

How to Enjoy Paris in 1842 eBook

How to Enjoy Paris in 1842

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PREFACE.

In offering the following pages to the public, the author has been principally influenced by a desire of uniting *useful* information with that which he hopes may prove amusing to the reader, endeavouring as much as possible to keep in view the spirit of the title "*How to enjoy Paris*;" and having been accustomed to hear such constant and bitter murmurings from the English, in consequence of their having been so frequently imposed upon by the Paris shopkeepers, considerable pains and attention have been devoted to guard the reader against his being subjected to a similar evil; much development has therefore been afforded towards recommending those establishments where the author feels confident that the stranger will meet with fair dealing and due civility. It may, perhaps, be thought by many that he has been rather too prolix on the subject, but in order to know "*How to enjoy Paris*" to its full extent, the first object, is to be informed of the best means of dispensing one's modicum of lucre to the greatest advantage, which will enable the visitor to stay the longer and see the more, just in proportion as he avoids useless expenditure in suffering himself to be victimised by over charges.

As the present work includes the different subjects of History, Antiquities, Politics, Manners, Customs, Army, Navy, Literature, Painting, Music, Theatres, Performers, *etc.*, *etc.*, the author flatters himself that readers of every taste will find a chapter which treats upon some subject that may interest them, hoping that in the endeavour to play the role of the Miller and his Ass, his efforts to please may be more happy than those of that unfortunate individual.

CHAPTER I.

Hints to the English visiting Paris as to their demeanour towards the Parisians, and advice as to the best mode of proceeding in various transactions with them. An appeal to candour and justice against national prejudice.

Happiness is the goal for which mankind is ever seeking, but of the many roads which the imagination traces as the surest and nearest to that *desideratum*, few, perhaps none, ever chance upon the right; too many pursue a shadow instead of a substance, influenced by a phantom of their own creation, engendered in most instances by pride, vanity, or ambition. Although I do not presume to hope that I can pilot my readers to the wished-for haven, yet I flatter myself I can afford them such counsel as will greatly contribute towards their happiness during their sojourn at Paris or in other parts of France.

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Patriotism is certainly a most exalted virtue, but however praiseworthy it may be in Englishmen to cherish within their own breasts the recollection that their fleets and armies have ever prevailed, that their wealth and commerce surpass those of every other nation, *etc. etc.* it is not absolutely necessary that they should in their outward demeanour towards foreigners, bear the semblance of constantly arrogating to themselves a superiority, of which however conscious and assured they may be, they never can teach others to feel, and least of any a Frenchman, who possesses an equal degree of national predilection as the Englishman, and the moment that sentiment is attacked, or that our Gallic neighbours conceive that an attempt is made to insinuate that they are regarded in the light of inferiority, as compared with any other nation, hatred to the individual who seeks to humiliate them or their country is instantly engendered, and in all their transactions and communications with their *soi-disant* superior, they will either take some advantage, behave with sullenness, or avail themselves of some opportunity of displaying the ascerbid feeling which has been created: not that I would wish an Englishman to subdue that just and natural pride which he must ever feel when he reflects on the pinnacle of greatness which his country has attained, through the genius, industry, and valour of her sons; yet it is a *suaviter in modo* which I wish him to preserve in his outward bearing towards the French, without ever compromising the *fortiter in re*.

I shall now endeavour to illustrate the above theory by citing some instances wherein its axioms were brought into practice under my own observation, and which I trust will convince my readers that it is not from visionary ideas I have formed my conclusions, and that the conduct I recommend to the traveller in France must in a great degree tend to the promotion of his happiness, whilst traversing or residing in foreign climes; as although in other countries the same degree of sensitiveness will not be found as that which exists amongst the French, a mild and unassuming deportment is always appreciated on the Continent, where tradespeople and even servants are not accustomed to be treated in that haughty dictatorial manner, too often adopted by my countrymen towards those to whom they are in the habit of giving their orders.

It is now about twelve years since, whilst I was staying at the Hotel de Bourbon, at Calais, that I was much struck by the very opposite traits of countenance and difference of demeanour of two gentlemen at the table d'hote, who appeared nevertheless to be most intimate friends; it was evident they were both English and proved to be brothers. Ever accustomed to study the physiognomies of those around me, I contemplated theirs with peculiar attention, having discovered by their conversation that they were to be my companions on my journey to Paris; and it required no great powers

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of penetration to perceive that the elder was decided upon viewing all with a jaundiced eye, whilst the younger was disposed to be pleased and in good humour, with all around him. The conducteur announcing that the Diligence was ready and that we must speedily take our seats, abruptly interrupted all my physiognomical meditations, and we quickly repaired to the heavy lumbering vehicle in which we were destined to be dragged to the gay metropolis. Our names being called over in rotation, I found that the brothers had engaged places in the coupe as well as myself, but having priority of claim, had wisely chosen the two corners, the vacant seat in the middle falling to my lot; and I believe, as it proved, it was not a bad arrangement, as I acted as a sort of sand-bag between two jars, which prevented their *jarring*; in fact I formed a sort of *juste milieu* between two extremes, and no sooner were we installed in our respective places, than my mediating powers were called into operation, as the following dialogue will exemplify.

"They gave us a very nice dinner, sir," said the good humoured brother who sat on my left.

I replied that I was very well satisfied with it.

"But you don't know what their messes are made of. For my part I like to know what, I eat," observed the discontented brother on my right, "and you don't mean surely, sir, to say that such as they gave us was anything to compare to a good English dinner."

That, I remarked, was entirely an affair of taste; that I myself was most partial to the simpler mode of living of the English, but not so the high aristocracy of our country, with whom French cooks are in the greatest estimation.

"I was very much pleased with the *vin ordinaire*, as they call it, and found it a pleasant light wine, particularly agreeable when one is thirsty," said Good Humour.

"*Light* enough at any rate," returned Discontent, "and well named *vin ordinaire*, for ordinary it is in every sense of the word, pretty much like themselves for that; but if you like to have any when we are in England, I'll make you some; take a little port wine, put some vinegar and a good deal of water with it and there you have it at once; is not that your opinion, sir?"

I replied, that I considered it a beverage well adapted for a sort of draught wine, but that it certainly had not the body that foreign wines have that we are in the habit of drinking in England.

Good Humour not appearing to relish his brother's receipt for making *vin ordinaire*, changed the subject, by observing that a woman who was standing at the door of an



auberge where we were stopping had a very fine expression of countenance, although rather thin and pale, but that there was a pensive cast which prevailed throughout her features and rendered the *tout ensemble* interesting.

“Oh very *fine*, indeed,” said Discontent, with a sarcastic smile, “as complete a picture of skin and grief as one could wish to see. Pray, sir, is she one of your beauties?”

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I admitted that her appearance was rather pleasing, but that beauty was out of the question, nor did I understand his brother to have made any remark conveying the idea that she possessed that charm so truly rare.

“What a delightful house and garden,” exclaimed. Good Humour, as we passed by a residence, that had rather an inviting appearance; “now, is it not an agreeable spot to live in,” he continued, as he turned to me with a look, so assured of confirmation on my part, that I could not find it in my heart to disappoint him. But as I was about to answer, Discontent grumbled out a few words, which I think were to the effect, that where the country was so hideously frightful, that any thing that was decent attracted notice, but that the same object in England would not have been regarded; asking me if I had ever travelled through a more ugly country in my life.

However I felt inclined to check his tendency to condemn all he beheld, yet I could not in truth otherwise than acknowledge that it was as uninteresting as it was possible to be, of which every one must be aware who has travelled from Calais to Boulogne.

Good Humour, however, was still undaunted, and a rather jolly, and very rosy, looking young female passing at the moment, elicited from him the exclamation of “Oh, what a pretty girl, and good natured!”

“The very type of fat contented ignorance,” interrupted Discontent, without allowing his brother to finish his sentence.

Soon after we entered Boulogne, where the white houses, lively green shutters, and cleanly appearance of the Grande Rue attracted the admiration of Good Humour, who observed with his usual energetic manner, “What a cheerful pleasant looking town, and how very pretty the houses are!”

“For outside show, well enough, which may be said of most things in France,” murmured Discontent; “but see the inside of those houses, and you will find there is not a single window or door that shuts or fits as it ought; and if they are inhabited by French people, you will find cobwebs and dirt in almost every corner. Am I not right, sir,” said he, turning to me with a triumphant air. But before I could answer, Good Humour took up the cause, observing, “Really, brother, you cannot speak from what you have seen, as the Hotel Bourbon is the only house we have yet entered, and it was impossible to exceed the cleanliness observed within it; therefore your remarks can only proceed from reports you have had from others, whose vision, perhaps, was as clouded as your own appears to be, by a pre-determination to view everything in France in the most unfavourable light.” Perceiving that Discontent, by the angry look which he assumed, was about to reply in a bitter tone to his brother, I thought the best means of averting the storm would be to interpose a sort of middle course between them, and remarked that the gentleman’s observation, as to the windows and doors not fitting well, was very correct, but with regard to the dirtiness of the French it had been greatly exaggerated.

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Discontent declared that he had received his account of France from persons who had lived long in the country, and on whose judgment he could rely; “whereas,” added he, “you perhaps have seen but little either of the nation or of the people.”

I replied that I had known France nearly fourteen years.

“Then,” said he, “if you have known France so long as that, I suppose you have become Frenchified yourself.”

I was about to make a sharp reply, but was prevented by the younger brother remarking, “After you have said so much against the French, your observation to the gentleman was anything but complimentary, and savoured much of rudeness.”

“I merely said I was sure that his brother did not *mean* to be rude, and therefore I should not consider his observation in that light.”

“Rough and rude I always was, but I did not mean to give offence,” added Discontent in a somewhat softened tone.

A fine looking old man, with a profusion of white hair, who was standing at a cottage door, attracted the notice of Good Humour, who bid us observe how benevolent was his expression, and what a fine venerable head he presented.

“As hoary headed an old sinner as ever existed, I’ll be bound,” said Discontent, with a sarcastic smile, as he looked scornfully at his brother.

In this manner we continued to the end of our journey, Discontent viewing all he encountered with an air of disgust and contempt, appearing restless, miserable, unhappy and disagreeable, a burthen to himself and an annoyance to others, whilst Good Humour saw every thing *en couleur de rose*, was lively, amused, looking the picture of kindness, and although pleased with a trifle, ’tis true, yet how much wiser was his course, as it promoted his own happiness and was calculated to cheer his fellow travellers.

At length we arrived at Abbeville, and I soon perceived the effect that the knitted brow and curling lip of Discontent had upon the girls that waited at the table, who seemed but half disposed to attend, to his demands; whereas the good natured confiding expression of his brother, with his pleasing address, won all hearts, and he was served with alacrity and scarcely needed to express his wants; it really is astonishing how much influence suavity of manners has in France, in procuring civility and attention, and how opposite is the case with a repulsive mien.

Before I quit the subject, I must relate one more instance, most powerfully attesting the veracity of the assertion, which occurred to myself; after having engaged apartments at the house belonging to a female, named Fournier, at Boulogne, I was informed by

several English families who had preceded me in the same lodgings, that I had taken up my abode with the most disagreeable people, who would impose upon us and annoy us in every possible manner. One exception, however, to this general report I met with in the account that was given

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me of our hostess and family by a Colonel Barry, who with his lady and children had resided some time with Madame Fournier, and they assured me that we should find we had chanced upon most worthy people, who would do all in their power to make us comfortable; but it so happened that the Colonel and his family were persons of most conciliating manners, devoid of hauteur in their demeanour, possessing in fact the very qualities calculated to propitiate a good feeling on the part of the French. After we had been in the house some time, we observed to those persons who assured us we should be so ill treated, that we found the case quite the reverse; and, the answer was, wait until the time comes when, you are about to depart, and then when you are called upon to produce the plates, crockery, glasses, knives, forks, *etc.*, you will see who you have to deal with; if there be any thing in the slightest degree chipped, they will make you pay extravagantly for damages. But when at last the awful day of departure arrived, I had every thing collected of the description alluded to, and Madame Fournier would not even look at them, and observed if there were any thing injured she was sure it was to so trifling an amount that it was not worth noticing. But it was not so with an English lady who was our fellow lodger; towards her they certainly were neither obliging in their manner nor disposed to render her any kind of accommodation beyond the strict letter of their agreement; and the reason was, because she always addressed them as if she was speaking to her servants; in short, with an arrogance of manner that they could not brook. Thus whilst they were continually practising little civilities and attentions towards us, which greatly contributed to our *comfort*, they were following a totally opposite system towards her, which rendered her very *uncomfortable*; therefore, had that lady properly studied her happiness, she would have conducted herself towards her hostess and family in a very different manner, and I hope my readers who visit France will take advantage of the hint; yet I must admit that the lady in question was a very amiable personage in every other respect, but she detested the French, and liked, as she observed, to pull down their pride, to make them feel their inferiority, and let them know that the English were their masters. Madame Fournier, however, was of a class superior to the generality of persons who let lodgings in England; she was possessed of an independent property, her eldest daughter was married to a Colonel, and her son a lieutenant in the navy, but like many of the French, having a house considerably larger than she could occupy, she let a part of it. I should always however recommend the English when they are taking a house or apartment for any length of time, or in fact entering into any engagement of importance with the French, to have an agreement in writing, in case of misunderstanding, which may arise from

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the English not comprehending, or not expressing themselves in French so well as they imagine. It is always a document to refer to which settles all differences, and is a check upon all bad memories, either on the one side or the other; and as there are bad people in France as well as other countries, it prevents strangers becoming victims to those who are disposed to take advantage, when they are aware that there is no legal instrument to hold them to their contract. I have lodged in eighteen different houses in France, and never had any other than a verbal agreement, and certainly had not in any one instance cause to regret; but was fortunate enough, with one exception, always to have met with good people; but as I wish my readers during their sojourn in France to be secured from any unpleasant discussions or altercations, I recommend them to be on the safe side.

I must now appeal to my two most powerful allies, candour and justice, against that invincible demon national prejudice. I am perfectly aware that it is a hopeless attempt even to imagine that there is the slightest chance of ameliorating its force. I consider it more immovable than a rock, because by dint of time you may cut that away, or you may blast it with gunpowder; but I know of no means which can soften the adamant strength of national prejudice. One might naturally suppose that a long communication between the two countries, a mutual interchange of kindnesses, the number of intermarriages by which the two nations have become so connected with each other, would have contributed in some degree to diminish the asperity of that bitter feeling against the French which we acquire in our school-boy days, but which reason and commerce with the world, it might be expected, would correct. As there is no argument so powerful as exemplification, I will here cite two instances amongst the hundreds that have come within my knowledge, of the extreme incorrigibility of the baneful sentiment to which I allude. I once travelled with a Mr. Lewis from Paris to Dieppe, and found him a man of considerable information, very gentlemanly in his address and manners, and possessing such colloquial powers as contributed to render the journey particularly agreeable; he was an enthusiastic admirer of the arts, and was very fond of drawing, and certainly excelled in that accomplishment, from the very beautiful sketches he showed me which he had made in different parts of France, and in fact was an amateur artist of considerable merit. He gave me a very interesting account of his tour through France and of the kindness he had met with from the inhabitants; that in many instances when he had been sketching the chateaux of the nobility and gentry, how often it had occurred that the proprietors had come out and invited him to breakfast or dinner, according to the hour, or at any rate to take some refreshment; and several sent for his portemanteau from the inn where he had put up (sometimes without

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his knowledge), compelling him to pass the night at their chateau. On my making some remark as to the urbanity of the French, "Oh! don't think," he exclaimed, "that I am praising them as a nation, for I hate them; I only speak of facts as they happened." I then asked him how he was treated at the inns in the different provinces, and whether he was much imposed upon. "I cannot say I was," he replied, "or in any instance that I had reason to complain of my treatment."

From this gentleman's account of the reception he had met with in France, would not any rational being have imagined that he would speak well of the French? instead of which, I soon had the most powerful proofs to the contrary. When we arrived at Dieppe we found a party assembled at the *table d'hôte*, at the *hotel* at which we alighted, consisting of a few French but, more of English; the former left the room as soon as the cloth was withdrawn, and the latter remaining, the conversation became general and very patriotic; and as the merits of England and the English rose in the discussion, so did the demerits of France and the French sink, and at last bumpers were drank to old England for ever, in which we all joyously joined. This was all very natural and proper, but this ebullition of national and praiseworthy feeling had hardly subsided, when Mr. Lewis, the very man who had admitted that he had been received with kindness and hospitality wherever he had been in France, arose, and said, "Now, gentlemen, I have another toast to propose to you, which I hope will be drank with the same enthusiasm as the last; so "Here's a curse for France and the French." All immediately drank it but myself and an elderly gentleman, who declared he would not invoke a curse upon any land or any people. A silent pause intervened; every one appeared to look at the other, as to how they ought to act on their toast being refused, none caring to assume the initiative. At last, one rising from his chair, who perhaps began to view the affair temperately, observed, "Well, I think we had better see about the packet-boat for Brighton before it is too late," and they all quitted the room, except the elderly gentlemen and myself, and he did certainly animadvert most severely against what he termed their unchristianlike toast. Although it was impossible for me, feeling as I did, otherwise than to agree with him on the principal points of his argument, yet I observed that we might hope that it was merely in words that the gentlemen would evince the violence of their prejudices, as I felt convinced, from the general amiability of character so apparent in the person who proposed the toast, that if he saw a Frenchman in danger of his life, and that an exertion could save him, that Mr. Lewis would use every effort to preserve a human being from destruction, whatever might be his country.

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The other circumstance to which I am about to advert was less his surprising, though equally powerful, in illustrating the strong tendency towards prejudice against the French on the part of the English people, the hero of my tale being a regular country squire, extremely kind hearted, but whose fund of information did not extend much beyond his estate, his horses and his hounds; not any consideration would have induced him to quit England, but that of saving the life of an individual, for whom, however worthless and ungrateful, he still retained a sentiment of pity; a young man, whom he had brought up and educated, in return for his kindness forged his name, and the evidence of the squire was all that was requisite to hang him, therefore, as an effectual means of avoiding to be forced to appear against him, he quitted England; and, as France was the nearest, he there took up his abode. A friend of mine, a Capt. W., who had resided long in France, received a letter of introduction to the squire; although living at a considerable distance from his residence, he took an opportunity of presenting it. Having heard that the captain had been in France many years, the Squire was not disposed to receive him very cordially, considering that so doing was disgraceful on the part of an Englishman unless he was forced to do so by circumstances such as had compelled himself to quit his native country. The consequence was, that he eyed the Captain in a manner that was far from flattering to his feelings; but when he had read the highly recommendatory panegyric contained within the letter, the Squire softened, and soon greeted the stranger with a true hearty English welcome, and their respective families afterwards became most intimately acquainted: the Squire, delighted to find a countryman to whom he could communicate his execrations against France and the French, whilst the Captain did all in his power to defend them from all unjust attacks, having himself had favourable experience of their urbanity and kindness. Some time after the Squire's arrival the Captain removed to Boulogne, and as some grand ceremony was to be there celebrated with military and ecclesiastical pomp and parade, in the presence of the royal family, he invited the Squire and his family to pass a few days with him, that they might witness so grand a spectacle; adding, that there would be twenty thousand troops assembled for the purpose. The Squire immediately flew into a violent passion, and vowed he would accept the invitation on no other terms than that he could take with him thirty thousand Englishman to cut their rascally French throats. At length he gave his consent that his daughter should pass a few days with the family of Capt. W., and at the same time accompany them, to see the ceremony which was to take place. Partaking of her father's feelings, all the way on the road she launched out abusing every thing that was French and in fact all that she encountered until the moment that she witnessed the imposing spectacle.

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She was then standing within the church with the Captain amongst the crowd, but some officers perceiving an English lady of genteel appearance, invited her to join the circle composed of the Duchesses of Angouleme, of Berri, and the ladies of the court, which she gladly accepted; and several fine looking young men in their brilliant uniforms paying her the greatest attentions, and taking the utmost pains that she should have the best possible view of the sight, her heart was completely won, and when she was re-conducted to Capt. W., her first exclamation was, "Well, as long as I live, I never will speak against Frenchmen again; for I never was treated with so much politeness and attention in my own country as I have been here." But when she expressed the same feeling to her father, his rage knew no bounds, and at the first moment he swore he would take her off to England instanter, adding "I suppose I shall have my family disgraced by your running off with some French mustachioed scoundrel or another." The poor girl dared not say another word, and in a little time the father recovered his equanimity.

However furious the Squire was in expressions against the French, yet his actions towards them were of a contrary bearing, having a well stocked medicine chest, from which he liberally dispensed the contents amongst the neighbouring poor, according to their different maladies, until he received the cognomen of the English doctor who would never take a fee. The people at last became so grateful for his kindness, that when there was a report that war was likely to take place between the two countries, as he displayed some uneasiness as to his being able to return home, they assured him he should always be certain of cattle to convey him to Calais, as, if he could not procure post horses, they would find some in the neighbourhood for him, and if none could be found, they would draw him themselves to the spot he desired. After residing a few years in France, the Squire returned to his own country, little enlightened by his trip, cursing the French before he came amongst them, cursing them whilst he was living with them, and at the same time whilst he was doing them every possible good, and cursing them after his return to England; not that he could give any reason why, but because it had become a habit with him since his childhood, and he had been accustomed to hear his father and grandfather do so before him, and I suppose he liked to keep up that which no doubt he thought a good old custom.

Having now, I trust, given sufficient examples of how the deep roots of national prejudice defy every effort and circumstance to eradicate them, I shall hope that my readers will endeavour to banish from their minds any early impressions they may have received inimical to the French, and resolve only to judge them as they find them, as reason must suggest that all prepossessions cherished against any people must powerfully militate against the traveller's happiness during his sojourn amongst them. I fear that I may have been considered rather prolix upon the subject, but besides the motive to which I have already alluded, I always have cherished a most anxious desire to soften as much as possible all national animosities.

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CHAPTER II.

Different routes from London to Paris.—Aspect of the city as first presented to the English traveller, according to the road by which he may enter.—Its extent, population, *etc.*

The first measure to be adopted after any one has decided upon visiting Paris, is to provide himself with a passport, which he will procure at the French Ambassador's office in Poland street, for which there is no charge, but it is requisite to state by which port you mean to proceed; but in order to leave some latitude for caprice, you may mention two places, as Calais or Boulogne, or Dieppe or Havre, *etc.* There are now many different means of travelling to Paris; that which was once the most frequently adopted was by coach to Dover, then embarking for Calais, as those are the two ports which present the shortest distance between the two countries, being only about twenty-one miles apart; many however prefer embarking at Dover at once for Boulogne, thus avoiding about twenty-five miles by land from Calais to Boulogne, which certainly does not afford a single object of interest, and the distance by sea is only increased eight miles. Another route is by railway to Brighton, then crossing to Dieppe, and which is certainly the straightest line of any of the routes from London to Paris; but on account of there being more sea, the distance is not generally performed in so short a period as the other routes, from the uncertainty of the Ocean. It is not therefore so much frequented by travellers as those on which they can reckon with more accuracy; the same may be said of the route by Southampton, which is performed by railway to that town, and afterwards by steam-packet to Havre, which includes above a hundred miles by sea, consequently but little resorted to as compared with the former routes. There was another means of reaching Paris, and that was from London to St. Vallery by sea; which being near Abbeville and only 33 leagues from Paris, there was the least of land travelling, consequently it was the cheapest if all went smoothly, and this line was often adopted by strict economists, who however have frequently found themselves much disappointed, as sometimes it happened they could not make the port, and have either been obliged to put back and lie off Ramsgate, or lay to, for some hours, and perhaps after having landed, have been detained at St. Vallery, from not having been able to find places in the diligences for Paris. This means, however, of proceeding to Paris no longer exists, as the steamers have been sold, but it is thought that they will be replaced by others. The route which is by far the most frequented is that of embarking from London direct for Boulogne, and is on the long run the most economical, and maybe comfortably performed, living included, for three pounds, at the present prices, which are 1_l._ in the best Cabin from London to Boulogne, then

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about 1_l._ 4_s._, in the inside from Boulogne to Paris; and the other expenses will amount to about fifteen or sixteen shillings; with respect to the charges on the other routes, they are so often varying that it might only deceive the reader by stating them as they at present exist, when in a few weeks they may be higher or lower as circumstances may arise. Some persons choose, the route by Southampton and Havre as being the most picturesque, as from the latter town to Rouen such exquisite scenery is presented by the banks of the Seine, as you pass in the steamer between them, that the passenger is at a loss on which side to bestow his attention, whilst rapidly hurried through so delightful and fertile a country; in fact, he is tempted for once to regret the velocity of steam conveyance, in not permitting him to tarry awhile to contemplate the beautiful scenes by which he is environed. Rouen, where the traveller should at least remain some days, is an object of great attraction. As my work is especially devoted to Paris, I cannot afford much space to the description of towns on the road; but as the city of Rouen is the largest, the most interesting, and the most connected with history and English associations of any upon the routes to Paris, I cannot pass it over without some comment. Its boulevards first strike the English, as being not only most picturesque and beautiful, but as presenting a scene to them wholly novel, the noble vistas formed by towering trees, mingling their branches, shading beneath their foliage many a cheerful group, the merchant's stone villas, seen amongst their bowers, the high shelving grassy banks, and the lively bustle that is ever going forward, has so animated an effect that the beholder cannot but catch the infection and feel his spirits elevated by the enlivening spectacle. But what a contrast on entering the city; the streets narrow, dark, and with no foot pavement, have a mean and gloomy appearance, but many of them being built mostly of wood, carved into fantastic forms, offer a rich harvest to the artist, and those of our own country have amply profited by the innumerable picturesque objects which Rouen presents. The cathedral, built by William the Conqueror, is one of the most interesting monuments of France; the Church of St.-Ouen is at least as beautiful, and there are several others which well repay the visiter for the time he may expend in visiting them. The statue of the Maid of Orleans stands in the *Marche aux Veaux*, on the spot where she was burnt as a sorceress under the sanction of the Duke of Bedford in 1431. Above all, the traveller must not fail to visit Mount Catherine, which rises just above the city, and commands a view equally beautiful and extensive. The delightful environs of Rouen are displayed before him, comprising almost every scenic beauty that a country can afford; even the factories, which in most places rather deform the view than otherwise, are here so constructed as to

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contribute to its ornament, more resembling villas than buildings solely for utility. Hills, wood, water, bridges, chateaux, cottages, corn fields and meadows are so picturesquely intermingled, that every object which can give charm to a landscape is here united. There are several hills round Rouen which present prospects nearly equal to that which is witnessed from Mount Catherine, and in fact it is difficult to imagine any situation which affords so many pleasant walks and such enchanting scenery. Indeed, all the way to Paris by this route (that is by what is called the lower road) which for a considerable distance runs within sight of the Seine, the country is most highly interesting, passing through Louvier, Gaillon, Vernon, Mantes and St. Germain.

Calais, as being the nearest point to the English coast, and at which we so often obtain our first peep at France, merits some notice, and although it offers but few attractions, and is surrounded by a flat cheerless country, yet there are connected with it some associations which are replete with interest; as who that has ever read Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* can forget the simple but impressive description he gives of the poor friar and other objects which he there met, and which he has engraven on the minds of his readers, in his own peculiar style, in characters never to be erased; for my part, as I first approached Calais I thought but of Sterne and his plain, unvarnished tale, of the trifles he encountered, around which he contrived to weave an interest which is felt even by the inhabitants of Calais to this day; although they knew his works but through the spoiling medium of translation, still they never fail to exhibit to the Englishman the alcove in which he is said to have written his adventures in Calais. As I entered the town, instantly the works of Hogarth appeared before me, for who is there that does not remember his excellent representation of the Gates of Calais, with the meagre sentinel and still more skinny cook bending under the weight of a dish crowned with an enormous sirloin of beef, no doubt intended to regale some newly-arrived John Bull, whilst a fat monk scans it with a longing eye. Next the bust of Eustache de St. Pierre awakes the attention, and the surrender of Calais and his devoted patriotism rises in one's memory. Another souvenir also must not be forgotten, namely, the print of the foot of Louis the Eighteenth, which is cut in the stone, and a piece of brass let in where he first stepped on shore, and undoubtedly represents a very pretty little foot; but when a Frenchman who was no amateur of the Bourbon dynasty was asked to admire its symmetry, he observed it was very well, but that it would look much better if it was turned t'other way, that is to say, going out of the kingdom instead of coming into it. If the traveller have time, it is worth while to mount a tower, at the top of which is a sort of lantern capable of containing about a dozen persons, and commanding a most extensive

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view over the sea, and on the opposite side the country is visible for a considerable distance, bearing a most uninviting appearance. There are a great number of hotels at Calais, and I have been at many of them, but have found that kept by M. Derhorter, called the Hotel Bourbon, the most comfortable and economical, and the civility of the master cannot anywhere be surpassed. Dessin's, for the nobility and those who have equipages, is still the favourite and has been for time immemorial.

Nothing worthy of note presents itself between Calais and Boulogne, except the little village of Wimille, which made some impression upon my mind, as being so much prettier and so much more village-like than any other through which we had passed, and near here perished the unfortunate aeronauts Pilatre and Romain, falling from their balloon when at a prodigious height from the ground and in sight of many spectators. They were buried in the churchyard, in which a monument has been erected commemorative of the event. About two miles from this hamlet Boulogne appears in sight, cheering the spectator by its gay and animated aspect, the numerous groups of genteel-looking persons constantly promenading the streets, pier and port, give it a most lively appearance, which is enhanced by the extreme cleanliness which is observed in all the principal streets, and the cheerful air afforded by the white stone houses with their green balconies and shutters. But the numerously well-dressed portion of the population, which so greatly contribute towards enlivening the scene, consists almost wholly of English, as the few French families which still reside in Boulogne, above the rank of the tradespeople, keep themselves very close and retired as in all other provincial towns in France; and in Boulogne they are very suspicious of the English, having had such numbers of bad characters who at first preserved a very respectable appearance but ultimately proved to be swindlers. The higher French families, therefore, decline any association with the English, unless with persons who have come highly-recommended, or have resided many years in the town with an unimpeachable character. It so happened that circumstances brought me in contact with two or three of these exclusive personages, and their remarks about the English afforded me much amusement, and may be taken as types of the general observations of the provincial French upon our country-people.

The worthy matrons of families have often said to me, "How is it, Sir, that the wives and mothers of your country can manage their domestic concerns, when they are seen almost continually walking about the streets at hours when we find it indispensable to attend to our household affairs."

I replied, that after having given their orders they relied in a great degree upon their servants executing them with punctuality.

"Indeed!" was the exclamation; "how fortunate they must be to have such immaculate servants that they can so entirely depend upon them: we should be very happy if we

could have such as did not require looking after, but unfortunately French servants partake too much of human nature for mistresses to be able to leave them wholly to themselves.”

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I observed that perhaps English servants generally being more humble, obedient, and subservient to their superiors, greater reliance might be placed upon them, and undoubtedly more certainty as to their obeying the instructions they received.

“Then it is surprising,” said the ladies, “that your country people do not always bring servants with them, and very unlucky that in so many instances when they have done so, that their domestics should so often be brought before the Tribunals of Correction for different irregularities.”

I replied, that many good and regular servants did not like to quit their native land, and of those who were brought over, certainly in many instances their employers had been disappointed; that in a foreign country all was new to them, and they forgot their former regular habits, and certainly in too many instances had misbehaved themselves.

“Consequently,” returned my interlocutors, “requiring a more vigilant eye to superintend them. But there is another subject which affords us much surprise, and that is the manner in which English parents permit their daughters to go alone about the streets, or to walk with a gentleman who is neither their father nor brother.”

I assigned as a reason for our allowing them so much liberty, that we had such perfect confidence in them that we felt assured we could trust to their own firmness and discretion to prevent any improper consequences arising from the freedom they were permitted to enjoy. “Unfortunately, that confidence is but too frequently abused,” rejoined one of the ladies, “if we are to judge from several lamentable occurrences which have latterly taken place in this town amongst the English young ladies.”

I felt the rebuke, as I knew to what circumstances they alluded, and observed that the English society inhabiting Boulogne were by no means what could, be termed the *elite* of the nation, although there were many families of the highest respectability.

The ladies, perceiving by my manner that I was somewhat nettled, endeavoured to soften what they had said, by observing that certainly it would not be just to estimate the English people by the samples which came to reside at Boulogne, as they had generally understood that they were persons of indifferent reputation, who fled from their own country because they could no longer live there in credit, but that amongst the number there undoubtedly were some very quiet people.

A stranger would not appreciate the degree of praise which is contained in the word quiet when used by the French, who appear to consider it as comprising all the cardinal virtues; when seeking a house or apartments, if you say any thing favourable or unfavourable of them, they never fail to remind you that they are so quiet. The same eulogy they will pronounce on their daughters with peculiar pride and energy, when they wish to extol them to the skies, and in good truth their *demoiselles* are quiet enough

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in all conscience, for it requires often a considerable degree of ingenuity to extract from them more than monosyllables. We have been accustomed to consider the French as a restless, capricious, volatile people, and so I suppose they might have been formerly, but now they are undoubtedly the reverse, being a quiet routine plodding sort of people, particularly as regards the provincials; and even amongst the Parisians there are thousands that reside in one quarter of the city, which they seldom quit, never approaching what they consider the gay portion of Paris, but live amongst each other, visiting only within their own circle, consisting almost entirely of their relations and family connexions. This feeling is certainly exemplified still farther at Boulogne, as I knew an old couple who lived in the upper town, which joins the lower town except by the separation of the wall of the fortifications, and had not been in the latter for five years, because they considered it was too bustling and too much a place of pleasure for such quiet, homely, and orderly folk as they professed to be and certainly were, in every sense of the word. At Bordeaux I knew three old ladies who were born in that city, and never had been in any other town during their whole lives, nor ever desired to pass the walls of their native place. Many persons who have been accustomed to spend their days in the provinces have a sort of horror of Paris; I remember an old gentleman at Rouen, who with his antiquated spouse lived a sort of Darby and Joan kind of life, their only daughter being married and living elsewhere; and on my once asking him if he had ever been to Paris, he replied that he was once so situated as to be compelled to go upon urgent business that rendered his presence indispensable, but that he saw very little of the place, because he had always heard that it was a city replete with vice and dissipation, and that during the few days his affairs compelled him to stay he kept close to his apartment, only quitting it to proceed to the house wherein he had to transact business, and then he went in a *fiacre*, as, if he had walked perhaps he might have been jostled, run over, robbed, or something unpleasant might have occurred. "Ah! that's very true, you did quite right, and acted very prudently, my dear," observed his wife, "and nobody knows the anxiety I felt till you came back again." Although the rising generation of the French is not quite so dormant in their ideas as that which is passing, yet there is not even with them the same spirit of travel and enterprise which exist in the English. That France has had, a reputation for restlessness, love of change, and tumult, can only be explained by stating that until the present time for the last two centuries, with the exception of Louis the Eighteenth, she has been most unfortunate in her rulers, who have been supporting a state of extravagant splendour which could alone be sustained by being wrung from the middle

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and the lower classes; hence the revolution in 1789, which might be considered as the ripened fruit which the preceding reigns had been nurturing. Of the affair of the three days in 1830, few I believe will deny the intensity of the provocation, but then it will be said how do you account for their having been so turbulent and discontented during the present reign? To which I should answer in the same manner as an officer, who, defending the character of his regiment, observed that it was composed of a thousand men, of which nine hundred and fifty were peaceable and quiet subjects, but the other fifty being very noisy they were constantly heard of, and his corps had obtained the appellation of the noisy regiment, as no one bestowed a thought upon the 'nine hundred and fifty men who were orderly' because no one ever heard of them: thus it may be said of France, the population may be estimated at about thirty-five millions, of which perhaps one million may be discontented, and amongst them are many persons connected with the press, who not only contrive by that means to extend their war-whoop to every corner of France, but as newspapers are conveyed to all the civilised parts of the world, and the only medium by which a country is judged by those who have not an opportunity of visiting it and making their own observations by a residence amongst the people, it naturally is inferred in England and in other nations that the French are a most dissatisfied and refractory people. But a case in point may be cited, which proves that the dissatisfaction is not general, nor has ever been during the present reign. From the time that Louis-Philippe accepted the throne in 1830, until June the 6th, 1832, a number of young men in the different colleges at Paris occupied themselves constantly with the affairs of the state, each forming a sort of political utopia, and however different were their various theories, they all united in one object, and that was to overthrow the existing government, and secretly took measures for arming themselves, and mustering what strength they could collect in point of numbers, which was but very insignificant compared to the importance of the blow they intended to strike; but they counted on the rising of the people, and the event proved they counted without their host. June the 6th, 1832, being the day appointed for the funeral of General Lamarque, they chose it for the development of their project, and although the misguided youths fought with skill, constancy and courage, even with a fanatic devotion to their cause, yet the populace took no part with them, and the National Guard were the first to fire upon them; and after two days hard fighting in the barricades they had raised, scarcely any remained who were not either killed or wounded. Since that, no attempt of the slightest importance has been made to overthrow the government, and in fact I have ever found that ninety-nine Parisians out of a hundred exclaim "*Tranquillite a tout*

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prix," that is quiet at all prices, and all classes are interested in cherishing this wish, the nobles and gentry that they may tranquilly enjoy what they possess, the tradesman that he may obtain a sale for his goods, and the workman that he may procure work. It is only a set of political enthusiasts, to be found amongst the students, whose wild republican schemes have dazzled others and induced the different outbreaks which have occurred since the event of the three days, and having been treated with lenity in the first instance, unprecedented in the annals of every other government, they were emboldened to repeat their daring attempts.

But let any one traverse the provinces of France, get acquainted with the people, make inquiries around him and penetrate into their habits and customs, and he will find that the predominant feeling is love of the spot on which they are born; the farmer will keep on the farm his ancestors tilled before him for ages, and if offered a better farm, if it be far removed from his home and that of his fathers he will reject it; with the same tenacity the labourer clings to his cottage and the little bit of land he has always delved. But it is with the landed proprietor that one finds the most powerful example of the durability of their adhesion to the cradle of their birth. There are many persons possessed of estates of no great extent, from eight to fifteen hundred a year, which have regularly descended to them from their ancestors, to whom they have been granted, at as remote a period as the time of Charlemagne, and have descended to the present possessors from generation to generation, whilst there does not appear to have been in all that period any great elevation or depression in their circumstances. The habit of living up to their incomes as in England is very rare in France; if they have daughters, from the day they are born the parents begin to save for their dowry; even the peasant will follow that practice if he can only put by a sou a day. I have known many landed proprietors of from fifteen hundred to two thousand a year that did not support any thing like the style that a person with a similar fortune would in England; if a Frenchman has more than two or three children, he seldom spends half his income if it be possible to live upon a quarter, his object is that he may leave all his children in an equal pecuniary position without dividing his land; as although the law of primogeniture does not exist, yet parents like that one son should keep up the estate intact, and the one fixed upon for that purpose is generally the eldest, the others receive their portions in money from the father's savings, and are usually brought up to one of the liberal professions, and in many instances are sufficiently fortunate as to realize by promotion or their talents, emoluments equal with what portion they inherit to place them in as favourable a position as the brother on whom devolves the estate. In other instances the son who holds the land is taxed

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to pay from it a certain amount to his brothers and sisters, in order to render their situation in life somewhat upon a par; but it so happens that very large families are not so frequent in France as in England. A system of frugality is prevalent amongst all classes of the French, and a habit of contenting themselves with but little as regards their daily expenses; nor have they that ambition to step out of their class so general throughout England. A farmer in France works much the same as his men, dresses in a plain decent manner, and considers himself very little superior to his men, whilst his wife goes to market with her butter and eggs upon one of the farm horses; and without any education herself she thinks she does wonders in having her daughters taught to read, write and cypher, but invariably economises to give them a marriage portion. This applies to most of the farmers throughout France, and will be found descriptive of those inhabiting the country from Calais to Paris; but in Normandy they are frequently what is in French estimation considered very rich, and their habits and expenses are in proportion; and about Melun and some few parts of France where the farms are very large, the occupiers would even in England be termed wealthy. The extreme of poverty or what may be designated misery is but little known; the traveller is deceived by the number of beggars which infest the high roads, and is induced to imagine that the lowest orders must be in a most wretched state, but the fact is otherwise, and begging is no other than a trade on the most frequented roads. Turn into the by-lanes, penetrate the interior of the country and in the villages distant from the highways and but few beggars are to be found, nor could I ever hear of an instance of any one in the country parts of France perishing from want; yet there are no forced poor rates, the landed proprietors however regularly give so much a month voluntarily to those who are past labour and have no relations to provide for them, and houseless and pennyless wanderers are received and sheltered for a night by the higher farmers and people of property, the mendicant having soup and bread given him at night and the same when he starts in the morning. Of these there are great numbers within the last few years, being refugees from Spain, Italy and even Poland, driven to seek shelter where they can find it by the political convulsions of their countries. In this manner, the French have recently been severely taxed, but they appear never to have the heart to deny shelter and food, although they carry economy to such a height as would be styled by many of my affluent countrymen absolute parsimony; which is perceptible in all their transactions, and is in a great degree the cause of the miserable state of their agriculture, which is also in some measure owing to the utter ignorance of the farmers, who in all that tends towards improvement display the stupidity of asses with the obstinacy of mules. There can

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be no doubt that, generally speaking, the soil of France is capable of producing half as much more than it at present yields; they still persevere in the same system as existed in England in the year 1770, when Arthur Young wrote his *Agricultural Tour*, describing the various practices in the different counties throughout the kingdom. Two white crops and a summer fallow is the usual course in France, sometimes varied by a crop of clover, and very often they fallow for two years together; they have no idea of leguminous crops as winter provision for their cattle, and of the advantage to be derived from stall feeding they are quite ignorant, except in a few provinces, as a part of Normandy and Brittany. The same with regard to the drill system; they mostly plough very shallow, and do not keep their land very clean, with a few exceptions; the consequence is their crops are generally very light. Thanks to the natural richness of their meadows in Normandy, they do certainly produce some beasts of an immense weight for the exhibition annually held on Shrove Tuesday. There are generally about a dozen brought to Paris, and the finest is the one selected to be led about the streets; the one chosen last year weighed 3,800 French pounds, and as there are two ounces more than in the English pound the immense size of the animal may be imagined. In the winter, they fatten their beasts with hay, clover and corn, but oilcake is not known except in a few instances, when beasts are fattened for prizes or exhibitions. Their agricultural implements are in keeping with the rest of their system; I have seen them ploughing even in the lightest land, with the great old heavy turnwrest ploughs and four bulky horses, which might have been effected just as well with a light Rotherham plough and one horse. Recently, however, I have seen some slight ameliorations, and those parts of France which are nearest England one might expect would improve the soonest. The farming servants are generally a hard-working, quiet, sober people, contented with very little, their living costing them a mere trifle; in harvest-time an Englishman will pour beer down his throat that will cost as much as would keep a whole French family; there is a natural economy in their habits that tends to making their wages more than equal to their demand. An Englishman must have the best wheaten bread, and when he gets a pound of meat he is ready to eat it all himself; the Frenchman is contented with a cheap brown bread, quite as wholesome as the finest, and to his portion of meat he adds some vegetables with which soup is made, and it gives comfort to the whole family; and it is quite a mistake to imagine that beer and animal food produce greater physical strength, as I have in several instances proved that the French porter will carry much more than the English. I remember when lodging in Salisbury Street, in the Strand, having packed up my things for my departure for Paris, when a porter came to carry

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them to the Golden Cross, he said it was impossible that any man could take them at once, and the people of the house joined in saying that it was far beyond one man's load, consisting of a moderate sized trunk, a large portmanteau, and a well-stuffed carpet bag; when I declared that the first porter I should meet with at Paris would take them all the same distance without raising an objection, a sort of smile of incredulity passed from one to the other, expressive of how absurd they thought such an assertion. On arriving at Paris, however, the very first porter I spoke to in the Diligence-yard took them all, without a question as to their weight. In several cases, when persons have been quitting London for Paris with me, I have proved to them how much heavier a burthen the French porters will carry than the English. I believe the cause arises in a great degree from the latter not being addicted to drinking ardent spirits, which is ruinous to the strength and constitutions of such numbers of the lower classes in London. But the Greek and Turkish porters will carry twice as much as the French, and their beverage is nothing but water and their food principally rice. In almost every description of labour the Englishman has the advantage when what may be styled knack or method be required; the consequence is, that they make the most of what physical strength they possess; hence he will plough, mow, or reap more in a day than a Frenchman. Not only is the machinery which the Englishman employs much better, but he is what may be termed more handy in making use of it; in every thing which relates to husbandry or mechanism the Frenchman is generally awkward; a more powerful instance cannot be cited than that of their always employing two men to shoe a horse, one man being occupied to hold up the horse's leg, whilst the farrier performs his part of the work; is it not astonishing that after an uninterrupted communication with England for twenty-seven years, that they should never have observed, that an English farrier, by taking the animal's leg between his own, is able to effect his purpose just as well as if two men were employed; but the French must have remarked that custom in England; only, the besotted prejudice that exists in that class against every species of innovation causes them to persevere in their old habits. The agricultural population in France are more wealthy and generally better clothed than ours, particularly as regards the women; they pride themselves much upon their stocks of linen and their bedding; instead of the men expending their money in drink, what little they can save beyond their daily wants they lay out in contributing to their solid comforts, and as spinning and knitting are the constant occupation of the women in their leisure hours, when their children marry they are enabled to furnish them with a portion of the fruits of their industry; even the peasant girl has a trousseau, as it is called, that is, some stock of linen at her marriage, and

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a trifle of money wherewith to begin the world. Thus take France throughout; it will be found, that, in consequence of temperance and a persevering industry, the peasantry are generally passively happy; there is a great difference in respect to their wages and comforts, according to the province to which they belong; but although the intention of this work is especially to treat upon Paris and its population, yet as my readers must pass through a considerable portion of France before they can arrive at Paris, I judged it right to give them some information of the manners and habits of the population, with which they must meet in the course of their journey; but without farther delay will now at once conduct them to the Grand Capital, and as I consider the first impressions are the most permanent, I will introduce them by that entrance which presents so grand an appearance, as to surpass that of any other country in Europe. In coming from England, they may enter Paris at this point by the Rouen road.

The first object that strikes the traveller, as he approaches Paris, is the Triumphal Arch, erected with the view of commemorating the victories of Napoleon, but as those victories were ultimately crowned by defeat, it is more consistent to consider the Triumphal Arch as a triumph of art than of arms; as certainly the magnificence and sublimity of the design is only to be equalled by the exquisite beauty of the execution. Having passed this noble monument and splendid specimen of architectural talent, the Champs Elysees extend in all their beauty to the view of the beholder, presenting a fine broad road with rows of lofty trees on either side, whilst handsome buildings and superb fountains are occasionally visible from behind the foliage; and one of the latter, which rises exactly in the centre, has a most happy effect; from this circle several roads diverge in different directions, displaying various objects of interest, but none of so high an order as that of the Hospital of Invalids, for aged and wounded soldiers, the whole expanse of which is seen in the distance at the end of a long wide avenue of trees. From the Triumphal Arch on either side extends a row of ornamental lamps for nearly a mile, which when lighted have the most brilliant effect; and when it is considered how very small the distances are between each lamp, I believe the assertion to be correct, that there is not another such display of gas anywhere to be found. Arrived at the Place Louis Quinze, or Place de la Concorde, as it is now called, such a coup d'oeil is presented as remains unrivalled in Europe, or indeed, in any part of the world. On one side, at the end of a handsome and regular street, called the Rue Royale, rises in majestic height the Madeleine, with its noble columns crowned by its sculptured entablature in mezzo relievo, and adorned by its numerous statues, yet preserving a chaste simplicity throughout the whole. On the opposite side facing it, in a direct line at the end

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of a bridge, is the Chamber of Deputies, resembling a Roman temple; its style is severe and its *tout ensemble* has an air of heavy grandeur, which is consistent with an edifice in which are to be discussed the affairs of so great a nation. In the centre of the Place is an Egyptian column, which was with much difficulty brought from Egypt, and raised with considerable ingenuity where it now stands, without any accident; gorgeous fountains of bronze and gold are constantly playing, whilst colossal statues, being allegorical representations of the principal towns of France, are placed at regular distances, and appear as it were in solemn contemplation of the splendid scene by which they are surrounded. Two noble buildings, the Garde Meuble and the Hotel de la Marine, which may be styled palaces, adorn each side of the Rue Royale, and form one side of the magnificent square, whilst another is occupied by the Elysian Fields, and that immediately opposite to the Tuileries gardens; but so beautiful, so wonderful is the whole combined, that accustomed as I have been to frequent it for upwards of twenty years, I cannot now traverse it without remaining some time to admire the extraordinary combination of so many beautiful objects centering in one vast area. Here no mean or unseemly building meets the eye, but all is made tributary to one grand effect; even the lamps with their supporters are of bronze and gold, whilst in the distance the gilded dome of the Invalides peers above all, and gives a brilliant termination to the sublimity of the scene.

[Illustration: Champin del. Lith. Rigo Freres et Cie Triumphant Arch. Published by F. Sinnett. 15, Grande rue Verle.]

Thus much for the only entrance of Paris which has aught to boast, but having, in fact, so many charms that it must be considered by the visiter as compensating for the deficiencies of every other. In entering from Boulogne or Calais, nothing can be conceived more discouraging than the first appearance of Paris as you are borne through the Faubourg St. Denis; the street, it is true, is wide and the houses large, but they have a dirty gloomy forlorn aspect, which gives them an uninhabited appearance, or as if the inmates did not belong to them; as no care appears to have been taken to give them some degree of neatness and comfort; in fact, to bestow upon them an air of home; the stranger continues rattling over the stones between these great lumbering-looking dwellings, until his eye is attracted by the Porte St. Denis, which is a triumphal arch built by Louis the Fourteenth, and certainly presents a most imposing mass of sculpture, which, although blackened by time, is an object well worthy the attention of the observing traveller; and here he crosses the Boulevards, by which he gets a little peep at the inspiring gaiety of Paris, but is soon hurried into noisy streets until his brain feels in a whirl; and on his arrival at the Diligence-yard, when he hopes to obtain a little repose, he is annoyed

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by being asked for the keys of his trunks, for the Custom House officers, to make believe to look into them to ascertain that you have not smuggled any liquors or other material within the walls of Paris. Those who are fortunate enough to travel in their own carriages, are exempted from such tiresome ceremony. Some of the other entries to Paris are somewhat better, but none of them sufficiently so, to be worthy notice; perhaps the best amongst the bad is by the Faubourg St. Antoine, the Barrieres du Trone, at the commencement and summit of the street, presenting a most noble appearance; indeed, as far as the barriers are concerned, there are many which are well worthy of notice, being mostly handsome stone buildings with columns that give them an imposing effect, particularly when we recollect the little turnpike gates at the principal entrances of London, with the exception of the recent erections at Knightsbridge, which sink into nothingness when compared to the Triumphal Arch at the entrance already described; and, except foreigners, particularly the English, enter by that quarter, the first aspect of Paris mostly excites disappointment; the generality of the streets wanting that straight line of regularity so prevalent throughout London, the French capital has an incongruous patchy sort of effect, and its beauties and objects of interest have to be sought, but to the eye of an artist it is much more gratifying than that dull sameness which reigns throughout London, which Canova very justly designated as consisting of walls with square holes in them; for what otherwise can be said of our houses in general, but that they are literally upright walls, with square holes for doors and windows. Regent Street and a few others, which have been recently erected, form an exception to the rule. But in almost every street in Paris a draftsman finds subject for his pencil; their richly carved gateways, their elaborately wrought iron balconies, their ornamented windows, and even their protruding signs, all help to break the formal straight line and afford ample food for sketching; and in many of their old and least fashionable streets, an ancient church with its gothic doorway, adorned by rich and crumbling sculpture, invites the artist to pause and exercise his imitative art. Paris at first strikes a stranger as still more bustling and noisy than London, as the streets being narrower and hack vehicles more used in proportion, the circulation gets sooner choked up, and the rattling over the stones of the carriages is still more deafening, being within so confined a space; hence also the confusion is greater; then there is always a sort of bewilderment when one first arrives in a large city, that makes it appear much more astounding than is found to be the case as soon as the visiter becomes accustomed to its apparent labyrinth.

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According to comparative calculations, and taking the medium, Paris is about twenty-two miles round, and the population, foreigners included, one million; many estimate it at eleven hundred thousand, which I have no doubt it may be, if several villages be included which absolutely join Paris; such as Passy, Belleville, *etc.* The extreme height of the houses would induce a belief, that a more, dense mass of people inhabited the same space of ground than could be the case in London; but to counterbalance that circumstance, it must be taken into consideration that there are such an immense number of large gardens and court-yards in Paris, which occupy a great extent of ground. I have often been surprised to find, that in nasty dirty narrow streets, the back windows of the houses looked over extensive gardens, with lofty trees; these are oftener to be found in the old parts of Paris than in the modern quarters. A much greater proportion of the population consists of foreigners, than is the case in London, consequently it is more moving and changeable. It is the great post town for almost all Europeans who visit England, and hundreds of thousands come to Paris, who never think of going to London, deterred by an exaggerated idea of the expense; hence it will be found that very few persons from the Continent visit London who have not already been to Paris, although, now that steam conveyance affords such facilities of accommodation between London and many of the large cities in Europe, the case is somewhat altered. But Paris has been long regarded as the Museum of the Continent, and few men possessing good fortunes from civilised countries, if gifted with enquiring minds, consider their education complete if they have not sojourned some time at Paris, which has for time immemorial had the reputation of being the seat of the polite arts. Nearly a third of the houses in Paris are designated hotels, many of which do not provide meals but merely furnished lodgings, and most of their inmates are foreigners, others, persons from the provinces, consequently at least one quarter of the population of Paris is constantly changing. But perhaps no city is anywhere to be found where a stranger can sooner accommodate himself in every respect, as the customs are such that a person may live as he likes, go where he likes, and do as he likes, provided he do no harm. In London, if a lady and gentleman from the country arrive for the purpose of passing a day, and have no acquaintances, there are no houses as in Paris where one can take a wife, sister, or daughter to breakfast or dine, without being subject to remark, unless indeed you can draw up to the door of a hotel with an equipage; then certainly every attention and accommodation is to be found, but only such as will suit a very limited number of purses; whereas, at Paris a family may find in most of the restaurateurs small apartments where they can dine by themselves if they object to the public room, but even in the latter they might take

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their meal very undisturbed and without exciting the slightest observation, at various prices that will either suit the economist or the wealthy individual. This is amongst many of the conveniences of Paris; as also that of the libraries being open to the public, any one having the privilege to call for the book he wishes, where he may read as quietly as in his own house. This is extremely useful to studious and literary men, as there are so many works of reference too expensive to be within the compass of a small private library, which may be found in the liberal establishments in which Paris abounds. Museums, exhibitions, academies, gardens, public buildings, *etc.*, are, with a very few exceptions, accessible to the foreigner merely on the exhibition of his passport.

CHAPTER III.

TO AN HISTORIAN.

A very brief account of the foundation of Paris, its progress during the most remarkable epochs, and under the reigns of some of its most celebrated monarchs with its, gradual advance in civilisation to the present period. Some allusions also to the customs which existed in the earlier ages, and a statement of the different dates as regards the erection and foundation of the various monuments and institutions still extant.

[Illustration: Paris in the 16th Century. View taken from the towers of Notre Dame.]

France, under the ancient appellation of Gaul, is cited in history as early as 622 years before the Christian era, when Belloveaus, a celebrated leader from that country, defeated the Heturians and made himself master of Piedmont and Lombardy, by crossing the Rhone and the Alps with his army, which at that period had never before been attempted. Increasing in power, we find, 180 years after, the Gauls, headed by Brennus, sacking and burning Rome; and the same chief, after having been defeated and cut off by Camillus, the Roman general, with the loss of 40,000 men, again appears in the year 387 before Christ at the head of 150,000 foot and 60,000 horse, invading Macedonia, and after ravaging the country and being ultimately defeated in Greece, to have put an end to his existence. Some idea may be formed of the ferocious and obdurate spirit of the Gauls, from the circumstance of the women fighting as bravely as the men against Marius, who successfully defended Italy against them; and when these desperate amazons found that they were overpowered, they slew themselves and their children rather than surrender. This occurred 101 years anterior to the birth of our Saviour, and from that period scarcely a century has passed in which history does not record many instances of heroic devotion of Frenchwomen, often wrong in its object, but ever displaying a determined courage, reckless of all selfish consideration. The names of Joan of Arc, Jeanne Hachette, Charlotte Corday, and the Chevalier d'Eon are known to all, and hundreds of others must live in the memory

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of those who are familiar with the history of France. After numerous encounters between the Romans and the Gauls, the latter were at length wholly subdued about 50 years before Christ, and although the records of this ancient people date nearly as far back as the foundation of Rome, yet our first accounts of Paris are derived from Caesar and Strabo, who allude to it under the name of Lutetia, the principal city of the Parisii; and from the most probable statements which could be collected from aged persons at that period, it is presumed that its foundation must have occurred not more than half a century antecedent. It is supposed that the ground which Paris now occupies formerly consisted of a number of small hills, which in the process of time, building, paving, *etc.*, have been somewhat reduced, by the summits having been in a degree levelled; and the houses upon them being generally not so high as those in the lower parts, the eminences are not now so apparent. These hillocks were called by the French *buttes*, and some of them are still very perceptible, such as in the *rue des Saints-Peres*, by the *rue St-Guillaume*, the *rue Meslay*, the *rue de l'Observance*, near the *Ecole de Medecine*, and several other places; indeed, on each side of the Seine Paris rises as you proceed to the *Faubourgs*. Some of these little hills still bear the name of *butte*, as *les Buttes St-Chaumont*, *la rue des Buttes*, *etc.*, but the most ancient part of Paris is that which is now termed La Cite and is confined to an island formed by the Seine, and which is joined to the opposite banks by the *Pont-Neuf* (or New-Bridge), but certainly no longer meriting that title, having been built in the reign of Henry the Third about the year 1580. There are many histories of Paris which have been handed down by oral record to some of the earliest authors amongst the Gauls, but so ill authenticated that they do not merit repetition, having being reputed as fabulous by most writers to whom credit can be attached. There is, however, one account of the foundation of Paris which may be cited more for its comic ingenuity than for its veracity, beginning by tracing the Trojans to Samothres, the son of Japhet and grandson of Noah; then following in the same line, they endeavour to prove that at the destruction of Troy, Francus, the son of Hector, fled to Gaul, of which he became king and no doubt bestowed upon it the name of France, as the French have a most happy knack of cutting off the *us* at the end of names as, Titus Livius and Quintus Curtius they have metamorphosed into Tite-Live and Quinte-Curce, and in fact with one or two exceptions they have abbreviated the terminations of the ancient Greek and Roman appellations entirely according to their own fashion. This fortunate youth, Francus, at length fixed his abode in Champagne, and built the town of Troyes, calling it after his native place, which having accomplished, he repaired to the borders of the Seine and ever partial to Trojan associations, built a city which he called Paris after his uncle.

