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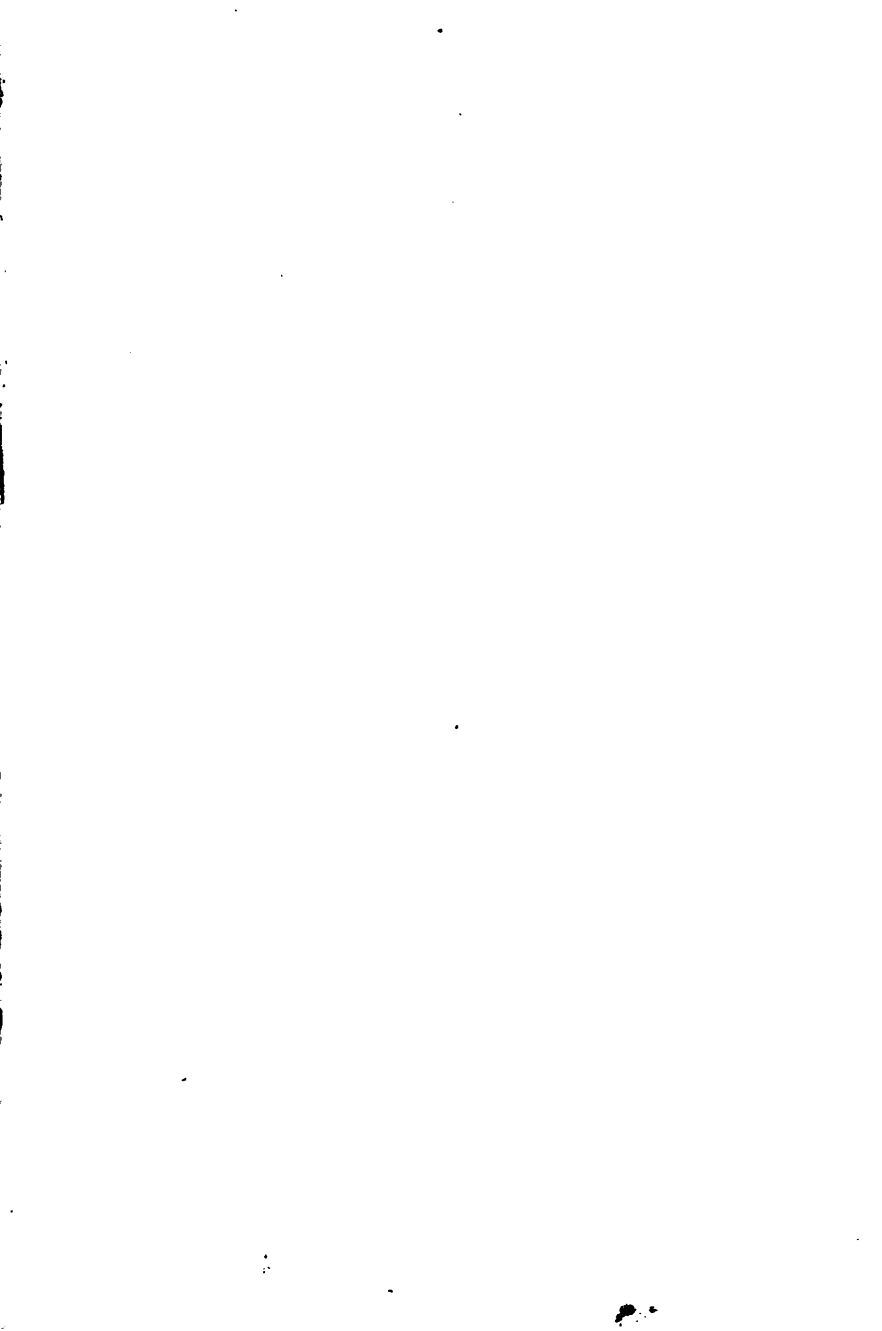
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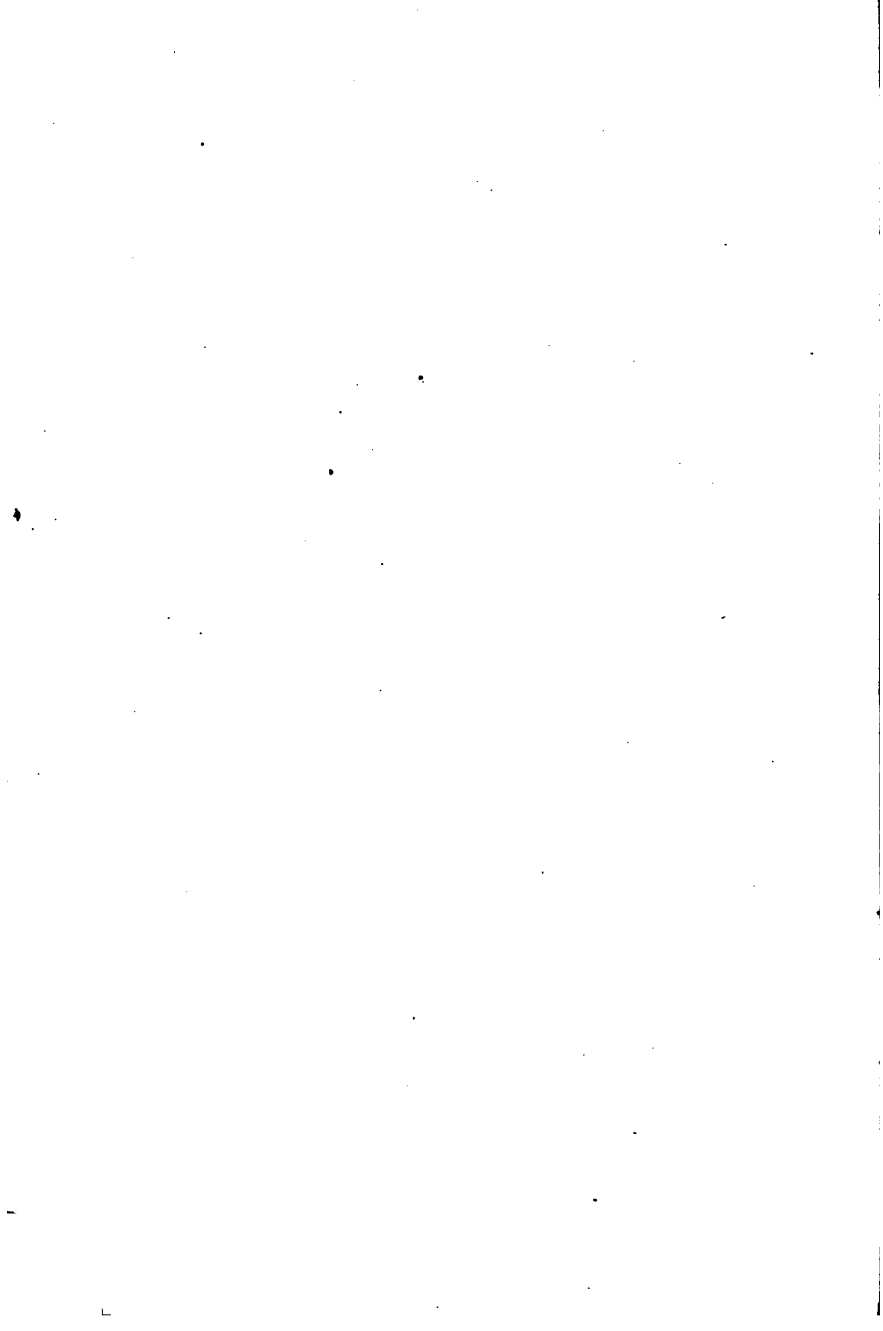
