of a flat woody region. Cross the Tesino, deep, clear, and rapid. This river parts the dominions

of the King of Sardinia from those of the emperor. At Baffulara cross the *naviglio grande*, the greatest canal for irrigation that was ever made. Sleep at Massenta.—30 miles.

4th, Sunday. Reach Milan in the forenoon. This great city stands in the midst of a dead level country, so thickly planted that you see nothing of it till you are in the streets. To the *Albergo del Posso*, in time to wait on the Abbate Amoretti, secretary of the patriotic society, to whom I had letters from Monsieur Broussonet and Signore Songa of London: I found him admirably well lodged, in the *palazzo* of the Marquis de Cusina: this, said I to myself, looks well to find a man of letters in a splendid apartment, and not poked, like a piece of lumber, into a garret: it is a good feature in the Italian nobility. I entered his apartment, which is a cube of about thirty feet, from a great saloon of forty or fifty. He received me with easy and agreeable politeness which impresses one at first sight in his favour. Soon after he returned my visit. I find him an agreeable, well-informed, and interesting character. Waited also on the Abbate Oriani, astronomer royal, who expressed every wish to be of use to me. At night to the opera; a most noble theatre; the largest as well as handsomest I have seen; the scenes and decorations beautiful. Though it is Sunday, I look with amazement at the house, for it is three parts full, even while much of the world are. in the country:—how can such a town as Milan do this ? Here are six rows of boxes, thirty-six in a row; the three best rows let at 40 louis d'or a box. This is marvellous for an inland town without commerce or great manufactures. It is the PLOUGH alone that can do it. I am delighted with the accommodation of the pit; one sits on broad easy sofas, with a good space to stir one's legs in: young persons may bear being trussed and pinioned on a row of narrow benches, but I am old and lazy, and if I do not sit at my ease, would not give a fig to sit there at all.—10 miles.

5th. In the morning, deliver letters to Signore Vassari and the Messieurs Zappas, gentlemen in commerce, from whom I might receive information relative to the exports, etc., of the Milanese. At noon, to the society of agriculture (called the Patriotic Society), which, fortunately for me, who am a member, had a meeting to-day: the Marchese di Visconti in the chair, with ten or a dozen members present, to all of whom Signore Amoretti introduced me. I never expect much from societies of this sort; but this of Milan was to-day employed on a button and a pair of scissors: it seems they want at this city to make the finer sorts of hardware, in order to rival those of England and lessen the import which,

in spite of every obstacle, is very great: the idea originates with the government and is worthy of its little ideas; a true peddling spirit at present throughout Europe. An artist in the town had made a button and half a pair of scissors, one half English and the other half of his own manufacture, for which he claimed and had a reward. Similar are the employments of societies everywhere! In England, busied about rhubarb, silk, and drill-ploughs;—at Paris, with fleas and butterflies;—and at Milan, with buttons and scissors! I hope I shall find the *Georgofili*, at Florence, employed on a topknot. I looked about to see a practical farmer enter the room, but looked in vain. A goodly company of *i Marchesi*, *i Conti*, *i Cavalieri*, *i Abati*, but not one close clipped wig, or a dirty pair of breeches, to give authority to their proceedings. We met, in what was the Jesuits' college, in the Briare, a noble building, containing many apartments equally splendid and convenient. The Marchese Visconti asked me to his country seat; and the Cavaliere Castiglioni, who has travelled in America with the views of a natural historian, and who intends to print the journal of his voyage, hopes to meet me soon at his brother the count's. Milan has been represented as very dear, and may be so when no thought is taken to save expense, ordering what you want and leaving the bill to the host; but as such methods do not agree with my purse, I pay by agreement for my room, dinner and supper served in it, as there are no table d'hotes in Italy, 6 livres of Milan a-day, or an *ecu*, equal to 4s. English. The pit, at the opera, is 2 livres 5 sous, and coffee for breakfast 7 sous, in all about 5s. 8d. a-day; but seeing buildings, etc., adds something. I am very well served for this except in soups, which are detestable, for I hate macaroni and abominate paste. I have read so much of the horrors of Italian inns that I am very agreeably surprised to find them in the great towns, Turin and Milan for instance, as good as in France; yet I am not at the best here,—for I understand the *alberghi reali* and *imperial!* are the first; and I was not at the best at Turin. But village ones between the great towns are bad enough. In France, one is rarely waited on at inns by men; in Italy hitherto never by women; I like the French custom best. Ferret among the booksellers and find more tracts, in Italian, upon agriculture than I expected. At night to the opera; the pit is so commodious and agreeable that it is a good lounge; the sofas and chairs are numbered; they give you a ticket which marks your seat; but the performers are poor. It was the *Impresario in Augusta*, by that beautiful composer, Cimarosa; there is a quintetto in it, than which nothing could be more pleasing, or repeated with more

applause.

6th. Signore Amoretti, whose attentions and assiduity are such as I shall not soon forget, this morning introduced me to Signore Beecken, a counsellor in the court of his imperial majesty; and then we went together into the country, six or seven miles, to a farm in the road to Pavia, belonging to the Marquis Visconti, to see the method of making the Lodesan cheese; attended the whole operation, which is so totally different from what we use in England, that skill in making may have a great effect in rendering this product of Lombardy so superior to all others. The cheese, and the inquiries, took up the whole day; so that it was five in the evening before we got back to Milan, where they dined with me at the *porno*, an itinerant band of music giving a serenade under the windows to the *illustrissimi, excellentissimi, nobili Signori Inglesi*. This day has passed after my own heart, a long morning, active, and then a dinner, without one word of conversation but on agriculture. Signore Beecken is a sensible well-informed German, who understands the importance of the plough; and Abbate Amoretti's conversation is that of a man who adds the powers of instruction to the graces that enliven company.

7th. Attended the Marquis de Visconti and Signore Amoretti to Mozzata, the country seat of the Count de Castiglione, about sixteen miles north of Milan. Stop very near the city to view the *Chartreuse*, which, since the emperor seized the revenues and turned the monks out, has been converted into a powder magazine. View, in passing, the fine church of Ro, and the Marquis of Lita's villa at Leinate, in which the gardens are conspicuous. The Italian taste was the undoubted origin of what we see in France; but decoration is carried much higher. Marble basins, with fine statues, too good for the situation: *jets d'eau*, temples, colonnades, and buildings, without end, almost connected with the house; latticed and clipped bowers and walks; miles of clipped hedges—terraces and gravel walks, never well kept, with abundance of orange trees, are the features; and they are all in profusion. The expense enormous, both to form and to keep. There is a pinery, and not more than five or six others in the whole duchy of Milan. Reach Mozzata. The countess appeared what we call a genteel good sort of a woman, with nothing of that species of foppery and affectation that forms the *fine lady*. The moment I saw the Count de Castiglione, I was prejudiced in his favour; his physiognomy is pleasing; and the instantaneous easy affability, mixed with great quickness and vivacity, tells one in a moment that time would

not be lost in his company. I was not deceived. He entered presently on the object of my travels; and I was highly pleased to find that he was a practical farmer. After dinner we made an excursion to a considerable plantation he has executed with great judgment and spirit. The count showed me also a part of his farm,—but this is not equally successful. In the evening, while the rest of the company were at cards, he satisfied my numerous inquiries concerning the husbandry, etc., of the neighbourhood, in a manner that left me little to wish. After breakfast, the next morning, returned to Milan. The feature which struck me most in this visit to an Italian nobleman, at his country seat, is the great similarity of living and of manners in different countries. There are few circumstances in the table, attendance, house, and mode of living that vary from a man of similar rank and fortune in England or France. Only French customs, however, predominate. I suppose one must go for new manners to the Turks and Tartars; for Spain itself, among people of rank, has them not to give: and this circumstance throws travellers, who register their remarks, into a situation that should meet with the candour of readers: those who record faithfully must note things that are common, and such are not formed to gratify curiosity. Those who deal much in adventures so contrary to our own manners as to excite surprise, must be of questionable authority; for the similarity of European manners among people of rank or large fortune can hardly be doubted: and the difference among their inferiors is in many cases more apparent than real. I am much pleased with this family: the countess is a good woman, for she loves her children, her husband, and the country. Her husband has life, animation, quickness of conception, and that attention to agriculture which made me wish him for a neighbour. In our return, stop at Desio, the villa of the Marquis of Cusino, which is in a style that pleases me. The house is not upon too great a scale, and therefore finished and furnished: the rooms are more elegant than splendid—and more comfortable than showy. There is one apartment, in encaustic painting, said to be the first executed in Italy. The second floor contains thirteen bed-chambers, with each a small servant's room, and light closet: and they have all such a comfortable, clean, English air, and are so neat, without any finery, that had the floors been deal instead of brick I should have thought myself in my own country. I have read travels that would make us believe that a clean house is not to be met with in Italy; if that was once true, things are abundantly changed. I like this villa much better than the master does, for he is rarely here for a fortnight at a time, and

that not often. The gardens are splendid in their kind; lattice-frames of lemons twenty feet high, with espaliers of oranges, both full hung with fruit, have, to northern eyes, an uncommon effect; but they all are covered with glass in the winter. Here is a pinery also. Dine in the village on trout, fresh from the lake of Como, at 3 livres the pound of 28 ounces. In the evening returned to Milan, after an excursion instructive in my principal object, and equally agreeable in the little circumstances that have power sufficient either to gild or shade every object, pass the house of the Marchesa di Fagnani who has been much in England, and celebrated here for being the lady with whom our inimitable Sterne had the rencontre at Milan, which he has described so agreeably.—32 miles.

9th. This day was appointed for visiting a few objects at Milan, for which Signore Beecken had the goodness to desire to be my *cicerone*; his chariot was ready after breakfast, and we went from sight to sight till five o'clock. Buildings and pictures have been so often and so well described that for modern travellers nothing is left, if they expatiate, but to talk of themselves as much as of the objects. I shall note, in a few words, the things that struck me most. I had read so much of the cathedral, and came to it with such expectation, that its effect was nothing. There are comparative measurements given of it with St. Paul's and St. Peter's that seem to rank it in the same class for magnitude: to the eye it is a child's plaything compared to St. Paul's. Of the innumerable statues, that of St. Laurence flayed is the finest. The architecture of the church of St. Fedele, by Pellegrino, is pleasing; it contains six columns of granite; and there are other fine ones also in that of St. Alesandro. But I found Padre Pini, professor of natural history, a better object than his church; he has made a great and valuable collection of fossils, and has taken the means necessary for self-instruction, much travel and much experiment. St. Celso there are two statues of Adam and Eve, by Lorenzi, that cannot be too much admired; and a Madonna, by Fontana. Here also are pictures that will detain your steps by the two Procacinis. The great hospital is a vast building, once the palace of the Sforza's, dukes of Milan, and given by Duke Francis for this use. It has a net revenue of a million of livres, and has at present above one thousand three hundred patients. At the Abbey of St. Ambrose, built in the ninth century, and which has round arches, anterior to gothic ones, they showed us a MS. of Luitprandus, dated 721, and another of Lothaire, before Charlemagne. If they contained the register of their ploughs they would have been interesting; but what to me are the records of gifts to convents for sav-

ing souls that wanted probably too much cleaning for all the scrubbing-brushes of the monks to brighten? But unquestionably the most famous production of human genius at Milan is the last supper of Leonardo da Vinci, which should be studied by artists who understand its merit, as it is not a picture for those who, with unlearned eyes, have only their feelings to direct them. View the Ambrosian library.

10th. The climate of Italy, I believe, is generally in extremes; it has rained almost incessantly for three days past, and to-day it pours. I have made a sad blunder, I find more and more, in selling my French equipage; for the dependence on hiring, and on the *vetturini*, is odious. I want to go to-morrow to Lodi, etc., and I have lost much time in finding a horse and chaise; and after all can have only a miserable thing, at 7½ livres a day. In the evening, at the opera, and Signore Beecken came to me in the pit and asked me if I would be introduced to one of the prettiest ladies at Milan? *Senza dubbio*. He conducted me to the box of Signora Lamberti, a young, lively, and beautiful woman, who conversed with an easy and unaffected gaiety, that would make even a farmer wish to be her *cicisbeo*. The office, however, is in the hands of another, who was seated in his post of honour, in the front of the box, *vis-a-vis* the lady. — Refreshments—suppers—magnificent ridotto. Having mentioned the *cicisbei*, I may observe that the custom seems to flourish at Milan; few married ladies are without this necessary appendix to the state: there were to-night a great number of them, each attending his fair. I asked an Italian gentleman why he was not in his post as a *dcisbeo*. He replied he was not one. How so? *If you have either business or other pursuit, it takes too much time*. They are changed at pleasure, which the ladies defend by saying that when an extension of privileges not proper to give is expected, to part with is better than to retain them.

11th. To Lodi, through twenty miles of such amazing exertions in irrigation that we can have in England no idea of it. At that town I found myself in the midst of the world; it was the night of terminating the opera season of the fair: this had drawn so much company from the neighbouring towns that the great inn of the *Columbina*, formed out of a monastery, was full in an hour. At night the opera house formed a gorgeous display:—we waited half an hour for the arch-duke and arch-duchess. The house was well lighted with wax; new to me, for in common their theatres have only darkness visible. It is small but most elegant, new built this year: the decorations are neat; but the boxes, which are fitted up by the proprietors, are finished with great show and ex-

pense; as fine as glass, varnish, and gilding can make them; and being lighted within made a blazing figure: the company crowded and well dressed; diamonds sparkled in every part of the house, while expectation of pleasure, more animated in Italian than in French or English eyes, rendered the *coup d'ceil* equally striking and agreeable; the profusion of dancers, dresses, scenes, etc., made me stare, for a little place of not more than ten or twelve thousand souls. No evening could pass with a more animated festivity; all the world appeared in good humour: the vibrations of pleasurable emotions seemed more responsive than common, for expression is one great feature in Italian physiognomy. I have dwelt the more on this spectacle, because I consider it in a political light, as deserving some attention. Lodi is a little insignificant place, without trade and without manufactures.—It is the part of a dominion that may be said to have neither, and cut off from all connection with the sea: yet there is not a town in France or England, of double the population, that ever exhibited a theatre so built, decorated, filled, and furnished as this of Lodi.—Not all the pride and luxury of commerce and manufactures—not all the iron and steel—the woollen or linen—the silk, glasses, pots, or porcelain of such a town as Lodi ever yet equalled this exhibition of butter and cheese. Water, clover, cows, cheese, money, and music! These are the combinations—that string Italian nerves to enjoyment and give lessons of government to northern politicians. The evening would have been delicious to me if I had had my little girl with me; I could not help picturing her by my side, supposing the expressions of her pleasure, and giving an imaginary presence to her smiles, her inquiries, and her enjoyment. In truth it was better adapted to her age than to mine.—20 miles.

12th. I had brought a letter to a Signore Mayer, lieutenant of dragoons, who yesterday, when I waited on him, introduced me to the Cavaliere Don Bassiano Bona Noma, who promised to find a person this morning for conducting me to a celebrated dairy of his near Lodi; he was as good as his word, and by his means I was introduced into two dairies, one of 90 cows, and assisted in making the cheese. In the afternoon to Codogno, through fifteen miles of dead flat, of singular aspect; it is intersected by ditches, without hedges, but a row of pollard poplars and willows on each side. The head of these trees form a woodland, as the fields are very small, and looking through the stems under the covert of their heads is something like the prints I have seen of the forests of Tasso, but without the wildness or enchantment. The inhabitants here

are neither witches, nymphs, nor knights, but cows and frogs: the music of the latter not quite so agreeable as last night's warblings of Senesino. In truth this country is better for these two animals than for man. The whole is a water sponge; the ditches innumerable; now water, now mud; the climate hot; and ventilation excluded by a crowd of aquatics. I figured sickness and disease in every quarter: and the want of scattered habitations renders the whole silent and solitary, in spite of a considerable population, that is concealed by the endless pollards. Willows, ditches, mud, and frogs! these are features in perfect contrast to the scenes of last night! yet they are attended by a fertility that gives warbling to the throat and quivering to the fantastic toe of beauty. At Codogno waited on Signore Bignami, a considerable cheese-merchant. I was in luck; a numerous company spent the evening with him, from whom he selected a party that were well acquainted with grass and cows; and retiring into another apartment, they had the goodness, with him and his son, to dedicate some time to the satisfying of my inquiries; and I should be very backward if I did not observe that the free and agreeable manner in which they did it proves equally their liberality and politeness. Codogno is a neat little town of about eight thousand people. And note (for the thing is extraordinary), an opera here too; another new-built theatre, of this year. It is not so large, or so much decorated as that of Lodi, but the form is more pleasing and more commodious; it is more circular. There are apartments contiguous for the first singers and dancers, communicating with a noble inn, the *albergo del teatro*.—15 miles.

13th. This morning Signore Bignami had kindly appointed for examining one of the principal dairies in the country, noted for making good cheese; fortunately the farmer proved communicative and liberal,—conducted us to the scene of action very readily, and directed his dairyman to answer my inquiries. We attended the making of a cheese, and then walked over the farm: the farmers seem much at their ease. Take leave of my very friendly conductors, and reach Crema, in the Venetian state. Here also a new-built opera-house, and the Mara from London first singer; they did not appear to relish too much her altitudes of divisions,—yet she was considerably applauded. Great powers in singing, when much exerted in difficult passages, surprise much more than they please. The airs that touch the heart, and what the poet calls *lengthened sweetness long drawn out*, that breathe a continuity of melody, flowing, not broken notes. The number of theatres in this part of Italy is astonishing: two great ones at Milan; in twenty miles, another, at Lodi; in fif-

teen, one way, Codogno; in ten, another, Crema; in ten, another, Plaisance etc.—yet trade and manufacture are very inconsiderable.—16 miles.

14*th*. To Lodi, through ten miles more of the same country; bad road through the state of Venice; but the moment you enter the Milanese you find an excellent one. Return to Milan.—30 miles.

15*th*. The country continues flat, much of it watered, but without such exertions as to Lodi; all a crowded scene of willows. Vaprio, where we stopped, is a poor place, with a dirty, miserable, wretched inn: here I am in a chamber that sinks my spirits as I sit and look around me; my pen, ink, and tablets are useless before me; I want them for two or three subjects that have passed across my mind in the journey, but I can do nothing; to arrange ten words with propriety is an insurmountable effort. I never in my life wrote three lines to please myself when the circumstances around were untoward or disagreeable; a clean, neat apartment, a good fire, something to eat better than paste-soup, with tolerable wine, give a lightness to the bosom and a facility to the ideas. I have not yet read any of the Abbate Amoretti's pieces; but if he writes badly in that elegant apartment, and with all the circumstances of ease and luxury around him, I shall not have so good opinion of his head as I think I shall always have of his heart. This chamber of Vaprio is contrast sufficient to his in the Palazzo Cusina. I cannot write, so must nestle in this nidus of fleas and bugs which they call a bed.—20 miles.

16*th*. So much rain has fallen in the night that the Adda has risen too much to permit a carriage to reach the ferry; we waited, therefore, four hours till the water sunk. This is a circumstance to which a traveller is liable every day in Italy; for the rivers are so little under command that a night's heavy rain will stop him. An impatient traveller, waiting on the banks of a river for the water's flowing, might, by equal genius, be set off as well in poetry as a patient one is represented expecting till all was passed.—The environs of the Adda here are fine; on the side of the Vaprio, high land, that commands the wooded vale. Arrive, at last, at Bergamo. I had a letter to Dr. Maironi da Ponte, secretary of the academy of Bergamo, to whom I went directly. I mounted a steep hill into the city, which is on the top of it, and searched hard for the doctor; after examining several streets, a lady from a window who seemed to pity my perplexity (for I had been conducted to three or four streets in vain) informed me that he was in the country,—but that if I returned in the morning I should have a chance of seeing him. What a black, dirty, stinking, dismal place! I stared at some well-dressed people I met, won-

dering what they had to do there; thanking my stars that I was not an inhabitant of Bergamo; foolishly enough, as if it were the brick and mortar of a place that give felicity, and not the connections formed from infancy and matured by habit.—12 miles.

17th. Mount the hill again, in search for Signore Maironi; and hearing he has a brother, to find him, should I fail. I repaired to the street where the lady gave me information the night before; she was luckily at her window, but the intelligence cross to my wishes, for both the brothers were in the country; I need not go to the door, she said, for there were no servants in the house. The dusk of the evening in this dark town had last night veiled the fair *incognita*, but looking a second time now, I found her extremely pretty, with a pair of eyes that shone in unison with something better than a street of Bergamo. She asked me kindly after my business, *Spero che non e un grande mancamento?* words of no import, but uttered with a sweetness of voice that rendered the poorest monosyllable interesting. I told her that the bosom must be cold from which her presence did not banish all feeling of disappointment. It was impossible not to say something a little beyond common thanks. She bowed in return; and I thought I read in her expressive eyes that I had not offended; I was encouraged to ask the favour of Signore Miaroni's address in the country—*Con gran piacere vi lo daro.*—I took a card from my pocket; but her window was rather too high to hand it. I looked at the door: *Forzi è aperfa.*—*Credo che sî,* she replied. If the reader is an electrician, and has flown a kite in a thunder-storm, he will know that when the atmosphere around him becomes highly electric, and his danger increases, if he does not quickly remove, there is a cobweb sensation in the air as if he was enclosed in an invisible net of the filmiest gossamer. My atmosphere, at this moment, had some resemblance to it; I had taken two steps to the door, when a gentleman passing opened it before me and stood upon the threshold. It was the lady's husband; she was in the passage behind, and I was in the street before him, she said, *Ecco un Signore Inglese che ha bisogno d'una dirizione a Signore Mairioni.* The husband answered politely that he would give it, and taking paper and pencil from his pocket, wrote and gave it me. Nothing was ever done so concisely: I looked at him askance, and thought him one of the ugliest fellows I had ever seen. An ill-natured bystander would have said that his presence prevented a farming, from becoming a sentimental, traveller. Certain it is, one now and then meets with terrible eyes in Italy; in the north of Europe they have attractive powers, here they have

every sort of power; the sphere of the activity of an eye beam is enlarged, and he who travels as I do for the plough must take care, as I shall in future, to keep out of the reach of it. From the ramparts of the town, below the house of the Count de Brembate, there is a prospect of fertile land hardly to be equalled. In front, to the south, a range of Apennines rises above the fog that hangs over a part of the plain. To the west, an immense curve of the Alps that bound the Milanese and Piedmont; their heads uninterruptedly in snow form one of the finest mountain-barriers to be imagined. To the east, the view an unbroken, unlimited level. This vast plain, at one's feet, seems a level wood, with towns, churches, towers, and houses. Near Bergamo, the angle of vision permits the fields to be seen, and therefore more picturesque. Similar features must give similar prospects, this resembles that of the Superga. It is as hot to-day, and every one of sunshine, as in England in June.

18th. Yesterday I agreed with a *vetturino* to take me this morning at six o'clock to Brescia; but not being perfectly well, I insisted that he should not come for me without his *vettura*, nor before the time. The rascal knocked me up at five, and then without the carriage; it was only four steps, he said, and wanted to hurry away my trunk. I begin to know them, and therefore steadily refused to stir: after much vain persuasion, away they went, and in three quarters of an hour returned. The dog drove me a full mile and half, on the road to Brescia, to an inn, where there was another *vetturino*, to whom he had sold me; and there I found myself, packed with three other persons, in the worst place; to the contrary of all which, the scoundrel had signed an agreement. My expressions of anger only got me laughed at. The world has not such a set of villains as these *vetturini*. I have read guides, and directories, and travels that speak of this way of journeying as passable:—if not good, very bearable; but they must be very partial, or very careless, if they mention them without indignation. Their carriages are wretched, open, crazy, jolting, dirty dung-carts; and as to their horses, I thought, till I saw them, that the Irish garrans had no rivals on the globe; but the *cavalli di vetturini* convinced me of the error. My company were two merchant-like people, and a young man going to the university of Padua; the two first, repeating prayers and counting beads. How the country came to be well irrigated is a question. Paternosters will neither dig canals nor make cheese.—32 miles.