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However agreeable it may prove to the feelings of the Parisians to trace their origin to the remotest antiquity, yet common sense suggests that the account of the foundation of their city which is the most rational, is that which is deduced from the Commentaries of Julius Caesar, he having been at some pains to ascertain from whence the Parisii sprung, and was informed by persons who remembered the epoch, that they were a people who had emigrated from their native country in consequence of the persecutions and massacres of their enemies, and that they were supposed to have belonged to some of the petty nations known under the common appellation of the Belgae, and arriving on the borders of the Seine requested permission of the Senones, a powerful people of the Gauls, to establish themselves on the frontiers of their territory, and place themselves under their protection, agreeing at the same time to conform to the laws of those whose hospitality they sought. That they were but a very inconsiderable people on the arrival of Caesar is proved by the small contingent of warriors they were required to supply by the Gauls, in their struggles against the Romans. The territory accorded to the Parisii could not have exceeded more than ten or twelve leagues, adjoining to the lands of a people termed Silvanectes on the one side, and to those of the Carnutes on the other. It is conjectured that the name of Parisii received its etymology from their being a people who inhabited the borders, as Par and Bar are synonymous from the P and the B having had the same signification, and which are often confused together at the present time by the Germans; and Barisii or Barrisenses, signifying a people inhabiting a space between other nations, hence it is inferred that the Parisii received that appellation from their occupying a spot on the frontiers of the Senones, separating them from the Silvanectes and the Carnutes. Amongst the many suppositions which have been formed as to the origin of the name of the Parisii, perhaps the above is the most rational. Paris, or Lutetia, soon after the conquest by Caesar became a place of importance, as he selected that city for a convocation of the different powers of Gaul when he required of them supplies for his cavalry; and a short time after, when the Gallic nation revolted from Caesar's dominion, one of the most decided battles which was fought was within sight of Paris, under Labienus, the Roman general, whilst the chief of the Gauls, Camulogene, perished in the combat with a considerable portion of his men, but the greater number saved themselves by taking shelter in Paris, which was not attacked, Labienus himself retreating to Agedineum. But although Caesar fixed upon Paris as the most convenient locality for the meeting of the Gallic chiefs, yet it was little more than a fort like all the other towns in Gaul, into which the natives retreated in the time of war with their females, children, cattle and moveables; as they were accustomed in time of peace to live in

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detached habitation in the midst of their flocks, their pastures and their cornfields, only retreating within their forts or cities for security when attacked. After the fall of Camulogene, Gaul soon returned to the Roman yoke and Paris subsequently became the residence of their prefects, governors and even emperors. In 1818, in digging deeply in the streets of Monceau and Martroi, near the church of Saint Gervais, an ancient cemetery was discovered. In one of the tombs was found a silver medal, in which a head was visible on one side, and a head crowned on the other, having this inscription, *Antonius Pius Aug.*, who reigned from the years 138 to 161. It is inferred from this circumstance, that the burying-place was of coeval antiquity, but notwithstanding the many battles which occurred between the Gauls and the Romans, Paris is not cited in history until the fourth century, when Julian the Apostate appears to have there fixed his residence, and in his *Misopogon*, which he wrote during his residence at Antioch, often alludes to it under the name of his dear Lutetia, although complaining that the cold was such during one winter as to compel him to have a fire in his bed-room, expressing much dissatisfaction at the odour emitted by the burning charcoal, to the effects of which he was nearly falling a victim. His abode was what it is now and has been for many ages, the Palace of Thermes, of which there are still the remains, now converted into a museum for relics of the Ancient Gauls; the entrance is in the Rue de la Harpe. Between the numbers 61 and 65. Julian there resided with his wife Helen, sister of the emperor Constantius, and in his address to the senate and people of Athens speaks of the arrival of foreign auxiliary troops at Paris, and of their tumultuously rising and surrounding his palace; and that it was in a chamber adjoining that of his wife wherein he meditated on the means of appeasing them. According to various historians, this circumstance occurred in the year 360. Soon after this period, the same palace was inhabited by the Emperors Valentinian and Valens. It is supposed to have been built in the year 292, the evidence of which is tolerably well authenticated. Whatever errors might fall to the share of Julian, it is certain he rendered great service to Gaul, and particularly to Paris: he cleared the adjacent country entirely of a set of ferocious barbarians, who were eternally overrunning the different states of Gaul. But the Parisians were not long doomed to enjoy the quiet and prosperity which had been obtained for them by the equitable laws instituted by Julian. In 406, hordes of enemies suddenly appeared in all parts of Gaul, swarming in from different barbarous nations, in such numbers that they swept all before them for ten successive years, and about 465 the Franks succeeded in permanently establishing themselves in Gaul, and of course Paris shared the fate of the surrounding country; by them at length the Roman government was overthrown, and that which was substituted was far less equitable or calculated for the happiness of the people.

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The Franks were a powerful maritime people, coming from the north-west of Germany, obtaining possession of the different towns which they met with in their course, until they arrived at Tournai, which was constituted their capital; and Childeric their king is reported to have laid siege to Paris, which resisted for several years; but dying in the year 481, he was succeeded by Clovis his son, who, at the head of a numerous army defeated the Roman governor Seyagrius, gained possession of his capital, and was styled the first King of Gaul. Many authors assert that Pharamond was the first monarch who reigned over the Gallic states, but Lidonius Appolinarus, who wrote only fifty years after the death of Pharamond persists that he and his three successors, who were all predecessors of Clovis, were only kings reigning over a portion of Gaul, and resigned their sovereignties at the retirement of the Romans. Clovis was celebrated as one of the greatest warriors of the period in which he lived; in the year 500 he slew Alaric King of the Visigoths in single combat in the plain of Vouille, near Poitou, and afterwards several other petty kings, thereby adding considerably to his dominions. In 508 he fixed his residence in Paris, and died there in 511, and was buried in a church called St. Peter and St. Paul, since styled St. Genevieve. He was called the Most Christian King. The Pope having no confidence in the professions of any other monarch at that time, Clovis is synonymous with the name of Louis, as the latter was formerly written Llouis, the double l signifying in the Celtic language cl, and pronounced in that manner at present in Welsh, as Llandoverly, Llandilo, *etc.*, have the sound of Clandoverly, Clandilo, *etc.*, whilst the v in Clovis has in more modern times been transformed into a u, as in all old writings the u and the v had the same signification; hence it will be found that Clovis and Llouis are the same word. His government being divided amongst his four sons, Childebert received the portion in which Paris was situated, and was styled King of Paris, which was only retained by a few of his successors, who assumed that of King of Gaul, or of France. The power of the monarch at that period was much restrained, by a class of men called Leudes, Anstrutions, or faithful, being companions in arms of the king, and sharing with him whatever lands or booty might be gained by conquest. As a proof of the tenacity of these gentry as to an equitable division of the spoil, when Clovis had taken Rheims, he demanded as an act of grace from his companions in arms, that they would grant him a precious vase for which he had conceived a peculiar predilection; his request was accorded by his associates, except one, who gave the vase a violent blow with his hatchet, saying, "No, thou shalt not have any thing beyond what thy lot awards thee." Even under the dominion of the Romans there were dukes who had a certain number of troops or armed men in the district

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where they governed, and their power was arbitrary and they had counts under them who also had a certain number of men subjected to their orders; sometimes these nobles carried rapine, pillage and slaughter into each other's territories, when the government had devolved upon the Franks; and the king took no notice of their misdeeds, as long as they observed a certain fealty towards him, and in some instances they put aside the monarch if he acted in such a manner as to trench upon what they considered their privileges. A third power soon began to assume a high authority, which consisted of the bishops, who had greatly aided the Franks in their invasion of Gaul by their influence and intrigues, and obtained as reward considerable grants of lands and temporal power; and in their dioceses they exercised a sovereign will, and on account of their possessing some instruction they maintained a certain influence over the ignorant nobility who had in some degree a sort of superstitious awe of them, as they were regarded as the emissaries of saints. Under the Romans the Gauls were considered a moral people, having become Christians in consequence of the persevering endeavours of the missionary prelates, whilst churches were founded and a purity of faith disseminated; taught by the Romans, a love of the arts and sciences was engendered amongst the Gauls, and much talent was elicited from them, philosophy, physic, mathematics, jurisprudence, poetry, and above all eloquence, had their respective professors of no mean abilities from amongst the natives; one named Julius Florens is styled by Quintilian the Prince of Eloquence. In fact a brilliant era appeared as if beginning to dawn throughout the greater portion of Gaul, academies were establishing, learning was revered, when suddenly every spark of refinement and civilisation was banished, by the successful aggression and permanent occupation of the country by hordes of barbarians; the natives being obliged to have recourse to arms for their defence against the common enemy, and the constant excitement of continued hostility with their ferocious oppressors, afforded no time for study nor cultivation of the arts. Clovis, however, during his reign improved Paris, and was converted to christianity by St. Vedast. Clotilda, his wife, and niece to Gondebaud, king of Burgundy, was principally instrumental to the conversion of her husband. Indeed, amidst their ferocity and barbarism some of the early Frank kings showed much respect for religion and morality, as is proved by an ordonnance of Childebert in the year 554; commanding his subjects to destroy wherever they might be found all idols dedicated to the devil; also forbidding all disorderly conduct committed in the nights of the eves of *fetes*, such as Christmas and Easter, when singing, drinking, and other excesses were committed; women were also ordered to discontinue going about the country dancing on a Sunday, as it was a practice offensive to God. It appears certainly very singular

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that a comparatively barbarous king in the sixth century should prohibit dancing of a Sunday as a desecration of the Sabbath, and that in the nineteenth century there should be more dancing on a Sunday than on any other day in the week, at a period which is arrived at the highest state of civilisation, and under the reign of a most enlightened monarch. But although Clovis and Childebert displayed much enthusiasm in the cause of christianity, their career was marked with every cruelty incidental to conquest, as wherever they bore their victorious arms, murder, rapine, and robbery stained their diabolical course; but they thought that they expiated their crimes by building churches. Hence Clovis in 508 founded the first erected in Paris dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, afterwards called St. Genevieve, and on its site now stands the Pantheon. Childebert in 558 built the church of St. Germain des Pres, which is still standing and much frequented; it was at first called St. Vincent and St. Croix, and he endowed it so richly with the treasures he had stolen from other countries, that it was called the golden palace of St. Germain. Chilperic imitating his predecessors, hoping to absolve himself of his enormous crimes, in the year 606 founded the very interesting and curious church of St. Germain, opposite the Louvre, and still an object of admiration to the lover of antiquity. His wife Fredegonde, imagining no doubt by that act he had made his peace for the other world, thought that the sooner he went there the better, before he committed any farther sins, and had him assassinated that she might the more conveniently pursue her own course of iniquity; perhaps never was the page of history blackened by such a list of atrocities committed by woman as those perpetrated by her and her rival Queen Brunehault, who was ultimately tied to the tail of a wild horse and torn to pieces in 613. Paris, however, notwithstanding the wickedness, injustice, and cruelty of its rulers, continued to increase, and would no doubt have become a prosperous city, had it not been for the incursions of the Normands, who in the ninth century entered Paris, burnt some of the churches, and meeting with scarcely any resistance, made themselves masters of all they could find, whilst the Emperor Charles the Bald, at the head of an army, had the pusillanimity to treat with them, and finally to give them seven thousand pounds of silver to quit Paris, which was only an encouragement for them to return, which they did in a few years after, carrying devastation wherever they appeared, the poor citizens of Paris being obliged to save their lives by flight, leaving all their property to the mercy of the brigands. At length, the Parisians finding that there was no security either for themselves or their possessions, prevailed on Charles the Bald to give the requisite orders for fortifying the city, which was so far accomplished that it resisted the attacks of the Normans for thirteen

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months, who as constantly laid siege to the grand tower which was its principal defence, without being able to take it; when at last Charles the Fat in 887 proved as weak as his predecessors, and although he was encamped with his army at Montmartre, consented to give the barbarians fourteen thousand marks of silver to get rid of them, and they quitted Paris to go and pillage other parts of France, but as by the treaty they were not allowed to pass the bridges, in order to ascend the Seine they were obliged to carry their vessels over the land for about two thousand yards and again launch them for the purpose of committing farther depredations. From this period Paris was freed from the attacks of the the Normans, yet commerce made but slow progress having constant obstructions arising, to impede its prosperity. Paris having for a long time ceased to be the royal residence, was no longer considered as the capital, Charlemagne passed but a very short period of time there, residing mostly at Aix-la-Chapelle and Ratisbon, and although he founded many noble institutions in different parts of France, Paris derived but little benefit from his talents, and his immediate successors displayed such imbecility of purpose that they suffered their kingdom to become the prey to marauders. Learning advanced but slowly, although there were some schools at Paris which, elicited a few authors; amongst the rest one named Abbon, who wrote a poem in latin upon the siege of Paris by the Normans, which was not otherwise other-worthy of remark than for its rarity at the epoch when it was written. Whilst the kings of France continued to reside in other cities, Paris was confided to the governments Counts, who held not a very high rank amongst the nobility in the first instance, but gradually increased their power until Eudes, Count of Paris, in 922 ultimately became King of France, which also was the destiny of two other nobles who held the same title, Robert the brother of Eudes, and Hugh Capet.

The progress of Paris and indeed the whole of France was retarded continually by famine, fourteen seasons of scarcity happening in the course of twenty-three years; in fact, from 843 to 899 such was often the state of desolation, that hunger impelled human beings to murder each other to feed upon the flesh of their bodies, which in many instances were sold, and bought with eagerness by those who were famishing with want. Unwholesome food caused thousands to be afflicted with a disease which was called the sacred fire, the ardent malady, and the infernal evil, the sufferers feeling as if they were devoured by an internal flame. To give some idea of the luxury of costume which existed in those days at Paris, it is but requisite to quote an address of Abbon the poet to the Parisians, written about the year 890, wherein he observes: “An *agraffe* (a clasp) of gold fastens the upper part of your dress; to keep off the cold you cover yourselves with the purple of Tyre, you will have

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no other cloak than a chlamyde embroidered with gold, your girdle must be ornamented with precious stones, and gold must sparkle even upon your shoes, and on the cane which you carry. O France! if you do not abandon such luxurious extravagance, you will lose your courage and your country.” Hugh Capet, who became king of France in 987, fixed his residence at Paris, thus again constituting it the capital of the kingdom, and his son and successor Robert, being a strict devotee, built and repaired several churches which had been greatly injured by the Normans, and Paris began in his reign to assume an appearance of improvement, which continued until it received a check from an ill-timed joke of Philippe the First, who made a satirical remark upon William the Conqueror of England having become rather unwieldy, which so provoked that choleric monarch that he laid waste a great portion of Philippe’s dominions; when his progress was checked by his falling from his horse, which occasioned his death and thus delivered Philippe from a most powerful enemy. In the following reign, that of Lewis the Fat, learning began to make considerable progress, and the colleges of Paris to acquire a high celebrity, and amongst the professors whose reputation was of the highest, was Abelard, no one before having succeeded in attracting so many pupils. In 1118 he established a school in Paris, but from a variety of persecutions which he endured, he was frequently obliged to retire to different parts of France; his unfortunate attachment to Heloise is but too well known, and she ultimately became the abbess of a convent which Abelard founded at Nogent-sur-Seine, and which he called Paraclet. The number of pupils at one time are stated to have been three thousand, and he instructed them in the open air; it is also asserted that of his followers fifty became either bishops or archbishops, twenty cardinals, and one pope, Celestin II. In fact the fame of Abelard had arrived at such an altitude that he was the means of giving a new era to Paris, which was designated the city of letters; other professors became highly celebrated, and some authors pretend that the immense concourse of students who ultimately flocked to Paris, exceeded the number of the inhabitants, and there was much difficulty in finding the means of lodging them; how great must have been the anxiety for learning, as the masters were exceedingly brutal and imparted their knowledge to the pupil by the force of blows, which at length deterred many students from placing themselves under the charge of such preceptors. This extraordinary desire for obtaining education appears to have been almost a sudden impulse, as the immediate descendants of Hugh Capet could not read or write, but were obliged to make a mark as the signature to their edicts, whilst those who possessed that accomplishment were styled clerks. Although much brilliance was shed over the reign of Louis the Sixth by the learning of Abelard and the professors who followed him, yet soon after

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the barbarous custom was introduced of trial by combat; the idea might probably have been suggested by Louis having challenged Henry the First of England to decide their differences in a single encounter. Although Lewis the Fat was so bulky as to have obtained the cognomen by which he was always designated, he was one of the most active kings of France; constantly harrassed by perpetual wars with his neighbours and nobles, which he carried on personally and generally successfully, he first undertook the fortifying of Paris and is supposed to have constructed the greater and the lesser Chatelet, two towers on the opposite sides of the Seine, although many authors pretend that they were of a much more ancient date; he also built walls round a certain portion of the suburbs, which by that time had become part of Paris. It was said of Lewis VI, "He might have been a better king, a better man he could not." He died in 1137.

In the succeeding reign of Louis VII, surnamed the Younger, many privileges were granted to the Parisians which greatly increased the prosperity of the city; several public buildings were erected, amongst the rest an hospital which was the first ever built in Paris. But according to the descriptions of all authors who wrote at that period upon the subject, the streets were in a filthy condition in many parts of the city, and the names which have long since been changed were as dirty and indecent; some were absolutely ridiculous; as Did you find me Hard, Bertrand Sleeps, Cut Bread, John Bread Calf (alluding to the leg); the last still exists, as also Bad Advice, Bad Boys, *etc.* It was in this reign that the first crusade from France took place, and Louis VII was followed by 200,000 persons, and after various encounters with the Saracens, he owed his preservation to his own personal prowess; he was divorced from his Queen Eleanor, who afterwards married Henry II of England, and proved herself a detestable character in both kingdoms. Louis VII abolished one law which had long disgraced France, allowing the officers of the King on his arrival in Paris or other towns in his dominions, to enter any private house and take for the monarch's use such bedding or other articles of furniture as his Majesty might require. Louis also by force of arms compelled his nobles to desist from robbing the merchants, dealers, and the poor of their property. At this period the *Fete des Fous*, or feast of madmen was celebrated to its full extent, and anything more absurd, more farcical, or more irreverential cannot well be imagined. Dulaure, in his voluminous History of Paris, gives a most detailed account of this extraordinary mockery, of which I will give my readers a very brief abridgment.

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On the first of January the clergy went in procession to the bishop who had been elected as the grand master of the fete, conducting him solemnly to the church with all the ecclesiastical banners usually borne on important occasions, amidst the ringing of bells; when arrived at the choir, he was placed in the episcopal seat, and mass was performed with the most extravagant gesticulations. The priests figuring away in the most ridiculous dresses; some in the costume of buffoons, others in female attire with their faces daubed with soot, or covered with hideous masks, some dancing, others jumping, or playing different games, drinking, and eating puddings, sausages, *etc.*, offering them to the high-priest whilst he was celebrating high mass; also burning old shoes in the chalice, instead of incense, to produce a disagreeable scent; at length, elevated by wine, their orgies began to have the appearance of those of demons, roaring, howling, singing, and laughing until the walls of the church echoed with their yells. This was often carried on until they worked themselves up to a pitch of madness, and then they began boxing each other until the floor of the church would be smeared with blood; upon which most severe expiations were exacted from them; as, however, much has been shed in the cause of the church, it was not to be permitted that the holy sanctuary should ever be stained with aught so impure. The ecclesiastics at last quitting the church, got into carts filled with mud and filth, amusing themselves with flinging it upon the crowds who followed them in such streets as were wide enough for a cart to pass. It is conjectured that these festivities, with their nonsensical ceremonies, were of pagan origin, and probably the celebration of the Carnival is derived from the same source; many attempts were made to abolish so disgraceful a custom as the continuance of the Fetes des Fous, with the absurdities incidental to its revelries, but it was not until the Parisians became more enlightened that any monarch could succeed in its entire suppression.

In 1180 Philippe Auguste succeeded his father, and did more for Paris than all the works of his predecessors united; he reconstructed Notre Dame, and made it such as it now is with respect to the grand body of the building; but the variety of little chapels contained within it, and the elaborate workmanship, with the bas, mezzo and alto relievos with which it abounds, occupied two centuries. On the exterior of the building on the south side, about three feet and a half from the ground, is an inscription in raised letters nearly two inches long, and the date being perfectly distinct is 1257 written thus, MCCLVII. The two last characters have dropped, but the impression of them is clearly visible; the inscription itself is difficult to decypher, it is in Latin, and some of the letters are missing, others so curiously formed as to render them doubtful exactly as to their import. The greater part of the characters are Roman, the

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others resemble more the Saxon, yet are not quite so; at all events I recommend the inscription to the attention of the curious. A vast space, which is now covered with streets, commencing at the Rue des Saints Peres, and extending to the Invalids, consisted entirely of meadows, and was called the Pre aux Clercs, or the Clerks' Field, from the students and a number of young men who possessed some education, usually enjoying their recreations in this spot, but certainly not in the most innocent manner, in fact, the disorders committed in this privileged piece of ground, which the students considered as their own, were such as to be often named in history, and to have formed the subject of a favourite Melo Drama; it retained its character as being the scene of turbulence and disorder even to the time of Louis XIV.

Amongst other useful undertakings effected by Philippe Auguste was that of establishing markets with covered stalls, and he it was that first conceived the idea of paving Paris, which he partially effected, and surrounded the town with a wall, part of which is still standing in the Rue Clovis. Paris increased and flourished under his reign; he in fact did all that was possible to augment its prosperity, and amongst other measures he granted the utmost protection in his power to the students, knowing that the more the population of the city increased, the more flourishing was its condition; by such means he induced scholars to come in numbers from the most distant parts to study in the colleges of Paris, two of which he erected, as well as three hospitals; he also instituted many good laws, which protected the tradespeople and repressed the robberies and extortions of the nobles. But Paris was still subject to calamities, a flood having occurred from the overflowing of the Seine, which reached as high as the second floor windows of some houses. A great part of Paris was occupied with monasteries and convents, which with their gardens covered an immense space; in the course of time, however, the monks found it advantageous to dispose of their lands for the purpose of building dwelling-houses, and in the Revolution numbers were suppressed; and in some quarters of the city there are warehouses in the occupation of different tradesmen, which formerly formed part of the old monasteries. Many of the streets by their names still indicate the order of the convents by which they were occupied, as the Rue Blanc Manteaux (White Cloaks), Rue des Saints Peres (Holy Fathers), Filles de Dieu (Daughters of God), which now is one of the narrowest and dirtiest streets in Paris, and inhabited by daughters of a very different description. Such are the extraordinary changes which time effects. Philippe Auguste dying in 1223, was succeeded by his son Louis VIII, surnamed the Lion, whose short reign of four years was occupied by war, leaving no leisure for effecting any great improvement in Paris; but under his successor Lewis IX, styled Saint-Louis, much was effected, although

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his efforts were principally directed towards the erection of religious institutions, being much under the dominion of the priests, and naturally possessing a fanatic zeal. Churches at that period were too often but monuments of superstition for the celebration of mummery, for sheltering criminals, receptacles for pretended relics, and in fact instruments for maintaining the power of priestcraft. This same Saint Louis, so lauded by some authors, had some excellent notions of his own, and was very fond of practising summary justice, recommending to his nobles that whenever they met with any one who expressed any doubts regarding the Christian religion, never to argue with the sceptist, but immediately plunge their swords into his body.

Rhetoric at this period was a study much followed and admired, but the logic of Saint-Louis, I suspect, was the most forcible and best calculated to remove all doubts, having a great objection to language that was what some persons would style far too energetic; where an oath was suffered to escape, he ordered the intemperate orator's tongue to be pierced with a hot iron and his lips burnt; hence many of his subjects were compelled to endure that operation; but this was considered in those days all very saint-like. They had strange ideas in some instances, in days of yore, according to our present notion of words and things. Louis the First, surnamed the *Debonnaire* (the gentle), had his nephew Bernard's eyes bored out; this act was certainly very like a *gentle* man. Hugh the Great, so called on account of his splendid virtues, in the year 1014 thought it proper that he should be present at the burning of a few heretics, and his lady, with her ardent religious zeal, stepped forward and poked out the eye of her confessor, who was one of the victims, with her walking cane, before he was committed to the flames. Louis however had some redeeming qualities; he founded the Hospital of the Quinze-Vingts, which still exists; he also enlarged and improved the Hotel Dieu, the principal hospital in those days, in which he even exceeded the munificence of his predecessor, Philippe Auguste, who published an ordonnance commanding that all the straw which had been used in his chamber should be given to the Hotel Dieu, whenever he quitted Paris and no longer wanted it; such overpowering kindness one would imagine must have had the effect of curing some of the invalids who were capable of appreciating the high honour conferred upon them, in being suffered to lie upon straw which had been trodden by royal feet. Saint Louis also founded the celebrated College of the Sorbonne, which is still existing, and maintains a high character; he also built the curious and interesting chapel adjoining the Palais de Justice, which is well worth the amateur's attention; he founded the Hospital of Les Filles de Dieu, for the purpose of reclaiming women of improper conduct. The Mendicant Monks, the Augustines, and the Carmes were established

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in France during his reign, and he founded the convents of the Beguines, Mathurins, Jacobins, Carthusians, Cordeliers, and several others of minor importance, in Paris, with the chapels attached to them; besides different churches with which I shall not tire my reader with recapitulating, as there are none of them now standing, except the chapel belonging to the Palais de Justice; he also added several fountains, contributing to the comforts of the Parisians, as well as embellishing their city. The number of churches which have been demolished in Paris within the last fifty years, exceeds the number of those which are now standing, many of them during the Revolution, which might have been expected; but an equal number under the Restoration in the reigns of Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth, who being rather devotees, one would have imagined might have been induced to repair and preserve all religious monuments, also highly interesting as specimens of the architecture of the different ages in which they were founded. Louis Philippe has better kept up the spirit of the *restoration* in having rescued from demolition the ancient and beautiful church of St Germain l'Auxerrois; which was to have been pulled down to make way for a new street, according to the plan projected by his predecessor; instead of which, it has been repaired with the greatest judgment, carefully preserving the original style of the building wherever ornaments or statues required to be renewed. Thus this noble edifice has been preserved to the public, which would not have been the case had the Revolution of the Three Days not occurred, as its doom was sealed prior to that period. In fact, since the accession to the throne of Louis Philippe, I do not believe that any church has been pulled down, though several others have been built, and others finished, which have greatly added to the embellishments of the city. The memory of Louis IX has ever been cherished as that of a Saint, and if a man be judged by the number of religious establishments he instituted, certainly he deserved to be canonised; but however grand may be the reputation of having founded and erected so many public monuments, yet when it is considered that numbers of the inmates of the different convents and monasteries erected by this Saint were obliged to demand alms from house to house, and of persons passing along the streets, it will be proved that the grand result of Saint Louis' operations was to fill Paris with beggars; although it certainly must be admitted that some of his other acts in a great degree compensated for those into which he was led by superstition and religious fanaticism: he was succeeded by his son Philippe the Bold in 1270, who suffered himself to be governed by his favourite, La Brosse, formerly a barber, in which it must be admitted that Philippe displayed rather a *barbarous* taste, which ended in his pet being hanged; his reign, however, was signalled by the establishment of a

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College of Surgeons, who were designated by the appellation of Surgeons of the Long Robe, whilst the barbers were styled Surgeons of the Short Robe; he also recalled the Jews, whom his father, after having persecuted in divers manners, banished and confiscated their property; amongst other indignities which were put upon them by Saint Louis, was that of forcing them to wear a patch of red cloth on their garment both before and behind, in the shape of a wheel, that they might be distinguished from Christians, and marked as it were for insult. In Philippe's reign, however, merit found its reward, no matter how low the origin from whence it sprang, and several authors, particularly poets, wrote boldly against the extreme hypocrisy which existed in the preceding reign, and literature made great progress.

In 1285 Philippe the Fair, so named on account of his handsome person, succeeded to the throne of his father; in his ardent thirst for money he changed the value of the coinage three times, and caused a riot which ended by his hanging twenty-eight of the conspirators at the different entrances of Paris, and had numbers of persons accused of crimes in order to have them executed that he might obtain possession of their property; thus hundreds were burned alive and tortured in various manners. One act, however, threw a degree of lustre on his reign, and that was the organisation of the Parliament at Paris, establishing it as a sovereign court, their sittings being held in the Palais de Justice, the residence at that period of the kings of France. For several succeeding reigns Paris appeared to make but little progress; some churches were built as also other establishments, but none which are now standing, except some portions of them which may have escaped destruction and are now in the occupation of different tradespeople. The government became exceedingly poor, and several measures were adopted in order to repair the finances of the state; amongst others, that of suffering serfs to purchase their emancipation, of which many availed themselves, but not sufficient effectually to replenish the exhausted treasury. For the same reason the property of the Lombards was confiscated, next recourse was had to the Jews, and even the exactions imposed upon them were inadequate to the wants of the nation. The succession of several weak kings had brought affairs into this state, when Philippe the Sixth of Valois crowned the misfortunes of the country by entering into a war with England, at a time when the funds of his kingdom were at the lowest ebb; constantly engaged in hostilities, he had not leisure or the means of attending to the welfare of the Parisians, and the disasters he encountered caused his reign to be remembered as a series of misfortunes. Several colleges, however, were founded in his reign; amongst others, that of the College des Ecossais (Scotch College) then in the Rue des Amandiers, but now existing in the Rue des Fosses St. Victor. It was first instituted by David, Bishop of Murray, in Scotland, but the present building was erected by Robert Barclay in 1662.

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The College des Lombards was founded by a number of Italians, and was some years afterwards deserted, but in 1633 was given by the government to two Irish priests, and has from that period become an Irish seminary; and several other colleges, which have either been abandoned or their locality changed, and often united to other colleges, some of which are still existing. On the death of Philippe, John, surnamed the Good, ascended a throne of trouble in 1350, and encountered a succession of misfortunes of which Paris had its share; from the immense number of churches, monasteries, colleges, hospitals, and other public edifices, the wall which surrounded Paris, built by Philippe-Auguste, enclosed too limited a space to contain the houses of the increased population, which continued to augment, notwithstanding all the impediments which bad government could create. A more extended wall therefore became necessary to protect those inhabitants who resided beyond the limits of the first, and whose position was likely to be compromised by the position in which France was placed by the battle of Poitiers, by a band of ruffians called the Companions, who carried desolation wherever they appeared, and by what was termed La Jacquerie, hordes of peasants who were armed and levied contributions upon the peaceable inhabitants as they traversed the country, in groups too numerous to be withstood by the tranquil residents. The extension of the wall was erected under the superintendence of Etienne Marcel, called *Prevot des Marchands*; what might be termed Mayor or Chief Magistrate of the tradespeople, a man of extraordinary energy, which he exerted to the utmost for the benefit of his fellow citizens, and at this period first began the custom of putting chains at night across the streets as a measure of security, as notwithstanding that Paris was menaced on all sides by enemies from without, insurrections of the most violent nature took place within its walls, commencing on account of the Dauphin, who was governor of Paris and regent of the kingdom (in consequence of the imprisonment of his father John in England), issuing a coinage consisting of base metal which he was compelled to recall; but the fire-brand was kindled, other grievances were mooted, thirty thousand armed Parisians assembled headed by Etienne Marcel, who himself stabbed Robert de Clermont, Marshal of Normandy, and Jean de Conflans, Marshal of Champagne, in the presence of the Dauphin; but to save the latter from the fury of the people, Marcel changed hats with the Prince, thus affording him a passport, by causing him to wear a hat that bore the colours of the people, blue and red. After a tremendous slaughter, Marcel and his principal friends were themselves dispatched by the partisans of the Dauphin. During all these convulsions in the interior of Paris, it was surrounded on one side by the troops of the King of Navarre, whilst the forces of the Dauphin were hovering under the walls, the different parties skirmishing with each other, and all living upon the pillage and contributions levied on the inhabitants of the adjacent country.

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Meantime famine thinned the population of Paris, cut off from any means of receiving provisions from without; but on account of the wall constructed by Marcel, Edward III of England found it impossible to make any progress in the siege, and having exhausted the country for some leagues of extent, was obliged to retreat for want of food to maintain his army. The scarcity of money was such in Paris at that period, that they were compelled to have a circulation of leather coin, with a little nail of gold or silver stuck in the middle; yet when John returned from his captivity in England, the streets were hung with carpets wherever he had to pass, and a cloth of gold borne over his head, the fountains poured forth wine, and the city made him a present of a silver buffet weighing a thousand marcs. At this period schools existed in Paris sanctioned by the government, when the pay for each scholar was so contemptible that they must have been for the use of the middle classes, whose means were very confined; they were called *Petites Ecoles* (Little Schools), and paid a certain sum for having the privilege to teach; the number in the reign of John was sixty-three, of which forty-one were under masters, and twenty-two under mistresses. In some of the streets of Paris it was the custom to have two large doors or gates, which were closed at night, and the names of several streets still bear evidence of that practice, as the *Rue des deux Portes*; the *Rue des Deux-Portes-Saint-Jean*, *des Deux-Portes-Saint-Sauveur*, etc.

During the reign of John, about 1350, a poem appeared, which contained advice as to the conduct ladies ought to observe who wished to act with propriety, and as my fair countrywomen are generally willing to *listen* to good counsel, no matter how remote the period from which it is derived, I cannot resist giving them the benefit of some of the recommendations of the sapient poet to the Parisian belles, some of which are certainly highly commendable. The verses were written by a monk, whose name I have forgotten.

“In walking to church never trot or run, salute those you meet upon the way, and even return the salutations of the poor; when at church it is not proper to look either to the right or the left, neither to speak nor to laugh out loud, but to rise to the Gospel and courteously make the sign of the cross, to go to the offering without either laughing or joking, at the moment of the elevation also to rise; then kneel and pray for all Christians; to recite by heart her prayers, and *if she can read*, to pray from her psalmody.

“A courteous lady ought to salute all in going out of church, both great and small.

“Those whom nature have endowed with a good voice ought not to refuse to sing when they are asked.

“Cleanliness is so necessary for ladies, that it is an obligation for them to cut their nails.

“It is not proper for a lady to stop in passing the house of a neighbour, to look into the interior, because people may be doing things that they do not wish others to know.

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“When you go and visit a person, never enter abruptly, nor take any one by surprise, but announce your coming by coughing.

“At table, a lady should not speak nor laugh too much, and should always turn the biggest and the best pieces to her guests, and not choose them for herself.

“Every time a lady has drank wine she should wipe her mouth with the table-cloth, but not her eyes or her nose, and she should take care not to soil and grease her fingers in eating, more than she can possibly help.” The reader must remember that forks were not used until the reign of Henry III. The author also cautions the ladies to be very careful not to drink to excess, observing that a lady loses talent, wit, beauty, and every charm, when she is elevated with wine; they are also recommended not to swear.

He continues: “Ladies should not veil their faces before nobles; they may do so when they are on horseback or when they go to church, but on entering they should show their countenances, and particularly before people of quality.

“Ladies should never receive presents from gentlemen of jewels or other things, except from a well intentioned near relation, otherwise it is very blameable.

“It is not becoming for ladies to wrestle with men, and they are also cautioned not to lie or to steal.” Then follow certain instructions for ladies as to the answers they should make and the manner they should conduct themselves when they receive a declaration. I hope English ladies will be much edified by the above instructions. The cries of Paris at this period were constant and absolutely stunning; Guillaume de la Villeneuve observes that the criers were braying in the streets of Paris from morning to night. Amongst the vegetables, garlick was the most prevalent, which was then eaten with almost every thing, people being in the habit of rubbing their bread with it: the flour of peas and beans made into a thick paste was sold all hot; onions, chervil, turnips, aniseed, leeks, *etc.*, a variety of pears and apples of sorts that are now scarcely known, except Calville, services, medlers, hips and other small fruits now no longer heard of; nuts, chesnuts of Lombardy, Malta grapes, *etc.*; for beverage, wine at about a farthing a quart; mustard vinegar, verjuice, and walnut oil; pastry, fresh and salted meat, eggs and honey. Others went about offering their services to mend your clothes, some to repair your tubs, or polish your pewter; candles, cotton for lamps, foreign soup, and almost every article that can be imagined was sold in the streets, sometimes the price demanded was a bit of bread. The millers also went bawling about to know if you had any corn to grind, and amongst those that demanded alms were the scholars, the monks, the nuns, the prisoners and the blind.

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It was the custom in those days, when a person wished to be revenged upon another, to make an image of him in wax or mud, as much resembling as possible. They then took it to a priest and had it named after the person they wished to injure, with all the ceremonies of the church, and anointed it, and lastly had certain invocations pronounced over the unfortunate image. It was then supposed that the figure had some degree of identity with the prototype, and any injury inflicted upon it would be felt by the person they wished to harm; they therefore then set to work to torture it according to their fancy, and at last would plunge a sharp instrument into that part where the heart should be placed, feeling quite satisfied they had wreaked their revenge on their enemy. Sometimes persons were severely punished for the performance of this farce, and when any individuals experienced some great misfortune, they often imagined that it had arisen in consequence of their image having been made by their enemy, and maltreated in the manner described.

When Charles V ascended the throne in 1364, he soon began to display his taste for civilisation by collecting books to form a library in the Louvre, and rewarding merit, however humble the station of the individual by whom it was possessed; and although he received the reins of government at a period when France was surrounded with enemies, and her finances in a ruined state, such was the prudence of his measures that he completely retrieved her losses, and well earned the appellation he received of Charles the Wise; he built several churches, colleges, and hotels, none of which if standing are now appropriated to the purposes originally intended; he also had several bridges constructed, and embellished Paris with many edifices that were both useful and ornamental. But all his efforts were paralysed in the following reign of Charles VI, justly called the Simple, partly mad, partly imbecile, and coming to the throne at twelve years of age, every misfortune that might have been expected from a country surrounded by foreign enemies without, and torn by intestine broils within, happened in the fullest force. The English and the Burgundians united together in besieging Paris, which was ultimately entered by both their armies; what with riots amongst the Parisians, the intrigues of the Queen Isabeau de Baviere, the dissensions of the King's uncles, and the brigandage of the nobility who overran the country, never was a nation reduced to a more pitiable condition; yet some monuments were added to Paris even during this turbulent reign, the Church of St. Gervais being entirely reconstructed in 1420, and that of St. Germain l'Auxerrois so considerably repaired as to be almost rebuilt in 1425, besides several colleges, hospitals and bridges; companies of archers, cross-bow men and armourers were also established. Theatrical representations were first performed in this reign in the grand hall of the Hospital of the Trinity, *Rue Saint-Denis*,

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corner of the *Rue Grenetat*. The theatrical company styled themselves “Masters, Governors and Brethren of the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord.” Under the reign of Charles VII, surnamed the Victorious, France regained all she had lost, and was much indebted for her success to the Maid of Orleans, and the gallant Dunois, who entered Paris and defeated the English who retreated to the Bastille and ultimately were allowed to retire to Rouen. But although more was effected in this reign for the prosperity and glory of France, Paris received no additions or embellishments: the King being wholly occupied in vanquishing the enemies of his country; his son Lewis XI, who is supposed to have conspired against the life of his father, ascended the throne in 1461; notwithstanding his reign was disturbed by a series of wars, he found time to occupy himself with useful institutions, and founded that of the first society of printers in Paris; he also established the School of Medicine, and the Post Office. Superstitious and cruel, he first used iron cages as prisons, then instituted the prayer styled the Angelus. Although he increased the power of France, his tyranny, injustice, dissimulation, and avarice caused him to be hated by his subjects. His successor Charles VIII was but thirteen when called to the throne in 1483, inheriting the few virtues without the many vices of his father, but showed much weakness in the administration of his affairs; in the early part of his reign Anne his mother was the person who principally governed as Regent, until he was of age, when he passed the rest of his life in war, but was so beloved that two of his servants died of grief for the loss of their master, who was surnamed the Affable. He was succeeded by his cousin Lewis XII in 1498, who obtained the title of Father of his People, certainly the most virtuous monarch that ever swayed the sceptre of France; he observed that he preferred seeing his courtiers laugh at his savings than to see his people weep for his expenses. The Hotel de Cluny and *Le Pont* (the bridge) *Notre-Dame* were constructed in his reign and are still standing; being the most ancient bridge in Paris. He died much regretted, in 1515, and all France felt deeply the loss of a monarch, whose measures were such as must have ensured the happiness of his people could he have been spared to have accomplished the good work he had begun.

Francis I, his great nephew, succeeded him and was considered the *beau ideal* of chivalry; he had been conspicuous for his accomplishments whilst Duke de Valois, although only twenty-one when he ascended the throne, upon which he was no sooner installed than compelled to quit his capital to oppose the enemies of France, leaving the management of the state to his mother Louisa of Savoy, who was not destitute of talent, but vain and intriguing, Francis, after performing prodigies of valour, and killing many foes with his own hand at the battle of Pavia, was taken prisoner

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and conveyed to Madrid. On returning to France he was received with the utmost joy by his subjects; in this reign the principles of protestantism were first promulgated and several persons were burnt for subscribing to the tenets of Luther. Francis was occupied constantly with war, from the commencement of his reign until the year of his death. He had many virtues but they were sullied by infidelity to his engagements, and his persecution of the protestants whom he sacrificed as heretics. Notwithstanding that his time was so much occupied by his enemies that a very short period of his reign was passed at Paris, he found means to embellish that city; the Church of St-Merri in the *Rue St-Martin* was built by his orders, precisely as it now stands, in the year 1520. The style is Sarrasenzic, much richness of sculpture is displayed, particularly over and around the middle door, well meriting the close attention of an amateur. At the same period were many of the churches now standing extensively repaired and nearly rebuilt, amongst which St. Eustache, St. Gervais, St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, of which the tower only remains, St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, etc., several colleges and hospitals were instituted, fountains and hotels erected, but scarcely any of them are now to be seen, or at any rate very few as constructed in their original form. He was succeeded by his son Henry II in 1547, who like his predecessors was constantly occupied with war, but gained one point, that of taking the last place which the English retained in France, being Calais, which surrendered to the Duke de Guise; after a reign of thirteen years Henry was killed at a tournament held in the *Rue St-Antoine*, by Montgomery, the captain of his guard. The cruelties of which he was guilty towards the protestants entirely eclipse whatever good qualities he possessed, which principally consisted in desperate courage with extraordinary prowess; he was also zealous in his friendships. According to Dulaure, that part of the Louvre which is the oldest, was built by Henry II from the design of Pierre Lescot. I have found other authors attribute the erection of a portion of the Louvre to Francis, but it appears that his son had all pulled down which was then standing, and had it built as it now remains, except the wing in which the pictures are exhibited, which is of a more recent date, and was not terminated until the time of Louis XIV. The augmentation of some few colleges and hospitals were the only acts of this reign from which any advantages to Paris were derived.

In 1559, at the age of sixteen, Francis II ascended the throne; his name is familiar to us as the first husband of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots; his mother, Catherine de Medici, of infamous memory, took the reigns of government in her hands and wreaked all her fury upon the protestants. Francis, too young to have displayed any decided tone of character, expired in 1560; the persecution of the huguenots,

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as the followers of the Reformed Church were styled, seems to have exclusively occupied the whole time during this short reign, therefore no attention was devoted to the improving of Paris, which was next brought under the dominion of the young monster, Charles IX, or rather the continued reign of his sanguinary mother, Catherine, he being but ten years of age. The massacre of the night of St. Bartholomew is known to all. Charles certainly had some revulsive feelings on the subject, and several times would have given orders to stop it, but Catherine bade him assert the claims of heaven, and be the noble instrument of its vengeance, "Go on, then," exclaimed the King, "and let none remain to reproach me with the deed," and after all, when daylight appeared, he placed himself at a window of the Louvre, which overlooks the Seine, and with a carbine he fired at the unfortunate fugitives who tried to save themselves by swimming across the river. In his reign was built the Tuileries, he himself laying the first stone; it was intended for the Queen Mother, but Catherine did not inhabit it long, her conscience not permitting her to enjoy repose anywhere. Charles died a few months after the dreadful massacre of the protestants, a prey to all the pangs of remorse, and was succeeded in 1574 by his brother Henry III. Brought up in the same pernicious school, under the same infamous mother as his predecessor, little could be hoped from such a being; he was inclined, however, to be somewhat more tolerant than his brother, but was frightened into persecuting the protestants; his mother died at the age of seventy, goaded by the consciousness of the crimes she had committed; civil war raged during the reign of Henry, and he was obliged to quit his capital and join the protestants, whom he soon, however, betrayed; without energy to adopt any certain line of conduct, he balanced between the two parties of catholics and protestants, until both sects despised him, and at length he was stabbed by a fanatic friar, named Jacques Clement. Several convents and religious establishments were founded in his reign, amongst the rest the Feuillans, which was extensive and had a church attached, but in 1804 the whole was demolished, and on its site, and that of the monastery of the Capucins, were built the Rue Rivoli, Castiglione, and Monthabor, and a terrace of the gardens of the Tuileries is still called the Feuillans. The Pont Neuf was also built in this reign. In 1589, Henry IV, surnamed the Great, succeeded to the throne; he was of the house of Bourbon, and descended from Robert, the second son of Louis the Ninth. He was compelled to begin his reign by laying siege to his own capital, which was in the hands of his enemies, who defended it with 58,000 troops, and 1,500 armed priests, scholars and monks, and after three years' vain endeavours he was obliged to renounce the protestant religion, and conform to the catholic ceremonies, which produced a truce, and Henry at last entered Paris. By

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his mild and judicious conduct he regenerated the prosperity of France, and published the famous edict of Nantes in favour of the protestants, and acted with considerable wisdom under the difficult circumstances in which he was placed, by the intemperate zeal of the catholics and huguenots. At last, after many unsuccessful attempts upon his life, he was stabbed in his own carriage by Ravailac, a religious fanatic, who conceived that the King was not sufficiently zealous in the cause of catholicism; he was regretted by every worthy character throughout his realms, for, although he had many of the faults common to men, yet he had such redeeming qualities that he well merited the title of *Great*. During his reign Paris was considerably embellished, the improvement of the city being with him a favourite object. The Hospital of Saint Louis was built by his orders, himself laying the first stone; it is still standing, and is generally filled with patients, who receive the most humane treatment. It is situated in the Rue Careme Prenant, near the Barriere du Combat. He established a manufactory of Persian carpets, on the *Quai de Billy*, No. 30.

The Rue and Place Dauphine, the Place Royale, which still exhibits a square of houses unaltered in style since the day they were built, owed their construction to his mania for building and passion for augmenting and improving his capital. Several other streets were extended and in part rebuilt under his reign, besides which he founded different institutions, had divers fountains and gates erected, as well as bridges, and some other public edifices, which having since disappeared or become the houses of individuals, workshops, warehouses, etc., it is not worthwhile to recapitulate them, as they cease to be objects of interest. Several theatres were established at this period for the first time, the performers having merely given representations in large rooms belonging to public buildings where they could get accommodation, particularly in the Hotel de Bourgoyne, in the Rue Mauconseil, which at last acquired the name of a theatre; but a company of Italians received such encouragement from Henry IV, that they were enabled, in a situation assigned them regularly, to establish a theatre in the Hotel d'Argent, Rue de la Poterie, corner of the Rue de la Verrerie. He was equally the patron of literature, and of the arts and sciences; the Tuileries and Louvre, under his directions, received the material and superintendence which was requisite for their completion, as far as the design extended at that epoch.

In 1610 Louis XIII, but nine years of age, became heir to the throne, and Marie de Medici, his mother and widow of Henry IV, was nominated Regent; her first act was to call into power all her husband's enemies, which consisted of her own favourites, through whom she governed, and when her regency ceased, her son followed her example and became the instrument of others, until the power of governing was exclusively

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acquired by Cardinal Richelieu, who devoted his extraordinary talents in a degree to the interests of his country, but more especially to the gratification of his vanity, and the promotion of his ambitious projects; descending to the extremes of injustice, dissimulation, and cruelty, to accomplish his object, he became the persecutor of Mary, who had raised him from comparative obscurity, and caused her exile, in which she died in poverty, which she certainly merited by her misconduct, but not by the instigation of her *protege* Richelieu. But with all his sins, he effected much good; he founded the Royal Printing establishment, the French Academy, also the Garden of Plants; he built the *Palais-Royal* and rebuilt the Church and College of the Sorbonne. In this reign more religious establishments were founded than in any preceding, amongst which were the Convent of the *Carmes Dechausses*, No. 70, *Rue de Vaugirard*, the monks of which possessed a secret for making a particular kind of liquid which is called *Eau des Carmes*, and is still in demand; the church and building belonging to the establishment are now standing, and were recently occupied by nuns. The Convent of *Jacobins* between the *Rues du Bac* and *St-Dominique*, with its Church, which still remains and is called *St-Thomas d'Aquin*, is well worth notice, and the monastery is now occupied by the armoury which is one of the most interesting sights of Paris. The *Benedictines Anglaises*, No. 269, *Rue St-Jacques*, was formerly occupied by English monks, who fled their country on account of some persecution in the reign of Henry VIII.

In 1674, Father Joseph Shirburne, the prior of monastery, pulled down the old building, and erected another in its place more commodious, also a church attached to it in which James the Second of England was buried, as also his daughter Mary Stuart. It has now become the property of an individual, and is at present occupied as a factory of cotton. The Oratoire in the *Rue Saint-Honore*, since devoted to protestant worship, was built in the year 1621 by M. de Berulle, since Cardinal, on the site of the *Hotel du Bouchage*, once the residence of Gabrielle d'Estrees, the favourite mistress of Henry IV. The Convent of the Capucins, situated in the *Place des Capucins*, at present an Hospital. *Seminaire des Oratoriens*, *Rue du Faubourg Saint-Jacques*, 254, now occupied by the Deaf and Dumb. *College des Jesuites*, at present College of *Louis-le-Grand*. Convent of *Petits-Peres*: the church of which still remains and is situated at the corner of the *Rue Notre-Dame-des-Victoires*. The Monk Fiacre, called a Saint, was buried in this church; thinking that his sanctity was a preservative against evil, they stuck his portrait on all the hackney coaches, which was the cause of their ever after being called Fiacre.

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A further recapitulation of these establishments would only be tedious to the reader, particularly as they are now for the most part become private houses; suffice it to say, that in the reign of Louis XIII twenty monasteries were established at Paris. The nunnery of *Ursulines*; No. 47, *Rue Sainte-Avoye*, now a Jews' synagogue. The Convent of the Visitation of St. Mary, *Rue Saint-Antoine*, Nos. 214 and 216; the church, still standing, was built in 1632 after the model of *Notre-Dame-de-la-Rotonde* at Rome, and is called *Notre-Dame-des-Anges*. Another convent of the same order was built in 1623 in the *Rue Saint-Jacques*, Nos. 193 and 195, and is I believe still occupied by nuns, as it was so very recently. The convent of *Filles-de-la-Madeleine*, *Rue des Fontaines*, between the Nos. 14 and 16, which has now become a house of seclusion for women who have been convicted of offences. The Convent of the Annonciades Celestes or Filles Bleues, founded by the Marchioness de Verneuil, mistress of Henry IV, is now in spite of all its pompous titles a waggon office in the *Rue Culture-Sainte-Catherine*, No. 29. The Assumption, a convent for nuns, of which the church is still standing in the *Rue Saint-Honore*, between the Nos. 369 and 371, is remarkable for its large dome, but appears out of proportion with the rest of the building, which is otherwise not destitute of merit. The *Val-de-Grace*, a Benedictine Abbey, *Rue Faubourg Saint-Jacques*, between the Nos. 277 and 279. The Queen Anne of Austria founded the establishment in 1621; the church is still preserved in perfect order, and is of very rich architecture, too profuse in ornament. The rest of the building, once inhabited by Benedictine nuns, is now an asylum for sick or wounded soldiers, being a military hospital. *Port-Royal*, a convent for nuns, established in 1625 in the *Rue de la Bourbe*, is now a lying-in hospital. The Convent of the *Filles de Sainte-Elisabeth*; the first stone was laid by Marie de Medici in 1628, but was, like a multitude of others, suppressed in 1790, the church only remaining; it is situated in the *Rue du Temple*, between Nos. 107 and 109.

A Convent for Benedictine Nuns founded in 1636 in the *Rue de Sevres*, No. 3, being suppressed in 1778, was converted into the more useful purpose of an hospital, and as such it still remains. The Convent of the *Filles de la Ste-Croix*, situated No. 86, *Rue de Charonne*, was occupied as recently as 1823 by nuns; it was founded in 1639. The noble church of *St-Roch*, *Rue St-Honore*, was commenced as a chapel in 1587, and in 1622 was converted into a parish church, but was not entirely finished until 1740. It is now the church attended by the royal family, and is an object of interest to every one who visits Paris. The church of *Ste-Marguerite* was erected in 1625 in the *Rue St-Bernard*, Nos. 28 and 30, *Faubourg St-Antoine*,

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and is still attended by the inhabitants of that quarter. *Maison de Scipion* was founded in a street of the same name in the year 1622 by an Italian gentleman named Scipio Sardini, and is now the bakehouse for making bread for all the hospitals in Paris. Such were the principal edifices instituted in Paris, during the reign of Louis XIII, either as Convents, Monasteries, or Nunneries, with churches attached to them; I have cited the most conspicuous of those of which any vestiges remain, indicating their different localities, besides a number of hospitals, most of which I have stated; that of the *Incurables* certainly merits attention, it was founded in 1632 in the *Rue de Sevres*, and is now a refuge for those women of whom no hopes can be cherished of ultimate recovery. The Palace of the *Luxembourg* was one of the most important edifices erected in this reign by Mary de Medici whilst she was regent in 1615, in the *Rue Vaugirard*, at present the Chamber of Peers, after having served the purpose of a prison, for which a portion of it is still appropriated for criminals against the state; but with its large and beautiful gardens it merits a more detailed description, which will be given under the head of public monuments. The whole number of religious establishments of all descriptions built in the reign of Louis XIII, amount to forty-nine, besides many Bridges, Fountains, Hotels, Statues, *etc.*, *etc.*; which altogether so augmented Paris that it became requisite to have another wall, affording the capital more extended dimensions, which was accordingly constructed. Notwithstanding all these improvements the streets of Paris were in a most filthy condition, constantly emitting a disagreeable odour; they were very narrow and the greater portion of them very ill paved, besides which they were infested with thieves, and complaints were continually arising against the hosts of pages and lackeys who insulted people in the streets, and were continually committing some disorders, both during the day and the night, when persons were frequently killed in the skirmishes that were constantly taking place. Ordinances and edicts were continually appearing, forbidding the pages and lackeys to wear arms, but all of no avail; when any one was arrested, he was rescued by his companions, and the officers of police sometimes killed. Louis XIII, ever feeble in mind, and probably in constitution, died at the age of 42; it was supposed from a premature decay.

The history of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth and those which follow to the present day are so well known to the English, that whatever I might state respecting them would only be to my readers a repetition of that of which they are already informed, as the continual wars for the last two centuries between England and France have brought the nations in constant contact; but prior to that period, even the most prominent events of the French history are but little known to

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the English, and in order to enhance the enjoyment of examining the old buildings in Paris, I conceived it necessary to give a slight sketch of the monarchs under whom they were erected, with the dates as accurately as could be ascertained, but consider that it would be useless to do so as regards those edifices constructed since the reign of Louis XIII, as they can only afford pleasure as regards their utility or beauty; as if not two hundred years old, the age of their date ceases to excite interest, although I shall describe them in due course. I have often been surprised that in all schools, although they give the history of Rome, of Greece, and of course of England, yet of France, which is the country the nearest to us, we are suffered to remain ignorant as to its history. We have all heard of the battles of Cressy, Poitiers and Agincourt, and remember that they were gained by the Edwards and Henry the Fifth, but few persons know anything about who were the French kings under whom they were lost; the only instances where the history of the French is brought to our minds, is when any connexion by marriage has occurred between the families of the sovereigns of the two nations.

CHAPTER IV.

Paris as it is, being a general survey of the place itself, its attractions, its demerits, the inhabitants, their manners to strangers, towards each other, their customs, and occupations.

[Illustration: Church of the Madeleine. Published by F. Sinnett, 15, Grande rue Verte.]

I know no better means of obtaining a first general view of Paris and its inmates, than by taking a walk upon the Boulevards, I therefore will invite the reader to imagine himself promenading with me, we will begin at the Madeleine, and occupy a short time in surveying that noble and majestic building; it greatly reminds me of the Temple of Theseus, at Athens; it is perhaps one of the most perfect monuments, as regards its exterior, in Europe, the statues and sculpture are fine as to their general effect, but the lofty handsome pillars lose much of their beauty from the joins of the stones being too conspicuous, and having become black, the fine broad mass is cut up, and gives one an idea of so many cheeses placed one upon another, or rather they resemble the joints of a caterpillar: the interior is certainly most gorgeous, and at first strikes the beholder as a most splendid display of rich magnificence; but a moment's reflection, and instantly he feels how inconsistent is all that gilded mass and profusion of ornament with the beautiful and chaste simplicity of the exterior. I never can conceive that all that glitter of gold is in good keeping with the calm repose and dignity which ought to reign throughout a church. The Madeleine was begun in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, and was intended for different purposes as it slowly progressed through the different reigns which have since occurred.

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Louis Philippe at length decided upon completing it with the energy that had ever before been wanting. Several public monuments had been suffered to remain dormant during the two preceding reigns, or their operations were carried on with so sparing a hand, that whilst a few workmen were employed at one end of a building, weeds and moss began to grow on the other. This pigmy style of proceeding was well-satirised during the reign of Charles X in one of the papers, which announced in large letters, “the workmen at the Madeleine have been doubled! where there was one, there are now two!” But soon after the present King came to the throne, capital was found, and the industrious employed. Thus much for this splendid work of art; let us turn round and look about us: Ah! see, there are the works of nature, how gay and cheerful those flowers appear so tastefully arranged in Madame Adde’s shop, whilst she herself looks as fresh and healthy as her plants which are blooming around her; yet with that robust and country air she is a Parisian, but, as she justly remarked to me, she was always brought up to work hard, and as her labours have been well rewarded, health and content have followed. She and her flowers have already been noticed in Mrs. Gore’s Season in Paris, who used to pay her frequent visits, for who indeed would go anywhere else who had once dealt with her, for what more can one desire than civility, good nature, reasonable charges, and a constant variety of the choicest articles; I therefore can conscientiously recommend all my readers who come to Paris, and are amateurs of Flora, to call now and then on Madame Adde, No. 6, *Place de la Madeleine*.

Now having contemplated the beauties of art and of nature, let us observe some animated specimens of her works: what a moving mass is before us, ’tis a merry scene, the laughing children running after, and dodging each other, rolling on the ground with the plenitude of their mirth, the neat looking *bonnes* (nursery maids) still smiling while they chide, the jovial coachmen wrestling on their stands and playing like boys together, but all in good humour, and content seems to sit on every brow, and even the aged as they meet, greet each other with a smile. How infectious is cheerfulness, when I have the blue devils I always go and take a walk on the *Boulevards*; and what makes these people so happy? is the natural question; because they are content with a little, and pleased with a trifle; then they are a trifling people is the reply. What boots it I would ask? happiness is all that we desire, and I persist that those are the best philosophers who can obtain happiness with the least means. But how the green trees, the white stone houses, the gay looking shops, the broad road with the equipages rolling along all contribute to heighten the animation of the scene. We are now at the *Rue de la Paix*; it is certainly a noble street, and we will turn down it to look at

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the statue of Napoleon on the column in the *Place Vendome*; the pillar, which was cast from the cannon taken from the enemies of France, is decidedly a work of extraordinary merit and beauty, and requires a good deal of study to appreciate the exquisite workmanship displayed in its execution. But if it were not for the reminiscences associated with the character of Napoleon, who could ever admire his statue on the top of the column, in a costume so contrary to all that is graceful and dignified; a little cocked hat with its horrid stiff angles, a great coat with another angle sticking out, the *tout ensemble* presenting a deformity rather than an ornament: however there he stands on the pinnacle of what he and men in general would call the monument of his glory, a memento of blood, of tears of widows and orphans. Could the names of those ruined and heart broken beings be inscribed upon it, whose misery was wrought by his triumphs, it would indeed tell a tale of woe. The *Place Vendome*, in which the column stands, has a very noble appearance, being a fine specimen of the style of building of Louis the Fourteenth, in whose reign it was erected; and he too fed his ambition with wholesale flow of blood, and with treasure wreaked from the hard earned labour of his subjects, and the abridgments of their comforts, but both were ultimately destined to chew the bitter cud of mortification, and however bright the sun by which they rose to imaginary glory, they were doomed to set in a starless night. But let us turn from these lugubrious images of war, and regain the *Boulevards* and enjoy the pleasure of beholding a peaceful people. Do not let us fail to observe that beautiful mansion at the corner of the *rue Lafitte*; it is called the *Cite Italienne*, and can only be compared to a palace, the richness of the carve-work surpassing any thing of the description throughout the whole capital; although it has recently become so much the mode to adorn their houses with sculpture, yet none have arrived at the same degree of perfection displayed in the *Maison d'or*: carved out on the solid stone is a boar hunt, which is really executed with considerable talent; to give an accurate description of all its beauties would much exceed the space I could afford it in justice to other objects; it is very extensive, and is I believe three houses united in one. I have understood that the sum total expended upon it was 1,600,000 *francs*, or 64,000 *l.* But that my readers may form some idea of the interior, I recommend them to enter the *Ancien Cafe Hardy*, which is established as a *Restaurant* within this beautiful building, and however interested my countrymen may feel in all that is intellectual, yet at the same time they possess that much of the sensual, as to have a very strong predilection for a good dinner, of the quality of which few are better judges; but with them it is not only as regards the excellence

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of the viands, but also they have their peculiar tastes as to how and where it is served; knowing so well their ideas in this respect, I can recommend them with confidence to *Messieurs Verdier and Dauzier*, convinced that all their different fancies will be gratified. If they wish to be exclusive, to enjoy their meal tete-a-tete with their friend, they will find an elegant little apartment suited to their wishes; if they be three or four or more persons, they will still find they can be accommodated in such a manner that they may always imagine themselves at home; in fact there are about twenty apartments of different sizes, which are decorated in the most handsome style, yet all varying with regard to the pattern of the furniture, and all uniting an appearance of comfort and elegance, the sofa, chairs, and curtains of each little cabinet being of the richest silk, and the other decorations are consistently luxurious. The view from the windows presents all that can be imagined that is amusing and animating, overlooking the most agreeable part of the *Boulevards*, being that which is designated the *Boulevard Italien*, and is the most fashionable resort in Paris. By the aid of a *calorifere*, the whole establishment is heated to an agreeable degree of warmth, but for those who like to see a cheering blaze there are chimneys which afford them the means of having that indulgence. If they prefer dining in the public saloon, for the sake of seeing the variety of visitors by which it is frequented, they will find a most splendid apartment brilliantly fitted up, being entirely of white and gold, where every thing that is useful will be found, but always so arranged as to be rendered ornamental; in the elegant chandeliers by which the apartment is adorned, oil on a purified principle is burned; no attention in short has been omitted which could tend towards rendering the establishment an attraction for the English. I happened to be there when an apartment was arranged for a wedding party, and nothing could exceed the taste and elegance with which the table was disposed, presenting a perfect picture, where splendour and luxury abounded, but yet where a certain degree of consistency was preserved. With regard to the superior quality of the different delicacies which are provided, and the culinary talent displayed in their preparation, even Vatel himself might be more than satisfied. I have visited all the most celebrated *Restaurants* in Paris, and should certainly say, that for the good quality of the articles of the table, for the comfortable arrangements of the apartments, and attentive civility of the attendants, there is not any that can surpass the *Cafe Hardy*, although many there are which are infinitely more expensive. Continuing our walk upon the *Boulevards*, it is worthy of remark how richly some of the new houses in and about the *Rue Richelieu* are sculptured, so as to present the appearance of a succession of

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palaces, we next arrive at the *Boulevard Montmartre*, where the influx of people is the greatest: we pass by the *Passage des Panoramas* but do not enter it just now, although it contains some of the handsomest shops in Paris, but it is too crowded, we prefer keeping our course on the *Boulevards* where we can look about us at our ease and contemplate the physiognomies of the varied groups before us; let us halt a while at the *Theatre des Varietes* and remark with what eagerness numbers stop to scan the programme of the entertainments for the evening, amongst them are all ages, all classes, the common soldier, porter, and servant girl, all possessing a high idea of their judgment in theatrical affairs; passing on a little further the *Theatre du Gymnase* arrests the observer's notice, where *Bouffe* has so long displayed his comic powers, which certainly in my recollection have never been surpassed, and I doubt if they ever have been equalled; there is ever a chasteness in his acting, from which he never departs, and keeps the audience in a roar of laughter without ever having recourse to grimace or buffoonery.