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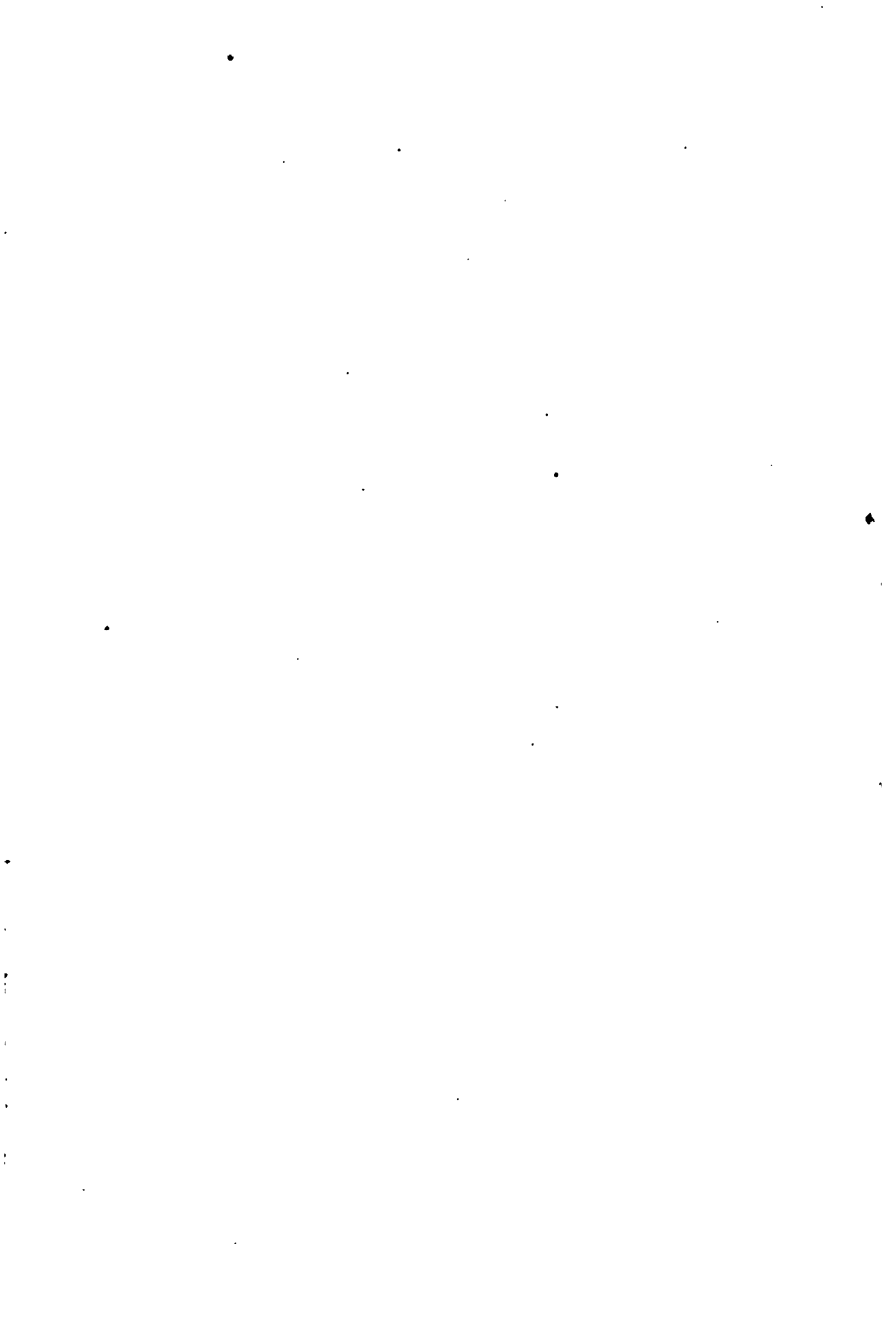
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R. 1877