19th. I had letters for Signore Pilati, secretary to the society of agriculture; he was in the country at his brother's farm, whither I went

with pleasure: he was to introduce me to Count Comiano, the president, but he is absent, twenty miles out of my road. In the evening, to the opera; the house large, but ugly: the *Avara*, badly acted; and the taste of the audience (the *platea*, not the boxes, show a nation) still worse. Puns, conceits, distortions, and exaggerated action gained great applause. A child, telling his name, of ten or a dozen hard syllables, with exaggerated mimicry of attempting to repeat them, were encored more violently than the finest airs would have been. This depravity of national taste is amazing amongst a people that have produced such proofs of genius in almost every walk of life.

20th. After a repetition of the old plagues to find a *vetturino* for Verona, agree at last at the extravagant price of 33 *liri*. Depart, after dinner, with a young woman and a boy of 8 or 9 years old. She had not two ideas beyond her snuff-box and a crucifix. I have no opinion of Venetian police, from the villainous roads through all their territory; they consist everywhere of great stones, broken pavements, or mud. The country is not near so rich as the Milanese, but all thickly enclosed with hedges, full of mulberries; and encumbered, to use Mr. Symonds's just expression, with pollards for training vines. Reach Desenzano in the dark. What my religious companion did with herself, I know not! I supped alone, thanking God she had not the eyes of the Bergamasque fair. In the night, I thought the noise of water was different from that of a stream, and opening the windows in the morning, found it the waves of a fine lake. The *Lago di Guards* was out of my recollection.—15 miles.

21st. Coast the lake, with good views of it for several miles. From Brescia to Verona, but especially to Desenzano, I believe there are fifty crosses by the side of the road for deaths. When a person is murdered, they set up a cross for the good of his soul, They had better institute a police for that of his body. What a scandal to a government are such proofs of their negligence! Yet that of Venice is called a wise one.—Impassable roads, towns unlighted, and a full harvest of assassinations; with men counting their beads, and women crossing themselves, are the chief signs of wisdom I have yet seen. Arrive at Verona in time to deliver a letter to Signore Cagniola, astronomer and secretary of the agrarian society: this must be a pretty institution, a society of farmers, with an astronomer for their secretary. He introduced me at the coffee-house of the Piazza to some lovers of agriculture; and made an appointment with the president of the society for to-morrow.—25 miles.

22nd. Ill luck: the president is obliged to go into the country, and he thinks me, I suppose, like Italian theorists, tied to a town. Signore Cagniola directed his servant to show me to the house of Signore Michael Angelo Locatelli, to whom he had named the object of my journey last night. I found this gentleman, who is engaged in commerce, but who has two farms in his hands, ready to converse with me on the subject of my inquiries; of Signore Cagniola, I saw or heard no more. I felt myself uncomfortable at Verona till I had seen the amphitheatre, which is in truth a noble remain of antiquity, solid and magnificent enough yet to last perhaps some thousands of years; that of Nismes, cluttered up with houses, must not be named with this. As I stood on the verge of this noble building, I could not but contemplate in idea the innumerable crowds of people who had been spectators of the scenes exhibited in it: the reflexion was attended with what is to me a melancholy impression—the utter oblivion in which such hosts are now lost! time has swept their memories from the earth—has left them no traces in the records of mankind; yet here were wit and beauty, wealth and power; the vibrations of hope and fear; the agitations of exertion and enterprise—all buried in the silence of seventeen hundred years!—I read the works of so few poets that I know not if the idea of such oblivion has been to them as melancholy as it is to me; if so, they have doubtless given energy to the sentiment, by the force and beauty of their expressions.

23d. This morning I took a *cicerone* to attend me to view churches and palaces, an uncomfortable method, but when a traveller has one master pursuit, such secondary objects must give way. The great fault here, as everywhere else, is being carried to too many things. Nothing strikes more at Verona than the works of an architect, whose name is little known in England, St. Michael Michieli; they are of distinguished merit, and must please every eye. The chapel of the Pellegrini family, in the Bernardine church, and the rotunda of *St. Georgia*, are beautiful edifices. There is something singular in the Palazzo Bevilaqua, an idea which might have been copied with more success than many others that have been repeated often. The Palazzo di Consiglia is simple and elegant, and presents one of the most pleasing examples of an arcade for a street or square. The theatre is large, but nothing after Milan. My expenses at Brescia and at Verona are, dinner 3 *pauls*, supper 2, chamber 2; which, at 5*d.* English, are as. 11*d.* a-day; and as I have rooms not at all bad, good beds, and am as well served at the meals as I require, it is remarkably cheap.

24th. The country to Vicenza is all flat, and mostly of a singular face; rows of elm and maple pollards, with vines trained up, and from tree to tree; between the rows arable. This system is not disagreeable till it grows tedious to the eye.—32 miles.

25th. Wait on Count Tiene, to whom I had a recommendation; he opened the letter, but found it was to another Count Tiene, who lived in the country, near Vicenza; reading in it, however, some expressions of commendation, which friends are apt to use in such letters, he, with great ease and politeness, as he returned me the paper, offered me any assistance in his power: “Yours, Sir, is an errand that ought to recommend you to all mankind; and if you find the least difficulties with others, I beg you will return to this house,” which is one of the Palazzi di Palladio. I waited then on the Abbate Pierropan, professor of physics and mathematics. He had the direction, for some years, of the economical garden, given by the state for experiments in agriculture, now in the hands of the agrarian academy: he received me with great politeness; and not only expressed every wish to assist me, but entered immediately on the business, by proposing a walk to call on the Count de Boning, president of that academy, in our way to the garden. I have a poor opinion of all these establishments on a small scale; in any hands, they are not calculated to do much; and in hands not truly practical, they are calculated to do nothing. The Count de Boning, finding that I wished to converse with some real common farmers, appointed the afternoon for going into the country, about three miles, to a farm of his, where I should find an intelligent person: he then took his leave for the present,—and Signore Pierropan and myself proceeded to the villa of the Count de Tiene; as he was absent for an hour only, we employed that time in walking a little further, to view the celebrated rotunda of Palladio, belonging to Count Capra, one of the three greatest works of that great genius they possess at Vicenza. It is of a beautiful mean between decoration and simplicity; the distribution seems a new and original thought, much more adapted, however, to Italy than to England; for in the space of 100 Vicentine feet, we might, relative to our climate and manners, have a house far exceeding it. I am concerned to see so delicious a morsel suffered to go much to decay; the plaster on the brick columns is wearing off, and other neglect visible. The beauty of the environs of Vicenza exceeds anything I have seen in Italy, viewed from the hill on which these houses, and the church Santa Maria del Monte, are situated; the city in the rich plain, and the hills spread with white buildings,

crowned by the Alps, are fine. The Count de Tiene, with the assistance of another nobleman, of more experience, who happened to be present, gave me some information relative to the part of the Vicentine in which their estates are situated. Quitting him, I begged the Abbate Pierropan to favour me with his company at dinner, by which means I had the benefit of his conversation so much longer on the favourite topic. The Abbate de Tracio, vice-president of the academy, joined us. After dinner, according to appointment, to the Count de Boning, whose coach was ready, and carried us to the farm. Fortunately the farmer, a sensible and intelligent man, was ready to answer all such inquiries as I put to him. At night, returned to the city, after a rich day, that pays for the trouble of travelling.

26th. My friendly Abbate, continuing his obliging offices, had the goodness to accompany me this morning to a very famous woollen fabric, at present under the direction of an Englishman, and to a magazine of earthenware in imitation of Mr. Wedgwood. It is surely a triumph of the arts in England to see in Italy Etruscan forms copied from English models. It is a better imitation than many I have seen in France. View the Olympic theatre of Palladio, which pleases all the world; nothing can be more beautiful than the form, or more elegant than the colonnade that surrounds it. Of all his works here, I like the Palazzo Barbarana least. I am sorry to see that most of Palladio's edifices are of bricks stuccoed, except the Palazzo Raggione, which is of durable stone; and that there is hardly one of them which is not out of repair. The roof of the Palazzo di Raggione, which must offend every eye, is not of Palladio; only the case of arcades that surround the building, which is one vast room of 200 feet by 80, used for the courts of justice, and also as a common *jakes* by the mob, and dreadfully garnished. A pretty use to which to apply an edifice of Palladio. The brick columns of this great architect are of the finest work I ever saw; and some of the stucco only now failing, after 200 years. At Verona and Vicenza there are very few new houses, and no signs, that I could see, of the wealth and prosperity of the present age. There are exceptions, but they are few. A silk merchant here has built a good house; and Signore Cordelina, an advocate at Venice, a large and handsome one, that cost 100,000 ducats, without being finished: he made his fortune by pleading.

27th. To Padua. The country, which has been called a garden by travellers, not at all better cultivated than before, but deeper and richer. The same flat, lined into rows of pollards and vines in the same manner;

very little irrigation, except some rice. Waited on Signore Arduino, experimenter in agriculture on a farm, or rather a garden, of 12 acres, given by the state. I had heard much of this economical garden, and of the great number of useful experiments made in it; so much, indeed, that it weighed considerably with me in the arrangement of my journey; Venice was no object; and I could not, if I took Padua, have time for the Pontine marshes and Rome, which by the direct road I could have reached from Milan; but an experimental farm, the first I was assured in Europe, and which had thrown light on various important inquiries, was an object which I ought, as a farming traveller, to prefer to any city, and I determined accordingly. Signore Arduino received me politely, and appointed to-morrow for that gratification. At night to the opera, the *Due Baroni*, of Cimarosa, whose music to me has always something original and pleasing; but though the parts were not ill performed, and the orchestra powerful, yet the house being almost empty,—and those in it wearing such a shabby appearance, and the musicians all so dirty and undressed, that I felt here, what I have often done before, that half the charms of a theatre depend on the audience;—one must be in good humour—a certain exhilaration must be springing in the bosom; willingness to enjoy must be expanded into enjoyment by the sympathy of surrounding objects. Pleasure is caught from eyes that sparkle with the expectation of being pleased. Empty boxes and a dirty pit, with a theatre but half lighted, made the music, with all its gaiety, *sombre*; I left Gulielmi's *Pastorella nobili*, for the silence of my chamber.—21 miles.

28th. In the morning, viewing buildings, of which few are worth the trouble: then to deliver letters, but I was not fortunate in finding messieurs the professors at home: Signore Arduino was so by appointment, and showed me the experimental farm, as it ought to be called, for he is professor of practical agriculture in this celebrated university. I will enter into no detail of what I saw here. I made my bow to the professor; and only thought that his experiments were hardly worth giving up the capital of the world. If I keep my resolution, this shall be the last economical garden that I will ever go near. Among the buildings I viewed to-day, I was much struck with the church Santa Justina: though built in no perfect style, it has, on entering, an effect unusually imposing. It is clean and well kept; the pavement a very fine one, of marble,—and the magnitude being considerable, forms on the whole a splendid *coup d'oeil*. That of St. Anthony is little, on comparison, and made less by multiplied divisions and numerous decorations. Numbers were on their knees

before the sainted shrine, to which millions have resorted. Here mingled faith, folly, and enthusiasm have sought consolation, and found more than they merited. The Palazzo di Consiglia, which we should call the town-hall, is one of the greatest—if not *the* greatest room in Europe. It is 300 feet long and 100 broad; it does not want the excrementitious garniture of that of Vicenza.

29th. Waited, by appointment, on Signore Carbury, professor of chemistry; a lively pleasing man, with whom I wished to converse a little on the application of his science to agriculture; but that was not easy. Politics came across him, in which I happened to mention the extraordinary prosperity of England since the American war; and he took the clue, and conducted it through such a labyrinth of admirals, generals, red-hot balls, and floating batteries:—Rodney, Elliot, Necker, and Catherine, with the Lord knows what besides, that I thought he meant to make a tour as great as Mr. Wraxal's. He however gave me a note to the celebrated astronomer, Signore Toaldo, to whom I wanted an introduction, and whose observatory I viewed. He assured me that he continues firmly of the same opinion, of which he has always been, relative to the influence of the moon on our seasons, and the importance of attending to the lunar period of 18 years. I begged the titles of his memoirs, as I had yet procured only his *Meteorologia applicata all' Agricoltura*; he said the others were difficult to find, but he would give me them. For this generous offer I expressed my warmest thanks and readily accepted it. On descending into his library he presented me with the supplement to what I had; and also his tract, *Delia Vera Influenza*, etc. After some other conversation, he told me the price was 8 *liri*, and the supplement, 30 *soldi*. I was at a loss to know what he meant by telling me the price of his book, for to offer him money would, I feared, affront him. After some minutes he again reminded me that the price was 9½ *liri* : on which I took out my purse. The *Vera Influenza* he said was only 6 *liri*, but being scarce he must have 8 for it, which, with 30 sous for the other, made 9½ *livres*. I paid him and took my leave. There was not the least reason to expect Signore Toaldo to make me, an utter stranger, a present of a farthing; but his manner made me smile. I had left a letter yesterday at the house of the Abbate Fortis, well known in England by his travels in Dalmatia; to-day I received a visit from him. He has that liveliness and vivacity which distinguish his nation; was polite in his offers of service, and entered into conversation concerning the vines of his country. He travelled many years ago with Lord Bristol and Mr. Symonds;

and I was glad to find that he spoke as handsomely of them both as I have heard them both mention him. This is the third evening I have spent by myself at Padua with five letters to it; I do not even hint any reproach in this; they are wise, and I do truly commend their good sense: I condemn nobody but myself, who have for 15 or 20 years past, whenever a foreigner brings me a letter, which some hundreds have done, given him an English welcome, for as many days as he would favour me with his company, and sought no other pleasure but to make my house agreeable. Why I make this minute at Padua I know not; for it has not been peculiar to that place, but to seven-eighths of all I have been at in Italy. I have mistaken the matter through life abundantly,—and find that foreigners understand this point incomparably better than we do. I am, however, afraid that I shall not learn enough of them to adopt their customs, but continue those of our own nation.

30th. I had been so sick of *vettwiwi* that I was glad to find there was a covered passage boat that goes regularly to Venice; I did not expect much from it, and therefore was not disappointed to find a jumble of all sorts of people; except those of fortune. There were churchmen, two or three officers, and some others, better dressed than I should have looked for, for in Italy people are obliged to be economical. At Dollo, the half-way place, I formed for dinner a little party of two Abbati, an officer, and a pretty Venetian girl, who was lively and sensible. We dined by ourselves, with great good humour. After leaving Fusina, there is from the banks of the canal (I walked much of the journey), at the distance of four miles, a beautiful view of the city. On entering the Adriatic a party of us quitted the bark, and to save time hired a large boat which conveyed us to this equally celebrated and singular place; it was nearly dark when we entered the grand canal. My attention was alive, all expectancy: there was light enough to show the objects around me to be among the most interesting I had ever seen, and they struck me more than the first entrance of any other place I had been at. To Signore Petrillo's inn. My companions, before the gondola came to the steps, told me that as soon as Petrillo found me to be a Signore Inglese, there would be three torches lighted to receive me:—it was just so: I was not too much flattered at these three torches, which struck me at once as three pick-pockets. I was conducted to an apartment that looked on to the grand canal, so neat, and everything in it so clean and good, that I almost thought myself in England. To the opera. A Venetian audience, a Paduan, Milanese, Turinese, etc., exactly similar for dancing. What with

the stupid length of the ballets, the importance given to them, and the almost exclusive applause they demand, the Italian opera is become much more a school of dancing than of music. I cannot forgive this, for of 40 dances and 400 passages there are not 4 worth a farthing. It is distorted motion and exaggerated agility; if a dancer places his head in the position his heels should be in, without touching the ground; if he can light on his toes, after twirling himself in the air; if he can extend his legs so as to make the breadth of his figure greater than the length; or contract them to his body, so as to seem to have no legs at all—he is sure to receive such applause, so many bravos and bravissimos, as the most exquisite airs that ever were composed would fail to attract. The *ballarini*, or female dancers, have the same fury of motion, the same energy of distortion, the same tempest of agility. Dances of such exquisite elegance, as to allure attention, by voluptuous ease, rather than strike it by painful exertion, are more difficult and demand greater talents: in this superior walk the Italians where I have been are deficient.—24 miles.

31st. My first business was to agree with a gondolier, who is to attend me for 6 *pauls* a day. This species of boat, as all the world knows, is one of the most agreeable things to be found at Venice; at a trifling expense it equals the convenience of a coach and a pair of horses in any other city. I rowed out to deliver letters. Venice is empty at present, almost everybody being in the country, but I met with Signore Giovanne Arduino, superintendent of agriculture throughout the Venetian dominions, who has a considerable reputation, for the attention he has given to this object, and for some publications on it. It may be supposed, from his residence in this city, that he is not himself a practical husbandman. Spent a few hours among palaces, churches, and paintings. Everywhere in Italy the number of these is too great to dwell on. I shall only note that the picture which made the greatest impression on me was the family of Darius at the feet of Alexander, by Paul Veronese. The expression of the moment is admirably caught; the story well told; the grouping skilful; the colouring mellow and brilliant; the whole nature; all is alive; the figures speak; you hear the words on their lips; a calm dignity is admirably mixed with the emotions of the moment. Here was a subject worthy of employing a genius. It is in the Palazzo Pisani. Titian's presentation in the temple, in the Scuola della Carita, pleased me greatly. His bewitching pencil has given such life and lustre to some figures in this piece, that the eye is not soon satisfied with viewing it. St. Mark's palace contains such a profusion of noble works by Tiziano, Tintoretto,

Paul Veronese, Bassano, and Palma, as to form a school for artists to study in. Cochin, in his *Voyage d'Italie*, has given the particulars with criticisms that have less offended the Italians than most other works of a similar kind. The brazen horses, given to Nero by Tiridates, carried to Constantinople by Constantine, and brought from thence by the Venetians when they took that city, are admirable: pity they are not nearer to the eye. The mouths of the lions, not less celebrated than Venice itself, are still in existence; I hope regarded with detestation by every man that views them. There is but one accusation that ought to enter them; the voice of the PEOPLE against the government of the *state*. In the evening at the theatre (a tragedy) I was agreeably disappointed to find that the Italians have something besides harlequin and punchinello.

NOVEMBER 1. The cheapness of Italy is remarkable, and puzzles me not a little to account for; yet it is a point of too much importance to be neglected. I have, at Petrillo's, a clean good room, that looks on the grand canal and to the Rialto, which, by the way, is a fine arch, but an ugly bridge; an excellent bed, with neat furniture, very rare in Italian inns, for the bedstead is usually four forms like trussels set together; fine sheets, which I have not met with before in this country; and my dinner and supper provided at the old price of 8 *pauls* a day, or 3*s.* 4*d.* including the chamber. I am very well served at dinner with many and good dishes, and some of them *solids*; two bottles of wine, neither good nor bad, but certainly cheap; for though they see I drink scarcely half of it in my negus at supper, yet a bottle is brought every night. I have been assured, by two or three persons, that the price at Venice, *à la mercantile*, is only 4 to 6 *pauls*; but I suppose they serve a foreigner better. To these 8 *pauls* I add 6 more for a *gondola*;—breakfast 10 *soldi*; if I go to the opera it adds 3 *pauls*;—thus, for about 7*s.* 3*d.* a day, a man lives at Venice, keeps his servant, his coach, and goes every night to a public entertainment. To dine well at a London coffee-house, with a pint of bad port, and a very poor dessert, costs as much as the whole day here. There is no question but a man may live better at Venice for £100 a year than at London for £500; and yet the difference of the price of the common necessaries of life, such as bread, meat, etc., is trifling. Several causes contribute to this effect at Venice; its situation on the Adriatic, at the very extremity of civilised Europe, in the vicinity of many poor countries; the use of gondolas, instead of horses, is an article perhaps of equal importance. But the manners of the inhabitants, the modes of living, and the very moderate incomes of the mass of the people, have

perhaps more weight than either of those causes. Luxury here takes a turn much more towards enjoyment than consumption; the sobriety of the people does much, the nature of their food more; pastes, macaroni, and vegetables are much easier provided than beef and mutton. Cookery, as in France, enables them to spread a table for half the expense of an English one. If cheapness of living, *spectacles*, and pretty women are a man's objects in fixing his residence, let him live at Venice: for myself I think I would not be an inhabitant to be Doge, with the power of the Grand Turk. Brick and stone, and sky and water, and not a field nor a bush even for fancy to pluck a rose from! My heart cannot expand in such a place: an admirable monument of human industry, but not a theatre for the feelings of a farmer!—Give me the fields, and let others take the tide of human life at Charing Cross and Fleet Ditch.¹² Called again on Signore Arduino; converse on the state of agriculture in Italy, and the causes which have contributed to accelerate or retard it; and from him to a *conservatorio* at the Ospalletto. Dr. Burney, in his pleasing and elegant tour, has given an account of them.

2nd. A tour among *Chiese, Scuole, e Pallazzi*; but there is such an abundance of buildings and collections to which books send one that much time is always lost. The only traveller's guide that would be worth a farthing would be a *little* book that gave a catalogue of the best articles to be seen in every town, in the order of merit. So that if a man in passing has but one hour, he uses it in seeing the best object the place contains; if he has three days he takes the best the three days will give him; and if he stays three months he may fill it with the like gradation; and what is of equal consequence he may stop when he pleases and see no more; confident as far as he has extended his view that he has seen the objects that will pay him best for his attention. There is no such book, and so much the worse for travellers. In the library of St. Mark among the antiques are Commodus, Augustus, and Adrian; and more particularly to be noted, a fallen gladiator: a singular and whimsical Leda, by Cocenius. In the Palazzo Barbarigo, the Venus and the Magdalen of Titian are beautiful, though they have lost much of their glowing warmth by time. Two Rembrandts in the Palazzo Farsetti. A Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto. Titian's portrait, by himself. I finished by going up St. Mark's tower, which is high enough to command a distant view of all the islands on which Venice is built, and a great range of coast and mountains. The country seems everywhere a wood. Nothing rivals the view of the city and the isles. It is the most beautiful, and by

far the most singular that I have seen. The breadth of the Giudecca canal, spread with ships and boats, and walled by many noble buildings, with the isles distinct from Venice, of which the eye takes in four-and-twenty, form, upon the whole, a *coup d'oeil* that exceeds probably everything the world has to exhibit. The city, in general, has some beautiful features, but does not equal the idea I had formed of it from the pictures of Canaletti. A poor old gothic house makes a fine figure on canvas. The irregularity of front is greater perhaps than in any other city of equal importance; nowhere preserved for three houses together. You have a palace of three magnificent stories, and near it a hovel of one. Hence, there is not that species of magnificence which results from uniformity; or from an uninterrupted succession of considerable edifices. As to streets, properly so called, there is nothing similar to them in the world; 12 feet is a broad one; I measured the breadth of many that were only 4 and 5. The greater part of the canals, which are here properly the streets, are so narrow, as much to take off from the beauty of the buildings that are upon them. St. Mark's place has been called the finest square in Europe, which is a fine exaggeration. It appears large because every other space is small. The buildings, however, that surround it are some of them fine; but they are more interesting than beautiful. This spot is the immediate seat and heart of one of the most celebrated republics that has existed. St. Mark's church, the Doge's palace, the library, the Doge himself, the nobles, the famous casinos, the coffee-houses: thus St. Mark's square is the seat of government, of politics, and of intrigue. What Venice offers of power and pleasure may be sought here; and you can use your legs commodiously nowhere else. Venice shines in churches, palaces, and one fine square; and the beauty of the large canals is great. What she wants are good common houses, that mark the wealth and ease of the people; instead of which the major part are gothic, that seem almost as old as the republic. Of modern houses there are few—and of new ones fewer; a sure proof that the state is not flourishing. Take it, however, on the whole, and it is a most noble city; certainly the most singular to be met with in the world. The canal of the Giudecca, and the grand canal, are unrivalled in beauty and magnificence. Four great architects have contributed their talents for the fine buildings to be met with here;—Palladio, St. Micheli, Sansovino, and Scamozzi. The church of St. Giorgio Maggiore, by the first, is of a noble simplicity; and that of St. Maria della Saluta, of St. Micheli, has parts of admirable beauty; he seems always happy in his domes; and the portal of this

church is truly elegant. If a genius were to arise at present at Venice, as great as Palladio, how would he find employment? The taste of building churches is over: the rich nobles have other ways of spending their incomes. Great edifices are usually raised by newly acquired fortunes; there are now either none or too inconsiderable to decorate the city. In England all animated vigour of exertion is among individuals who aim much more at comfort within than magnificence without; and for want of public spirit and police a new city has arisen at London, built of baked mud and ashes, rather than bricks; without symmetry, or beauty, or duration; but distinguished by its cleanness, convenience, and arrangement. At a *prova*, or rehearsal of a new opera, *Il Burbero benefico*, by Martini of Vienna, much to my entertainment.