The stupendous *Porte* (gate) *St Denis* next strikes the eye, and has a most imposing effect; it was built by Louis XIV in commemoration of his victories, as I have before stated; the *bas-reliefs* with which it is adorned represent pyramids, and colossal allegorical figures of Holland and the Rhine, the capture of Maestricht, the passage of the Rhine at Tolhuys, which with two lions are its most conspicuous ornaments. Whilst the mind is still occupied in reflecting upon this noble monument, another awakens attention at a short distance from the last; it is the *Porte St-Martin, Boulevard St-Martin*, which has been represented as a copy of that of St-Severus at Rome; it owes its erection to the same founder and was raised for the same purpose, that of publishing to posterity the fame of his victories; he is allegorically represented as Hercules defeating the Germans, the taking of Limburg, Besancon, etc. I shall not attempt to enter into a minute detail of these objects, it would only tire me to do so, and perhaps fatigue my reader still more; I shall therefore content myself by stating that, taken as a whole, it has an extremely fine effect. A few paces farther is the Theatre of the *Porte St-Martin*, which was never a fashionable resort, but has often produced me much entertainment, particularly when the celebrated Mademoiselle George afforded it the benefits of her talents; proceeding a few hundred yards distance, the Theatre of the *Ambigu-Comique* presents itself as worthy of remark; although of a minor rank, I remember being much amused at the long trains of persons waiting, according to the custom in France, at the doors of this Theatre for admission when a popular piece was played, called *Nostradamus*; as two persons can only pay at once no more are suffered to

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enter at a time; hence they form in pairs behind each other until they extend sometimes, the length of a furlong; they remain very quiet occasionally for hours, the first comers standing close to the doors, and as others arrive they regularly take their station behind the last persons of the *queue*, as it is styled. I remember an Englishman coming up when the tail had attained rather an inconvenient length, and he did not relish placing himself at the end of it, and endeavoured to slip into one of the joints as it was much nearer the door; but a *gendarme*, perceiving his drift, very unceremoniously marched him to the end of the queue, as precedence is allotted to persons in proportion as they arrive earlier or later and the most perfect order is by that means preserved; how much better is such an arrangement than that which prevails in England at the entering of the theatres, where physical strength alone gives priority, and the bigger the brute the sooner he enters, whilst screams and murmurs attest the treading upon toes, squeezing of ribs, *etc.*

The fountain of *St-Martin* in front of the *Ambigu-Comique* is one of the most beautiful objects in Paris; a handsome font rises in the middle from which the water falls in sheets of silvery profusion, whilst around, lions disgorge liquid streams which all unite in the *grand basin*; this sight is most beautiful to behold by the light of the moon. We next enter the *Boulevard du Temple*, where there is such a number of theatres and coffee-houses all joining each other, that there is really some difficulty of ascertaining which is the one or the other. The Theatre *de la Gaiete*, the resort principally of the middle or lower classes, is one of the most conspicuous, as also the *Cirque Olympique*, or Franconi's Theatre, where the performances resemble those at Astley's. There is always an immense crowd on these *Boulevards* amusing themselves around a number of shows; or playing or looking at various games which are constantly going forward, singers, musicians, conjurors, merry andrews, fortune tellers, orators, dancers, tumblers, *etc.*, are all exerting their powers, to gain a little coin from the easily pleased multitude; these *boulevards* have in fact the appearance of a perpetual *fete* or fair, but the curious ideas that appear to me to have entered the heads of these people in the nature of their performances, are such as I should imagine none would ever have thought of but the French; nor any lower orders but of that nation could have been found to appreciate such singular exhibitions. One of this description particularly excited my notice; a man came up with another man in his arms and popped him down just as if he was a block; he had no sooner deposited his burden than he began a long harangue upon the talents of the individual whom he had just deposited before us, in acting a machine or automaton, he then to prove his assertion gave him a knock on

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the back of the head, when it fell forward just as if it had belonged to a figure made with joints; he then gave it a chuck of the chin so violent that it sent the head back so as to lean on the coat collar; at last he put it in its proper position, he then operated upon the arms and legs of the image actor in the same manner, and so perfectly lifeless did he appear, that many new comers who had not heard the introductory speech of the showman, absolutely thought that it was an inanimate figure made to imitate a man that was before them, as the orator always designated his piece of still life his *mecanique*, which means *machine*; in order to afford every one the benefit of a close examination, he lifted up his automaton, then flumped him directly opposite and close to the persons who formed part of the circle and whom he judged were most likely to throw a sou, bidding us observe that even the eye never winked and that there was not the slightest breathing perceptible, and in justice I must say I never saw an actor better play his part, for watch him as closely as you would there never was the least symptom of life visible. I had often before seen images made to imitate men, but never had till then seen a man imitate an image: a few paces farther was a man acting a variety of parts with extraordinary humour, an old nurse out of place, then a young lover entreating his mistress to have pity on him, next a man in a violent passion, presently, an epicure eating *bonbons* on the verge of the grave; the inexhaustible force of lungs, the incessant supply of words and ideas that many of them appeared to possess, to me was quite a matter of wonderment. At a short distance is a fort with cannon, whilst persons take a cross-bow and shoot at it; if they can hit one of the guns it naturally goes off; for the privilege of having a shot, a sou is paid if he do not hit the cannon, but if he succeed in so doing, he receives a sou; the reader may suppose that a miss takes place at the rate of about seven times to a hit; and after several young countrymen had been trying in vain, and had lost a good many pence, they began to grumble and declare that it was next to impossible to hit the cannon more than once in a hundred times, upon which the proprietor himself took the cross-bow and at the same distance as the others stood, hit the cannon five times running with the most perfect apparent ease, which certainly silenced the grumblers, but convinced them of their own awkwardness. My attention was next attracted by a pretty little building surrounded by moss and trees, at the top of a large glass globe which contained water with several gold and silver fish swimming in it, while some canary birds, who were sometimes perching on the house, the moss, or the trees, ever and anon flew to the bottom of the globe and were seen fluttering about amongst the fish, then ascend to their little building without having wetted a feather; the effect is very pretty and the deception is pleasing, inasmuch

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as the birds require no torturing tuition to perform their little parts; the secret consists in one globe being placed in another considerably larger, the outer being filled with water in which are the fish, whilst the inner wherein the birds are seen is dry and empty. A fortress where canary birds are again the performers is a sight which is extremely curious, as a proof of what these little creatures are capable of executing under the management of a master, where I fear gentleness has not only been exercised; a number of little cannon are placed to which the birds apply a substance at the end of a little stick which causes them to go off, when some fall and pretend to die and the victors advance with their muskets, and strutting about give you to understand that the fort is taken and that they are conquerors.

To recapitulate all the curious manoeuvres which are constantly going forward on the *Boulevards* would swell a volume, we will therefore pass on to the more retired parts, where the fine vistas of high trees have been spared the havoc of the Three Days; these once extended throughout the whole course of the *Boulevards*, but so many trees were cut down to form barricades, that those beautiful arches formed by rows of lofty elms, which were merely trained on the inner side, the outer being suffered to grow in the wild luxuriance of nature, are only now to be met with "few and far between." Near the spot where formerly stood the much dreaded Bastille, now rises to the view the column erected to commemorate the Revolution of 1830; inclining to the right, the *Boulevards* then lead to the Seine. In many parts of these delightful promenades, double rows of chairs are placed, and persons of the highest respectability come from different quarters and sit for hours in them, amused with observing the happy moving scene around them; the seats on the *Boulevard Italien* are often occupied by persons of fashion, who arrive in their equipages, then take chairs for an hour or two, whilst their carriages wait for them; the charge for each chair is one sou, but every one takes two, one for the purpose of resting the feet, and generally takes ices which are served from Tortoni's, long celebrated for the supply of that cooling refreshment. It is by night that the *Boulevards* are seen to the greatest advantage, the innumerable lights blazing from the different theatres, the lamps placed before the coffee-houses, the brilliant shops, the trees, the equipages, the sound of music and singing, the houses, which resemble palaces, the gilded cafes all united has the air of a fairy scene to any one brought suddenly upon them.

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Some of the handsomest shops and coffee-houses are to be found on the *Boulevards*, and dwellings where many of the most respectable persons reside. There is always an humble traffic going on from an immense number of stalls, in which various commodities are sold, and although the assortment consists of a hundred different descriptions of articles, yet all are at one price, consisting of everything that can well be imagined, from a comb to a pair of bellows, the vender singing out the price with stentorian lungs, perhaps twenty-five sous, more or less, and as there is a great deal of opposition with these itinerant merchants, they often try who can cry out the loudest, and succeed in raising a terrific din, which amuses the mob, who consider that all is life and spirit as long as there is noise and fun going forward; these *Boulevards*, therefore, are just such as suit the Parisian lower classes. Those on the south side of the Seine are an exact contrast, most of them being so deserted, that in viewing the long lines of tall arched elms, with scarcely an individual moving beneath them, one could imagine that they were a hundred miles from any capital; but there is something pleasing in retiring to these lone green shades, when fatigued with the bustle and rattling noises of the city. The only individuals usually to be met with in these quiet *Boulevards* are now and then a nursery-maid with a child, an old lady of the gone-by school, and her female servant of the same era, who jog on at a slow and solemn pace as they moan over the good old times that are passed, and sympathise in expressions of horror at the vices of the present day; a tall thin battered looking beau, whose youth was passed in the last century, meets the antiquated pair, mutual salutations take place, the gentleman doffs his hat, and with a graceful sort of turn and wave of the hand, at the same time bows his body full half way to the ground, which, although rather stiffened with age, still retains a shadow of the elegance of former times. Madame makes a very pretty reverence, somewhat ceremonious, according to the flippant ideas of the present day, entreats Monsieur would put on his hat, would be in despair if he should catch cold; he obeys, is enchanted to see her look so well, but desolated to hear she has a little cold, and after expressing the most fervent hopes for her getting better, he takes his leave, having too good a notion of propriety to join the lady in her walk lest a *liaison* between them might be suspected. How different this worn-out remnant of the days of Louis the Sixteenth from *la jeune France* of the present day, when the usual greeting between the young men would be a nod of the head, "*Bon jour, ca va bien?*" adieu, and away, which is tantamount to "How do, quite well, good bye," and off; with a lady the abruptness would be a little softened, but any politeness that gives much trouble is quite at a discount with such

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young men of the present day in France. A solitary workman, a sentinel, and an old soldier, if near the Hospital of the Invalids, are probably the only persons you will usually meet on the southern *Boulevards*, except now and then I have seen a ladies' boarding-school thread its course beneath the thick foliage, whose mistress perchance selects a retired spot for giving her pupils a little air and exercise, removed from the gaze of the city throng.

Whatever pleasing impressions these shady retreats may have made upon the mind, on re-entering Paris they are soon dissipated; if by the public streets, the variety of noises which assail the ear, and the confusion of so many people bustling along upon a little bit of pavement not two feet wide, gives you plenty of occupation both to make your way, and get out of the way; when, compelled to give place to some lady, you descend from the narrow flags into the road, and whilst you are manoeuvring to escape a cart you see coming towards you, "Gare" is bawled out with stunning roar; you look round and find the pole of a coach within an inch of your shoulder, you scramble out of the way as fast as you can through mud and puddle, and are glad to clap your back against a house to make room for some lumbering vehicle, where the naves of the wheels stick out with menacing effect, happy to congratulate yourself that there is just room enough for it to pass without jamming you quite flat, and that you are quit of the danger at the expense of being smeared with a little mud from the wheel; this is the case in many of the streets in that part of Paris called the *Cite*, and others which cross from the *Rue Saint-Denis* to the *Rue Saint-Martin* and *du Temple* etc. Happily for my readers, it is not very probable that many of them will ever be called into those neighbourhoods, or if they be, it will probably be in a carriage, when they will not stand near the same chance of being crushed to death; but as I explore all parts and am thereby the better enabled to give a faithful picture of Paris, I consider it incumbent on me to inform my country people that there are such streets that they may better know how to enjoy Paris by keeping out of the way of them. To see Paris to the best advantage it is requisite to get up early, that is about three o'clock in the morning in the months of June or July, before any one is stirring; this indeed is pretty much the case with all cities, but particularly the French capital, because the streets being very narrow and crowded, you have not room to look up and look about. Paris in the old quarters at that hour, or in a bright moonlight when all are at rest, has the effect of a city composed of chateaux or castles joined together, the height of the houses, the great heavy *porte cocheres*, the castellated style of the attic windows and often projecting turrets, with the profusion of iron work, combine in giving a degree of gloom that appears to tell a tale of olden

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time, and many of the houses date as far back as Charles the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh, which is coeval with our Henry the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth. There is one house of which the ancient staircase still remaining is as old as the year 1220; it is situated in the *Rue du Four*, near the *Rue de la Harpe*, and called the *Maison Blanche*, having been inhabited by the mother of *Saint-Louis*, but there is no doubt that the only part now standing that could have been built at that period is the staircase; in the same neighbourhood are many objects that would interest the antiquary, to which I shall hereafter allude. Paris is encircled by a double row of *Boulevards*, the north inner circle is that which is the most frequented; the outer circle runs all along the walls which encompass Paris, where the barriers are situated, of which there are fifty-six, all rather handsome buildings than otherwise, and no two of them quite alike. Many of the streets as you approach the farthest *Boulevards* of Paris have a very dull appearance, consisting in many instances of high walls and habitations separated from each other, with market gardens behind, but which cannot be seen from the street as they are all enclosed, and grass growing here and there in patches give them more the appearance of roads which have been abandoned than of inhabited streets. Some of the modern parts of Paris are extremely handsome and indeed all which has been built within the last five-and-twenty years. The *Chaussee-d'Antin* is the favourite quarter; there the streets are of a fair width and are well paved, and some very recently built are really beautiful, especially one just finished called the *Rue Tronchet*, just behind the *Madeleine*. The quarter round the *Place Vendome* is certainly one of the finest in Paris, and most decidedly the dearest. I know persons who pay fourteen thousand francs a year for unfurnished lodgings in the *Place Vendome*, that is 600_l_ a year; a whole house in a fashionable quarter of London may be had for the same money; indeed on the *Boulevards*, in some of the *Passages* and the most fashionable streets in Paris, shops let for more money than in any part of London; there is an instance of a single shop letting for 600_l_ per annum, and not one of particularly extensive dimensions, but situated on the *Boulevard Montmartre*, which is perhaps the best position in Paris. One of the greatest attractions is the *Passages*, something in the style of the Burlington Arcade but mostly superior; of these there are from twenty to thirty, so that in wet weather you may walk a considerable distance under cover.

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The *Palais-Royal*, the favourite resort of foreigners and provincials, also affords that convenience. Although Paris on the whole is not so regularly built as London, yet there is a sombre grandeur about it which has a fine effect, owing in some degree to the large lofty houses of which it is composed; the straightness, width, and neatness of the streets of London form its beauty, but it is astonishing how foreigners when they first behold it, are struck with the small size of the houses. I remember entering London with an Italian gentleman who had ever before been accustomed to the large massive palaces of Genoa, Florence, *etc.*, and the first remark he made upon our grand metropolis was that it looked like a city of baby houses; another feature in our dwellings does not please the foreign eye, and that is the dingy colour of our bricks, which certainly has not so light an appearance as stone, of which the houses on the Continent are generally built. The irremediable defect in Paris is certainly the narrowness of the streets, although every opportunity is turned to advantage by the government when houses are taken down to compel the proprietors to rebuild them in such a manner as to afford a yard more width to the public, whilst those streets that are at present constructing are on a magnificent plan. The great beauty of Paris consists in its public monuments, which certainly are not only very numerous, but some upon the grandest scale, independent of those which are generally conspicuous in a city; the Barriers and Fountains form a considerable feature in Paris amongst its ornaments.

The Parisians generally are a remarkably persevering and industrious people, amongst the trading classes, particularly the women, who often take as ostensible a part in business as their husbands; except that it is an establishment upon a very large scale, the wife is usually the cashier, and you will find her as stationary at the counter almost as the counter itself. The idea that exists in England with respect to married women in France is quite erroneous, for more domestic and stay at home is impossible to be, that is amongst the middle classes; the same remark applies to the lower orders. As to the higher classes they never can be cited as forming a characteristic in any country; receiving a highly finished education, they are all brought to the same degree of polish, and the primitive features are entirely effaced. Good nature is a very conspicuous trait in the French character, and that is continually displayed towards any foreigner; ask your way in the street in a polite manner, and generally the persons become interested in your finding the place you want, and if they do not know themselves, they will go into a shop and enquire for you, and not feel easy until they have ascertained it for you, but it depends much upon the manner in which you address them. A Doctor Smith related to me a circumstance which proves how different is the effect of a courteous

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and an uncourteous mode of speaking to a Frenchman; the Doctor had with him a friend who was a regular John Bull, and they wishing to know their way to some place, the latter stepped up to a butcher who was standing at his door and asked him in a very rough manner, and received an evasive reply; the Doctor then put the same question to the man but in a more polite form, the butcher replied, "If you will wait a minute, Sir, I will put on my coat and show you the way," which he did in the most good humoured manner, but remarked to the Doctor that every one in France liked to be treated as a fellow man, and not to be spoken to as if they were brutes. Thus it appears that even butchers in France expect to be treated with some degree of politeness.

The women are still more tenacious in that respect than the men; they consider, even down to a housemaid, that their sex demands a certain tone of deference, however humble their position, and if a nobleman did not touch his hat to them when they open or shut the door for them, with the usual salutation of good day or good morning, they would pronounce his manners brutal, and say, that although he was a man of title he was not a gentleman; hence the very unceremonious manner that an Englishman has of addressing servants, whether male or female, has kept them very much out of favour with that class of the French community. A scullion, or what may be termed a girl of all work, that has not met with that degree of respect from some of our countrymen to which she considered herself entitled, will remark, that the English may be very rich, but they certainly are not enlightened as we are, with a little drawing up of the head, implying their consciousness of superiority over us semi-barbarians; your charwoman, your washerwoman's drudge, fishwoman, or girl that cries turf about the streets, are all Madame and Mademoiselle when they speak of each other, and with them there is no such word as woman; if a female, she must be a lady, even if her occupation be to pick up rags in the street. The French women certainly excel in the art of dress and everything which appertains to the decoration of the person, but the devotion which exists amongst them to that passion tends greatly towards frivolising the mind; hence I find their inferiority, generally speaking, to English women; in the latter you will often meet, even amongst the middle classes, with a girl who has received a good education; forming her pleasures from pursuits which are purely intellectual, she will not only find enjoyment in that light reading merely calculated to amuse, or that kind of music which consists of pretty quadrilles, a few trifling songs, and two or three lessons adapted for the display of execution, or that style of poetry and of painting which is something of the same nature, just fit to please the fancy without touching the heart; no, you will find that she enters into the very soul of those mental recreations, nor does that interfere with her domestic virtues; she

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is equally capable of performing every social duty, but she devotes not so considerable a portion of her time and thoughts to dress, nor is she so totally absorbed in the anticipation and retrospection of balls and soirees, to the exclusion of every other feeling, as long as the season for parties continues, which is but too much the case with females in Paris, except with those whose business or occupations prevent them from participating otherwise than very sparingly in the gaieties of that description; but the class I allude to in France, is that which consists of persons of independent fortune, who have never been connected with anything in the shape of trade or even professions, except army or navy, yet whose property is too small to estimate them as belonging to the higher classes, whilst they would consider themselves as degraded by an association with even the richer tradespeople, generally coming under the denomination of middle classes. This grade, immediately below the highest classes and above the middle, is very numerous in Paris, their incomes varying from four hundred to a thousand a-year; with the females in this class there is an exact resemblance to those of the class above, only the sphere is more confined; their education finished, they retain but little of what they have learned, except dancing, singing, and music, because they are calculated for display, and tell in society; drawing is laid aside, even after much proficiency had been acquired, reading confined to the reviews of the popular works of the day, the inexhaustible subjects of conversation are the toilet, which is pre-eminent, balls, soirees, and public places; if literature be introduced, you will find their knowledge of it sufficient to escape the charge of ignorance, particularly in history, as great pains are now taken with their education, and which certainly is of the best description, whilst there is a grace and sweetness of manner which is highly captivating; yet when you become well acquainted with these ladies, whose surface was enchanting, you find at last a want of soul. As a proof how seldom I have found French females express any delight in beholding all the phenomena of an extensive and beautiful country, and if the mind be dead to that charm, how must it be lost to the enjoyments of descriptive poetry and painting, as if the reality afford not pleasure how little can be derived from the representation; I have found in France many exceptions to this rule, women, in fact, whose society afforded a highly intellectual treat. But they are rare, and when one speaks of a people generally, the mass must be stated and not the exceptions. In England, even amongst the classes of the highest fashion, many women are to be met with, who, notwithstanding that they are whirled about in London for months together to parties every night, sometimes to three or four in an evening, to hear and say the nothings that pass current in assemblages of that description, both deteriorating to health and

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mind, yet on returning to their seats in the country, whilst the husband is following the sports of the field, the females will have recourse to intellectual occupations, and cultivate those seeds of knowledge which had been instilled into their minds during their early youth, thus conferring upon them those companionable powers, which are the great charm of life; the rural scenes around them call their pencils into practice, whilst the true spirit of poetry constantly appears to their feelings in the forms of those beauties of nature which in fact are its life and soul. Embosomed in the calm retirement found in such retreats, the various objects in view engender the love of reading; hence the Englishwoman recruits her mental powers after the frivolizing effects of a season in town. The Frenchwoman goes into the country for the purpose of enjoying the fresh air, she reads a little to kill time, and occupies much of it with her embroidery and other fancy works, and after a short period passed amongst the vine-clad hills, sighs once more to return to her dear Paris, complains of ennui, wonders what the fashions will be at the next Longchamp, and whether they will be such as become her or not, but feeling herself bound to wear whatever may be pronounced the modes, and trusts to her taste to arrange it in such a manner as to set her off to the best advantage.

My countrywomen are not so much slaves to fashion and do not care to put on every thing that comes out, if they think it does not suit them, but it must be admitted that they have not the same taste as the French in regard to costume; it is a quality that is peculiar to them, and acknowledged by all the civilised world; in England, Russia, even Greece, ladies of the high ton must send to Paris for their hats and bonnets, and have them from Madame de Barennes, in the *Place Vendome*, which is not merely an idea, but a fact that they really are replete with that exquisite taste for which they are so justly famed; even the manner in which her lofty and noble saloons are arranged display an elegance of conception, there is a chasteness which pervades the whole, the furniture as well as the decorations of the room are either of white or ebony and gold, preserving that degree of keeping which is inseparable from a truly classical taste.

I must confess that the most refined, the most charming and fascinating women that I ever met with, were some English and Irish ladies who had been some years in France, still retaining all those intellectual qualities which are the brightest gems of the British female character, united with that quiet grace which has so much of dignity and ease, and that pleasing affability appearing but as nature in a truly elegant Frenchwoman; at the same time I think my fair countrywomen are also much improved when they have acquired the same degree of taste in the arrangement of their costume for which the Parisian females have so well merited a reputation.

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Of course in this comparison I am speaking of the most well-bred females of both countries. Although I do not find the French ladies possessing those high intellectual qualities, which are in a great degree engendered and fostered by certain habits and early associations, I do not conceive that the germs of talent are in the least deficient, but on the contrary, we find them excelling in literature and the arts, in ingenuity, and where exertion is required in trying circumstances, that they are capable of heroism, but there is a natural life and vivacity in the French character that inclines not to study, nor strict application, unless the position in life renders it necessary. The English very frequently are by nature disposed to reflection and even like often to be alone, consequently are undoubtedly a more thinking nation, although not so brilliant, but experience has proved that patient and undeviating perseverance, ultimately, outsteps the more showy and sparkling quality of genius. For the sympathies of the heart I have found the French females most keenly alive, no mothers can be more devotedly attached to their children than they are, and it is repaid to them with interest by their offspring, as a devotional affection towards parents is carried to an extreme; in some instances I should say to a fault, as a daughter in general looks up entirely to them, in regard to the man that they may choose with whom she is to pass the rest of her life, without presuming that she ought to make a selection for herself, considering that her marriage is the affair of her parents, and that she has but to obey their wishes in that, as well as in all other cases; hence it is rarely found that a French young lady has aught of romance in her composition, but is on the contrary the mild, docile, obedient, and affectionate pupil, and often imitator of her mother. The English young lady is a little more rebellious; possessing a more independent spirit, she very soon takes the liberty of thinking for herself, particularly on that subject; and could she totally have her will would act for herself also. Families are much more united in France than in England, and agree together in a most astonishing manner; thus when a daughter marries, instead of quitting her home, the husband arranges his affairs so as to go and live with her parents, and in many cases several families live together and form one little community, which spares the pain of separation of parent and child. The numerous offspring of the celebrated Marquis de Lafayette was a remarkable instance of how whole families can live and agree under the same roof; at his seat called La Grange, his married children and their children and grandchildren were all residing together, whilst he, like one of the ancient patriarchs, was the revered head of his people. I know a case at Boulogne, where in one house there are living together, two great grandfathers, one grandfather and grandmother, two fathers and two mothers and their four children,

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and what renders it more curious is that they are half English and half French, but all connected by their sons and daughters intermarrying; but strange to say that the English could not agree to live together in that manner, and it is a most extraordinary circumstance much remarked by the French, that wherever the English are settled in any town in France, they always contrive to quarrel with each other, and find employment for the French lawyers; at Boulogne they have at least twice as much practice for the English as for the natives.

With regard to the conduct of the French towards foreigners, speaking from the long experience which I have had, I should certainly state that it was kind and attentive when brought into contact in travelling or from any other circumstances, provided that a person does not attempt to support a haughty or supercilious air. I do not consider that, generally speaking, the French are so hospitable as the English, not only as regards foreigners but even amongst themselves; it is not so much their habit. In many houses you may pass an hour or two of an evening, and there will never be any question regarding refreshments; not having the custom of taking tea of an evening, that social bond which unites the family together at a certain hour in England not existing in France, little domestic evening parties seldom occur. I have been to a few amongst what I call the very quiet families of Paris, which are styled the *demi fortunes*, and cakes, beer, wine, sugar and water, *etc.*, were given; in the high fashionable parties tea now is always introduced at about twelve. To ask a friend to a family dinner is not so much the practice in France as in England, as the custom existing in the former of having so many dishes with such a trifle in each, the platters are often pretty well cleared by the usual inmates of the establishment, and they are not prepared for an additional person. With the English who are accustomed to large joints, if two or three additional guests suddenly enter, they are still prepared. The French have also an idea that if they ask you to dinner that they must provide so great a variety, which entails infinitely more trouble than the more simple and more wholesome repast, I should say, of the English.

There is a great sympathy in France towards each other in their respective classes; if a quarrel take place in the street between one of the lower and one of the middle class, all that pass by of the former description will take the part of the individual of his own level; the same will be the case with the other classes, often without inquiring into the merits of the case. The impulse of feeling exists to a great degree amongst the French, which is instantly displayed if a person falls or is taken ill in the street, and much feeling is developed if any little accident or misfortune occurs to a poor person passing by. I remember an instance of a woman who was trudging away with a

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basket of crockery and some eggs at the top, a poor man who was carrying a load slipped, and in his fall upset the woman and broke the greater part of her brittle goods; in this case both being poor persons, it became a knotty point for the French to decide; very long and very warm were the arguments adduced on both sides by the mob which had assembled, the man declared he was too poor to have it in his power to pay for the damage which he had caused, that he had hurt himself very much in the fall and found that quite misfortune enough for him. The woman cried and vowed she could not afford to lose the value of the articles broken, and the eggs belonged to another person who had given her the money to buy them, and persisted that the man ought to pay for what he had broken, although she admitted it was a very hard case for him; what was to be done? a subscription it was decided was the only means of settling the affair, and one person giving half a franc by way of example, engaged to be collector, and from the different bystanders, each giving a few sous, the sum required was soon produced, and all parties departed with the conviction that the affair had been equitably arranged.

The French are in the habit of rising extremely early, especially the lower classes, and even amongst the middle and higher ranks they are rarely so late in all their operations as the English. Persons in easy circumstances amongst the French generally take coffee, with a piece of bread, as soon as they are up, and then breakfast *a la fourchette* about twelve, which consists of soup, meat, vegetables, fruit, and wine; they dine about six or seven, which is a repetition of the breakfast, with greater variety and more abundance. Wine is drank throughout the dinner, and never after; but light as their *vin ordinaire* generally is, they always dilute it with water. Immediately after dinner, coffee, without milk or cream, is taken, and lastly a glass of liqueur; no other repast is thought of until the following day, as they neither take tea nor supper, in their usual family habits. But in cases of invitation it is quite another affair, several different wines of superior quality are handed about at dinner, with which they do not mix water, and always Champagne of course is drank without being diluted. When they give a *soiree*, a variety of refreshments are produced, as different descriptions of cakes, ices, orgeat and water, punch, warm wine, limonade, *etc.*, according to the season of the year; and often a supper is given on a very liberal scale. Dancing, music, singing, and cards form the amusements of the evening; the games which are played are generally *ecarte* and *whist*.

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The passion for dancing pervades all classes, and even amongst the lowest orders they always find the means of gratifying themselves with that pleasure, but in all their enjoyments down to the public-houses in the worst quarters of Paris, there is a degree of decorum which surprises an Englishman accustomed to the extreme grossness of similar classes in our own country. Determined to see as much of life as I could in all its stages during a carnival, accompanied by a countryman I visited many of the lowest order of wine houses where balls were going forward; the only payment required for entrance was the purchase of a bottle of wine, costing six sous. We expected to see a good deal of uproarious mirth and all kinds of pranks going forward, but were quite astonished to find the order that prevailed; the men appeared as if they were in such a hurry for a dance that they had not waited until they washed their hands and faces, but had just come directly from their work, although several of them had slipped on masquerade dresses; the women were cleaner (I suspect they were not of the most immaculate description), and were amusing themselves with quadrilles and waltzes alternately. Being of course very differently attired from the rest of the assemblage, we were very conspicuous, but they took no notice of us whatever; if they happened to run against us whilst waltzing and whirling about, they always said “Je vous ’mande pardon, Monsieur,” and nothing farther. We observed that the men paid for the musicians two sous each dance and the women one, and we came away rather disappointed at finding things so much more insipid than we expected; we visited several houses of the same description and found the same sort of scene going forward in them all. The working people in Paris are extremely frugal in their mode of living; bread being full seven-eighths of their food, what they eat with it varies according to the season; if in summer, mostly such fruit as happens to be ripe, and perhaps once in the day they take a bit of soft white-looking cheese with their bread. In winter they often add instead, a little morsel of pork or bacon, but more frequently stewed pears or roasted apples. On Sundays they always put the *pot-au-feu*, as they call it, which means that they make soup, or literally translated, that they put the pot on the fire. Henry IV declared that he should not feel satisfied until he had so ameliorated the condition of the poor, that every peasant should be able to have a fowl in his pot every Sunday; had he not suddenly been cut off by assassination, he might have lived to have seen his benevolent wish accomplished. Many of the wives of the working people contrive to muster some soup for their husbands when they get home at night, and almost all manage to have a little wine in the course of the day. On the Sunday in the summer time they contrive to have a degree of pleasure, and go to one of the houses round Paris called *guinguettes*, something in

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the nature of the tea-gardens about London, but in Paris and most parts of France the husband takes his wife and even his children with him if they are old enough; indeed, you generally see the whole train together. At these houses they mostly take beer which is not very strong, but they make it less so by mixing it with water, as they do almost every beverage; sometimes they have wine, lemonade, or currant juice, which is called *groseille*, and that from the black currant *cassis*; there they will sit looking at the dances, in which they sometimes join, and return home about ten o'clock. This is pretty much the routine of a *regularly conducted* working-man in Paris, and it must be admitted that they form by far the greater number, particularly those who are married.

Amongst the middle-classes, both husband and wife keep very steadily to business, particularly the latter, and as they live frugally, they generally calculate upon retiring from business in ten or twelve years, and mostly effect their object, as they are perfectly contented when they have amassed enough capital to produce three or four hundred a year, which is the case with the major part of them; many are not satisfied until four or five times that sum; but they are seldom ambitious, nor care to get out of their class, as the persons with whom they associate and are intimate, are mostly relations and connexions to whom they are attached, and do not seem to fancy any pleasure in extending their acquaintances. But before they retire from business they have their occasional recreations; in fine weather they are very fond of spending their Sundays in the country; in the winter they frequently visit the theatres, but very rarely have company at home or pay visits, except on the New Year, and in the Carnival they give one ball, and go to several others given by their relations; this description alludes to what may be termed the respectable class of shopkeepers. They have one means of communication with each other, of which they avail themselves for the advantages of business or for the purpose of recreation, if they choose, which consists of what they term *Cercles*, much the same as we should call clubs; they are establishments composed of perhaps 150 members, more or less, who meet in a suite of apartments fitted up for the purpose, and certainly most elegantly, both as regards the decoration of the rooms and the furniture they contain. A clerk is employed, whose business it is to collect information as to the different merchants who arrive at Paris from the various parts of France and other countries; they find out the particular branch in which he deals, and that member whose business it is to vend the commodity likely to be demanded, sends him a programme of his goods and his terms. If any one receive a commission from any country which is not in his department, he proclaims it to the Cercle, and gives a fellow-member the benefit of the order; thus they play into each other's hands and greatly

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promote their mutual interests. Billiard-tables are fitted up for the amusement of the members, who also occupy themselves with other games, whilst refreshments are to be had the same as in a coffee-house. There are many of these establishments in Paris, which afford great facilities for the promotion of business. Although the extraordinary increase of trade in Paris is almost incredible, yet the bankrupts are more numerous than they were formerly; one reason is, on account of the number of persons in each business having so much increased, and the immense expenses which they incur in the embellishment of their shops to try and outvie each other. A person taking a place in the Palais Royal about three years since, first gave the occupier 40,000 francs (1,600_l.) to quit, and then expended 110,000 francs (4,400_l.) in fitting it up as a restaurateur's; the rent being high in proportion, the success was not commensurate with the expenditure and the speculation failed. This is one of the many instances which have recently occurred at Paris, causing bankruptcy; yet some persons have laid out more than double the amount in the decorations for restaurateurs and coffee-houses, and yet have succeeded.

The occupations of the higher classes in Paris are much the same as they are in other capitals; both sexes are more fond of taking baths than they are in London, and even when they have that convenience in their own houses, the men often prefer lounging to the most fashionable public baths. The young sparks of fashion are very fond of sumptuous breakfasts at the most stylish coffee-houses in Paris, and often begin by taking a few dozen of oysters by way of giving them an appetite; beefsteaks dressed in the English style, a few choice French dishes, two or three sorts of wine, desert, and coffee, generally compose the repast until the dinner hour. The time is filled up with walking, riding, driving, practising gymnastic exercises, pistol-shooting, fencing, *etc.* After dinner, which usually terminates about eight, and is in fact the same thing as the breakfast on a more extensive scale, they proceed to the theatres; those most in vogue with the beau monde are the Italian Opera, the French Opera or Academie de Musique, the Comic Opera, and the Theatre Francais. After the performances are over, they generally lounge into some favourite coffee-house, and then close the day to recommence another, following much the same course, with some trifling variation. But now the favourite pursuit amongst young men of fashion, is that of riding and every thing which is connected with horses, such as racing, leaping, steeple chasing, and discussing their different qualities and the various modes of breaking them in, in England and in France.

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But there is no subject upon which there is so much difference of opinion between the two nations as upon that of equestrian exercises and the management and training of horses. Our bold fox-hunters and daring steeple chasers, I am aware, will not for an instant imagine that there are any riders to be found equal to Englishmen, whilst the French, although they give us credit for doing many things better than themselves, do not at all admire our horsemanship. They admit that our good riders are not easily thrown, and keep their seat under many difficult and dangerous circumstances, but they contend that the English generally have not sufficient command over their horses in making them obey every wish of the rider, whilst the accomplished French cavalier will make his horse go backwards, sideways, right, or left, in a direct line, will cause him to stop in an instant whilst at full speed, will make him bear on his near or off leg just as he chooses, or make him place either foot on a five franc piece, and in fact have the same command over his horse as if it were his child. There are many riding-masters now in Paris of superior talent, but for rendering his pupils dauntless horsemen, capable of mounting any animal however restive, I do not think that any can be found to surpass M. de Fitte. I have seen him place his best pupils upon a horse, which upon signals given, will rear upon his hind or his forelegs, changing from one to the other with such rapidity and in such constant succession that the rider cannot the least foresee what prank the horse is about to play, and therefore cannot be prepared for what he has to encounter, whilst he is seated on a saddle without stirrups or bridle, as with folded arms he defies every manoeuvre his steed essays to throw him. The riding-school of Mr. Fitte is at No. 113, rue Montmartre, next to the great establishment of the Messageries royales, from whence depart the diligences for all parts of France. He has always about forty horses of different countries and descriptions; amongst them are some especially trained for ladies, and such as will be found well adapted to the most bold and the most timid rider, which he lets out at very moderate terms.

Any person must feel gratified at being present when he gives his evening lessons to his pupils, as amongst other exercises he practises them in what is called the *jeu de bague*, which consists of rings loosely suspended from a post, whilst the rider carries a lance, and in passing by at full gallop endeavours to run it through the ring, which is about two inches in diameter, and is hung in such a manner that it yields to the lance and remains upon it whilst the rider, without stopping, proceeds at full speed and takes off the next. Two persons are generally exercised together at this game, and he who takes off the most rings wins. It is a useful practice now adopted in almost all the riding-schools in Paris, as it teaches the pupil to forget his seat, giving him another object

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to occupy his mind, till at last the young pupil feels as easy upon a horse at full gallop as seated in his chair, his whole attention being directed towards taking off more rings with his lance than his competitor. Mr. Fitte during the lesson also himself displays what can be done with different horses, in giving them that sort of motion which he thinks proper, which is principally produced by operating upon the animal with the muscles of the calves of the legs, of which the French avail themselves much more in the management of a horse than the English.

It appears quite a new era in the annals of horsemanship that an approved English riding-master should come over to France to place himself for two years under a French riding-master, yet such I know to be the case. Mr. F.W., the person to whom I allude, had long been accustomed to mount horses of all descriptions, with the full confidence of always being able to keep his seat; but when at Paris he met with a master who could not only defy any horse to throw him, but under all circumstances could always preserve a graceful position, even while baffling every attempt of a horse to floor him. In order to try the capabilities of Mr. W., the French master placed him on all kinds of horses, and amongst the rest those which had been taught all sorts of tricks to fling their riders, but W. resisted all their attempts, but it was by keeping his seat in his own way, which he knew had an awkward air, when compared to the graceful mien the Frenchman preserved throughout the same evolutions.

Another art he strove also to acquire from his master, that of dominating the most vicious horse to a degree that shall render it so docile that any moderate horseman may mount it in safety. This was effected by the French riding-master (with whom W. placed himself), under the most extraordinary circumstances; a horse was offered him of extreme beauty, but so totally unmanageable that it had been given up by three rough riders of regiments in England, and was almost considered as worthless, as no one could be found to ride it; the Frenchman undertook in one year so to tame its restive spirit as to render it a valuable horse for any rider. The owner quitted France, but agreed to return in a twelvemonth, when they were to divide the amount of what the horse might sell for; but it so happened that the owner did not return for eighteen months, and when the twelvemonth had expired the riding-master considered the horse his own and sold it to Franconi for 20,000 francs (800_l.), having so completely taught the horse to obey its master, as to make it dance to music, to bear upon which leg he chose to dictate, and in fact to do more than I shall venture to state, as were I to give an accurate description it must appear an exaggeration, having met with several Englishmen who with myself have declared they never could have believed, had they not had ocular demonstration, that a horse could have been taught to do that which

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the animal in question has nightly exhibited at Franconi's. When the owner did return, he claimed the half of the value the horse had fetched, but the riding-master pleaded that the contract was annulled by his not making his claim at the time agreed upon between them; the other persisting in his demand, the affair was referred to a Court of Justice, and decided in favour of the riding-master, and it is said that Franconi has since refused 40,000 francs for the horse.

There is one peculiarity in the English style of riding which is remarked all over the Continent, and that is, the rising in the saddle, or what is termed, adopting one's own motion, instead of that of the horse, which is certainly much rougher and not so agreeable, and for my own part I have found it a great relief when upon a long journey; of course it is never adopted by our cavalry, and the French contend that to sit as close as possible, partaking of the motion of the horse, as soon as the rider is accustomed to it he will travel farther, and with less fatigue than by what is termed the English method. M. de Fitte however thinks differently from his countrymen in that respect. It is also considered that in both our riding and driving we rein in our horses far too much, the consequence being that the animal, accustomed to be held up by the rider or driver, depends upon it, as what is called his fifth leg, and if there be any negligence in thus sustaining him, he immediately trips and often comes to the ground; whereas the horse who is habituated to a looser rein goes more boldly, depending on the powers nature has given him, and carries his head lower, and of course sees his ground better, avoiding that which might occasion a false step; and certainly the horses in France very seldom fall, except in frost or snow, when strange to say the French have never had the wit to have them rough-shod.

Notwithstanding all that is said upon the subject I have found the advantage of keeping a tighter rein upon my horse than they are in the habit of practising in Turkey, as although in a journey which I had of seven hundred miles on horseback in that country they found great fault with my riding, yet I kept my seat, and my horse upon his legs, without once coming to the ground, when the Tatar, the Surdjee, and my travelling companion were alternately prostrated from the falling of their horses, which I attribute to their not being able to check them in time when they tripped, to prevent their totally sprawling; it is true that some parts of the road could only be compared to a street having been unpaved and all the stones left loose upon the ground over which we had to ride, consequently I took the greatest care, never for an instant neglecting any precaution to keep my hack from stumbling. But where a horse is liable to come upon his knees, certainly the system of rising in the saddle is most unsafe, and I never met with any one who could better teach his pupils to sit close and firm even with the roughest trot than M. de Fitte, who, not content with precept, himself furnishes the example. Amongst his pupils, are many of the fair sex as the French ladies are now beginning to imitate the gentlemen in their passion for equestrian exercises, and

frequently in the Champs-Elysees and Bois de Boulogne display the progress they have made in the art.

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Although their pursuits are not so numerous nor so various as those of the men, yet their opportunities of killing time are greater; as shopping alone employs often some hours of the day, the importance attached to a bonnet, a cap, a turban and above all to a dress, causes many and long dissertations. Exhibitions and morning concerts frequently occupy also much of the ladies' leisure, a little walking in the Tuileries gardens at a certain hour and in a certain part whilst their carriage waits for them, an airing in it, or a turn on horseback, fill up the rest of the day, and after dinner, if not at the theatre, they either receive or pay visits, as it is the fashion to do so of an evening in Paris.

I must not quit this sketch of the Parisians and their occupations without giving my readers some idea of what is called *La Jeune France*, which consists of a number of young men, who wear comical shaped hats, their hair very long hanging below their ears, and let the greater part of their beards grow; they also have their throats bare and their shirt collars turned down; they have rather a wild look, and their political theories are somewhat wilder than their looks; they are republican in principle, and in manner, adopting a sort of rough abrupt style, as far from courteous as can well be imagined. They amount to perhaps a few thousands in Paris, comprising a number of the students in law and medicine, many of the painters, musical professors, and at least half the literary characters in Paris; some of them are either the editors their subs or the communicators to two-thirds of the newspapers at Paris. I must do them the justice to say that I believe they mean well, and that they are actuated by pure principles of patriotism, full of candour and of courage, but mistaken in their views, led away by false notions imbibed from an enthusiastic admiration of the deeds of heroes, recorded in the histories of Rome and Greece, until they imagine that they are bound in modern days to re-enact the glorious examples of their progenitors in their self devotion for their country; hence the wonderful resistance that they made in 1832, which although in a bad cause, proved their contempt for life, and how ready they were to risk it in what they falsely thought their country's cause.

But as they get older and reflect more, they become more temperate in their mode of reasoning, at present, and indeed for some time past, they have been more calm and one hears less of them.

CHAPTER V.

Anecdotes illustrative of the ideas, feelings, and characters of the Parisians, also narrating some of their most striking national peculiarities.

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The French generally have been celebrated for possessing no inconsiderable share of conceit, but in regard to a most exalted respect for themselves, the Parisians far surpass all their provincial brethren; the very circumstance of their happening to be born in Paris, they imagine at once confers upon them a diploma of the very highest acme of civilisation, causing them to feel a sort of pity for a person who is born elsewhere; however, as one of these enlightened spirits once observed to me, that a person might by coming to live at Paris in the course of time imbibe the same tone of refinement. Now this was said in all the true spirit of human kindness; he knew that I was not born in Paris, and conceiving that I might feel the bitterness of that misfortune, though it might afford me a degree of consolation to be assured, that there were some means of repairing the disadvantages under which I laboured, from not having made my entrance to the world in the grand metropolis of France.

It matters not how low may be the calling of a Parisian, he will still flatter himself that the manner in which he acquits himself in the department in which he is placed, evinces a degree of superiority over his fellow labourer, and gratifies his *amour propre* with the thought. Even a scavenger would endeavour to persuade you that he has a peculiar manner of sweeping the streets exclusively his own, and that his method of shovelling up the mud and pitching it into the cart is quite unique, and in fact that his innate talent is such that, it has eventually placed him at the summit of his profession. This may appear, perhaps, to some of my readers rather overdrawn, but the following instance which came under my own observation is not much less extravagant.

A man who was in the habit of cleaning my boots, had a most incorrigible propensity for garrulity, and as I like in a foreign country to obtain some insight into the ideas and feelings of all classes, I did not care to check the poor fellow in the indulgence of his favourite *penchant*, particularly as his remarks were always proffered with a tone of the most profound respect for my august person. Finding one morning that my boots had not been polished quite so well as usual, the next time I saw the shoeblack I mentioned the circumstance to him. “*Ah! Sir,*” he exclaimed with a deep sigh, “that is one of the many instances of the ingratitude of human nature; I confided those boots to the boy whom you must have seen come with me to fetch yours and the other gentlemen’s shoes or clothes for brushing, *etc.* Well, sir, that young urchin is a protege of mine; I took him, sir, from the lowest obscurity and made him what he is; I taught him my profession, I endowed him with all the benefit of my experience, and with respect to blacking shoes, I have initiated him into all the little mysteries of the art, and can declare that there is not one in the business throughout all Paris that can surpass him, when he chooses to

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exert his talents; and therefore it renders it the more unpardonable that he should slight one of my best customers.” Judging, I suppose, from the expression of my countenance that I did not appear to be deeply infused with a very exalted idea of what he termed the mysteries of his art, he continued, “You may think as you please, sir, but there is much more ability required in blacking shoes than you may imagine, and that boy is well aware of it; he knows how I began by first instructing him in all the fundamental principles of the art; and gradually led him on until I accomplished him in giving the last polish, and can now proudly say he is a true artist in the profession.”

On entering a diligence once at Lyons, I found two persons in it, of very decent aspect; the one a middle aged man, the other a youth of about eighteen or nineteen; the former soon found an opportunity of informing me that he was a Parisian, but lest that should not adequately impress me with a sufficiently high idea of his importance, he added that he was *chef de cuisine* to the Duke of —, and that Monsieur, pointing to the youth opposite, was an *aspirant*, who had been placed under his auspices. The young man bowed assent, and appeared most sensibly to feel the vast magnitude of the honours to which he was aspiring; but the whole was announced with such an air of solemnity and consequence, that a minister of state with his secretary would never have attempted to assume. An Englishman under the same circumstances would have merely said, “I am head cook to the Duke of — and that young man is my ‘prentice.” However, my travelling companions were overpoweringly civil, and I of course was deeply awed by finding myself in company with such elevated personages, of which they no doubt were sensible, and where we stopped for dinner they gave us the benefit of their professional talent, by entering the kitchen, giving the inmates to understand who they were, and the advantage of advice gratis, as to the arrangement of such dishes for which they were still in time to superintend; and when we sat down at the table d’hôte, the *chef de cuisine* did not fail to inform me that he had done as much as laid in his power to ensure our having a good dinner, as my being a foreigner he was particularly anxious that France should sustain her high reputation for the culinary art in my estimation; but regretted that in the first place he arrived too late to effect much good, and indeed, had he come before it would have been but of little avail; for the provincials were such complete barbarians, that it was difficult for an enlightened person to commune with them: that absolutely he and they appeared to be quite of another species.

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It is a happy circumstance for the French, that their pride does not consist in a desire to get out of their station, but an extreme anxiety to exaggerate the importance of the station in which they are placed; a cook, for example, has the most exalted idea of the art of cookery, and wishes to impress everyone with the same idea of its high importance, and all his ambition is to be considered a cook of the first-rate talent. In England it is different, one of the great objects with a tradesman is the hope, that by making his fortune he shall be enabled to get out of his class and take a higher walk in society. For this purpose they bring their sons up to the liberal professions, and often retire into the country at a distance from London, where they flatter themselves that the circumstance of their having been in business may not travel; their plan seldom succeeds, but has in several instances when they have come over to France, as being rich, appearing respectable, and their children highly educated, they have obtained the *entree* to French society, which has ultimately led to that of the English. I remember one instance of a hatter marrying his five daughters to persons of the higher classes, three to English and two to French, who now with their father have that position in society, into which at one period he never could have dreamed of entering; had they remained in England, they would have had but little chance of emerging from their original station, even with the aid of all their wealth.

Street scenes often afford amusing exhibitions of natural characteristics; I remember one which I witnessed, which developed a feeling truly French; two common-looking men had been disputing for some time, when one upbraided the other with want of delicacy and not having a nice sense of honour, but finding his reproaches made but little impression upon the accused, at last said, "As I see you are destitute of any mental susceptibility, I must try if you have any bodily feeling, and thrash you as I would a dog or any other brute." So saying, he advanced to put his threat into execution, but the assailed proving far the strongest, soon overcame the assailant and laid him prostrate; rising from the ground, he regarded the conqueror with a dignified air, and said, "Yes! you have the physical force, but I have the force of reason," and with a flourish of the head he strutted off with as triumphant a demeanour as if he had vanquished a host of enemies.

The French are exceedingly fond of moralizing; a few days before the Revolution occurred, whilst a man was driving me through the Place de la Concorde, I observed a scaffolding in the middle, and asked what it was for, and having informed me that it was for the purpose of erecting a statue of Louis the Sixteenth, being the spot in which he was beheaded, he exclaimed, "What an absurdity! but those Bourbons are incorrigible; would it not be much better to let such events as those

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sink as much as possible into oblivion, instead of endeavouring to perpetuate them. One would have thought," continued he, "that the adversity and exile which that besotted family had endured would have operated upon them as a lesson, but they will never benefit from any lessons; one, however, will be tried upon them very soon, if they do not mind what they are about, and we shall see what impression that will make." The man's words came to pass, they did indeed receive a severe lesson, which involved them in ruin and disgrace.

Having observed a number of persons assembled on the Boulevards, I asked the cause, and was told that some cavalry was expected to pass in a few minutes, for which the people were waiting. I took my station amongst them, which happened to be next to two bakers' boys, who were in earnest conversation, when I was edified by the following observations. "Do you know why Alphonse left his place?" "Yes," replied the other, "because his master gave him a cuff on the head." "That certainly was a very great indignity," observed the younger; "to receive a blow is very humiliating." "That is true," replied the other, "but figure to yourself the folly of a lad, for the sake of a paltry thump, to sacrifice all his future prospects; in a few years, had he put up with the insult, he might have been head man in a bakehouse in the Rue St. Denis, which is one of the most populous quarters in Paris." "True," said the younger, "it would have been wiser to have said; but when excited, reason does not always come to one's aid."

I have translated the discourse as literally as I could, that I might preserve as nearly as possible the expressions which the boys used, as it has often struck me how much more refined they are, than those to which lads of the same age and class would have had recourse in England.

Some of the scenes at the tribunals are very amusing; I remember a very rough ferocious-looking man having been brought up for returning to Paris, from which he had been sent away on account of some offences which he had committed, and was ordered to some small obscure town in the provinces, under *surveillance*. Finding his banishment very irksome, an irresistible impulse brought him back to Paris, and repairing to his old haunts, he sought the Rue de la Mortellerie, which had in part been pulled down, on account of some improvements which were going forward; whilst he was gaping about, looking in vain for his dear Rue de la Mortellerie, he was recognised by a Serjeant of police and very unwillingly lodged in the *Corps de Garde* (guard-house), and brought before the Tribunal of Correction; he was interrogated as to his having dared, in defiance of the law, to return to Paris. He replied, "indeed, Monsieur le President, I was so overcome with ennui, that I found it impossible to exist there any longer; now, only imagine for an instant, M. le President, the idea of a Parisian, as I am, to be sent to a little bit of a place where there was no theatre, no promenade, not even a public monument."

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He was interrupted by the President telling him, that whatever the place might have been, there he should have staid to the end of his time, and must be punished for returning to Paris. "But," continued the delinquent, "the vile little hole to which I was exiled contained no society whatever, the inhabitants were merely a set of illiterate beings, and how could any enlightened person vegetate amongst such a mic-mac of semi-barbarians; but tell me, M. le President, what has become of the Rue de la Mortellerie?"

Without deigning to answer, the President was proceeding to condemn the prisoner, when interrupted by his exclaiming, "Now I intreat, M. le President, that you who are no doubt a very enlightened personage, would only place yourself in my position, and conceive how it was possible to exist buried alive as it were among such a set of Goths, and above all do tell me what has become of my Rue de la Mortellerie?"

The President, out of all patience, sentenced him to imprisonment in one of the goals of Paris for three years.

"Well," said the garrulous and incorrigible offender, "I shall have one satisfaction, that of knowing that I am still in Paris, that seat of the arts, that centre of civilisation, and terrestrial paradise; but pray tell me, M. le President, before we part, do tell me what have they done with my dear Rue de la Mortellerie?" Without affording him time to occupy the court any longer with his irrelevant questions and explanations, they hurried him away, whilst he continued to murmur what could possibly have gone with his dear Rue de la Mortellerie which was no other than a little narrow filthy street which it would be difficult to match in the worst neighbourhoods in London.

I also recollect an instance of the deliberate coolness of a man who was tried and found guilty of the robbery and murder of a farmer; being asked if he knew his accomplice, he observed "As to knowing him, M. le President, that is more than I can say; you must be aware that it is extremely difficult to *know* a person, you may have seen a person often, and even conversed with him for years, and yet never *know* him."

"Are you acquainted with him," was the next question.

"As to that," continued the prisoner, "I am a man who has very few acquaintances, being naturally of a reserved character and rather diffident in my nature, I shrink from entering much into society; being of a reflecting habit, I like often to pass my hours alone, having rather an indifferent opinion of human nature."

How long he would have gone on in the same strain, it is impossible to say, when he was imperatively demanded if he knew him by name, by sight, and had talked, or walked, or ate, or drank with him.

“Really you put so many questions to me at once that you tax my memory beyond its means; I never was celebrated for having a very retentive memory, my mother used to say.”

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The court out of patience again interrupted him, but with all their efforts could never elicit from him a direct answer; but the circumstantial and testimonial evidence being perfectly convincing, he and his accomplice were condemned to death. When he heard the sentence he very coolly asked which would be guillotined first; he was answered that the other would, and that it was to be hoped that the sight of his companion's fate might bring him to some sense of his awful situation. When the time arrived for their execution, he displayed the same imperturbable audacity; as his accomplice was about to suffer, he elbowed the person who was standing next to him, and pointing to his fellow criminal, he smiled and said, "Look, poor wretch, he is afraid, I declare he even trembles." When it came to his turn he mounted the ladder with as cheerful an air as if he was merely going to his breakfast, and to the last moment preserved the same sang-froid.

A brutal sort of fellow, who was once condemned for an assault, in an instant snatched off his wooden shoes and threw them at the head of the President, who it appears had a good eye for avoiding a shot, and managed to escape the missiles.

Sometimes the avocats (barristers) avail themselves of causes in which they are engaged, so as to render them vehicles for displaying their wit or humour, and afford much amusement to the court; a case some time since occurred which excited much interest and some mirth and entertainment; the parties concerned were a Madame Dumoulin who had invented stays of a peculiar nature. Another person who was English styling herself the inventor, and making them in the same manner, notwithstanding the former had been granted a patent, an action was the consequence. It was observed that the hostile parties in this instance, although French and English, were neither decked with helmets nor armed with pistols, swords, nor muskets, but entered the scene of combat in long shawls and velvet bonnets, announcing themselves without the aid of heralds, the one representing the French army the other the English host. The champion on the side of the former being a Monsieur Ch. Ledru, against whom Monsieur Ducluseau entered the lists on the British side of the question; what made it more remarkable, was, that the belligerents resided in the same street, the residence of M. Ducluseau, the advocate for the English defendant, merely separating the mansions of the two combatants.

Victory declared for Madame Dumoulin after many subtle and learned arguments were adduced on both sides, and an English lady, the mother of several daughters, tells me if I have any regard for my fair countrywomen I must recommend to their notice the stays of Madame Dumoulin, truly observing that as the object of my work was to render every possible service to all my readers, certainly the ladies must have a pre-eminent claim, and although there are certain articles of the toilet with which it might be observed man should never

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meddle, as he could not be any judge of such habiliments as ought only to be worn by the ladies, and a few dandies who are neither one thing nor the other, yet when three scientific societies condescend to award medals to the inventor and patentee of the articles alluded to, I trust I shall be pardoned if with an intention to serve the fair sex I trench upon their privilege in calling their attention to the useful and ornamental corsets, which have caused so much controversy.

These stays are so contrived as to be totally without gussets, and adapt themselves to the form with such perfect facility, that there is not that restraint which, instead of bestowing grace to the female figure, is rather calculated to deform, that, which, if left in a degree to nature, would have displayed both elegance and ease. As an artist accustomed to contemplate the beauty of feature and of form, I have often regretted that common error into which such numbers of females fall, by torturing themselves in tightening the waist to such an unnatural degree, confining the person as it were in a vice, and totally preventing that movement in the person, which is indispensable in giving that elasticity in walking which alone can produce a graceful carriage, devoid of that stiffness which is ever occasioned by too great a restraint. The stays invented by Madame Dumoulin are universally admired as aiding nature, in affording the utmost freedom to the wearer, at the same time that they improve the figure.