CHATEAUFORT.

MEMOIRS
OF
CHATEAUBRIAND,

FROM HIS BIRTH
IN 1768,
TILL HIS RETURN TO FRANCE
IN 1800.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

LONDON:
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MEMOIRS

OF

CHATEAUBRIAND.

INTRODUCTION.

BY THE FRENCH EDITOR.

I have undertaken to say a few words by way of introduction to this work, having long been desirous to express sentiments respecting M. de Chateaubriand, one of those hearts which elevate literature, and cause the humblest talents to step forward more firmly in the pride of his mission. For these eighteen years, literature has been so obscured by a host of giddy aspirants; to such a degree has been made a matter of boasting and of trade; and so lately has the reader of the nineteenth century been while being robbed, that we have need to be thankful to that writer who has invariably proved himself the most worthy, without ceasing to be the most renowned.

He stood alone in the age—he was the honest man—he was the great man. His name filled literature, and flooded it with a golden light. The Republic came, and he withdrew, sad and melancholy, hand in hand with those who have followed him. His remains were conveyed to Bretagne, agreeably to his last wish, and there is no more to say. Now go to the silent house in the Rue du Bac, numbered 112; they will show you Chateaubriand's room, Chateaubriand's table, and the place where he expired.

If we now endeavour to recal some traits of that mighty and melancholy genius, if we descend step by step through his works, it is not so much to perform the duty of critic, as to pay a last homage to him who was for so long a period the most brilliant expression of literary France; the last gentleman, perhaps—the greatest christian to a certainty.

Chateaubriand belongs to that family of colossal thinkers, before whom one pauses twice before one undertakes to go round them. Their collective works excite a respect which their character and the warm esteem that we have vowed to them would scarcely command. It is ever since the Consulate that the glory of the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* has endured; and, in France, if the success of an hour is rarely right, the success of half a century is never wrong. He who has been the great man for fifty years, is sure of being so for ever.

What strikes us most in Chateaubriand's work is Chateaubriand. The history of a thought is sometimes as full of instruction as the thought itself. The author is the first of his books—or, at least, that which furnishes the key to all the others. Now tell us where is a finer history than that of this poet, of this soldier, of this traveller, of this minister, of this ambassador, of this peer of France. Not a shore but he has visited, not a glory but he has tasted, not a misery but he has suffered.

I am aware that in this history he will relate himself, that he has made of it a book, in which, with scaffold or flourish of trumpets at their head, the prodigious events wherein he was mixed up, will pass before us. I am aware that this book, profound as the *Confessions*, epic and forceful as a "Bulletin of the Grand Army," full of kindly feeling as the "Sentimental Journey," will tell all, and conceal nothing. But, frankly as Chateaubriand relates his own history, there is one thing from which he recoils, that is, self-praise. One cannot pass along the street and look at one's self from the window.

We disguise not from ourselves the temerity and the importance of the lines which we are about to offer. From

the brilliant place which Chateaubriand occupies in the age, he would deserve perhaps that a more eminent pen than ours should record his glory and his genius. We belong not to the generation which saw him live—we belong to that which saw him die—but we shall belong more especially to that which shall see him survive himself. Where then would be the harm of occasionally asking youth its opinion of the men and things of the time? It is worth while to consider what is thought of the present generation by those who are to form the future one.

One morning last July, two black vehicles mournfully reached the shore of Brittany. In one of them was the body of a great thinker. In the other were a clergyman, a testamentary executor, and François, the valet de chambre. In this manner, these two carriages arrived at a small town near Avranches. While they were standing in the road, waiting for horses, a lady of a certain age, holding a modest bouquet wrapped in paper, timidly approached. She laid her present on the seat within, saying, in a low voice, "That is for M. de Chateaubriand; 'tis all I have been able to procure."

We will do like the old lady. Here is our bouquet.

I.

Chateaubriand entered life by the great door of the forests. A native of that gloomy Bretagne, which produces only human oaks or home-sick conscripts, he ever retained the two-fold character of force and melancholy. The fairies with golden harps, who keep watch beneath those antique canopies, dropped upon his cradle the sacred vervain, to bind upon his brow. He was brought up in a black castle, where, he heard the singing of the sea—the sea, his first and his latest passion.

But his youth was sad as a poem of Ossian's. Fling not your children into woods. Nature, and nature alone, is a dangerous mistress, who will make savages of them unless she makes them poets; monsters, unless she makes them

geniuses. It is better to be jostled at first by society than to get hurt by running against the trunks of trees. The evil which comes from man is more easily cured than that which proceeds from God.

Then, like Henry Heine's drummer Legrand, Chateaubriand had "tears which he could not shed." In the Castle of Combourg, family endearments and the fire-side laugh were unknown: never did he feel two arms encircling his neck. His mother pushed him out to the church; his father pushed him to nothing. Hesitating and forlorn, he contented himself with making bad verses, when, from the recesses of his youth, wild as that of Rousseau, arose that mysterious love, which at a later period produced us a master-piece of touching sorrow.

O yes! it is in the first love of poets that we must seek the secret of their lives, Energy or weakness, their tenderness or their cruelty, their humiliation or their glory—only think that all this lurks in embryo in the heart of the first female that they meet with! It is Manon telling us of the extravagances and the silly tears of the Abbé Prevost; it is Pimpette, whose kisses drew bursts of laughter from Voltaire; forsaken Frederica relating her story to Göthe's Faust; and the pale smile of Lucile Chateaubriand adding a page to *Réné*.

That history to which there is nothing similar, full of gloomy daring; that grand tragedy in five or six leaves, where drops of blood mingled no doubt with the ink wherewith they were written; that little fatalist romance contains Chateaubriand quite entire. To others are left the love composed of smiles and adventures, the sonnet sighed forth at the feet of a woman with pearls at her wrist, in a perfumed boudoir. In Bretagne, on the margin of the sea, beneath trees uttering everlasting wailings, things follow a different course. Love, the vice (*étai*) of the heart, is composed of a more fatal essence. It is rarely that one is cured of it: Chateaubriand never was.

Poor Breton gentleman, child of unpropitious solitudes, one day, in calling to mind thy desolate youth, thou wast destined to make this involuntary avowal: "We are persuaded that

great writers have introduced their own history into their works. *To paint the heart well, we must draw from our own, and attribute the picture to another, and the better part of genius is composed of recollections.*”

Her name was Lucile. That name he never pronounced, he never wrote. She was a young girl, or rather the shadow of a young girl, scarcely gliding over the ground, and ready to dissolve into waving vapour, like those figures which painters vaguely show in the distance of enchanted forests. From I know not what motive explained by medical science, the undulations of her neck, long and flexible as that of a swan, were compressed by a steel necklace. This strange girl was consumed by a nervous sensibility, developed to excess, and to see her, frail, graceful, and pale, you would take her for one of those virgins born of a tear, who are to be met with in certain mystic poems. Both of them—the brother and the sister—frequently walked out on the heath, or, seated on the steps of the pond, suffered starry night to descend upon them, with its confused noises and its strong perfumes, which imperceptibly win the heart, and finally overwhelm it.

Why would he have put an end to his life? One day, having the gun upon his arm, he descended the steps of the castle more slowly than usual, and directed his course towards the woods. On reaching the end of the great avenue, he turned about to look over the trees at a turret, and disappeared.