3rd. To the arsenal, in which there is very little indeed worth the trouble of viewing; travellers have given dreadful exaggerations of it: the number of ships, frigates, and galleys is inconsiderable; and I came out of this famous arsenal with a much meaner opinion of the Venetian naval force than I had entered it. Yet *they say* there are 3000 men constantly employed: if there are half the number, what are they about? The armoury is well arranged, clean, and in good order. The famous *bucentaur* is a heavy, ill built, ugly gilded monster, with none of that light airy elegance which a decorated yacht has. A thing made for pleasure only should have at least an agreeable physiognomy. I know nothing of the ceremony so good as Shenstone's stanza, comparing the vanity of the Doge's splendour on that day with the real enjoyment which a hermit on her shore has of his ducal *cara sposa*. The ships in this arsenal, even of 88 guns, are built under cover; and this is not so great an expense as might be thought; the buildings are only two thick brick walls, with a very light roof: but the expense is probably much more than saved in the duration of the ship. I mounted by the scaffolds and entered one of 88 guns that has been 25 years building, and is not above four-fifths finished at present. At the opera.—The sex of Venice are undoubtedly of a distinguished beauty; their complexions are delicate, and for want of rouge the French think them pale; but it is not person, nor complexion, nor features that are the characteristic; it is expression and physiognomy; you recognise great sweetness of disposition without that insipidity which is sometimes met with it; charms that carry a magic with them, formed for sensibility more than admiration; to make hearts feel much more than tongues speak. They must be generally beautiful here, or they would be hideous from their dress: the common one, at present,

is a long cloth cloak and a man's cocked hat. The round hat in England is rendered feminine by feathers and ribbons; but here, when the petticoats are concealed, you look again at a figure before you recognise the sex. The head-dresses I saw at Milan, Lodi, etc., show the taste and fancy of this people. It is indeed their region; their productions in all the fine and elegant arts have shown a fertility, a facility of invention, that surpasses every other nation; and if a reason is to be sought for the want of energy of character with which the modern Italians have been reproached (perhaps unjustly), we may possibly find it in this exquisite taste—perhaps inconsistent in the same characters with those rougher and more rugged feelings that result from tension, not laxity, of fibre. An exquisite sensibility has given them the empire of painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, and music; whether or not to this it has been owing that their beautiful country has been left under the dominion of Germans, Frenchmen, and Spaniards is a question not difficult to decide.

4th. I am in double luck; two persons to whom I had letters are returned from the country. I waited upon one of them, who received me in a very friendly manner, and entered into a conversation with me interesting, because on subjects of importance. I explained to him the object of my travels; and told him that I resided a few days in great cities for the advantage of conversation on those topics of political economy which concerned the general welfare of all nations. He told me very frankly that he was no farmer, and therefore for the practical part of my inquiries could not say much: that as to the other objects, which were without doubt important, he would give me any information in his power. I said that I wished for none on points which the nature of the government made improper to ask about; and if inadvertently I should demand anything of that complexion he would have the goodness to pardon and pass it by. He interrupted me hastily, "Foreigners are strangely apt to entertain false ideas of this republic; and to think that the same principles govern it at present as are supposed to have been its guidance some centuries past. In all probability half of what you have heard about it is erroneous; you may converse as freely at Venice as at London; and the state is wise enough (for in such cases they are really very moderate and tender) to concern themselves not at all with what does not tend directly to injure or disturb the established order of things. You have heard much of spies, and executions, and drownings, etc., but believe me there is not one circumstance at Venice that is not changed, and

greatly too, even in twenty years.” Encouraged by this declaration I ventured to put inquiries on population, revenues, taxes, liberty, etc., and on the government as influencing these; and it gave me no slight satisfaction to find that he was the man he had been represented;—able, keen, and intelligent; who had seen much of the world, and understood those topics perfectly. He was so obliging as to ask me to spend what time I could with him— said that for some days he should be constantly at home; and whenever it suited me to come he desired me to do it without ceremony. I was not equally fortunate with the other person; who seemed so little disposed to enter into conversation on any subject but trifles, that I presently saw he was not a man for me to be much the wiser for: in all political topics it was easy to suppose motives for silence; but relative to points of agriculture, or rather the produce of estates, etc., perhaps his ignorance was the real cause of his reserve. In regard to *cicisbeism*, he was ready enough to chat; he said that foreigners were very illiberal in supposing that the custom was a mere cloak for vice and licentiousness; on the contrary, he contended that at Paris, a city he knew well, there is just as much freedom of manners as at Venice. He said as much for the custom as it will bear; mollifying the features of the practice, but not removing them. We may however hope that the ladies do not merit the scandal with which foreigners have loaded them; and that the beauty of some of them is joined with what Petrarch thought it so great an enemy to:

Due gran nemiche insieme erano aggiunte
Bellezza ed onestà——

At night to a new tragedy of Fayel, a translation from the French; well acted by Signore and Signora Belloni. It is a circumstance of criticism amazing to my ears, that the Italian language should have been represented as wanting force and vigour, and proper only for effeminate subjects. It seems, on the contrary, as powerfully expressive of lofty and vigorous sentiments, of the terrible and the sublime, as it is admirable in breathing the softest notes of love and pity; it has even powers of harsh and rugged expression. There is nothing more striking in the manners of different nations than in the idea of shame annexed to certain necessities of nature. In England a man makes water (if I may use such an expression) with a degree of privacy, and a woman never in sight of our sex. In France and Italy there is no such feeling, so that Sterne’s Madame Ram-

bouillet was no exaggeration. In Otaheite, to eat in company is shameful and indecent; but there is no immodesty in performing the rites of love before as many spectators as chance may assemble. There is between the front row of chairs in the pit and the orchestra, in the Venetian theatre, a space of five or six feet without floor: a well-dressed man, sitting almost under a row of ladies in the side boxes, stepped into this place, and made water with as much indifference as if he had been in the street; and nobody regarded him with any degree of wonder but myself. It is, however, a beastly trick:—shame may be ideal, but not cleanliness; for the want of it is a solid and undoubted evil. For a city of not more than 150,000 people, Venice is wonderfully provided with theatres; there are seven; and all of them are said to be full in the carnival. The cheapness of admission, except at the serious opera, undoubtedly does much to fill them.

5th. Another tour among palaces, and churches, and pictures; one sees too many at once to have clear ideas. Called again on —, and had another conversation with him, better than a score of fine pictures. He made an observation on the goodness of the disposition of the common people at Venice, which deserves, in candour, to be noted: that there are several circumstances which would have considerable effect in multiplying crimes were the people disposed to commit them: 1st, the city is absolutely open, no walls, no gates, nor any way of preventing the escape of criminals by night, as well as by day: 2nd, that the manner in which it is built, the narrowness and labyrinth-direction of the streets, with canals everywhere, offer great opportunities of concealment, as well as escape: 3rd, the government never reclaims of any foreign power a criminal that flies: 4th, there is no police whatever; and it is an error to suppose that the system of *espionage* (much exaggerated) is so directed as to answer the purpose: 5th, for want of more commerce and manufactures, there are great numbers of idle loungers, who must find it difficult to live: 6th, and lastly, the government very seldom hangs, and it is exceedingly rare otherwise to punish.—From this union of circumstances it would be natural to suppose that rogues of all kinds would abound; yet that the contrary is the fact; and he assured me he does not believe there is a city in Europe of equal population where there are fewer crimes, or attempts against the life, property, or peace of others: that he walks the streets at all hours in the night, and never with any sort of arms. The conclusion in favour of his countrymen is very fair; at the same time I must remark that these very circumstances, which he pro-

duces to show that crimes ought to abound, might perhaps, with as much truth, be quoted as reasons for their not being found. From the want of punishment and police may probably be drawn an important conclusion, that mankind are always best when not too much governed; that a great deal may safely be left to themselves, to their own management, and to their own feelings; that law and regulation, necessary as they may be in some cases, are apt to be carried much too far; that frequent punishments rather harden than deter offenders; and that a maze of laws, for the preservation of the peace, with a swarm of magistrates to protect it, hath much stronger tendency to break than to secure it. It is fair to connect this circumstance of comparative freedom from crimes with seven theatres for only 150,000 people; and the admission so cheap, that the lowest of the people frequent them; more, perhaps, in favour of theatrical representations than all that Rousseau's brilliant genius could say against them. At night to another theatre, that of the tragi-comedy, where a young actress, apparently not twenty, supported the principal serious part with such justness of action, without exaggeration, and spoke this charming language with such a clear articulation and expression, as, for her age, was amazing.

6th. Another visit to islands and manufactures, etc.

7th. My last day at Venice; I made, therefore, a gleaning of some sights I had before neglected, and called once more on my friend ——, assuring him truly that it would give me pleasure to see him in England, or to be of any service to him there. The *Corriere di Bologna*, a covered barge, the only conveyance, sets off to-night at eleven o'clock. I have taken my place, paid my money, and delivered my baggage; and as the quay from which the barge departs is conveniently near the opera house, and *Il Burbero di buon Cuore* acted for the first night, I took my leave of Signore Petrillo's excellent inn, which deserves every commendation, and went to the opera. I found it equal to what the *prova* had indicated; it is an inimitable performance; not only abounding with many very pleasing airs, but the whole piece is agreeable: and does honour to the genius and taste of Signore Martini. Swift, in one of his letters to Stella, after dining with Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, and going in the evening to some scrub, says he hates to be a prince and a scoundrel the same day. I had to-night all this feeling with a vengeance. From the representation of a pleasing and elegant performance, the music of which was well adapted to string one's feelings to a certain pitch, in clear unison with the pleasure that sparkled in so many eyes and sounded

from so many hands—I stepped at once in full contrast into the bark *detto Corneredi Bologna*; a cabin about ten feet square, round which sat in silence, and the darkness visible of a wretched lamp, a company whose rolling eyes examined, without one word of reception, each passenger that entered. The wind howled and the rain beat in at the hole left for entering. My feelings that thrilled during the evening were dissipated in a moment, and the gloom of my bosom was soon in unison with that of the scene.

Of this voyage from Venice to Bologna, all the powers of language would fail me to give the idea I would wish to impress. The time I passed in it I rank among the most disagreeable days I ever experienced, and by a thousand degrees the worst since I left England; yet I had no choice: the roads are so infamously bad, or rather so impracticable, that there are no *vetturini*; even those whose fortune admits posting make this passage by water, and when I found that Monsieur de la Lande, secretary to the French ambassador at Turin, had made the same journey, in the same conveyance, and yet in his books says not a word against the accommodation, how was I to have divined that it could prove so execrable? A little more thought, however, would have told me that it was too cheap to be good, the price for the whole voyage of 125 miles is only 30 *pauls* (17s. 6d.), for which you are boarded. After a day's spitting of a dozen people, in 10 feet square (enough to make a dog sick), mattresses are spread on the ground, and you rest on them as you can, packed almost like herrings in a barrel; they are then rolled up and tumbled under a bulk, without the least attention which side is given you the night after; add to this the odours of various sorts, easy to imagine. At dinner, the cabin is the kitchen, and the *padrone* the cook, he takes snuff, wipes his nose with his fingers, and the knife with his handkerchief, while he prepares the victuals, which he handles before you, till you are sick of the idea of eating. But on changing the bark to one whose cabin was too small to admit any cookery, he brought his steaks and sausages rolled up in paper, and that in his flag of abomination (as Smollett calls a continental handkerchief), which he spreads on his knees as he sat opening the greasy treasure for those to eat out of his lap with their fingers, whose stomachs could bear such a repast. Will an English reader believe that there were persons present who submitted, without a murmur, to such a voyage, and who were beyond the common mercantile crews one meets with in a *vetturini*?—some well dressed, with an appearance and conversation that spoke nothing of the blackguard. I

draw conclusions operating strongly against the private and domestic comforts of life from such public vehicles: this is the only one for those who pass to and from Venice, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and Naples, and of course must be exceedingly frequented; and there are no *voitures* by land to rival it. If these people were clean, decent, and comfortable at home is it credible that they would submit to such a mode of travelling? The contrast would shock them as it would Englishmen, who would move heaven and earth to establish a better conveyance at a higher price. The people who travel thus form the great mass of a nation, if we except the poor; it is of little consequence how the Cornari and the Morosini live; they live probably like great lords in other countries; but the public and national prosperity is intimately connected with the comforts and accommodation of the lower classes, which appear in Italy to be, on comparison with England, miserably inferior. Their excellencies, the *aristocrats* of Venice, do not travel thus; and as to *the people*, whether they go on their heads, in the mud, or to the devil, is all one to the spirit of their government. For myself I walked much of the journey, and especially on the banks of the Po, for the better view of that great river, now rendered immense by the late dreadful floods which have deluged so much of the country. Along the banks, which are high dykes, raised many feet against its depredations, there are matted huts at every 100 or 200 yards, with men stationed, called *guardia di Po*, ready to assemble with their tools at a moment's warning in case of a breach; they have fires all night. Soldiers also make the rounds night and day to see that the men are at their stations, —and to give assistance if wanted. There is a known and curious piece of roguery against which much of this caution is bent; the mischief of a breach is so great that when the danger becomes very imminent the farmers in the night cross the river in boats in order to bore holes in the banks to enable the water the easier to make a breach, that by giving it a direction contrary to that of their own lands they may render themselves secure. For this reason the guards permit no navigation, except by privileged barks, like the *corrieri*, firing at all others that are seen on the river. It is now an immense body of water, twice, and in some places perhaps even thrice as broad as the Thames at London. As to the face of the country, from the Lagunes to Ferrara, it is everywhere nearly the same as what I have so often described; whether grass or arable, laid out into rows of pollards, with vines trained to them at various distances, but always near enough to give the whole the appearance of a wood when viewed from the least distance. It does not

seem to want people; towns and villages being numerous; and there are all the signs of a considerable navigation; every village being a port with abundance of barges, barks, boats, etc. Coffee-houses remarkably abound in the Venetian dominions; at all towns, and even villages, where we passed they are to be found, fortunately for me, as they were my resource to make amends for the dirty fingers and beastly handkerchief of our Signore Padrone. Before I entirely finish with Venice I shall insert a few circumstances with which I was favoured by an Italian, who resided some time in that city, and had abilities that would not allow me to doubt of his capacity in forming a true estimate of any political circumstance to which he directed his attention. His account of the principal nobility of the republic is such as would explain much more than I have seen or heard in their dominions. He says, "The education of the great is the disgrace of Venice. Men of the first families are not only ignorant to a degree shameful in so enlightened an age, but they are educated in a bad *ton*; with ill manners, from ideas that are suffered to be instilled by dependents which do not quit them through life; fixing from early habit the taste for bad company; while a pernicious indulgence exempts them from all learning: that this is so general, and is so extensive in its influence, that had the interior organisation of this government been less admirable it would, from this very cause, have mouldered to nothing long ago: that the pride of which they are accused is owing equally to bad company and to ignorance; the first gives them vague and improper ideas of their own importance, and the second inspires them with reserve to conceal their want of that knowledge which others, and especially foreigners, possess: that the ill effects of this bad education will be seen more and more; the governments of Europe being at present infinitely more enlightened than in times past; and improved considerably even in the last twenty years. There is, of necessity, a struggle among all nations, emulous to make the greatest progress in useful knowledge and to apply all knowledge to the most useful purposes; in such a period, therefore (he added), any people who are stationary, and more particularly any government that is so, will be outstripped in the great course by their competitors, and perhaps trampled on, like the monarchy of France, by those in whom *light* hath taken the place of *ignorance*." Pity that the richest blood in European veins should at present experience such an education!

Here are about forty families unquestionably the most ancient in Europe. All other countries, except Venice, have been conquered, or

overrun, or so destroyed that the oldest families may be dated comparatively from only modern periods; he who looks back to a well-defined ancestry from the tenth and eleventh centuries, and who can thus trace his lineage seven or eight hundred years, is in every country respected for antiquity; of this standing are the families of Bourbon, d'Este, Montmorency, Courtenaye, etc., which are commonly esteemed the first in Europe; but they are not esteemed so at Venice. Some of the Roman families, which from the ravages of the Huns took shelter in the isles of Venice, and which were THEN considerable enough to be entrusted with the government of their country, yet remain, and are unquestionably the most ancient in Europe. De la Lande, from Fresdrotti, confines the electors of the first Doge to twelve—*Badoer, Contarini, Morosini, Tiepolo, Michiel, Sanudo, Gradenigo, Memo, Falier, Dandolo, Baroszi, and Poland*, which is of late extinct. In the next class he places *Zustiniani, Cornarro, Bragadin*, and *Bembo*; then come the families *il serrare del consiglio, Querini, Dolfrni, Soranzo, Zorai, Marcello, Sagredo, Zane, and Salomon*. But since Monsieur de la Lande wrote they have published at Venice a *Disionario storico di Tutte Ie Venete Patrizie Famiglie*, 1780; compiled from a MS. in St. Mark's library; this work does not accord with the preceding table; I have extracted from it the following list:

Badoer; suo origine con la republica.—*Bollani*; antichi tribuni.—*Bragadin*; nei piu rimoti fecoli della republica.—*Ceisi*; dagli antichi Mari di Roma, antichi tribuni.—*Cioran*; negli elettori del primo Doge.—*Contarini*; uno negli elettori del primo Doge.—*Comoro*; dagli antichi Corneli di Roma, da' prmissimi temp itenuta in Venezia.—*Emo*; nacque colla medesina republica.—*Foscarini*; Vennero 867: antichi tribuni.—*Gradenigo*; delle prime venute in Venezia.—*Magno*; dalla prima fondazion di Venezia; tribuni.—*Marcello*; pare, che non si possa metter in dubio, che questa famiglia discenda dagli antichi Marcelli di Roma; antichi tribuni.—*Michieli*; antichissima di Venezia; gli elettori del primo Doge.—*Mocenigo*; delle prime venute in Venezia.—*Molin*; stabilita in Venezia 877; antichi tribuni.—*Morosini*; rifugiti per Ie incurzioni di Attila; fra gli elettori del primo Doge, e antichi tribuni.—*Da Mosto*; Vennero 454 rifugiati per Attila.—*Nani*; Vennero in Venezia sin dalla prima sua fondazione; antichi tribuni.—*Orio*; rifugiata per Attila; antichi tribuna.'—*Pisani*; dagli antichi Pisoni di Roma; dell' antico consiglio.—*Querini*; elettori del primo Doge.—*Sagredo*; Vennero nel 485.—*Salomon*; trà le elettrici del primo Doge.—*Sanudo*; dei primi fondatori

della città.—*Semitecolo*, sin dal 843; antico consiglio.—*Soranzo*; senzadubbio delle prime rifugite in Venezia; antichi tribuni.—*Tiepolo*; gli elettori del primo Doge: antichi tribuni.—*Trevisan*; Vennero per l'irruzione d'Attila.—*Valier*; rifugiti per le incursione di Attila sino dal 423; tribuni antichi.—*Venier*; Vennero per Attila; antichi tribuni.—*Zane*; antichissima famiglia di Venezia; antico consiglio.—*Zen*; dei 12 elettori del primo Doge. *Bembo, Coco, Dandolo, Falter, Foscarì, Gritti, Malipiero, Marini, Minio, Minolta, Moro, Muaszo, Nodal, Pesaro, Da Riva, Ruzini, Tron, Zusto*, all these *antichi tribuni*.

From the details of these families it appears that many have an origin as old as Attila the Hun, who invaded Italy in 452. If all these families are allowed to date from that period (and no reason appears against it), their origin may be traced to more than 1300 years. The election, however, of the first Doge, in 697, by the twelve heads of the republic, is one of the most authentic and the most noted acts in the establishment of any government. To this undisputed origin, the preceding list assigns the families of Civran, Contarini, Michieli, Morosini, Querini, Salomon, Tiepolo, and Zen, rejecting thus several families which have been commonly esteemed the first in the republic, and which former writers have expressly ranked among the electors of the first Doge. The only families in which both lists agree are Contarini, Michieli, Morosini, and Tiepolo: whether the others were, or were not electors of the Doge, there is no question about their great antiquity; and it is equally certain, that there are now actually at Venice from forty to fifty families which, in point of antiquity well ascertained, exceed all that are to be found in the rest of Europe.

And here I take leave of the Venetian lion; I am tired of it:— if the state were to build a pig-sty, I believe they would decorate it with his figure. It is a beast of no merit;—for what is ferocity without humanity,—or courage without honour?—It wars only to destroy; and spreads its wings not to protect, but to cover, like the vulture of Mr, Sheridan, the prey that it devours. At Ferrara, the Padrone's business stopped him a whole day; but he pretended it was a want of oxen to draw the coaches, that carried us ten miles by land, from canal to canal. This was not amiss, for it enabled me to see everything in that town, which, however, does not contain much. The new part—new is comparison with the rest—was built by Hercules II. Duke of Ferrara, who has laid out, and distributed the streets, and a square, in a manner that does honour to his memory. They are all of a fine breadth, well paved, with *trottoirs* of brick, every-

where defended by stone posts. I have seen no city so regularly laid out, except Turin. The Palazzo of the Marchese de Villa is an object to examine; and at that spot there is a very advantageous view of two noble streets. The Palazzo di Bentivoglio is another considerable building, with a vast garden full of bad statues; and even some of footmen, with laced hats and shoulder-knots, in a style fully as ridiculous as M. du Barre's at Toulouse. In the cathedral, a fine Guercino; and a marriage of Cana, by Bonona, a Ferrarese painter, at the Chartreuse. I paid homage to the tomb of Ariosto, a genius of the first lustre; since all modern ages have produced but three distinguished epic poets, what a glory to Italy to have given birth to two of them! the wonder is greater, however, that the third was not of the same country. From Ferrara to the canal which leads to Bologna the road is, without any idea of comparison, the worst in Europe that pretends to be *great* and *passable*. It is the natural rich soil of a flat wet country, rendered deeper by the late heavy rains; seven horses drew a coach about a mile and a half an hour. Making and mending are philosophical experiments not tried here; and the country being enclosed, the hedges and ditches confine the carriages to poach through the mud of one direction, instead of many. I walked most of it in the adjoining fields, the better to examine them. Arrived at Bologna at twelve o'clock at night.—125 miles.

12th. Deliver letters. I found Signore Bignami at home. He is a considerable merchant, who has attended to agriculture, sensible and intelligent. An English merchant, at the *Three Moors*, informing me that Mr. Taylor, who was at Carlsruhe for some time, was now settled at Bologna; I determined to wait on him, being the gentleman of whose husbandry, at Bifrons in Kent, I gave an account in my *Eastern Tour*. I accordingly went, in the evening, to Mr. Taylor's *conversazione*. He has handsome apartments in the Palazzo Zampiere, and lives here agreeably with his beautiful and amiable family; a finer progeny of daughters and sons is hardly to be seen, or that forms a more pleasing society. As I did not know, till I got to Bologna, that Mr. Taylor had left the court of Carlsruhe, I was eager to hear why he had quitted a situation which was so congenial with his love of agriculture. This gentleman travelling in Germany became known to the Margrave of Baden, where that enthusiastic love of agriculture, which, for the good of mankind some minds feel, induced him to take a farm of that prince. Thus was a gentleman, from the best cultivated part of Kent, fixed on a farm of five hundred acres in Germany. He carried his point, improved the farm, stayed four

years, and would have continued to the infinite advantage of the country, if the ministers of the Margrave had had as much understanding and as liberal a mind as their master. I am inclined to believe that no man can succeed on the continent of Europe (unless under a prince with a character of such decided energy as the late King of Prussia) provided he be really *practical*. He has no chance if he be not well furnished with the rubbish which is found in academies and societies: give him a jargon of learning, the science of names and words, letting things and practice go elsewhere, and he will then make his way and be looked up to. To the opera, where there is nothing worth hearing or seeing, except only a young singer, Signora Nava, whose voice is one of the clearest and sweetest tones I ever heard; she has great powers, and will have, for she is very young, great expression. It was the *Theodore re di Corse*, of Paiesello.