These stays, have not only received the approbation of the scientific world by the presentation of three medals, but have also been recommended by several distinguished members of the faculty, who consider they are calculated rather to improve than deteriorate the health of those who wear them. The action which Madame Dumoulin was obliged to bring against her competitor has been of the utmost service to her, not only by the triumph she has received and the confirmation of her patent, but in giving her that vogue that not only the influential Parisian ladies, but Russian, German and Spanish princesses have patronised her ingenuity; her residence is Rue du 29 Juillet, no 5.

In the Courts of Justice in France and particularly in Paris, I have found that both the prisoners and the witnesses have far more self possession than in the tribunals in England; they are not so soon embarrassed by the brow-beating and examination of the counsel, and sometimes give such replies as turn the sting upon their examiners; having like the Irish a sort of tact for repartee, they are not often to be taken aback; the lower classes in Paris are naturally extremely shrewd and penetrating, they recognise a foreigner instantly, before he speaks, as a friend of mine found to his cost, who although an Englishman would anywhere in his own country be set down for a Frenchman from his external appearance. On the Saturday following the three glorious days, he was standing amongst one

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of the groups near the Hotel-de-Ville, when a man of a very rough appearance with his arms bare and besmeared with proofs that he had been in the strife, turned to him and asked what he thought of the Revolution. My friend, who was in feeling a thorough bred John Bull, neither liking France, the French, nor any of their proceedings, did not think it was exactly the moment to give vent to all his feelings, answered that it was very fine.

“Oh!” said the Frenchman, “you find it very fine, do you, you’re a foreigner, what countryman are you?”

“I am an Englishman,” was the reply.

“An Englishman! eh!” muttered the Frenchman scanning him with a very scrutinising eye, “and you find our Revolutionary fine, eh! well,” added he! “will you come and take a glass of wine with me?”

The invitation was declined on the plea of business.

“Business,” repeated the Frenchman, “there can be no business to-day, it is a day of fete;” upon which the Englishman, not seeing any means by which he could well get off of it, said he would be happy to take wine with him and should also have great pleasure in paying for it.

“Pay for it,” sternly said the Frenchman, “what do you talk of paying for it, when you are invited, follow me;” the Englishman obeyed, but wished himself well out of the scrape; his conductor took him to one of the lowest sort of wine-houses and they entered a large room where there were above twenty seated, drinking round a table. His new acquaintance introduced him in due form, saying, I have brought you an Englishman who finds our Revolution very fine; there was a degree of order amongst them and they had a president and vice president, but were very much such rough looking fellows as the one who announced him; as a stranger, he was awarded the seat of honour to the right of the president, but had no sooner been seated, than one man addressed him, saying,

“I have been in England, I was a prisoner and very ill treated.”

“I am sorry for that,” replied the Englishman.

“I was almost starved,” added the other.

“That was not the fault of the people or the intention of the government,” observed my friend, “but was caused by a few rascally contractors who received a handsome sum for the supply of the prisoners, and to make the greater profit they provided bad articles.”

“Well,” said another, “I have seen extracts from the English papers and they speak very highly of our revolution, particularly the Times.”

They next proceeded to give accounts of the share they had taken in the struggle which had just terminated, and some began to state the number that they killed, all of which was far from edifying to my friend, who sat upon thorns notwithstanding they all drank his health, hitting the glasses together according to the custom of olden time. At several periods he made an effort to go, but they assured him that they could not part with him so soon, called him a *bon anglais*, now and then giving him a smack on the shoulder as a proof of their friendly feeling towards him. The Englishman began at last to wish himself anywhere but where he was, and in that manner they kept him for three hours in durance vile; at last he made a bold push for a retreat, declaring he could not stay a minute longer.

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"Then," said his conductor, "I shall see you safe home to your door;" now that was the very thing that my friend did not want, as he was particularly desirous of dropping the acquaintance as soon as possible, therefore did not wish him to know where he lived; so at last he thought of a person with whom he dealt, and said he must go, and see a friend there with whom he had an appointment; and the Frenchman accompanied him to the door, always carrying his drawn sword with him, and when taking leave asked the Englishman when and where he should see him again; my friend answered he was going to England.

"Going to England," repeated the other, "what are you going to England for, if you find our Revolution so very fine, what do you want to go away from it for, not to abuse it to your country people, I hope?"

"Oh no," replied the Englishman, "I am only going to England for a little while, on business, and shall be back soon, and shall have it in my power to tell my countrymen all about the Revolution, and what an heroic struggle it was."

"Ah!" said the Frenchman; then holding out his great rough hand, bade the Englishman "bon soir," and "bon voyage."

My friend declared that it was impossible for him to describe to what a degree he was rejoiced at seeing his new acquaintance depart, although, however rough his appearance, the man might have been perfectly harmless, except when called upon to fight for what he considered his country's cause.

I was myself living in Paris during the struggle of the Three Days, and can bear witness to the humanity and moderation of the people during the contest, and of their forbearance after their victory; they came to the house at which I was living and asked for wine; but they brought with them pails of water into which they threw what was given them, thereby proving their extreme temperance and forbearance, but certainly a band of a more ruffianlike looking set of fellows, it would be difficult to imagine, and the manner in which they were at first armed, had something in it of the horrible, and at the same time of the ludicrous; iron bars, pokers, pitchforks, and in fact anything that could be converted into a weapon was taken possession of by the unwashed horde, who swarmed towards the centre of Paris from the manufacturing suburbs; soon, however, the public armouries, and the gunsmiths' shops, the musquetry, and other arms taken from the soldiers during the battle, contributed to arm them more formidably.

But in justice to the Parisians I must cite two circumstances; the one is, that whatever they seized upon in the public institutions, as instruments of offence and defence, were restored when the contest was over; the librarian at the Royal Library told me that they took all the ancient and modern arms from their establishment, but with the exception of seven they were all brought back, and most likely the bearers of those which were missing had been killed.

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The other instance which does high credit to the Parisian mob, is that they would not permit of any robbing or pillage in any house or building which they might enter, but, as might be expected, some of the regular thieves of Paris mixed amongst the people; one at length being caught purloining an image in the palace of the Tuileries, they formed a circle round the thief, tried him in an instant, and shot him; this was summary justice with a vengeance, and certainly not exactly what ought to have been done, but it showed the principle which existed. In fact honesty is undoubtedly a quality existing in France to a most extraordinary degree, a greater proof of it cannot be adduced than the fact that when any person quits a theatre with the idea of returning in a few minutes they leave their handkerchiefs on their seats by way of retaining their places, which custom is even practised at the lowest theatres, where the admittance is only half a franc.

Ingenuity and a tact for invention are certainly features peculiar to the French character, but they are far behind the English in their methods of transacting business; this remark is applicable even to most of the public offices; that France is extremely flourishing, and Paris more particularly so, cannot be denied, but were it in the hands of the English there is no doubt their produce, manufactures, and commerce, both home and foreign, would be considerably greater than it now is. France has been most peculiarly favoured by nature, her soil produces everything that can be grown in England, and besides three commodities which are not genial to our climate, and are of immense value, oil, silk and wine; hence the products of the soil of France amount annually to the immense sum of 240,000,000_l., or 6,000,000,000 francs; having such a basis, or one may even say such a capital to work upon, to what an incalculable extent might business be carried on, with the amazing industry that exists in France, as in the first place their population exceeds ours by nearly six millions; then their general temperance is such, there is not so much time nor labour lost as there is in England, consequently there are more hands available, and those generally for a longer period of time, as every one who is familiar with many manufacturing and even agricultural districts in England must be aware that there are numbers of workmen who never appear on the Monday, vulgarly called St. Monday, but spend it at the public houses.

I myself have had farming men whom I hired by the day in Kent, who did not appear until Wednesday morning, but that, however, is some years since, and the evil is now correcting. The great deficiency in France is not only want of great capitalists, but men of enterprise, who are not afraid to enter upon colossal undertakings; and now, looking at the speculative works of the greatest magnitude which exist in France, it will be found that Englishmen are concerned in them, either as partners in a firm, or the principal

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shareholders in any company or association. The promptness of the English for adventuring their funds in all sorts of schemes is the wonderment of all Europe; whenever there is any discovery which may be rendered available for trade, an Englishman is on the spot with his capital in his hand and his calculation in his head. Recently a vein of coal was found near the coast of Brittany, three Englishmen were there as if they had dropped from the clouds, quite prepared to enter into all the arrangements requisite for working the mine and rendering it productive of profit.

But although the French are deficient in those qualities requisite for commencing and conducting gigantic enterprises, yet they are rapidly improving in every point that is necessary for the management of business and augmenting their foreign commerce to a great extent, particularly with America; from the town of New Orleans alone, last summer, there were eighty merchants in Paris at one time, and the amount from all the United States was estimated at two thousand; in fact if France remain at peace, the increase of her prosperity in every branch of industry must be certain, as if she obtain English machinery, which she must ultimately, with those who know how to set it in motion also, as provisions are cheaper, and always will be than with us, because she needs not so much taxation, her debt being so much smaller than that of England, labour must be lower, therefore she will have an advantage over us which it will be impossible for England, with all her talents, to circumvent. Already the Americans purchase, not only silks and fancy articles in France, but also even cotton goods of the superior qualities; the only obstacle which prevents the French from making still more rapid advancement than is at present the case, is first timidity of capitalists, deficiency of knowledge of the higher order of business, and extreme slowness in proceeding with any grand national operation, as for instance, her railroads, in which she has not only seen England surpass her tenfold, but other neighbouring countries; but as there is a sort of system of centralization in favour of the metropolis, Paris improves more rapidly in proportion than the rest of France.

CHAPTER VI.

The monuments of Paris, the gardens, promenades, markets, libraries, *etc.*

In order to facilitate the progress of the reader in viewing the monuments and different objects of interest in Paris, I shall classify them within certain limits, so that they may be viewed in the shortest possible time, stating those which are contiguous to each other, so that a greater number may be visited in a day, than if the traveller went from one distant quarter of Paris to the other promiscuously, as he happened to hear of any building or monument he wished to see, and thus have to return perhaps two or three times to the same neighbourhood instead of finishing

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with one district first, then taking the others in rotation; as I shall suppose that some of my readers can only afford ten days or a fortnight to view Paris, I shall be as chary of their time as possible; having been accustomed to show the lions to many different friends or acquaintances from England, I trust I am tolerably *au fait* at that operation. I shall begin with that part of Paris denominated La Cite, because it is the most central and the most ancient; we will therefore proceed to it by the Pont-Neuf, which as I have already stated was built by Henry III about 1580. There are several shops upon it contained within small stone buildings, which, when viewing the bridge at a short distance, have rather a picturesque effect; it is ornamented with a number of heads according to the taste of that day, and which now give it rather an antique appearance. When well upon the bridge which rises as it approaches the centre, I would advise the spectator to look around him, as the view well repays the trouble, the quays having a most noble appearance, adorned by the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Institute, and other public buildings.

Now let us look about us at more immediate objects; what a noisy bustling scene it is at present, and has been for centuries past, as in the reign of Henry IV it is described as absolutely stunning; now you are assailed by the hissing of fried potatoes, fish, and fritters, which are bought up as fast as they are supplied, women and men are seated with their little apparatus for shearing cats and dogs, and clipping their tails and ears if required, which is a calling that appears to be followed by numbers in Paris who all seem to take their stations on the bridges; situated amongst them are several shoeblacks, who appear to take their posts in uniform array with the trimmers of cats and dogs; they operate upon your boots and shoes as you stand, therefore if you wish to patronise them you may take that opportunity of looking about and getting disburthened of some of the Paris mud, quite certain if it be wet weather that you will soon get more. Fruit in all its variety, books, prints, blacking, and nick-knacks of every description offer themselves to your notice. But let us direct our attention to a more interesting object; the fine bronze equestrian statue of Henry IV: one could almost think the good and merry monarch was going to utter some of his witty sallies. Now let us turn round and behold those antique looking houses which face us and were built in his reign, at a distance they have a sort of castellated appearance: before we quit the bridge let us look down on the Baths Vigier with their pretty garden; we will enter the place Dauphine, and then take one look at the bust of Desaix, the victim of the battle of Marengo, and next we will turn on to the Quai de l'Horloge and view the north side of the Palais de Justice; it presents two round towers, which have the appearance of being very old, and I was assured by an architect who employed much of his time in poking about after such morsels of antiquity as he could find, that they were built by the Romans, but I doubt it.

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We must not miss the Tour de l'Horloge, which is certainly of the middle ages, and the clock is I believe considered the oldest in Paris; turning to the right we view the grand front of the Palais de Justice, a very handsome iron grating in part gilded, decorates the entrance to the front court, and you ascend a bold flight of steps to the principal door; four doric pillars with figures representing Justice, Fortitude, Plenty, and Prudence, adorn the grand facade of the building; an immense hall to the right, in which is a noble statue of the good and venerable Malesherbes, well worth attention, and is the apartment where formerly ambassadors were received and the nuptial ceremonies of princes were celebrated, but now the rendez-vous of lawyers, barristers, and their clients.

Several other halls, chambers, galleries, corridors, etc, are worth notice, and that which is beneath them, has a shuddering kind of interest; it is called the Conciergerie, and if its victims were there consigned by the harsh decree of rigid justice, surely mercy and charity were not allowed to enter, whilst it formed the prison of the hapless Marie Antoinette and the brave Pichegru, but we will draw a veil over those scenes which are but fraught with sad reminiscences. Many of these dark covered alleys, belonging to this extraordinary building, have been long occupied by venders of shoes, slippers and a variety of articles which remind one of the old Exeter Change.

This singular edifice which almost resembles a town is considered to have been founded by Eudes, count of Paris, about the year 890, but the most ancient part now standing, was built by Saint Louis who founded the chapel, which is considered to be a complete type of the *pure* gothic architecture, and which in that respect is not exceeded by any other in Europe; it has the most decided air of antiquity, with a richness and elegance which certainly characterise it as the beau ideal of that period. It is termed the Holy Chapel and now appropriated to the conservation of ancient records. From this interesting monument we turn with regret, but a new scene bursts upon us; it is the flower market, which is held under trees and furnished with large bassins constantly supplied with water; the numerous display of flowers mostly in pots done up in such a manner with white paper so that it forms the background, gives much light and life to the colours, buds, and blossoms, which bloom on this enlivening spot. Wednesdays and Saturdays are the market days, and I recommend the reader not to miss so pleasing a spectacle. On the Quai du Marche-Neuf, on the southern bank of the island, a very opposite sight may be seen, being the Morgue, a little building for receiving all dead bodies found, and not owned.

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We now proceed to Notre-Dame, which is in the form of a cross; it was began about the year 1150, in the reign of Louis the Seventh, but continued in that of Philippe-Auguste, and completed under Saint-Louis in 1257, which date, as I have already stated, it now distinctly bears. Its magnitude and extent surpasses every other church in Paris, it is in the arabic style, and being now totally detached from any other building has a most grand effect; it is only in the present reign that this great improvement has been effected, as it was formerly joined on one side to the archiepiscopal palace. The immense number of grotesque figures which surround and surmount the doorway, give it a most rich appearance, although they are in the rudest style of barbarism; above is a large window called the rose, which is a most beautiful and curious object. The interior at the first view has a most striking effect; one hundred and twenty pillars supporting a range of arches afford a most splendid *coup d'oeil*, the middle aisle presenting an uninterrupted view of the whole church, which being very lofty has a most majestic appearance; the sumptuous altar, the fine gloom pervading the pictures, the curious Gobelin tapestry which decorate the sides, combine in affording a rich effect which is still heightened by the chapels which are perceptible between the columns. Although it might be urged that there is rather a profusion of decoration with the bas-reliefs, and other ornaments, yet the edifice is on so colossal a scale that it still presents so broad a mass, that a tone of simplicity pervades the whole. The beautiful choir is after a design by De Goste, the altar and sanctuary are of marble and porphyry, whilst tessellated pavements and variegated shrines adorn the numerous chapels. The pictures are good in general; as to the tapestry, I think it had better be removed, which I dare say it will be as taste refines. It is to be regretted that the towers of Notre-Dame have so heavy and black appearance, which is increased by a parcel of dark unseemly shutters. On the outside towards the north, there are some pieces of sculpture well worth examination; they are beautifully executed although much deteriorated by time, and appear to be works of about the thirteenth century. There are some curious brasses which would be very interesting to persons capable of decyphering them, one in particular to the left on entering, but so much in the dark that it is difficult to make it out, especially as the characters at best are not easy to understand, but I recommend them to the inspection of those persons who have time and inclination to study such subjects. The view of the city from the towers affords an ample panorama, and displays the positions of the principal monuments.

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The Hotel Dieu is one of the finest establishments of the kind in Europe, it is an hospital for the sick, in which they can make up 1,500 beds, but there is nothing in its external appearance that is very striking. The Archiepiscopal Palace had not a very attractive exterior, but now, as they are partly demolishing and rebuilding it all, remarks must be suspended until it be finished. No other object presents itself particularly worth notice on this island, once the celebrated Lutetia, but many of the houses have a very old appearance, and are some of them probably of three or four hundred years standing; the curious observer inspecting them will here and there find indications of the middle ages. If the reader like to pass over to the Isle St. Louis, it will but take him a few minutes, which is about as much as it is worth; the only object exciting attention is the Hotel Chamisot, No. 45, Rue St. Louis, and the church of St. Louis, built in 1664. In this edifice there are some pictures worthy remark and a curious spire. The Hotel Lambert, No. 2, Rue St. Louis, also merits attention, being most richly adorned with paintings, gilded mouldings, frescos, *etc.* Voltaire lived in it, and Napoleon had a long conversation in the gallery in 1815 with his minister, Montalivet, when he found all was lost.

I shall now conduct my reader from the little Isle St. Louis by the Pont de Tournelle to the Quay de Tournelle, from which we proceed to that of St. Bernard, where every one must be struck with the Halles aux Vins, or Wine Halls; they are all arranged with extreme regularity, and forming altogether a whole, have a most singular effect; the neatness of the appearance is remarkable; and the extent is such that they might contain sufficient inhabitants to people a small town. As we proceed along the quay, we have a good view of the Pont d'Austerlitz, it is quite flat, built of iron, and is extremely light and handsome.

Upon our right is the great attraction, so interesting to all nations, the Garden of Plants; the first view of it through the iron railing is most striking, rows of sable looking trees, forming a fine contrast to the broad expansive beds of flowers, their gay colours blooming forth so thickly as to resemble at some distance the brightest and richest carpet; broad walks are between these brilliant masses; at the end of which is the building which contains the Museum of natural History; to give the reader anything like an accurate idea of this establishment, it is necessary to exercise one's ability in condensing to the utmost degree, as to furnish a comprehensive analysis of the wonders of this institution would require a folio volume. I knew an English couple who took lodgings in the immediate neighbourhood for three months that they might go every day and study the numberless interesting objects this establishment contains. The long promenades are formed by picturesque trees and shrubs which have been collected from every clime; the immense

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number of labels, as one approaches more closely, rather disfigure the display of flowers, but as usefulness is the object, it is impossible otherwise than to approve the extreme order and regularity with which every plant, according to its genus, is classified, affording a most delectable treat to a regular botanist. This arrangement has been effected under the superintendence of Monsieur du Jussieu himself, no doubt one of the most scientific botanists that ever has appeared; his residence and that of his family was in the gardens, when I was in Paris twenty years back, and I believe some of them still are concerned in the botanical arrangements of the institution.

The tremendous vocabulary of long latin names inscribed on the labels is really enough to appal the most retentive memory that ever existed, and to a person who has never dipped at all into the mysteries of botany I can imagine the terms are rather alarming, words with nineteen letters in them are but trifles compared to others, and a regular John Bull who was scanning them very justly remarked, pointing to the flowers, that it was certainly a favoured spot of Flora, and then alluding to the fruits observed the same of Pomona, but added, he should like very much to know who was the goddess of hard words as he would recommend her to descend upon the same beds, as she would there find a more numerous progeny than either of her rival goddesses. I believe that there are now nearly 10,000 plants arranged according to the system of De Jussieu, in the most simple and perfect manner, so that the student is enabled at once to comprehend the plan, and numbers of both sexes attend even as early as six in the morning copying the names of plants and studying their classification. Although this establishment is called the Garden of Plants, it has many other objects of the highest interest besides what its name indicates. It is at the same time a most extensive menagerie, which first gave the idea that has since been adopted of the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park; formerly the arrangement exceedingly interested and delighted the English visiter, but now that he has the same thing at home, it has ceased to be a novelty. Each animal having plenty of room to walk about in, was certainly a beautiful thought, and great improvement on confining them in cages, which is now only found necessary with ferocious animals. The bears form a great source of amusement to the people, they are in large square pits about ten or twelve feet below the level of the promenades, and each has a large pole in the middle, with several branches upon which they climb, whilst the visitors throwing bread to them are exceedingly diverted at their successful or unsuccessful attempts to catch it. It would be superfluous to enter upon a description of the great variety of animals assembled in this collection, suffice it to say that I believe there is no living animal who can exist in a Parisian climate, that is not to be found in this garden; generally

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there are several of a kind, and in case one dies it is immediately replaced by another. The monkeys are the principal objects of attraction, and as soon as they are let out into their little paddock in front of their dwellings, which is only when the day is considered sufficiently warm, crowds of people assemble to witness their grimaces and gambols; they and the bears may be considered as the principal *dramatis personae* of the menagerie, and who certainly perform their parts most admirably, never failing to afford the utmost entertainment to the audience: and it is indeed a sort of rivalry between Jocko and Bruin which should play their *role* the best; for my own part I really think I give the preference to the latter, there is something at once so comic and so good natured-looking in the bears, that I feel almost inclined to descend into their pits and caress and pet them as I would a favourite dog, but am only deterred by fearing they would give me a reception rather too warm, and their friendly hug be too overpowering for me to sustain.

There are several buildings in this garden which are applied to various purposes, amongst the rest an Amphitheatre where lectures on all the branches of natural history are delivered. A Cabinet of Anatomy most richly stored occupies one mansion; dissections of the human form, as well as those of almost every animal are here found, besides numerous other curiosities. Amongst other things the progress of a chicken in the egg is exemplified, from its first speck until it has life, which is imitated with the most extraordinary exactness in wax, as also are several fishes which cannot be preserved, besides a numerous collection of foeti and monsters. To see these things properly; would require to pass several days in these rooms; but a week would not suffice to do justice to the grand Museum, every description of bird and beast that has been known to exist in our days may be found here stuffed, and preserved in glass cases with the nicest care; it appears strange to see an enormous elephant and a tall ostrich within a glass case. Here also are to be found every species of fungus, chrysalis, sea-weed, eggs, and nests. But the shells, minerals, and fossils, form so extraordinary and numerous a collection that they are the subject of admiration of every beholder; the polish of the shells, the brilliance of the colours of the plumage of the birds, and the glossy smoothness of the skins of the beasts are as perfect as if they were living, but the same cannot exactly be said of the fishes. The marbles, porphyry, and granite, the lava, basaltes, barks of trees, bones of animals known and unknown, some within stones, are arranged by the celebrated Cuvier, whilst the ores, crystals, jaspers, and extraordinary varieties of ornamental articles formed of these materials occupy several apartments.

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In addition to all these objects of high interest, there is a most excellent library, giving every possible information regarding the contents of this delightful establishment; a statue of the great illustrator of the wonders of nature, Buffon, is here most appropriately placed, as also some paintings of plants and animals. Hence it may be easily imagined that persons who have much leisure, and are fond of the study of natural history, may well choose to take up their abode in the neighbourhood, for the convenience of long poring over the beauties of this wonderful Museum. From hence other schools of botany are supplied with seeds, cuttings, suckers, *etc.*, whilst the hospitals of Paris are gratuitously furnished with whatever is requisite for the purposes of medicine; nor must I omit to state that there is a most beautiful aviary, the birds of which are choice selections of the finest of their species, and for those of an aquatic nature, there is a basin of water from the Seine. Even specimens of soils, manures, ditches, ha-has, palisades, frames, and every thing necessary for forming fences are to be found here in every variety. Even to persons who have no scientific information nor desire to obtain knowledge, to walk in the Jardin-des-Plantes (Garden of Plants) affords delight, the number of attractions are such, and of so varied a description that even the dullest mind must be awakened to a sense of pleasure, yet some persons I have seen who regarded all the phenomena collected here with the most stoical indifference; the fact is, that a number of people will not take the trouble to think, and lose the enjoyment they might receive from the wonders of nature; how different if they would but devote to them a little reflexion.

With our minds still deeply impregnated with the impression of the objects we have just contemplated, we will leave the garden, and turning round to the right, we find ourselves upon the Boulevard de l'Hopital, just facing the Hopital de la Salpetriere, which makes up 500 beds for females, who are lunatics, idiots, otherwise diseased, or 70 years of age; it is of immense extent, and conducted with so much order, and such cleanliness prevails both with regard to the inmates and the establishment itself, that it may be considered one of the most gratifying sights in Paris; in fact I have heard many English ladies, much to their credit, declare that not any of the interesting objects which they had seen in the French capital, afforded them more pleasure and satisfaction. Just near it is the terminus for the Orleans railway, which is worthy of observation, and then we will cross over to the horse and dog market and observe the regular system with regard to the stalls and other arrangements which are adopted; it is principally for draught-horses, Wednesdays and Saturdays are the market days, and Sundays for dogs. We must next glance at the Hopital de la Pitie, founded in 1612 for paupers, it has been

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since annexed to the Hotel-Dieu, and contains 600 beds; it is situated No. 1, rue Copeau. Sainte-Pelagie being just by in the Rue de la Clef, we ought to afford it a half hour; it was formerly a convent of nuns, political prisoners are now here confined when committed for trial, or if sentenced to but short terms of imprisonment; it is also appropriated for other offenders whose sentence of confinement is of brief duration, but the military surveillance within and around it is very strict.

The Fountain Cuvier, at the corner of the street of that name, and the Rue St. Victor, must claim a few minutes' attention; it is certainly one amongst those of modern erection possessing great merit. In the Rue Scipion we will cast one look at the great bakehouse for all the hospitals in Paris, to which I have before alluded. The Amphitheatre of Anatomy must occupy some attention, being a suite of anatomical schools only recently built, on a most commodious scale; it forms a corner of the Rues du Fer and Fosses St. Marcel. One thought in passing the ancient Cimetiere de Ste. Catherine, closed in 1815, must be devoted to Pichegru, who lies buried there; we then hurry on without loss of time to the manufacture of the Gobelin tapestry. As the little river Bievre is considered to be peculiarly adapted for dyeing, that process has been carried on from a very remote period on the spot where the present establishment now stands, which owes its foundation to Jean Gobelin in 1450, and under Louis the Fourteenth it was formed into a royal manufactory. To me this is indeed one of the greatest wonders of Paris, how such beautiful specimens of art can be produced when the work is all done behind the frame, so that the artist cannot see the effect of what he is doing, is to me most miraculous; the material used is woollen and silken threads, so woven together, that a perfectly smooth surface is produced, having all the softness and gradation of tints to be found in the finest oil painting, without that glare which varnish produces; the execution of these works is attended by a most tedious application, requiring sometimes six years to complete one piece, which, at 18,000 francs, about seven hundred pounds, is not adequate to recompensing the workmen equal to their merit and perseverance; about 120 men are constantly employed, principally for the Government or the Royal Family.

Attached to this establishment is the Royal Carpet Manufactory; such as are here produced are considered superior to those of Persia, with regard to the evenness of the surface, the strength, durability, and fineness of the workmanship, the beauty of the designs, and the brilliance of the colours, which are such as can never be surpassed, but if they were ever allowed to be sold, the price would be so enormous that some would amount to 150,000 francs (6000_l.) The accuracy with which the pictures of Rubens have been copied is most extraordinary, as it may be said that the operative works in the dark. One carpet has been produced for the Gallery of the Louvre, consisting of seventy-two pieces, forming a total exceeding 1,300 feet which is supposed to be the largest carpet ever made. The same facility exists for foreigners

seeing this exhibition, as with all others, the passport being presented, Wednesdays and Saturdays, from one to three in winter, and from two to four in the summer.

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A curious old house, termed the Maison de St. Louis or de la Reine Blanche, is worth notice, in the Rue des Marmouzets; it may have been inhabited by a queen of that name, but certainly not the mother of St. Louis, as it is not sufficiently ancient, being of about the time of Charles the Seventh, when it was the rage to build houses in that style of architecture, about the period of from 1440 to 1460. The church of St. Medard, in the Rue Mouffetard, offers nothing remarkable, but a mixture of different styles of architecture, according to the epochs at which it was repaired and embellished; in 1561 a tremendous attack was made upon it by the Calvinists, when several of the congregation were killed, and the Abbe Paris, having been buried in the cemetery attached in 1727, his tomb, it is pretended, had certain convulsions in 1730, and was the origin of the sect called convulsionists, and the scenes which occurred caused the cemetery to be closed in 1732. A picture of St. Genenieve, by Watteau, in the chapel of that saint, must be admired, having much merit. In the Rue de l'Oursine, No. 95, is an hospital which is a refuge for sinning and afflicted females (something in the nature of the Magdalen, in London), containing 300 beds. To the fountain of Bacchus, at the corner of the Rue Censier, we will give a look *en passant*, as also to the School of Pharmacy, formerly a convent, in the garden of which was formed the first botanical garden, in 1580; there is here a cabinet of specimens of drugs and a collection of mineralogy worthy of examination; it is situated in the Rue de l'Arbalete, No. 13.

The Hopital Militaire and Church of the Val de Grace is in the Rue St. Jacques (vide page 96) and is one which particularly merits attention of the visiter; the vault of the dome is painted upon the stone by Mignard, and is justly celebrated as one of the most splendid frescos in France; the heart of Anne of Austria, the foundress of it, was sent here, as also those of many succeeding members of the Royal Family. The interior of the church is much admired for the richness of its architecture. At No. 3, Rue de la Bourbe, is the Lying-in Hospital, formerly the Abbey of Port Royal, containing 445 beds; any woman, eight months advanced in pregnancy, is admitted, if there be room to receive her, without an inquiry, if she be in distress; she enters into an engagement to support the child, and if she cannot fulfil it, she must make a declaration and it is sent to the Foundling Hospital, but if she retain it, clothing and a small sum of money is given her on quitting the hospital. A school for midwifery is established here, the practitioners being females, who, when considered competent, receive a diploma from the physicians who are appointed judges.

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Just by this establishment is the Observatory, erected in the reign of Louis XV; it is a most curious piece of architecture, having in it neither wood nor iron; it is not a large building, but has a fine appearance, and Perrault was the architect; it is vaulted throughout, and a geometrical staircase, having a vacuity of 170 feet deep, merits particular notice. There is a circular universal chart upon the pavement of one of the apartments. By means of mechanical arrangements the roof and cupola open, and every night, the weather permitting, astronomical observations are taken. M. Arago, the most celebrated astronomer of France, lectures here, where there is every facility, and every instrument to be found requisite for the promotion of the science of astronomy; there are two pluvia-meters, for ascertaining the quantity of rain that falls in Paris during a year. There is a general map of France, called the Carte de Cassini, containing 182 sheets, a marble statue of Cassini (the author of the work) attests the high estimation in which he was held; he died in 1712, aged eighty-seven. This institution is the just admiration of all scientific men from every civilized part of the world, but it is an astronomer alone who can thoroughly appreciate its merits.

The little hospital, founded by M. Cochin, in 1780, being just by No. 45, Rue du Faubourg St. Jacques, may claim our hasty look, it contains 114 beds, and the patients receive the attendance of the Soeurs de St. Marthe. At No. 9, Rue des Capucins, Faubourg St. Jacques, is an hospital for men and youths above fifteen, whose excesses have brought on disease; it is styled Hopital des Veneriens, and contains 300 beds; the attendants are all males.

Near to the Barriere d'Enfer is the entrance to the Catacombs, containing the bones of 3,000,000 persons which are all systematically arranged so as to have the most extraordinary effect; they are formed into galleries of an immense length, and occupy a considerable space of ground under a great portion of Paris, on the south side of the Seine; but now they cease to be such objects of interest as they formerly were, as the public are not now permitted to visit them; they were formerly large quarries from which the stone was drawn for building most part of ancient Paris, and when it was decided to clear many of the cemeteries within the capital, the bones were placed in these quarries in 1784, and the operation of piling them as they now are was effected in 1810. In the Rue d'Enfer, No. 86, is the Infirmary of Marie Therese, founded by Madame la Vicomtesse de Chateaubriand, in 1819, named after the Duchess d'Angouleme, its protectress; it is destined for females who have moved in respectable society, the accommodations and food being far better than are found in the generality of hospitals; the establishment consists of fifty beds. At the Barriere of St. Jacques, the guillotine is erected when criminals are to be executed. Beyond the Barriere d'Enfer, on the Orleans road, No. 15, is the Hopital de la Rochefoucauld; it is devoted to the reception of old servants of hospitals, and other aged persons, it also receives poor persons on their paying, according to circumstances, 200 francs a-year, or upwards, or on paying a sum on entering varying from 700 to 3000 francs. The number of beds is 213.

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As we descend the Rue d'Enfer, we find, at No. 74, the Foundling Hospital, founded by the good and celebrated St. Vincent de Paule, in 1632. Any child is received at this institution on the mother making a declaration that she has not the means of supporting it, when she receives a certificate signed by a commissary of police; the average number admitted in the last two or three years is rather over three thousand; they are attended by the Soeurs de Charite (Sisters of Charity) in the most praiseworthy manner; in the same building is the Orphans' Hospital, where the children are placed when two years of age, and of poor persons who fall ill and are obliged to go to an hospital, the children may be sent here until the parents are cured. The children are all taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and are placed to various trades at the proper ages; they are treated with the greatest care and kindness, it is open to visitors, and the sight of it produces the most heartfelt gratification; many of the most respectable members of society have come from this institution. Turning into the Rue de Faubourg St. Jacques, at the corner of the Rue des Deux Eglises, is the institution for the Deaf and Dumb, founded by the benevolent Abbe de l'Epee, who, with only 500_l._ a-year, took the charge of maintaining and educating forty deaf and dumb pupils, whom he taught to write and read, even on the most abstruse subjects.

The Abbe Sicard followed up the plan to the highest perfection; 80 pupils are now admitted gratis and are brought up to different trades, others pay according to their means; the Chambers grant generally 4,000_l._ a year to this institution. At No. 67, Rue d'Enfer, is the Convent of the Carmelites, where Mademoiselle de La Valliere, the beautiful favourite of Louis XIV, took the veil. The church of St. Jacques-du-Haut-Pas, which is at the opposite corner, offers nothing very remarkable, the first stone was laid in 1630, by Gaston of Orleans, brother to Louis XIII. Four fine paintings of Saints however are worthy of notice.

The Pantheon, formerly the church of Sainte Genevieve, stands to the left as we descend the rue St. Jacques, and strikes upon the eye as a most noble and imposing building; it was Louis XV who laid the first stone in 1764, near the spot where stood the ancient but ruined church of St. Genevieve. It is affirmed that he was persuaded by Madame de Pompadour to erect this monument as a thanksgiving after his having had a severe illness. The architect was Soufflot, the style is purely Grecian. Twenty-two fluted Corinthian columns, 60 feet in height and 6 in diameter, sustain the portico, and 32 the great dome, above which is a lantern terminated by a figure in bronze 17 feet high. There is a great deal of sculpture about the building, some allegorical, others portraiture; its total height is 282 feet. The exterior is in the form of a Grecian cross. The paintings are by the Barons Gros, and Gerard; although a most

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noble structure, yet it is not consistently grand in all its bearings. Monuments of the great men of France are now erected here; and amongst the rest the immortal Lafayette. The stranger is recommended to ascend the dome, from which a most amusing view is afforded. The vaults beneath are extremely curious and interesting; whatever the faults of this edifice may be, there is a solemnity about it which takes great possession of the mind, particularly when there is a funeral and the light of the torches are seen glimmering amongst the priests in the "long drawn aisle," as they slowly and solemnly wend their way.

In the Rue des Postes, No. 26, is the seminary for young men destined for missionaries to the colonies; a bas relief representing a missionary preaching, above the pediment of the church, is the only striking object. At No. 3, Rue de Fourcy, is the Irish college, rather a handsome building, with some trees about it which add to the effect. Many Irish of distinction are buried here and it is still kept up, there being about 100 students; the regulations are the same as in the English Universities, about 25 priests are sent out from here to their own country every year. In the rue des Fosses St. Victor is the Scotch College (vide page 78), it is now a sort of school, but the tablet over the door with College des Ecosais inscribed still remains, and there are many interesting monuments of Scotch nobility. Next door is the Convent of English Augustin Nuns, the only religious house never molested during the Revolution; it contains a small chapel with some English tombs, the inmates now occupy themselves with the education of their young countrywomen. At the back of the Pantheon, rather to the south-east, is the very curious and interesting church of St. Etienne-du-Mont; it is an odd mixture of styles of architecture, a tower and circular turret which are detached from the church, are supposed to be of the date 1222; a staircase of most singular construction and of peculiar lightness is the first object which strikes the spectator on entering; there is a great deal of richness and scroll work, with some Arabic, Greek and Gothic styles intermingled. Some of the pictures in this church are exceedingly good, and are by Lebrun and Lesueur. The pulpit is supported by Sampson, and there are other smaller figures, the whole having a beautiful effect; the design is by La Hire, and executed by Lestocard, it is altogether a church of high interest, often the subject of the modern artists' pencils. There is a tomb which was found in the vaults beneath, which is said to be that of St. Genevieve, and bears the date of 511.

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The library of St. Genevieve is close by, and besides containing 200,000 volumes, and 2,500 manuscripts, it possesses other objects of interest, being a series of portraits from Philippe the Bold to Louis the XV, and one of Mary Queen of Scots. This library belongs to the College Henry IV, which on the side towards the Rue Clovis is very modern, but the lower part of the curious old tower is supposed to have been built in the reign of Clovis. The young princes of the reigning family in France were educated at this College, there are 907 pupils, of whom 500 are boarders. The Ecole de Droit which stands in front of the Pantheon was also erected in the reign of Louis XV, and Soufflot, the architect. At No. 123, is the College de Louis-le-Grand, formerly the College de Clermont, founded in 1560, but the present building was erected in 1618; it contains 1,180 pupils, of whom 520 are boarders. It possesses a large library, and a good collection of philosophical instruments. Behind this College, in the Rue de Rheims, at the corner of the Rue des Cholleys, a gateway and building of the time of Francis I. is worth attention, supposed to belong to the old College des Cholleys. The Royal College of France, situated No. 1, Place Cambrai, was founded in 1529, by Francis I, but the present edifice was erected in 1774. It is a spacious building and very commodious, 23 professors attend and give gratuitous lectures upon almost every subject, whether scientific or literary, and particularly upon languages, both ancient and modern, Oriental and European. In a court opposite the college is a very curious square tower of the 12th century, called la Tour Bichat, or la Tour de St. Jean-de-Latran; it is all that is remaining of the Hall of Knights Hospitaliers, established in 1171, afterwards called Chevaliers de Malte.

The remains of a chapel of very ancient date will be found in the adjoining Cour de la Vacherie, in the far corner to the right, now occupied as a charcoal depot. We will next proceed to the rue de la Montagne St. Genevieve, and view the Polytechnic School, formerly the College de Navarre, and where still remain a hall and chapel of the 14th century; a new facade much less interesting has been recently added, and the establishment is altogether badly situated. There are many emblematical bas-reliefs which possess no extraordinary merit. But the institution itself is one that deserves the highest encomiums, the young men are received at from 17 to 20, after they have passed the ordeal of a very severe examination in Paris or their respective departments. They are instructed in every branch of education connected with military science, and are afterwards admissible in the engineers, artillery, pontoons, miners, inspectors of highways, public works, etc; they pay 1,000 francs a year, find their own uniforms, and whatever may be requisite for their studies; they remain two or three years, as circumstances may demand. Strangers wishing to view this establishment must have a permission from the Minister of War.

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The Rue des Carmes has an interesting appearance as containing some of the old colleges, now otherwise appropriated. One was the College de Lisieux; the buildings remain with a curious chapel, which fronts the Marche des Carmes, but its entrance is at No. 5, Rue St. Jean-de-Beauvais. In the Market there is a fountain in the middle built in 1818; this Market is now designated la Place Maubert, and occupies the site of the Convent des Carmes. Mounting a few steps in the Rue St. Victor, we arrive at the church of St. Nicholas-du-Chardonnet; the body of the building was completed in 1709, but the lower is of the 16th century. The general effect of the interior is fine, but the paintings in different chapels, on either side, are highly interesting; some of them are extremely good, of the schools of Lesueur, Moise Valentin, and Mignard, the ceiling of the chapel of St. Charles is painted by Lebrun; there is also a monument of himself and his mother. At No. 68, Rue St-Victor is the Royal Institution for the juvenile Blind, founded by M. Hauey in 1791. There are here maintained 60 boys and 30 girls, at the expense of the State, and as boarders, any blind children may be admitted, either French or foreign; they are taught reading, music, arithmetic, and writing, by means of characters raised in relief. Admittance is freely accorded to strangers, but the establishment is about to be removed to the corner of the Rue de Sevres, on the Boulevard des Invalides, where 250 pupils will be accommodated. At No. 18, Rue de Pontoise, is the seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, and at No. 76, the ancient College of Cardinal Lemoine, founded in 1300; some parts of the original building exist, and on the doors are still seen a cardinal's hat and arms, and numerous iron spear-heads. Close by, in the Marche aux Veaux, is still one of the dormitories of the Convent of the Bernardins, which must be of the 13th century, as also some remains of their chapel, in a house adjoining the Market. On the Quai de la Tournelle, No. 35, is the Hotel de Nesmond, of the reign of Henry IV, and at No. 5, the Pharmacie Centrale, for keeping all the drugs and chemical preparations for the hospitals of Paris.

The Rue de Fouarre, by which we will pass, is one of the meanest and filthiest in Paris, but has been cited by Petrarch, Dante and Rabelais, as in it were several of the schools where public disputations were held; the Rue Galande, the Rue des Rats, and many other dirty streets of the same description is the quarter where existed the old University, and still known by the name of the Quartier Latin.

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Thus having completed our survey, which I shall call the south-east division, we will proceed to the south-west, and begin by the church of St. Severin at No. 3, in the street of the same name, called after a hermit who died in the year 530, but had on this spot an oratory and cells, where he conferred the monastic habit on St. Cloud. The present building was erected in 1210, in the reign of Philippe Auguste, has been repaired and enlarged at several different periods, which is perceptible by the different styles displayed in the architecture; there is a great deal of elaborate workmanship about this church that is exceedingly beautiful and interesting, the lower part of the tower is coeval with its first erection; a few good pictures of the old French school are amongst the attractive objects contained within this edifice.

Ascending the little unseemly streets des Pretres and Boutebrie, we find ourselves in the Rue du Foin, No. 18, being called the Hotel de la Reine Blanche; she was living about the year 1210, when the church of St. Severin close by was founded in the reign of her father-in-law, and very probably resided in the neighbourhood, perhaps on the very spot where the house stands which is now called after her, but evidently not in the same building which is now shown as such, although the staircase is of a very ancient appearance.

In the same street, at the corner of the Rue Boutebrie, is the old College de Maitre Gervais, founded in 1370, at present appropriated as a barrack for infantry. The visiter now must prepare for a grand treat, as we turn round into the Rue de la Harpe, and at No. 63, we find the venerable and crumbling remains of the Palais des Thermes (vide page 55). Julian, who was born in 332, inhabited it for some time, and many imagine it was built by his grandfather, but others state that it was alluded to at a still earlier period. Of what now remains there is principally a large hall and a smaller, forming together one room; the architecture is simple but noble, the walls are adorned by three grand arcades, the middle being the loftiest. The vaulting of the roof rests upon supports, representing the sterns of ships; human figures may be distinguished in one of them. Beneath the hall are vaulted apartments extending under most of the neighbouring houses. An aqueduct is traced as having been brought from some leagues, for the purpose it is supposed principally of supplying the baths. The masonry is alternately of stone and brick, in parts covered with a thick stucco. It seems almost incredible that a monument so ancient, and of such high interest should have been for so long a period totally disregarded by the government, and suffered to be occupied by a printer, a traiteur, and a cooper. The Municipality of Paris have now however purchased it, and intend to convert it into a museum for the reception of antiquities that can be collected of the ancient Gauls. After the overthrow of the Roman yoke, the Palais des Thermes was inhabited by the earliest kings of France. To view these ruins the stranger must apply to the concierge, No. 68, Rue de la Harpe, directly opposite, and a trifle should be given to the party showing them.

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The Hotel de Cluny which is almost adjoining, is also an object highly meriting the attention of the observer. It is one of those edifices of the middle ages, of which there are so few remaining. In 1505, in the reign of Louis the Twelfth, this curious building was erected by Jacques d'Amboise, Abbot of Cluny, on the site and with a part of the ruins of the Palais des Thermes. There is a richness about the architecture and the ornaments around the windows, that is particularly striking; the chapel is most highly interesting, and in it was married Princess Mary, the widow of Louis the Twelfth, and sister of Henry VIII, to the duke of Suffolk, as also James V of Scotland to Magdalen, daughter of Francis I. Having at length become the property of M. Sommerard, all the value of his acquisition is duly appreciated, and he has formed within this curious and beautiful edifice, a collection of specimens of the middle ages, which are arranged chronologically; he is the author of a most interesting work on the subject which may be procured upon the premises. The stranger will find a visit to the Hotel de Cluny one of the most gratifying of any he can bestow, and on writing to M. Sommerard, he may be certain of procuring admission. Following the Rue St. Benoit, we arrive at the Theatre du Pantheon, Rue St. Jacques, opened in 1832; it is partly formed by the church St. Benoit anciently that of St. Benedict built in 1517, much famed during the ligue, where the assassination of Henri III was applauded by Jean Boucher in his sermons. The performances are vaudevilles and melodramas. Highest price two shillings, lowest six-pence.

We now re-enter the Rue de la Harpe, and notice the Royal College St. Louis, originally founded by Raoul Harcourt in 1280; the present building was erected in 1675, but part of the ancient edifice exists, the greater portion of the structure was built in 1814; and the college opened in 1820. There is a chapel attached, and at the lower end a gateway, formerly the entrance to the College de Bayeux, founded in 1308, which bears an inscription to that effect, and probably of the same date. A very few steps bring us to the College de la Sorbonne, built on the site of a school founded by Robert Sorbon in 1253; it is filled with historical associations, the church and all about it has a very gloomy appearance, it is cruciform and of the corinthian order, surmounted by a dome the interior of which is painted by Philippe de Champagne. The tomb of Cardinal de Richelieu, in the southern transept, is the chef-d'oeuvre of Gerardon. The college is a plain building of sombre aspect, but the accommodation for the professors is on a handsome scale; the lectures delivered are all gratuitous.

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We will now proceed to the School of Medicine in the street bearing the same name. The first stone was laid by Louis XV, in 1769, it is a truly elegant building, a peristyle of the ionic order with a quadruple range of columns unite the two wings and support the library, and a fine cabinet of anatomy. The grand court is 66 feet in length by 96 in breadth, the amphitheatre which is opposite the entrance is capable of containing 1,400 people; there are several allegorical and emblematical bas-reliefs, and on the whole it is a building which excites much admiration both in an ornamental and in a useful point of view, there not being a single object that can in any manner facilitate the study of medicine that is not to be found within this institution. At No. 5, in the same street, is a gratuitous school of drawing, established in the ancient amphitheatre of surgery, chiefly intended for artisans, to instruct them in the principles of drawings and architecture, and lectures are given on geometry, mensuration, *etc.* Opposite to the Ecole de Medecine, is the Hopital clinique de la Faculte de Medecine, established in the cloister of the Cordeliers, of which there are some remains still visible; it is rather a handsome building and contains 140 beds. The body of the building is in the Rue de l'Observance. In the same street as the Ecole de Medecine; is the Musee Dupuytren, being the valuable pathological collection of that celebrated anatomist, bought by the University of his heirs, and placed in the refectory of the Cordeliers which has been fitted up in the style of the 15th century, the date of its erection.

Adjoining to this Museum is the School of practical Anatomy, being a set of dissecting rooms for the use of the students. As we are so near I must conduct the visiter to the Rue Hautefeuille; on the west side is a house of the 16th century, which once belonged to a society of Premonstratensian monks. In the same street, Nos. 23, 13, 9 and 5, and at the corner of the Rue du Paon and Rue de l'Ecole de Medecine, the houses have ancient turrets, and are stated to have been built in the reign of Charles VII. In the house, No. 18, of the latter street, in a dirty backroom, Charlotte Corday stabbed that beau ideal of monsters, Marat. We will now make our way to the Rue d'Enfer, and at No. 34 is the Hotel de Vendome, at present the royal School of Mines; this noble mansion was erected in 1707 by the Carthusian monks, but being purchased by the Duchess of Vendome was called after her. Every description of tool or instrument used in mining will here be found, and perhaps the extensive mineralogical collection is unrivalled anywhere in Europe, and arranged in the most scientific manner by M. Hauey, with a ticket attached to each explanatory of their quality and locality. The geological specimens have been collected by Messrs. Cuvier and Bronguiart; weeks might be passed in this museum by those partial to studying mineralogy, geology,

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and conchology, and subjects for examination and meditation would still not be exhausted. We will now turn into the gardens of the Luxembourg Palace; they are in the true French stiff style, but look at them in a slanting direction and all the formality is lost; the statues are seen intermingled with the trees, shrubs, flowers, parterres, walks, vases, fountains, *etc.* and the coup-d'oeil has a most beautiful effect, and some of the retired walks amongst the high trees have a very inviting though solitary appearance.

The Palace (vide page 98) was erected by Marie de Medicis, and is now with the recent additions a very extensive building, and taken in a general sense is decidedly a very fine monument, but I certainly think the pillars being in such bad taste with large square knobs sticking out all the way up the columns, in a degree spoil the effect of the whole edifice, still there is a heavy grandeur in the ensemble which has an imposing appearance. After having been occupied by various royal personages, it was given by Louis the Sixteenth to his brother afterwards Louis XVIII, who resided in it until he quitted France in 1791; it has since been appropriated to many different purposes, and is now used as the Chamber of Peers; for their discussions a new apartment has been constructed 92 feet in diameter, the form is semi-circular. In the middle of the axis is a recess in which the president's and secretaries' seats are placed; above are a range of statues in recesses, the chairs of the peers are arranged in an amphitheatrical manner and occupy the space in front of the president; the peer who speaks takes his place below the president's desk.

There are altogether in this palace so many statues, apartments, sculpture and galleries to describe, that it would monopolise far too much space in my little volume if I were to attempt to do it justice. I must therefore content myself with advising the reader to take the first opportunity of viewing it with its beautiful gallery of pictures, many of which are the chefs-d'oeuvre of the best living French artists. In the new divisions which have been lately constructed there are some fine specimens of painting from the pencils of Messrs. Delaroche, Scheffer, Boulanger, Roqueplan, *etc.*, and the chambers voted 800,000 fr. (32,000_l.) for the artistical decorations of the recent erections added to the original building.

Le Petit Luxembourg is a large hotel contiguous and may be considered as a dependency of the great palace, it was built by Cardinal Richelieu who made it his residence whilst the Palais Royal was building, when he afterwards gave it to his niece the Duchess d'Aiguillon. It is now occupied by the Chancellor of France, as President of the House of Peers; it also contains a small prison for persons committed for political offences, and tried by the Court of Peers: the ministers of Charles X were here confined in 1830. In the same street, No. 70, is the Convent of the

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Carmelite Sisters, already mentioned, a portion of the building is still devoted to sacred purposes, the chapel is dedicated to St. Joseph, and of the Tuscan order, it was founded by Marie de Medicis. Here first began the massacres in Paris of the 2nd of September, 1792, when a number of priests here imprisoned were murdered. This is the convent which has long been famed for the *Eau de Melisse* and *Blanc des Carmes*, which are still sold here.

At the southern gate of the Garden of the Luxembourg is the *Jardin botanique de l'Ecole de Medecine*, where every medicinal plant agreeing with the climate is raised, and ticketed as classified by Jussieu.

The Odeon Theatre which is near the Luxembourg has been twice burnt down, but was finally restored in 1820; it is situated fronting the street, and in the *place* of the same name; it is certainly a very handsome building both as to the exterior and the interior, which is fitted up in a most superior style, but all exertions to render it successful seem in vain, although the present director has it rent free from the government; dramatic pieces in general are here represented, but its situation prevents its ever being much frequented; the principal front having a portico of eight doric columns ascended by nine steps has a fine effect; it is capable of containing 1,600 persons.

A very few steps bring us to the magnificent church of St. Sulpice. Although the first stone was laid by Anne of Austria, in 1655, it was not totally finished until 1777. The portico, by Servadoni, is splendid; the two towers not being similar, rather spoil the effect, but the interior baffles all description to do it justice; a simplicity and grandeur pervades the whole, which is heightened by a soft light thrown upon the Virgin directly behind the altar, who appears to be descending midst the lightest clouds upon the earth, to which she presents her son. The corinthian order prevails throughout the interior, the statues are bold and finely conceived, some of the paintings are exquisite, that of the ceiling, particularly. Two immense shells, placed within the entrance, for containing holy water, resting on rocks of marble, were presented to Francis I, by the Republic of Venice. The pulpit is supported by two flights of steps, with the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, producing a most splendid appearance. The organ is ornamented with no less than seventeen figures playing on musical instruments, or sustaining cornucopies carved in the most perfect manner. The pillars on the different sides of this edifice comprise the four orders of doric, ionic, corinthian, and composite. I cannot conceive a more sublime and delightful sensation than that which is caused when the first low notes of the organ begin to swell; the aisles being extremely lofty and vaulted, the sound appears gradually to peal through the building with a degree of softness which seems as if it came from a considerable distance, and has a most extraordinary and enchanting effect. We will now quit this noble edifice by the grand front, and looking to the left cast an instant's glance upon a large plain building, which is the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and has 210 students.

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Descending the Rue Mabillon a few paces, we come to the Market St. Germain, where formerly flourished the great fair under the same name. It was built in 1811 on a most commodious plan, and has every requisite that can be thought of for the convenience of a market, with an extremely handsome fountain in the middle, which the visiter should not omit to observe. Quitting the Market by the Rue Montfaucon brings us in front of the prison of the Abbaye, in the Rue St. Marguerite, now only used for confining military offenders; here it was that some of the greatest horrors were committed during the Revolution, it has a small turret at each corner, and seems to be a building of about two hundred years standing. Not many yards off is the very ancient church of St. Germain des Pres (vide page 61), which has often been pillaged, burnt, and otherwise injured, but the lower part of the tower is coeval with the foundation, 558. The document relative to the establishment of the monastery and church is still preserved amongst the archives of the kingdom, and bears the date 561. The nave is simple and of the time of Abbot Modardus, in the year 900; additions and repairs have been made at different periods, but in many instances the style of architecture displays its early date, the capitals of the pillars are remarkable for the grotesqueness of the devices. There are some pictures of merit, and many interesting tombs, one of Casimir, the King of Poland, who abdicated his throne in 1668, and died abbot of the monastery attached to the church in 1672, also of the Duke and Earls of Douglas and Angus. The Abbot's palace still stands at the east of the church, in the Rue de l'Abbaye, directly facing the Rue Furstemberg; it was built in the year 1586 by Cardinal Bourbon. It is a large heavy-looking red brick building faced with stone, with a large garden behind; it is at present let out to different tenants.

We shall now descend the Rue Furstemberg, and taking the Rue Jacob, to the right shall get into the Rue de Seine, and mounting the little Passage du Pont-Neuf, one of the oldest in Paris, we find ourselves opposite the Rue Guenegaud cited by Sterne, as also the Quai Conti, on which stands the Mint or Hotel des Monnaies, a very extensive building and rather handsome; it was built in the reign of Louis XV in 1771, after designs furnished by M. Antoine; an entablature supported by ionic columns forms the principal front, with six statues of Peace, Commerce, Prudence, Fortitude, Plenty and Law. On the right is a noble staircase ascending to apartments fitted up with the splendour of a palace. The collection of coins and medals here are extremely interesting, the first are two of Childebert, the dates being 511-568, and they are nearly complete of the respective kings up to the present day, amongst others are some of the gold pieces of 10 louis, each of the reign of Louis XIII, very large and beautiful. A medal of Charlemagne of most exquisite execution,

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and others of almost every country or celebrated monarch or chief, with a collection of the ores in their mineral state, every instrument used for coining and in fact every object appertaining to such an establishment, which would demand much space and time to describe, and a work is written solely on the subject. This interesting museum is open to foreigners with their passports on Mondays and Thursdays, from twelve till three.

Contiguous and on the western side stands the Palais of the Institute, or as we should call it the Royal Academy. It was founded by Cardinal Mazarin in 1661, from designs by Leveau. The segment of a circle describes the front, whilst pavillions upon open arcades terminate the extremities, a portico in the centre with corinthian columns surmounted by a pediment, whilst a dome crowns the summit, and vases upon the entablature combine to give it a fine effect. In the great hall of this building the members of the Academy hold their sittings; the vestibules are adorned by marble statues of men whose intellectual powers have rendered their names renowned throughout the world, as Montesquieu, Moliere, Corneille, Racine, Sully, *etc.*, *etc.* The Mazarine library is attached to this institution and contains 120,000 printed volumes besides 4,500 manuscripts. There is also under the same establishment the library of the Institute, which includes 115,000 volumes; in the gallery in which they are contained is a marble statue of Voltaire, by Pigalle, highly celebrated for its execution. This building was for some time called the Palais des Quatre-Nations, as the founder at first designed it for natives of Roussillon, Pignerol, Alsace, and Flanders. The subjects discussed within the halls of this institution are the Belles-Lettres, the fine Arts, moral and political Sciences, *etc.* Persons desiring tickets for the meetings of the members must inscribe their names at the office of the secretary of the Institute. Directly opposite is a light elegant bridge, called the Pont-des-Arts, it is constructed of iron and is merely for foot passengers.

Passing to the Quai Voltaire we turn into the Rue des Petits-Augustins, and stop before the front of the Palais and Ecole des Beaux-Arts, or School of fine Arts; this is one of the many institutions which exist in Paris requiring a volume to describe all its beauties and utility, there are a great number of professors belonging to the establishment which is divided into two sections, the one for sculpture and painting, the other for architecture, both of which the pupils are taught, and when they excel, receive annual prizes. The present building was erected upon the garden of the Convent of the Petits Augustins, but there are still some remains of antiquity, which are rather strangely intermingled with the modern erection, as the front of a chateau at Gaillon built in 1,500 and transported here by M. Lenoir, who collected together on this spot relicks of the middle ages,

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which are now again dispersed to the great regret of every resident or visitor in Paris. There is also the portal of the Chateau-d'Anet built by Henri II for Diana of Poitiers, with many other objects extremely curious; amongst the rest a large stone basin from the Abbey of St. Denis, 12 feet in diameter, ornamented with grotesque heads, said to be a single piece of stone, some letters upon it prove that it must be of the 13th century, and many other fragments over which the antiquary likes to pore. Here every aid is given to the young artist, that can facilitate his progress in his art, and he who is adjudged to have painted the best piece upon a subject given, is sent to Rome to study three years, at the expense of the government. The visitor will here find paintings, sculpture, models, and in fact, every thing connected with the fine arts. He must also visit the ancient chapel of the convent, containing a most beautiful screen of stone and marble, and on the walls are some very good paintings: Mr. Ingres, perhaps the most celebrated draftsman now existing, made a present to this institution of fifty pictures, copies he had executed at his expense in the Vatican, from Raphael. Foreigners must apply with their passports for admission at the office to the right on entering.