So René, too, had meditated suicide—but between the grave and him there arose a voice: “Ungrateful creature, wouldst thou make away with thyself, and thy sister lives! Thou suspectest her heart. No explanation—no excuse—I know all. I have comprehended all, as if I had been with thee. Is it possible to deceive me—me who have witnessed the origin of thy first sentiments! Behold thy unhappy disposition, thy disgusts, thy injustices! Promise, while I press thee to my heart, promise that it is the last time thou wilt give way to thy follies, swear never to make any attempt upon thy life!”

Chateaubriand kept the oath of René. Some hours after-

wards, apparently calm, he returned to the Castle of Combourg. What had passed in his soul God alone knows. All strong-minded men reckon such a day at their entrance into life—a day on which they ask themselves if it is necessary to go any further, and if it would not be better to destroy thought than to suffer it to destroy them—whether an innocent death is not preferable to a guilty life, and which is the least distressing of the two—the young suicide of Chatterton, or the old suicide of Jean Jacques? Those who get over this trial are the ambitious man and the Christian. On the point of drowning himself, the one gazed on the water with a smile, and turned back—this was Napoleon—the other averted his frowning-piece with a tear—that is Chateaubriand.

I have said that there was an intention of making him a priest. At the college to which he was sent with this view, a chamber was allotted to him with the bed of Parny, that little gentleman, whose *Guerre des Dieux* is to this day the delight of felons. In that chamber, and on that pillow, redolent of libertine rhymes, Chateaubriand strove in vain to become a priest. He could not find a frock to fit him. In spite of himself, he was obliged “to compress his life in order to bring it to the level of society;” and as, at that time, it was absolutely necessary to be something till one could become somebody, he donned the first uniform that fell into his hands.

And much better do I like to see Chateaubriand enter the world with a sword than in a frock. Proceeding from a soldier and a gentleman, the religious restoration which he is destined to found some day, will be on that account the more important and the more solid. There is crusader’s blood in his veins; it is Tancred returning to plant the cross for the second time on the sepulchre of the Son of God.

Figure to yourself a tall young man, very slender, rather high-shouldered, “as are all the great military races,” according to one of his expressions. His manner is uneasy, almost timid. He has an habitual stoop of the head, but it is a head chiselled with breadth like most Breton heads, thick hair, thick eyebrows, eye instinct with thought. If it is particularly by the fore-

head, a living blazon, that gentlemen of intelligence are to be known, the Chevalier de Chateaubriand has his nobility marked in splendid lines. Pale, like Bonaparte, but with that paleness which has nothing to do with disease, there is beneath the profound accent of his features a cast of lofty melancholy that will never leave him. The mouth is small, with thin lips, which one finds as chary of words as the rest of his countenance seems to be rich in thoughts. In short, it is a head in a fine style, full of nobleness and observation. That lofty air of aristocracy which predominates, cannot evidently belong to any other than a writer of the laced school of the Montesquieus and the Buffons.

He was then twenty years old. When he entered Paris, the famous eighteenth century, gorged with follies and with crimes, was about to yield up the little life it had left. Chateaubriand witnessed the last struggles of the monster on the golden sand of the Court.

The world plunged headlong into vice. Feeling that death was dragging them by the leg, the aristocracy made haste to quaff double draughts of pleasure and luxury. Each day produced some new extravagance. Grimod de la Reynière gave his Homeric suppers in a room lined with black, and furnished with hangings studded with silver tears. Count d'Artois tried on his celebrated inexpressibles, so tight that he was obliged to have the assistance of three men to lift him up into the air and shake him into them. The Marquis de Sade, ran about the streets at night, in quest of women to dissect alive. The last Abbés were hooted at the theatre, and the last actresses at church. On their part the *farauts* and the *catogans* returning from playing at tennis, at the Half Moon of the Boulevard St. Antoine, defying the horse patrol, began to break the lamps adorned with *fleurs-de-lis*.

Our young and haughty Breton dashed unmercifully through the cobwebs of the gallant spiders of the Opera, without leaving either wings or legs behind; and over the flowery hedges of Trianon, he could observe, without danger to his heart, the nocturnal festivities of the Austrian Queen. He was once invited to follow the chase, in one of his Majesty's

carriages. Perhaps that was the day on which he saw Louis XVI drop a paving-stone, laughing the while, upon the body of one of his guards who had fallen asleep.

All the society of that time, who had still a head upon their shoulders, passed before his eyes:—heroes, villains, lacqueys, citizens—all the guillotined of later years. He dined with Mirabeau, he caroused with Mirabeau. And, in return, Mirabeau, looking him in the face, clapped his large hand upon the shoulder of the young lieutenant, which he well nigh dislocated. "I fancied that I felt the claw of Satan," says he. Mirabeau, at table, boisterous, nervous, tearing his lace ruffles, was almost as fine as Mirabeau in the tribune. He drank like Bassompierre, he laughed like Boreas. Chateaubriand never took his eyes off him, and he was no doubt already engraving on his memory those vigorous lines in which he was afterwards to draw the portrait of "that great man, and that great rogue," as M. de Condé called him.

"Mixed up by the irregularities and the accidents of his life in the greatest events, and in the society of criminals, ravishers, adventurers, Mirabeau, tribune of the aristocracy, deputy of the democracy, was a compound of Gracchus and Don Juan, of Catiline and of Guzman d'Alfarache, of Cardinal de Richelieu and Cardinal de Retz, of the *roué* of the Regency and the savage of the Revolution; and, added to this he had something of his own. His ugliness, laid upon a ground of beauty peculiar to his race, produced a sort of mighty figure of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. The seams left by the small-pox on his face, looked rather like scars caused by fire. Nature seemed to have moulded his head for empire and the gallows, chiselled his arms for coercing a nation, or for carrying off a woman. When, fixing his eyes upon the people, he shook his bushy hair, he stopped their movements; when he lifted his great hand and showed his nails, the rabble ran about furiously. During the tremendous uproar of a sitting, I have seen him in the tribune gloomy, ugly, motionless, reminding you of Milton's Chaos, shapeless and impassible amidst its confusion."*

* From his book on the "Philosophy of Literature." Victor Hugo has

But what he particularly desired to see were the circles where elegant language was spoken, the fashionable drawing-rooms, the Academy and its auxiliaries. Had he not in one of the skirts of his uniform two or three thousand rhymes, chatty and brilliant birds, which longed for nothing so much as the delight of being let fly?