13th. The *Pellegrino* and *St. Marco* being full, has fixed me in this brutal hole, *I Tre Maurretti*, which is the only execrable inn I have been in (in a city) since I entered Italy. It has every circumstance that can render it detestable; dirt; negligence, filth, vermin, and impudence. You sit, walk, eat, drink, and sleep with equal inconvenience. A tour among the palaces and churches. The great collection of paintings in the Zampieri palace contains a few pieces of such exquisite merit that they rivet the spectator by admiration. The St. Peter, of Guido; the Hagar, of Guercino; and the Dance, of Albano. Monsieur Cochin says, the Guido is not only a *chef d'oeuvre*, but the finest picture in Italy, *enfin c'est un chef d'oeuvre et le tableau le plus parfait, par la reunion de toutes les parties de la peinture qui soit en Italie*. It is certainly a most noble piece of two figures, but wants, of necessity, the poetry of a tale told by many. To please me, the Guercino, of which he says little more than its being *très beau*, has an expression delicious that works on a fine subject to a great effect: it is more nature than painting. Hagar's countenance speaks a language that touches the heart; and the pathetic simplicity of the child is in unison with all the mother's feelings. The mellow warmth and tender softness of the colouring of the Albano, with the sweetness of the expression, are inimitable. In the church of St. Giovanne in Monte, there is the famous St. Cecilia of Raphael, of which Sir Robert Strange has given so fine a print, and in which he has done ample justice to the original. The St. Agnes of Domenichino, in the church of that name, and Job on his throne, by Guido, at the Mendicanti, are two others that must be visited. Dine with Signore Bignami; he is a considerable merchant,

and therefore I need not stare at this hospitality in Italy; with great satisfaction I find that no minute is lost in his company, as he is obliging enough to pardon the number of my inquiries. In the evening to Mr. Taylor's; this gentleman's discourse is interesting to my pursuit, for he has always had a great predilection for agriculture, and has practised it with intelligence and success. The Marchese di Mareschotti, who is married to a very pretty English lady, present also; a sensible man, who seemed pleased with the opportunity of explaining to me several circumstances, relative to tithes and taxation, that I was inquiring into. He is a singular instance at Bologna of going into company with his wife, and consequently superseding the necessity or want of a *cicisbeo*. He is regarded by his countrymen for this pretty much as he would be if walked on his head instead of his feet. How strangely doth it appear to them that an Italian nobleman should prefer the company of a woman he married from affection, and think there is any pleasure when he embraces his children, in believing them his own!—Here I met also the Baron de Rovrure, a French nobleman, and Madame la Marquise de Bouille, both in their way to Naples; they seem agreeable people. Mr. Taylor, and his two charming daughters, have apparently a pleasing society here. These ladies speak French and German like natives, and before they leave Italy will do the same with Italian; they paint agreeably, and have considerable musical talents; thus accomplishments will not be wanted to second the graces they owe to the beneficence of nature. I had some information from Miss Taylor to-night relative to the expenses of house-keeping, which will give an idea of the cheapness of Italy; premising (of which more in another place) that the *paolo* is sixpence, and that there are 10 *baiocche* in it. As to beef, mutton, bread, etc., they are all over Europe too nearly on a par to demand much attention; where meat is very fine, it is *nominally* dear; and where it is bad, it is called cheap: but the difference deserves little notice. Mr. Taylor contracts with a *traiteur* for his table, nine in the parlour and five in the kitchen, 20 *paoli* a-day for dinner; for supper he pays extra, and is supplied to his satisfaction—a proof, if any is wanted, of the cheapness of Bologna. It is remarkable that there is not the difference between the prices of any of the articles, and the same thing in England, that there is between the contracting prices and the *ratio* with us, a few per cent. in the former, but some hundred per cent in the latter; a sure proof that dearness and cheapness of living does not depend on prices per pound, but on the modes of living. Every tavern-keeper, *traiteur*, or other contractor of any sort in

England will have a price that shall give him a fortune in a few years; and servants, instead of submitting to the economy which their masters may think it necessary to establish, will not live an hour with them if they are not permitted to devour him.

14th. With Signore Bignami and his family to his country seat, about five miles from Bologna, on the road to Pistoja, spend an agreeable day, entirely dedicated to farming. The house is handsome and finely situated; the entertainment truly hospitable, and the information, given in a cool considerate walk, through every field of the farm, such as is little liable to error. A circumstance at this country seat deserves noting, as it marks the abundance of thieves: the chambers had the windows all shut so close, and fastened with so much attention, that I inquired the reason; and was answered that if the greatest care be not taken thieves will break in and plunder a house of everything portable. The shutters, to both windows and doors, were inlaid with bars of iron, to prevent their being sawn through. The conclusion we must draw from such a circumstance is certainly little favourable at first sight to the lower classes,—but that is always unjust, for they are ever what the police, law, and government of a country make them. In the evening, again at Mr. Taylor's; a house, in which no one will have the *entre*, and want the inclination. The Marchese Mareschotti there, who had the goodness to continue his attentions to my inquiries, and to give some me valuable information: I had also the pleasure of conversing, on the same subjects, with the Conte di Aldrovandi. There is a room, at the *Tre Maurettili*, which, communicating with several apartments, the guests have it in common: among them was a young *Ballarini* waiting here for an Englishman, to attend her to Venice; she was pretty and communicative; had some expensive trinkets given her, to the amount of a considerable sum, by her lover, who proved (for secrecy was not among her qualities) to be a rider, as we should call him, to a manufacturing house in England. An Italian merchant present remarked that the profit of the English, on their manufactures, must be enormous, or they could not support *commissarii* at such an expense, some of whom travel in Italy *post*, from town to town, and when arrived, amuse themselves, it is plain, with such *comforts* as the good humour of the country throws in their way.

15th. The rencontre at Mr. Taylor's of the French gentleman, the Baron de Rovrure, and Madame de Bouille, has been productive of an engagement to travel together to Florence, with Signore Grimaldi, and

Mr. Stewart, a Scotch gentleman¹³ just arrived from Geneva, and going also to Florence. We set off in three *vetturi* this morning. The country from Bologna to Florence is all mountainous; most of it poor and barren, with shabby, ragged, ill-preserved wood, spotted with a weak and straggling cultivation. Houses are scattered over most of it, but very thinly. We dined at Loiano, much in the style of hogs; they spread for us a cloth that had lost, by the snuff and greasy fingers of *vetturini*, all that once was white; our repast was black rice broth, that would not have disgraced the philosophy of Lycurgus, liver fried in rancid oil, and cold cabbage, the remnant of the preceding day. We pleaded hard for sausage, eggs, or good bread and onions, but in vain. We laid, not slept, in our clothes at Covigliano, hoping, not without fears, to escape the itch. Such accommodations, on such a road, are really incredible. It is certainly one of the most frequented that is to be found in Europe. Whether you go to Florence, Rome, and Naples, by Parma, Milan, or Venice; that is, from all Lombardy, as well as from France, Spain, England, Germany, and all the north, you pass by this route, consequently one would expect at every post a tolerably good inn to catch the persons whom accident, business, or any other derangement of plan might induce to stop between Bologna and Florence. The only place possible to sleep at, with comfort, is Maschere, about 40 miles from Bologna, but, for travellers who go any other way than post, 40 miles are no division of 64. If the road were in England, with a tenth of the traffic, there would be an excellent inn at every four or five miles to receive travellers properly, at whatever distance their accidental departure made most convenient: but England and Italy have a gulf between them in the *comforts* of life much wider than the channel that parts Dover and Calais.—27 miles.

16th. On entering Tuscany, our baggage was examined, and plumbed for Florence; the first moment I set foot in this country, therefore, I find one gross error of the *economistes*, who have repeated, from one another, in at least twenty performances, that the Grand Duke had adopted their plan and united all taxes in one upon the net produce of land. Having crossed the highest ridge of the Apennines, for several miles in the clouds, and therefore seeing no prospect, descended at Maschere, for a while, into a better region; from the inn, the view is rich and fine. We noted here a wonderful improvement in the figure and beauty of the sex; the country women are handsome and their dress is very becoming; with jackets, the sleeves puckered and tied in puffs, with coloured rib-

bons; broad hats, something like those worn by ladies in England with riding habits; their complexions are good, and their eyes fine, large, and expressive. We reached Florence with just light enough to admire the number of white houses spread thickly everywhere over the mountains that surround the city. But before we enter, I must say a word or two of my French fellow-travellers: Monsieur le Baron is an agreeable polite man, not deficient in the power to make observations that become a person of sense: the life of Madame de Bouille would, if well written, form an entertaining romance; she went, early in the last war, to St. Domingo with her husband, who had a considerable property there; and on her return she was taken in a French frigate, by an English one, after a very smart engagement of three hours, and carried into Kinsale, whence she went to Dublin, and to London: this is an outline which she has filled up very agreeably with many incidents, which have kept her in perpetual motion; the present troubles in France have, I suppose, added her and the baron to the infinite number of other French travellers, who swarm, to an incredible degree, everywhere in Italy. She is lively, has much conversation, has seen a good deal of the world, and makes an agreeable *compagnon de voyage*.—37 miles.

17th. Last night, on arriving here, we found the *Aquila Nera* and *Vanini's* so full that we could not get chambers; and the great Mr. Meggot looked into our cabriolets to examine us before he would give an answer, pretending that his were bespoken; and then assured us, as we had no air that promised good plucking, that his were engaged. At the *Scudi di Francia*, where there are many excellent and well furnished apartments, we found all we wanted, but dearer than common, 10 *paoli* a head a day; our merchant leaves us to-morrow morning for Leghorn, and the rest of the company divide to find lodgings. Waited on Monsieur de Streinesberg, the Grand Duke's private secretary, for whom I had letters: I am out of luck, for he is immersed in business and engagements, as the court goes to Pisa to-morrow morning for the winter. This, I suppose, is of no consequence to me, for what court is there in the world that would give or receive information from a farmer? The objects for which I travel are of another complexion from those which smooth our paths in a court. And yet the Grand Duke has the reputation of being, in respect to the objects of his attention, the wisest prince in Europe. So much for the sovereign of this country,—let me but find some good farmers in it and I shall not be discontented.

18th. Fixed this morning in lodgings (*del Sarte Inglese via dei Fossi*),

with the Marchionese, the Baron, and Mr. Stewart. My friend. Dr. Symonds, had given me a letter to his excellency Philippo Neri, who I found was dead; but hearing that his brother, Signore Neri, was not only living, but president of the *Georgofili* society, I waited on him and gave him the letter that was designed for his late brother; he received me politely, and recollecting the name of Young being quoted by the Marquis de Cassaux, in his *Mechanism des Societes*, and being informed that I was the person, remarked that this ingenious writer had made some use of my calculations to found his theory of the national debt of England; a very curious subject, on which he should like much to converse with me; and asked if I looked upon that debt as so harmless. I told him that I thought Monsieur de Cassaux's book full of original and ingenious remarks, and many important ones, particularly his condemnation of the colonising system; but that as to the national debt of England, it originated in the knavery of those who borrowed, and in the folly of those who lent; perpetuating taxes that took money from industrious people, in order to give it to idle ones. That the liberty of England enabled it to nourish beyond that of any other society in the world, not because it had a national debt, but in spite of so great an evil.—*Well, Sir*, he replied, *I have just the idea of it that you have, and I could not conceive how a country could pay eight or nine millions of guineas a year, in interest, without being the weaker and poorer.* He then inquired into my plan, commended highly the object of my journey, which, he was pleased to say, had so little resemblance to that of the great mass of my countrymen that he hoped I met with no impediments in gaining the information I wished; and added, that he was very sorry he was going to Pisa, or he should have been happy in procuring me all in his power, though he was no practical farmer. Signore Neri appears to be well informed, sensible, and judicious; has a large collection of books on useful subjects, particularly the various branches of political economy, which he shows, by his conversation, to have consulted with effect. After all I had read and heard of the Venus of Medicis, and the numberless casts I had seen of it, which have made me often wonder at descriptions of the original, I was eager to hurry to the *tribuna* for a view of the dangerous goddess. It is not easy to speak of such divine beauty with any sobriety of language; nor without hyperbole to express one's admiration, when felt with any degree of enthusiasm; and who but must feel admiration at the talents of the artist that thus almost animated marble? If we suppose an original, beautiful as this statue, and doubly animated,

not with life only, but with a passion for some favoured lover, the marble of Cleomenes is not more inferior to such life, in the eyes of such a lover, than all the casts I have seen of this celebrated statue are to the inimitable original. You may view it till the unsteady eye doubts the truth of its own sensation: the cold marble seems to acquire the warmth of nature, and promises to yield to the impression of one's hand. Nothing in painting so miraculous as this. A sure proof of the rare merit of this wonderful production is its exceeding, in truth of representation, every idea which is previously formed; the reality of the chisel goes beyond the expectancy of imagination; the visions of the fancy may play in fields of creation, may people them with nymphs of more than human beauty; but to imagine life thus to be fashioned from stone, that the imitation shall exceed, in perfection, all that *common* nature has to offer, is beyond the compass of what ordinary minds have a power of conceiving. In the same apartment there are other statues, but, in the presence of Venus, who is it that can regard them? They are, however, some of the finest in the world, and must be reserved for another day. Among the pictures, which indeed form a noble collection, my eyes were riveted on the portrait of Julius II by Raphael, which, if I possessed, I would not give for the St. John, the favourite idea he repeated so often. The colours have, in this piece, given more life to canvas than northern eyes have been accustomed to acknowledge. But the Titian!—enough of Venus;—at the same moment to animate marble, and breathe on canvas, is too much.—By husbanding the luxury of the sight, let us keep the eye from being satiated with such a parade of charms; retire to repose on the insipidity of common objects, and return another day, to gaze with fresh admiration. In the afternoon, by appointment, to Signore Preposito Lastri, author of the *Corso d'Agricoltura*, and other much esteemed works, to whom I had letters. He was to have carried me to Signore Zucchini, director of the economical garden, for whom also I had recommendations; I hoped to escape seeing this garden,—and the rain seconded my wishes, for it would not allow us to stir; and that gentleman coming to Signore Lastri's, I had the pleasure of a conversation on our favourite topic. Signore Zucchini seems an animated character, speaks of agriculture in a style that gives me a good opinion of his pursuits; made me very friendly offers, of whatever assistance was in his power, during my stay at Florence, and appointed another day for viewing the economical garden. At night to the opera, the *Trami del Lusso*, of Cimarosa; the music as good as the singing bad, and the dancing execrable. An En-

glish gentleman, of the name of Harrington (the younger), whom I had met at Mr. Taylor's, at Bologna, entering into conversation, mentioned, among other topics, that the Margrave of Anspach, who is here with Lady Craven, wished to know me personally, in order to speak to me on the subject of Spanish sheep, his highness having imported them to Anspach. I replied that, on a farming topic, I should be happy in the conversation of any prince who loved the subject enough to import a better breed. The father soon after joining us, and probably having been told, by his son, what had passed, observed to me that the Margrave was very found of agriculture, and had made great improvements; adding, "that if I wanted to be introduced to him, he would introduce me." This was another business—my expressing a desire to be presented to a sovereign prince, not at his own court, appeared to be an awkward intrusion; for no idea could be more disgusting to me than that of pushing myself into such company. I replied, therefore, that if it were the desire of the Margrave to have any conversation with me, and he would inform me of it, in any way he thought proper, I would certainly pay my respects to him, with great readiness. The Margrave was at the opera; Mr. Harrington quitted me, as if to go to him. I suppose the conversation was misunderstood, for Lady Craven does not seem, by her book, to be much of a farmer.

19th. Call on Signore Tartini, secretary to the royal academy *Georgofili*, and on Lord Hervey, our minister here; both absent. Another turn in the gallery brought a repetition of that pleasure which is there to be reaped in the exuberance of a plentiful harvest. The woman lying on a bed, by Titian, is probably the finest picture, of one figure, that is to be seen in the world. A satyr and nymph, by Hannibal Carracci; a Correggio; a Carlo Dolci.—Among the statues—the Apollo, the Wrestlers, the Whetter, as it is called, the Venus rising from the bath, the Ganimede.—What an amazing collection! I have been many years amusing myself with looking at the statues in England! very harmlessly:—my pleasure of that kind is at an end. In spite of every effort to the contrary, one cannot (unless an artist, who views not for pleasure but as a critic) help forming eternal comparisons, and viewing very coldly pieces that may perhaps have merit, but are inferior to others which have made a deep impression. But the paintings and statues in this gallery are in such profusion that, to view them with an attention adequate to their merit, one ought to walk here two hours a day for six months. In the afternoon, waited on Signore Fabbroni, author of some works on agri-

culture, that have rendered him very well known, particularly a little treatise in French. entitled, *Reflections sur l'état actuel l'Agriculture*, printed at Paris in 1780, which is one of the best applications of the modern discoveries in natural philosophy to agriculture that has been attempted; it is a work of considerable merit. I had two hours' very agreeable and instructive conversation with him: he is lively, has great fire and vivacity, and that valuable talent of thinking for himself, one of the best qualities a man can possess; without which, we are little better than horses in a team, trammelled to follow one another. He is very well instructed also in the politics of Tuscany connected with agriculture.

20th. Early in the morning, by appointment, to Signore Tartini, to whose attentions I am obliged, not only for a conversation on my favourite subject, but for some books of his writing, which he presented me with; among others, the *Giornale d'Agricoltura di Fireme*, which was dropped for want of encouragement. He accompanied me to Signore Lastri's, and then we went together to the economical garden of Signore Zucchini, for which the Grand Duke allows three hundred crowns a-year, besides such labour as is wanted; and the professor reads lectures in summer. The establishment of such a garden does honour to a sovereign; because it marks an attention to objects of importance. But it is greatly to be regretted they do not go one step further, and, instead of a garden, have a farm of not less than three hundred English acres: most of them are possessors of farms; a well situated one might easily be chosen, and the whole conducted at an expense that would be amply repaid by the practical benefits flowing from it. Signore Zucchini's garden is much cleaner, and in neater order than any other I have seen in Italy: but it is not easy to form experiments in a few acres that are applicable to the improvement of a national agriculture. He is an active, animated character, attached to the pursuit (no small merit in Italy), and would make a very good use of his time if the Grand Duke would do with him as the King of Naples has done by his friend Signore Balsamo —send him to practise in England. I told him so, and he liked the idea very much. We had some conversation concerning Signore Balsamo, agreeing that he had considerable talents and great vivacity of character. I regretted that he was to stay only a year in England; but admitted that there were few men who could make so good a use of so short a period. Signore Zucchini showed me the MS. account of my farm which Signore Balsamo had sent him.¹⁴ A professor of agriculture, in Sicily, being sent by his sovereign, and wisely sent, to England for instruction in agriculture, appears to me to

be an epoch in the history of the human mind. From that island, the most celebrated of all antiquity for fruitfulness and cultivation, on whose exuberance its neighbours depended for their bread—and whose practice the greatest nations considered as the most worthy of imitations: at a period too when we were in the woods, contemned for barbarity, and hardly considered as worth the trouble of conquering. What has effected so enormous a change? Two words explain it: we are become free and Sicily enslaved. We were joined at the garden by my good friend from Milan, the Abbate Amoretti, a new circumstance of good fortune for me. To-day, in my walk in the gallery, I had some conversation with Signore Adamo Fabbroni, brother to the gentleman I mentioned before, and author also of some dissertations on agriculture; particularly *Sopra il quesito, indicare le vere teorie delle stime dei terreni*, from which I inserted an extract in the *Annals of Agriculture*,—also a Journal of Agriculture, published at Perugia, where he resided seven years; but as it did not succeed for more than three, he dropped it. It is remarkable how many writers on this subject there are at present at Florence: the two Fabbronis, Lastri, Zucchini, Targioni, Paoletti, whom I am to visit in the country, attended by Signore Amoretti; they say he is the most practical of all, having resided constantly on his farm. I spent an hour very agreeably, contemplating one statue to-day, namely, Bandinelli's copy of the Laocoon, which is a production that does honour to modern ages; I did not want this copy to remind me of another most celebrated one, and of the many very agreeable and instructive hours I have spent with its noble owner the Earl of Orford.

21st. Signore Tartini had engaged the Abbate Amoretti and myself to go this day to his country seat, but it rained incessantly. The climate of Italy is such as will not make many men in love with it; on my conscience, I think that of England infinitely preferable.—If there were not great powers of evaporation it would be uninhabitable. It has rained, more or less, for five weeks past; and more, I should conceive, has fallen than in England in a year. In the evening to the *conversazione* of Signore Fabbroni, where I met Signore Pella, director of the gallery; Signore Gaietano Rinaldi, director of the posts; another gentleman, administrator of the grand duke's domains, I forget his name; the Abbate Amoretti, etc.—It gave me pleasure to find that the company did not assemble in order, to converse on the trivial nonsense of common topics, like so many *coteries* in all countries. They very readily joined in the discussions I had with Signore Fabbroni; and Signora Fabbroni herself,

who has an excellent understanding, did the same. By the way, this lady is young, handsome, and well made: if Titian were alive, he might form from her a Venus not inferior to those he has immortalised on his canvas; for it is evident that his originals were real and not ideal beauty. Signora Fabbroni is here, but where is Titian to be found?

22nd. In the forenoon to the *conversazione* of the senator Marchese Ginori, where were assembled some of the *litterati*, etc., of Florence; the Cavaliere Fontana, so well known in England for his eudiometrical experiments, Zucchini, Lastri, Amoretti, the Marchese Pacci, who has a reputation here for his knowledge of rural affairs, Signore Pella, etc. The *conversazioni* are commonly in an evening, but the Marchese Ginori's is regularly once a week in a morning; this nobleman received me very politely: indeed he is famous for his attention to every object that is really of importance; converses rationally on agriculture and has himself, many years ago, established in the neighbourhood of Florence one of the most considerable manufactories of porcelain that is to be found in Italy. Dine with his majesty's envoy extraordinary. Lord Hervey, with a great party of English; among whom were Lord and Lady Eicho, and Mr. and Miss Charteris, Lord Hume, Mr. and Mrs. Beckford, Mr. Digby, Mr. Tempest, Dr. Cleghom, professor of history at St. Andrews, who travels with Lord Hume, with ten or a dozen others. I had the honour of being known to Lord and Lady Hervey in Suffolk, so they were not new faces to me; of the others, I had never seen anything: the company was too numerous for a conversation from which much was to be gained. I sat by the fellow of an English college; and my heels had more conversation with his sword than I had with its owner: when a man begins every sentence with a cardinal, a prince, or a celebrated beauty, I generally find myself in too good company; but Miss Charteris, who seems a natural character, and was at her ease, consoled me on the other side. At this dinner (which by the way was a splendid one), I was, according to a custom that rarely fails, the worst dressed man in the company; but I was clean, and as quietly in repose on that head as if I had been either fine or elegant. The time was when this single circumstance would have made me out of countenance and uneasy. Thank my stars I have buried that folly. I have but a poor opinion of Quin, for declaring that he could not afford to go plain: he was rich enough in wit to have worn his breeches on his head, if he had pleased; but a man like myself, without the talent of conversation, before he has well arranged his feelings, finds relief in a good coat or a diamond ring. Lord Hervey, in the most friendly man-

ner, desired I would make his table my own while I was at Florence,—that I should always find a cover, at three o'clock, for *dinners are not the custom here, and you will very rarely find me from home*. This explains the Florentine mode of living; at Milan, great dinners are perpetual, here the nobility never give them. I have no idea of a society worth a farthing where it is not the custom to dine with one another. Their *conversazioni* are good ideas when there are no cards,—but much inferior to what one has at a dinner for a select party. In England, without this, there would be no conversation; and the French custom, of rising immediately after it, which is that also of Italy, destroys, relatively to this object, the best hour in the whole day.

23rd. To the gallery, where the horrible tale of Niobe and her children is told so terribly well in stone as to raise in the spectator's bosom all the powers of the pathetic. The action of the miserable mother, shielding the last of her children against the murdering shafts of Apollo, is inimitable; and the figure of that youngest of the children, perfection. The two figures, which strike me most, are the son who has gathered his drapery on his left arm, and the companion, a daughter, in the opposite comer. The expression of his face is in the highest perfection, and the attitude, and whole figure, though much repaired, incomparable. The daughter has gathered her drapery in one hand behind her, to accelerate her flight; she moves against the wind, and nothing can be finer than the position and motion of the body appearing through the drapery. There are others of the group also, of the greatest force and fire of attitude; and I am happy not to be a critic instructed enough to find, as Monsieur de la Lande says, that the greatest part of the figures are bad. They certainly are not equal; they are the work of Scopas, a Greek sculptor. Dine with Lord Eicho, at Meggot's hotel; Lord Hume, Mr. Tempest, Mr. Tyrwhit, as well as Lord Eicho's family and Dr. Cleghom, present: some agreeable conversation; the young persons have engaged in sport to walk on foot to Rome; right—I like that. If the Italians are curious in novelty of character, the passing English are well framed to give it.