We return on the Quay and remark the Pont du Carousel, an iron bridge of three arches of an elegant construction, it was built by a company, who have laid a toll both on foot and carriage passengers. No. 1, Rue de Beaune, on the same quay, is the hotel where Voltaire resided, and died in 1788. His nephew, M. de Villette, and afterwards Madame de Montmorenci, kept his apartments closed for forty-seven years. We must now ascend the Rue des Saints Peres, and in passing by, notice the Hopital de la Charite, at the corner of the Rue Jacob, which has such a dismal appearance outside, that it almost makes one ill to look at it; indeed, to pass it often, one would soon be in a fit state to become one of its inmates; it was founded by Marie de Medicis, as a religious community, called Brothers of Charity, who were all surgeons and apothecaries, administering relief both for body and soul; it contains 426 beds. Besides those belonging to the medical and chemical school attached to it, there are several gardens in which the patients are allowed to walk; the same diseases are here treated as at the Hotel Dieu, de la Pitie, *etc.* Turning to the right into the Rue St. Dominique, at the end of the second street on the north we shall see the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin; it was formerly a convent of Jacobins, founded by Cardinal Richelieu. The present front was built in 1787, by Brother Claude, one of the monks; it has two ranges of columns, doric and ionic, surmounted by a pediment with a bas-relief representing Religion, terminating with a cross. The interior is decorated with corinthian pilasters, the effect is altogether fine, the high altar is of white marble, and some of the pictures are extremely

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good; the nobility attend much at this church, and it is rather famed for its preachers. The Musee d'Artillerie is adjoining, and contains the armour worn from the earliest ages, as also the weapons which have been used, and those of different countries. Here will be found the armour of many heroes famed in the annals of chivalry, as Bayard, Dunois, Duguesclin, *etc.*, and an equestrian figure of Francis I. There is also the helmet of Attila, who was slain by Clovis, in 453; another, on which are some verses from the Koran, of Abderama, killed by Charles Martel. The dagger with which Ravillac assassinated Henri IV, having a black crape round it. There are, besides, models of all kinds of machines connected with war; the armour of Joan of Arc will be regarded with interest, as also of many others whose names have been celebrated in history; a catalogue descriptive of every object is to be had at the door for one franc. There is a military library attached to the establishment, with naval charts, *etc.* Strangers are admitted on Thursdays and Saturdays, from twelve till four, with their passports.

A few steps take us into the Rue du Bac, which we will ascend to the Rue de Grenelle, and observe one of the finest fountains in Paris, erected after the designs of Bouchardon, in the reign of Louis XV, began 1739 and finished in 1745; it is most richly adorned by statues and allegorical subjects. At No. 120, Rue du Bac, is the church of St. Francois Xavier, or of Foreign Missionaries, it was built in 1683, consisting of two parts, one on the ground floor, and the other above, the lower is perfectly plain, the upper is of the ionic order; there are some good paintings of the French school of the period. Behind is the seminary for the instruction of young men intended as missionaries in the requisite sciences and languages. The worthy Abbe Edgeworth, the attendant of Louis XVI in his last moments, was one of the members of this institution.

Just by in the Rue de Babylone is a barrack for infantry, famed for the attack and defence carried on in the Revolution of the three days. In the rue Vanneau is a recently built house, a complete type of the style of Francis I. In the Rue de Varennes are several grand hotels of the nobility of France, with their family names inscribed over the immense gateways; it is in fact one of the most interesting streets in Paris; amongst others, at No. 23, is the hotel of the late Duchess de Bourbon, now belonging to Mme Adelaide d'Orleans. No. 35, is the hotel d'Orsay, recently restored and embellished, and several others of the same description. At the north-west corner of the street stands the hotel de Biron, now converted into the celebrated convent and seminary of the Sacre Coeur (Sacred Heart), where so many daughters of the French, English and Irish catholic nobility have been brought up. No. 16, the offices of the Minister of Commerce, and No. 10, Rue Hillerin-Bertin, is the Ecole royale des Ponts-et-Chaussees, established in

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1747. The pupils, who are all taken from the Polytechnique, are instructed in every thing connected with the projection and construction of bridges, canals, ports and public works. Their collection of plans, maps, and models relative to these operations is very rich. But a few paces southward bring us facing the ancient convent of Panthemont, now used as a barrack for cavalry, forming the corner of the Rue de Belle-Chasse and that of the Rue de Grenelle; the chapel, which has a dome, is an interesting architectural object.

This is one of the aristocratic streets of Paris, where the most ancient families of France have their town residences; the Rue St. Dominique is of the same description, and many others in this neighbourhood, but in too many cases immense gateways and high walls are all that are to be seen in the streets, as the hotels are situated behind them at the end of large court-yards, similar to several houses in Piccadilly the most of which are now pulled down: on the west side of Cavendish square one is still standing (I believe Lord Harcourt's), and several others in different parts of the west end of the town. The most conspicuous hotels in the Rue St. Dominique, are those of the Duke de Lynes, No. 33, the hotel of the late Duchess Dowager of Orleans, No. 58, formerly inhabited by Cambaceres. The Hotel de Grammont, No. 103, and the Hotel de Perigord, No. 105. At 82 and 86, are the residence and offices of the Minister of War, where there is a very valuable library, with a most interesting collection of plans, maps, and drawings. We will now return to the Rue du Bac, and at No. 132, we shall notice the Hotel Chatillon, now occupied by the sisters of St. Vincent de Paule, better known as the Sisters of Charity.

At the top of the street we find the Rue de Sevres, and turning to the left we shall view, at the corner of the Rue de la Chaise, the old Hospital entitled Hospices des Menages; it was built in 1554 on the site of an old establishment for afflicted children, and is now appropriated to the reception of the aged, whether married couples or single; there are 264 beds, and an extensive garden attached to the establishment. Strangers may visit this hospital every day, and will find the detail of the regulations very interesting. A few yards eastward bring us to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, so called when it was founded in 1202 from being in the midst of the woods; this church possesses a few good pictures, amongst which are a Virgin and dead Christ, by Lebrun, and a portrait of Mlle de la Valliere. Opposite is the Maison du Noviciat des Religieuses Hospitalieres de St. Thomas de Villeneuve. Still continuing in the Rue de Sevres, at No. 54, is the hospital for women who are incurable; it was founded in 1634 by Cardinal de la Rochefoucault, which is indicated by an inscription over the door; it contains 600 beds. There is a large chapel attached, in which there are some pictures, and one bearing the date of 1404 with a handsome monument of the founder.

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The Egyptian fountain in this street is well worth attention, it was built in 1806, and is a very handsome monument. At No. 104, corner of the Boulevards, is the convent of the Dames de St. Thomas de Villeneuve, with a very pretty little gothic chapel. At No. 95 is that of the Lazarists, with a small chapel fronting the street. At the corner of the Boulevard on the north side are new buildings, erected for the reception of the juvenile blind. No. 149 is the Hopital des Enfants malades; it is wholly appropriated to the reception of sick children, who are admitted from 2 to 15 years of age; it contains 500 beds, which number is to be considerably increased. Next door is an hospital founded by Madame Necker in a building which formerly was a convent of Benedictine nuns; it is for the reception of the sick in general, and contains 300 beds; the chapel attached has two fine statues of Aaron and Melchizedek, in marble, discovered in digging the foundations of a house; a short distance farther on, is an Artesian well, which after many long, expensive, and most laborious attempts, at last emits water from the enormous depth of nearly 1800 feet; it rises to the height of 65 feet, and falls into the respective conduits destined to receive it. It is situated at the entrance of the Abattoir de Grenelle which is one of the extensive slaughter-houses at the outskirts of Paris, all of which are justly celebrated for the regularity of the buildings, the order with which every thing is conducted, and the great convenience of their being situated where they cannot be any source of annoyance to the inhabitants of the interior of the capital.

The Ecole Militaire stands at the end of an avenue of trees, just before us; it was founded by Louis XV, in 1751, for educating gratuitously 500 young gentlemen, the sons of poor nobility, but it is now converted into barracks for 4,000 men, either cavalry, artillery, or infantry. One front, looking to the Champ de Mars, is adorned with ten corinthian pillars, sustaining a pediment decorated with bas-reliefs, whilst a quadrangular dome, rises from behind, with figures of Time and Astronomy; there are besides in other parts of the edifice, rows of tuscan, doric, and ionic pillars, the buildings surround two spacious court-yards; on the first floor is the Salle de Conseil, embellished with pictures and military emblems. The chapel attached to the establishment is most splendid, the roof is supported by thirty fluted corinthian columns: the entrance to the Ecole Militaire is by the Place de Fontenoy.

The Champ-de-Mars is a most extensive oblong piece of ground, in which has been celebrated many extraordinary epochs in the history of France; the sloping embankments on each side were formed by the people of Paris; as many as 60,000 persons of both sexes kept working at them until they were finished, when the fete de la Federation took place on the 14th July, 1790. It was also the scene of several other public demonstrations,

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and in 1837, on the 14th of June, during the rejoicings for the celebration of the marriage of the Duke of Orleans, 24 persons lost their lives by being either suffocated or trodden to death in passing through the gates. The Paris races are held here in May and September, as also the military reviews, inspections, manoeuvres, *etc.* Proceeding by an avenue from the north-east corner of the Champ-de-Mars we arrive at the Hotel des Invalides, which is certainly the grandest monument that exists of the reign of Louis XIV. It is a most delightful asylum for crippled or worn-out old soldiers, it was built after the designs of Bruant, begun in 1671, and completed in 1700. The facade towards the Seine, though heavy, is grand and imposing, adorned by the statue of Louis the XIV, and colossal figures of Mars, Minerva, Justice and Prudence, in bas-relief, and at the sides by emblematical representations of the four nations conquered by the founder.

The first court has the most pleasing appearance, the arcades render it light and elegant, and although ornamented with figures, arms, horses, and trophies, they are not exuberant, and its simplicity is not deteriorated. The church is a most magnificent structure, presenting an extraordinary mixture of military and religious decorations. The dome, which has an effect truly noble, is adorned by paintings of the twelve Apostles by Jouvenet, surmounted by a glory from the pencil of Lafosse, with a beautiful tessellated pavement beneath; there are some other good paintings, but many very bad. The gilding, although extremely gorgeous, harmonises well with the varied colouring which prevails throughout this beautiful edifice, and has not a gaudy appearance. There are monuments of several of the governors of the hospital; numbers of portraits, and banners taken from different countries, which amounted to as many as 3,000, but on the evening prior to the allies entering Paris, Joseph Bonaparte ordered them to be burnt. To give any thing like a comprehensive idea of this wonderful building, would require many pages, there is such an immense number of interesting objects, the description of which would compel the omission of other matter equally important; but, whether taken for its exterior or its interior, it certainly is one of the grandest monuments extant. The approaches to it are particularly fine, being by long vistas of high trees, with a most noble esplanade in front. A library belongs to the establishment which was founded by Napoleon; it consists of 30,000 volumes, and his portrait by Ingres is one of its valuable ornaments. It is gratifying to see so many of the Invalids constantly in the library, amusing themselves with reading; it is a pleasing sight to be there at meal-time to witness the cleanliness and comfort which prevails. Besides board and lodging, every soldier receives 2 francs a month, and officers and non-commissioned officers in proportion; 5,000 is the number the establishment can contain.

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In quitting this extraordinary building, the visiter must notice the Hotel du Chatelet at the corner of the Rue de Grenelle, now occupied by the Austrian ambassador, being a fine specimen of the days of Louis XIV. We then pass into the Rue St. Dominique, and at No. 185 find the Hospice Leprince, so called after the founder, erected in 1819; it contains 10 beds for men and 10 for women; almost opposite is the church of St. Pierre-du-Gros-Caillou, which was built in 1822, and is much admired for its beautiful symmetry; the whole is consistently of the tuscan order. Farther to the west is the military hospital founded by the Duke de Biron for the French guards, containing 700 beds and erections for 500 more are to be added shortly. Directly opposite is the Fountain of Mars built in 1813, a monument very well worth the visiter's attention. Continuing a few yards farther to the west, we enter the Avenue de la Bourdonnaye, and turning to the right we come to the Ateliers de Sculpture, consisting of two handsome buildings where sculptors employed by government on public monuments may proceed with their operations; stone-yards, sheds, a house for the director, and the whole arrangement is most complete for the attainment of the object; viseters may obtain tickets from the Director of public Monuments, Palais du Quai d'Orsay.

The royal Manufactory of Tobacco, Snuff, and Cigars is at a short distance eastward, No. 57, Quai d'Orsay, an extensive establishment for the preparation of the articles, with a handsome modern house for the offices, and residence for the director. The profits of this establishment in 1839 to the government were 66,001,841 francs, upwards of 2,500,000L. We will now proceed along the quai, and notice the bridges; first the Pont de Iena, terminated in 1813, it is completely in a horizontal line, and is certainly a perfect structure, uniting elegance, beauty, and simplicity.

The Pont des Invalides is a handsome suspension bridge for carriages as well as foot passengers; a toll is paid in passing over it. Pursuing our course eastward we arrive at the Palais Bourbon, and Chamber of Deputies, which was erected by the dowager Duchess of Bourbon, in 1722, begun by the Italian architect Girardini, and continued by Mansard. It was afterwards much enlarged when possessed by the Prince de Conde, but not completed when the Revolution of 1789 occurred. In 1795 it was appropriated as the Chamber for the sittings of the Council of Five Hundred, and next occupied by the Corps Legislatif. At the Restoration in 1814 the Prince de Conde retook possession, but so arranged that the portion which had been converted into a locality for the sittings of the Legislative Assembly, and which had been partly rebuilt, should be appropriated to the use of the Deputies, and finally was bought by government for 5,500,000 francs. At the death of the Duke de Bourbon this palace devolved upon the Duke d'Aumale, and is leased to the

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Chamber of Deputies for the residence of the President, but will soon become the property of the country by a negociation at present pending. The entrance of the Palais Bourbon is by the Rue de l'Universite, and being approached by a long avenue of trees has the air of a country seat; formerly the apartments were gorgeously furnished, now simple beauty and utility alone prevail; there are a few good pictures, and one room decorated with bucks' horns, and different emblems of the chase; there is a large garden laid out in the English style. The grand front of the portion styled the Chamber of Deputies is exactly opposite the handsome bridge called the Pont de la Concorde, and is from thence seen to the best advantage; it is a noble massive building with colossal statues of Sully, Colbert, l'Hopital, and d'Aguesseau, there are besides several allegorical figures, and 12 noble corinthian columns, supporting a fine bas-relief recently completed, approached by a flight of 29 steps; for so much weight as there appears in this building, I should say there was not sufficient height, and the breadth is immense, still the effect is dignified and imposing.

The Chamber itself is a semi-circular hall with 24 white marble ionic columns and bronze capitals gilt. The president's chair and the tribune form the centre of the axis of the semi-circle, from whence the seats rise of the 459 deputies, in the shape of an amphitheatre. A spacious double gallery capable of containing 700 persons surrounds the semi-circular part of the Chamber, arranged with tribunes for the royal family, the corps diplomatique, officers of state and the public. There are a number of very fine statues, as well as some extremely clever pictures by the first French artists, and there, is a library of 50,000 volumes. Anyone with a passport may visit the Chamber, but for the debates a letter post-paid must be addressed to M. le Questeur de la Chambre des Deputes, who will send a ticket of admission. A short distance to the east is the Palace of the Legion of Honour, erected in 1786 after designs by Rousseau for the Prince de Salm, after whom it was called. The entrance is by a triumphal arch, and a colonnade of the ionic order with two pavillions. At the end of a court yard is the principal front consisting of a fine portico, adorned with large corinthian pillars. The side which fronts the Seine is particularly light and graceful, having a circular projection adorned with columns supporting a balustrade with six statues. When the Prince de Salm was beheaded in 1793, the hotel was put up to lottery, and won by a journey man hairdresser, and in 1803 it was appropriated to its present object; strangers are admitted without any difficulty.

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The Palais du Quai D'Orsay is almost adjoining, and although one of the most magnificent, yet one of the most chaste edifices in Paris; it has never received any decided name. It was begun under Napoleon, and then remained dormant until 1830, and in the present reign has been finished in the most perfect style. The grand front which faces the river presents a long series of windows formed by arches beneath a tuscan colonnade on the ground-floor; the one above is similar, except being of the ionic order, surmounted by a sort of corinthian attic; the court is surrounded by a double series of Italian arcades, there are four staircases, placed at each corner, one styled the escalier d'honneur, is absolutely splendid, both as regards the construction and the richness of its ornaments. The chief entrance is in the Rue de Lille, and there are side gateways into other streets. The ground-floor is appropriated to the Council of State and the offices attached, the first floor to the Cour des Comptes, and the third to the conservation of the Archives of these two public bodies. This noble structure has cost upwards of twelve million francs.

We will now cast one glance at the Hotel Praslin, which also has its entrance in the Rue de Lille, No. 54; its terrace is perceptible from the quay, it is one of the most extensive and grandest mansions of the old nobility. The next building is a barrack for cavalry, which is totally devoid of any ornament or beauty. We now arrive at the Pont Royal, an old but substantial bridge, built by a Dominican friar in 1684. The river here was formerly crossed by a ferry (bac), which gave the name to the Rue du Bac.

I shall now advise that we take a boat and see how Paris looks from the water, affording us a good view of the quays as we pass between them; we also get an excellent sight of the Point Neuf already described, and which has a very fine effect as we approach it. We next come to the Pont au Change, formerly a wooden bridge; in 1141 Louis VII fixed the residence of the money changers upon it, hence it derived its name; the present structure was built in 1639. The Pont Notre Dame soon after arrests the eye (vide page 87), it was begun 1499 and finished in 1507, after the designs of Jean Joconde; on the western side is an engine called Pompe du Pont Notre Dame, consisting of a square tower erected upon piles, having a reservoir into which water is elevated, by machinery impelled by the current of the water. We next pass under the Pont d'Arcole, built in 1828; it is a suspension bridge, and there is a toll upon it. The circumstances from which it derives its name are very singular. A young man, in 1830, during the murderous conflict which here took place between the royal guard and the people, rushed on the bridge with a flag in his hand, heading the patriots, and was killed under the archway in the middle; his name was Arcole, and the same trait of courage was displayed by Napoleon on the bridge of Arcola; hence its present designation.

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A little farther on we pass close to the house where it is pretended lived Fulbert, uncle of Heloise; the outward part of the building does not bear the impression of being as old as the period when Abelard lived, as he was born in 1080, and died in 1142; the cellars, however, have a very ancient appearance; visitors are admitted, on applying to the owner of the dwelling, which is situated No. 1, Rue des Chantres, on the north-eastern side of the Isle de Paris, not far from Notre Dame.

[Illustration: Paris in the 19th Century. Published by F. Sinnett, 15, Grande rue Verte.]

Resuming our course upon the water we come to the Pont Louis-Philippe, a fine suspension bridge constructed in 1834, of iron wire, with two bold arches of stone. The next bridge is called the Pont Marie, and was built in 1641, but had two arches; and 22 houses, out of 50, which stood upon it, were carried away by a flood in 1648. We now arrive at the Pont de Damiette, another suspension bridge connecting the north and southern quays of the Seine with the Ile Louviers, until very recently an immense depot for fire wood, but now many handsome residences are being erected, with which the whole of the little island will soon be covered. We shall now land on the Quay des Celestins, and explore the north-east quarter of Paris, beginning with the Arsenal which contains a library of 200,000 printed volumes, and 6,000 manuscripts, amongst which are some beautiful missals. Henri IV having appointed Sully grand-master of the artillery, he resided in the buildings constructed on this spot purposely for him, and they now show a bed-room and a cabinet in which he used to receive his royal visiter; they are richly gilt according to the style of that period, and may be seen with passport by applying to the Director. Close to the Arsenal on the Quai des Celestins are the remains of the once celebrated Convent of the Celestins, and of their small church which after that of St. Denis contained more tombs of illustrious individuals than any in Paris. It was particularly remarked for the chapel d'Orleans, which enclosed the remains of the brother of Charles VI and his descendants. The architecture is interesting as being a specimen of the pointed style prevailing in Paris in the 14th century, a part of the convent buildings are converted into cavalry barracks, and the rest are in a state of dilapidation. Facing the Arsenal is the Grenier de Reserve, on the Boulevard Bourdon, which is an immense storehouse for corn, grain and flour requisite for the consumption of Paris for four months.

It was began by Napoleon in 1807, it is 2,160 feet in length and 64 in breath. Every baker in Paris is obliged to have constantly deposited here 20 full sacks of flour, and as many more as he pleases by paying a trifle for warehouse room. Just a few steps northward is the Government Depot of powder and saltpetre.

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At a short distance in the Rue St. Antoine, No. 216, is the small church of the Visitation built by Mansard in 1632, for the Sisters of the Visitation. It has a dome supported by Corinthian pillars, and the interior is richly ornamented with scroll work, wreaths of flowers, *etc.* It is now appropriated to the protestant worship, and there is service on Sundays, and festivals at half past 12. On the southern side of the Boulevard St. Antoine is the Theatre St. Antoine, erected in 1836; the performances are vaudevilles, little melodrama, and farces. The admission is from 6_d._ to 2_s._ 6_d._ It contains 1,226 places. The Place de la Bastille is now before us, and still may be seen the desolate remains of the great plaster cast of the enormous elephant, intended by Napoleon to have been placed on this spot, which is now decorated with what is called the Column of July. The capital is said to be the largest piece of bronze ever cast, the height is 163 feet, and it is surmounted by an orb on which is placed the figure of Liberty; and is ornamented with lions, heads, cocks, children bearing garlands and other emblematical objects, but the effect of the whole is not happy, there is a sort of indescribable deficiency, although the cost was 1,200,000f., besides an immense outlay, years before, for the foundation. The ceremony of its inauguration took place on the 28th of July, 1840, when fifty coffins, each containing twelve patriots, were placed in the vaults for them underneath. Many persons descend to view the arrangements where the sarcophagi are stationed, which are 14 feet in length, and the trouble is well repaid; as also for ascending to the summit of the monument, but the staircase is not considered to be as solid and secure as could be wished.

At No. 38, Rue de Charenton, will be found the Hopital Royal des Quinze Vingts, devoted to the reception of the blind. This establishment was originally founded by St. Louis, at the corner of the Rue St. Nicaise, in the Rue St. Honore, and ultimately removed to the present building. There are as many as 300 families living in this Hospital, as the blind are suffered to bring with them their wives and children, and encouraged to marry, if single; there are besides 600 out-door pensioners. There is a chapel attached to the institution, which was built in 1701, but possesses no particular interest. At No. 128, Rue Faubourg St. Antoine, is a building founded in 1660 by M. Aligre and his lady, for orphans, but the children having been sent to another establishment, it is intended to be formed into a Hospice for 400 old men. Just by, is the Marche Beauveau, built in 1799, and is a sort of rag fair, well appropriated to the neighbourhood in which it stands. At no 206, Rue Faubourg St. Antoine, is the Hopital St. Antoine, formerly the Abbey of St. Antoine; the present building was erected in 1770, the number of beds is 270, it is appropriated for the reception of the sick in general, and may

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be visited by strangers upon any day. Some little distance to the north, in the Rue St. Bernard, is the Church of St. Marguerite, erected in 1625; it has no other attractions than that of its pictures, which are numerous and some of them beautiful, and would well repay the visiter for turning out of his way to view them, they are principally of the old French school, but there are no records to state how they ever came there. A few streets to the south-west, lead to the Rue de Reuilly, where some barracks will be found in a large pile of buildings, established by Colbert, for the Royal Glass Manufactory of Mirrors (removed to 313, Rue St. Denis); a little further on, at the south-eastern corner of the Rue Faubourg St. Antoine and that of Picpus, is a great market for forage, and at No. 8 in the latter street, is the Maison d'Enghien, founded by the mother of the unfortunate Duke of that name, the Duchess of Bourbon, in 1819, and now supported by Madame Adelaide d'Orleans; it contains fifty beds, of which eighteen are for women, and the utmost cleanliness and order prevail.

At No. 18 is the Hopital Militaire de Picpus. Somewhat farther on, at No. 16, was once a Convent of the Order of St. Augustin, now a boarding-school, but the chapel still remains; attached to it is a cemetery, where rest the remains of some of the noblest families of France, as de Grammont, de Montaigne, de Noailles, and that purest and most perfect of private and public characters, Lafayette, in a spot hardly known, in a quiet corner, beneath a very simple tomb, beside his wife, and in the midst of his relations. We shall now return westward, and view the Barriere du Trone, which is still unfinished, but consisting of two noble lofty columns; very conspicuous from their height, with a fine open circular space, on which festivals are celebrated on public days, and plans are now pursuing for finishing and embellishing this spot. A pleasant walk along the Boulevards will bring us to the celebrated cemetery of Pere-La-Chaise, on which there has been so much written by tourists, poets, and even novelists; thus I fear all I can state upon the subject will appear but tame, after such choice spirits have favoured the public with their inspirations on so interesting a retreat, I shall, therefore, only attempt to give a few matter of fact indications.

It consists of a large tract of ground on the slope of a hill, was celebrated for the beauty of its situation in the fourteenth century, and under Louis the XIV as the abode of Pere-La-Chaise, having for 150 years been the favourite country house of the Jesuits, and at present the favourite burying place of the Parisians. In the 14th century a house was erected on the spot by a rich grocer, named Regnault, and was by the people named La Folie Regnault; after belonging to different parties, it was purchased for 160,000 francs, for its present purpose. Its extent is nearly 100 acres; all that trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers can avail

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towards embellishing a spot, has been effected; the sculptor's hand has also been contributed in a most eminent degree, and fancy seems to have exhausted her caprices in conceptions of forms and fashions with regard to the monuments here assembled, and some are as highly picturesque as can be well imagined; others are grand and imposing, whilst a few there are, whose simplicity render them the most interesting, so much is there in association that perhaps none is more touching than that of Abelard and Heloise; it is formed of stones gathered from the ruins of the Abbey of Paraclete, founded by Abelard, of which Heloise was the first abbess. Amongst the number of monuments here assembled, there will be found those whose names have lived and will live in history: marshals, admirals, generals, authors, travellers, senators, and celebrated characters of all nations, in fact what with the extreme beauty of the scene, the splendid view that expands before one, and the tone of reflexions that are engendered by the many affecting appeals there are to the heart, upon the different monuments, I know of no spot that one can visit, calculated to excite deeper impressions. We have imitated near London the same description of cemetery, but they will be long before they can arrive at the same beauty; it has been observed, that Pere-La-Chaise is not kept in such nice order as those in England, and the remark is just, but I am not quite sure but that I prefer the degree of wildness which there is in the former, and although it may not be so neat and trim as the latter, yet on the whole there is infinitely more of the sublime, aided no doubt from the extreme beauty of the position, and the greater number of splendid monuments, than an infant establishment can be expected to possess.

On quitting this delightful spot, we must pass by the Prison de la Roquette, destined for the reception of prisoners condemned to the galleys or to death; the excellent system that is here followed with regard to the airiness, cleanliness, and strict order, is such that it is styled the model prison; 318 is the number of prisoners that it can contain. Just opposite to it is the Prison pour les jeunes Detenus, or for juvenile offenders, and is a most extraordinary establishment; its exterior has the air of a baronial castle, and the interior is so arranged that it might answer the purpose of an hospital, as well as that of correction; it has circular turrets at the angles, and the central building is isolated from the others, and only approachable by iron bridges; the whole of the upper part of the building is a chapel, so contrived, that when the prisoners enter it from the different divisions, although they are all together, they can only see the individuals composing their own section, and the pulpit and altar; the prisoners are arranged in the different wings, according to their ages, and the degree of morality; there are about 500, and the different regulations are so meritorious, and the

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plan of the building so curious and ingenious, that the stranger will derive much pleasure from visiting this singular establishment. Just by, is the Abattoir de Popincourt, or de Menilmontant, which is considered to be the largest and finest of all the five immense slaughter-houses round Paris, and for those who are curious of regarding such buildings, this should be the one they ought to visit. At a few steps from the Abattoir, in the Rue Popincourt, is the church of St. Ambroise, which was built for a convent of nuns called the Annonciades in 1639; some tolerable pictures are the only attractions it possesses for a stranger; a few doors from it is a large barrack, and an ornamented Fountain. We must now descend the Rue du Chemin-Vert, until we come to the Canal St. Martin, and just pause a minute and notice its neat quays, and the good order in which its locks are kept, and all arrangements connected with it, and then proceed to the Boulevards: a short street, called Rue de la Mule, will take us into the Place Royale, which stands upon the site of the celebrated Palais de Tournelle, the court and offices of which extended to the Rue St. Antoine, and over several of the neighbouring streets, but was pulled down by order of Catherine de Medicis in 1565, on account of her husband Henry II having been killed in one of the courts in a tournament.

The Place Royale, as it now stands, was built in 1604, under Henri IV (vide page 92), it is now inhabited by persons of small incomes who like to have spacious and lofty apartments without incurring the expence of such; in the more fashionable quarters, the arcades all round the square, the fountains, the trees, and the handsome railing, give it a very fine though curious appearance, and the houses have a most venerable aspect. We will now leave the Place Royale by the southern gateway, and enter the Rue St. Antoine, and nearly opposite to No. 143, is the Hotel de Sully; being the work of the celebrated architect Ducerceau, and the residence of the noble character whose name it bears. It is well preserved, and its court is richly adorned with sculpture. At No. 120, in the same street, is the College de Charlemagne, formerly a college of the Jesuits, founded in 1582, the buildings are only remarkable for their extent. The Passage Charlemagne, No. 102, leads through the court of the Hotel de Jassau, or d'Aguesseau, 22, Rue des Pretres St. Paul, said to be the site of a palace, and a turret of the time of Francis I still remains at the corner of the court, as also some ornaments and figures. At the corner of the Rue St. Paul, and the Rue des Lions, is a small square turret of the time of Henri IV, and a little eastward, part of the church of St. Paul embodied in the house, No. 29, Rue St. Paul. By the side of the College of Charlemagne is the church of St. Paul and St. Louis, it was began in 1627, and finished in 1641, and within it Cardinal Richelieu performed the first mass in the presence of Louis XIII and his court. The noble

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front rising from a flight of steps, is adorned with three ranges of corinthian and composite columns, and the interior is decorated with ornaments even to profusion; a fine dome with figures of the Evangelists and four kings of France give it altogether a very handsome appearance. Opposite the College of Charlemagne, is the Fontaine de Birague; consisting of a pentagonal tower, with a dome and lantern. Above a pediment supported by doric pilasters is an attic with a naiad. At the corner of the Rue Culture Ste. Catherine, is the Hotel de Carnavalet, where resided Madame de Sevigne and her daughter, a fine mansion of the 16th century, having been erected in 1544; most of the sculpture is from the chisel of the celebrated Jean Goujon, and is of a most interesting description; the cabinet in which the letters of that highly gifted woman were written is still shown, also a marble table upon which she and her daughter used to dine under the sycamores in the garden, two of which remain. M. Viardot occupies this Hotel, and with pleasure shows it to strangers; he keeps an academy and has written a history of the edifice, which may be had of the porter. It was at the corner of this street that the Constable de Clisson was assailed and severely wounded by 20 ruffians, headed by Pierre de Graon, Chamberlain of the Duke of Orleans, who was murdered by the Duke of Burgundy.

In the Rue du Roi de Sicile is the prison of La Force, containing 700 prisoners, and excellent regulations, but another, in a more retired part of Paris, is soon to be constructed. This building was formerly the Hotel of the Duc de la Force, hence the origin of its name. In the Rue Pavée, which is on one side of the prison, will be found, at No. 3, the Hotel de la Houze, and in the same street stood the Hotels de Gaucher, de Chatillon, and d'Herbouville, or de Savoisi. We will now go a little out of our way to see the fine long and broad street of St. Louis, which we shall soon reach by keeping straight on along the Rue Payenne, and then turning to the east by the Rue Parc Royal, shall proceed to one of the ornaments of the Rue St. Louis, the Church of St. Denis du Sacrement; it is quite modern, but is conceived according to good taste; the order is ionic, which is consistently preserved both throughout the exterior and the interior, much chasteness of design, in fact has been observed in the construction of this simple but elegant edifice. The Fountain of St. Louis is worthy of attention *en passant*. Formerly this street was filled with nobility, as even so late as the beginning of the reign of Louis XV it was rather a fashionable quarter, at present it is the cheapest in Paris.

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We must now retrace our steps, which will bring us to the Rue Francs Bourgeois; No. 25 is an hotel of the time of Henri IV, No. 7, Hotel de Jeanne d'Abret, of Louis XV's days, and No. 12, the former residence of the Dukes de Roquelaure, and at the corner will be observed a little turret belonging to a house, one side of which is in the Vieille Rue du Temple; there is some curious work upon it, and it is supposed to have been standing at the time the Duke of Orleans was murdered by order of the Duke of Burgundy, which was just about this spot, in 1407. At No. 51, Rue Franc Bourgeois, is the Hotel de Hollande, so called from its having belonged to the Dutch Ambassador, in the reign of Louis XIV; amongst the sculpture is perceived the date of 1660; this handsome hotel was once the residence of Beaumarchais. At the corner of the Rue Pavée is the Hotel de Lamoignon, one of the handsomest mansions of the ancient nobility. It is of the sixteenth century, some of the carved work is most curious, and merits attentive examination; a picturesque turret and balcony must excite the attention of every observer. A few steps further is the large central establishment of the Mont de Pieté, No. 18, Rue des Blancs Manteaux, lending money on pledges, much the same as our pawnbrokers, only on more advantageous terms for the borrowers. In the same street is Notre Dame des Blancs Manteaux, once the chapel of a religious house, so called from their dress consisting of white garments; there was formerly a monastery here, of which there may be discovered some remains to the east, and evidently in the left wing of a house at No. 25; the chapel remaining has a plain exterior, but the corinthian style of the interior is handsome, and worth attention; there is also a very admired picture of the Burial of St. Petronilla, which is eighteen feet by eight, it is of the school of Guercini, but it is not known by what means it came to be placed in this church. Facing this street is the Market des Blancs Manteaux.

At the corner of the Rue Vieille du Temple, and that of the Rue de Quatre Fils, is the Palais Cardinal, now the Imprimerie Royale; it was erected in 1712, and is named after its owner, the Cardinal de Rohan, whose intriguing spirit so much involved Marie Antoinette; in this hotel the scenes occurred concerning that extraordinary affair; the front of the building is quite plain, towards the garden it is ornamented by columns, and as a mansion, is one of the largest in Paris. It is now occupied as the Royal Printing Establishment, and it is impossible to surpass the order and regularity with which it is conducted; 750 men, women, and children, are employed in it. It is considered to possess the richest collection in the world of matrices and fonts of types, having them in every written language, and when Pope Pius VII visited the establishment, he was presented the Lord's Prayer in 150 languages. A library with specimens of typography, executed on the premises,

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is an object of the highest gratification to every visiter, even if they be not connoisseurs in the art. For admission to this establishment, application must be made a few days beforehand to M. le Directeur de l'Imprimerie Royale, who appoints a fixed hour on Thursdays. Almost facing one part of the Imprimerie Royale, in the Rue d'Orleans, is the Church of St. Francois d'Assise. Neither the exterior nor the interior possess any striking beauty; it was founded and erected in 1623. It contains some very good paintings, and the kneeling figure of the saint of the church in his monastic dress; the hands and head are of white marble, and it is supposed to be Egyptian; one of St. Denis is opposite to it.

Adjoining to the Imprimerie Royale, is the Hotel des Archives du Royaume, which is entered by the Rue du Chaume, No. 12. It was formerly a palace of the Prince de Soubise and the family of the Rohans. The south and western part of the edifice is of the 15th century, the turret is probably what belonged to the gatehouse. The decorations of the apartments are extremely rich with gilt cornices and paintings, some of them possessing great merit. In the *petits appartements* is a boudoir which belonged to the Duchess de Guise, with a window looking into the Rue du Chaume, from whence it is asserted that her lover precipitated himself at the approach of the Duke. A new building has been added, the first stone having been laid in 1838, which has cost a million of francs. Under Napoleon the whole edifice was appropriated to the preservation of the national archives. Amongst them are documents of diplomas granted to different monastic institutions, by Childebert, Dagobert, Clothaire and Clovis II. The collections of the different acts, deeds, charters, administrative, domanial, historical, judicial, legislative, *etc.*, fill 60,000 portfolios. There is besides a library of 14,000 volumes, amongst which are the *Records Commission* of England, presented by the British Government. There are also in an iron chest, the golden bulls and papal decrees, most of the keys of the Bastille, the wills of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI, with his journal, autograph letters of Napoleon, one written by him to Louis XVIII, with a variety of other most interesting objects. For admission apply (post paid) to M. le Garde General des Archives du Royaume, No. 12, Rue du Chaume.

The Fontaine de la Naiade in the same street, has a clever bas-relief by Mignot. By the Rue des Vieilles-Haudriettes we pass into the Rue Ste-Avoye; No. 63 is worth notice, several of the houses here having been the hotels of nobility. No. 57 is the Hotel St. Aignan, built by Le Muet; on its site stood the Hotel de Montmorency, it is an extensive noble building, but has been spoiled by having had two stories added. Henry II often resided in it when it was called Hotel de Montmorency.

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Taking the Rue *Ste. Croix de la Bretonnerie*, we shall find that the first turning in it is the Rue des Billettes, where stand the Lutheran Church; it was built in 1745, and belonged to the Carmelite Friars. In 1808, it was bought by the city of Paris, and given about four years after to the Protestants of the Augsburg confession. It is a plain neat building. The Duchess of Orleans attends service here when in Paris, which is in German at 2 and in French at 12. From hence we cross the Rue de la Verrerie, and proceeding by the Rue des Mauvais Garçons, we arrive at the Church St. Gervais; an inscription under the first arch of the northern aisle of the choir, states the church to have been dedicated in 1420, although other parts of the building would indicate a more recent construction, but with all its incongruities, from its having been built at various periods, it excites a deep interest; the light gleaming through the painted glass gives a rich though rather sombre effect, the windows behind the altar have a most imposing appearance. The western front was began in 1616, Louis the XIII laying the first stone, and is not equal to other parts of the building; some of the chapels of this church are particularly fine. Amongst the pictures, of which there are many very good, is one by Albert Durer, with the date upon it of 1500. Scarron, the husband of *Mme. de Maintenon*, lies buried here, as also the celebrated painter Philippe de Champagne, and one of his performances is amongst the pictures which decorate the church, being that of Jesus with Martha and Mary in the chapel of *Ste. Genevieve*; there are several other objects in this noble edifice so interesting, that no person who visits Paris should omit seeing it. We may now take the Rue de la Tixeranderie where at the corner of the Rue du Coq is a house and turret of the 15th and 16th century, most probably the former, according to the statements of M. Dulaure.

[Illustration: The Hotel de Ville. Published by F. Sinnett, 15. Grande rue Verte.]

We now arrive at the Hotel-de-Ville, Place de Greve; the first stone of this interesting and venerable pile was laid in 1533, but was not completely finished until 1606, in the reign of Henry IV. The style of architecture is that which the French call *La Renaissance des Arts*, it is rich, rather heavy, and has an antique appearance; it is exactly according to the taste which prevailed in the 16th century, and was brought into vogue by Italian architects. There is a great deal of ornament about the building, and a profusion of statues, still they appear consistent with the style of the building, and have not the effect of redundancy. Over the doorway is a bronze equestrian statue of Henry IV. Along the principal front is a flight of steps, and an arcade and portico with ionic columns, between the arches facing the entrance is a fine bronze statue of Louis XIV. The Grande Salle or Salle du Trone is a most splendid apartment,

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and has been the scene of many most important events, being the room where Robespierre held his council and in which he attempted to destroy himself, and from which Louis XVI addressed the people with the cap of liberty upon his head. Most extensive additions and alterations have recently been effected, the original facade having been doubled in length and the whole body of the building nearly quadrupled, forming an immense quadrangle, preserving the same style of architecture as the original. The expense of these additions and improvements is estimated at four millions of francs, and they have been effected with a rapidity that is quite surprising, notwithstanding the number of public buildings in progress at the same time in Paris. The multitude of apartments, the richness of their decorations, and tasteful manner with which they are arranged, are only to be equalled by the careful attention which has been devoted to their distribution with regard to convenience and comfort. As Louis-Philippe justly observed when he recently inspected the exterior of the whole building, that it should no longer be called the Hotel-de-Ville, but for the future the City Palace, as the splendour within it is not exceeded in any of the other palaces in Paris. The library belonging to this establishment consists of 55,000 volumes, and is very rich in manuscripts.

The Place de Greve has been the scene of more sanguinary tragedies than perhaps any spot of the same extent in Europe, and could the stones but speak, each could tell a tale of blood. In the north-west corner is still to be seen a relic of the middle ages, in a curious turret attached to one of the houses. Taking the Rue Poterie, we shall get into the Rue de la Verrerie, and proceeding westward will bring us to the church St. Merri, but to view it properly must enter the Rue St. Martin, and stand facing it, and well examine its curious and beautiful sculpture (vide page 88), presenting all the minute and singular characteristics of the period of its construction (1520); the carve-work is quite like lace, so minutely elaborate. The interior possesses several interesting objects in architecture, and some inconsistencies, the pulpit is extremely curious, and its effect is very striking. There are also some pictures above mediocrity, principally by French artists of the past school. The tower of this church is famed from the desperate resistance which was made from it by a few young men in 1832 against the king's troops.

We must follow the course of the Rue St. Martin, and observe No. 151, a fine hotel of the time of Louis XIV, with a front adorned by ionic pilasters, and handsome entrance: a few paces farther on the opposite side, is the church of St. Nicolas-des-Champs, the west front was erected in 1420, as it now stands, and in 1576, the choir and chapels behind were constructed, and the tower probably at that period or since. A church has existed on the same spot ever since 1119,

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then standing as the name indicates in the fields, but it is doubtful whether any part of the old fabric remains. There is something fine and imposing in the interior, with regard to its general effect, although there is not any thing particularly remarkable in its architecture; the pictures it contains form its most striking feature, some of which are very good; many celebrated persons lie buried here, and amongst the rest Mademoiselle Scuderi.

A few steps to the north is the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers. This edifice was formerly the ancient abbey of St. Martin-des-Champs, the chapel and refectory of which were built about the year 1240, and are still standing, the latter is in excellent preservation, and is one of the most curious and perfect specimens of the architecture of the period at which it was built; at the eastern end of the chapel are the remains of a building still more ancient, which is plain, and has not any thing striking in its appearance. In this establishment is to be found every description of machinery, and in fact all that ever can be imagined relative to the promotion of industry; scarcely any invention has been made public, of which there is not a model to be found in this curious museum, with specimens of all the various mechanical contrivances which Europe possesses. The celebrated Vaucanson, who was one of the greatest contributors to this institution, having quarrelled with the people of Lyons, vowed he would teach an ass to do what they did, and he absolutely invented machinery of such a description that it could be worked by that humble animal, and a piece of druggut with flowers is shown, which was produced by the united ingenuity of M. Vaucanson and the patient labour of the ass. Models of potteries, breweries, smelting-houses, steam engines, railways, *etc.* are amongst the number of interesting objects, and the names of our countrymen appear prominent, as Watt, Maudsley, Barker, Atkins, *etc.*, who have benefited the world by their inventions. On ascending a very handsome staircase, the visiter finds a range of apartments, with a wonderful collection of models of pulpits (which in France are generally most ornamental objects), mills, turning machines, engineering and surveying instruments, with an immense number of others far too many to recapitulate, and an assortment of coloured papers stamped, and some exquisitely cut out; fans of mother of pearl of most elaborate workmanship, with other objects equally ingenious and beautiful. This venerable abbey appears to advantage from the garden, as a plain substantial old fashioned building, part of which is used as the Mairie of the 6th Arrondissement, and lecture rooms for the professors of the institution.

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A short distance from it, is the Fontaine St. Martin, which is erected against a tower formerly belonging to the old abbey with which it was connected by a wall with a series of towers, but there is now no other remaining. Close by, is the market St. Martin, with 400 stalls, formerly the abbey gardens; there is a handsome fountain in the middle, of bronze, with three allegorical figures of the genii of hunting, fishing, and agriculture, there are also smaller fountains, and at the back of the market a little promenade planted with trees. From hence we pass eastward by the Rue Royale, and turning to the left, we shall see the Rue des Fontaines, in which we shall find the Maison d'Arret des Madelonnettes, formerly belonging to nuns called the Filles de la Madeleine, now appropriated to the temporary detention of 500 men and boys. A few steps farther, and the Temple appears before us in the Rue du Temple, now a nunnery occupied by the Dames Benedictines de l'Adoration perpetuelle du St. Sacrement. It formerly belonged to the society of Knights Templars, and afterwards to those of Malta; the palace of the grand prior is all that now remains of the ancient building, which was erected by Jacques de Souvre in 1566. The front has a portico formed of doric columns, and on each side a fountain with a colossal statue (by Pujol), upon a pedestal. The front towards the court is adorned with eight coupled ionic columns, and above are figures of Justice, Prudence, Hope and Abundance. A new chapel was built in 1823, which belongs to the convent, it is of the ionic order throughout, and though not particularly striking, is not inelegant, and remarkably neat; it may be seen on application at the porter's lodge, but from the nunnery strangers are most rigidly excluded. There was a tower belonging to this building, where the unfortunate Louis XVI was confined, as also Sir Sydney Smith and Toussaint-Louverture, but it was demolished in 1805. Behind the Temple is an immense space of ground called the Marche du Vieux Linge, containing 1888 shops or stalls, where old clothes, linen, shoes, tools, hats, old iron, and a variety of other articles are sold at low prices, and behind is an oval-formed arcaded building, with shops erected on the site of the ancient Temple and its dependencies.

The Fontaine Vendome, named after the Chevalier de Vendome, grand prior of France, was attached to the old wall of the Temple, it has a cupola and a military trophy. At No. 107, Rue du Temple, is the church of *Ste. Elisabeth* (vide page 96), which has had so many modern repairs and additions, that there is not much left of the first construction, but except the front it has little in it to attract notice; there are a few pictures and some painted windows by an Englishman named White. In proceeding northward to the Boulevards, we will just take a look at the Rue Vendome, as it is full of hotels, amongst which are some of the finest in Paris; on reaching the Boulevard

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du Temple, No. 50 may be remarked, it is always pointed out to strangers as the house from whence Fieschi discharged in 1835 his infernal machine (which is now to be seen at Madame Tussaud's exhibition in Baker Street, London). By the means of that diabolical affair, Marshal Mortier, Colonel Rieussec, and many others, were killed and wounded, but the King, at whom it was aimed, fortunately escaped. We shall now proceed by the Rue du Faubourg du Temple; at No. 68 is a large barrack which has been formed for infantry, but is a few steps out of the way, and hardly worth looking after, in an architectural point of view. I should therefore advise turning to the left, by the northern bank of the Canal St. Martin, and observing the Grand Entrepot des Sels, from whence annually 9,000,000 lbs. of salt are distributed for the consumption of Paris. Opposite, on the southern bank, is the Entrepot de la Compagnie des Douanes, which was built in 1834 by a joint stock company, for receiving goods in bond, consisting of a spacious area in which stand two large warehouses 250 feet in length, with a court covered in between for stowage, besides a number of sheds. They are constructed on a most solid plan, being built of stone with brick arches, and the wood-work of oak enclosing pillars of iron. It is altogether on a most extensive and commodious plan, with such regulations as have rendered it highly serviceable to the purposes of commerce. Adjoining are the warehouses of the Custom House, called the Douanes de Paris, the entrance is in the Rue Neuve Sanson, the house of the Director is attached, and particularly neat; the whole of the buildings, although constructed upon a solid principle, are light and handsome.

The first turning to the right, brings us to the Rue de l'Hopital, in which is the hospital of St. Louis, a most noble establishment founded by Henry IV, in 1607. It contains 800 beds, and is justly celebrated for its excellent medicated and mineral baths. There is a chapel attached to it, of which the first stone was laid by Henry IV. It was called after St. Louis, from having been originally devoted to persons infected with the plague, he having died of that disease at Turin in 1270. At present it is appropriated to such as are afflicted with cutaneous complaints. As we cross the canal, we must notice the charcoal market, close to which is the Hospital of Incurables, for men, No. 34, Rue des Recollets, established in 1802 in the ancient convent of the Recollets. The number of men admitted is 400, male children 70. Those boys who are capable, are encouraged to learn different trades, and at 20 years of age are sent to the Bicetre. Strangers are admitted every day except Sundays and festivals. The church of St. Laurent is facing, in the Place de la Fidelite and Rue du Faubourg St. Martin; it was first built in 1429, enlarged in 1543, and in part rebuilt in 1595, and the porch and perhaps the lady chapel, added in 1622. A gridiron is the only

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object which attracts notice on the exterior, and the interior offers little more; the key stones of the vaulting ribs are deep pendent masses of stone, carved into groups of figures, fruit, *etc.*, and in the vaulting there is some bold sculpture displayed in the northern aisle of the choir, which is the most ancient part of the church. The Foire of St. Laurent merits being visited, it is a market which has been built by a company for the supply of this part of the capital. The design is elegant, consisting of a parallelogram of two stories, with covered galleries and a fountain in the middle of the court. The whole is covered in by lateral windows, and a roof of glass. The street St. Laurent conducts immediately to the Maison Royale de Sante, No. 112, Rue Faubourg St. Denis, an institution in which invalids are received; persons who cannot afford the means of sustaining an expensive illness are admitted on paying from 3 to 6 francs a day, advice, medicine, board, and if required, surgical operations included. It contains 175 beds, the utmost attention is paid to the comforts of the patients.

Opposite, at No. 117, is St. Lazare, formerly the ancient Convent of the Lazarists, or Priests of the Mission, now a prison for female offenders. It was once a place of much importance, the remains of the kings and queens of France were carried to the convent of St. Lazare, prior to being conveyed to St. Denis, the coffin being placed between the two gates of the building on a tomb of state, with all the prelates of the kingdom surrounding it, chanting the service of the dead, and sprinkling it with holy water. It is now appropriated to the imprisonment of misguided women, and every encouragement is afforded them to amend, for which purpose they are allowed two-thirds of their earnings, and a variety of occupations are constantly going on. Children, under sixteen years of age, are kept by themselves; in all there are mostly from 900 to 1000 persons confined in St. Lazare, but the order, cleanliness and apparent comfort is such as to give an air of happiness to the whole establishment, and for the humane, it is one of the most gratifying sights in Paris. Attached to this institution is the general bakehouse, laundry, and linen depot for all the prisons. A chapel is in the midst of the building, and the women attend service every Sunday. We will now return to the Boulevards, and taking the Rue de la Lune, we shall there find the church of Notre Dame de Bonne Nouvelle: the old building was destroyed during the wars of the League, in 1593, but was rebuilt in 1624; of this second construction the tower alone is still standing, the body of the present church having been erected in 1825, it is a plain edifice of the doric order, a fresco by Pujol merits attention, but is the only object throughout the edifice which can excite much interest. We must now retrace a few steps, and by the Rue St. Claude turn into the Rue St. Denis, and proceeding southwards observe the establishment

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of Les Bains St. Sauveur, at the corner of the street of that name, from which a street communicates with the Rue Thevenot, and about here was the Cour des Miracles, cited by Dulaure, and afterwards by Victor Hugo, as the resort of thieves and beggars, where five hundred families lived huddled together in the greatest state of filth that could be imagined; it was not until the year 1667 that they were partly dispersed. The stranger must not forget the manufactory of mirrors, No. 313, Rue St. Denis, he will there find an immense plate glass warehouse; the concern having been established since 1634; it is carried on to a great degree of perfection. A Frenchman named Thevart first discovered the art of casting glass, that of polishing it was invented by Riviere, and now glasses may be had at this establishment 154 inches by 104. The largest table of iron for polishing glass was made a few months since, weighing twenty-five tons. At No. 121 is the Cour Batave, so called from being erected by a company of Dutch merchants, in 1791; it is disfigured now by shops, but had the original design been carried out, instead of having been disturbed by the Revolution, it would have been one of the handsomest monuments of the capital.

A short distance northward, in the same street, is the church of St. Leu and St. Gilles; on the spot a chapel was erected in 1230, and in a small tower to the west a date is inscribed of 1230, but it has been repaired several times since that period, particularly in 1320; the nave, however, is supposed to be of the thirteenth century, and most likely of the date of the foundation, but other parts of the building are evidently of a more recent epoch, possibly of 1320; judging from the style of the architecture. Amongst the pictures is one of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, washing the feet of the poor; there are others which are well worthy attention, as also a representation of the Creation, which is a very curious piece of carve-work. As St. Leu had the credit of healing the sick, the kings of France, on their accession to the throne, for nine days successively used to visit this church to implore the saint to grant them health. We must now proceed to the southern extremity of the street, and take the last turning to the left, which is called the Rue St. Jacques de la Boucherie, and in groping about amongst some dirty streets, we shall find the tower of the same name; it is a remarkably curious object, and it is much to be regretted that the church belonging to it no longer stands it was begun in 1508; and finished in 1522, it is 156 feet high, and had formerly a spire thirty feet high; the style of architecture is rich and very singular, the gargouilles, or gutter spouts, are of a tremendous size; as it has been recently purchased by the Municipality of Paris from an individual, there are hopes that this interesting monument will be fully repaired and restored. Around its base a market is established for linen and old clothes. A little filthy street

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to the south will take us into the Place du Chatelet, where we can breathe a little fresh air; here stood the celebrated Chatelet, at once a court of justice and prison of olden time. In the middle is a fountain, from which rises a column representing a palm-tree, and upon it are inscribed the victories of Napoleon. Amongst other allegorical decorations, the statues of Justice, Strength, Prudence, and Vigilance adorn the pedestal, and joining hands encircle the column, the whole surmounted by a statue of Victory. At No. 1, upon the Place, is the chamber of notaries, where landed property and houses are sold by auction.

We must now return to the Rue St. Denis, and follow it until we come to the Rue de la Ferronnerie, which is to the left, into which we must proceed, and shall find that the second turning to the left is the Rue des Dechargeurs, and at No. 11 is an edifice of the seventeenth century, which is now the Depot general des Bonneteries (Hosiery) de France.

Returning a few steps northward, brings us to the corner of the Rue St. Honore, and against No. 3 is a bust of Henry IV, and a stone with a latin inscription, indicating that it was exactly opposite that spot that he was stabbed by Ravaillac. The street was very narrow at that period, and at the moment when the deed was perpetrated, the carriage of Henri IV was stopped by a number of carts which choked up the passage. A little street nearly opposite, takes into the Marche des Innocents, which occupies an immense space formerly the cemetery of the Innocents. In the middle of the area is a fountain built by Pierre Lescot, in 1551, and is decidedly a most beautiful object, which is not sufficiently noticed by strangers, as it is surrounded by a crowded market and not at all hours easy of approach; the court-yard of a palace would be a more appropriate situation for this elegant edifice, and I particularly request my readers to pay it a visit. Around this fountain is certainly the largest and most frequented market in Paris, not only each description of vegetables, poultry, and almost all kind of eatables are sold here, but cloth, a large building being purposely constructed for that object 400 feet in length; another division is for every description of herbs, the northern side is devoted to potatoes and onions; a triangular building a little farther, is on purpose for butter, eggs, and cheese, whilst another edifice is for fish. At a short distance, in the Rue Mauconseil is the great hall for the sale of leather, which was formerly the Hotel de Bourgogne, where the players used to perform scriptural pieces in the 15th century. To the west of the Marche des Innocents is the curious street de la Tonnellerie, an open passage running, through the ground floors of some of the houses, inhabited mostly by dealers in rags, cloth, and old furniture; in this street is the bread market, where it is sold cheaper than at the bakers in Paris. At the south end of the street at No. 3, is the site of the house where Moliere was born, which was held by his father who was an upholsterer and valet de chambre to Louis XII; against the house is a bust of the author, with an inscription specifying the event.

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Following the Rue de la Tonnellerie brings us opposite St. Eustache, which after Notre-Dame is the largest church in Paris, built on the site of a chapel of St. Agnes. The present edifice was begun in 1532, but not supposed to have been finished until 1642. The portico is more recent, being after a design by Mansart de Jouy, and erected in 1754: combining altogether a most incongruous mixture of styles and orders of architecture, originally commenced with the design that it should be a sort of mixed gothic, of which the southern door and front bear evidence, whilst the western portico has doric and ionic columns, and at the northern end are corinthian pillars, notwithstanding it is a bold imposing structure, and the interior has the appearance of a fine abbey, and is a monument which every stranger ought to visit. It is a pity that a number of little square knobs have been suffered to remain sticking out from different parts of the shafts of the columns of this church; it is strange that the French could not be made to understand that the beauty of a pillar in a great degree consists in a bold broad mass, which should never be cut up into littlenesses, by rings or any obtruding projections. In this church lie buried several celebrated persons, amongst the rest the great Colbert, which is indicated by a very handsome sarcophagus, sculptured by Coysevole. The sacred music here is sometimes most exquisitely delightful, the organ being particularly fine. Facing the southern front is the Marche des Prouvaires, a sort of appendage to the Marche des Innocents, and opposite the east side of the church, is the Fontaine de Tantale, at the point formed by the two streets, Montmartre and Montorgueil, which will repay the observer for a few minutes devoted to its examination. The west front of the church faces the Rue Oblin, which we will take, as it leads to the Halle au Ble, a fine extensive circular building, with a noble dome, it is built on the site of the Hotel de Soissons, erected for Catherine de Medicis, in 1572, which in 1748 was demolished, and the present Halle constructed in 1763; the roof has a round skylight, 31 feet in diameter, and from the system adopted in its formation, it is considered by connoisseurs a *chef d'oeuvre* in the art of building. It is indeed altogether so curious, and so commodious a building for the purpose for which it is designed, that the visiter must be highly gratified in viewing it: there is besides another attraction, which is on the southern side, one of the immense doric columns which once composed the noble Hotel de Soissons; it was erected for the purposes of astrology, and contains a winding staircase, and is ornamented with emblematic symbols, of the widowhood of Catherine de Medicis, as broken mirrors, C. and H. interlaced, etc. An ingenious sundial is placed on its shaft, and a fountain in its pedestal.

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By taking the Rue Sartine we shall arrive at the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and there find the Hotel des Postes or General Post Office; it was formerly an Hotel belonging to the Duke d'Epemon, and was afterwards inhabited by different proprietors, until 1757, when it was purchased by government, for its present purposes. It is an extensive building but badly situated amongst narrow streets, many additions have been made since it has become government property. Taking the Rue Verdelet, the street which runs along the north side of the building, and proceeding westward, we come to the Place des Victoires, which was built in 1685; in the centre is a very fine equestrian statue of Louis XIV, in bronze, which although weighing 16,000 lbs is entirely sustained by the hinder legs and the tail. It is the work of Bosio, and was modelled in 1822.

Proceeding to the south-west, by the Rue de la Petite-Vrilliere, the Bank of France is before us. It was formerly the Hotel de Toulouse, erected by Mansard, in 1720; for the Duke de la Vrilliere; it is well situated, and adapted to its present use, but it has no striking architectural beauty. The Rue Vide Gousset, to the north-west of the Place des Victoires, leads to the Eglise des Petits-Peres, or de Notre-Dame des Victoires, erected in 1656. It was called Petits-Peres, or little fathers, on account of Henry IV, on two of the community of small stature having been introduced into his antechamber, asking, "who are those little fathers?" The convent which was attached, is now used as barracks for infantry. The portal of the church was built in 1739, and is composed of columns of the ionic and corinthian orders. The interior has some handsomely decorated chapels and altars; the pictures by Vanloo also are fine. Lulli, the musical composer, lies buried here. In the Rue Notre-Dame des Victoires is the immense establishment of the Messageries Royales, from whence start diligences to all parts of France; we will pass through the yard into the Rue Montmartre, at No. 44, is the Marche St. Joseph, at 166, the Fontaine de la Rue Montmartre, and at No. 176, the Hotel d'Uzes erected by Le Doux, considered one of the finest hotels in Paris.

We will now enter the Boulevard Poissonniere, by turning to the right, and in passing along to the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle must notice the very handsome Bazaar called the Galeries de Commerce, and the noble building called Maison du Pont de Fer with its curious iron bridge, uniting the back and front premises with the Boulevard. Taking, the Rue de l'Echiquier, to the left, will conduct us to the Rue du Faubourg-Poissonniere, and opposite, at No. 23, we find the Garde Meuble de la Couronne, containing all the furniture of the crown not in use, the regalia, and other articles of immense value, but to obtain admission is extremely difficult. Annexed to this building is the Conservatoire de Musique and the Salle des Menus Plaisirs. In this street are several handsome mansions particularly

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at Nos. 26 and 60, the gateway of which, with its fine ionic columns, is one of the most imposing in Paris; there also are large barracks for infantry with military trophies over the entrance. From thence a few steps lead into the Rue Lafayette, and will bring us to a new church which promises to be, when quite finished, one of the most elegant in the capital, it is situated at the summit of the Rue Hauteville. The order is ionic, which is solely and consistently preserved throughout the building, all the ornaments are in good taste, and the paintings promise to be in keeping with the rest, so that it augurs well towards being quite a chef-d'oeuvre of art. It is intended to replace the old church of St. Vincent de Paule, which stands about a furlong from it to the west in the Rue Montholon, to where we will proceed, and look at the altar-piece, being the apotheosis of the philanthropist to whom it is dedicated, and the only object in the church worth attention.