Compactly ranged between the actors and the spectators, like the musicians in a theatre, the French literati continued to play *rinforzando* the overture of the French Revolution begun about fifty years before. The curtain rose. In place of the leader of the orchestra, there was Beaumarchais, the direct heir of Voltaire, who, for the society of that day, was as good as a *pestilence*, just as Chateaubriand, at a later period, was as good as an *army* for the Restoration. Grouped around him, musicians of the devil, Freron, Mercier, Rivarol, Laclos, Rétif, and the rest, strove to decipher the sublime score, with eye fixed on the master, who was beating time.

Chateaubriand perceived not, apparently, the grave side of all this. He was but a young man. At the moment when

also sketched this grand figure of Mirabeau. It may, perhaps, be curious to compare the ideas of two such eminent writers concerning the same man—the sparks of the two hammers from the same red-hot iron. Here is the text of Victor Hugo.

“Every thing about him (Mirabeau) was mighty: his sudden and abrupt gestures were full of empire. In the tribune he had a colossal movement of the shoulders, like the elephant carrying his armed tower in war. He, for his part, carried his thoughts. His voice, even when he threw out merely a word from his bench, had a formidable and revolutionary accent, which was construed as the roar of the lion in the menagerie. His hair, when he shook his head, was somewhat like a mane. His whole brow moved at once like that of Jupiter, *cuncta supercilio moventis*. His hands sometimes seemed to be kneading the marble of the tribune. His whole face, his whole attitude, his whole person, were dilated with a pléthoric pride which had its grandeur. His head had a magnificent and dazzling ugliness, the effect of which, for a moment, was electric and awful. The genius of the French Revolution had forged itself an ægis with all the amalgamated doctrines of Voltaire, of Helvetius, of Diderot, of Bayle, of Montesquieu, of Hobbes, of Locke, and of Rousseau, and had placed the head of Mirabeau in the centre.”

the age was cracking and tottering, like Soufflot's Pantheon, he was gliding on tiptoe between two screens, in the company of some of the infinitely small fry of literature. "They talked of me at Lebrun's, and at Flins des Oliviers'."

At length, however, he began to comprehend how puerile and miserable was this employment of all his time. He renounced it. Thus René says: "I would fain have thrown myself into a world which told me nothing, and which did not understand me: it was neither lofty language nor deep sentiment that was expected from me. Treated every where as a romantic spirit, *ashamed of the part that I was playing*, more and more disgusted with things and with men, I determined to retire to a faubourg, and there to live totally unknown. I found pleasure in this obscure and independent life. Unnoticed, I mingled with the crowd—vast desert of human beings."

Meanwhile, the Revolution was approaching. It came direct towards him. He was frightened, and drew back. His hour for action had not yet struck. With too much disdain, perhaps, he beheld the conquerors of the Bastille floundering through the kennels of Paris, and turned away his head from the work of blood that was preparing. The whole of the nobility emigrated to Coblenz; Chateaubriand emigrated to the New World. Before he studied men, he resolved to study man.

However, he did not set out without bidding good bye. La Harpe, who was keeper of the literature of the eighteenth century, brought him the *Mercure* to inscribe his name in, according to custom. Chateaubriand inserted in it I know not what verses on the *Love of a Country Life*, a sort of idyl, in the face of which he could not help laughing subsequently, and in which occurs this couplet:

Au séjour des grandeurs, mon nom mourra sans gloire,
Mais il vivra longtemps sous les toits des roseaux.

This is just the reverse of what he ought to have said. M. de Chateaubriand was a better prophet towards the close of his life.

II.

“Here is the date-palm; beneath the date-palm there is green-sward; under this green-sward rests a woman. I, who mourn beneath this date-palm, am called Celuta; I am the daughter of the woman who rests under this turf; she was my mother.

“My mother said to me when dying: ‘Work; be faithful to thy husband when thou hast found one. If he is prosperous, be humble and timid; go not near him till he says to thee, come, my lips want to speak to thine.

“‘If he is unfortunate, be lavish of thy caresses, let thy soul cling around his; let thy flesh be insensible to the winds and to pain.’—I, who am called Celuta, now weep beneath this date-palm; I am the daughter of the woman who rests under this green-sward.

“Thus sang a young female crowned with flowers of magnolia, clad in a white dress made of the bark of the mulberry-tree. Seated amidst Indians on the grass, sprinkled with purple vervain and golden *ruelles*, René listened and eyed her with a look of emotion.”

There he is, far away from the country of the Bretons. That thirst of solitude, which torments him, in common with all austere geniuses, he can now assuage. Between God and him civilization no longer spreads its veil. His heart still suffers, but his mind expands and emancipates itself. Let him alone; by degrees the sun of the desert will dispel from his brow the gloom of the woods of Combourg.

It is probable that, but for his voyage to America, Chateaubriand would never have been more than a timid disciple of La Harpe’s, and of the atrocious Ginguenés’s; a drawing-room poet, perpetually reined in by the artificial garlands of the academic coterie. At the furthest, he might have raised himself some day to the very innocent reputation of Esmenard, or of the author of the *Printemps d’un Proscrit*.

On the contrary, Chateaubriand, thrown bodily into the New World, a white man among the red men, eating limpets, breathing the musky odour exhaled by the crocodiles of the swamps—the young officer of the regiment of Navarre,

hunting the beaver with the sachem of the Onondagas, after chasing the stag with Louis XVI—lastly, the rhymester of the *Almanach des Muses* among the Iroquois, must per forcè be transformed, and, having departed with the idyl of the *Amour de la Campagne*, return with the *Génie du Christianisme*.

The visit to America was an absolute revelation for him. His classic recollections, cut up by the root, were effectually prevented from shooting up again, and the *Cours de Littérature* began to vanish from his sight in the damp dust of the Niagara. Only figure to yourself the astonishment of a literary man of the eighteenth century at sight of that strange gigantic Nature, full of life, gracefully terrible; and what a severe rebuke God gave before his face to the landscape gardener Le Notre. Dropped amidst blue herons, rose-coloured flamingoes, red woodpeckers, Chateaubriand might well smile when he thought of that old French bird Philomele, on which we live exclusively, ever since the mythologic era. His memory, still full of the heroes of Racine and Voltaire, having never seen savages but in the tragedy of *Alzire*, is it to be supposed that he did not start back at the sight of the first Siminole that appeared before him, with a pearl hanging from his nose, his ears pinked, and a stuffed owl upon his head?