24th. In the morning, with Abbate Amoretti and Signore Zucchini to the porcelain manufacture of the Marchese Ginori, four miles to the north of Florence. It is said to be in a flourishing state, and the appearance of things answers the description. It is a good fabric, and many of the forms and the designs are elegant. They work casts of all the antique statues and bronzes, some of which are well executed. Their plates are a *zechin* each (9s.), and a complete service for 12 covers, 107 *zechins*. To

the Marchese Martelli's villa; a very handsome residence. This nobleman is a friend of Signore Zucchini, and understanding our intention of making it a farming day as well as a manufacturing one, ordered a dinner to be prepared, and his factor to attend for giving information, apologising for his own absence, owing to a previous engagement. We found a very handsome repast; too much for the occasion:—and we drank—*alia Inglese*, SUCCESS TO THE PLOUGH! in excellent wine. The factor then conducted us over the farm: he is an intelligent man, and answered my numerous inquiries, apparently with considerable knowledge of the subject. Returned at night to Florence.

25th. Early in the morning with Signore Amoretti to Villa Magna, seven miles to the south of Florence, to Signore Paoletti; this gentleman, *curé* of that parish, had been mentioned to me as the most practical writer on agriculture in this part of Italy, having resided always in the country, and with the reputation of being an excellent farmer. We found him at home, and passed a very instructive day, viewing his farm and receiving much information. But I must note that to this expression, *farm*, must not be annexed the English idea; for Signore Paoletti's consist of three *poderi*, that is, of three houses, each with a farmer and his family, *alia Meta*, who cultivates the ground and has half the produce. It is unnecessary to observe that whenever this is the case the common husbandry, good or bad, must be pursued. It will surprise my English readers to find that the most practical writer at Florence of great reputation, and very deservedly so, has no other than a *metayer* farm. But let it not be thought the least reflection on Signore Paoletti, since he classes, in this respect, with his sovereign, whose farms are in the same regimen. Signore Paoletti's maples for vines appeared to be trained with much more attention than common in Tuscany, and his olives were in good order. This day has given me a specimen of the winter climate of Italy; I never felt such a cold piercing wind in England. Some snow fell; and I could scarcely keep myself from freezing by walking four or five miles an hour. All water not in motion from its current or the wind was ice; and the icicles from the dripping springs in the hills were two feet long. In England when a fierce N.E. wind blows in a sharp frost we have such weather; but for the month of November I believe such a day has not been felt in England since its creation. The provision of the Florentines against such weather is truly ridiculous: they have not chimneys in more than half the rooms of common houses; and those they do not use; not because they are not cold, for they go shivering about with chattering

teeth with an idea of warmth from a few wood ashes or embers in an earthen pan; and another contrivance for their feet to rest upon. Wood is very dear, therefore this miserable succedaneum is for economy. Thank God for the coal fires of England, with a climate less severe by half than that of Italy. I would have all nations love their country; but there are few more worthy of such affection than our BLESSED ISLE, from which no one will ever travel, but to return with feelings fresh strung for pleasure and a capacity renovated by a thousand comparisons for the enjoyment of it.

26th. To the Palazzo Pitti. I have often read about ideal grace in painting, which I never well comprehended till I saw the Madona della Sedia of Raphael. I do not think either of the two figures, but particularly the child, is strictly in nature; yet there is something that goes apparently beyond it in their expression; and as passion and emotion are out of the question it is to be resolved into ideal grace. The air of the virgin's head, and the language of the infant's eyes, are not easily transfused by copyists. A group of four men at a table, by Rubens, which for force and vigour of the expression of nature is admirable. A portrait of Paul III by Titian, and of a Medicis by Raphael. A virgin, Jesus, and St. John, by Rubens, in which the expression of the children is hardly credible. A Magdalen, and portrait of a woman in a scarlet habit, by Titian. A copy of Correggio's holy family, at Parma, by Barrocio Cataline, a copy of Salvator Rosa by Nicolo Cassalve; and last, not least, a marine view by Salvator.—But to enumerate such a vast profusion of fine pieces in so many splendid apartments is impossible; for few sovereigns have a finer palace or better furnished. Tables inlaid, and curiosities, both here and at the gallery, abound that deserve examination to mark the perfection to which these arts have been carried in a country where you do not find in common life a door to open without wounding your knuckles or a window that shuts well enough to exclude the Apennine snows. The gardens of this palace contain ground that Brown would have made delicious, and many fine things that itineraries, guides, and travels dwell amply on.

27th. To the palace Poggio Imperiali, a country seat of the Grand Duke's only a mile from Florence, which is an excellent house of good and well proportioned rooms, neatly fitted up and furnished, with an air of comfort without magnificence, except in the article beds, which are below par. There is a fine vestibule and saloon, that in hot weather must be very pleasant; but our party were frozen through all the house. Lord

Hervey's rooms are warm from carpets and good fires; but those are the only ones I have seen here. We have a fine clear blue sky and a bright sun, with a sharp frost and a cutting N.E. wind that brings all the snow of the Alps, of Hungary, Poland, Russia, and the frozen ocean to one's sensation. You have a sun that excites perspiration if you move fast; and a wind that drives ice and snow to your vitals. And this is Italy, celebrated by so many hasty writers for its delicious climate! To-day, on returning home, we met many carts loaded with ice, which I found upon measure to be four inches thick; and we are here between latitude 43 and 44. The green peas in December and January in Spain show plainly the superiority of that climate, which is in the same latitude. The magnitude and substantial solidity with which the Palazzo Ricardi was built by a merchant of the Florentine republic is astonishing; we have in the north of Europe (now the most commercial part of the globe) no idea of merchants being able to raise such edifices as these. The Palazzo Pitti was another instance; but as it ruined its master it deserves not to be mentioned in this view; and there are at Florence many others, with such a profusion of churches that they mark out the same marvellous influx of wealth arising from trade. To a mind that has the least turn after philosophical inquiry, reading modern history is generally the most tormenting employment that a man can have; one is plagued with the actions of a detestable set of men called conquerors, heroes, and great generals; and we wade through pages loaded with military details; but when you want to know the progress of agriculture, of commerce, and industry, their effect in different ages and nations on each other—the wealth that resulted—the division of that wealth—its employment—and the manners it produced—all is a blank. Voltaire set an example, but how has it been followed? Here is a ceiling of a noble saloon, painted by Luca Giordano, representing the progress of human life. The invention and poetry of this piece are great, and the execution such as must please every one. The library is rich; I was particularly struck with one of the rooms that contains the books, having a gallery for the convenience of reaching them, without any disagreeable effect to the eye. In England we have many apartments the beauty of which is ruined by these galleries: this is 36 feet by 24, within the cases, well lighted by one moderate window; and is so pleasing a room that if I were to build a library I would imitate it exactly. After visiting the gallery and the Palazzo Pitti, we are naturally nice and fastidious—yet here are some paintings that may be viewed with pleasure. In the evening to the *conversazione*

of Signore Fabbroni; the assembly merits the name; for some of the best instructed people at Florence meet there and discuss topics of importance. Signore Fabbroni is not only an *economiste*, but a friend to the Tuscan mode of letting farms *alia meta*, which he thinks is the best for the peasants; his abilities are great; but facts are too hard for him.

29th. Churches, palaces, etc. In the afternoon to St. Firenze to hear an oratorio. At night to a concert given by a rich Jew on his wedding: a *solo* on the violin, by Nardini.—Crowds—candles—ice—fruits—heat—and—so forth.

30th. To Signore Fabbroni, who is second in command under il Cavaliere Fontana in the whole museum of the Grand Duke; he showed me and our party the cabinets of natural history, anatomy, machines, pneumatics, magnetism, optics, etc., which are ranked among the finest collections in the world; and, for arrangement, or rather exhibition, exceed all of them; but note, no chamber for agriculture; no collection of machines relative to that first of arts; no mechanics of great talents or abilities employed in improving, easing, and simplifying the common tools used by the husbandmen, or inventing new ones, to add to his forces and to lessen the expense of his efforts! Is not this an object as important as magnetism, optics, or astronomy? Or rather is it not so infinitely superior as to leave a comparison absurd? Where am I to travel to find agricultural establishments on a scale that shall not move contempt? If I find none such in the dominions of a prince reputed the wisest in Europe, where am I to go for them? Our *Annual Register* gave such an account a few years past of the new regulations of the Grand Duke in relation to burials that I have been anxious to know the truth by such inquiries on all hands as would give me not the letter of the law only, but the practice of it. The fact in the above-mentioned publication was exaggerated. The bodies of all who die in a day are carried in the night on a bier in a linen covering (and not tumbled naked into a common cart) to the church, but without any lights or singing; there they receive benediction; thence they are moved to a house prepared on purpose, where the bodies are laid covered on a marble platform, and a *voitwe* made for that use removes them to the cemetery at a distance from the city, where they are buried without distinction, very deep, not more than two in a grave, but no coffins used. All persons of whatever rank are bound to submit to this law, except the archbishop and women of religious orders. This is the regulation and the practice; and I shall freely say that I condemn it as an outrage on the common feelings of

mankind; chiefly because it is an *unnecessary* outrage, from which no use whatever flows. To prohibit lights, singing, processions, and mummery of that sort was rational; but are not individuals to dress and incase the dead bodies in whatever manner they please? Why are they not permitted to send them, if they choose, privately into the country to some other burying place, where they may rest with fathers, mothers, and other connections? Prejudices bearing on this point may be, if you please, ridiculous; but gratifying them, though certainly of no benefit to the dead, is, however, a consolation to the living at a moment when consolation is most wanted, in the hour of grief and misery. Why is the impassioned and still loving husband, or the tender and feeling bosom of the father, to be denied the last rites to the corpse of a wife or a daughter, especially when such rites are neither injurious nor inconvenient to society? The regulations of the Grand Duke are in part entirely rational,—and that part not in the least inconsistent with the consolation to be derived from a relaxation in some other points. But, in the name of common sense, why admit exceptions? Why is the archbishop to have this favour? Why the religious? This is absolutely destructive of the principle on which the whole is founded; for it admits the force of those prejudices I have touched on, and deem exemption from their tie as a favour! It is declaring such feelings to be follies, too absurd to be indulged, and, in the same breath, assigning the indulgence as the reward of rank and purity! If the exemption is a privilege so valuable as to be a favour proper for the first ecclesiastic and for the religious of the sex only,—you confess the observance to be directly, in such proportion, a burthen, and the common feelings of mankind are sanctioned, even in the moment of their outrage. Nothing could pardon such an edict but its being absolutely free from all exemptions, and its containing an express declaration and ordinance to be executed, with rigour, on the bodies of the prince himself, and every individual of his family.

DECEMBER 1. To the shop of the brothers Pisani, sculptors, where for half an hour I was foolish enough to wish myself rich, that I might have bought Niobe, the gladiator, Diana, Venus, and some other casts from the antique statues. I threw away a few *pauls* instead of three or four hundred *sechins*. Before I quit Florence I must observe that besides the buildings and various objects I have mentioned there are at least a thousand more which I have not seen at all;—the famous bridge *Ponta della Santa Trinita* deserves, however, a word: it is the origin of that at *Neuille* and so many others in France, but much more beautiful; being

indeed the first in the world. The circumstance that strikes one at Florence is the antiquity of the principal buildings; everything one sees considerable is of three or four hundred years' standing: of new buildings there are next to none; all here remind one of the Medicis: there is hardly a street that has not some monument, some decoration, that bears the stamp of that splendid and magnificent family. How commerce could enrich it sufficiently to leave such prodigious remains is a question not a little curious; for I may venture, without apprehension, to assert that all the collected magnificence of the House of Bourbon governing for eight hundred years twenty millions of people is trivial when compared with what the Medicis family have left for the admiration of succeeding ages—sovereigns only of the little mountainous region of Tuscany, and with not more than one million of subjects. And if we pass on to Spain, or England, or Germany, the same astonishing contrast will strike us. Would Mr. Hope, of Amsterdam, said to be the greatest merchant in the world, be able in this age to form establishments to be compared with those of the Medicis? We have merchants in London that make twenty and even thirty thousand pounds a year profit, but you will find them in brick cottages, for our modern London houses are no better compared with the palaces of Florence and Venice, erected in the age of their commerce; the paintings, in the possession of our merchants, a few daubed portraits; their statues, earthenware figures on chimney-pieces; their libraries—their cabinets,—how contemptible the idea of a comparison! It is a remarkable fact that with this prodigious commerce and manufactures Florence was neither so large nor so populous as at present. This is inexplicable, and demands inquiries from the *historical* traveller:—a very useful path to be trodden by a man of abilities, who should travel for the sake of comparing the things he sees with those he reads of. Trade in that age must, from the fewness of hands, have been a sort of monopoly, yielding immense profits. From the modern state of Florence, without one new house that rivals in any degree those of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, it might be thought that with their commerce the Florentines lost every sort of income; yet there is no doubt that the revenue from land is at this moment greater than it was in the most flourishing age of the republic. The revenue of Tuscany is now more equally spent. The government of the Grand Dukes I take to have been far better than the republican, for it was not a republic equally formed from all parts of the territory, but a city governing the country, and consequently impoverishing the whole to enrich itself, which is one

of the worst species of government to be found in the world. When Italy was decorated with fine buildings, the rich nobles must have spent their incomes in raising them: at present those of Florence have other methods of applying their fortunes; not in palaces, not in the fine arts, not in dinners;—the account I received was that their incomes are for the greatest part consumed by keeping great crowds of domestics, many of them married, with their families, as in Spain. The Marchese Ricardi has forty, each of which hath a family of his own, some of them under servants, but all maintained by him. His table is very magnificent, and served with all sorts of delicacies, yet never any company at it except the family, tutors, and chaplains. The house of Ranuzzi hath a greater fortune, and also a greater number of domestics in the same style. No dinners, as in England; no suppers, as in France; no parties; no expensive equipages; little comfort; but a great train of idle lounging pensioners, taken from useful labour and kept from productive industry; one of the worst ways of spending their fortunes, relatively to the public good, that could have been adopted. How inferior to the encouragement of the fine or the useful arts. The manner in which our little party has passed their time has been agreeable enough, and wonderfully cheap: we have been very well served by a *traiteur*, with plenty of good things, well dressed, at 4 *pauls* a head for dinner, and a slight repast at night; sugar, rum, and lemons for punch, which both French and Italians like very well, added a trifle more. These articles, and the apartment, with wood, which is dear, and the weather, as I note, very cold, made my whole expense, exclusive of amusements, 3*s.* 6*d.* a day English, which surely is marvellously cheap; for we had generally eight or ten things for dinner, and such a dessert as the season would allow, with good wine, the best I have drunk in Italy. The Abbate Amoretti, who, fortunately for me, arrived at Florence the same day as myself, was lodged with a friend, a canon, who being obliged to be absent in the country most of the time the Abbate, to save the servants the trouble of providing for him only, joined our party, and lived with us for some days, adding to our common bank no slight capital in good sense, information, and agreeableness. Madame de Bouille's easy and unaffected character, and the good humour of the baron, united with Mr. Stewart, and his young friend, to make a mixture of nations—of ideas—of pursuits—and of tempers,—which contributed to render conversation diversified, and the topics more in contrast, better treated, and more interesting; but never one idea or one syllable that cast even a momentary shade across that flow of ease

and good humour, which gives to every society its best relish. There was not one in the party which any of us wished out of it; and we were too much pleased with one another to want any addition. Had I not been turning my face towards my family and the old friends I left in England, I should have quitted our little society with more pain. Half a dozen people have rarely been brought together by such mere accident that have better turned the little nothings of life to account (if I may venture to use the expression), by their best cement,—good humour.

2nd. The day of departure must needs give some anxiety to those who cannot throw their small evils on servants. Renew my connection with that odious Italian race, the *vettwini*.—I had agreed for a *compagnon de voyage*; but was alone, which I liked much better. To step at once from an agreeable society into an Italian *voiture* is a kind of malady which does not agree with my nerves. The best people appear but blanks at such a moment: the mind having gotten a particular impulse, one cannot so soon give it another. The inn at Maschere, where I found no fire but in partnership with some Germans, did not tend much to revive cheerfulness, so I closed myself in that which Sancho wisely says covers a man all over like a cloak.—18 miles.

3rd. Dine at Pietra Mala, and while the dinner was preparing I walked to the volcano, as it is called. It is a very singular spectacle, on the slope of a mountain, without any hole or apparent crevice, or anything that tends towards a crater; the fire bums among some stones as if they were its fuel; the flame fills the space of a cube of about two feet, besides which there are ten or twelve smaller and inconsiderable flames. These I extinguished in the manner Monsieur de la Lande mentions, by rubbing hard with a stick among the small stones: the flame catches again in a few moments, but in a manner that convinces me the whole is merely a vent to a current of inflammable air, which Signore Amoretti informed me has been lately asserted by some person who has tried experiments on it. The flame revives with small explosions, exactly like those of inflammable air fired from a small phial; and when I returned to the inn the landlord had a bottle of it, which he bums at pleasure to show to his guests. The cause of this phenomenon has been sought in almost everything but the real fact. I am surprised the fire is not applied to some use. It would boil a considerable copper constantly without the expense of a farthing. If I had it at Bradfield I would bum brick or lime, and boil or bake potatoes for bullocks and hogs at the same time. Why not build a house on the spot? and let the kitchen-chimney surround the flame?

there would be no danger in living in such a house; certainly as long as the flame continued to bum. It is true the idea of a mine of inflammable air just under a house would sometimes, perhaps, alarm one's female visitors; they would be afraid of a magazine of vital air uniting with it, and at one explosion blowing up the economical edifice. On the whole, the idea is rather too volcanic for Bradfield: Italy has things better worth importing than burning mountains. The King of Poland's brother, the primate, stopping at Pietra Mala a day for illness (the 25th or 26th November), the weather was so severe that it froze his Cyprus wine; milk was as hard as stone, and burst all the vessels that contained it. On whatever account Englishmen may travel to Tuscany, let not a warm winter be among their inducements.—Sleep at that hideous hole *Loiano*, which would be too bad for hogs accustomed to a clean sty.—26 miles.

4th. The passage of the Apennines has been a cold and comfortless journey to me, and would have been much worse if I had not taken refuge in walking. The hills are almost covered with snow; and the road, in many descents, a sheet of ice. At the St. Marco, at Bologna, they brought me, according to custom, the book to write my name for the commandante, and there I see *Lady Erne* and *sua figlia*, and *Mr. Hervey*, October 14. Had my stars been lucky enough to have given me more of the society of that cultivated family, during my stay in Italy, it would have smoothed some of my difficulties. I missed Lord Bristol at Nice, and again at Padua. He has travelled and lived in Italy till he knows it as well as Derry; and, unfortunately for the society of Suffolk, ten times better than Ickworth. Call on Mr. Taylor and find, to my great concern, two of his children very ill. Abbate Amoretti, who left Florence a few days ago, is here to my comfort, and we shall continue together till we come to Parma. This is indeed fortunate, for one can hardly wish for a better fellow-traveller.—20 miles.

5th. Visit the Institute, which has acquired a greater reputation than it merits. Whoever has read anything about modern Italy knows what it contains. I never view museums of natural history, and cabinets of machines for experimental philosophy, but with a species of disgust. I hate expense and time thrown away for vanity and show more than utility. A well arranged laboratory, clean, and everything in order, in a holiday dress, is detestable; but I found a combination of many pleasures in the disorderly dirty laboratories of Messrs, de Morveau and la Voisier. There is a face of business; there is evidently work going forwards; and if so, there is use. Why move here and at Florence through rooms well gar-

nished with pneumatical instruments that are never used? Why are not experiments going forward? If the professors have not time or inclination for those experiments, which it is their duty to make, let others who are willing convert such machines to use. Half these implements grow good for nothing from rest; and before they are used demand to be new arranged. You show me abundance of tools, but say not a word of the discoveries that have been made by them. A prince, who is at the expense of making such great collections of machines, should always order a series of experiments to be carrying on by their means. If I were Grand Duke of Tuscany I should say, "You, Mr. Fontana, have invented a eudiometer; I desire that you will carry on a series of trials to ascertain every circumstance which changes the result, in the qualities of airs, that can be ascertained by the nitrous test; and if you have other inquiries, which you think more important, employ some person upon whom you can depend."—And to Mr. John Fabbroni, "You have made five trials on the weight of geoponic soils, taken hydrostatically; make five hundred more, and let the specimens be chosen in conjunction with the professor of agriculture. You have explained how to analyse soils—analyse the same specimens." When men have opened to themselves careers which they do not pursue, it is usually for want of the means of prosecuting them; but in the museum of a prince, in such cabinets as at Florence or Bologna, there are no difficulties of this sort,—and they would be better employed than in their present state, painted and patched, like an opera girl, for the idle to stare at. What would a Watson, a Milner, or a Priestley say upon a proposal to have their laboratories brushed out clean and spruce? I believe they would kick out the operator who came on such an errand. In like manner, I hate a library well gilt, exactly arranged, and not a book out of its place; I am apt to think the owner better pleased with the reputation of his books than with reading them. Here is a chamber for machines applicable to mechanics; and the country is full of carts with wheels two feet high, with large axles; what experiments have been made in this chamber to inform the people on a point of such consequence to the conduct of almost every art? I have, however, a greater quarrel than this with the Institute. There is an apartment of the art of war and fortification. Is there one of the machines of agriculture, and of such of its processes as can be represented in miniature?—No: nor here, nor any anywhere else have I seen such an exhibition: yet in the king's library at Paris the art of English gardening is represented in wax-work, and makes a plaything pretty enough for a

child to cry for. The attention paid to war and the neglect of agriculture in this Institute gives me a poor opinion of it. Bologna may produce great men, but she will not owe them great obligations for this establishment. View some churches and palaces, which I did not see when here before. In the church of St. Dominico, a slaughter of the Innocents, by Guido, which will command attention, how little inclined soever you may be to give it. The mother and the dead child, in the foreground, are truly pathetic, and the whole piece finely executed. The number of highly decorated churches at Bologna is surprising. They count, I think, above a hundred; and all the towns, and many villages in Italy, offer the same spectacle; the sums of money invested in this manner in the 15th and 16th centuries, and some even in the 17th, are truly amazing; the palaces were built at the same time, and at this period all the rest of Europe was in a state of barbarism: national wealth must have been immense to have spared such an enormous superfluity. This idea recurs everywhere in Italy, and wants explanation from modern historians. The Italian republics had all the trade of Europe; but what was Europe in that age? England and Holland have had it in this age without any such effects; with us architecture takes quite a different turn; it is the diffusion of comfort in the houses of private people; not concentrated magnificence in public works. But there does not appear from the size and number of the towns in Italy, built in the same ages, to have been any want of this—private houses were numerous and well erected. A difference in manners, introducing new and unheard of luxuries, has probably been the cause of the change. In such a diary as this one can only touch on a subject—but the historians should dwell on them, rather than on battles and sieges.

6th. Left Bologna with Abbate Amoretti in a *vettura*, but the day so fine and frosty that we walked three-fourths of the way to Modena. Pass Ansolazen, the seat of the Marchese Abbergatti, who, after having passed his grand climacteric, has just married a *ballarina* of seventeen. The country to Modena is the same as the flat part of the Bolognese; it is all a dead level plain, enclosed by neatly wrought hedges against the road, with a view of distinguishing properties. I thought, on entering the Modenese dominions, across the river, that I observed rather a decline in neatness and good management. View the city; the streets are of a good breadth, and most of the houses with good fronts, with a clean painted or well-washed face,—the effect pleasing. In the evening to the theatre, which is of the oddest form I have seen. We had a hodge-podge

of a comedy, in which the following passage excited such an immoderate laugh that it is worth inserting, if only to show the taste of the audience and the reputation of the *ballarini*: “*Era un cavallo sì bello, sì svelto, sì agile, di bel petto, gambe ben fatta, greppa grossa, che se fosse stato una cavalla, converrebbe dire che l’anima della prima ballerina del teatro era trasmigrata in quella.*” Another piece of miserable wit was received with as much applause as the most sterling:—Arlecch. “*Chi è quel re che ha la più gran corona del mondo?*—Brighel. “*Quello che ha la testa più piccolo.*”—24 miles.