Keeping straight on westward, we come to the beautiful church of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, finished in 1837, it is exactly fronting the Rue Lafitte, from which the noble portico of corinthian columns has a most beautiful effect. The interior is splendid, indeed gorgeous, all that painting, sculpture, and gilding can produce, is here combined, and the effect is dazzling, and excites almost universal admiration, and would mine also were it a theatre, but the chaste, still solemnity of a holy sanctuary exists not here, amongst the gay colours and lurid glare which every where meets the eye from the glitter, which blazes around in this too profusely decorated church. Yet one must do justice as one examines it in detail, and admit that in point of execution all its different departments are most exquisitely wrought, and magnificent as a whole, only not consistent with our associations connected with a temple of worship.

We will now descend by the Rue Faubourg Montmartre to the Boulevards, and bearing a little westward, shall come to the very handsome Rue Vivienne, through which we will proceed until we are opposite the Bourse (Exchange), and there we pause and contemplate what I consider the *beau ideal* of fine architecture; its noble range of 66 corinthian columns have no unseemly projections to break the broad mass of light, which sheds its full expanse upon their large rounded shafts, no profusion of frittering ornaments spoil the chaste harmony which pervades the whole character of this building, which to me appears faultless. If there were any improvement possible, I should say that if the bold flight of steps which leads to the front entrance had been carried all round the building the effect would have been still more grand than it now is. The interior is adorned with paintings in imitation of bas relief, which are executed in the most masterly style. The grand Salle de la Bourse in the centre of the building, where the stock-brokers and merchants meet, is 116 feet in length by 76 in breadth, entirely paved with marble. The whole arrangements are such as to render it in every respect the most commodious for all commercial purposes.

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From hence we proceed by the street opposite to the Rue Richelieu, and turning to the left, we arrive at the Place Richelieu, and must pass a few minutes in admiring the elegant bronze fountain in the centre with its noble basins and four allegorical figures representing the Seine, the Loire, the Saone, and the Garonne, round which the water falls from above, and flows beneath, producing a most beautiful effect.

Opposite is the Bibliotheque du Roi, or Royal Library, which certainly is the most extensive and most complete of any in the world, possessing nearly 1,000,000 books and printed pamphlets, 80,000 MSS, 100,000 medals, 1,400,000 engravings, 300,000 maps and plans. This institution may be considered to owe its foundation to St. Louis, who first made the attempt of forming a public library, and arranged some volumes in an apartment attached to the Holy Chapel; under successive reigns the number gradually increased, whilst the locality assigned for them was often changed, and it was not until the reign of Louis XV that they were placed where they now are, in a most extensive building, formerly the residence of Cardinal Mazarin, which, seen from the Rue Richelieu, presents nothing but a great ugly dead wall, with a high roof to it, and here and there a few square holes for windows, but when you enter the court-yard, you find rather a fine building than otherwise, and the interior displays, by the vast size of the apartments, some idea of what its former grandeur must have been; the richness of the ornaments and decorations in most instances are destroyed, and replaced by books, with which the walls are covered. The engravings occupy the ground floor, and amongst them are to be found fifty thousand portraits, including every eminent character which Europe has produced, and presenting all the varieties of costumes existing at the different epochs in which they flourished; in one of the rooms where the prints are kept is an oil portrait, in profile, of the unfortunate King John of France, which is curious as an antiquity, being an original, and executed at a time when the art of portrait painting was very little known, as John died in the year 1364. On ascending the staircase to the right, a piece of framed tapestry must be remarked, as having formed part of the furniture of the chateau of Bayard.

Those who are curious in typographical specimens must ask to see the most ancient printed book *with a date*, being 1457, also the Bible, called Mazarin, printed in 1456, with cut metal types. The oldest manuscript is one of Josephus, and others are of the fifth and sixth centuries; the amateurs of autography will be gratified in seeing letters from Henri IV to Gabrielle d'Estree, and the writing of Francis I, Turenne, Madame de Maintenon, Voltaire, Rousseau, Racine, Corneille; Boileau, Bossuet, etc. Amongst other interesting objects is the chair of Dagobert, which is supposed to be much older even than his time, and of ancient Roman fabric, the vase of

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the Ptolemies, the famous cameo representing the apotheosis of Augustus, the seal of Michael Angelo, and the armour of Francis I, and the admirers of *vertu* must be delighted with the collection of exquisitely beautiful intaglios and cameos. Two globes, twelve feet in diameter, being the largest extant, cannot be overlooked. Mount Parnassus in bronze, which the French poets and musicians are ascending with Louis XIV on the summit, is a fine piece of workmanship; there is also a model of the Pyramids of Egypt, with figures and trees to denote their height. There are a few very good paintings, and many objects calculated to excite the highest interest, which it would take years properly to examine and appreciate. The prayer-books of St. Louis and Anne of Brittany, and one which belonged in succession to Charles V Charles IX, and Henri III, bearing their signatures are exceedingly curious. Amongst the books and manuscripts may be found some of every known language which has characters. This noble institution is open daily for students; authors; *etc.*, from ten till three, except Sundays and festivals; and those who merely wish to view the establishment may be admitted from ten till three on Tuesdays and Fridays; except during the vacation, which is from the 1st September to the 15th October.

In the same street, a little farther southward, at the corner of the Rue Traversiere, the preparations will be observed for a statue to Moliere, on the spot where stood the house in which he died, and nearly opposite is a small passage which passes under a house; and takes one opposite another of a similar description, which leads into the Palais Royal: suddenly emerging from the little dark alleys into a beautiful area, has a most extraordinary and pleasing effect; you see before you a parallelogram of 700 feet by 300, completely surrounded by a beautiful building with arcades, and having flower-gardens; statues, and a splendid fountain in the centre. To see this extraordinary scene to the greatest advantage, the first visit should be by night, and the impulsive coup-d'oeil tempts the beholder to imagine that he has around him the realization of some gay dream of a fairy palace, the immense glare of light glittering on the falling waters, the brilliance of the illuminated shops; the magnificence and richness of the articles therein displayed, with reflecting lamps so contrived as to throw a powerful light on their sparkling jewels and glittering ware, the vistas of trees, the borders of flowers, the well dressed company and animated groups, with the gilded coffee-houses beaming all round, form such a picture as it is more easy to imagine than describe. Four galleries with shops encircle the garden of the Palais Royal, three of them are under piazzas opening to the grand area, the fourth, called the Galerie d'Orleans, is enclosed on both sides, and the roof is formed by one immense skylight, whilst the effect of the whole is superb. Over the shops are mostly either coffee-houses

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or restaurateurs, some of them splendidly decorated and most brilliantly lighted; as may be imagined, this amusing locality forms the lounge of thousands, and no stranger ever comes to Paris without making an early visit to the Palais Royal. It was originally intended by Cardinal Richelieu for his own residence, but the magnificence which he had already developed, with intentions of augmenting his design to so extravagant and luxurious a degree, began to excite the jealousy of Louis XIII, and finally the Cardinal made him a present of it shortly before his death. Since then it has been inhabited by several royal visitors, and such changes have been made that the original plan is scarcely to be traced, it having formerly been so much more extensive as to occupy several of the surrounding streets. So numerous are the shops, and so various are the articles within them, that it has been observed that a person might live in the Palais Royal without ever stirring out of it, finding all within it required to supply the wants of a reasonable being.

Although under the comprehensive title of Palais Royal, the whole extent is included, not only garden but all the surrounding shops and the stories above, yet that part which specifically is the Palais Royal, or Royal Palace, is situated at the southern extremity, looking into two court-yards, and where the present King with his family resided until 1831, when he removed to the Tuileries. It is entered by the Rue St. Honore, and may be considered rather a fine building; the doric, ionic, and corinthian orders are visible in different parts of the edifice, in the interior there are some extremely handsome apartments, beautifully furnished but not very large for a palace; there are many very interesting pictures, particularly those relative to the King's life, from the period, of his teaching geography in a school in Switzerland, to his return to Paris; also the subjects connected with the events of the Palace are well worth attention, and many of them painted by the first rate artists. The apartments may usually be seen on Sundays from 1 till 4, on presentation of the passport.

Opposite the Palais-Royal is an open space called the Place du Palais Royal, on the southern side is the Chateau-d'Eau, a reservoir of water for supplying the neighbouring fountains; it is decorated with statues, and two pavilions. Just near it is the Rue St. Thomas-du-Louvre, where formerly stood the famous Hotel de Longueville, the residence of the Duke de Longueville, and Elboeuf, where the intrigues of the Fronde were carried on, during the minority of Louis XIV, against Mazarin; it is now in part occupied by the king's stables, containing 160 horses, and may be visited any day by applying at the porter's lodge. We will now retrace a few steps eastward to the Rue St. Honore, and passing by the large establishment of Laffitte, Caillard, et Compagnie, for diligences to all parts of France, we shall come to the Oratoire,

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built for the Pretres de l'Oratoire in 1621, but now devoted to the protestant worship; it is adorned with doric columns, with a range of corinthian pillars above, and in the interior, the roof of which is highly ornamented. Service is performed in French every Sunday at half past 12. Within a hundred yards eastward is the Fontaine de la Croix-du-Tiroir, at the corner of the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec, rebuilt by Soufflot (on the site of one erected under Francis I). Adorned by pilasters and a nymph, which would have been graceful but is spoiled by their painting over it.

The first turning in the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec, is the Rue des Fosses St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, and at No. 14 is the house formerly called the Hotel Ponthieu, in which Admiral Coligni was assassinated on St. Bartholomew's day, in 1572; in the very room where the event took place the witty actress, Sophie Arnould, was born, in 1740, then called the Hotel Lisieux, and in 1747, it was occupied by Vanloo the celebrated painter. We return to the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec, and a few steps southward bring us in front of the venerable and mouldering church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois (vide page 61); the oldest part still standing and supposed to be of the 14th century, is the western front; the porch was built by Jean Gausel in 1431, several other parts have been built at later periods; altogether it is a most interesting building and is connected with many sad historical associations, it was the bell of this church that tolled the signal for the massacre of the protestants on the night of St. Bartholomew; in a little street adjoining the south side of the church, is a house with a picturesque turret, supposed to have belonged to some building attached to the church; there is a very remarkable piece of carve-work in wood and some interesting pictures within the church; we will now leave its tranquil vaulted aisles, and quitting by the western porch, the most beautiful facade of the Louvre rises before us, which was erected in the reign of Louis XIV, after a design by Claude Perrault.

[Illustration: Champin del. Lith. Rigo Freres Cie St. Germain l'Auxerrois.]

The Louvre has been so often described in works of so many different natures, descending the different grades from histories to pamphlets, that I shall not fatigue my readers with a too detailed review of its wonders, but endeavour to give them some impression of its grandeur, with as little prolixity as possible. I have already, in the historical sketch of Paris, touched upon its foundation, and the various epochs at which the different parts of the building were erected, and certainly let any one place himself in the middle of the grand court, and behold the four sides, and see if he can call to mind any thing equal to it, take it, for its all in all; I am well aware that there is rather a redundancy of ornament to satisfy the purest taste, and in that respect there is undoubtedly a deviation from perfection, but the approach is sufficiently

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near to excite the warmest admiration. Each side is 408 feet, and although there is a degree of uniformity, taken *en masse*, preserved, with two of the facades particularly, yet on examination the ornaments are found to be different, each side requires much close study after a *coup-d'oeil* has been taken of the whole, and the more it is inspected, the more beautiful will it be found; the statues and different devices are by five different sculptors, the most celebrated of their day, the order of the pillars is generally corinthian, but there are some, which are composite. The external facades are by no means burthened with ornament, the north and western sides being perfectly plain, the south side has a noble effect, and faces the quay, having plenty of room to admit of its being properly viewed and justice rendered to its noble range of forty corinthian pilasters; this is by Perrault, as well as the eastern side, which is certainly one of the finest specimens of modern architecture that can be imagined.

A grand colonnade composed of 28 coupled corinthian columns has the most splendid effect, the basement story being perfectly simple, whilst the central mass of the building which forms the gateway is crowned by a pediment of stones, each 52 feet in length and three in thickness; all is vast, all is grand about this noble front, which is justly the admiration of every architectural connoisseur, no matter from what part of the world he may come.

Of the interior volumes might be said, I must first, after conducting my reader to the great door on the southern side of the building, direct his attention to the grand staircase, which is of a most splendid character, as to design, and consistently beautiful as to execution. The visiter after passing by a small room filled with very old paintings enters a larger when the grand gallery extends before him, which is unrivalled in the world, being above a quarter of a mile in length, and 42 feet in width, filled with paintings, principally from the old masters, but of them I will treat in a future chapter; it contains 1406 pictures some of them being of immense size. We will now pass on for the moment to the other apartments. The bed-room of Henry IV must arrest our attention, and the eye naturally falls on the alcove where his bed was placed, the oak carving, and gilded mouldings have been preserved exactly in the same state that they were when he died. We next proceed to a suite of rooms containing paintings of the Spanish, French, Flemish, and Italian schools; others devoted to drawings; of the latter there are 1293. Another range of apartments is on the ground floor and called the Museum of Antiquities, containing statues and various specimens of sculpture, in all 1,116 objects. Other suites of rooms are appropriated to Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities, and in some of the apartments are objects of great value; that the amount of real worth of the contents of the Louvre must be incalculable,

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one casket alone of Mary de Medicis is estimated at several thousand pounds, and there are many articles equally costly. One portion of the building is devoted to every thing that concerns naval architecture and an immense variety of marine objects, with a number of curious models. The Louvre may be entered on presenting the passport, every day, and new wonders and beauties may be discovered at each visit, although they be repeated for months together.

We now pass on westward, and enter the Place du Carrousel, so called from Louis XIV having held a grand tournament there in 1662, but it was not then so extensive as at present. The triumphal arch erected by Napoleon in 1806, first strikes the eye a beautiful monument composed of different coloured marbles, of works in bronze with figures, and devices relative to war, and commemorative of the campaigns of the French army in 1805; all the different parts are admirable from the exquisite manner of their execution. On our left is the grand picture-gallery of the Louvre, communicating with the Tuileries, on the right, the same description of building exists in part, but is not yet completed. Before us spreads the extended dimensions of the palace of the Tuileries; with all deficiencies it must be admitted that it is a noble pile, and has a grand, though heavy imposing air, the height of the roof is certainly a deformity, but we will enter the grand court-yard, which is separated from the Place du Carrousel by a handsome railing with gilt spear-heads, and then pass under the palace, and view the facade on the garden side, where the sameness of the building is relieved by a handsome colonnade in the centre, adorned with statues, vases, *etc.*; the wings also have a fine effect, they are more massive than the body of the building, which although not a beauty as respects the edifice in general, yet the execution of all the different parts is admirable in the identical detail; having a fair share of ornament not injudiciously disposed, situated as the Palace is seen, at the end of a splendid garden, it has a most striking and beautiful effect.

The interior contains many apartments which are, as might be expected, exceedingly handsome, one termed the Galerie de Diane is 176 feet long by 32 broad, it is of the time of Louis XIII, and rich in gilding and paintings, but generally the furniture is not so magnificent as might be imagined; those occupied by the Duke of Orleans are an exception; being very splendid. Amongst the numerous objects of *vertu* which here abound is the large solid silver statue of Peace, presented to Napoleon by the city of Paris after the treaty of Amiens. The pictures are generally by the most eminent French artists. The Salle des Marechaux contains the portraits of the living Marshals of France; Soult, Molitor, and Grouchy are the only remaining, whose names figured in the campaigns of Napoleon; on the whole it may be remarked that the apartments generally in the Tuileries are not equal in point of extent and decoration, to the saloons of many of the nobility of Paris. When the King is absent, the Palace may be viewed by applying to M. le Commandant du Chateau des Tuileries, and the same is the case with the apartments of the Duke of Orleans.

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The gardens present a most agreeable aspect, although too stiff and formal to be in good taste, yet the melange of noble high trees, wide gravel walks, marble basins, beautiful fountains, the most classic statues, beds of flowers, ornamental vases, and the commanding view to the Triumphal Arch, certainly form an *ensemble* which produces the most delightful sensation; in fact, I never enter them, such is the cheering effect upon me, without having but one unpleasant feeling, and that is, to think that I have not time to go there oftener, and pass hours amongst such charming scenes. To view the number of sweet merry looking children, with their clean and neat *bonnes* (nursery maids), all playing so happily together, enlivens the heart, then the retired walks between the dense foliage in the heat of summer invites the mind to meditation. The exquisitely beautiful statues are also most interesting objects of study, and I recommend them particularly to the attention of the visiter. On the northern side of the gardens, extends the handsome Rue Rivoli, with its noble colonnade; at No. 48, is the Hotel des Finances, a spacious building covering a large extent of ground, containing several courts, with offices, and splendid apartments for the Minister. We shall now cross the Rue Rivoli, and take the Rue des Pyramides, also having an arcade all through the Rue St. Honore, and facing us rises the noble church of St. Roch (vide page 97). The entrance is approached by a flight of steps, which have witnessed some sanguinary scenes, when Napoleon poured forth the iron hail of his artillery upon the opposing force which was there posted; again, in 1830, on the same spot, the people made a firm resistance against the gendarmerie of Charles X. The portal has two ranges of columns of corinthian and doric orders, the interior, although plain, has a fine appearance, heightened by the effect produced by many handsome monuments to illustrious characters who have been buried here, amongst the rest, Corneille; painting as well as sculpture has lent its aid in decorating this church, as it contains some fine pictures. The Royal Family attend here, and the music is very fine, but generally there are such crowds that it is difficult to enter. At No. 13 in the Rue d'Argenteuil, behind St. Roch, in 1684, Corneille died. A black slab in the court-yard bears an inscription and the bust of the poet.

Returning to the Rue St. Honore, we proceed westward, and pass by the Rue Marche St. Honore on our right, in which is a most commodious market. Pursuing our course we look down the Rue Castiglione, which communicates with the Rue Rivoli, and the Place Vendome; it is remarkably handsome, and has a fine colonnade, at the corner is a fountain, which is plainer than they usually are, and a little farther to the west, at No. 369, is the Assomption (vide page 96). This church formerly belonged to a convent of nuns, styled Les Dames de l'Assomption, the remains

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may be perceived in the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg, and are now occupied as barracks. It was completed in 1676. It contains some interesting pictures. A chapel is contiguous, dedicated to St. Hyacinthe, which was erected in 1822. Continuing to follow the Rue St. Honore, we cross the Rue Royale, displaying the fountains of the Place de la Concorde to our left, and the Madeleine on our right, we enter the Rue Faubourg St. Honore, in which are many most superb hotels, amongst the rest, the British Ambassador's, formerly the Hotel Borghese, occupied by the Princess Pauline, sister of Bonaparte; the next hotel is that of the Baroness Pontalba, and is one of the most splendid in Paris, which the visitor must not fail to remark. We next come to the Palais de l'Elysee Bourbon, erected in 1718, and afterwards purchased and occupied by Madame de Pompadour, since when it has had many masters, amongst the rest, Murat, Napoleon, the Emperor of Russia, the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke de Berri, but it now belongs to the crown, and combines an appearance of splendid desolation, with a variety of associations, that cause us to muse on the fall of the great. The library which is over the council chamber was fitted up by Madame Murat, in the most exquisite style, as a surprise for her husband after his return from one of his campaigns; it next became the bed-room of Maria Louisa, and the birthplace of the daughter of the Duke and Duchess de Berri. Here also is shown the bed-room, and bed in which Napoleon last slept in Paris, after the battle of Waterloo. The building itself is handsome, and though not large, has an elegant appearance, some of the apartments are very splendid, but now having a solitary aspect. The garden, which is large, contains some noble trees, and is laid out in the Italian style. To see this Palace, apply for admission to M. l'Intendant de la Liste civile.

Facing the Elysee Bourbon, is the Hotel Beauveau, in the Place Beauveau, occupied by the Neapolitan Ambassador. Still proceeding westward we come to the church St. Philippe du Roule, which was completed in 1784. It has but very little ornament, but is an exceedingly chaste production, the columns of the portico are doric, and those of the interior are ionic. It contains several good pictures. Nearly opposite is a handsome building with tuscan columns, and is used as stables for the King, and also a receptacle for his carriages. A short distance farther on is the Hopital Beaujon, founded by the banker of that name in 1824, a handsome and well arranged building, having an air of health and cheerfulness; it contains 400 beds, and the situation is particularly salubrious, and so well ordered that the inspection of it will afford much gratification to the visitor. The Chapelle Beaujon, opposite, is by the same founder as the hospital, and may be considered as belonging to it.

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We must now travel back as far as the British Ambassador's, and facing is the Rue d'Aguesseau, in which is the Episcopal Chapel, entirely appropriated to the English protestant worship, a building well adapted in every respect to the purposes for which it was erected. A few steps farther we turn to the right, which will bring us to the Rue de la Madeleine, in which we shall find the Chapelle Expiatoire, built over the spot where Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were buried, immediately after their execution, and the interior is adorned by their statues; their remains were afterwards removed to St. Denis. This chapel is one of the most elegant and interesting monuments in Paris, it is in the form of a cross, with a dome in the centre. A short distance eastward, is the College Royal de Bourbon, No. 5, Rue St. Croix, which was built for a Convent of Capuchins, in 1781. It consists of a doorway in the centre, with columns, and two pavilions at the ends, one of which was the chapel of the convent, but is now the church St. Louis, a plain building of the doric order, but decorated by some fine fresco paintings, and four large pictures of saints, painted in wax. From hence we may take the Rue Joubert, opposite, and proceed until we arrive at the Rue de la Victoire, formerly called the Rue Chantereine, where resided Napoleon after his Italian campaign, and from hence went forth to strike the *coup d'etat* which dissolved the government on the 18th Brumaire. The house was built for the famous dancer Guimard, then passed to Madame Talma, who sold it to madame Beauharnais, afterwards the Empress Josephine, who added the pavilion at the nearer end. Bertrand inhabited this mansion a short time after his return from St. Helena, at present it is untenanted, and undergoing repair; it belongs to the widow of General Lefebvre Desnouettes. In the garden is a bust of Napoleon, which certainly possesses no great merit. If disposed to extend our walk, we may proceed northward to the Rue de Clichy and there find a prison for debtors, in an airy, healthy situation, which is satisfactory information for some of our prodigal countrymen, too many of whom, I regret to say, have been, and are still, inhabitants of this building, which contains from 150 to 200 persons. In returning we will amuse ourselves in wandering about many of the streets of the Chaussee-d'Antin, both right and left, which have in them some most beautiful houses decorated with statues and the most elaborate carve-work. On returning to the Boulevards by the Madeleine, as we pass along we notice the Hotel des Affaires Etrangeres, or residence of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, corner of the Rue Neuve-des-Capucines, formerly belonging to Marshal Berthier, we then proceed to the eastward, and turn down the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, which will bring us to the point where the streets La Michodiere and Port Mahon meet, at the beautiful Fontaine de Louis-le-Grand, with the statue of a Genius striking at a dolphin, with consistent ornaments extremely well executed.

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CHAPTER VII.

A matter of fact chapter, more useful than amusing; advice to Englishmen visiting or sojourning at Paris; several serviceable establishments recommended; hints as to management and economy.

Although I have already afforded my readers a transient glance at the Champs-Elysees on entering Paris, yet so charming a spot must not be passed over altogether in so hurried a manner; possessing as it does so many attractions for the happy portion of the Parisians, which do not only consist of its fine vistas of high trees, its broad walks, flowing fountains, *etc.*, but a wide open space is left, where the people recreate themselves with athletic games, whilst in other parts there are swings, merry-go-rounds, shows, music, dancing, and every variety of amusement that can afford pleasure to those who are merrily inclined. Franconi has also a Theatre here for the display of horsemanship during the summer, which is extremely well conducted, and constantly filled. The prices are from 1 to 2 francs. In the south-western portion of the Champs-Elysees, is a quarter called Chaillot, in which is situated, at No. 78 bis, the Chapelle Marboeuf, where protestant service is regularly performed every Sunday. At No. 99 is Sainte Perine, a refuge for persons above 60 with small incomes, who by paying 600 francs a year, are comfortably provided for, or by depositing a certain sum at once, on entering. It was formerly a monastery, and can accommodate 180 men and women. The church of St. Pierre is a little farther on, in which there are a few pictures, and the choir is of the 15th century. There are a great number of very handsome houses about the Champs-Elysees; which is a favourite neighbourhood with the English, and it is an agreeable vicinity, on account of its airy position, its picturesque appearance, and affording pleasure in viewing the numbers who crowd there for the purpose of enjoyment, and with the determination to enjoy. It is also a fashionable resort for pedestrians, equestrians, and carriages, and whilst I am dilating on the attractions of the Champs-Elysees, I must not omit to direct the attention of my readers to the very delightful establishment which Doctor Achille Hoffman has formed in the Avenue Fortune, which is called the *Villa Beaujon*, uniting within its interior every object desirable for health, comfort, and pleasure.

This establishment has been formed by the Doctor on such a system, as to render it in every respect a cheerful and agreeable residence for boarders; hence every rational and intellectual amusement is provided within its walls, a piano, and instruments for forming a quartetto, a billiard room, newspapers, periodical works, baths, *etc.*, alternately present the inmates with a fund of amusement: possessing also the greatest advantage in having Madame Hoffman at the head of the establishment, who from the good society

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she has been accustomed to frequent, and her mental qualifications, is enabled, by her conversation, ever to cause the hours to pass most pleasantly with the residents of the Villa, to whose comforts, and wants, she pays the most unremitting attention, and unites the advantage of speaking English. Doctor Hoffman is willing to receive any patients except such as may be afflicted with either contagious complaints, or with mental alienation, and to attend them upon the homoeopathic principles, in which he has attained considerable celebrity, having for many years practised upon that system with the greatest success. The apartments are fitted up in a style of elegance which at once convinces the spectator of the good taste of the director, and although they are numerous, each has its peculiar attraction, either in the view from the windows, or from the internal arrangement: but the quality which is most recommendable in this establishment, is the peculiar care which has been devoted to every minutia which can in any degree tend to comfort, and particularly for that season when it is most required, having by the means of two immense caloriferes, so contrived that the whole house is warmed by a pure air, which is introduced from the garden, and conveyed not only into every apartment, but also to the staircases, corridors, and even into the closets, the degree of heat being regulated exactly to the grade desired; thus a person may pass a whole winter in this little Elysium, without ever feeling any of its baneful effects, which is a great desideratum for persons of delicate health, or having the slightest tendency to consumption, to whom the most powerful enemies are *cold* and *damp*, two intruders who are never permitted to enter under any pretext the Villa Beaujon.

For the pedestrian the greatest treat is afforded, as the neighbourhood consists of a most numerous variety of delightful walks, and for those who desire to enjoy the beauties of nature, without fatigue, the most favourable opportunity is offered, a terrace having been formed at the summit of the premises which commands a panoramic view for fifteen leagues round, comprehending within its circle an immense variety of villages, chateaux, hills, wood, water, and every description of picturesque scenery. There is also a garden prettily arranged, and kept in the nicest order, with kiosques and a *jet d'eau*, in fact there is no attraction omitted which could possibly contribute towards rendering the Villa a most desirable residence for every season; the charge is moderate, and the treatment in every respect the most liberal, the Doctor being in such a position that emolument is not an important object. Amongst other advantages which the establishment possesses, is that of always having one English servant. The situation which has been selected by the Doctor for his residence, is not only the most agreeable but considered decidedly one of the most healthy round Paris, as the few houses which are immediately around

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it are of the better order and environed by gardens, therefore the purity of the air is untainted by smoke or any effluvia arising from closely inhabited cities; indeed in that instance Paris has a great advantage over London, on account of wood being the principal fuel burnt in the former, and coal in the latter, hence Paris seen from a height, every object is visible from the clearness of the atmosphere, whilst London under the same circumstances is capped by a murky sort of cloud by which the greater part of the city is generally obscured.

Although the French capital is above three degrees south of the English, yet the former is colder in the winter, only that it is dryer, consequently more wholesome and the cold weather is of much shorter duration, as the springs are always finer and forwarder than in England, which is proved by the vegetables being much earlier in Paris, peas being sold cheap about the streets on the 20th or 25th of May, and other leguminous crops in proportion. The autumns are often very fine, generally, indeed, I have known the month of November to be quite clear and sunny, but of latter years the summers have been wet. The English in most instances have their health better in France than in England, which is considered to arise from several different causes; the lower and even some of the middle classes in London and other large towns are much addicted to drinking quantities of porter and ale, which are not so accessible in Paris or in any town in France; hence after a time they accustom themselves to the light wines of the country, and with the higher classes of English the case is nearly similar, as they renounce port, sherry, and Madeira, for Burgundy, Bordeaux, *etc.*, and as a draught wine even good *ordinaire*, but a grand point is to obtain it of the best quality, proportioned to the price; perhaps there is not a town in the world where there are so many persons who sell wine as in Paris, but as there is a great deal of quackery and compounding practised, I must caution my countrymen not to purchase at any house to which they are not particularly recommended. I shall therefore advise them to give the preference to the old established house of Meunier, which has existed ever since 1800, now conducted by Messrs. Debonnelle et Guiard; I have myself long dealt there, as also my friends, and have ever found their prices the most reasonable, and the qualities unexceptionable; their tarif comprehends all descriptions of wine, and the charges in proportion, commencing on so moderate a scale that they are attainable to the most modest purse, and as there is no description of known wine which they do not possess, of course some there are at very high prices; the same case may be stated of their liqueurs, of which they have every variety. In this establishment persons may either be accommodated with a single bottle, or may purchase by the pipe, as they carry on an extensive wholesale business;

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their great warehouses are at Bercy which is the grand depot for the wine merchants of Paris. This is one of those houses to which I have before alluded as having, although nearly in the centre of the city, a delightful garden, and in the present instance quite a little aviary of canary and other birds, which is open to the street, situated No. 22, Rue des Saints-Peres, Faubourg St. Germain. The present proprietors were clerks in the house as long back as 1810, and have never since been absent from the business, which has been considerably augmented by their extreme attention and civility to their customers, and the reputation which they have acquired for keeping good articles, and vending them at fair prices.

As a great object of my work is to render it as serviceable as possible to my readers, I must not omit some cautionary remarks upon the tradespeople of Paris; an opinion has generally existed of their predisposition to overcharge the English, and in a great many instances it has been the case, when they first came over to France; an idea existed that they were extremely rich, and a bad feeling prevailed of making the wealthy pay: even amongst their own country people, they do the same, it is a common phrase with them, "Il est riche, alors faites-lui payer," "He is rich, so make him pay," and that system of calculating the weight of a person's means and making the charge, accordingly, is still followed in a degree; even the government have in some measure encouraged the practice, no doubt from a good motive, which has prompted them at certain periods to enforce regulations, that some articles should be sold for less to the poor, such as bread, and other necessities of life. Another circumstance caused the French to continue their impositions upon the English, their having been duped by the latter, and in many instances to a considerable amount, as amongst the crowds who came over, were many persons who were not very scrupulous with respect to paying their debts, to whom the French willingly gave credit, the English name at that period having stood extremely high in the estimation of the French, but having sustained several losses on account of their too great facility in giving credit, they determined to make such of the English as they could attract, pay a portion towards what they had been mulcted by their runaway country-people. The French are not alone in that respect, as some of the fashionable tailors in London charge an immense price for their coats, because they say they only get paid for two out of three, therefore they make those pay dearly for such as do not pay at all.

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The system now is rather better in Paris, so many shopkeepers having adopted the plan of selling at “Prix fixe” as they call it, which means fixed prices, from which they seldom or ever depart; but then there is a great difference with regard to the value of the articles in which they deal, some shops being infinitely cheaper than others, I therefore have been at considerable pains to discover those who conduct their business in an honourable manner and shall give my readers the benefit of my researches. With respect to provisions there certainly is a difference with regard to the quarters, which are the more or the less fashionable, the former being somewhat dearer than the latter, but there is a proportionate difference with regard to the quality, and therefore in some instances the higher priced articles are the cheapest in the end; for instance, M. Rolland, of No. 363, Rue St. Honore, sells none but the very best meat; certainly in some of the obscurer parts of the town, and in the markets it is to be had cheaper; but the quality far inferior. I have heard the English complain of the meat not being so good in Paris as it is in London, but if they dealt with M. Rolland they could not in justice make the remark, he is always the possessor of the ox which is exhibited on Shrove Tuesday, and which weighed the last time nearly 4,000lbs; he retains a well executed portrait of it, which he shows to his customers, but he has often beasts approaching that weight, as about a dozen every year are fatted by the Norman graziers for the prize, and he is the principal purchaser; his other meat is proportionately fine, therefore I fancy that a good manager will find that economy is promoted by dealing with M. Holland in preference to any one who may sell at a nominally lower price.

Now that economy is on the *tapis*, I must endeavour to enlighten my reader as much on that head as I can, by giving him all the advantage of my own experience in the art, and as I am an old practitioner, I have the vanity to flatter myself that my advice on that score may count for something. On quitting England I advise my readers to disburthen themselves of all their clothes, except such as are absolutely requisite for travelling, and then on arriving at Paris to order those of which they may stand in need; indeed for myself, when I return to England I always provide a good stock of habiliments, convinced that the cloth procured in France is so much more durable than that obtained in England, and the workmen being paid much less, you have a superior article in France for a lower charge. As to the difference of fashion or cut, I leave that to be decided by a committee of dandies of the two countries, and to prevent my readers from getting into bad hands, I recommend them at once to M. Courtois, aux Montagnes Russes, No. 11, Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, facing the Rue Vivienne, there the stranger is sure of being fairly treated with regard to the worth of the commodity, the solidity and neatness of the execution, and punctuality in the fulfillment of his engagements. The difference of prices between a fashionable London and Parisian tailor is immense, the former will make you pay 7_l._ 7_s._ for a coat of the best cloth, whilst M. Courtois only charges 100 francs (4_l._) for the same article, equal in every respect, and furnishes every other description of clothing on equally moderate terms.

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I shall now bid my reader to doff his hat, and obtain one that will sit so lightly on his brow, that he will scarcely be conscious that his head is covered, of which I had experience under circumstances rather ludicrous than otherwise. I entered a glover's shop with my mind I suppose occupied with divers meditations, and like a true uncourteous Englishman forgot to take off my hat to the Dame de Comptoir, as she is styled, but having obtained what I sought, in the act of departing I took up a hat which was on the counter, not dreaming that I had already one upon my head, but as I was making my obeissance to the mistress of the shop, she observed, very archly, that she should have thought Monsieur might be satisfied with having a hat on his head, without requiring to have one in his hand; surprised at finding myself absolutely committing a robbery, I made the best excuses the subject would admit, and retired after having furnished a subject of amusement for Madame, for Monsieur whose hat I had so illegally appropriated to myself, and to some pretty laughing-looking demoiselles who were ensconced behind a counter. These aerial hats are to be procured of M. Servas, No. 69, Rue Richelieu, who is the inventor, and for which he has received a medal from a scientific society, they are of so light and elastic a nature, that they do not cause the slightest pressure upon the brow, nor leave that unsightly mark upon the forehead, that is often a great annoyance to those gentlemen who object to having a stain upon the *blanche* purity of that feature, and as those who are tenacious in that respect must naturally be so with regard to the form and the material of which their hat is composed, they may rest assured on that point they will be suited in those of M. Servas, which have long had an acknowledged superiority and celebrity on that account, his establishment having for upwards of 30 years been famed under the firm of Coquel and Quesnoy, which by the ingenuity of his recent invention he has considerably augmented.

As I am now on a chapter devoted to usefulness, I must recommend my readers to get well and *comfortably* shod, particularly if they have any intention of visiting the monuments and antiquities I have described, for which purpose they must procure their shoes in Paris, the leather being prepared in such a manner as to render it infinitely more soft and flexible than it is in England, consequently one can walk twice the distance, without tiring, in French shoes, than one can in English; hence with the former all the tortures of new shoes are never felt, being fully as easy as an old pair of the latter, and for this purpose no one can better supply the article desired, than M. Deschamps, No. 14, Galerie d'Orleans, Palais-Royal, who stands so high in the estimation of my countrymen, that he is obliged to go to London twice a year to supply their demands. An attention to comfort in this respect is to me so essential, that in returning

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to England I always provide myself with a plentiful stock of boots and shoes, although not to the same degree that one of our celebrated tragedians practised this precaution, having furnished himself with thirty-six pair to the no small amusement of the Dover custom-house officers when they overhauled his luggage. One of the great advantages of the French shoes is that the upper leather never cracks nor bursts, and indeed I have not only found the material better, but also the workmanship. M. Deschamps has acquired much celebrity for the very elegant manner in which his shoes for balls and *soirees* are executed, after a system of his own, which have now become the fashion in all the saloons in Paris. Perhaps my readers may think I have devoted too much space to this subject, but being a great pedestrian, it is one of peculiar importance, to me (and it is so natural to judge every one by one's self), and in order to see all the interesting little bits of architectural antiquity, which are so numerous in Paris, the visit must be performed on foot, as it is sometimes requisite to go into little courts and alleys where no carriage can possibly enter; besides an antiquarian must peep and grope about in places where a vehicle would only be an incumbrance.

Whilst my memory is on, or, as some people would say, whilst my hand is in, I must not forget to recommend the stationer's shop, No. 159, Rue St. Honore, next door to the Oratoire, as it is presumable that my readers, who intend to sojourn a while at Paris, must want to pay some visits, consequently will need visiting cards, with which they will provide themselves at the above establishment on terms so reasonable as quite to surprise a Londoner; also the visiter must write, and will here find an assortment of sixty different descriptions of English metal pens of Cuthbert's manufacture, and every variety of stationary that can be desired, and the manner in which they get up cards and addresses, with regard to the neatness of the engraving, printing, and quality of the card, is really surprising, for the price; whilst the mistress receives her customers with so much politeness, that having been once, is sure to prove the cause for other visits, when any of the articles in which she deals are required; and punctuality in the execution of the orders received is a quality to be met with in her, and in good truth, I cannot say much for the Parisians in general on that score, and one great cause is that they have too much business, and far more than they can attend to in a proper manner.

In the same street, at No. 416, is an establishment of which the English ought to be informed, being that of M. Renault, wherein good cutlery is to be obtained at very moderate prices; there is every variety that can be desired, either for the table or other purposes, all of the finest description; his shop is situated in the quarter most convenient for the English, being that in which they so frequently reside.

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As health is a desideratum which is requisite for the pursuit of every occupation, and particularly for such as mean to enjoy Paris to its full extent, which will require a considerable degree of exercise, I must recommend the visiter a chymist and druggist on whom he may rely, where he may find the means of re-establishing any relaxation of strength or other malady to which all human nature is ever prone. There are innumerable establishments of this nature in Paris, and especially of those who announce English medicines, but the one which I have understood as possessing such as are truly genuine both in French and English pharmacy, is that of M. Joseau, and as a testimony of confidence in the respectability of his establishment, it has been made the chief depository of a medicine entitled the Copahine Mege, so particularly recommended by the Royal Medicine Academy of France, who have voted their thanks to the author, and granted him a patent for fifteen years, having proved so efficacious where patients have by their excesses deteriorated their health, and in fact, in all cases of blennorrhagies. M. Joseau may be also useful to my countrymen, who are in the habit of riding much on horseback, in providing them with belts of his own invention, which are made of India rubber, and in general use with the French cavalry. The establishment of M. Joseau is situated at No. 161, corner of the Rue Montmartre, and of the Gallery Montmartre, Passage Panorama, where my countrymen will be sure of meeting with the most assiduous attention, both from himself and his assistants, and that whatever they may require in his department will be of the best description, and at the most moderate prices; I know of no business whatever in which there is such an immense difference in the charges both in London and Paris, that it appears to me that chemists and druggists make you pay *ad libitum*, without having any fixed system, therefore I never enter any of their shops without I have had them particularly recommended.

Before I quit this chapter of shreds and patches, although of solid utility, a very useful establishment must be introduced to my readers, belonging to Messrs. Danneville, No. 16, Rue d'Aguesseau, Faubourg St. Honore, facing the Protestant Chapel, consisting of every description of earthenware and crockery, on a very extensive scale, with a very quiet exterior, the premises having more the appearance of warehouses than shops; the assortment is quite of a multitudinous description, including vessels of the cheapest and most useful nature, at the same time containing numbers of superior articles, wherein extreme taste is displayed. The concern has been a long time established, and is quite in the centre of the quarter which such numbers of English choose for their residence; the proprietors are civil, quiet, unassuming people, and their articles exceedingly reasonable.

CHAPTER VIII.

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Novel introductions of different branches of industry.—Recent inventions.—Extensions of commerce in various departments.—Establishments of several new descriptions of business, now flourishing, and formerly unknown.

The commerce of Paris has now extended to so vast a scale, that it has become an immense entrepot for all the productions and manufactures of France; the foreign merchant now feels that in visiting Paris he shall there find the cheapest, the choicest, and the most extensive assortment of all that the nature of the country, aided by art, is able to produce; he is aware that he need not repair to Lyons, to Lille, Rouen, or other manufacturing districts, for their respective articles, for which they are famed, as he knows that in the great emporium of the Continent, all that the ingenuity of man can produce will there be found. Independent of that advantage, there are many branches of industry confined to Paris, first invented within its walls, improved, and wrought to a state of perfection, which is unrivalled in any other capital, and affording employ to an immense number of hands, from the multitude of ramifications into which these branches diverge; so that Paris once principally celebrated as a city of pleasure and gaiety, still retaining that reputation, is now also renowned for its extraordinary manufactures, and the curious and splendid specimens of art and ingenuity emerging from its numerous *ateliers*, and which would require an extent far beyond the limits of this work, to give a just and accurate review of their merits; but some there are which being of a nature totally novel in the annals of commerce, and having merely been introduced within the last few years, we shall devote some space to their description in order to afford our readers an idea of their beauty and utility.

Amongst the various articles of the above description, none perhaps occupy a more prominent position for beauty, taste, and ingenuity, than the extraordinary variety displayed in what is termed fancy stationary, the fabrication of which is now extended to such a degree, as to have become an important branch of the commerce of Paris. Its introduction is but of recent date, as in the reign of Charles X all the paper required for notes, letters, dispatches, *etc.*, was procured from England, on account of its extreme superiority over that of France; the Court never using any other, the example was followed not only by the major part of the French nobility, but by all foreigners of distinction who happened to be sojourning at Paris, hence the importation of paper from England was to a considerable amount. But when Louis Philippe came to the throne, he with his usual policy observed, that paper of French manufacture was good enough for his purposes, it was therefore adopted at the Court, and the noblesse and gentry, following in the same line, that encouragement was afforded to their countrymen, that engendered the idea of rendering their own paper

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so tasteful and elegant that now the affair is quite reversed, and England takes from France an immense quantity of this beautiful manufacture, which employs even artists of talent for designing the elegant and fanciful devices which ornament their envelopes, with their enclosures of various sizes and forms, in which the arts of drawing, painting, gilding, stamping, *etc.*, combine to render them so pretty and so gay, that one feels loath to destroy any of these ornamental epistles, however trifling their import; the subjects of the devices are as various as those which they are intended to illustrate, history, the heathen mythology, religion, friendship, a more tender passion, *etc.*, are all allegorically or emblematically represented, in the fancy stationary, offering the writer the means of choosing a subject consistent with the text of his letter, as an invitation to dinner is designated by paintings of pheasants, game, *etc.*, to a *soiree dansante*, the note is adorned by couples waltzing, *etc.*, to a whist party, the cards and players are introduced, and if to tea, the cups and saucers of gilded and glowing hue, bedeck the gay margin; so that before a word is written in the letter, it foretells its errand.

There are very many who have gradually contributed their talents to this branch of industry, but it is M. Marion who may be considered the inventor, he having availed himself with the most effect of their abilities, and concentrated their respective merits, in which he has displayed much perseverance, taste, and judgment, as also in the manner in which he has organised this branch of commerce, and promoted its extension. At his establishment at No. 14, Cite-Bergere, will be found a most extensive assortment of fancy stationary, comprehending every description of variety that the most fertile imagination could depict, the prices of ordinary paper commencing at the very humble price of six sheets for a sou, and according to the degree that it is ornamented, gradually rising to 25 francs a sheet. M. Marion has also an establishment in London, at No. 19, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, exactly on a similar plan as that in Paris, containing an equal variety of specimens of this new branch of art.

When the visiter has a half hour to spare, he would not find it thrown away in visiting the establishment of Madame Merckel, she having found the means of applying the phosphorus and chemical matches, which she has invented, to such a number of purposes, and of introducing them in so curious and ingenious a manner into divers articles, calculated both for utility and ornament, that her manufactory might be considered quite a little museum; amongst a variety of pretty things, I was first struck with a time-piece which acts as an alarum, and not only answers the purpose of awakening you at any hour which you may desire, but a little figure representing a magician, at the instant strikes a magic mirror, by which means the taper he holds is ignited,

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and with all possible grace, he presents you with a light just as you open your eyes. A night lamp next attracted me, which represented Mount Vesuvius, and the means by which it is lighted, proceeds from an enormous dragon emitting fire from his throat; this article is equally useful as a paper press. Another night lamp I found particularly elegant, though perfectly simple, consisting merely of a gilded branch, gracefully carved into a sort of festoon, from which was suspended a little lamp of most classic form. The inkstands consist of an indescribable variety, displaying all kinds of contrivances, some so portable as easily to go into the pocket, and containing instantaneous light on touching a spring, with pens, ink, seal and wax. Amongst the endless number of paper presses is one with a blacksmith, who, when light is required, strikes the anvil and fire appears; abundance of cigar stands with matches are arranged after a variety of whimsical methods, some of them very tasteful, and having quite an ornamental effect. Fortunately, Madame Merckel has in a great degree met with the reward her ingenuity merits, receiving the greatest encouragement from the public, and not only having had a patent granted her to protect her inventions, but she has also been presented with medals from three scientific Societies. As her prices are as various as the objects are numerous, every purse may be accommodated, as there are some as low as a sou, whilst there are others which rise as high as twenty pounds, the charge elevating according to the degree of ornament or utility. It appears surprising that a business which was not known until within the last few years should have risen to such importance, as Madame Merckel not only transmits her merchandise to every town in France, but also to the principal cities throughout Europe. The manufactory is No. 24, Rue du Bouloi, in the Cour des Fermes; there is besides a similar establishment in London, at No. 30, Edmund Place, Aldersgate Street, which is entirely furnished by Madame Merckel, possessing the same varied assortment, and undertaking to execute the same extent of supply.

How very simple are some descriptions of inventions, and how very simple one is apt to think one's self in not having before thought of that which appears so trifling and easy when once known. So it is with a sort of portable desk, invented by M. Tachet, for which he has procured a patent; it needs no table nor any kind of support, as the student places it under him, and his own weight keeps it perfectly firm and steady; the plane (on which he writes or draws) being attached to the part on which he sits, rises before him, capable of accommodating itself to such elevation as may be desired; its principal utility is for sketching from nature, but as females could not make use of this desk in the same manner as men, M. Tachet has also such as are adapted to their accommodation, the base lying on the lap, and fastened by a band round

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the waist, which keeps it perfectly firm. M. Tachet has also devoted much time and attention in forming a collection of angular and carved pieces of wood, shaped and finished with extreme neatness, describing almost every form that can well be imagined, and composed of such wood as has been so well seasoned that it can never warp, either ebony, box, pear-tree, or indeed of every different country which produces the hardest woods; they are particularly used by engineers and architects, for drawing plans or elevations of buildings, as every curve or angle of any dimensions which can be required, may be traced by these curved and angular rulers. In French, on account of the form resembling that of a pistol, the curved pieces are called *pistolet*, which comprehends a complete set, and great demands for them come from England. At the establishment of M. Tachet will also be found almost every article that is required by the artist, and it is in fact the only house in Paris where there is any certainty of procuring *real English* colours, as there are so many counterfeits of them exposed in almost all the colour-shops in Paris, with the names and arms upon them of some of the most eminent English colour manufacturers. But I can assure my countrymen that those they obtain from M. Tachet are genuine, and that they may deal with him in the same confidence as they would with what we call a true Englishman; he has likewise a most complete collection of mathematical instruments; his shop is situated at No. 274, Rue St. Honore, at the bottom of the court-yard, and although it has not so brilliant an appearance as many establishments of the same nature, it is not the worse for its quiet exterior, but on the contrary, the same articles will be found with him at a more moderate charge than they ever can be procured of his dashing rivals.

Another branch of industry which has risen into extreme importance latterly is that of producing such exquisitely beautiful objects in cut glass, for which the establishment of Messrs. Lahoche-Boin and Comp. has for many years been celebrated, and ever conspicuous on account of its glass staircase, but I should be afraid to trust myself with beginning to describe the multitude of tasteful and elegant articles assembled in this exhibition (for it is really much more worthy of being so called than many that bear the name), lest I should be inveigled into too much prolixity. Into many of their richly wrought services of glass, gold is so happily introduced, that the two brilliant substances seem to sparkle in rivalry of each other, and the deeper tone of bronze sometimes lends its aid and heightens the effect of both. Glass is now appropriated to a variety of purposes, formerly never thought of, as balustrades, the handles of locks and plates to doors, instead of brass, and a number of other objects; indeed from this establishment there is always emanating something new, and for the beauty of the works which they displayed

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at a national exhibition of specimens of art and industry, they were awarded the gold medal. Amongst other articles which attract the attention in their splendid collection, are some of the most magnificent china vases, painted by talented artists in that department, also services of Sevres porcelain for the table, in the taste of times past; others of glass, gilded and elaborately carved, which style was also much in vogue with our ancestors; some likewise of a more simple description but always possessing a degree of elegance which excites admiration. The proprietors of this concern are merchants of respectability, and besides furnishing the Royal Family of France, and several of the courts of Europe, they have transactions with most parts of the world, charging themselves with the execution of orders for any country, and requiring the remuneration of a very moderate commission. The establishment of Messrs. Lahoché-Boin and Comp. is at Nos. 152, 153, Palais-Royal, and the carriage entrance, No. 19, Rue de Valois. This is one of those houses in Paris (of which doubtless there are many) where the stranger may feel every confidence that he will meet with none but the most honourable treatment.

For those of my countrymen who like to proceed to the fountain head, and obtain articles from the manufacturer himself, instead of purchasing them of the shopkeeper who vends them at a higher price, I would recommend a visit to the establishment of M. Vincent, which is in fact like a little town, the number of warehouses, workshops, offices, *etc.*, on the premises, amounting to no less than 84. In this manufactory an endless variety of articles are produced, consisting of every description of knick-knackery, if I may be allowed the term, as snuff-boxes, cigar-cases, memorandum books, souvenirs, bon-bon boxes, tablets, tooth-picks, card and needle-cases, pocket mirrors, housewives, paper presses, port-crayons, rulers, seals, musical snuff-boxes, *etc.*, *etc.* The above articles being executed in every possible variety that can be imagined, of tortoise-shell, ivory, or mother of pearl, inlaid with gold and silver in the richest and most elaborate manner, miniature frames of every description, composed of fancy woods, with chased circles, metal gilt, stamped tortoise-shell, bronze and of every sort of material adapted for the purpose, albums and pocket-books in great variety, dressing-cases both for ladies and gentlemen, tea caddies, work-boxes, and an infinity of articles too numerous to recapitulate, for some of which patents have been obtained. It is from this establishment that most of the showy shops in Paris, who deal in articles of the same nature, are provided, hence much economy is effected by purchasing of M. Vincent, the profit of the shopkeeper being saved by procuring the object from the manufacturer. Tradesmen who come to Paris from London, would find their interest in applying to this establishment, where they could obtain the goods they require of the

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descriptions stated, at considerably more advantageous terms than from other quarters. I will cite one article which will prove how very low are the charges compared to what we are accustomed to in London; the musical mechanism of a snuff-box, 10 francs (eight shillings) playing two airs, rising gradually in price to 90 francs, or about 3_l_ 12_s_ playing six tunes, which of course can be afterwards set in any description of box which the purchaser chooses, of gold, silver, or tortoise-shell, as fancy directs. All other articles sold by M. Vincent are equally reasonable. His residence is No. 4, Rue de Beauce, at the corner of the Rue de Bretagne, near the Temple, certainly not in a very desirable neighbourhood, but manufactories are seldom carried on in the most agreeable vicinities.

An art which has been recently brought to an astonishing degree of perfection in Paris, is that of dyeing, cleaning, scouring, and restoring almost all descriptions of habiliments; this has been effected by M. Bonneau, but not until he had visited the principal manufacturing towns, and had passed many years in studying the art scientifically, aided by persevering researches into the depths of chymistry, to which he is indebted for being able to perform that which has not until now been accomplished. I have seen instances of a soiled, faded, cashmere shawl, almost considered beyond redemption, committed to his charge, and reappear so resuscitated that the owners could scarcely believe it was the same dingy, deplorable-looking affair they had sent a fortnight before. The same power of restoring is effected upon all descriptions of satin, even that of the purest white, which, although so soiled as to be of a dirty yellow colour, is brought forth perfectly clean and with all its original lustre; with silks, merinos, gros de Naples of the tenderest tints, the process adopted is equally successful; blonde, guipure, and all descriptions of lace, no matter how discoloured, are restored to their original whiteness. With the apparel of men, the same advantages are obtained, silk, cashmere, velvet, and other waistcoats that many would throw aside as totally spoiled, or too shabby to be worn any longer, by being sent to M. Bonneau, are returned, having the appearance of being quite new. His establishment, at No. 17, Rue Lepelletier, just facing the French Opera, is well known to many English families; but having heard so much of the wonders he performed in reviving the lost colours of the elaborate borders of ladies' cashmeres, and rendering them their pristine brilliance, I determined to visit his premises, upon which he carried on his operations, in the Rue de Bondy, No. 40. I there found everything conducted upon a most methodical system of regularity and order, each room was appropriated to its peculiar department, and heated and ventilated by a certain process, and that which does M. Bonneau much honour, is, that all is so arranged, with the utmost consideration for the health of his work-people,

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by taking care that they shall be kept as dry as possible, and that a proper degree of warmth and air shall be admitted into every chamber. When required, M. Bonneau sends his men to clean furniture at persons' houses, which would be rather incommodious to remove. When any article is sent to him, the bearer is informed what day it will be completed, and is sure not to be deceived, and he has an apartment so arranged for preserving whatever is confided to him, from any injury which might be caused by moths or other insects.

Amongst those articles for which France used to depend upon England, but wherein the case is reversed by England taking from France, is that of pencil-cases, in which small pieces of lead are inserted, and emitted or withdrawn at pleasure; numbers of these formerly were sent from London and Birmingham to Paris, but recently M. Riottot has invented and obtained a patent for a pencil-case which has a little elastic tube of tempered steel placed at the end which is used, and into which the lead is inserted, and tightly held within it, so that there is no risk of breaking, either in the act of fixing in the lead, or from its afterwards shaking, the steel tube operating as a spring, retains it so firmly that it remains, even whilst writing with it, perfectly immoveable; these are arranged in gold or silver cases, more or less ornamental as may be required, and are found so infinitely more serviceable than those on the former principle, that as they are becoming more known in England, the demand for them continues to increase. The term by which they are designated, is *Porte Crayon* a *Pince elastique*; their advantages are such as tend to economy, as they are neither liable to fall out nor break, besides the convenience of their never moving about whilst one is using them, to which the previous system was constantly liable. M. Riottot has also an assortment of pens and pen-holders, either plated or of silver or gold, richly chased or simple, with a variety of seals and other articles; he likewise retains a stock of lead, properly prepared for inserting into the pencil-cases. His address is at No. 27, Rue Phelippeaux, Passage de la Marmite, Escalier A, completely in the quarter of Paris inhabited by the operatives, surrounded by workshops of different descriptions, not exactly calculated for very delicate ladies.

For the benefit of a little purer air, we will quit the working mechanics' rendez-vous, and take a lounge in the Palais-Royal, and as soon as we breathe a little freely, we will examine the engraved seals of M. Leteurtre-Maurisset, No. 33, Galerie d'Orleans, which, from the extreme delicacy of the execution, are objects well worth attention; his talents in this department have obtained him the distinction of being engraver to the Chamber of Deputies and to the royal museums; some of his specimens of armorial bearings, his designs for stamping impressions, in relief and heraldic devices, are extremely clever; he engraves

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on stones of different descriptions, with equal accuracy and on any kind of metal, as plates for visiting cards, *etc.*, and whatever he undertakes he executes in the most perfect manner, that the nature of the work will admit. As he is attached to his profession, however trifling the order he may receive, he enters into it with the same zest as if it were of the first importance, of course it is engraving subjects for seals in which he finds the most pleasure, as it is in those that he has the greatest scope for the display of his abilities, and seldom fails to excel.

Although the progress which France has made in almost every branch of industry is most extraordinary, yet none is so striking as the advance which has been effected in cutlery, as I well remember when I first came to France, it was a common joke amongst the English, when speaking of the rarity of an object, to observe that it was as scarce as a knife in France that would cut, its appearance also was as dull as its edge, soon however their cutlery, with their ideas, began to brighten, and to sharpen; but even as recently as 1830, they were still so outshone by England, that if it was known that you were going from Paris to London, with the intention of returning, every lady asked you to bring her a pair of scissors, every man a pair of razors, and by all medical friends you were assailed to bring them over lancets or other machines for cutting and maiming human flesh; thanks to the genius, talents, and perseverance of M. Charriere, one is no longer troubled with such commissions, he having improved every description of surgical instruments to such a degree of perfection, that now many of our English surgeons provide themselves from his establishment on returning to England; not only has M. Charriere produced every variety of instrument used by our faculty, but he has invented several others, which have merited and obtained the thanks of his country, with letters and medals from several scientific societies. Even foreigners from all parts of Europe, from America, and from the East, are now becoming acquainted with the utility of his inventions, which are already well known in London and Edinburgh, and will soon be as much in demand in England as they are now in France. Some idea may be formed of how far M. Charriere has raised this branch of industry, when it is stated that but a few years since, the whole number of workmen occupied in this department was but 30 and now he alone employs 150! M. Charriere in fact possesses one quality which generally ensures success, a passion for his art; he is not to be regarded simply as a vender of cutlery, but as one possessing a scientific knowledge of his profession, and as a mechanic of considerable talent. To recapitulate all his inventions, with their respective merits, and the approbatory letters that he has received from different academical institutions, would half fill my little volume; suffice it to say that he is the only person in his business,

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to whom has ever been awarded the gold medal; besides which, the Royal Academy of Sciences have presented him with 1800 francs, for the improvement he has effected in surgical instruments. There is scarcely a disease and certainly not a single operation that can be performed on the human frame, for which M. Charriere has not the requisite materials in the utmost perfection, even for the fabrication of artificial noses; and for one invention he merits the gratitude of all mothers, the *biberon*, a machine for the purpose of supplying an infant with milk, when circumstances prevent the mother from affording that nourishment. This instrument is so contrived that the part which meets the lips is in point of texture exactly the same as that which nature provides, uniting an equal degree of softness and elasticity, that the child takes to the substitute, with the same zest as if it were the reality. I have known instances where the lives of children have been saved by this machine, the parents declaring to me that such was the case, and that they considered that every mother ought to be provided with so useful an instrument. The address of M. Charriere is No. 9, Rue de l'Ecole-de-Medecine. A variety of cutlery is kept of as perfect a description as those articles for which he has attained so high a celebrity.

It has generally in modern days been a reproach to France, that she has been rather lax in regard of religious matters; what there may be in the hearts of the inhabitants of that or other countries I shall not presume to give an opinion, but can only say that I find the churches in Paris, both protestant and catholic, always during service time nearly full, and many to overflowing. Not only that, but the French are much attached to holy associations, hence the prints of our Saviour, the Virgin, and the Saints, have a most inexhaustible sale; I need give my readers no greater proof than recommending them to visit the establishment of M. Dopter, No. 21, Rue St. Jacques, they will there find amongst his immense collection of engravings and lithographies, the portrait of every saint that ever was heard of, an innumerable variety of religious subjects for which there is a most extensive and incessant demand. Some of these are stamped and illuminated in a most splendid manner, and I verily believe there is scarcely a subject connected with the christian religion, of which M. Dopter has not a representation; his establishment is therefore known throughout all France, and many parts of Europe, to which he transmits numbers of his publications.

He likewise has a most useful assortment of maps and geographical illustrations, with portraits of celebrated characters, particularly those connected with the campaigns and adventures of Napoleon, as also his battles, and remarkable events of his life, as well as a great diversity of historical subjects, landscapes, academical studies, *etc.*, *etc.*; M. Dopter is also the inventor of the new style of covers for binding, of which the present volume is a specimen, having them of an innumerable variety of patterns, and of every size likely to be demanded.