It is, perhaps, to be regretted that he did not stay long enough to sweep his rhetoric away completely. Two years more, and Chateaubriand would have totally drowned his old formal notions in the Ohio. His too rapid passage through the hot country has produced a mixed style, in which the savage and the gentleman are at times equally apparent.

Why did he leave it so suddenly? what uneasiness caused him to renounce the splendours of the American nights? We cannot tell, and no doubt no more could he. There was just then a whirlwind in the air, which scattered to the four corners of the earth most of the men of that age—the Abbé Maury to Rome, Louis-Philippe to Elsinour, M. de Jouy to the court of Tippoo Saib, and M. de Chateaubriand to every country. Perhaps, like René, he heard a voice, saying, "What dost thou here alone in the recesses of the forests wasting thy days, neglecting all thy duties? Saints, you will say have buried themselves in deserts. Yes, they were there with their tears,

and employed in quenching their passions that time which thou art perhaps mis-spending in kindling thine. Whoever is endowed with strength ought to devote it to the service of his fellow-creature." Chateaubriand listened to this voice, and recrossed the sea.

He has said since, that his object was to join Condé's army. It is possible. But scarcely was he in France—at the time when the revolution made Paris a vast focus of social decomposition, when the clubs were discussing, the people thundering, Mirabeau expiring; while the monarchy was escaping by a secret door, and the Republic bringing it back by the ear; while Sanson was swaggering on his throne in the Grève, and going at night with washed hands to the theatre of the Vaudeville; at the hour in which all trembled, all turned pale, all were stiffened with terror—Chateaubriand went quietly in quest of a young lady whom he had previously seen twice or thrice; he spoke to her, she smiled upon him; he offered to marry her, and he did marry her. No sooner was he married than he emigrated.

From this moment is to be dated his real misery and his noviciate of man. Till this moment he had been but a poetical, elegant and melancholy dreamer; now behold him leaping with pinioned legs in the beaten track of prosaic life, famished, suffering in body, which had been thrown into a ditch like a dog, who has not a *sou*, who is thrust out of doors by the maids at an inn, covered with sores, plastered with mud, with straw twisted round his legs, like the most abject of beggars. Dying, he crawled away on hands and knees; he was placed in a baggage-waggon, with half his body hanging out of it: he was transferred to the hold of a vessel, and again thrown on shore. A man passing by accident, a good Samaritan of Guernsey, turned his face towards the sun, placed him with his back against a wall, and then left him.

But genius is tenacious of life. Some months afterwards, M. de Chateaubriand was in London. Retiring to an old house in the outskirts, at a crazy table, he commenced the *Essai sur les Révolutions*, and translated from the English for a bookseller. For eight years, he fared very hardly: his

clothes were threadbare; he never went out but in the evening. In his melancholy rambles, he was seen passing through the village of Harrow, at the time when the lively face and curly head of a boy—Lord Byron's—frequently appeared at the windows of the school.

I like this poverty of Chateaubriand's, and even his time-worn nocturnal dress, which I should further have liked to see him keep for ever. Mr. M——said to him one day, "There is but one real misfortune—the want of bread:" and the author of *Réné* had frequent occasion to think himself really unfortunate. He speaks in several places of the druggist and of the cutler who sold daggers, that lived close to his door. But these are only passing griefs, after which, resigned and pensive, we find him in the streets of London strolling at random, his eyes among the stars, or otherwise fully engaged before some palace devouring the riches displayed, and watching duchesses going in and coming out.

"As for high English society, humble exile that I was, I saw nothing but the outside of it. When there were drawing-rooms at Court, or at the Princess of Wales's, ladies passed, seated sideways in sedan-chairs, their prodigious hoops protruding from the door. These fair ladies were the daughters of those whose mothers the Duke de Guines and the Duke de Lauzun had adored, in 1822 the mothers and grandmothers of the little girls who danced at my residence in short petticoats to the tune of Collinet's *galoubet*."

The *Essai* being finished, he sold it to a worthy publisher in Gerrard Street. It is a work without head or tail, containing splendid pages and enormous absurdities—a parallel between Alexander and Pichegru, fragments of a Sanscrit poem, a denial of the authenticity of the New Testament, and a fable by Mancini-Nivernois, entitled *Le Papillon et l'Amour*, into the bargain. All this was highly relished in England.

Subsequently, that is to say, thirty years later, Chateaubriand himself pronounced judgment with unexampled harshness on this production. The notes which he has added to it in the complete edition of his works, concur to render this work one of the most singular monuments of literature. "I cannot

suffer too much," he says at the commencement, "for having written the *Essai*; 'tis a series of idiotisms and silly impieties, ravings and impertinences. What did I mean to say? In truth, I know not. No doubt, I thought myself profound. How I arranged the language! what a barbarian!" Sometimes there is an ironical approbation. "Not so much amiss for a little philosopher in jacket," and a thousand other graceful epithets, which make us, in spite of ourselves, feel compassion for the author, and be ready to beg pardon of M. de Chateaubriand for himself. But, with the lash in his hand, the author of the *Essai* turns round upon you, and replies like a woman in Moliere, "Well, and if it is my own pleasure to be scourged?"

Chateaubriand lived upon the *Essai* till the beginning of the nineteenth century, when he returned to France clandestinely, and under a false name, as if striving to smuggle his genius into the country.

III.

"More romances in A! A deal of time I have, forsooth, to read all your trash!" Such was the exclamation of the First Consul, one day, when his sister, Madame Bacciochi, had called to see him with a small volume in her hand. That small volume was Chateaubriand's *Atala*.

To describe the stunning clamour that was raised about this book would be difficult. Its author was enveloped in glory, and admitted into all the *salons*. He was translated in his turn—he who had translated so much. His work furnished subjects for pictures, parodies, caricatures, panegyrics, epigrams. All Europe was agitated by it. Travelling subsequently in Turkey, at the door of a mosque where he had declined giving his name, Chateaubriand saw a Mussulman running towards him, and was saluted by him with the exclamation, "Ah, my dear René, and my dear *Atala*!" It was not correct, but it was flattering.