7th. To the ducal palace, which is a magnificent building, and contains a considerable collection of pictures, but nothing to what were once here. The library, celebrated for its contents, is splendid; we were shown the curious MS. of which there is an account in De la Lande. The Bible made for the D’Este family is beautifully executed, begun in 1457, and finished in 1463, and cost 1875 *zechins*. In the afternoon, accompanied the Abbate Amoretti to Signore Belentani; and in the evening to Signore Venturi, professor of physics in the university, with whom we spent a very agreeable and instructive evening. We debated on the propriety of applying some political principles to the present state of Italy; and I found that the professor had not only considered the subjects of political importance, but seemed pleased to converse upon them.

8th. Early in the morning to Reggio. This line of country appears to be one of the best in Lombardy; there is a neatness in the houses, which are everywhere scattered thickly, that extends even to the homesteads and hedges, to a degree that one does not always find, even in the best parts of England; but the trees that support the vines being large, the whole has now, without leaves, the air of a forest. In summer it must be an absolute wood. The road is a noble one. Six miles from Modena we passed the Secchia, or rather the vale ruined by that river, near an unfinished bridge, with a long and noble causeway leading to it on each side, which does honour to the duke and states of Modena. It being a *festa* (the immaculate conception), we met the country people going to mass: the married women had all muffs, which are here wedding presents. Another thing I observed for the first time were children standing ready in the road, or running out of the houses, to offer, as we were walking, asses to ride: they have them always saddled and bridled, and the fixed price is 1 *sol* per mile. This shows attention and industry, and is, therefore, commendable. A countryman, who had walked with us for some distance, replied to them that we were not *Signori d’asini*. In the after-

noon to Parma. The country the same; but not with that air of neatness that is between Reggio and Modena; not so well enclosed, nor so well planted; and though very populous, not so well built, nor the houses so clean and neat. Pass the Eusa, a poor miserable brook now three yards wide, but a bridge for it a quarter of a mile long, and a fine vale, all destroyed by its ravages; this is the boundary of the two duchies.—30 miles.

9th. At the academy is the famous picture of the holy family and St. Jerome, by Correggio, a master more inimitable perhaps than Raphael himself. To my unlearned eyes there is in this painting such a suffusion of grace, and such a blaze of beauty, as strike me blind (to use another's expression) to all defects which learned eyes have found in it. I have admired this piece often in Italy in good copies, by no ordinary masters, but none come near the original. The head of the Magdalen is reckoned the *chef d'oeuvre* of Correggio. The celebrated cupola of the Duomo is so high, so much damaged, and my eyes so indifferent that I leave it for those who have better. At St. Sepulchre, St. Joseph gathering palms, etc., by the same great hand. There are works by him also in the church of St. John, but not equally beautiful, and a copy of his famous *Notte*. At the academy is a fine adoration, by Mazzola. The great theatre here is the largest in the world. In the afternoon to the citadel; but its governor, Count Rezzonico, to whom I had a letter, is absent from Parma. Then to the celebrated *reale tipografia* of Signore Bodoni, who showed me many works of singular beauty. The types, I think, exceed those of Didot at Paris, who likewise often crowds the letters close as if to save paper. The Daphne and Chloe, and the Amynta, are beautifully executed; I bought the latter as a specimen of this celebrated press, which really does honour to Italy. Signore Bodoni had the title of the printer to the King of Spain, but never received any salary, or even gratification, as I learned in Parma from another quarter; where I was also informed that the salary he has from the duke is only 150 *zschins*. His merit is great and distinguished, and his exertions are uncommon. He has 30,000 matrices of type. I was not a little pleased to find that he has met with the best sort of patron in Mr. Edwards, the bookseller at London, who has made a contract with him for an impression of 250 of 4 Greek poets, 4 Latin, and 4 Italian ones—Pindar, Sophocles, Homer, and Theocritus; Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, and Plautus; Dante, Petrarcha, Ariosto, and Tasso. In searching booksellers' shops for printed agriculture, I became possessed of a book which I consider as a real curiosity—*Diario di*

Colorno per l'anno 1789, preceded by a sermon on this text, *Ut seductores et veraces*; Corinth, cap. vi. ver. 8. The diary is a catalogue of saints, with the chief circumstances of their lives, their merits, etc. This book, which is put together in the spirit of the tenth century, is (marvellously be it spoken!) the production of the Duke of Parma's pen. The sovereign for whose education a constellation of French talents was collected—with what effect let this production witness. Instead of profanely turning friars out of their convents this prince has peopled his palace with monks: and the holy office of inquisition is found at Parma instead of an academy of agriculture. The duchess has her amusements as well as her husband: doubtless they are more agreeable, and more in unison with the character and practice of this age. The memoirs of the court of Parma, both during the reigns of Don Philip and the present duke, whenever they are published, for written I should suppose they must be, will make a romance as interesting as any that fiction has produced. If I lived under a government that had the power of fleecing me to support the extravagancies of a prince, in the name of common feelings let it be to fill a palace with mistresses rather than with monks. For half a million of French livres the river Parma might be made navigable from the Po; it has been more than once mentioned; but the present duke has other and more holy employments for money: Don Philip's were not so directly aimed at the gates of Paradise.

10th. In the morning walked with Signore Amoretti to Vicomero, seven miles north of Parma towards the Po, the seat of the Count de Schaffienatti. For half the way we had a fine clear frosty sunshine, which showed us the constant fog that hangs over the Po; but a slight breeze from the north rising, it drove this fog over us, and changed the day at once. It rarely quits the Po, except in the heat of the day in fine weather in summer, so that when you are to the south of it, with a clear view of the Apennines, you see nothing of the Alps: and when to the north of it, with a fine view of the latter, you see nothing of the Apennines. Commonly it does not spread more than half a mile on each side wider than the river, but varies by wind as it did to-day. The country for four miles is mostly meadow and much of it watered, but then becomes arable. Entered the house of a *metayer* to see the method of living, but found nobody; the whole family, with six or eight women and children, their neighbours, were in the stable, sitting on forms fronting each other in two lines, on a space paved and clean, in the middle of the room, between two rows of oxen and cows: it was most disagreeably hot on

entering. They stay there till they go to bed, sometimes till midnight. This practice is universal in Lombardy. Dine with the Count de Schaffienatti, who lives entirely in the country with his wife. He showed me his farm, and I examined his dairy, where cheeses are made nearly in the same way and with the same implements as in the Lodesan; these cheeses may therefore, with as much propriety, be called Parmesan as those that come from Lodi. My friend, the Abbate Amoretti, having other engagements in this country, I here took leave of him with regret.—14 miles.

11th. Having agreed with a *vetturino* to take me to Turin, and he not being able to procure another passenger, I went alone to Firenzola. It is fine sunshine weather, decisively warmer than ever felt in England at this season: a sharp frost, without affecting the extremities as with us, where cold fingers and toes may be classed among the nuisances of our climate. I walked most of the way. The face of the country is the same as before, but vines decrease after Borgo St. Domino. An inequality in the surface of the country begins also to appear, and everywhere a scattering of oak-timber, which is a new feature.—20 miles.

12th. Early in the morning to Piacenza, that I might have time to view that city, which, however, contains little worthy of attention to any but those who study painting as connoisseurs. The country changed a good deal to-day. It is like the flat rich parts of Essex and Suffolk. Houses are thinner, and the general face inferior. The inequalities which began yesterday increase. —The two equestrian statues of Alexandre and Rannutio Fames e are finely expressive of life, the motion of the horses, particularly that of Alexander's, is admirable; and the whole performance spirited and alive. They are by John of Bologna, or Moca his *eleve*. Sleep at Castel St. Giovanne.—26 miles.

13th. Cross a brook, two miles distant, and enter the King of Sardinia's territory, where the skulls of two robbers, who, about two months ago, robbed the courier of Rome, are immediately seen: this is an agreeable object that strikes us at our entrance into any part of the Piedmontese dominions, the inhabitants having in this respect an ill reputation throughout all Italy, much to the disgrace of the government. The country, to Tortona, is all bill and dale; and being cultivated with an intermixture of vines and much enclosed, with many buildings on the hills, the features are so agreeable that it may be ranked among the most pleasing I have seen in Italy. Within three miles of Vogara all is white with snow, the first I have seen in the plain: but as we approach the

mountains, shall quit it no more till the Alps are crossed. Dine at Vogara, in a room in which the chimney does not smoke; which ought to be noted, as it is the only one free from it since I left Bologna. At this freezing season, to have a door constantly open to aid the chimney in its office, one side burnt by the blaze of a faggot and the other frozen by a door that opens into the yard, are among the *agremens* of a winter journey in latitude 45. After Vogara, the hills trend more to the south. The sun setting here is a singular object to an eye used only to plains. The Alps not being visible, it seems to set long before it reaches the plane of the horizon. Pass the citadel of Tortona on a hill, one of the strongest places in the possession of the King of Sardinia.—33 miles.

14th. Ford the Scrivia; it is as ravaging a stream as the Trebbia, subject to dreadful floods, after even two days' rain, especially if a sirocco wind melts the snow on the Apennines; such accidents have often kept travellers four, five, and even six days at miserable inns. I felt myself lighter for the having passed it; for there were not fewer than six or seven rivers which could have thus stopped me. This is the last. The weather continues sharp and frosty, very cold, the ice five inches thick, and the snow deep. Dine at Alexandria, joined there by a gentleman who has taken the other seat in the *vettura* to Turin. Just on the outside of that town there is an uncommon covered bridge. The citadel seems surrounded with many works. Sleep at Fellisham, a vile dirty hole, with paper windows, common in this country, and not uncommon even in Alexandria itself.—18 miles.

15th. The country, to Asti and Villanova, all hilly, and some of it pleasing. Coming out of Asti, where we dined, the country for some miles is beautiful. My *vetturino* has been travelling in company with another without my knowing anything of the master till to-day; but we joined at dinner; and I found him a very sensible agreeable Frenchman, apparently a man of fashion, who knows everybody. His conversation, both at dinner and in the evening, was no inconsiderable relief to the dullness of such a frozen journey. His name Nicolay.—22 miles.

16th. To Turin, by Moncallier; much of the country dull and disagreeable; hills without landscape; and vales without the fertility of Lombardy.—My companion, who is in office as an architect to the king, as well as I could gather from the hints he dropped, lived nine years in Sardinia. The account he gives of that island contains some circumstances worth noting. What keeps it in its present unimproved situation is chiefly the extent of estates, the absence of some very great propri-

etors, and the inattention of all. The Duke of Assinara has 300,000 livres a year, or £15,000 sterling. The Duke of St. Piera 160,000. The Marchese di Pascha, very great. Many of them live in Spain. The Conte de Girah, a grandee of Spain, has an estate of two days' journey, reaching from Poula to Oliustre. The peasants are a miserable set, that live in poor cabins, without other chimneys than a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. The *intemperia*. is frequent and pernicious everywhere in summer; yet there are very great mountains. Cattle have nothing to eat in winter, but browsing on shrubs, etc. There are no wolves. The oil so bad as not to be eatable. Some wine almost as good as Malaga, and not unlike it. No silk. The great export is wheat, which has been known to yield forty for one; but seven or eight for one is the common produce. Bread, 1 sou the pound; beef, 2 sous; mutton, 2½ sous. There are millions of wild ducks; such numbers that persons fond of shooting have gone thither merely for the incredible sport they afford.

17th. Waited on our ambassador, the honourable Mr. Trevor, who was not at home; but I had an invitation to dinner soon after, which I accepted readily, and passed a very pleasant day. Mr. Trevor's situation is not compatible with his being a practical farmer; but he is a man of deep sense and much observation; all such are political farmers, from conviction of the importance of the subject. He converses well on it; Mr. Trevor mentioned, some Piedmontese nobles, to whom he would have introduced. me if my stay had been long enough; but he would not admit an excuse respecting the Portuguese ambassador, of whom he speaks as a person remarkably well informed and who loves agriculture greatly. In the evening, accompanied Mrs. Trevor to the great opera-house; a rehearsal of *l'Olympiade*, new-set by a young composer, Frederici; Marchese sung.

18th. I am not a little obliged to Mr. Trevor for introducing me to one of the best informed men I have anywhere met with, Don Roderigo de Souza Continho, the Portuguese minister at the court of Turin, with whom I dined to-day; he had invited to meet me the *Medico* Bonvicino, l'Abbate Vasco, author of several political pieces of merit, and Signore Bellardi, a botanist of considerable reputation, whom I had known when before at Turin. What the young and beautiful Madame de Souza thinks of an English farmer may be easily guessed; for not one word was spoken in an incessant conversation, but on agriculture, or those political principles which tend to cherish or restrain it. To a woman of fashion in England this would not appear extraordinary, for she now and then meets

with it; but to a young Piedmontese, unaccustomed to such conversations, it must have appeared odd, uninviting, and unpolite. M. de Souza sent to the late Prince of Brazil one of the best and most judicious offerings that any ambassador ever made to his sovereign; Portugal he represents as a country capable of vast improvements by irrigation, but almost an entire stranger to the practice; therefore, with a view of introducing a knowledge of its importance, he ordered a model, in different woods, to be constructed of a river; the method of taking water from it; and the conducting of it by various channels over the adjoining or distant lands, with all the machinery used for regulating and measuring the water. It was made on such a scale that the model was an exhibition of the art, so far as it could be represented in the distribution of water. It was an admirable thought, and might have proved of the greatest importance to his country. This machine is at Lisbon; and, I take it for granted, is there considered (if Lisbon be like other courts) as a toy for children to look at, instead of a school for the instruction of a people. I was pleased to find the Portuguese minister among the most intimate acquaintances of Mr. Trevor; the friendship of men of parts and knowledge does them reciprocal honour: I am sorry to quit Turin, just as I am known to two men who would be sufficient to render any town agreeable; nor should I be sorry if Don Roderigo was a farmer near me in Suffolk, instead of being an ambassador at Turin, for which he is doubtless much obliged to me.

19th. The king has sent a message to the academy of sciences recommending them to pay attention to whatever concerns dyeing. The minister is said to be a man of abilities, from which expression, in this age, we are to understand a person who is, or seems to be, active for the encouragement of manufactures and commerce, but never one who has just ideas on the importance of agriculture in preference to all other objects. To multiply mulberries in Piedmont, and cattle and sheep in Savoy—to do something with the fertile wastes and pestiferous marshes of Sardinia, would give a minister reputation among the few real politicians only in any country: but dyeing, and buttons, and scissors, and commerce, are calculated to please the many, and consequently to give reputation to those who build on such foundations. Dine with Mr. Trevor, and continue to find in him an equal ability and inclination to answer such of my inquiries as I took the liberty of troubling him with. In the evening he introduced me to Count Granari, the secretary of state for home affairs, that is the prime minister, under an idea that he had an

intention of introducing Spanish sheep: he was ambassador in Spain, and seems, from his conversation, well informed concerning the Spanish flocks. This minister was called home to fill his present important situation to the satisfaction of the people, who have very generally a good opinion of his ability and prudence. To-morrow I leave Turin: I have agreed with a *vetturino* for carrying me to Lyons across Mont Cenis in a chariot, and allowed him to take another person; this person he has found; and it is Mr. Grundy, a considerable merchant of Birmingham, who is on his return from Naples.

20th. Leave Turin; dine at St. Anthony, like hogs; and smoked all the dinner like hams. Sleep at Suza, a better inn.—32 miles.

21st. The shortest day in the year, for one of the expeditions that demand the longest, the passage of Mont Cenis, about which so much has been written. To those who from reading are full of expectation of something very sublime, it is almost as great a delusion as to be met with in the regions of romance: if travellers are to be believed, the descent *rammassant* on the snow is made with the velocity of a flash of lightning; I was not fortunate enough to meet with anything so wonderful. At the *grand crow* we seated ourselves in machines of four sticks, dignified with the name of *traineau*: a mule draws it, and a conductor, who walks between the machine and the animal, serves chiefly to kick the snow into the face of the rider. When arrived at the precipice, which leads down to Lanebourg, the mule is dismissed and the *rammissing* begins. The weight of two persons, the guide seating himself in the front, and directing it with his heels in the snow, is sufficient to give it motion. For most of the way he is content to follow very humbly the path of the mules, but now and then crosses to escape a double, and in such spots the motion is rapid enough, for a few seconds, to be agreeable; they might very easily shorten the line one half and by that means gratify the English with the velocity they admire so much. As it is at present, a good English horse would trot as fast as we *rammassed*. The exaggerations we have read of this business have arisen, perhaps, from travellers passing in summer and accepting the descriptions of the muleteers. A journey on snow is commonly productive of laughable incidents, the road of the *traineau* is not wider than the machine and we were always meeting mules, etc. It was sometimes, and with reason, a question who should turn out; for the snow being ten feet deep the mules had sagacity to consider a moment before they buried themselves. A young Savoyard female, riding her mule, experienced a complete rever-

sal; for attempting to pass my *traineau* her beast was a little restive and, tumbling, dismounted his rider: the girl's head pitched in the snow and sunk deep enough to fix her beauties in the position of a forked post; and the wicked muleteers instead of assisting her laughed too heartily to move: if it had been one of the *ballarini* the attitude would have been nothing distressing to her. These laughable adventures, with the gilding of a bright sun, made the day pass pleasantly; and we were in good humour enough to swallow with cheerfulness a dinner at Lanebourg that, had we been in England, we should have consigned very readily to the dog-kennel.—20 miles.

22nd. The whole day we were among the high Alps. The villages are apparently poor, the houses ill built, and the people with few comforts about them except plenty of pine wood, the forests of which harbour wolves and bears. Dine at Modane and sleep at St. Michel.—25 miles.

23rd. Pass St. Jean Maurienne, where there is a bishop, and near that place we saw what is much better than a bishop, the prettiest, and indeed the only pretty woman we saw in Savoy; on inquiry found it was Madame de la Coste, wife of a farmer of tobacco; I should have been better pleased if she had belonged to the plough.—The mountains now relax their terrific features: they recede enough to offer to the willing industry of the poor inhabitants something like a valley; but the jealous torrent seizes it with the hand of despotism, and, like his brother tyrants, reigns but to destroy. On some slopes vines: mulberries begin to appear; villages increase; but still continue rather shapeless heaps of inhabited stones than ranges of houses; yet in these homely cots beneath the snow-clad hills, where natural light comes with tardy beams and art seems more sedulous to exclude than admit it, peace and content, the companions of honesty, may reside; and certainly would, were the penury of nature the only evil felt; but the hand of despotism may be more heavy. In several places the view is picturesque and pleasing: enclosures seem hung against the mountain sides as a picture is suspended to the wall of a room. The people are in general mortally ugly and dwarfish. Dine at La Chambre; sad fare. Sleep at Aguebelle.—30 miles.

24th. The country to-day, that is to Chambery, improves greatly; the mountains though high recede; the valleys are wide and the slopes more cultivated; and towards the capital of Savoy are many country houses which enliven the scene. Above Mal Taverne is Chateaufort, the house of the countess of that name. I was sorry to see at the village a *carcan* or seigneurial standard erected, to which a chain and heavy iron

collar are fastened as a mark of the lordly arrogance of the nobility and the slavery of the people. I asked why it was not burned with the horror it merited? The question did not excite the surprise I expected and which it would have done before the French Revolution. This led to a conversation by which I learned that in the *haut* Savoy there are no seigneurs, and the people are generally at their ease, possessing little properties, and the land, in spite of nature, almost as valuable as in the lower country, where the people are poor and ill at their ease. I demanded why. *Because there are seigneurs everywhere.* What a vice is it, and even a curse, that the gentry instead of being the cherishers and benefactors of their poor neighbours, should thus, by the abomination of feudal rights, prove mere tyrants. Will nothing but revolutions, which cause their *chateaux* to be burnt, induce them to give to reason and humanity what will be extorted by violence and commotion? We had arranged our journey to arrive early at Chambery, for an opportunity to see what is most interesting in a place that has but little. It is the winter residence of almost all the nobility of Savoy. The best estate in the duchy is not more than 60,000 Piedmontese livres a year (£3000), but for 20,000 livres they live *en grand seigneur* here. If a country gentleman has 150 louis d'or a year, he will be sure to spend three months in a town; the consequence of which must be nine uncomfortable ones in the country, in order to make a beggarly figure the other three in town. These idle people are this Christmas disappointed, by the court having refused admittance to the usual company of French comedians;—the government fears importing among the rough mountaineers the present spirit of French liberty. Is this weakness or policy? But Chambery had objects to me more interesting. I was eager to view Charmettes, the road, the house of Madame de Warens, the vineyard, the garden, everything, in a word, that had been described by the inimitable pencil of Rousseau. There was something so deliciously amiable in her character, in spite of her frailties—her constant gaiety and good humour—her tenderness and humanity—her farming speculations—but, above all other circumstances, the love of Rousseau have written her name amongst the few whose memories are connected with us by ties more easily felt than described. The house is situated about a mile from Chambery, fronting the rocky road which leads to that city and the wood of chestnuts in the valley. It is small and much of the same size as we should suppose in England would be found on a farm of one hundred acres, without the least luxury or pretension; and the garden, for shrubs and flowers, is confined as

well as unassuming. The scenery is pleasing being so near a city and yet, as he observes, quite sequestered. It could not but interest me, and I viewed it with a degree of emotion; even in the leafless melancholy of December it pleased. I wandered about some hills which were assuredly the walks he has so agreeably described. I returned to Chambery with my heart full of Madame de Warens. We had with us a young physician, a Monsieur Bernard, of Modanne en Maurienne, an agreeable man connected with people at Chambery; I was sorry to find that he knew nothing more of the matter than that Madame de Warens was certainly dead. With some trouble I procured the following certificate:

Extract from the Mortuary Register of the Parish Church of St. Peter de Lemens

“The 30th of July, 1762, was buried, in the burying ground of Lemens, Dame Louisa Frances Eleonor de la Tour, widow of the Seigneur Baron de Warens, native of Vevay, in the canton of Berne, in Switzerland, who died yesterday, at ten in the evening, like a good Christian, and fortified with her last sacraments, aged about sixty-three years. She abjured the Protestant religion about thirty-six years past; since which time she lived in our religion. She finished her days in the suburb of Nesin, where she had lived for about eight years, in the house of M. Crepine. She lived heretofore at the Rectus, during about four years, in the house of the Marquis d’Alinge. She passed the rest of her life, since her abjuration, in this city.

(Signed) GAIME, rector of Lemens.”

“I, the underwritten, present rector of the said Lemens, certify, that I have extracted this from the mortuary register of the parish church of the said place, without any addition or diminution whatsoever; and, having collated it, have found it conformable to the original. In witness of all which, I have signed the presents, at Chambery, the 24th of December, 1789. (Signed) A. SACHOD, *rector of Lemens*.” —23 miles.

25th. Left Chambery much dissatisfied for want of knowing more of it. Rousseau gives a good character¹⁵ of the people and I wished to know them better. It was the worst day I have known for months past, a cold thaw of snow and rain; and yet in this dreary season, when nature so rarely has a smile on her countenance, the environs were charming. All hill and dale tossed about with so much wildness that the features are bold enough for the irregularity of a forest scene, and yet withal

softened and melted down by culture and habitation to be eminently beautiful. The country enclosed to the first town in France, Pont Beauvoisin, where we dined and slept. The passage of Echelles cut in the rock by the sovereign of the country is a noble and stupendous work. Arrive at Pont Beauvoisin, once more entering this noble kingdom and meeting with the cockades of liberty, and those arms in the hands of THE PEOPLE which, it is to be wished, may be used only for their own and Europe's peace.—24 miles.