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It has often struck me that maps were very incomplete, in consequence of their not being capable of giving the degrees of elevation of hills or mountains except in a very inefficient manner; the same idea, I suppose, actuated M. Bauerkeller, and induced him to invent those maps in relief, which are now becoming so generally demanded, as giving such an accurate illustration of the surface of a country, which is most beautifully exemplified in many of his specimens, but most particularly in that of Switzerland; every object having a degree of elevation proportioned to the reality, and coloured in a great measure similar to the subject intended to be represented, thus the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland have their white summits distinctly expressed, their blue lakes, their green meadows, grey rocks, *etc.*, given with such fidelity, that a person obtains a most perfect notion of regions he may never have an opportunity to visit. This system of forming maps or plans upon embossed paper, is peculiarly applicable to cities, as the public buildings appear to such advantage, and M. Bauerkeller has already executed those of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, New York, the city of Mexico, Hamburg, Basle, a Panorama of the Rhine from Coblenz to Mayence, besides several other cities and countries, and there is no doubt that in a short time the whole of Europe and many other distant districts will be illustrated in the same manner, as he is constantly adding to his collection which already excites the highest interest. M. Bauerkeller's plan of executing charts, maps, or views in relief, can be equally produced either upon velvet, silk, or leather, for the illustration of a diversity of subjects which can be applied to an innumerable variety of purposes, as shades for lamps, men's caps, slippers, reticules, stands for decanters, screens, *etc.*, *etc.*; already he has extended his connexions to such a degree that he receives applications from all parts of Europe and America for different articles in which his invention is introduced. Some of his works which were displayed at the national exhibition excited universal admiration, and obtained him a medal; he has also been granted a patent for fifteen years. This invention is not only valuable in having rendered maps more ornamental, but it assists the study of geography; by the objects being rendered so much more distinct, it increases the interest and consequently makes a deeper impression on the memory; in fact, the numerous advantages to be derived from this system of giving plans in relief may be easily imagined, but are too long to be described. A specimen of the art will be found at the beginning of this work: M. Bauerkeller's address is No. 380, Rue St. Denis, Passage Lemoine.

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Amongst the number of inventions which are constantly emanating from the brain of man, I know of few which unite more ingenuity, utility, and simplicity than that of M. Martin (gun-maker at No. 36, Rue Phelippeaux), relative to the improvement of every description of gun that is impelled by percussion. According to the system he has introduced, and for which he has obtained a patent, all the inconvenience to which the sportsman is subjected in priming is entirely obviated, as instead of having to place the percussion cap with one's fingers, so disagreeable in very cold weather, it is at once effected by the act of cocking, and the gun may be fired from 80 to 100 times, always as it were priming itself, as the number of percussion caps required are introduced through the butt, and conducted to the point desired. The method of inserting the percussion caps is perfectly easy; pressing a little button or nut at the bottom of the butt causes a plate to open, when two spiral wire-springs must be taken out, as also a moveable tube, from the interior of the gun, and the latter filled with percussion caps, which must be poured into fixed tubes which communicate with the anvil; they may contain from 40 to 50 each; when this number is introduced replace the spiral wire-springs which press the percussion caps exactly, regularly and successively as they are needed to the point desired, then fasten in the springs with the little hook attached for that purpose, lastly replace the moveable tube and shut the plate at the bottom of the butt. This process is executed in a far shorter time than it can be described. The *immense* advantage of this invention may not appear at the first view; but when it is considered how much more rapid may be the fire of an army in consequence of the time gained, which would be occupied in priming, the power it will give them over an enemy must be evident, and there is no doubt but that in a very short time they will be universally adopted. All such of my countrymen who come to Paris I would recommend to call on M. Martin; he will give them every possible explanation on the subject in the most obliging manner, and also give them practical evidence of the manner in which it operates.

However deficient the French were until a very few years since in almost every thing which relates to mechanics, yet in some articles they have now made such rapid strides, that it becomes a question whether they will not surpass us, if we do not exert the same energy in the spirit of improvement with which they have been recently actuated. Formerly the inferiority of French pianos to ours was most evident, and perhaps, generally speaking, I should still say it was the case, but there are a few manufacturers, the tone of whose instruments is superb; of such a description are those of M. Souffleto. It is really surprising how he has been enabled, in a small upright piano, to produce the force and depth of tone which he has found the

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means of uniting in comparatively so small a volume, the bass having absolutely the power and roundness of an organ; but that part of an instrument which most frequently fails, is that which is composed of the additional keys or the highest notes, which are apt to be thin and wiry, but with Mr. Souffleto's pianos it is not the case, the tone being soft and full, with a proportionate degree of force with the rest of the instrument. His merit has been duly acknowledged, having not only received the King's patent, but having been twice presented with medals, and appointed manufacturer to the Queen. As most English families who come to Paris for the purpose of residing or sojourning for a certain time, are desirous of hiring or purchasing a *good* piano, I can assure them that such they will find at M. Souffleto's, No. 171, Rue Montmartre, and that his terms are extremely moderate in consideration of the excellence of his instruments.

I am sure my readers will approve of my directing their attention to the establishment of M. Richond, styled the Phoenix, No. 17, Boulevard Montmartre, near the Rue Richelieu. They will there find such a splendid assortment of time-pieces, as constitutes a most beautiful sight, equally gratifying to the artist and the amateur, many of the subjects being perfectly classic, and exhibiting the tastes and costumes of different ages; some of these magnificent time-pieces are adorned with figures, either bronze or gilded, representing historical characters, after the designs of the first masters, which are most admirably executed, and indeed there is such a variety of subjects, that one might pass hours in the shop, deriving the greatest pleasure from the examination of so many interesting subjects. It is also a satisfaction to know that the works of M. Richond's time-pieces are equal to their external beauty. In fact it is a house that has been long established and has ever supported a good name, having a considerable connexion, not only throughout France, but in foreign countries, particularly with England, and is by far the most recommendable of any in Paris in that line of business. Every object has the price marked upon it, which is always adhered to, and the charges are as moderate as could possibly be expected from the superiority of the articles over those which are sold in so many other shops in Paris; some time-pieces there are which of course amount to a high price, consistent with their splendour. There is a stamp fixed by government upon the internal works of each time-piece, to prove that it is verified as being of the best quality. M. Richond undertakes, at his own risk, the conveyance of time-pieces to London which have been purchased at his shop, and warrants them against any accident which may happen to the works in travelling, having a correspondent in London who is in the same business, and is commissioned to execute any repairs which may be requisite.

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Amongst other branches of industry which now have risen into considerable importance, is one which at present constitutes an extensive business of itself, although formerly only considered as a minor department of different concerns; that to which I allude is what the French term *chemisier*, which I can translate no otherwise than shirt-maker. There are now many following this business in Paris, but the largest establishment, and from which many others spring, is that of M. Demarne, No. 39, Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs, and he has so exerted his ingenuity in this peculiar line that he has obtained a patent for the perfection to which he has elevated it; he has been twice honourably mentioned in the reports published of two national exhibitions in which he had specimens of his works. His fame has already travelled throughout the Continent, and he is patronised by the princes of several courts of Europe, amongst others Prince Ernest of Cobourg, and noticing the names of several of the English nobility, in a list which he showed me to prove the encouragement he received from my *compatriots*, I remarked that of a noble lord of sporting notoriety whose shirts were at the price of *only* 150 fr. (6_l.) each. However, it must not be supposed that M. Demarne is dearer than other people, the price of all his articles are proportioned to the nature of the materials of which they are composed, and many are at the most moderate charges. At his extensive establishment will also be found an assortment of shirt collars, cravats, braces, silk handkerchiefs, *etc.*, *etc.*, arranged according to the prevailing fashions. One of the most curious, ingenious and incomprehensible inventions of any I have seen is that of M. Paris, coiffeur to the Princes and Princesses, 25, Passage Choiseul, and 22, Rue Dalayrac, near the new Italian Theatre, relating to all descriptions of false hair, which he contrives to arrange in such a manner that the skin of the head is seen through where the hair is parted, and the roots represented as springing from the head in so natural a manner, that the deception cannot be discerned even on the closest inspection; the extreme delicacy of the work in these fronts and toupies is really inimitable, a person may put one on the back of their hand, and the division appears so transparent that the skin is seen under it as clear as if not a single hair crossed it, and yet by some invisible means the parts are held together, which can only be by light transparent hairs which are not discernible to the naked eye. He has obtained a patent for this invention, and although I know my countrywomen have generally very fine heads of hair, yet as from fevers or other causes they are sometimes deprived of it, also that grey hairs will intrude, I cannot too strongly recommend them to patronise the talents of M. Paris, and which under similar circumstances will be found equally serviceable to gentlemen.

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Whilst dilating upon different inventions which either contribute to comfort or convenience, I must not omit that of M. Cazal, who has obtained two patents, and medals for the umbrellas and parasols he has invented, with which he furnishes the Queen and Princesses, and which are entirely superseding all those of any other construction. In such as M. Cazal has brought into vogue, instead of the catches or springs which retain the umbrella when open or shut, being inserted in the stick, which always contributes towards weakening it, they are attached to the wire frame-work, and by merely touching a little button will slide up or down as required with the greatest facility, without those little annoyances which so frequently happen in the old method, of either pinching one's fingers, or the glove catching in the spring, or the latter breaking or losing its elasticity, *etc.*, *etc.* The stick by this system, it must also be observed, is stronger, therefore can if desired be thinner, and consequently lighter. Another description, called travelling umbrellas, is also invented by M. Cazal and is particularly convenient, containing a cane inside the stick, by which it may be used as one or as the other, according as the weather or caprice may require; these are extremely desirable for lame persons who require a stick, as the umbrella when closed answers the purpose, and if required to be opened the cane drawing out equally affords support. M. Cazal has an assortment of canes and whips the most varied that can be imagined; it would be difficult to fancy any pattern or form that is not to be found in his numerous collection. His establishment is No. 23, Boulevard Italien, where there is always some one in attendance who speaks English. Whilst so near, I cannot resist mentioning so respectable a tradesman as M. Froge, tailor, with whom the fashionable Englishmen sojourning at Paris have dealt for above twenty years, and ever found him so honourable in his transactions that they still continue to afford him their patronage; his address is No. 3, Boulevard des Capucines.

CHAPTER IX.

To the ladies.

As I have set out with professing to render my work of as much utility as possible, I am desirous of giving my fair countrywomen the benefit of my own experience in Paris, by indicating to them those establishments wherein they may abstract a portion of the contents of their purse, without having cause to think that it has been recklessly dissipated, as no one more than myself would regret to see their "glittering money fly like chaff before the wind," so am I extremely tenacious that they should only barter it for its full value, and as I know ladies must and will have perfumes, however superfluous in most instances, for it is but adding "sweets to the sweets," I shall conduct them to the emporium of delicious odours, appertaining to M. Blanche, whose dealings

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I can assure them are as pure as his name; he has besides the merit of being an excellent chymist, and the still greater merit of having devoted his talents to the fair sex, and in that point which they appreciate most highly, the embellishment and preservation of their personal attractions; he has therefore invented a peculiar description of vegetable soap, called *Savon Vegetal de Guimauve*, which is so renowned amongst the Paris belles, that I should not be surprised at their forming themselves into a committee, and voting an address of thanks to M. Blanche for the signal services he has rendered to the cause of beauty, as not only are the medicinal powers attributed to this *savon*, of removing any impurities and softening the skin, but also that of giving it a smooth satiny lustre, which may be compared to adding the last *coup de grace* to the female charms. In addition to these advantages it possesses that of having the most agreeable scent; its merits have in fact obtained it a patent and it is only sold at the establishment of M. Blanche, No. 48, Passage Choiseul, where also may be procured every description of perfumery and a variety of other articles, all good of their kind, as the proprietor would consider the vending of an inferior quality as a stain upon his character and upon his *fair* name.

Formerly the English ladies were very *sharp* and *pointed* in their reflexions upon French needles, much more so indeed than the objects to which their sarcasms were directed, which in fact were but blunt and brittle ware, and the consequence was that they not only tried all their own little arts to smuggle over as many as they could when they came from England, but they exacted the same pécadillo from their unfortunate friends; now of all things I most hate smuggling, principally I admit from the fear of being caught; which I think excessively disagreeable. Judge then how rejoiced I was when informed by some of my fair friends that there were as good needles to be had at the Maison Bierri, a la Ville de Lille, 32, Faubourg St. Honore, as any that could be procured in London, and one respectable matron insisted that it was a moral duty incumbent upon me to mention an establishment so exceedingly useful to my countrywomen, not only because it contains so many articles which females are constantly requiring, but that every thing they have is of so superior a quality; in fact nothing would satisfy the good lady but my going myself to see how it was crowded with purchasers.

I obeyed, and in good truth found the shop quite like a fair, but the most perfect order and arrangement prevailing, the proprietor constantly upon the watch to see that the young people were civil and attentive to the customers, who were purchasing a variety of articles and particularly ribbands; of which there appeared a most brilliant assortment, and I heard it observed that in that department the Maison Bierri had a celebrity *unique*. There were also

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as great diversity of fringe, net, blonde, muslin, mercery, lace, jaconas, linings, worsteds, all kinds of haberdashery, *etc.*, *etc.* I also remarked that in every drawer, containing the different articles which were produced, the prices were marked, so that in case of the least demur regarding the charge, a reference to the label decides the affair. By the excellence of his goods, the regular system upon which the business is conducted, and the assiduity of all concerned in the Maison Bierri, he has attracted numbers of the English, and amongst the rest the Ambassadors, and there is always some person attending who speaks their language. In the exterior there is no attempt at display; like many of the most respectable establishments, it depends so entirely on its extensive connexions, as not to need any efforts to promote publicity, and every one residing at Paris must have heard of the reputation of the Maison Bierri; it is particularly convenient for the English, being in the quarter in which they mostly dwell.

As there is no department of the toilet by which ladies either so disfigure or embellish themselves, as the hat, bonnet, or cap, I must beseech my fair countrywomen to procure those articles from such persons alone who have as it were obtained a diploma for good taste; as I am most anxious that when Englishwomen are in France, that they should in every respect appear to the best advantage; now as I consider that which adorns the head as having so important a bearing upon the beauty of a female, deep and frequent were my cogitations upon the subject, before I could make up my mind what *modiste* I should recommend to the patronage of my countrywomen, as I would not have the sin upon my head, for all the mines of Golconda, of having been accessory to an Englishwoman putting on a hat or bonnet that did not become her; therefore, after mature deliberation, I determined to call a council of all my female acquaintances, and beg of them to hold a debate upon this knotty point; the result was most satisfactory, the question being carried without a division, in fact there was not one dissentient voice, the name of Madame de Barenne being pronounced by one and all at the same moment; it being observed that there were several persons who had attained a certain degree of celebrity as *modistes*, but for uniting grace, elegance and simplicity with an artistical *gusto*, there were none in Paris who surpassed Madame de Barenne (14 place Vendome). I have before alluded to this lady, and certainly have observed that her manners, her apartments, and every thing around her has an air *distingue*, and although I would never have the presumption of giving an opinion upon articles so far above my judgment, yet I can record the opinion of those who are considered true connoisseurs, from whom I learn that at Madame de Barenne's, hats, bonnets, caps, and turbans, of every variety, are arranged with the utmost perfection,

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the materials being of the most superior description consistent with the season of the year, adorned with marabouts, bird of paradise feathers, aigrettes, flowers from the celebrated Constantin, all selected from those houses which have the most renown for the respective articles in which they deal, but which are introduced with so much taste and judgment, that besides her ingenuity, having obtained a patent, she has been specially appointed modiste to the Queen of Belgium, the Princess Clementine, and the Duchess de Nemours.

Not far from the English Ambassador's, in the centre as it were of what may be termed the English quarter, is an establishment styled *La Tentation*, which from the variety and excellence of its goods operates on the visiter consistently with its title. It is a *Magasin de Nouveautes*, containing almost every article appertaining to the toilet, as linen, drapery, hosiery, fancy goods, *etc.*, and is on that extensive scale, that their assortment possesses every diversity that can be desired, whilst even the most fastidious cannot fail of meeting that which must suit their taste. This establishment is not like many in the same way of business, who spend a little fortune in advertising their goods, incurring tremendous expenses in obtruding themselves and their merchandise before the public, and then making that public pay the outlay they have made upon newspapers, pamphlets, *etc.*, by either charging higher prices, or laying in stock of inferior quality, thereby even at an apparently moderate price they are enabled to obtain higher profits, whilst by continuing their puffing advertisements, they hope constantly to attract a new supply of dupes.

La Tentation, on the contrary, calculate only upon obtaining and retaining connexion, by keeping none but good articles, and selling them at a small profit; strict attention and civility to their customers, and having a stock ever consistent with the changes of the fashions and seasons, by a constant adherence to these objects a durable success has been effected. The progress of this establishment has been worthy of remark, commencing under a humble roof upon a modest scale, until with the process of time the proprietors were emboldened to enlarge their premises when at length it increased to its present magnitude, occupying a considerable portion of a noble mansion This has been achieved by a judicious selection of stock, with constant perseverance, and conducting their business on honourable principles, it is just such an establishment as is calculated to please the English, where great neatness and cleanliness is observed, and everything conducted in a quiet and unassuming manner. The charges on each article are fixed at a price that will admit of no diminution, and the English have the satisfaction of knowing that they pay no more than the French, which perhaps is not the case in all houses in Paris; persons wishing to view the goods are not

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pressed to purchase unless they feel disposed to do so, and however trifling may be the amount, they are not tormented, as in too many shops, to buy more than they wish. Whatever articles are selected are sent punctually to the residence of the parties at the time required, and orders, whether personally or by letter, meet with the strictest attention. There is always some person belonging to the establishment who speaks English. La Tentation is situated No. 67, Rue Faubourg St. Honore, at the corner of the Avenue de Marigny.

Perhaps there is no branch of the arts which has been wrought to so high a perfection as that of making artificial flowers, and no place in the world where it is practised to such an extent as Paris, or with so high a degree of talent; but although it has been long and justly celebrated for the exquisite taste developed in forming bouquets, wherein all the varieties of colour are so assembled as to display each other to the best advantage, yet so arranged that a certain harmony should pervade the whole; still M. Constantin has discovered the means of availing himself of the abilities of the Parisians in this department of the art, that he has elevated it to a degree of altitude it had never before attained, and in fact his flowers have become so exclusively the mode, that if a lady wear any whatever, it would be offending her to suppose that they were any other than those of M. Constantin. Indeed, it is impossible to enter his apartments without feeling a thorough conviction of the elegance of his taste, first passing through a long corridor between two rows of real flowers, proving that he fears not the rivalry of nature, conscious that his own works unite the same beauties of tints and colours which her highest powers can produce, and one room into which his customers are introduced, unites a degree of taste in the richness and splendour of its ornamental objects, with that proper tone of keeping which is pleasing to the eye; but it is at his little boudoir that the beholder is astonished, such luxuriant magnificence as is therein displayed can only be imagined from a description presented in the Arabian Nights! in fact the Dutch Ambassador was so delighted with the exquisite arrangement of this superb specimen of sumptuous decoration, that he requested permission to bring an artist to take an exact copy of the elegant little chamber and its contents, to form a similar boudoir for the Queen of Holland. As M. Constantin is now arrived at the summit of his profession, he is enabled to command prices commensurate with his talents, and has some bouquets as high as 1000 francs, but there are articles which may be purchased at the moderate charge of 10 francs; his residence is No. 37, Rue Neuve St. Augustin. M. Constantin possesses the recommendation of being extremely particular as to the morality and propriety of conduct with his young persons, and that degree of decorum is constantly preserved, that any ladies visiting his apartments will find the same order and discipline maintained as in the strictest boarding-schools.

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I know not whether it is the case with all men, but I believe it is, that the first time I see a lady, I naturally look in her face, then my next impulse is to look at her foot; now as I have already done my utmost for my countrywomen for the ornamenting of the former, in recommending them to Madame de Barenne, I must now endeavour to serve them in respect to the latter, reminding them that in Lord Normandy's novel of "Yes and No," he observes, speaking of the feet of Parisian females, "How exquisitely they decorate that part of the person," and as I have already remarked that I do not wish English ladies in any one particular to yield to Parisian or any other ladies, I must request that they will, as soon as possible after they arrive at Paris, apply to M. Hoffman, No. 8, Rue de la Paix, who will fit them in such a light and elegant manner, giving such a "*jolie tournure*" to the foot, that they will scarcely know their own feet again, after having been accustomed to be shod in the English fashion; for although I have a very exalted idea of the transcendent talents of my countrymen, I do not consider that the vein of their abilities at all runs in the shoemaking line. M. Hoffman's residence is at the end of a court-yard, almost as quiet and as retired as if it were in a convent; his articles will be found of the best quality, both he and Madame speak English, and rival each other in attention and civility to their customers; they have an assortment of the different specimens of their work, consisting of every variety which is worn, according with the fashion and season.

I believe every lady before she quits England with the intention of visiting Paris, has already made up her mind to make some purchase of lace pretty soon after her arrival; to prevent them therefore from falling into bad hands, I recommend them to go at once to one of the most extensive and respectable establishments in that department of any in Paris, indeed I believe I may truly add the most so. It is one of those large wholesale houses of the French metropolis that transact business with all parts of the world in lace, ribbands, and silks; it is situated at No. 2ter, Rue Choiseul, the firm is Messrs. Bellart, Louys and Delcambre, where every description of blonde and lace, in all its multitudinous variety, from the most simple to the richest, rarest and most costly, will be found, and at extremely reasonable prices, as so many retail dealers furnish themselves from this establishment; besides which, they are themselves manufacturers of black Chantilly lace and white blonde. This concern has the character of being solely wholesale, but they make an exception with regard to lace. Their collection of ribbands is unrivalled both for the beauty and extent. They have also a most valuable assortment of silks, satins, velvets, stuffs, brocade, embroidery of gold and silver, *etc.*, *etc.*, selected with extreme taste and judgment, and indeed Mme de Barenne owes a great portion of her success to having supplied herself from this house with the material which she required, as being of so very superior a quality, it gave great vogue to whatever was produced by her ingenuity, to which certainly her own talents contributed in the taste displayed in the disposition and arrangement of the different articles, independent of their own excellence.

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Whatever rivalry there may be between different countries, respecting their divers produce and manufactures, with regard to gloves none would have the audacity to cast the gauntlet at France, which has ever held the supremacy over other nations in that department, yet it has recently been elevated a step higher by an invention of M. Mayer, of No. 26, Rue de la Paix, for which he has been granted a king's patent, consisting in what are termed ball gloves, which are so made as to button and lace about half way up the arm, which prevents them from slipping down upon the wrist, they are besides furnished with trimmings also invented by M. Mayer, which may either be of the utmost simplicity, or of the richest description, and may be composed of either satin, velvet, lace, gold, or even pearls and diamonds may be and are frequently introduced; they may be also furnished with tassels which may be formed of materials equally costly, thus the trimmings of these gloves may either be had for four francs or may cost twenty guineas and upwards, according to the desires of the wearers. In fact M. Mayer has introduced a degree of luxury and splendour in the decorations of gloves, which has given them an importance in the toilet which they never before possessed, and have become so much the vogue with ladies of the highest distinction, that they have obtained for M. Mayer the privilege of furnishing the royal family of France, the Empress of Russia, the Queens of Naples, Spain, Belgium, *etc.* M. Mayer also occupies himself with gentlemen's gloves, and has just invented a peculiar description, without gussets between the fingers, by which means they set closer to the hand, and are not so liable to be come unsewed as by the former method; he has them likewise so arranged as to button at the side instead of the middle, which always left an unsightly aperture. Now I think of it, these last few lines had no business in the ladies' chapter, as they allude to that which are worn solely by gentlemen, but I dare say that my fair readers, if they find M. Mayer's gloves merit my commendations, will be equally anxious that their husbands, brothers, or sons should furnish themselves at the same place and excuse the intrusion. M. Mayer has a private apartment tastefully fitted up, appropriated for the ladies, where they can make their selections as uninterrupted and unobserved as at their own homes.

Next door to M. Mayer's, at No. 28, is an establishment which has received very distinguished and extensive patronage, known by the appellation of La Maison Lucy Hocquet, not only for hats, bonnets, capotes and turbans, but also for pelerines, fichus a la paysanne, *canzous*, chemisettes, collars, habit shirts, parures de spectacles, *etc.*; in these articles they have been so celebrated for the taste and elegance with which they are arranged, that the fame of their talents has attracted around them many of the most influential ladies in Paris, as also several of the most celebrated *artistes*

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whose good taste and judgement are proverbial; amongst others may be cited Mlle Rachel. La Maison Lucy Hocquet likewise furnishes several crowned heads, as the Empress of Russia, Queen of Portugal, *etc.*, and amongst the leading personages of Paris, the Princess Demidoff, the Duchesses d'Eckmuehl, de Montebello, de Valmy, Marquise d'Osmond, *etc.* To the above list might be added many names of the English nobility, who still continue to be supplied from this establishment, which independent of the merit which is displayed in the arrangement of every article which it produces, is also highly recommendable on account of the attentive civility which they extend to all who may have occasion to apply to them.

CHAPTER X.

The present artists in France and their productions, improvements in Paris, fortifications, humanity to animals, education of females, personal appearance of the French, army and navy, scientific Societies, and commercial enterprises.

Never perhaps at any period was there so much encouragement given to the arts and sciences in general in France as at the present, nor ever was there a monarch who reigned over the French, who so much endeavoured to promote every object which tended to usefulness, or to the advancement of the fine arts. No country in the world has such advantages as France for nurturing talent, and giving it the opportunity of developing itself, so numerous are the societies and institutions where lectures and instruction are afforded gratuitously, hence the great assistance to young artists; without any expense or trouble, they are admitted into a drawing academy, where they may acquire the fundamental principles of the graphic art; afterwards there are other different establishments which they can enter as their studies progress, and when they attain any degree of proficiency, they have a chance of being sent at the expense of government to Rome, to complete their studies, and if they excel to a moderate degree, are sure to be employed by the King, or some member of the royal family, or by the nation. With all these immense advantages, how much might be expected of the French artists, but the fact does not realise those hopes that might be justly formed from the solid rudimental education which they have the power of receiving. The exhibition this year at the Louvre of the paintings of the living artists was a complete illustration of what I have stated, as every one allows that it was far inferior to that of last year, which was considered much worse than those of former years.

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At the same time it must be admitted that several of the best artists have not sent any pictures for the last few years, and particularly the present, when amongst the absentees might be cited Ingres, Horace Vernet, Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, *etc.*, who it appears were all employed by the King or government; the consequence was, although there was an immense mass of large historical and scriptural subjects, it was what might have been called a most sorry display. Amongst the number one alone evinced a superiority of talent, and that was the taking of Mazagran by Phillippoteaux, which really had considerable merit, and the artist it appears passed some time in Algiers, and therefore was enabled to give a faithful representation of the inhabitants of the country. Of miscellaneous subjects, or what the French call *tableau de genre*, there were many most exquisite pictures, amongst the rest, the Miller, his Son and his Ass, by H. Bellange, which was so full of character and expression, that it needed not language to tell the tale; there were also several other pieces by the same artist, possessing equal merit. An Assembly of Protestants surprised by Catholic Troops, by Karl Girardet, was a most superior picture in Wilkie's best style; Reading the Bible, by Edward Girardet, also exceedingly clever; but one of the most delightful pictures in the exhibition was by Gue, of Raymond of Toulouse reconciling himself to the Church; I never yet saw any performance of that artist but evinced some great merit, either the finest imagination, the most beautiful execution, or the utmost truth to nature, according to the subject he undertakes. I should certainly pronounce Gue as one of the best artists who now send their pictures to the Louvre; one he had two years since of the Crucifixion, at the annual Exhibition, which certainly was a most sublime composition, the approach of night, with a slight glare of parting light, was most admirably represented, and gave a sort of wild gloom which so beautifully harmonised with the nature of the subject; he had also introduced the dead rising from their tombs, which contributed to augment the solemn tone which pervaded the whole picture. However lightly or frivolously the mind might be engaged, one glance at this exquisite painting must at once strike awe into the beholder; it was true that there was a great similarity with one on the same subject, in the Louvre, by Karel Dujardin, but not sufficiently so to say it was borrowed, or to detract from its merit. T. Johanot had but one picture this year, which was very clever, as his always are; his subjects are mostly historical, and his illustrations of Walter Scott are universally known and admired. Schopin is another of the French artists whose pictures will always live, his females are so truly graceful, such sweetness of expression in their countenances; this year he did not shine so much as he has before, having but one picture, which was from Ruth and Boaz, and the latter was made to appear too old. A paralyzed old Man on an Ass, which his son was leading, was a true picture of nature, by Leleux; the vigour of the one and the feebleness of the other were admirably contrasted, although rather flat from wanting more shade.

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Of this description there were far too many pictures possessing merit than I can afford room to cite, but amongst the portraits there were some such wretched daubs, that they would have been a disgrace to any country; in fact this is a branch in which the French are peculiarly deficient, and in which we far surpass them. The portrait painter who has now the greatest vogue is Winterhatter, who certainly has a great degree of merit, but rather sacrifices the face to the drapery; his picture of the Queen was very justly admired in many respects, but the laboured accuracy with which the lace was given, was rendered so conspicuous, that the eye fell upon the costume before it lighted upon the features; this pleases the ladies, I am aware, who like to have an exact map of their blonde and guipure, and it certainly is too much the case that an artist is obliged to be more or less the slave of his sitters and their friends; his miscellaneous pieces, where his pencil roves freely, are all that is delightful. His portrait of the Comte de Paris and the Duchess de Nemours, certainly display considerable talent. Two favourite and fashionable portrait painters are Dubuffe and Court, the works of the former are well known in England, they are exceedingly attractive from their softness and brilliance, but they want the crispness and tone of nature, the drawing also is sometimes defective. These observations equally apply to both these artists. The younger Dubuffe is rising rapidly in the estimation of artists. I have seen some portraits very true to life by Coignet, Roller, Laure, Rouilliard, and Vinchon; one of Sebastiani, by the latter, was quite nature itself. There are several very clever painters of marine subjects, amongst others Gudin and Isabey, and there is not any department which is more encouraged by the King and the government; for the last several years the former has had orders for at least a dozen each year, of naval combats between France and her enemies, but those subjects which he paints from his own spontaneous suggestions, are infinitely superior to such as he executes to order. Fruits and flowers are branches of the art in which the French artists particularly excel, one piece of flowers by Bergon I think was one of the most perfect I have met with.

Latterly they have much advanced in their representation of cattle, their sheep and cows are particularly good; some draught horses by Casey were executed with infinite spirit, as also some wild horses by Lepoitevin. Some delightful domestic pieces must excite admiration, of fishermen, their wives and children, by Colin, very much in the style of our own Collins, but not quite so good, as also others by Le Camus Duval. Several interesting subjects attracted much of my attention, by Henry Scheffer, Meissonnier, Bouchot, Dupre, Steuben, Rubio, Signol, Charlet, Storelli, and a few others; in water colours the French are now advancing with rapid strides, this year there were some exquisite

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specimens in that department of painting, particularly by Heroult: but the style in which the French now are most happy, is in what they call *pastel*, which consists in a great variety of coloured chalks, rather harder than what we understand by crayons; the manner in which they execute portraits about a quarter the size of life, with these materials, is surprising, it infinitely surpasses their oil portrait or their miniatures. There are several foreign artists within the last two years, who have sent their works to the Louvre which must not be passed unnoticed, amongst the rest is a Spanish artist named Villaamil, whose interiors are far above mediocrity, and who has given us some rich specimens of Spanish monuments, which are now admirably illustrated in a periodical lithographic work. Our countrymen, Messrs. Callow and Barker, have also sent several pieces, which do them and their country credit, the former, some beautiful subjects in water colours, and the latter of varied descriptions, in some of which the game has been particularly admired.

Miniature painting in France I should decidedly say was much inferior to that of England, they are very fond of thick muddy back-grounds, their colouring partakes of the same dirty hue, there is generally a stiffness in the position, and much high finish without effect; there are certainly some exceptions to this rule, at the head of which is Madame Lezinska de Mirbel, whose miniatures are broad, bold, and natural, but always plainer than the originals; there are a few others who have come forward latterly, whose performances are above mediocrity. There were some landscapes which evinced much talent, both as to composition and execution; the selection of subjects being from some of the wild romantic provinces of France and Switzerland, aided greatly in affording them a certain degree of interest. Taking a comparative view of the artists of England and France, there is no doubt, generally speaking, that the latter are superior in drawing, and the former in colouring; many of the French artists have latterly adopted a leady tone in their flesh tints, which gives their figures a half dead appearance. With whatever faults he may possess, I doubt if there be any other man that can do so much as Horace Vernet; many may be found who may excel him in the separate objects which he must introduce in a general historical subject, as a landscape, an architectural building, a ship, a horse, *etc.*, might be better executed by such artists as have exclusively studied any one of those subjects, but I do not think there is any painter now living who could produce the *ensemble* so well, and manage to give the effect to the composition in the same masterly style as Horace Vernet. Delaroche also has completed many pictures which with his name will be immortal; the same may be said of Ary Scheffer, whilst Ingres is known and cited all over Europe for the perfection of his drawing, supposed to be the only man who could correctly draw the naked human figure in any position without a model. In portrait and miniature painting, landscapes and water colours, the French are still decidedly inferior to the English artists.

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With respect to sculpture, it is so far more encouraged in France than in England, that of course the numbers who profess it are far more numerous in the former country, and there is a great deal of talent to be found amongst the present French sculptors, but perhaps not quite of the highest class. I never have seen anything which I considered so beautiful as Bailey's Eve, and I doubt whether there are any of them who could produce a work equal to Gibson, or that could surpass Cockerill in the representation of a horse, still most of their statues which have been executed for the government, are certainly better than many of those which have been placed in different parts of London.

There is a great taste for sculptural subjects in general throughout Paris, numbers of houses which have been recently built are adorned with statues, and an immense variety of devices and ornaments of different descriptions, all of which afford employment for the young sculptor; in fact there exists now quite a mania for decoration, and those mansions which still remain of the middle ages present the same predilection for rich carve-work and elaborate ornament which is now revived, and undoubtedly it gives a very picturesque richness to the aspect of a city. As a department of sculpture I certainly must not omit to state to what a high degree the French have wrought the art of casting in bronze, and I am sure I shall be procuring my readers a treat in directing them to the establishment of M. De Braux d'Anglure, No. 8, Rue Castiglione; they will there find an infinite variety of very splendid subjects, some executed with the most exquisite delicacy, others in fine broad masses, as animals the size of life, and some equestrian figures of the middle ages after the first masters displaying the full merit of the original designs. But that which is still more interesting is to visit M. De Braux's foundry, and atelier, No. 15, Rue d'Astorg, where he takes a pleasure in explaining the whole process requisite in casting the different objects, and showing them throughout the various stages through which they pass before they are completed. The French have brought this art to a high perfection, which it appears is facilitated by their having a peculiar sort of sand near Paris (which they cannot find elsewhere), particularly serviceable for the purpose of casting. The orders which come from England for works in bronze is immense; whilst I was at M. de Braux's he was at work upon a bust of the Duke of Wellington, which was part of what was to be a figure the size of life, destined as a national monument (as M. de Braux understood) for some part of London. The great art which he now practises, is that of casting whole masses at once, instead of small bits which were joined together according to the former method. Every amateur of the arts will find the highest gratification in viewing the number of interesting objects which present themselves in various forms at M. de Braux's atelier.

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The shopkeepers and proprietors of coffee-houses, restaurants, *etc.*, also have afforded much occupation to artists of moderate talent, having reliefs and paintings introduced upon their walls, that are by no means contemptible, and it is quite an amusement, in walking the streets of Paris, to observe to what an extent it is carried; many of the new houses in the most frequented thoroughfares, above the shops, are now so handsome that if they were appropriated for national purposes would be admired as public monuments, some of these may be remarked even in several of the narrow shabby streets, only (as already stated) they are compelled, by the Municipality, to build them a few feet farther back, to give greater width to the street. One of the beauties and attractions of Paris at the present period, is the Passages, in which are to be found some of the most splendid assortments of every article which the most refined luxury can desire; of such a description are the Passages des Panoramas, Saumon, Choiseul, Vero-Dodat, Vivienne, Opera and Colbert; in the latter is a Magasin de Nouveaute, styled the Grand Colbert, which peculiarly merits the attention, both of the amateur and the connoisseurs of such merchandise as will be found there displayed. In Paris there are many establishments of this nature on the most colossal scales, even surpassing in extent the far famed Waterloo House, but in none is the public more honourably served, or treated with a greater degree of courtesy and attention, than at the Grand Colbert; the taste and discernment with which their stock is selected, does the highest credit to the proprietors, and their premises being arranged and decorated so as to resemble a Moresque temple, as the purchasers behold spread around them in gay profusion all the rich and glowing tints which Cashmere can produce, they may almost fancy that they are in some oriental Bazaar, where the costly manufactures of those climes are displayed for the admiring gaze of the delighted spectator. In the choice of silks is developed the beau ideal of all that the genius, art, and industry of Lyons can effect, which has been selected as regards the tints and designs, with an artistical tact. A great advantage of this establishment is that one partner is French, possessing that degree of taste for which his countrymen are so justly celebrated in all that relates to fancy goods, whilst the other partner is English, partaking of that truly national character which pries deeply into the worth and solidity of every article, before it is presented to the public. Thus far I can speak from experience, having for sixteen years been accustomed to purchase every thing I required at the Grand Colbert, either in linen, drapery, mercery, hosiery, lace, millinery, *etc.* The premises are entered from two different points, the Rue Vivienne, and the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, of which streets it forms the corner. The central position adds another recommendation to the stranger, being close

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to the Palais Royal, in a street communicating with the Bourse, and the most fashionable part of the Boulevards, but a few minutes' walk from all the principal Theatres, at the back of the Royal Library, and in fact in the midst of the most attractive and frequented parts of Paris. Whilst a long range of immense squares of plate glass not only have an ornamental appearance but have the effect of throwing so powerful a light upon the premises that every possible advantage may be afforded for the examination of the goods.

Just near this spot they are about to open a new street, which will be on the spacious and handsome plan of those which have been recently constructed; many others are projected on the same system, and will have a most beneficial effect, in adding to the salubrity of the capital, by clearing away a number of little dirty lanes and alleys, hundreds of which have already been absorbed in the great improvements which have been effected in Paris within my recollection. The extensive projects which are in contemplation for the embellishing of the city, would cost some hundreds of millions of francs to carry into effect, but could have been executed, had not so large a sum been required for the erection of the fortifications, which are proceeding, if not rapidly, at any rate steadily. Concerning their utility or the policy of such a measure, opinion is much divided, but the majority conceive that such circumstances as could render them necessary are never likely to arrive, as they consider that by keeping the frontiers always in the best state of defense, there never could be any fear of an army reaching Paris, as when it occurred under Napoleon, it was after the resources of France had been exhausted by a war of upwards of twenty years, an event that in all probability never could happen again, and that the immense outlay of capital might be applied to purposes so much more calculated to promote the welfare of the country. Others contend that supposing France to be assailed by three armies, and even that she be victorious over two of them, and it be not the case with the third, that force might march on Paris, which might be immediately taken if it were open as at present, whereas if fortified, the resistance it would be enabled to make would give time for either of the victorious armies to come to its relief. Whilst a third party pretend that the fortifications are intended more to operate against Paris than in its defence; that in case of any formidable popular commotion the surrounding cannon can be pointed against the city and inhabitants, and any refractory bands that might be disposed to pour in from the province to join the factious could be effectually prevented entering Paris. Whatever may be the different opinions on the subject, every one must regret such a tremendous expense for almost a visionary object, whilst there is so much capital and labour required for increasing the facilities of communication by means of improved roads, canals, or railways from the opposite points of the kingdom.

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With respect to the ameliorations which have already been effected in Paris, one may say that wonders have been accomplished, particularly in regard to cleansing and paving the streets, and in all possible cases opening and widening every available spot of ground, whereby a freer air could be admitted. I cannot conceive how people formerly could exist in such dirty holes emitting horrible odours, of which there still remain too many specimens, wherein even the physical appearance of persons one would imagine certainly must be affected, yet I have often remarked in the midst of the narrowest and most unsightly looking streets of Paris, numbers of persons with fresh colours and having a most healthy appearance; it is true that there are now open spaces in all quarters, from which a person cannot live more than about two hundred yards, the Boulevards encircling Paris, and the Seine running through it with its large wide quays, afford a free current of air all through the heart of the city, then there are such a number of spacious markets, of *places*, or, as we call them, squares, and of large gardens, which all afford ample breathing room; whereas in London that is not the case, in many parts, such as the city end of Holborn, Cheapside, Cornhill, Leadenhall street, Whitechapel, *etc.*, where you must go a long way to get any thing like fresh air. That part of Paris termed La Cite, was the worst in that respect, but such numbers of houses have been swept away round Notre-Dame, that they have now formed delightful promenades with trees and gravelled walks.

The French are extremely fond of anything in the shape of a garden, and you come upon them sometimes where you would least expect to find them at the backs of houses, in the very narrow nasty little streets to which I have alluded, but if they have no space of ground in which they can raise a bit of something green, they will avail themselves of their balconies, their terraces, their roofs, parapets, and I have often seen a sort of frame-work projecting from their windows, containing flowers and plants. They evince the same partiality for animals, to whom they are extremely kind, and in several parts of Paris there are hospitals for dogs and cats, where they are attended with the utmost care. I was much amused the first time I heard of such an establishment; I went with a lady to pay a visit to a friend, and after the usual enquiries, the question of how is Bijou was added, in a most anxious manner: the answer was given with a sigh. "Oh! my dear, he is at the hospital," and then continued the lady in a somewhat less doleful tone, "but fortunately he is going on very well, and in another week we hope he will be able to come out." I thought all the while that they must be alluding to a servant of the family, who had been sent to the hospital, when the lady I had accompanied exclaimed, "Poor dear little creature." This somewhat puzzled me, and whilst I was pondering on what it could all mean, the other lady observed, "It is such a nice affectionate animal," and at last I found out it was a dog which excited so much sympathy.

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I have also observed the same kind consideration towards their horses, and remember once seeing the driver of a cabriolet take off his great coat to cover his horse with it, and certainly at present I do not perceive any practical proof of what used to be said of Paris, that it was a “hell for horses, and a heaven for women,” and as to the latter case it is very evident that the females work much more than they do in England, particularly amongst the middle-classes; accounts being strictly attended to in the course of their education, enables them to render most important aid in the establishments either of their husbands or brothers, to which they devote themselves with much cheerfulness and assiduity, arising from the manner in which they are brought up. Indeed the general system observed in female boarding-schools in Paris is very commendable, and as there are numbers of the English whose circumstances will not permit of their residing in France, yet are extremely desirous that their children should acquire a perfect knowledge of the French language, I know not any service that I can render such persons more important than that of recommending a seminary, in which I can confidently state that they will not only receive all the advantages of an accomplished education, but also be treated with maternal care; of such a description is the establishment of Madame Loiseau. Having known several young ladies who had been there brought up, and hearing them always express themselves in the most affectionate manner of its mistress, whilst the parents added their encomiums to those of their children, I was tempted to pay Madame Loiseau a visit, that I might be empowered to recommend her establishment, by having the advantage of ocular demonstration added to that of oral testimony.

I have known several boarding-schools in my own country, but never any one which was superior in regard to the extreme of neatness and cleanliness, or possessing a more perfect system of regularity, which appears to prevail in that of Madame Loiseau; although mine was rather an early morning call, yet all was in the nicest order. The house, which is in the Rue Neuve de Berri, No. 6, just close to the Champs Elysees, the favourite quarter of the English, is most advantageously situated, facing a park, and at the back is a good sized garden, with shaded walks, well calculated for the recreation of the pupils, and there is besides a spacious gymnasium, where the young ladies can always practise those exercises so much recommended for the promotion of health, when the weather will not permit of taking the air. The premises are so extensive, that different rooms are appropriated for different studies, the one for drawing, another for writing, several for music, *etc.*, *etc.*; there is a chapel attached to the establishment, which is adapted to those who are of the Catholic persuasion, whilst the English Protestant pupils are sent with a teacher of their own country, either to the Ambassador's

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or to the Marboeuf English chapel, both of which are near to the residence of Madame Loiseau. The masters for the different accomplishments are judiciously selected, and although much attention is devoted to enriching the minds of the pupils with the beauties of literature, and elegant acquirements, Madame Loiseau takes still more pains in instructing them in every social duty, towards rendering them exemplary, either as daughters, wives, or mothers. In case of any pupils proving unwell, apartments are appropriated to them, separated from the dormitories, where they receive the most assiduous attention; baths are amongst other conveniences contained within the establishment. The table is most liberally supplied, and on those days which are observed as fasts by the catholics, joints are prepared for the protestants, the same as upon other days. The terms are moderate, proportioned to the advantages which are offered.

The physical appearance of the French strikes me as having undergone a considerable change; when I was a child, I can remember a host of emigrants who used to live mostly about Somers Town, and impressed me with the idea of their being tall and meagre, exactly as I was accustomed to see them represented in the caricatures; I remember particularly remarking that they had thin visages, hollow cheeks, long noses and chins, that I used to observe they were all features and no face, they had besides a sort of grouty snuffy appearance; of the females I have less recollection, except that I thought they looked rather yellow, and generally took snuff. When I came to France, therefore, I was very much struck with the change, particularly in the young men, whom I found with small features, and generally round faces, of the middle height, and well made, not so dark or so pale as I expected to find them. The same description applies to the females; there is not so much red and white as we are accustomed to see in England, nor the soft blue eye, nor flaxen nor golden hair, nor generally speaking such fine busts, and I know not why, but the French women have almost always shorter necks, but they have mostly very pretty little feet and ankles, and although their features may not be regular or handsome, taken separately, yet the ensemble is generally pleasing; their eyes are fine and expressive, and after all, in my opinion, expression is the soul of beauty. The female peasantry of France take no pains in guarding against the sun and wind, but merely wear caps, consequently get very much tanned, and look old very soon: whereas the Englishwomen preserve their appearance much longer by wearing bonnets, and particularly pokes, which effectually shelter the face. The sun also has more power in most parts of France, and the women work harder than in England, therefore cannot wear so well.

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Proportioned to the price of provisions, wages are higher in France than in England; you cannot have an able bodied man in Paris, for the lowest description of work, for less than 40 sous a day, those who are now working at the fortifications have 50, that being the minimum, and if a person understand any trade, 3, 4, and 5 francs are the usual prices, and those who are considered clever at their business often get more. But many a young man's advancement in life is impeded by the conscription; it often occurs that an industrious shopman, or artisan, has with economy saved some hundred francs, when he is drawn for the army, and glad to appropriate his little savings towards procuring him some comforts more than the common soldier is allowed; the troops generally are very quiet and orderly behaved, in the different towns where they are quartered, but the infantry have not a very brilliant appearance, having found small men so very active and serviceable in climbing the rocks, enduring fatigue, and braving all kinds of impediments, men two inches shorter than would have before been received, were admitted into the ranks, the consequence is that the regiments of the line now make but a poor display, as regards the height of the men, and indeed in their manner of marching, and carrying their muskets, some nearly upright others more horizontally, they have not a regular orderly appearance, like many of the other troops on the Continent; most of the largest sized men are taken up for the cavalry, and very well looking fellows they many of them are, particularly in the Carabineers, which, in regard to the height of the men, is a remarkably fine regiment, but might be much more so, if the government paid that attention which is devoted by other powers to the selections for their choice regiments; in the Carabineers there are men as much as six feet three, and four, and others as short as five feet ten, whilst in other regiments, such as the Lancers and Dragoons, they have here and there men above six feet, which if placed in the Carabineers, and those who were the shortest in that corps removed into the others, all those regiments would be improved, as being rendered more even, whilst the Carabineers would then be equal in appearance, with regard to the men, to any regiment in the world. With respect to the horses, it would be more difficult to render it as perfect as our Life Guards, and as to their bridles and equipments in general (except their regimentals) there is often an inequality and want of care and attention as to uniformity of appearance, but throughout all the French cavalry, the men have an excellent command over their horses. I have been at many grand reviews both in France and in England, and in the former I never saw a man thrown, whereas in the latter it has frequently occurred, either from the horse falling or other circumstances.

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With regard to the French army in general, the effect is that of the men having individually a degree of independent appearance, or as if each man acted for himself, instead of being as one solid machine set in motion as it were by a sort of spring, which moving the whole mass, all the parts must operate together. The French infantry, in point of marching, are an exact contrast to the most highly disciplined troops of Russia and Prussia, who pretend to assert that they have regiments who can march with such extreme steadiness and regularity, that every man may have a glass of wine upon his head and not a drop will be spilt; attempt the same thing with a French regiment, and wine and glass would soon be on the ground, and in all their military proceeding there is an apparent slovenliness and irregularity, a want of closeness and compactness in their movements; with regard to outward appearance, the National Guard have the advantage on a field day, as there is a sort of *esprit du corps* between the legions, which causes them to take great pains with regard to the *tenue* of their respective battalions; but after all, the great force of the French army is *enthusiasm*, and that would be excited to a much greater degree in a war with England, than with any other power, because they have been so taunted by the English press, with the old absurd doctrine, viz., that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, and several papers lately raked up the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, *etc.*, but the reply of the French is indisputable, that those successes were most efficiently revenged, when it is remembered that England was in possession of the whole of the provinces of Guienne, Normandy, great part of Picardy and French Flanders, some portions of which were under England for nearly 500 years, but that we were overcome in such a succession of battles, that ultimately we were beaten out of every acre we had left in France; Calais, which surrendered to the Duke de Guise, in the reign of Mary, being the last place which we retained. These of course, as historical facts, cannot be denied. But I certainly do consider that portion of the English press much to blame, in recurring to events so distant, for the purpose of wounding national feeling; the effect has been to provoke reply on the part of the French press, and in all the virulence of party spirit, in defending their country against the odium cast upon her, they have been led into some of the most illiberal statements which have had a very baneful effect upon many persons, in exciting an extreme irritation against England; but generally speaking, the French people, if left alone, do not desire war with the English; if it were only for the sake of their interests, it is natural for the French to wish for peace with England, as her subjects are amongst the most liberal purchasers of the produce of the soil and manufactures of France.

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The party the most anxious for war with England, is the navy, and they bitterly feel the sting which goads within them, of their having been so beaten by our fleets, and pant for an opportunity to efface the stain which they certainly do feel now tarnishes the honour of their flag. They consider, also, that the circumstances under which they were opposed to the forces of England, were so disadvantageous, that no other result could have been expected than such as occurred, as when the war broke out in 1793, France had not one experienced admiral in the service; all possessing any practical knowledge of naval affairs, being staunch adherents to the royal cause, had either quitted France, or retired from the navy, de Grasse, d'Estaing, Entrecasteux, d'Orvilliers, Suffren, Bougainville and several others. The consequence was, that the command of the fleets were given to men who acquitted themselves very ably in the management of a single vessel, but were not at all competent to the office with which the necessity of circumstances invested them, and although there were several encounters between the frigates of the two nations, in which the reputation of both were well sustained, yet of the power of so doing, the French were soon deprived, by Napoleon, who at one period in his ardour for military glory, sacrificed the navy, by taking from it the best gunners in order to supply his artillery; also the choicest and ablest men were selected wherever they could be found, to fill up the ranks of the army, which were being constantly thinned by the universal war which he was always waging with the greater part of Europe. The ships were then manned with whatever refuse could be picked up, and a Lieutenant Diez told me, that the crew of the vessel to which he belonged was such, that they had not above twenty men who could go aloft, and had they met with an English vessel of the same size, they must have been taken without the least difficulty. But the officers in the present French navy know that the case is now very different, for the last twenty years the greatest attention has been devoted to that arm, which is candidly acknowledged on the part of our naval officers, of which I remember an instance at Smyrna, whilst dining at the English consul's with eight or ten of them, being the commanders of the ships which composed the English fleet, then lying at Vourla, when the conversation falling upon the French navy, it was observed that nothing could be more perfect than its state at that period, every man, down to a cabin boy, knowing well his duty, and all the regulations and manoeuvres being carried on with such perfect order and regularity. There are however some advantages which we still maintain, afforded by our foreign commerce being the most extensive, enabling us always to have a greater number of sailors, and generally speaking more experienced seamen, and a French naval captain who has seen a good deal of service, once observed that there was another point in which we had a superiority, and that was with respect to our ship's carpenters, which was particularly illustrated in the combat at Navarin, as the morning after the action the English were far in advance of the French, with regard to the repairs which had been rendered necessary from the damages which had been sustained.

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The French now have several officers who are experienced practical men, in whom the navy has great confidence, as, Admirals Duperre, Hugon, Rosamel, Lalande, Beaudin, Roussin, Bergeret, Mackau, Casey, *etc.*, all of whose names have been before the public in different affairs in which they have created their present reputation. During the present reign, every means has been adopted to infuse within the minds of the French an interest for naval affairs, hence apartments have been fitted up in the Louvre, as before stated, with models, and representations of all connected with a ship, whilst the best artists have been employed to paint different naval actions, which have reflected honour on the French flag, and really I had no idea that they could have cited so many instances, in regard to encounters with our shipping, but on reference to James's Naval History, they will be found mainly correct, giving some latitude for a little exaggeration in their own favour, a habit to which I believe every nation is more or less prone. The government have certainly succeeded beyond their wishes, in engendering an extreme anxiety in the people with regard to the navy, which has just been elicited, in the singular anomaly of the opposition voting on the motion of M. Lacrosse a greater sum by three millions of francs for the navy than the minister demanded. With an eye also to the marine, Louis-Philippe has made some sacrifices to the promotion and extension of foreign commerce, and not without a considerable degree of success.

There is not at present any branch of art, science, or industry, that the French are not making great exertions to encourage, for that object many societies and companies are formed, of which I will state a few of the most important. There are four societies styled Athenaeum, the Royal, which is at the Palais-Royal, No. 2, devoted to literature, and three others at the Hotel de Ville for music, for medicine, and for the arts. The Geographical Society, Rue de l'Universite, 23. Royal Antiquarian Society, Rue des Petits-Augustins, No. 16. Asiatic Society, and for elementary Instruction, Agriculture, Moral Christianity, No. 12, Rue Taranne. Society for universal French Statistics, Place Vendome, 24. The Protestant Bible Society of Paris, Rue Montorgueil. Geological Society, Rue du Vieux-Colombier, No. 26. Philotechnic Society, No. 16, Rue des Petits-Augustins. Philomatic Society, Entomological, and for natural History, No. 6, Rue d'Anjou, Faubourg St. Germain. Society for intellectual Emancipation, No. 11, Rue St. Georges, as also a variety of other medical, surgical, phrenological, *etc.*, *etc.*, a number of schools besides those I have already alluded to, veterinary, for mosaic work, technography, and other purposes.

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Although I have observed that in great commercial undertakings, the French are very slow and cautious, yet they are progressing visibly; there are now thirty-four coal mines at work in various parts of France, belonging to different public companies more or less flourishing, besides private enterprises, 16 more in agitation where coal has been found, and societies formed but not yet in active operation, and 15 now working in Belgium, of which the sharers are principally French. There are twenty Asphalte and Bitumen companies. Thirty-five Assurance companies, between twenty and thirty railway ditto, about the same number for canals and nearly as many for steam boats, and for bridges projected about 20, for gas, 14, for the bringing into cultivation the marshes and waste lands, 7, for markets, bazaars, and depots, 10, and for manufactures of glass, earthenware, soap and a variety of other things, there are about forty more public companies. These are such as now still offer their shares for sale; there are many others which have been for a length of time established, which no longer issue either advertisement or prospectus, but when enterprises of this kind are undertaken in France they generally succeed.

CHAPTER XI.

The Literature of the time being, principal authors. Music; its ancient date in France, performers, and singers.

Of the present state of literature in France, it is not possible to draw a very flattering picture; there is a good deal of moderate talent but certainly none that is transcendental, which remark may be applied to statesmen, orators, authors, artists, *etc.*; as to poetry there appears at present so little taste for it, and writers seem so thoroughly aware of its being the case, that they have too much good sense to attempt to obtrude it upon the public, and those who had obtained a certain reputation as poets seem to write no more. The works of de Lamartine certainly have many admirers, displaying a pleasing style of versification fraught with beautiful imagery, a happy arrangement of ideas enwreathed within the flowers of language, but little or no originality. As if himself conscious of that circumstance, he brought forth his *Chute d'un Ange* (the fall of an angel), which caused his own *fall* at the same time; if his sole desire was to attain originality, he gained his point, but at the price of common sense; the majority of the public appear to have been of this opinion, and M. de Lamartine seems to have passed from poetry to politics, being now one of the best and most conspicuous speakers in the Chamber of Deputies. A certain tone runs through M. de Lamartine's works, that leads one to infer he has deeply read and admired Lord Byron. M. Casimir Delavigne was a great favourite at one period; it might be my want of taste, or a deficiency in the knowledge of the French language sufficient to relish that class of poetry, but certainly

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I found his works laboured and tedious, and could not in spite of all my efforts derive any pleasure from their perusal. The productions of Beranger are confined within a very small compass, but containing that which causes one to regret that his works are not more voluminous. The true nerve and genius of poetry, continually sparkling throughout his writings, as a patriotic feeling and a generous love of liberty formed the principal points in his character. The efforts to suppress that spirit which was attempted in the reign of Charles X called forth the powers of his muse, but since the accession of the present monarch to the throne, as all has been conducted on a more liberal system, his pen has lain dormant, which has disappointed all who have read and admired those effusions of a free and exalted mind, which he has at present published, and led to the hope that they would be continued. Of Victor Hugo's productions I need say but little, as they are so generally known in England, particularly his *Notre-Dame de Paris*, which has been dramatised under the title of *Quasimodo* and acted at Covent Garden, as well as at other theatres, and few I believe there are who have not felt some sympathy for *Esmeralda*. When Victor Hugo wrote this, the works of Sir Walter Scott I think were bearing upon his mind; his poems and dramatic pieces at one period created much sensation, and undoubtedly possess a certain tone of merit. The Comte Alfred de Vigny is the author of one work which may be considered as a gem amongst the mass of publications which emanate from the French press of that nature; it is entitled, *Cinq-Mars*, an historical novel, which is decidedly one of the best and most interesting of any that have appeared either in England or in France for several years past; he has also written a tragedy on the subject of the unfortunate Chatterton, which at the time it came out excited a deep interest, but M. de Vigny, like many of the present literary characters in France, appears resting on his oars. Not so with Alexandre Dumas, whose prolific pen appears like himself to be ever active; what with travelling to different countries, then publishing accounts of his wanderings, novels of divers descriptions, detached pieces, and dramatic productions, he must be constantly on the *qui vive*. There are very different opinions respecting his writings, they certainly possess a good deal of spirit, some of them considerable feeling, and are generally amusing. Of novel writers there are many, but unfortunately the bad taste prevails of introducing subjects in them that prevent their being read by females, with a few exceptions; those of Balzac are by no means devoid of merit and are exceedingly entertaining, and some there are which any one may peruse of Eugene Sue, who has lately been knighted by the King of the Netherlands; the same may be said, although of the latter description there exist but few. Those of Paul de Kock are well known in other countries as well as France; they are

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very clever and exceedingly amusing, but partake of the fault alluded to. As a female writer and translator, Madame Tastu may be cited as having produced works which do credit to her taste and judgment. Madame Emile de Girardin, well known as Delphine Gay, is a talented writer, but would have been more esteemed had she steered clear of political subjects. Monsieur and Madame Ancelot both write tales and dramatic pieces, which are justly admired; but the author to whom the stage is most indebted is Scribe, who perhaps is one of the most multitudinous writers existing; his works completely made and sustained the Theatre du Gymnase, besides greatly contributing to the success of others. In consequence of their having been so much translated, and adapted to the English stage, they are almost as well known in one country as the other. M. Scribe is a man who is highly esteemed on account of his liberality to literary characters, and his extreme generosity to all who are in need of his aid. Of authors on more solid subjects there are not many who now continue to write, several of the most conspicuous having become completely absorbed in politics; of such a description is M. Guizot, whose works are generally known and admired, particularly his Commentaries on the English Revolution; partly a continuation of the same subject, it is stated he has now in preparation, but placed at the helm of the nation, as he now is, his time is too much occupied to be devoted to any other object than affairs of state, and his position is such as requires the exertion of every power of thought and mind to sustain, against its numerous and indefatigable assailants.