Atala has continued to dwell in the recesses of our youth, like a fond recollection, blended with the most touching things of Catholicism and of Love, like the distant sound of the organ. The present generation read it just after its first

communion, upon the corner of a pianoforte, at a time when all Paris was thronging to admire Gerard's pictures, after a review held by General Molitor. Still to this day, in all times, under all points of view, *Atala* continues to be a delicious fantasy, full of extraordinary reflexions, and which, for the local fidelity of the style, if not for the deep pathos of the subject, leaves Paul and Virginia behind. There are chapters coloured and graceful as the plumage of the ara. It is the first of novels in point of form; for Chateaubriand is the first that made a tool of his pen, and a solid substance of his language.

After all, it was but a trivial prelude to the *Génie du Christianisme*; a short anthem before the grand mass. Divested of all his philosophical opinions, Chateaubriand aspired with all his energies to the initiative of a religious reaction. He could not have chosen a better moment. France, besotted with wine by the Directory, besotted with blood by the rule of Terror, yesterday a fury, to-day a Bacchanal, weary of the butcheries of the Place de la Révolution, was completely debasing herself in the orgies of the Palais Royal. After eating anchovy salad out of the sacred pyx, she went to Meot's to intoxicate herself with wine, a bottle of which he would not have given for all the assignats in the world. She then stopped to lounge with the befeathered nymphs of the Perron. So Bonaparte had found her, so Chateaubriand had surprised her. One evening they two took her each by an arm, and led her into a more decent track. Next day, on her awaking, one of them made her sign the Concordat, the other placed in her lap the *Génie du Christianisme*.

Imagine a vase of myrrh overturned on the steps of a blood-stained altar, and you will have the impression produced by the appearance of that holy book. Tears of joy started into the eyes of every mother. People were almost ready to adorn the fronts of their houses, to strew the pavement of the streets with flowers, as for the entry into Jerusalem. Who is then this young man, said they to themselves, that piously brings back the God of his fathers in a fold of his cloak?

France loves God: that love cannot be taken from her. Family and religion, ye are invincible, for ye are the two

sources of morality and love ; in you there is poetry lofty and lowly ; never shall ye be suppressed by maniacs. Vague dreams of youth, mystic flames imperfectly extinguished, deep and high affection of parents, silent tears daily dropped upon tombs—ye are stronger than all the philosophers !

I have just re-read the *Génie du Christianisme* ; it is still the book of our epoch, the book for an eve of revolution. It has balm for every wound, comfort for all afflictions. Matchless book ! it proves and it moves, it reasons and it sings ; it is the enthusiasm of the prophet, in the logic of the historian. Nothing so beautiful has been seen since the *Imitation*.

In this Christian panorama, touching and grand scenes succeed each other in dazzling diversity. Fenelon wrote no otherwise ; Bossuet produced not more magnificent flashes. The phrase falls upon the idea in ample and rich folds, like a robe of purple on Olympian shoulders. You cannot but admire. It is well too that sometimes from amidst this majesty all at once proceeds a simple cry, which penetrates to the heart. It is a giant, who, on the lofty rock where he is musing, has stooped to pick up an humble herb.

Is it possible that Felicien David, when he composed his *Dance of the Stars*, could not have read the following passage, written by a formidable hand, which has no equivalent but in the productions, at once luminous and sombre, of Martin, the painter ?

“ Can one form a due conception of what a scene of that kind would be, were it left to the mere movement of matter ? The clouds, obedient to the laws of gravity, would fall perpendicularly to the earth, or ascend in pyramids into the air. A moment afterwards the atmosphere would be too dense or too rarefied for the organs. The moon, too near or too distant from us, would by turns be invisible, by turns appear bloody, covered with enormous spots, or entirely filling the whole dome of heaven with its prodigious orb. As if seized with a strange vertigo it would hurry from eclipse to eclipse, or, rolling from side to side, at length expose that other face which the earth has never beheld. The stars would seem to be struck with the same madness, and exhibit only a series of

frightful conjunctions: yonder, stars would pass with the rapidity of lightning; here, they would hang motionless: sometimes, crowding together in groups, they would form a new milky way; then, disappearing all together, and rending the curtain of the universe, according to the expression of Tertullian, they would lay open to view the abysses of eternity."

Such are the pages, profusely scattered, that render the *Génie du Christianisme* an incontestable masterpiece of literature, ever living and ever young. Nothing more was needed to place its author at the head of the intellectual movement, and to found his reputation in a brilliant and solid manner. He eclipsed at once all his contemporaries. He had been the first; he became the only one.

Behold him! Once launched in the career of glory, as in a chariot of fire, he will proceed to the goal, tiring admiration, exhausting praise. After wrestling with the Bible in the *Génie du Christianisme*, he wrestled with Homer in the *Martyrs*. His poems, counterpoise to battles, they too will make the tour of the world, and wherever cannon have passed, they too shall pass. He will soon have but one rival in renown—the Emperor.

The Emperor!—That is the name which causes Chateaubriand to turn pale and muse.

Chateaubriand!—That is the wall of brass which stops the Emperor, in amazement.

Various have been the opinions expressed respecting the struggle between these two men. "In exchanging insult," says one writer, "these two sublime workmen upon one work, belied themselves." That is true, but, when separated, they nevertheless laboured, both of them, at the joint concern. The military conqueror, and the religious conqueror, pursued a parallel course, and their ideas met oftener than themselves, face to face.

Call it pride, call it conviction, still, amidst this period of dismay, before that Emperor who made a pavement of bended heads, it is fine to see one only face erect with upturned eye. It is grand, precisely because it is imprudent. That pen, as

haughty as that sword! that notable resignation which reaches that man the day before a murder! that voice which pursues him under his new purple! that gentleman who jeers that soldier!—one almost feels obliged to Chateaubriand for his unbounded audacity; and even those who followed most blindly the fortunes of the Emperor sometimes forgot themselves so far as to admire that solitary courage.

Ideologues! ideologues!—that was the word which rage wrung from the Emperor. And he, who never pardoned, but who had a vague impression that the writer, with all his weakness, would some day counterbalance the might of the Emperor, strove to stifle his hatred, and to extend, unseen, a furtive hand to the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*. It was in vain. “Take back your hand, Sire, there is blood upon it.”