26th. Dine at Tour du Pin, and sleep at Verpilliere. This is the most advantageous entrance into France in respect of beauty of country. From Spain, England, Flanders, Germany, or Italy by way of Antibes, all are inferior to this. It is really beautiful and well planted, has many enclosures and mulberries, with some vines. There is hardly a bad feature except the houses; which instead of being well built and white as in Italy, are ugly thatched mud cabins without chimneys, the smoke issuing at a hole in the roof or at the windows. Glass seems unknown, and there is an air of poverty and misery about them quite dissonant to the general aspect of the country. Coming out of Tour du Pin we see a great common. Pass Bourgoyn, a large town. Reach Verpilliere. This day's journey is a fine variation of hill and dale well planted with *chateaux*, and farms and cottages spread about it. A mild lovely day of sunshine threw no slight gilding over the whole. For ten or twelve days past they have had, on this side of the Alps, fine open warm weather with sunshine; but on the Alps themselves and in the vale of Lombardy, on the other side, we were frozen and buried in snow. At Pont Beauvoisin and Bourgoyn our passports were demanded by the *milice bourgeoise*, but nowhere else: they assure us that the country is perfectly quiet everywhere and have no guards mounted in the villages—nor any suspicions of fugitives, as in the summer. Not far from Verpilliere pass the burnt *chateau* of M. de Veau, in a fine situation, with a noble wood behind it. Mr. Grundy was here in August, and it had then but lately been laid in ashes; and a peasant was hanging on one of the trees of the avenue by the road, one among many who were seized by the *milice bourgeoise* for this atrocious act.—27 miles.

26th. The country changes at once; from one of the finest in France it becomes almost flat and *sombre*. Arrive at Lyons, and there for the last time see the Alps; on the quay there is a very fine view of Mont Blanc which I had not seen before; leaving Italy, and Savoy, and the Alps, probably never to return, has something of a melancholy sensa-

tion. For all those circumstances that render that classical country illustrious, the seat of great men—the theatre of the most distinguished actions—the exclusive field in which the elegant and agreeable arts have loved to range—what country can be compared with Italy? to please the eye, to charm the ear, to gratify the inquiries of a laudable curiosity, whither would you travel? In every bosom whatever, Italy is the second country in the world—of all others, the surest proof that it is the first. To the theatre; a musical thing which called all Italy by contrast to my ears! What stuff is French music! the distortions of embodied dissonance. The theatre is not equal to that of Nantes; and very much inferior to that of Bourdeaux.—18 miles.

28th. I had letters to Monsieur Goudard, a considerable silk merchant, and waiting on him yesterday he appointed me to breakfast with him this morning. I tried hard to procure some information relative to the manufactures of Lyons; but in vain: everything was *selon and suivant*. To Monsieur l'Abbé Rozier, author of the voluminous dictionary of agriculture in quarto. I visited him as a man very much extolled, and not with an idea of receiving information in the plain practical line, which is the object of my inquiries, from the compiler of a dictionary. When Monsieur Rozier lived at Beziers he occupied a considerable farm; but on becoming the inhabitant of a city he placed this motto over his door—*Laudato ingentia rura, exiguum colito*, which is but a bad apology for *no farm at all*. I made one or two efforts towards a little *practical* conversation; but he flew off from that centre in such eccentric *radii* of science that the vanity of the attempt was obvious in the moment. A physician present remarked to me that if I wanted to know common practices and products I should apply to common farmers, indicating, by his air and manner, that such things were beneath the dignity of science. Monsieur l'Abbé Rozier is, however, a man of considerable knowledge though no farmer; in those pursuits which he has cultivated with inclination he is justly celebrated—and he merits every eulogium for having set on foot the *Journal de Physique*, which, take it for all and all, is by far the best journal that is to be found in Europe. His house is beautifully situated commanding a noble prospect; his library is furnished with good books; and every appearance about him points out an easy fortune. Waited then on Monsieur de Frossard, a protestant minister, who, with great readiness and liberality, gave me much valuable information; and for my further instruction on points with which he was not equally acquainted introduced me to Monsieur Roland la Platerie,

inspector of the Lyons fabrics. This gentleman had notes upon many subjects which afforded an interesting conversation; and as he communicated freely I had the pleasure to find that I should not quit Lyons without a good portion of the knowledge I sought. This gentleman, somewhat advanced in life, has a young and beautiful wife—the lady to whom he addressed his letters written in Italy, and which have been published in five or six volumes. Monsieur Frossard desiring Monsieur de la Platerie to dine with him to meet me, we had a great deal of conversation on agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; and differed but little in our opinions except on the treaty of commerce between England and France, which that gentleman condemned, as I thought, unjustly; and we debated the point. He warmly contended that silk ought to have been included as a benefit to France; I urged that the offer was made to the French ministry and refused; and I ventured to say that had it been accepted, the advantage would have been on the side of England instead of France, supposing, according to the vulgar ideas, that the *benefit* and the *balance* of trade are the same things. I begged him to give me a reason for believing that France would buy the silk of Piedmont and of China, and work it up to undersell England; while England buys the French cotton and works it into fabrics that undersell those of France even under an accumulation of charges and duties. We discussed these, and similar subjects, with that sort of attention and candour that render them interesting to persons who love a liberal conversation upon important points.—Among the objects at Lyons that are worthy of a stranger's curiosity is the point of junction of the two great rivers, the Soanne and the Rhone; Lyons would doubtless be much better situated if it were really at the junction; but there is an unoccupied space sufficient to contain a city half as large as Lyons itself. This space is a modern embankment that cost six millions, and ruined the undertakers. I prefer even Nantes to Lyons. When a city is built at the junction of two great rivers the imagination is apt to suppose that those rivers form a part of the magnificence of the scenery. Without broad, clean, and well built quays, what are rivers to a city but a facility to carry coals or tar-barrels? What in point of beauty has London to do with the Thames, except at the terrace of the Adelphi and the new buildings of Somerset Place, any more than with Fleet Ditch, buried as it is, a common shore? I know nothing in which our expectations are so horribly disappointed as in cities, so very few are built with any general idea of beauty or decoration!

29th. Early in the morning with Monsieur Frossard to view a large farm near Lyons. Monsieur Frossard is a steady advocate for the new constitution establishing in France. At the same time, all those I have conversed with in the city represent the state of the manufacture as melancholy to the last degree. Twenty thousand people are fed by charity, and consequently very ill fed; and the mass of distress in all kinds among the lower classes is greater than ever was known,—or than anything of which they had an idea. The chief cause of the evil felt here is the stagnation of trade, occasioned by the emigrations of the rich from the kingdom and the general want of confidence in merchants and manufacturers; whence, of course, bankruptcies are common. At a moment when they are little able to bear additional burthens they raise, by voluntary contributions for the poor, immense sums; so that, including the revenues of the hospitals, and other charitable foundations, there is not paid at present, for the use of the poor, less than 40,000 louis d'or a year. My fellow-traveller, Mr. Grundy, being desirous to get soon to Paris, persuaded me to travel with him in a post-chaise, a mode of travelling which I detest, but the season urged me to it; and a still stronger motive was the having of more time to pass in that city for the sake of observing the extraordinary state of things,—of a king, queen, and dauphin of France actual prisoners; I, therefore, accepted his proposal and we set off after dinner to-day. In about ten miles come to the mountains. The country dreary; no enclosures, no mulberries, no vines, much waste, and nothing that indicates the vicinity of such a city. At Arnas, sleep at a comfortable inn.—17 miles.

30th. Continue early in the morning to Tarar; the mountain of which name is more formidable in reputation than in reality. To St. Syphorien the same features. The buildings increase both in number and goodness on approaching the Seine, which we crossed at Roane; it is here a good river, and is navigable many miles higher, and consequently at a vast distance from the sea. There are many flat-bottomed barges on it, of a considerable size.—50 miles.

31st. Another clear, fine, sunshine day; rarely do we see anything like it at this season in England. After Droiturier the woods of the Bourbonnois commence. At St. Gerund le Puy the country improves, enlivened by white houses and *chateaux*, and all continues fine to Moulins. Sought here my old friend, Monsieur L'Abbé Barut, and had another interview with Monsieur le Marquis Degouttes concerning the sale of his *chateaux* and estate of Riaux; I desired still to have the re-

fusal of it which he promised me, and will, I have no doubt, keep his word. Never have I been so tempted on any occasion as with the wish of possessing this agreeable situation, in one of the finest parts of France, and in the finest climate of Europe. God grant that should He be pleased to protract my life I may not in a sad old age repent of not closing at once with an offer to which prudence calls and prejudice only forbids! Heaven send me ease and tranquillity for the close of life, be it passed either in Suffolk or the Bourbonnois!—38 miles.

JANUARY 1, 1790. Nevers makes a fine appearance rising proudly from the Loire; but on the first entrance it is like a thousand other places. Towns thus seen resemble a group of women huddled close together: you see their nodding plumes and sparkling gems till you fancy that ornament is the herald of beauty; but on a nearer inspection the faces are too often but common clay. From the hill that descends to Pougues is an extensive view to the north; and after Pouilly a fine scenery, with the Loire doubling through it.—75 miles.

2nd. At Briare the canal is an object that announces the happy effects of industry. There we quit the Loire. The country all the way diversified; much of it dry and very pleasant, with rivers, hills, and woods, but almost everywhere a poor soil. Pass many *chateaux*, some of which are very good. Sleep at Nemours where we met with an inn-keeper who exceeded in knavery all we had met with either in France or Italy: for supper we had a *soupe maigre*, a partridge and a chicken roasted, a plate of celery, a small cauliflower, two bottles of poor *vin du Pays*, and a dessert of two biscuits and four apples: here is the bill:—Potage, 1 livre 10 sous—Perdrix, 2 livres 10 sous—Poulet, 2 livres—Celeri, 1 livre 4 sous—Choufleur, 2 livres—Pain et dessert, 2 livres—Feu and appartement, 6 livres—Total, 19 livres 8 sous. Against so impudent an extortion we remonstrated severely, but in vain. We then insisted on his signing the bill, which, after many evasions, he did, *a l'etoile; Foulliare*. But having been carried to the inn, not as the star, but the *écu le France*, we suspected some deceit: and going out to examine the premises we found the sign to be really the *écu*, and learned on inquiry that his own name was *Roux*, instead of *Foulliare*: he was not prepared for this detection or for the execration we poured on such an infamous conduct; but he ran away in an instant and hid himself till we were gone. In justice to the world, however, such a fellow ought to be marked out.—60 miles.

3rd. Through the forest of Fontainbleau to Melun and Paris. The

sixty *postes* from Lyons to Paris, making three hundred English miles, cost us, including 3 louis for the hire of the postchaise (an old French cabriolet of two wheels) and the charges at the inns, etc., £15 English; that is to say, 1*s.* per English miles or 6*d.* per head. At Paris I went to my old quarters the hotel de la Rochefoucauld; for at Lyons I had received a letter from the Duke de Liancourt who desired me to make his house my home, just as in the time of his mother, my much lamented friend the Duchess d'Estissac, who died while I was in Italy. I found my friend Lazowski well, and we were a *gory deployee* to converse on the amazing scenes that have taken place in France since I left Paris.—46 miles.

4*th.* After breakfast walk in the gardens of the Tuileries, where there is the most extraordinary sight that either French or English eyes could ever behold at Paris. The king walking with six grenadiers of the *milice bourgeoise*, with an officer or two of his household and a page. The doors of the gardens are kept shut in respect to him, in order to exclude everybody but deputies or those who have admission-tickets. When he entered the palace the doors of the gardens were thrown open for all without distinction, though the queen was still walking with a lady of her court. She also was attended so closely by the *gardes bourgeoise*, that she could not speak, but in a low voice, without being heard by them. A mob followed her talking very loud, and paying no other apparent respect than that of taking off their hats wherever she passed, which was indeed more than I expected. Her majesty does not appear to be in health; she seems to be much affected and shows it in her face; but the king is as plump as ease can render him. By his orders, there is a little garden railed off for the Dauphin to amuse himself in, and a small room is built in it to retire to in case of rain; here he was at work with his little hoe and rake, but not without a guard of two grenadiers. He is a very pretty good-natured-looking boy of five or six years old, with an agreeable countenance; wherever he goes, all hats are taken off to him, which I was glad to observe. All the family being kept thus close prisoners (for such they are in effect) afford, at first view, a shocking spectacle; and is really so if the act were not absolutely necessary to effect the revolution; this I conceive to be impossible; but if it were necessary no one can blame the people for taking every measure possible to secure that liberty they had seized in the violence of a revolution. At such a moment nothing is to be condemned but what endangers the national freedom. I must, however, freely own that I have my doubts whether this

treatment of the royal family can be justly esteemed any security to liberty; or, on the contrary, whether it were not a very dangerous step that exposes to hazard whatever had been gained. I have spoken with several persons to-day and have started objections to the present system, stronger even than they appear to me, in order to learn their sentiments; and it is evident they are at the present moment under an apprehension of an attempt towards a counter-revolution. The danger of it very much, if not absolutely, results from the violence which has been used towards the royal family. The National Assembly was, before that period, answerable only for the permanent constitutional laws passed for the future: since that moment it is equally answerable for the whole conduct of the government of the state, executive as well as legislative. This critical situation has made a constant spirit of exertion necessary amongst the Paris militia. The great object of M. La Fayette, and the other military leaders, is to improve their discipline and to bring them into such a form as to allow a rational dependence on them in case of their being wanted in the field; but such is the spirit of freedom, that even in the military there is so little subordination that a man is an officer to-day and in the ranks to-morrow; a mode of proceeding that makes it the more difficult to bring them to the point their leaders see necessary. Eight thousand men in Paris may be called the standing army, paid every day 15 sous a man; in which number is included the corps of the French guards from Versailles that deserted to the people: they have also eight hundred horse, at an expense each of 1500 livres (£62 15s. 6d.) a year, and the officers have double the pay of those in the army.

5th. Yesterday's address of the National Assembly to the king has done them credit with everybody. I have heard it mentioned by people of very different opinions, but all concur in commending it. It was upon the question of naming the annual sum which should be granted for the civil list. They determined to send a deputation to his majesty, requesting him to name the sum himself, and praying him to consult less his spirit of economy than a sense of that dignity which ought to environ the throne with a becoming splendour. Dine with the Duke de Liancourt at his apartments in the Tuileries which, on the removal from Versailles, were assigned to him as grand master of the wardrobe; he gives a great dinner twice a week to the deputies, at which from twenty to forty are usually present. Half an hour after three was the hour appointed, but we waited with some of the deputies that had left the Assembly till seven before the duke and the rest of the company came.

There is in the Assembly at present a writer of character, the author of a very able book, which led me to expect something much above mediocrity in him; but he is made up of so many pretty littlenesses that I stared at him with amazement. His voice is that of a feminine whisper, as if his nerves would not permit such a boisterous exertion as that of speaking loud enough to be heard; when he breathes out his ideas he does it with eyes half closed; waves his head in circles as if his sentiments were to be received as oracles; and has so much relaxation and pretension to ease and delicacy of manner, with no personal appearance to second these prettinesses, that I wondered by what artificial means such a mass of heterogeneous parts became compounded. How strange that we should read an author's book with great pleasure; that we should say, this man has no stuff in him; all is of consequence; here is a character uncontaminated with that *rubbish* which we see in so many other men—and after this, to meet the garb of so much littleness.

6th, 7th, and 8th. The Duke of Liancourt having an intention of taking a farm into his own hands, to be conducted on improved principles after the English manner, he desired me to accompany him and my friend Lazowbki to Liancourt, to give my opinion of the lands and of the best means towards executing the project, which I very readily complied with. I was here witness to a scene which made me smile: at no great distance from the *chateau* of Liancourt is a piece of waste land, close to the road and belonging to the duke. I saw some men very busily at work upon it, hedging it in in small divisions; levelling, and digging, and bestowing much labour for so poor a spot. I asked the steward if he thought that land worth such an expense, He replied that the poor people in the town, upon the revolution taking place, declared that the poor were the nation; that the waste belonged to the nation; and proceeding from theory to practice took possession, without any further authority, and began to cultivate; the duke not viewing their industry with any displeasure would offer no opposition to it. This circumstance shows the universal spirit that is gone forth; and proves that, were it pushed a little farther, it might prove a serious matter for all the property in the kingdom. In this case, however, I cannot but commend it; for if there be one public nuisance greater than another, it is a man preserving the possession of waste land which he will neither cultivate himself nor let others cultivate. The miserable people die for want of bread in the sight of wastes that would feed thousands. I think them wise, and rational; and philosophical, in seizing such tracks: and I heartily wish there was

a law in England for making this action of the French peasants a legal one with us.—72 miles.

9th. At breakfast this morning in the Tuileries. Monsieur Desmarts, of the Academy of Sciences, brought a *Memoire, presente parla Société Royale d'Agriculture, a l'Assemblée Nationale*, on the means of improving the agriculture of France; in which, among other things, they recommend great attention to bees, to panification, and to the obstetric art. On the establishment of a free and patriotic government, to which the national agriculture might look for new and halcyon days, these were objects doubtless of the first importance. There are some parts of the memoir that really merit attention. Called on my fellow traveller. Monsieur Nicolay, and find him a considerable person; a great hotel; many servants; his father a marechal of France and himself first president of a chamber in the parliament of Paris, having been elected deputy by the nobility of that city for the states-general, but declined accepting it; he has desired I would dine with him on Sunday, when he promises to have Monsieur Decretot, the celebrated manufacturer and deputy, from Louviers. At the National Assembly—The Count de Mirabeau speaking upon the question of the members of the chamber of vacation, in the parliament of Rennes, was truly eloquent,—ardent, lively, energetic, and impetuous. At night to the assembly of the Duchess d'Anville; the Marquis and Madamc Condorcet there, etc., not a word but politics.

10th. The chief leaders in the National Assembly are Target, Chapellier, Mirabeau, Bemave, Volney the traveller, and, till the attack upon the property of the clergy, l'Abbé Syeyes; but he has been so much disgusted by that step that he is not near so forward as before. The violent democrats, who have the reputation of being so much republican in principle that they do not admit any political necessity for having even the name of a king, are called the *enrages*. They have a meeting at the Jacobins, called the revolution club, which assembles every night in the very room in which the famous league was formed in the reign of Henry III; and they are so numerous that all material business is there decided before it is discussed by the National Assembly. I called this morning on several persons, all of whom are great democrats; and mentioning this circumstance to them, as one which favoured too much of a Paris junto governing the kingdom, an idea which must, in the long run, be unpopular and hazardous; I was answered that the predominancy which Paris assumed at present was absolutely necessary for the safety of the whole nation; for if nothing were done but by procuring a previ-

ous common consent, all great opportunities would be lost and the National Assembly left constantly exposed to the danger of a counter-revolution. They, however, admitted that it did create great jealousies, and nowhere more than at Versailles, where some plots (they added) are, without doubt, hatching at this moment, which have the king's person for their object: riots are frequent there, under pretence of the price of bread; and such movements are certainly very dangerous for they cannot exist so near Paris without the aristocratical party of the old government endeavouring to take advantage of them, and to turn them to a very different end from what was, perhaps, originally intended. I remarked, in all these conversations, that the belief of plots among the disgusted party for setting the king at liberty is general; they seem almost persuaded that the revolution will not be absolutely finished before some such attempts are made; and it is curious to observe that the general voice is, that if an attempt were to be made, in such a manner as to have the least appearance of success, it would undoubtedly cost the king his life; and so changed is the national character, not only in point of affection for the person of their prince, but also in that softness and humanity for which it has been so much admired, that the supposition is made without horror or compunction. In a word, the present devotion to liberty is a sort of rage; it absorbs every other passion and permits no other object to remain in view than what promises to confirm it. Dine with a large party at the Duke de la Rochefoucauld's; ladies and gentlemen, and all equally politicians; but I may remark another effect of this revolution, by no means unnatural, which is that of lessening, or rather reducing to nothing, the enormous influence of the sex: they mixed themselves before in everything, in order to govern everything: I think I see an end to it very clearly. The men in this kindgom were puppets moved by their wires, who, instead of giving the *ton* in questions of national debate, must now receive it, and must be content to move in the political sphere of some celebrated leader,—that is to say, they are in fact sinking into what nature intended them for; they will become more amiable and the nation better governed.

11th. The riots at Versailles are said to be serious; a plot is talked of for eight hundred men to march, armed, to Paris, at the instigation of somebody, to join somebody; the intention to murder La Fayette, Bailly, and Necker; and very wild and improbable reports are propagated every moment. They have been sufficient to induce Monsieur La Fayette to issue yesterday an order concerning the mode of assembling the militia,

in case of any sudden alarm. Two pieces of cannon and eight hundred men mount guard at the Tuileries every day. See some royalists this morning who assert that the public opinion in the kingdom in changing apace; that pity for the king and disgust at some proceedings of the Assembly have lately done much: they say that any attempt at present to rescue the king would be absurd, for his present situation is doing more for him than force could effect at this moment, as the general feelings of the nation are in his favour. They have no scruple in declaring that a well concerted vigorous effort would place him at the head of a powerful army, which could not fail of being joined by a great, disgusted, and injured body. I remarked that every honest man must hope no such event would take place; for if a counterrevolution should be effected it would establish a despotism much heavier than ever France experienced. This they would not allow; on the contrary, they believed that no government could in future be secure that did not grant to the people more extensive rights and privileges than they possessed under the old one. Dine with my brother traveller, the Count de Nicolay; among the company, as the count had promised me, was Monsieur Decretot, the celebrated manufacturer of Louviers, from whom I learned the magnitude of the distresses at present in Normandy. The cotton mills which he had shown me last year at Louviers have stood still nine months; and so many spinning jennies have been destroyed by the people under the idea that such machines were contrary to their interests, that the trade is in a deplorable situation. In the evening accompanied Monsieur Lazowski to the Italian opera, *La Barbiera di Seviglia*, by Paiesello, which is one of the most agreeable compositions of that truly great master. Mandini and Raffanelli excellent, and Baletti a sweet voice. There is no such comic opera to be seen in Italy as this of Paris, and the house is always full: this will work as great a revolution in French music as ever can be wrought in French government. What will they think by and by of Lully and Rameau? And what a triumph for the manes of Jean Jacques!

12th. To the National Assembly:—a debate on the conduct of the chamber of vacation in the parliament of Rennes continued. Monsieur l'Abbé Maury, a zealous royalist, made a long and eloquent speech which he delivered with great fluency and precision, and without any notes, in defence of the parliament: he replied to what had been urged by the Count de Mirabeau on a former day, and spoke strongly on his unjustifiable call on the people of Bretagne to a *redoubtable denombrement*. He said that it would better become the members of such an assembly to

count their own principles and duties, and the fruits of their attention, to the privileges of the subject, than to call for a *denombrement* that would fill a province with fire and bloodshed. He was interrupted by the noise and confusion of the assembly, and of the audience, six several times; but it had no effect on him; he waited calmly till it subsided and then proceeded as if no interruption had been given. The speech was a very able one and much relished by the royalists; but the *enrages* condemned it as good for nothing. No other person spoke without notes; the Count de Clermont read a speech that had some brilliant passages, but by no means an answer to l'Abbé Maury, as indeed it would have been wonderful if it were, being prepared before he heard the Abbe's oration. It can hardly be conceived how flat this mode of debate renders the transactions of the Assembly. Who would be in the gallery of the English House of Commons if Mr. Pitt were to bring a written speech to be delivered on a subject on which Mr. Fox was to speak before him? And in proportion to its being uninteresting to the hearer is another evil, that of lengthening their sittings, since there are ten persons who will read their opinions to one that is able to deliver an *impromptu*. The want of order, and every kind of confusion, prevails now almost as much as when the Assembly sat at Versailles. The interruptions given are frequent and long; and speakers, who have no right by the rules to speak, will attempt it. The Count de Mirabeau pressed to deliver his opinion after the Abbé Maury; the president put it to the vote, whether he should be allowed to speak a second time, and the whole house rose up to negative it; so that the first orator of the Assembly has not the influence even to be heard to explain—we have no conception of such rules; and yet their great number must make this necessary. I forgot to observe that there is a gallery at each end of the saloon which is open to all the world; and side ones for admission of the friends of the members by tickets: the audience in these galleries are very noisy: they clap when anything pleases them, and they have been known to hiss; an indecorum which is utterly destructive of freedom of debate. I left the house before the whole was finished and repaired to the Duke of Liancourt's apartments in the Tuileries, to dine with his customary party of deputies; Messieurs Chapellier and Demeusniers were there, who had both been presidents and are still members of considerable distinction; M. Volney, the celebrated traveller, also was present; the Prince de Poix, the Count de Montmorency, etc. Waiting for the Duke of Liancourt, who did not arrive till half after seven, with the greatest part of the company, the con-

versation almost entirely turned upon a strong suspicion entertained of the English having made a remittance for the purpose of embroiling matters in the kingdom. The Count de Thiard, *cordons bleu*, who commands in Bretagne, simply stated the fact that some regiments at Brest had been regular in their conduct, and as much to be depended on as any in the service; but that of a sudden money had found its way among the men in considerable sums, and from that time their behaviour was changed. One of the deputies demanding at what period, he was answered;¹⁶ on which he immediately observed that it followed the remittance of 1,100,000 livres (£48,125) from England, that had occasioned so much conjecture and conversation. This remittance, which had been particularly inquired into, was so mysterious and obscure that the naked fact only could be discovered; but every person present asserted the truth of it. Other gentlemen united the two facts, and were ready to suppose them connected. I remarked that if England had really interfered, which appeared to me incredible, it was to be presumed that it would have been either in the line of her supposed interest, or in that of the king's supposed inclination; that these happened to be exactly the same, and if money were remitted from that kingdom most assuredly it would be to support the falling interest of the crown, and by no means to detach from it any force whatever; in such a case, remittance from England might go to Metz, for keeping troops to their duty, but would never be sent to Brest to corrupt them, the idea of which was grossly absurd. All seemed inclined to admit the justness of this remark, but they adhered to the two facts, in whatever manner they might, or might not, be connected. At this dinner, according to custom, most of the deputies, especially the younger ones, were dressed *au polisson*, many of them without powder in their hair and some in boots; not above four or five were neatly dressed. How times are changed! When they had nothing better to attend to the fashionable Parisians were correctness itself in all that pertained to the *toilette*, and were, therefore, thought a frivolous people; but now they have something of more importance than dress to occupy them; and the light airy character that was usually given them will have no foundation in truth. Everything in this world depends on government.