M. Thiers owes his success in life to his literary productions, and his talents as an author are universally admitted; his History of the French Revolution is as well known in England as in France, and generally allowed to be the best work upon the subject, but he is also so totally engaged in political affairs, that the public cannot derive much advantage from the effusions of his pen, as it is impossible that they can be very voluminous, when his time and abilities are so exclusively appropriated to a still more important object; but it is understood that it is his intention to afford the world the benefit of other works which are now in embryo. The same remarks may in a degree be applied to M. Villemain, who has written upon literature, in which he has displayed considerable ability, but having become an active Minister of Instruction, of his publications there is at present a complete cessation. Nearly a similar instance may be cited in M. Cousin, who has written very ably upon philosophy and metaphysics, but as a peer of France, literature has been forced to succumb to politics, his talents also being directed into the latter channel. Amidst this general languor which seems to have come over France, with regard to the exertions of her most eminent authors, there are a few who occupy themselves with history, which now

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appears to be the most favourite study with those who devote their minds to reading; the very delightful work on the Norman Conquest, by M. Thierry, I trust is well known to many of my readers, or if not, I wish it may be so, as it cannot do otherwise than give them pleasure; he has written several other things, and amongst the rest *Recit des Temps Merovingiens*, which is highly interesting. A work of considerable merit, is *l'Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*, by Monsieur de Barante. M. Capefigue has published many historical productions, and amongst the rest a *Life of Napoleon*, which is perhaps one of the most impartial extant, and very interesting, as containing a sort of recapitulation of facts, without any endeavour to palliate such of his actions as stern justice must condemn. M. Mignet has also chosen the path of history, and has not followed it unsuccessfully; the foundation of his present prosperity consisting entirely in his writings, there are several other authors of minor note who have adopted the same course, but not any who have created any great sensation, or effected any permanent impression on the public.

The only living author whose name is likely to descend to posterity is that of Chateaubriand, who, although he has never been a writer of poetry, may be considered the greatest poet in France, as there is so much of imagination and of soul in his prose, so much of sublimity in his ideas, that the works in verse of his contemporaries appear insipid when compared to the wild flights of genius which ever emerge from his pen, yet when they are closely studied, and deeply sounded for their solid worth, it will be found that they consist merely of beautiful imagery, elegantly turned phrases, a sort of flash of sentiment, which catches the ear, but appeals not to the understanding, a gorgeous superstructure, as it were, without a firm foundation for its basis. As for example, in his preface to *Attila*, alluding to Napoleon, he observes "Qu'il etait envoye par la Providence, comme une signe de reconciliation quand elle etait lasse de punir." Which may be rendered thus: that Napoleon was sent upon earth by Providence as a sign of reconciliation, when she was fatigued with punishing; this is certainly very pretty, but I will appeal to common sense, whether there was aught of fact to support such an assertion? Even those who were the most enthusiastic admirers of the martial genius of Bonaparte, could not participate in the fulsome compliment paid to their hero by M. Chateaubriand; but when strictly scrutinized, all his works will generally be found of the same tissue; yet, as there is so often a wild grandeur in his conceptions and in his mode of expressing them, whilst they are arrayed in all the grace and beauty which language can bestow, his volumes will always find a place in every well-assorted library, when probably those of most of the other French authors of the present period will be consigned to oblivion, excepting such as have written upon history, which will always maintain their ground, as they are in a degree works of reference.

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There are several very clever men who write for the newspapers, or what may be styled pamphleteers, amongst whom are Jules Janin, and Alphonse Karr; the latter publishes a satirical work called the *Guepe*, which possesses the talent of being very severe and stinging wherever it fixes. M. Barthelemy has written some poetry much in the same strain, which is rather pungent, but he latterly appears to have sunk into the same slumber which seems to have enveloped so many of the present literary men of France. M. Deschamps now and then produces some poetic effusions which are pleasing, and prove the author to be possessed of that ability which would induce a wish that his works were less brief and more frequently before the public. But taking all into consideration, this is by no means a literary era in France; the nineteenth century has not yet produced any such names as Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and many others, who have shed a lustre on the French name; there are no doubt many clever men still living who have written scientific works upon medicine, surgery, natural history, physiology, botany, astronomy, *etc.*, whilst the names of De Jussieu and Arago, as eminent in the latter sciences, are known all over Europe, as well as many others who are celebrated in their different departments.

Although the present age is not fecund in the production of French genius as relates to the polite arts, yet there never was a period when there was more anxiety for their promotion, and now all classes read; but the reading of the lower orders consists principally of a political nature; the newspapers now however have what is called a *feuilleton*, which embraces many subjects, and appears to interest all; the criticisms on the theatrical performances are perused with much avidity, an extreme partiality for dramatic representations still forms a considerable portion of the French character, as also a general love of music, without being at all particular as to its quality; no matter how trifling it be, as long as there is any thing of an air distinguishable it will please. There are at present a host of composers in France whose fame will probably be not so long as their lives; Paris is inundated every year with a number of insignificant ballads which just have their day, and if perchance there should be one or more that are really clever amongst the mass of dross which comes forth, after a twelvemonth no one would think of singing it because it has already been pronounced *ancienne*, and it is completely laid aside, and in a few years so totally cast in oblivion, that it cannot even be procured of any of the music-sellers, or anywhere else: this was the case with some delightful airs which appeared about ten years since, and which are now nowhere to be found, although once having excited quite a sensation. The French cannot certainly be considered as a musical nation, yet many of their airs are full of life, and quite exhilarating, whilst others have a degree of pathos

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which touches the heart; still none of their music has the nerve, the depth, the sterling solidity of the German, nor the elegance nor grace of the Italian. Yet some composers they have whose works will have more than an ephemeral fame, amongst whom may be cited Aubert, whose music is not only admired in France but throughout all Europe; another author of extreme merit is Onslow, whose productions are not so voluminous or so extensively known as those of Aubert, but possessing that intrinsic worth which will increase in estimation as it descends to posterity: the compositions of Halevy and Berlioz have also some degree of merit. But amongst the numerous productions which have emanated from the French composers for the last fifty years, one there is that for soul and grandeur stands unrivalled, and that is the Marseilles Hymn, or March, by Rouget de Lille; perhaps there exists no air so calculated to inspire martial ardour, and there is no doubt but that it had considerable effect upon the enthusiastic republicans in exciting them to rush into what they considered the struggle for liberty and honour; it appears to have been an inspiration which must have suddenly lighted upon the composer, as none of his works either before or since ever created any particular sensation. Although of far distant date, the old air of Henry IV must certainly be placed amongst the gems of French musical composition; there is a peculiar wildness in it, which gives it a tone of romance, and reminds one of very olden time, there is in it an originality, a something unlike anything else; the Breton and Welsh airs alone resemble it in some degree, and in both those countries they pretend that they are of Celtic origin. Music is of very ancient origin in France: in 554 profane singing was forbidden on holy days; in 757, King Pepin received a present of an organ, from Constantin VI; a tremendous quarrel occurred between the Roman and Gallic musicians, in the time of Charlemagne, and two professors are cited, named Benedict and Theodore, who were pupils of St. Gregory; but the most ancient melodies extant, and which are perfectly well authenticated, are the songs of the Troubadours of Provence, who principally flourished from the year 1000 to the year 1300. Saint Louis was a great patron of music, so much so that in 1235 he granted permission to the Paris minstrels, who had formed themselves into a company, to pass free through the barriers of the city, provided they entertained the toll-keepers with a song and made their monkies dance. At that period they had as many as thirty instruments in use; the form of some of them are now totally lost. Rameau is the only French composer whose name and compositions may be said to have had any permanent reputation, which does not now stand particularly high out of his own country; Lulli, Gluck, and Gretry were not born in France, although it was their principal theatre of action. It remains to be proved whether the works of Boieldieu will stand the test of time, as also of those composers who are still living and are the most esteemed.

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Much may be said of the French musical performers, who certainly may be considered to excel upon several different instruments, particularly on the harp, which all can testify who have ever heard Liebart. There are also a number of ladies to be met with in private society who play extremely well; the same may be said with regard to the piano-forte, but although there are many professors who astonish by their execution, yet they have not produced any equal to a Liszt or Thalberg; I have even amongst amateurs known some young ladies develop a lightness and rapidity of finger quite surprising, and far surpassing what I have generally met with in England (except with the most accomplished professors), but I do not consider that they play with so much feeling and expression as I have often found even with female performers in my own country, and which affords me a much higher gratification, as fingering is after all but mechanical, which may astonish, but will never enchant. On the violin they have produced some very fine players, as also upon other instruments, and the bands at their operas can hardly be too highly praised. But their music which has afforded me the most delight has been the performances of their first masters on some of their magnificent organs; on those occasions I heard the most exquisite feeling and expression displayed, and have known the most powerful sensations excited; this most superlative enjoyment I have experienced at the churches of Notre-Dame, St. Sulpice, St. Eustache, and St. Roch, but it happens only on particular and rare occasions, and it is difficult to find out when such performances will take place; sometimes it is announced in Galignani's paper but not always, and their sacred music is often most exquisite particularly that which is vocal.

In respect to singing, although the Conservatory of Music and the most talented masters give every advantage to the pupil of theory and science, yet they cannot confer a fine quality of voice where it has not been afforded by nature, and that deficiency I find generally existing with the French females; they will often attain an extreme height with apparent facility, and even will manage notes at the same time so low that no fault can be found with the compass of their voices, nor any lack of flexibility; their execution being perfectly clean and correct. I have frequently heard them run the chromatic scale with extreme distinctness and apparent ease, and acquit themselves admirably in the performance of the most intricate and difficult passages, all of which is the result of good teaching and attentive application of the pupil, but sweetness of tone exists not in their voices, which are generally thin and wiry; they want that depth and roundness which gives the swell of softness and beauty to the sound; hence there is generally a want of expression in their singing as well as their playing. Of course there are exceptions, and Madame Dorus-Gras may be cited

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as such, as well as many others, who have won the admiration of the public. The voices of the men are better, often very powerful, possessing extremely fine bass notes, but many of them have even still a horrid habit of singing their notes through the nose. I don't know whether it is that they regard their nasal promontory in the light of a trumpet, so considering it as a sort of instrumental accompaniment to their vocal performance, but although it is a practice which is wearing off, there is a great deal too much of it left. Nourrit had none of it, his voice was firm and sweet, and few men have I ever heard sing with so much feeling. Duprez is also a singer of no common stamp, and of whom any nation might be proud, and I have often met men in society sing together most delightfully, either duets, trios, or quartettos, and totally devoid of the nasal twang, or, as the reader will observe, delightful it could not be.

CHAPTER XII.

Instructions for strangers; remarks upon the feelings and behaviour of the lower classes of the Parisians. Political ideas prevailing in Paris. Observations upon the present statesmen.

There are certain regulations to be observed at Paris which we are not accustomed to in our own country; on a stranger's arrival he is conducted to an hotel, either to that to which he is recommended, or he fixes upon one of which he hears the most extravagant praises from persons who attend with cards, and even throw them into the carriage before it stops; on whichever the traveller may make his selection the same plan is to be followed, make your arrangement as to price before you install yourself, either per day, per week, or per month; you may make your agreement to take your meals from the people of the hotel, or to send for it from a restaurateur, or to go and dine at one, as you may think proper; the latter plan is found the most agreeable for a stranger, as he sees more of the people by so doing, and can try several different restaurants, which he will find very amusing, and some of them, from the beautiful manner of fitting up, are well worth seeing; the prices vary from a franc to six or seven francs, according to their celebrity. Every hotel has a porter, to whom you must give your key whenever you go out, and then the mistress of the house is answerable for anything which may be missing, but if you leave your key in the door whilst you are absent, you cannot make any claim for whatever may have been lost; at night, on the contrary, after the gates are shut, when you retire to bed, and you let it remain outside, should anything be stolen, the mistress is accountable, as it is supposed that when all is closed in, everything is then under the safeguard of the porter, for whose conduct the mistress is considered liable. According to the style of the hotel in which you take up your abode, the porter will expect remuneration; at one that is moderate,

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and not in a first-rate situation, six sous a day is sufficient, but in most hotels about the fashionable quarters half a franc is the usual sum expected; for this your bed is made, your boots and shoes cleaned, as also your room, and your clothes brushed; they likewise take in messages or letters, and answer all enquiries respecting you, direct the visitors to your apartment, *etc.*, but if you send them out anywhere, no matter how short the distance, they always charge at least ten sous for it; it is one of the dearest things I know in France, that of charging for every little errand or commission.

At some of the hotels there are commissioners who make offers of their services, to conduct strangers to different shops or warehouses, for the purpose of making their purchases, but too much reliance must not be placed on those gentry, as they often exact contributions from the shopkeepers for bringing travellers to their shops, when they naturally must charge so much the more upon the goods in order to pay the commissioner.

Tradesmen from London particularly are often misled in that manner, but in proceeding to such establishments as those I have stated, which are respectable wholesale houses, such as Messrs. Bellart, Louis, Delcambre, for lace, ribband, and silk, 2ter Rue Choiseul, *etc.*, they will never be deceived; I will also add another establishment which has existed for many years and always conducted their business on equitable terms, being that of M. Langlais-Quignolot, No. 10, Rue Chapon, where he executes orders for London on a most extensive scale for net gloves, purses and reticules. He lives in the neighbourhood where many of the wholesale houses are situated, and would willingly inform any stranger of the most respectable in the different branches required. The different articles to be seen at M. Langlais' warehouse are got up in a most superior style and at prices so reasonable, that it is quite surprising when compared to the charges made for the same goods in London, where undoubtedly they have duty and carriage to pay. He has lately brought into vogue some most beautiful little purses called Rebecca, being exactly in the form of the pitcher with which she is represented at the well; their appearance is most ornamental, and although very small they distend so as to hold as much as most ladies would like to lose in an evening at cards. M. Langlais has already sent over numbers to London, which must now be making their appearance in Regent Street, but I recommend my countrywomen when at Paris to pay him a visit themselves, as he does not refuse a retail customer although his is a wholesale house; he has a most extensive assortment of all varieties of purses and net gloves and reticules, from which numbers of shops in Paris and London are supplied, and of course being the fountain head the articles may be procured on advantageous terms of M. Langlais.

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There is one precaution I would recommend all travellers to adopt, and that is always to keep their passports, about them; in case they happen to pass any exhibition or building that is open to a stranger on producing his passport, it is well to be provided with it, or if he should meet with any accident, or that any casualty should occur, it will always be found useful. When you arrive at the port where you disembark in coming from England, your passport is taken from you and sent on to Paris, and what is called a Carte de Surete is given you instead, for which you pay 2 francs; this you must give to the mistress of the hotel where you lodge at Paris, and she will procure your original passport for you from the police, or if you choose you may go for it yourself, and save the charge of the commissioner who would be employed to fetch it. In returning to England, you take it to the English Ambassador's to be signed, and from thence to the police for the same purpose, but only state that you are going to the port from whence you are to embark, as if you say that you are going to England they send you to the Minister of Foreign Affairs for his signature, where there is a charge of ten francs, which there is not the slightest necessity of incurring. I have been very often from Paris to London and never paid by following the plan I have stated, but for a permit to embark there is always 30 sous to pay, at the port on quitting the country.

In all the diligences throughout France the places are numbered, and he who comes first has the first choice, in which case most persons choose No. 1, but others who prefer sitting with their backs to the horses select No. 3; this excellent regulation prevents any kind of dispute about seats. If you have much luggage you are required to send it an hour or so before the coach starts, and in travelling by the Malle-Poste (or Mail) if your trunk be very large, and weighty, they will not take it, therefore you must ascertain that point when you take your place; it is always sent by a diligence which follows, but a delay is occasioned which sometimes proves inconvenient. The mails are dearer than the diligence, and some go eleven miles an hour.

With regard to posting, the price is 2 francs each horse for a miriametre or six miles and a quarter, and as many horses as there are persons in the carriage must be paid for; 15 sous is what should be given to the postillion, but most people give a franc. The posting is entirely in the hands of government, and where the horses are kept is not always an inn; but wherever it may be, printed regulations are kept to which the traveller may demand a reference, if he imagine its rules are not fulfilled. For 4 francs a book may be purchased which gives a most detailed account of every thing connected with posting; all the charges must be paid in advance. Coaches may be hired in Paris at from 20 to 30 francs a day, with which you may go into the country, but must be

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back before midnight. An excellent and most useful establishment will be found at No. 49, Rue de Miromenil, Faubourg St. Honore, called Etablissement d'Amsterdam, where there are above 300 carriages constantly kept, either for hire, for sale, or for exchange; it is also a locality where persons may sell or deposit their carriages for any period of time they think proper, and can likewise have it repaired if required; they will besides find every description of harness and saddlery. Horses also are taken in to keep, or bought or sold. The establishment is most complete in all its appointments, is very extensive and kept in the most perfect state of order. There are some carriages amongst the immense variety that may thoroughly answer the purpose for travelling, which can be procured at extremely low prices, whilst others there are, very handsome and perfectly new, which are of course charged in proportion. The proprietors are extremely civil, and ever ready to show their premises to any visitor who may wish to see them.

A fiacre, or hackney coach, is 30 sous each course, for which you may go from barrier to barrier, which might be five miles; but if you only go a few yards the price is the same. If you hire it per hour the first is 45 sous and afterwards 30 sous; after midnight, 2 francs each course and 3 per hour; a few sous are always given to the coachman, which may be varied according to the length of the course. Chariots are 25 sous per course, 35 first hour, afterwards 30. Cabriolets 20 sous the course and first hour 35, afterwards 30; but as all these prices are subject to change with new regulations, it is not worth while to give any farther detail. The General Post-Office is in the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau, but there are other places where you may put in your letters for England, although not many if you wish to pay. In the exchange there is a box for receiving letters for all parts; and in the square to the left is an office where you can pay your letter, which is always 40 sous to London if it be not over weight. Whatever you bring over that is liable to pay duty at the custom-house, if you take it back with you on your return to England, on producing the articles and the receipt of what you have paid, you can reclaim whatever you have disbursed; this particularly applies to carriages and to plate, only you must not neglect to demand a receipt at the time you pay, and to take care of it, as I have known many instances of persons losing them, and then their reclamations are useless. I have never found them very severe in the custom-houses in France, but am convinced that the best plan on both sides of the water is to give your keys to the commissioner of the inn where you put up; by displaying no anxiety on the subject, the officers conclude that you have not any thing of importance, and will pass your things over more lightly than if you were present, as when witnesses are by they like to preserve the appearance of doing their duty strictly. I have seen some

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of the English bluster and go in a passion about having their things tumbled about, as they expressed it, but it only makes matters worse. I have known the searchers in those cases to turn a large chest completely topsy-turvy, so that not a single article has escaped examination, and the whole has had to be re-packed. It is at best an unpleasant tax upon travellers, but it is always better policy to submit to it with a good grace.

The passport is a grievance which is much complained of by Englishmen, and certainly it does appear an infraction on liberty, that it should not be possible to go from one part of the country to another, without having to obtain permission; but it has other advantages: a criminal in France can very seldom escape; by the regulations of the police it is almost impossible for them to evade detection, as wherever he sleeps his passport must be produced, and every master or mistress of every description of lodging-house is bound to give an account of whatever stranger sleeps under their roof, to the police, and their officers; or the gendarmes, are authorised to demand the sight of the passport of any person whom they may suspect. In England a passport is not so necessary, because being an island the means of escape are not so easy, as they must either embark at some port or they must hire a boat on their own account, or enter into some proceeding which leads to discovery; and notwithstanding those obstacles to leaving the country, and the extreme vigilance of our police, felons do very often escape, and murders remain undiscovered, as those of Mr. Westwood, Eliza Greenwood, and many others. But those who are invested with authority in France sustain it with a more courteous demeanour than is the case in England, consequently it is less offensive. If your passport be asked for, it is in a polite manner, whereas with the English, give the butcher or the blacksmith the staff of office as constable, and he exercises his brief authority very frequently in a manner which is not the most engaging. Although a *politesse* and refinement of expression united with a smutted face, tucked-up sleeves, an apron and rough coarse hands, has something in it of the ludicrous, yet it softens the brutality to which uncultivated human nature is ever prone, but instances of such inconsistencies sometimes occur which cannot otherwise than excite a smile; a few days since a working man dropped a knife, a dirty looking boy of about 12 years of age picked it up, and presented it to the owner, with some degree of grace, saying, "Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's." Passing through the Rue des Arcis, which is a mean narrow street, at one of the lowest descriptions of wine-houses where dancing was going forward, perhaps amongst fishwomen and scavengers, I noticed a large lantern hanging out over the door, upon which was inscribed, "Bal séduisant, le Paradis des Dames," which may be translated, "Seductive Ball, the Paradise of Ladies." The traveller may remark on the road from Boulogne to Paris and within a few leagues of the latter, in a small village at a house little better than a hut, where the insignia of a barber is displayed, a board on which is written; "Ici on embellit la nature," or "Here we embellish nature."

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Even in the lowest classes the French must have a little bit of sentiment, and amongst them marriages occur principally from affection, but almost always with the consent of the parents; it is lamentable to think how many young couples destroy each other because they cannot obtain the sanction of the father or mother to one of the parties, and these mistaken lovers really think it less crime to commit suicide than to marry against the consent of their parents, which they are by law empowered to do, provided that they have three times made what is called *les sommations respectueuses*, that is, having three times respectfully asked their permission, without having obtained which, they cannot marry if not of age under any circumstances; but when no longer minors, and that they have conformed to what the law prescribes, they may be united notwithstanding the opposition of their parents, but it is a case which scarcely ever occurs. There is much more of family attachments and bond of union between relations in France than there is with us, and at marriages, funerals, and baptisms, the most distant cousins are all brought together to be present at the ceremony, which amongst the higher and middle classes has rather a pleasing effect; the bride arrayed in a long white flowing veil decorated with orange flowers has a most interesting appearance. Before being performed at the church, it must be registered at the mayoralty.

When any one is deceased, black drapery is hung up outside the house, and the coffin is brought within sight and burning tapers fixed around it, and every one who passes takes off his hat, and if he chooses, sprinkles it with holy water; chaunting over the coffin at the church is sometimes continued for two hours, and the effect is very impressive. Wherever the funeral procession proceeds along the streets every one who meets it takes off his hat; in fact in no country is there more respect paid to the dead. When a child has lost both its parents, it generally happens that some relation will take it, even sometimes a second or third cousin; this will happen often amongst the poorer people, they hold it as a sort of sacred duty for relations to assist each other, a feeling that I could wish to see more general in England, as I have known too many instances where even brothers exhibited instances of affluence and poverty. In my own neighbourhood, there was a case of a Mr. N. living in good style, with livery servants, *etc.*, and his own brother working for him at 1_s. 8_d. a day as a common labourer, although his fall in life had been entirely caused by misfortune and not by his prodigality or mismanagement; such a circumstance could not have existed in France; the peasants would have hooted the rich brother every time he showed his face. The French people are too apt to take those affairs in their own hands, and express their indignation in no unmeasured terms. They are very prone to act from the impulse of the moment, and are easily aroused in any cause where they consider injustice has been enacted, and many of the persons concerned in the press are well aware of this, and by most artfully turned arguments they work up their passions either for or against a party, as circumstances may render it fitting for their purpose.

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But although some of the newspapers have certainly had some fire-brand articles against England, yet it does not appear to me to have had any effect of exciting a hatred against the English. I have never seen in any one instance any manifestation of such a feeling; in fact the French are much in the habit of separating the government from the people, and even the most hostile portion of the press observe that there are amongst the population in England numbers of individuals of the most exalted characters; hence the French do not consider that the people are amenable for the faults of their government, and are inclined to imagine those of every country more or less corrupt. They never had a very exalted opinion of their own; perhaps the most popular ministry they have had for the last thirty years was that of M. Martignac, which Charles X so suddenly dismissed and thereby laid the first foundation for the glorious three days. With the present government I should say that the majority of the people appear disposed to be passively satisfied, not so much from a feeling of approbation of its proceedings, but fearing that were there a change it might be for the worse; with the present they have the assurance of peace, and tranquillity, and all manufacturing and agricultural France know how destructive war would be to their present prosperity; of this none are more sensible than the Parisians, as it is really astonishing what sums of money the English nobility expend even whilst they are residing in England, with the tradesmen in Paris, principally for articles of art and luxury but also for a great portion of that which is useful as well as ornamental; and imagining that many of my readers may have as great an aversion to copying letters as myself and at the same time be aware of the necessity under many circumstances of keeping a duplicate, I must not forget to mention an extremely useful invention which adds another evidence of the prolific ingenuity of France. It consists in a machine for copying letters, registers, deeds, or in fact any description of written document, or stamped, or in relief, by which they can be repeated even a thousand times if required and in a very short space of time; there have been many who have attempted to attain the same object and have had a partial success, but those of M. Poirier, No. 35, Rue du Faubourg St. Martin, appear to unite advantages which none of the preceding ever attained. They are called, Presses Auto-Zinco-Graphiques. For the merit of this invention he has been granted a patent, and awarded a medal by the Central Jury, appointed to examine the specimens of art and ingenuity sent to the National Exhibition established for the purpose of bringing them before the public. For merchants, solicitors, and all persons keeping several clerks such a machine must be a great acquisition, as in addition to the copies being effected more rapidly than would be possible by hand, where there are numbers of letters of which

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duplicates are requisite, the labour of one clerk at least must be saved. M. Poirier has them executed in so beautiful a manner that they really are quite a handsome piece of furniture, some of which are as high as 350 fr. but the prices gradually descend to even as low as 10 fr. which are so contrived for travelling that they contain pen, ink and paper and only weigh one pound. I here subjoin the opinion of the Central Jury addressed to M. Poirier. "These presses are certainly the best executed of any which have been exhibited. Their merit consisting in superior execution, cannot be too much encouraged, as the happiest ideas often fail in the realisation, therefore that the jury may not be deficient in recompensing M. Poirier they award him the bronze medal."

All parties regard M. Guizot (Minister of Foreign Affairs) as a talented man; and one of considerable firmness of character, who unflinchingly maintains his ground whilst a host are baying at him, appearing as unmoved as the rock that is pelted by the storm; he seems never taken by surprise, but is ever ready with such answers and explanations as generally baffle his accusers; still he cannot be called a popular minister, because he is known to possess what is called the Anglo-mania, that is, to have a most decided predilection for everything that is English, and there is no doubt that he wishes to do all in his power to conciliate England, without sacrificing the interests and honour of his country; but in that respect his enemies think that he would not be too delicate, but is determined to have peace with England *a tout prix* (at any price). M. Guizot is a protestant and was a professor in the University.

His immediate opponent, M. Thiers, has risen to eminence entirely by his writings; he came to Paris from Aix in Provence (in 1820), and lived in a room on the fourth floor in the Rue St. Honore; here he wrote for the newspapers, but being taken by the hand by M. Lafitte he and his works speedily rose into notice; it is possible that he may be as anxious for the welfare of his country as M. Guizot, but would carry things with a higher hand, and although every one is aware of his extraordinary abilities, yet the moderate and thinking part of the community remember how near he was involving France in a war with her most powerful neighbours, and however they smarted for a time under what they conceived an affront offered to their country, yet there are very few now but feel fully sensible of the benefits they derive from the blessing of peace having been preserved. M. Thiers may be cited as one of the most animated and effective speakers of any in the Chambers, and his speeches often display a brilliance, energy, and ardour, which create a forcible impression, but sometimes betray the orator into hasty assertions, of which he may afterwards repent, but feeling too much pride to recant, he prefers standing by the position he had hastily assumed; consequently,

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he is then compelled to marshal all his powers of argument to sustain that which in his own mind he may feel convinced is erroneous. Yet although many from prudential motives did not approve his policy, which had nearly involved France in hostility with England, they rather admired the spirit and susceptibility which he displayed in resenting the slight with which the French nation had been treated, and looked upon him as a sort of champion of their cause, so that he may be rather designated a popular statesman than otherwise, although he was considered in the wrong on that one point, and the reflexions which he flung upon England would have passed away as unmerited, and soon sunk into oblivion, had not a portion of the English press so indulged in abuse and ridicule of the French at that period, who often remark that they were subdued by the allies combined, but that it is only the *English press* which is as it were triumphing over and insulting them, by pretending such a superiority in their troops and seamen as to place those of France in a most contemptible light, whilst all the other powers, although equally their conquerors, give them credit for being a brave military nation. I must confess that I have found more liberality in the French with regard to rendering the merit due to the English troops, than in any other country, and I remember a work which came out in Berlin upon military movements, tactics, *etc.*, and in a parenthesis was this sentence, "It is well known that the English, though excellent sailors, are inferior as troops to those of the other European powers." I should have thought that the Prussians who have fought with us would have known better of what metal English soldiers were composed. But to return to M. Thiers; I should still say notwithstanding all that has past, his talents are held in such estimation, that certain changes might occur which would again place him at the helm of the nation.

Having given a slight sketch of the two political chiefs who as it were head the most powerful contending parties, I must be still more brief in my notice of the other statesmen whose names, acts and speeches are before the public, amongst the most conspicuous of whom is Odilon Barrot, who is what may be termed decidedly liberal, or in plainer language radical, and has long sustained his cause with talent, energy, and consistence; he speaks well and boldly, and has hitherto acted in that manner which might be expected from the tenor of his speeches; sometimes however persons become calm, what others would call moderate, or a slight tint manifests itself in the colour of their politics, perhaps rendering them more harmonious with the reigning parties, but which accord not with the ideas of the most staunch advocates of a more *ultra* liberal system; this appears to be somewhat the case with M. Odilon Barrot, whose adherents judge from the support he gave to Thiers, that he is not so warm in the cause as themselves; however he still

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may be considered the chief of that division of the Chamber which he has always led. M. Mauguin was at one time the most violent of the same party, but during his visit to St. Petersburg he appears to have had such an affectionate hug from the Russian Bear, that he has latterly espoused the cause of Bruin, and would if he could induce France to throw England overboard altogether, and cast herself entirely into the arms of Russia.

M. Arago, the celebrated astronomer, has ever proved himself an honest undeviating radical, both in his speeches and his actions. As an orator, many give the palm to M. Berryer, but as his party is not numerous, being carlist, his talents do not receive the general appreciation that they would, had he attached himself to a more popular cause, but he deserves much credit for having faithfully and constantly adhered to his principles. M. Lamartine, the poet, who professes to be independent of any party, is also a very admired speaker, and so was Sebastiani, but now he is passing fast into the vale of years, and has lost that spirit and energy which formerly gave much force to his speeches. M. Mole is another of those statesmen who has filled the most important political stations, but now is getting old and more quiet. As to dilating upon the merits and demerits of those persons who compose the present ministry, it would be but time lost, as they are so often changed in France that their brief authority is often *brief* indeed, and with the exception of M. Guizot, (who is certainly a host within himself), and Marshal Soult, there is not any character that is particularly prominent, or remarkable for any extraordinary talent. The career of the Marshal is, I presume, well known to most of my readers, and the manner in which he was received in England proves the degree of estimation in which he was there held. He was the son of a notary at St. Amand, where he was born in 1769, being the same year which gave birth to Napoleon, Wellington, and Mehemet Ali. Admiral Duperre, the Minister of Marine, served with great credit to himself throughout the war, and commanded the force which defeated our attempt to take the Isle of France, in 1810, and the naval portion of the expedition employed in the capture of Algiers, was placed under his orders. There are yet a good many men whose names have been long and well known in the political world, who still take a more or less active part in the affairs of the nation, amongst whom may be cited the Baron Pasquier, President of the Chamber of Peers; M. Sauzet, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and the ministers Duchatel for the interior, Cunin Gridaine for commerce, Teste for public works, and Lacave Laplagne for finances; to whom may be added the Duke de Broglie, the Comte Montalivet, Dufaure, Joubert, Salvandy, Delessert, Isambert, Ganneron, *etc.*, also the brothers Dupin, the eldest highly celebrated as an *avocat*, and the younger (Charles), for his writings upon the naval department, upon statistics

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in general, and a very clever work upon England. Amongst the extreme radicals, Ledru Rollin may be cited, General Thiard, Marie, a barrister of rising talent, and a young man named Billaud, who is coming forward, and considered to be rather a brilliant speaker. The foregoing names include several men who have had much experience, and possess moderate abilities, merely passable as orators, but having a fair practical knowledge of political business, but not men of exalted genius, or such whose names will be likely to figure in the page of history; perhaps it may be with truth said, that the best statesman France now possesses, or even ever has possessed, is the King, it being very doubtful whether any of his ministers, or indeed any member of either of the chambers, is blest with that deep discernment and profound knowledge of human nature which he has displayed, by the correctness of his calculations upon the pulses of his subjects, under the most trying difficulties, and which have enabled him to weather the storm.

CHAPTER XIII.

The theatres, present state of the drama, and principal performers.
Collections of paintings.

It is rather extraordinary that in this age of superlative refinement, the drama should rather be upon the decline than otherwise in regard to the talent of the performers, but it appears to me that such is really the case both in England and France. I can just remember when Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Charles Kemble, Young, Mrs. Jordan, Irish Johnson, Munden, Emery, *etc.* so well sustained the character of the English stage. Alas! shall I ever see the like again? Theatrical representations in France have had a similar decline, although *two* stars there are who uphold her histrionic fame with superior *eclat*, *Mlle.* Rachel for tragedy, and Bouffe for comedy; it would be useless for me to attempt any description of the powers of the former, as she is as well known in London as in Paris, but with the latter my readers I believe are only partially acquainted; he has been in London, but I rather think only made but a short stay, certainly a more perfect representation of French nature it would be impossible to imagine; even although he undertake ever so opposite a description of character, the simple truth would be given in them all; he has not recourse to grimace or buffoonery, or any exaggerated action, but seems not to remember he is counterfeiting a part, but appears to make the case his own, and not to have another thought than that which must be supposed to occupy the mind of the individual he is personifying. Pleased with Bouffe to our heart's full content, we look around amongst all the range of actors to find some approach to his inimitable talent, not being so unreasonable as to hope to discover his equal, but our search ends in disappointment, we seek in vain for the representatives of Perlet, Odry, Laporte,

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and Potier, to whose comic powers we are indebted for many a laughing hour, but they are now replaced, as well as many other of our old acquaintances, by substitutes who are but sorry apologies for those we have lost; however, although the French theatre has certainly retrograded in respect to its dramatics personae, it has gained surprisingly with regard to scenery, decorations, and costumes, which very considerably enhance the interest of a theatrical performance, particularly when it is historical, and it is a satisfaction to know that no pains are spared to render the drapery as exact as possible to that worn at the period the piece is intended to represent; thus you have the most accurate peep into olden times that can possibly be afforded, and Paris offers such extreme facilities for ascertaining what description of dress was adopted at any particular age, by means of their immense collection of engravings, and written descriptions, contained in their old books, and manuscripts, which are freely produced to any individual on making the proper application. Of these advantages the managers of the theatres avail themselves to the utmost extent, which enables them to be extremely correct, not only with regard to the habiliments, but also the scenery, and all the *accessoires* are rendered strictly in keeping with the century in which the events recorded have occurred.

The Italian Opera in Paris is considered to be managed with great perfection, the company is much the same with regard to the principal singers as our own, consisting of Grisi, Persiani, Albertazzi, Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, Mario, *etc.*, as they can be obtained, according to their engagements in London or elsewhere, and the operas performed are also similar, therefore any description of either would be superfluous; altogether, the enjoyment afforded is not so great as at our own, as no ballet is given, and the coup-d'oeil is not so splendid as in ours. The Theatre de la Renaissance is devoted to the performance of the Italian Opera, it is situated in the middle of a small square, opposite the Rue Mehul, which turns out of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, from which it is seen to the best advantage; the facade has a handsome appearance, with the statues of Apollo and the nine Muses, supported by doric and ionic columns. The prices of the places are from ten francs to two francs, which last is the amphitheatre; the intermediate charges are seven francs ten sous, six francs, five, four and three francs ten sous the pit, and it is capable of containing 2,000 persons. The performance begins at eight.

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The French Opera, or Academie Royale de Musique, in the Rue Pelletier, near the Boulevard des Italiens, has nothing very striking in its external appearance, but the arrangements and decorations of the interior are certainly extremely handsome, and everything is conducted on a most superior scale; the scenery and costumes are here in perfection, the arrangements and accommodations for seats are excellent. The great strength of the vocal performance consists in Duprez and Madame Dorus Gras, to whom I have before alluded, and whose reputation is too well established to need any comment. They are ably seconded by Levasseur, Madame Stolz who is well known in London, and the fine deep voice of Baroilhet, Boucher, Massol, and Mademoiselle Nau, possess a moderate share of talent, there are also others whose abilities are of minor force but sufficient to support the subordinate *roles*. The orchestra and chorusses are extremely good and numerously composed, and on the whole it may be considered that they get up an opera in a very superior manner. The ballet at this theatre was formerly the greatest treat that could be imagined, derivable from performances of that nature, but at the present period the strength they possess in that department is by no means efficient. Carlotta Grisi stands alone as having with youth any degree of talent above mediocrity; the same can hardly be said of Mademoiselle Fitzjames, and Madame Dupont; Noblet is past that age which is indispensable in exciting interest as a dancer, notwithstanding she has still considerable ability, and there are not any others who are worth mentioning amongst the females. Of the men, when Petitpa is cited as having a grade more of ability than the rest, nothing more in the shape of praise can be added with respect to their present *corps de ballet*. This theatre is also capable of containing 2,000 persons, and the prices are from 2 francs 10 sous to 9 francs, the pit is 3 francs 12 sous, and there are as many as 20 different parts of the house cited with their respective charges. They sometimes begin at 7, more often 1/2 past, but never later.

The Theatre of the Comic Opera is situated in the rue Marivaux, Boulevard des Italiens, and the facade with its noble columns has a very fine effect, which is fully equalled by the decorations of the interior. Chollet, still remains their principal singer; his voice is good, so is his knowledge of music, but he is now no longer young nor ever was handsome, but always a favourite with the public; he is supported by Roger who takes the *roles* of young lovers, by Grard who has a fine bass voice, and Mocker with a good tenor; amongst the females is our countrywoman Anna Thillon, who is exceedingly admired, and at present the great attraction, she is pretty, lively, or sentimental, as her part may require, her voice is pleasing and it may be said that she is quite a pet with the Parisians; she is an excellent actress, and appears at home in

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every part she undertakes. Mademoiselle Prevost has for many years sustained a certain reputation as one of the principal singers at this theatre, for my own part I always thought her rather heavy and a want of feeling and expression both in her acting and singing. Madame Rossi Caccia, although only just returned from Italy, belongs to the company, she has a most admirable voice and is a great acquisition to the theatre, at which, on the whole, the amusements are of the most delightful description. The prices are from 30 sous to 7 francs 10 sous. They begin at 7.

The Theatre-Francais in the Rue Richelieu holds the first rank, for the drama, of any theatre in France, where Talma, Duchesnois, Mars and Georges have so often enchanted not only the French public, but persons of all nations who were assembled in Paris, and on these boards Mlle Rachel now displays her magic art; nor are the attractions of Mlle Plessis to be passed over unnoticed, but as she has lately been to London, my country people can form a better judgment of her than from any description I can give. Mlle Anais is an actress who has been and is still rather a favourite, although now not young. Mlle Mantes is a fine woman upon a large scale, plays well and has been many years on the stage, but never created any sensation; Mlle Maxime rather stands high in the public estimation; Mlle Noblet and Mme Guyon possess moderate talent acquit themselves well, and are much liked, generally speaking. At present Ligier is considered their best tragedian, but principally owes what fame he has, to their actors in that department being of so mediocre a description, some people prefer Beauvallet but not the majority, their abilities are very nearly of the same stamp. Guyon is a fine young man, and plays the parts of young heroes very fairly. Geffroy is another, possessing sufficient merit to escape condemnation. As comic actors they have Regnier who may be placed upon the moderate list; Samson is certainly much better, and in fact by no means destitute of talent, which may decidedly be also stated of Firmin; Provost is likewise a very passable actor. Comedy is indeed their fort, it is far more pure than ours; I remember making that remark to the celebrated John Kemble at the time he was residing at Toulouse, and adding that I considered our comic actors gave way too much to grimace and buffoonery. Kemble replied, "Don't blame the actors for that, it is owing to the bad taste of the audience, by whom it is always applauded, and a thoroughly chaste performance, without some caricature, would not stand the same chance of success." The prices at the Theatre Francais are from 1 fr. 5 sous varying up to 6 fr. 12 sous, according to that part of the house in which you choose your seat; they begin sometimes 1/4 before 7.

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The Theatre du Gymnase, on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, was once one of the most successful of any in Paris, but it does not sustain the high reputation it formerly possessed. Bouffe is now its principal support, and has indeed a most attractive power; there are also other actors of merit, as Klein, Numa, Tisserant, and Volnys, who sustain their respective parts extremely well; but when performing with such a star as Bouffe, their minor talents are eclipsed, and little noticed. Mad. Volnys (formerly Leontine Fay) still retains that high reputation which she has so long and so justly merited, she ever was a most charming and natural actress. Mesdames Julienne, Habeneck and Nathalie are all rather above mediocrity, so that this theatre still affords the dramatic amateur much rational enjoyment. They commence at 6, and the prices range from 1 fr. 5 sous, to 5 fr.

The Theatre des Varietes always has been and is still a great favourite, where they play vaudevilles, a sort of light comedy, which are generally highly amusing; they have always contrived to have actors at this theatre who were sure to draw full houses, and that is the case at present. Lafont is an excellent actor and a very fine looking man, he has performed in London; Lepeintre yields to few men for the very general estimation in which his talents are held; Levassor is a man of very gentlemanly appearance, not at all wanting in assurance, and always at his ease in every *role* he is destined to fill. For females they have Mesdames Flore, Bressant, Boisgontier, Esther and Eugenie Sauvage, the first rather too much inclined to embonpoint, but playing her part none the worse for that, the last an actress of great merit, whilst the others act so well that one would wonder what they wanted with so many; besides which they have several others who are above mediocrity, and a few hours may be passed any evening most agreeably at this theatre. The performances commence at 7, the prices are the same as at the Gymnase with regard to the minimum and maximum, but having altogether nineteen different intermediate specifications.

The Theatre du Palais-Royal, forming the corner of the Rues Montpensier and Beaujolais, and having an entrance in the Palais-Royal, is one of the most successful in Paris, and one of the very few which have proved good speculations, and they continue to have such excellent actors as cannot fail to attract. A. Tousez has much ability and is very comic, M. and Mad. Lemesnil, M. and Mad. Ravel are very clever in their respective parts, Sainville is not less so; then amongst their first rate actresses they have Dejazet, who has been highly appreciated in London, Mlle Pernon, young, talented, and pretty, and Mlle Fargueil, handsome, and though youthful, already an excellent actress. The pit is only 1 fr. 5 sous, from which it rises to 5 fr. for the best seats. They begin at half-past six.

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The Vaudeville Theatre is facing the Exchange in the Place de la Bourse, and retains a very good share of the patronage of the public; their performances are, for the most part, very good, and the pieces which are mostly played, are such as the name of the theatre indicates. Felix and Lepeintre jeune are much liked, Bardou is an excellent actor, Arnal a famous low comedian, M. and Mad. Taigny possessing very fair talent, and are called the pretty couple. Mesdames Doche and Thenard not without merit, and on the whole their corps dramatic is much above mediocrity. Their light, comic, and amusing little pieces are well calculated to chase away a heavy hour. They commence at a quarter past seven, and the prices are much the same as at the Variete.

To the Porte St. Martin I have already alluded, situated on the Boulevard of the same name, although they often give very interesting pieces as melodramas, light comedies, *etc.*, and always had some very good actors, yet it has seldom had the success to which the exertions of the proprietors were entitled. After a total failure the theatre has been re-opened, and amongst the actors there are some of known talent; Frederick Lemaitre may be considered their brightest star, once so celebrated in the role of Robert Macaire, Clarence, Raucour, Bocage, and Melingue sustain their parts very fairly, and the same may be said of Mesdames Klotz and Fitzjames, who are more than passable actresses. The pieces begin as low as twelve sous, and rise to six francs. The performances commence at seven.

The Ambigu Comique is a theatre situated on the Boulevard St. Martin, and also for melodramas and vaudevilles; it has not been much more fortunate than its neighbour the Theatre Porte St. Martin, and the representations are very similar at both. St. Ernest, as an actor, and Madame Boutin, as an actress, appear to be the favourites amongst rather a numerous company, of which some are far from being indifferent performers. The prices are very modest, commencing at only ten sous, and elevating to four francs; it begins at seven.

The Gaiete, on the Boulevard du Temple, is another theatre of much the same description; at present, however, the company is considered to be very good: the strength consisting of Neuville, the brothers Francisque and Deshays, and of the females, Madame Gautier, Clarisse, Leontine, Abit, and Melanie are considered the best. Some pieces have come out at this theatre that have had a great run. The prices begin at eight sous and rise to five francs. They also commence at seven.

The Theatre des Folies Dramatiques is likewise on the Boulevard du Temple, and varies very slightly from the last, except being one grade inferior, and the prices in proportion, commencing at six sous, and not mounting higher than two francs five sous, and yet the performances are often not by any means contemptible. They begin at half-past six.

M. Comte has a theatre in the Passage Choiseul where children perform, which may be considered as a sort of nursery for the theatres in general; but what afford the most

amusement are his extraordinary feats of legerdemain, which are certainly wonderfully clever. The prices are from about one franc to five francs.

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Although I have left it to the last, I must not entirely omit to mention the Odeon theatre, to which I have already adverted; little can be judged from it at present, having only just re-opened. *Mlle.* George is endeavouring, in the eve of her days, to afford it the support of her now declining powers; she is however ably sustained by Achard. Vernet also is a good actor, and they have others who are by no means deficient. It begins at 7, and the prices are from 1 franc to 5.

In addition to those I have already stated, there are about a dozen more theatres, including such as are just outside the Barriers, and although theatrical speculations have generally been very unfortunate recently, yet it does not appear to arise so much from the want of audiences, but from paying the great performers too highly, and having too many of all descriptions. There are besides several public concerts, of which the one styled Muzard's, in the Rue Neuve-Vivienne, is the best; the price of entrance to most of them is 1 franc. Several public balls are constantly going forward in gardens during the summer, and in large saloons in the winter; they are mostly attended by the lower order of tradespeople, or by females of indifferent character, except in the Carnival, and then more respectable characters go to the masked balls at the theatres which are the most expensive; the ladies however only as spectators, generally speaking, but their attractions are too irresistible to many, for them to suffer the season to pass over without once joining the gay throng, particularly to some who have a great delight in mystifying a friend or acquaintance, and telling them a few home truths under the protecting shield of a mask, having opportunities of so doing at the public balls without fear of being recognised; whereas concealment at private masquerades can seldom be preserved to the last. It is most usual for ladies who visit the theatres to see the masked balls only to remain in a box with their party, and from thence to view the motley group; there are however some females even of rank who cannot resist the charm of going entirely incognito, to puzzle and perplex different persons whom they know will be there, only confiding to one or two dearest friends their little enterprise, to whom they recount the adventures of the evening.

All strangers sojourning at Paris are generally directed to devote their earliest attention to the Gallery of Pictures at the Louvre, and I had intended to have bestowed much space to that object, but I find such excellent works published on that subject at only one or two francs, that I would recommend my readers to furnish themselves with one and take it with them to the Louvre when they go there; they can procure them of M. Amyot, No. 6, Rue de la Paix, where they will also find almost every publication they are likely to require, and will meet with the utmost civility and attention. There are continually changes taking

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place in the arrangements of the pictures, consequently it would be impossible to give any correct numerical indications. The works of Rubens are particularly numerous, but I should not say they were the *chefs d'oeuvre* of that great artist, the women are so fat and totally devoid of grace; I have seen several of his pictures in the great Collection at Vienna which I like much better. The Louvre may be also considered rich in the works of Titian, some fine subjects by Guido, Murillo, Correggio, and Paul Veronese, of which the Marriage in Cana is supposed to be the largest detached picture in the world; and many of the figures are portraits, as of Francis I, Mary of England, *etc.*, who were contemporaries with the artist; in fact there are some paintings of almost every celebrated Italian and Spanish master. The Dutch and Flemish school is extremely rich, particularly in Vandycks, but as might be expected specimens of the French school are the most numerous, the principal gems of which are by Claude Lorraine, Poussin, and Le Brun, infinitely superior to the productions of the present day. There are besides many pictures by French artists of the time of David, Gerard, Gros, *etc.*, which I consider generally inferior to some of those of their best painters now living.

There are several private collections that are well worth the attention of the visiter; amongst the number is that of Marshal Soult, consisting of some of the most exquisite Murillos, I should decidedly say the happiest efforts of his pencil, but I believe since I saw them he has sold some of the best to an English nobleman. The gallery of M. Aguado (Marquis de Las Marismas), contains undoubtedly some very fine subjects of the Spanish school, and others that have considerable merit, but out of the great number of paintings which are assembled together the portion of copies is by no means small; still there is sufficient of that which is very good to afford great pleasure to the amateur. The residence of the Marquis was in the Rue Grange-Bateliere, and it is to be presumed that, notwithstanding his decease, the establishment will be kept up as before. The collection of the Marquis de Pastoret, in the Place de la Concorde, is well worth visiting if you have a good pair of legs and lungs, for I believe you have upwards of a hundred steps and stairs to mount; but an ample reward will be afforded in viewing some very clever small cabinet paintings by celebrated Italian, French and Flemish masters.

The Baron d'Espagnac has at his hotel in the Rue d'Aguesseau a selection of paintings which may be considered one of the most *recherchee* in Paris; a landscape by Dominichino is quite a gem, and he has scarcely a painting in his numerous collection but must be admired; his copy of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci is perhaps the best that has ever been executed, and affords a most exact idea of the original, which is now, alas! nearly if not entirely defaced. To see these, as well as many other very excellent private collections, it is merely necessary to write to the owner and the request is immediately granted.

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Mr. Rickets, an English gentleman living at No. 9, Rue Royale, has about 400 pictures, amongst which are some of considerable merit and particularly interesting, either for the execution, the subjects, or certain associations connected with them; this selection presents a singular variety of styles, wherein may be recognised all the most celebrated schools; some of the smaller pictures are executed with the most exquisite delicacy and require long examination to form an adequate appreciation of their merit. This collection is only accessible through the medium of an introduction. As many purchasers of pictures often want them cleaned and restored, I would recommend them to a countryman for that purpose, M. Penley, No. 11, Rue Romford, whose efforts I have seen effect a complete resuscitation upon a dingy and almost incomprehensible subject.

CHAPTER XIV.

The concluding Chapter; application of capital, information for travellers, prices of provisions.

One of the first measures to be adopted on arriving in France, is to acquire the knowledge of the value of the coin, which is indeed rather intricate; first a sou, or what we should call a halfpenny, is four liards or five centimes; then there are two sou pieces, which resemble our penny pieces; there is likewise a little dingy looking copper coin, with an N upon one side and 10 centimes on the other, that is also two sous; they once had a little silver wash upon them, but it has now disappeared. Next there is a little piece which looks like a bad farthing, rather whitish from the silver not being quite worn away, which passes for a sou and a half or six liards. We then rise to a quarter franc, or 5 sous, which is a very neat little silver coin; next the half franc, then a fifteen sous piece, which is copper washed over with silver, with a head of Louis on one side and a figure on the other; double the size but exactly similar is the 30 sous piece; the franc is 20 sous, the two francs 40 sous, both of which are neat silver coin, as also the 5 francs piece. The gold circulation consists in ten, twenty, and forty franc pieces. There are no notes in Paris for less than 500 francs, which are of the Bank of France; the visiter on arriving in Paris will require to change his English money, and there are many money changers; I have had transactions with most of them, but have found Madame Emerique, of No. 32, Palais-Royal, Galerie Montpensier, (there is an entrance also Rue Montpensier, No. 22,) the most liberal and just of any, and I am quite certain that any stranger might go there with a total ignorance of the value of the money he presented, and would receive the full amount according to the state of exchange at the time. Much credit is due to Madame Emerique from our country-people with regard to her conduct respecting stolen Bank of England notes; she takes great pains to obtain a list of such as are stolen,

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that she may not be unconsciously accessory in aiding the success of crime, by giving the value for that which had been obtained by theft, and adopts every means that the presenters should be detained; if all the money changers were as particular in that respect, thieves would derive no benefit in coming over to France with their stolen notes. The office of Madame Emerique has been the longest established of any, and the high respectability of her family and connexions are a certain guarantee for the foreigner against being imposed upon. The number of hotels in Paris is immense; as I always frequent the same which I have known for nearly 20 years, of course I can recommend it, both as regards the extreme respectability of the persons by whom it is kept and the moderation of the charges; it is situated at No. 71, Rue Richelieu, and is called the Hotel de Valois, Baths abound in Paris, but the Bains Chinois, Boulevard des Italiens, are of the oldest date, and have been visited by the most illustrious persons. Amongst the rest, the proprietor declares that William the Fourth attended them at the time he was sojourning incognito at Paris. Amongst the numerous list of Bankers, those which are most frequented by the English are Madame Luc Callaghan and Son, No. 40, Rue de la Ferme-des-Mathurins; Monsieur le Baron Rothschild, Rue Laffitte, and Messrs. Laffitte, Blount and Comp., No. 52, Rue Basse-du-Rempart.

Amongst the multitude of interesting spots which surround Paris, Versailles is pre-eminent, not only for the grandeur of the palace, the beauty of the gardens, *etc.*, but it has now received so many objects of art, and its collection of pictures is so immense, that it may be considered the Museum of France; but there are so many works written upon it, and its description must be so voluminous to render it any justice, that I must content myself with referring my readers to those publications which have already appeared on the subject. St. Cloud, St. Germain, St. Denis and Fontainebleau are too remarkable to be lightly touched, particularly the two latter, upon which there are publications giving the most ample details of all which they contain that is interesting; those works therefore I must also recommend for the visiter's perusal.

Before I bid adieu to my readers, I must not omit to mention an institution formed in Paris, which does honour to the English character; it is entitled the British Charitable Fund, and was founded in 1822, under the patronage of the British Ambassador, and is entirely supported by voluntary contributions, for the purpose of relieving old and distressed British subjects, or of sending them to their native country; suffice it to say, that there have been within the last ten years 11,500 persons relieved, and 2,571 sent to Great Britain.

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There are quite a host of steam-boat establishments, having their agents and offices in Paris, but that for which the agency has been confided to M. Chauteauneuf, No. 8, Boulevard Montmartre, embraces so wide a field that I consider in recommending my readers to him, I afford them the opportunity of obtaining all the information they can require upon the subject; the Company could not have selected any one more capable of fulfilling the duties of such an office, as besides his extreme civility and attention to all applicants, he speaks many different languages, as French, English, Spanish, Italian, *etc.* The boats for which he is agent proceed from Dunkirk to St. Petersburg, touching direct at Copenhagen, and privileged by the Emperor of Russia; the passage is effected in 6 or 7 days. Dunkirk to Hamburg in 36 or 40 hours, corresponding with all the steamers on the Baltic and the Elbe. Dunkirk to Rotterdam in 10 or 12 hours, communicating with all the navigation upon the Rhine. Boulogne to London by the Commercial Steam Company. Antwerp to New York, touching at Southampton; Marseilles to Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, Sicily, Malta and the Levant, by the steamers of the Neapolitan Company. The above vessels are fitted up in the most efficient and solid manner, with English machinery. At Lyons there is a corresponding office for the navigation of the interior, held by Messrs. Jackson, Dufour, and Comp., No. 7, Quai St. Clair. M. Chateauneuf is very obliging in explaining all the details of the different tariffs of the custom duties of the various countries with which the steamers communicate.

A very great convenience exists in Paris, which I think much wanted in London, and that is what are termed Cabinets de Lecture, where you may read all the principal papers and periodical pamphlets for the small expense of 3 sous; some are higher, where English newspapers are taken, when the price is five sous; they are mostly circulating libraries at the same time. But those who wish to see all or the greater part of the London and some provincial and foreign papers, will find them at Galignani's, and at an English reading room established in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, No. 55, near the Rue de la Paix; at both these establishments the admittance is ten sous. The only English newspaper at present published in Paris is by Galignani, which contains extracts judiciously selected from the French and English papers, besides other useful information.

The investment of capital in land in France will rarely produce more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and very frequently less; in the purchase of houses in Paris 5 or $5\frac{1}{2}$, sometimes 6, is obtained; in the funds about $4\frac{1}{2}$. Numbers of persons in France place their money on *hypothèque*, or mortgage, by which they make 5 per cent; the affair is arranged by means of a *notaire*, but often the most lucrative manner of placing money is what is called *en commandite*, that is, they

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invest a fixed sum in different descriptions of business, from which they receive a certain share, not appearing in the concern otherwise than having deposited a stated amount of money in it, for which alone, in case of bankruptcy, they are liable. A considerable portion of the French lend their money to different tradespeople, getting the best security they can, sometimes merely personal; 6 per cent is the regular interest that is given, and it is a very rare case that the capital is lost, as the lender takes great precautions in ascertaining the exact state of the borrower's affairs.

Although rents are so immensely high in the centre of Paris, one house, No. 104, Rue Richelieu, letting for 120,000 francs, (4,800_l.) a year, yet as you diverge in any direction towards the walls of the city a house may be had for much less under the same circumstances than in London, and just outside a substantial dwelling of eight or ten rooms, with an acre of garden beautifully laid out, will only be 40_l., a year. Some of the villages round Paris are very agreeably situated, but are dreadfully cut up by the fortifications, particularly the favourite spot of the Parisians, the Bois de Boulogne, where many families amongst the tradespeople go and pass their whole Sunday under the trees; and the innumerable rides and walks through the wood, and its very picturesque appearance tempt all ranks at all hours of the day; part of it remains unspoiled by the walls and forts constructing for the defence of Paris, but it was much to be regretted that any portion should have been destroyed for an object, the utility of which still seems an enigma.

As prices of provisions are so constantly varying that I determined to leave them entirely to the last, that I might be enabled to give the latest information respecting them; in most instances they are much dearer than they were a few years since, particularly meat, which now may be quoted on an average of 8_d. a pound, and veal, if the choice parts be selected, 1_d. or even 2_d. more at some seasons, but joints where there is much proportion of bone may be had for 7_d.; best wheaten bread is at present 13/4d., a pound; butter, best quality, s. 6_d.; cheese 10_d. Poultry is much higher than formerly; a fine fowl 3_s. a duck, 2_s.; a goose 4_s.; a turkey 6_s. and much dearer at some periods of the year; pigeons' eggs 8 1/2_d. each; a hare 4_s.; a rabbit 1_s. 6_d. Vegetables are generally pretty cheap, potatoes hardly 1/2_d. a pound, cauliflowers, brocoli, and asparagus at a much less price than in London; the finer sorts of fruits, as peaches, nectarines, apricots, greengages, grapes, *etc.*, are very reasonable, but on the whole Paris is very little cheaper than London; the principal difference is in the wine, which is to be had at all prices from 5_d. to 5_s. a bottle, but by arranging with the Maison Meunier, 22, Rue des Saints-Peres, the house I have recommended, by taking

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a certain quantity, very good Bordeaux may be had, which will only come to about 1_s._ 6_d._ a bottle. Fuel is the dearest article in Paris; coals, of which there is not much consumption, are considerably higher than in London, but yet much cheaper than burning wood. In the best part of Paris a well furnished sitting and bed room is 4_l._ a month; in other parts only half the price. Brandy and liqueurs are much cheaper than in England; beer from 2_d._ to 4_d._ a bottle, but taking a cask it comes cheaper. Best white sugar 10_d._ Tea from 4_s._ upwards, coffee 2_s._ to 3_s._ It must be remembered that the pound weight in France has two ounces more than in England.

There is one peculiarity the stranger should remark in Paris which will much assist him in finding a house he may be seeking; the even numbers are always on one side of a street and the odd on the other and in all the streets running south and north the numbers commence from the Seine, so that the farther you get from the river the higher the figure amounts; and, as you proceed from that source the even numbers will be found on the right side and the uneven on the left. Those streets which run east and west commence their numbers from the Hotel-de-Ville, or Town-Hall, the even numbers also being on the right hand side and uneven on the opposite.

* * * * *

Aware that my countrymen are ever amateurs of engravings, lithographies, *etc.*, I must repair the omission of having forgotten to mention Mr. Sinnett, the only English publisher of engravings living in Paris, and as he has an enthusiastic passion for the arts, accompanied by the most correct judgment, the selection of his subjects are such as cannot fail to gratify every person of taste; he also acts as an agent both for the Paris and London print-sellers, and by the arrangements into which he has entered, is enabled to furnish individuals with engravings of both countries on the most advantageous terms, foregoing those charges which it is customary to impose under similar circumstances. The English have it, therefore, in their power to procure from Mr. Sinnett any print, whether published in England or France, at a lower price than in any other house in Paris. His address is No. 15, grande rue Verte, faubourg Saint-Honore.

THE END.

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