13th. A great commotion among the populace late last night, which is said to have arisen on two accounts—one to get at the Baron de Besneval, who is in prison, in order to hang him; the other to demand bread at 2 sous the pound. They eat it at present at the rate of twenty-

two millions a-year cheaper than the rest of the kingdom, and yet they demand a further reduction. However, the current discourse is that Favras, an adventurer also in prison, must be hanged to satisfy the people; for as to Besneval, the Swiss cantons have remonstrated so firmly that they will not dare to execute him. Early in the morning the guards were doubled, and eight thousand horse and foot are now patrolling the streets. The report of plots to carry off the king is in the mouth of every one; and it is said these movements of the people, as well as those at Versailles, are not what they appear to be, mere mobs, but instigated by the aristocrats; and if permitted to rise to such a height as to entangle the Paris militia, will prove the part only of a conspiracy against the new government. That they have reason to be alert is undoubted; for though there should actually be no plots in existence, yet there is so great a temptation to them, and such a probability of their being formed, that supineness would probably create them. I have met with the lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of horse who is come from his quarters, and who asserts that his whole regiment, officers and men, are now at the king's devotion, and would march wherever he called and would execute whatever he ordered, not contrary to their ancient feelings; but that they would not have been inclined to be so obedient before he was brought to Paris; and from the conversation he has had with the officers of other regiments, he believes that the same spirit pervades their corps also. If any serious plans have been laid for a counter-revolution, or for carrying off the king, and their execution has been, or shall be prevented, posterity will be much more likely to have information of it than this age. Certainly the eyes of all the sovereigns, and of all the great nobility in Europe, are on the French Revolution; they look with amazement and even with terror upon a situation which may possibly be hereafter their own case; and they must expect, with anxiety, that some attempts will be made to reverse an example that will not want copies whenever the period is favourable to make them. Dine at the Palais Royal with a select party; politicians they must be if they are Frenchmen. The question was discussed, Are the plots and conspiracies of which we hear so much at present real, or are they invented by the leaders of the revolution to keep up the spirits of the militia in order to enable themselves to secure the government on its new foundation irreversibly?

14th. Plots! plots!—the Marquis La Fayette, last night, took two hundred prisoners in the *Champs Elysees*, out of eleven hundred that were collected. They had powder and ball, but no muskets. Who? and

what are they? is the question; but an answer is not so easily to be had. *Brigands*, according to some accounts, that have collected in Paris for no good purpose; people from Versailles by others; Germans by a third; but every one would make you believe they are an appendix to a plot laid for a counter-revolution. Reports are so various and contradictory that no dependence is to be placed on them; nor credit given to one-tenth of what is asserted. It is singular, and has been much commented on, that La Fayette would not trust his standing troops, as they may be called, that is the eight thousand regularly paid, and of whom the French guards form a considerable portion, but he took for the expedition the *bourgeoise* only; which has elated the latter as much as it has disgusted the former. The moment seems big with events; there is an anxiety, an expectation, an uncertainty, and suspense that is visible in every eye one meets; and even the best informed people, and the least liable to be led away by popular reports, are not a little alarmed at the apprehension of some unknown attempt that may be made to rescue the king and overturn the National Assembly. Many persons are of opinion that it would not be difficult to take the king, queen, and dauphin away without endangering them, for which attempt the Tuileries is particularly well situated, provided a body of troops of sufficient force were in readiness to receive them. In such a case there would be a civil war, which, perhaps, would end in despotism whatever party came off victorious; consequently such an attempt, or plan, could not originate in any bosom from true patriotism. If I have a fair opportunity to pass much of my time in good company at Paris, I have also no small trouble in turning over books, MSS. and papers, which I cannot see in England: this employs many hours a day, with what I borrow from the night, in making notes. I have procured also some public records, the copying of which demands time. He who wishes to give a good account of such a kingdom as France must be indefatigable in the search of materials; for let him collect with all the care possible, yet when he comes to sit down coolly to the examination and arrangement, will find that much has been put into his hands of no real consequence and more, possibly, that is absolutely useless.

15th. To the Palais Royal to view the pictures of the Duke of Orleans, which I had tried once or twice before to do in vain. The collection is known to be very rich in pieces of the Dutch and Flemish masters; some finished with all the exquisite attention which that school gave to minute expression. But it is a *genre* little interesting when the

works of the great Italian artists are at hand: of these the collection is one of the first in the world. Raphael, Hannibal Carracci, Titian, Dominichino, Correggio, and Paul Veronese. The first picture in the collection, and one of the finest that ever came from the easel, is that of the three Maries and the dead Christ, by H. Carracci; the powers of expression cannot go further. There is the St. John of Raphael, the same picture as those of Florence and Bologna; and an inimitable Virgin and Child, by the same great master. A Venus bathing, and a Magdalen, by Titian. Lucretia, by Andrea del Sarto, Leda, by Paul Veronese, and also by Tintoretto. Mars and Venus, and several others, by Paul Veronese. The naked figure of a woman, by Bonieu, a French painter, now living, a pleasing piece. Some noble pictures, by Poussin and Le Suer. The apartments must disappoint every one:—I did not see one good room, and all inferior to the rank and immense fortune of the possessor, certainly the first subject in Europe. Dine at the Duke of Liancourt's: among the company was Monsieur de Bougainville, the celebrated circumnavigator, agreeable as well as sensible; the Count de Castellane and the Count de Montmorency, two young legislators, as *enrages* as if their names were only Bemave or Rabeau. In some allusions to the constitution of England, I found they hold it very cheap in regard to political liberty. The ideas of the moment relative to plots and conspiracies were discussed, but they seemed very generally to agree that however the constitution might, by such means, be delayed, it was now absolutely impossible to prevent its taking place. At night to the national circus as it is called, at the Palais Royal, a building in the gardens or area of that palace, the most whimsical and expensive folly that is easily to be imagined: it is a large ballroom, sunk half its height under ground; and as if this circumstance were not sufficiently adapted to make it damp enough, a garden is planted on the roof and a river is made to flow around it, which, with the addition of some spirting *jets d'eau*, have undoubtedly made it a delicious place for a winter's entertainment. The expense of this gew-gaw building, the project of some of the Duke of Orleans' friends, I suppose, and executed at his expense, would have established an English farm with all its principles, buildings, live stock, tools, and crops, on a scale that would have done honour to the first sovereign of Europe; for it would have converted five thousand arpents of desert into a garden. As to the result of the mode that *has been* pursued of investing such a capital, I know no epithet equal to its merits. It is meant to be a concert, ball, coffee, and billiard room, with shops, etc., designed to be

something in the style of the amusements of our Pantheon. There were music and singing to-night, but the room being almost empty it was, on the whole, equally cold and *sombre*.

16th. The ideas of plots and conspiracies has come to such a height as greatly to alarm the leaders of the revolution. The disgust that spreads every day at their transactions arises more from the king's situation than from any other circumstance. They cannot, after the scenes that have passed, venture to set him at liberty before the constitution is finished: and they dread, at the same time, a change working in his favour in the minds of the people: in this dilemma a plan is laid for persuading his majesty to go suddenly to the National Assembly and, in a speech, to declare himself perfectly satisfied with their proceedings and to consider himself as at the head of the revolution, in terms so couched as to take away all idea or pretence of his being in a state of confinement or coercion. This is at present a favourite plan; the only difficulty will be to persuade the king to take a step that will apparently preclude him from whatever turn or advantage the general feeling of the provinces may work in his favour; for after such a measure, he will have reason to expect that his friends will second the views of the democratical party, from an absolute despair of any other principles becoming efficient. It is thought probable that this scheme will be brought about; and if it is it will do more to ease their apprehensions of any attempts than any other plan. I have been among the booksellers with a catalogue in hand to collect publications, which, unfortunately for my purse, I find I must have on various» topics that concern the present state of France.—These are now every day so numerous, especially on the subjects of commerce, colonies, finances, taxation, *deficit*, etc., not to speak of the subject immediately of the revolution itself, that it demands many hours every day to lessen the number to be bought, by reading pen in hand. The collection the Duke of Liancourt has made from the very commencement of the revolution, at the first meeting of the notables, is prodigious, and has cost many hundred louis d'ors. It is uncommonly complete, and will hereafter be of the greatest value to consult on abundance of curious questions.

17th. The plan I mentioned yesterday, that was proposed to the king, was urged in vain: his majesty received the proposition in such a manner as does not leave any great hope of the scheme being executed; but the Marquis La Fayette is so strenuous for its being brought about, that it will not yet be abandoned; but proposed again at a more favourable

moment. The royalists, who know of this plan (for the public have it not), are delighted at the chance of its failing. The refusal is attributed to the queen. Another circumstance which gives great disquiet at present to the leaders of the revolution are the accounts daily received from all parts of the kingdom of the distress and even starving condition of manufacturers, artists, and sailors, which grow more and more serious and must make the idea of an attempt to overturn the revolution so much the more alarming and dangerous. The only branch of industry in the kingdom that remains flourishing is the trade to the sugar-colonies; and the scheme of emancipating the negroes, or at least of putting an end to importing them, which they borrowed from England, has thrown Nantes, Havre, Marseilles, Bourdeaux, and all other places connected secondarily with that commerce, into the utmost agitation. The Count de Mirabeau says publicly that he is sure of carrying the vote to put an end to negro slavery—it is very much the conversation at present, and principally amongst the leaders, who say that as the revolution was founded on philosophy, and supported by metaphysics, such a plan cannot but be congenial. But surely trade depends on practice much more than on theory; and the planters and merchants who come to Paris to oppose the scheme are better prepared to show the importance of their commerce than to reason philosophically on the demerits of slavery. Many publications have appeared on the subject—some deserving attention.

18th. At the Duke of Liancourt's dinner to-day, meet the Marquis de Casaux, the author of the mechanism of societies; notwithstanding all the warmth, and even fire of argument, and vivacity of manner and composition for which his writings are remarkable, he is perfectly mild and placid in conversation, with little of that effervescence one would look for from his books. There was a remarkable assertion made to-day at table, by the Count de Marguerite, before near thirty deputies; speaking of the determination on the Toulon business, he said it was openly supported by deputies under the avowal that more insurrections were necessary. I looked round the table, expecting some decisive answer to be given to this, and was amazed to find that no one replied a word. Monsieur Volney, the traveller, after a pause of some moments, declared that he thought the people of Toulon had acted right, and were justifiable in what they had done. The history of this Toulon business is known to all the world. This Count de Marguerite has a *tête dure* and a steady conduct—it may be believed that he is not an *enragé*. At dinner, M. Blin, deputy from Nantes, mentioning the conduct of the revolution club

at the *Jacobins*, said we have given you a good president; and then asked the count why he did not come among them. He answered, *Je me trouve heureux en verité de n'avoir jamais été d'aucune société politique particuliere; je pense que mes fonctions sont publiques, et qu'elles peuvent aisément se remplir sans associations particulieres*. He got no reply here.— At night. Monsieur Decretot and Monsieur Blin carried me to the revolution club at the *Jacobins*; the room where they assemble is that in which the famous league was signed, as it has been observed above. There were above one hundred deputies present, with a president in the chair; I was handed to him, and announced as the author of the *Arithmetique Politique*; the president standing up repeated my name to the company and demanded if there were any objections—None; and this is all the ceremony, not merely of an introduction but an election: for I was told that now I was free to be present when I pleased, being a foreigner. Ten or a dozen other elections were made. In this club the business that is to be brought into the National Assembly is regularly debated; the motions are read that are intended to be made there, and rejected or corrected and approved. When these have been fully agreed to, the whole party are engaged to support them. Plans of conduct are there determined; proper persons nominated for being of committees, and presidents of the Assembly named. And I may add that such is the majority of numbers, that whatever passes in this club is almost sure to pass in the Assembly. In the evening at the Duchess d'Anville's, in whose house I never failed of spending my time agreeably.

One of the most amusing circumstances of travelling into other countries is the opportunity of remarking the difference of customs amongst different nations in the common occurrences of life. In the art of living the French have generally been esteemed by the rest of Europe to have made the greatest proficiency, and their manners have been accordingly more imitated and their customs more adopted than those of any other nation. Of their cookery there is but one opinion; for every man in Europe that can afford a great table either keeps a French cook or one instructed in the same manner. That it is far beyond our own I have no doubt in asserting. We have about half a dozen real English dishes that exceed anything, in my opinion, to be met with in France; by English dishes I mean a turbot and lobster sauce—ham and chicken—turtle—a haunch of venison— a turkey and oysters—and after these there is an end of an English table. It is an idle prejudice to class roast beef among them; for there is not better beef in the world than at Paris. Large hand-

some pieces were almost constantly on the considerable tables I have dined at. The variety given by their cooks to the same thing is astonishing; they dress a hundred dishes in a hundred different ways, and most of them excellent; and all sorts of vegetables have a savouriness and flavour, from rich sauces, that are absolutely wanted to our greens boiled in water. This variety is not striking in the comparison of a great table in France with another in England; but it is manifest in an instant between the tables of a French and English family of small fortune. The English dinner of a joint of meat and a pudding, as it is called, or *pot luck*, with a neighbour, is bad luck in England; the same fortune in France gives, by means of cookery only, at least four dishes to one among us, and spreads a small table incomparably better. A regular dessert with us is expected at a considerable table only, or at a moderate one, when a formal entertainment is given; in France it is as essential to the smallest dinner as to the largest; if it consists only of a bunch of dried grapes, or an apple, it will be as regularly served as the soup. I have met with persons in England who imagine the sobriety of a French table carried to such a length that one or two-glasses of wine are all that a man can get at dinner; this is an error; your servant mixes the wine and water in what proportion you please; and large bowls of clean glasses are set before the master of the house and some friends of the family at different parts of the table, for serving the richer and rarer sorts of wines, which are drunk in this manner freely enough. The whole nation are scrupulously neat in refusing to drink out of glasses used by other people. At the house of a carpenter or blacksmith a tumbler is set to every cover. This results from the common beverage being wine and water; but if at a large table, as in England, there were porter, beer, cider, and perry, it would be impossible for three or four tumblers or goblets to stand by every plate; and equally so for the servants to keep such a number separate and distinct. In table-linen they are, I think, cleaner and wiser than the English: that the change may be incessant, it is everywhere coarse. The idea of dining without a napkin seems ridiculous to a Frenchman, but in England we dine at the tables of people of tolerable fortune without them. A journeyman carpenter in France has his napkin as regularly as his fork; and at an inn the *filie* always lays a clean one to every cover that is spread in the kitchen for the lowest order of pedestrian travellers. The expense of linen in England is enormous, from its fineness; surely a great change of that which is coarse would be much more rational. In point of cleanliness I think the merit of the two nations is divided; the

French are cleaner in their persons, and the English in their houses; I speak of the mass of the people and not of individuals of considerable fortune. A *bidet* in France is as universally in every apartment as a basin to wash your hands, which is a trait of personal cleanliness I wish more common in England; on the other hand their necessary houses are temples of abomination; and the practice of spitting about a room, which is amongst the highest as well as the lowest ranks, is detestable: I have seen a gentleman spit so near the clothes of a duchess that I have stared at his unconcern. In everything that concerns the stables, the English far exceed the French; horses, grooms, harness, and change of equipage; in the provinces you see cabriolets undoubtedly of the last century; an Englishman, however small his fortune may be, will not be seen in a carriage of the fashion of forty years past; if he cannot have another he will walk on foot. It is not true that there are no complete equipages at Paris, I have seen many; the carriage, horses, harness, and attendance without fault or blemish;—but the number is certainly very much inferior to what are seen at London. English horses, grooms, and carriages have been of late years largely imported. In all the articles of the fitting up and furnishing houses, including those of all ranks in the estimate, the English have made advances far beyond their neighbours. Mahogany is scarce in France, but the use of it is profuse in England. Some of the hotels in Paris are immense in size, from a circumstance which would give me a good opinion of the people, if nothing else did, which is the great mixture of families. When the eldest son marries he brings his wife home to the house of his father where is an apartment provided for them; and if a daughter does not wed an eldest son, her husband is also received into the family, in the same way, which makes a joyous number at every table. This cannot altogether be attributed to economical motives, though they certainly influence in many cases, because it is found in families possessing the first properties in the kingdom. It does with French manners and customs, but in England it is sure to fail, and equally so amongst all ranks of people: may we not conjecture with a great probability of truth that the nation in which it succeeds is therefore better tempered? Nothing but good humour can render such a jumble of families agreeable, or even tolerable. In dress they have given the *ton* to all Europe for more than a century; but this is not among any but the highest rank an object of such expense as in England, where the mass of mankind wear much better things (to use the language of common conversation) than in France: this struck me more amongst ladies who, on

an average of all ranks, do not dress at one half of the expense of English women. Volatility and changeableness are attributed to the French as national characteristics,—but in the case of dress with the grossest exaggeration. Fashions change with ten times more rapidity in England, in form, colour, and assemblage; the vicissitudes of every part of dress are fantastic with us: I see little of this in France; and to instance the mode of dressing the gentlemen's hair, while it has been varied five times at London it has remained the same at Paris. Nothing contributes more to make them a happy people than the cheerful and facile pliancy of disposition with which they adapt themselves to the circumstances of life: this they possess much more than the high and volatile spirits which have been attributed to them; one excellent consequence is, a greater exemption from the extravagance of living beyond their fortunes than is met with in England. In the highest ranks of life there are instances in all countries; but where one gentleman of small property in the provinces of France runs out his fortune, there are ten such in England that do it. In the blended idea I had formed of the French character from reading, I am disappointed from three circumstances which I expected to find predominant. On comparison with the English, I looked for great talkativeness, volatile spirits, and universal politeness. I think, on the contrary, that they are not so talkative as the English, have not equally good spirits, and are not a jot more polite: nor do I speak of certain classes of people but of the general mass. I think them, however, incomparably better tempered; and I propose it as a question whether good temper be not more reasonably expected under an arbitrary than under a free government?

19th. My last day in Paris and, therefore, employed in waiting on my friends to take leave; amongst whom the Duke de Liancourt holds the first place; a nobleman to whose uninterrupted, polite, and friendly offices I own the agreeable and happy hours which I have passed at Paris, and whose kindness continued so much to the last, as to require a promise that if I should return to France his house, either in town or country, should be my home. I shall not omit observing that his conduct in the revolution has been direct and manly from the very beginning; his rank, family, fortune, and situation at court, all united to make him one of the first subjects in the kingdom; and upon the public affairs being sufficiently embroiled to make assemblies of the nobility necessary, his determination to render himself master of the great questions which were then in debate was seconded by that attention and application which

was necessary in a period when none but men of business could be of importance in the state. From the first assembling of the States General he resolved to take the party of freedom; and would have joined the *tiers* at first if the orders of his constituents had not prevented it; he desired them, however, either to consent to that step or to elect another representative; and at the same time, with equal liberality, he declared that if ever the duty he owed his country became incompatible with his office at court he would resign it; an act that was not only unnecessary, but would have been absurd, after the king himself had become a party in the revolution. By espousing the popular cause he acted conformably to the principles of all his ancestors, who in the civil wars and confusions of the preceding centuries uniformly opposed the arbitrary proceedings of the court. The decisive steps which this nobleman took at Versailles, in advising the king, etc., etc., are known to all the world. He is undoubtedly to be esteemed one of those who have had a principal share in the revolution, but he has been invariably guided by constitutional motives; for it is certain that he has been as much averse from unnecessary violence and sanguinary measures as those who were the most attached to the ancient government.—With my excellent friend Lazowski I spent my last evening; he endeavouring to persuade me to reside upon a farm in France, and I enticing him to quit French bustle for English tranquillity.

20th—25th. By the diligence to London, where I arrived the 25th; though in the most commodious seat, yet languishing for a horse, which, after all, affords the best means of travelling. Passing from the first company of Paris to the rabble which one sometimes meets in diligences is contrast sufficient—but the idea of returning to England, to my family, and friends, made all things appear smooth.—272 miles.

30th. To Bradfield; and here terminate, I hope, my travels. After having surveyed the agriculture and political resources of England and Ireland, to do the same with France was certainly a great object, the importance of which animated me to the attempt: and however pleasing it may be to hope for the ability of giving a better account of the agriculture of France than has ever been laid before the public, yet the greatest satisfaction I feel, at present, is the prospect of remaining for the future on a farm, in that calm and undisturbed retirement which is suitable to my fortune and which, I trust, will be agreeable to my disposition.—72 miles.

Notes

1. I since had a barique of him; but whether he sent bad wine, which I am not willing to believe, or that it came through bad hands, I know not. It is however so bad as to be item for folly.
2. I can assure the reader that these sentiments were those of the moment; the events that have taken place almost induced me to strike many such passages out, but it is fairer to all parties to leave them..
3. Whitehurst's *Formation of the Earth*, 2nd ed. p. 6.
4. In transcribing these papers for the press, I smile at some remarks and circumstances which events have since placed in a singular position; but I alter none of these passages; they explain what were the opinions in France, before the revolution, on topics of importance; and the events which have since taken place render them the more interesting. June 1790.
5. I wanted no great spirit of prophecy to foretel this; but latter events have shown that I was very wide of the mark when I talked of fifty years.
6. I once knew it at the Due de Liancourt's.
7. I have since cultivated these plants in small quantities, and believe them to be a very important object.
8. If they had knocked him on the head, he would not have been an object of much pity. At a meeting of the society of agriculture in the country, where common farmers were admitted to dine with people of the first rank, this proud fool made difficulties of sitting down in such company.
9. I may remark at present, long after this was written, that, although I was totally mistaken in my prediction, yet, on a revision, I think I was right in it, and that the common course of events would have produced such a civil war, to which everything tended, from the moment the commons rejected the king's propositions of the *séance royale*, which I now think, more than ever, that they ought, with qualifications, to have accepted. The events that followed were as little to be thought of as of myself being made king of France.
10. We were, like you, struck with the resemblance of the women at Avignon to those of England, but not for the reason you give; it appeared to us to originate from their complexions being *naturally* so much better than that of the other French women, more than their head-dress, which differs as much from ours, as it does from the French.—*Note by a female friend.*

11. Afterwards at Paris this fact was confirmed to me.
12. See Mr. Boswell's agreeable *Life* of Dr. Johnson.
13. Travelling with a young gentleman, a Mr. Kinloch.
14. I fixed him in my neighbourhood in Suffolk.
15. S'il une est petite ville au monde ou l'on goute la douceur de la vie dans un commerce agréable et sur c'est Chambery.—*Author's note from the "Confessions."*
16. It was a late transaction.