From that moment, all the advances of the Corsican to the Breton proved unavailing. Anger, orders, threats, had no effect upon him. On his return from his travels in Greece, Chateaubriand gave Napoleon a smart lash in the face with his pen. He delineated him in the *Martyrs* under the likeness of Galerius; he struck him under the shade of Chenier, the regicide; he even threatened him as to the future. Then, when the imperial colossus lay prostrate, out he came with his famous pamphlet, *Bonaparte et les Bourbons*, and set his foot on the breast of him who would fain have had him murdered on the steps of his throne. The pen never forgives.

A few months later, Chateaubriand followed Louis XVIII in the second emigration. René was Minister.

IV.

Minister! that is now the dream of every one who carries a pen at his side, the obligato epilogue of eminent personages; it is the apotheosis and the martyrdom. It is inconceivable what a number of strong heads France has ground in her political machine since the first revolution. She renews the ancient

fable of the Minotaur. Men! men! She must have a man to devour every day.

Chateaubriand has attained to the government by the mere force of his name, of his works, and of his character. He has attained to it without shock, quite naturally, and because he was to attain to it. He was born minister, as he was born academician.

In politics, M. de Lafayette begot Chateaubriand, and Chateaubriand begot M. de Lamartine. Under the same azure oriflamme these three men take shelter. But Chateaubriand's task was not so hard as that of either of the others. He had absolutely nothing else to do but to organize the repose which the world longed for. From the height of the Restoration we see him, therefore, shining at his ease, but it is over a nation already blinded by the continual lightning and thunder of fifteen years.

His maxim in business was this: Do what is right, happen what may. His fall ensued, as every body knows. "I conceived that I discovered the salvation of the country in the union of ancient manners and the present political forms; of the good sense of our forefathers and the intelligence of the age; of the old glory of Duguesclin and the new glory of Moreau; in short, in the alliance of religion and liberty. If this be a chimera, noble hearts will not reproach me for it."

Assuredly not. The good that he would have done, but which he could not do, he will never be charged with as a crime. His apparent contradictions are effaced by the uprightness of his intentions. "The people do not read the laws," said he, one day; "they read men, and it is from this living code that they derive information." Well, in reading Chateaubriand, the people have read a good and a beautiful work, only written too poetically, for which reason they have not comprehended all its pages.

The misfortune is, too, that Louis XVIII did not keep him long enough, though he might have assumed with him, and through him, airs of mitigated liberalism. But he was jealous

of M. de Chateaubriand—that excellent Monarch—jealous of his talents, jealous of his popularity, so that he eagerly seized the first occasion that offered for getting rid of the Minister, who too much overshadowed the King.

Having quitted the Government poor, and being obliged to sell his books, he sought refuge beneath the tent of journalism, and founded the *Conservateur*, in opposition to the *Minerve*. His fellow-labourers were Messrs. de Bonald, Lamennais, de Corbières, and de Castelbajac. They lived in the hatred of M. Decazes; and all the acts of the Ministry were there sifted through one of the finest sieves of the understanding. From that period date the first teeth of the press, muzzled by Napoleon, unmuzzled by Chateaubriand. He may be justly considered as the father of political journalism. He became young again for this daily hand-to-hand warfare—young as he had never perhaps yet been. On this burning ground his very style acquires new clearness. It is not merely that sword of parade, richly chased at the hilt; it is a stout blade, beautiful in its flaming nakedness. Tancred is here replaced by Roland.

“Poetry is charming,” he says somewhere, “but we must beware of introducing it into matters of business.” In default of poetry, M. le Vicomte pounces upon wit, and indulges in it to his heart’s content. M. de Talleyrand must have envied him this sally: “It would be a useful thing to know how many silly Ministers it would take to compose a Ministry of talent; we know precisely how many Ministers of talent it requires to form a poor Ministry.”

All his political writings are in this taste: they are fine specimens of raillery, impetuosity, temerity. Attempts were made in vain to smother him under two embassies, under a shower of gold. Impossible. He went on his way, discussing men and things, with that bold passion which is one of the distinctive signs of his political phasis. If he chanced to incline his ear, and to listen to what was said of himself around him, his answer was fraught with that high disdain which produces respect. All within reach of his eye were silent. “We know it well; the truths that we tell offend. People are determined to sleep on the brink of an abyss.”

After so many revolutions, those are considered as enemies who warn against new dangers. The voice that awakes us is annoying, and it is agreed that none but passionate men, or such as are disappointed in their ambition, think that all is going on ill, when it is evident that it is going on well."

One need not be astonished after this if it was found necessary to open to him soon the door of the "Hotellerie of the Capuchins," as he calls it, and if he went a second time to eclipse Louis XVIII upon his throne.

Chateaubriand, the Minister, has his sympathetic points, like Chateaubriand, the writer. In politics, as in literature, you are sure to find him at the head of all the generous initiatives. Thus, whether pamphleteer or holding the reins of government, he never ceased to advocate the liberty of the press. At his voice Milton arose and said: "To kill a man is to kill a rational creature; to kill a book is to kill immortality rather than life. A lost truth is often not recovered in the revolutions of ages, and for want of it whole nations suffer eternally."

At other times Chateaubriand speaks in his name: "Who suffers then by the liberty of the press? Mediocrity and some irascible self-loves. But in the latter case, when susceptibility finds itself united with talent, it is fortunate for the State that this susceptibility, put to the test, should be inured to war by the combat." *

Then follows the lesson, a grave, severe lesson, dropped from above. "The abyss calls the abyss. The evil that we have done obliges us to commit a fresh evil; we support, from self-love, the ignorances into which we have fallen for want of understanding."

And at last the decree, the decree without appeal. "Every thing considered, we perceive that only crime, baseness, and mediocrity need fear the liberty of the press—crime repels it like a scaffold, baseness like a brand-mark, mediocrity like a light. All that are without talent seek the shelter of the censorship; weak temperaments love the shade."

* This, be it observed, is a translation of the French version.

Should one not say that these lines were written yesterday, to-day, this morning?

Considered as a statesman, Chateaubriand withdraws himself from all judgment. His politics are variable as life. Honesty is his principle. He knows nothing but that. Ask him not then what he is, whither he is going, what are his intentions. I do not believe that he well knows himself. In his pamphlet on the *Bannissement de Charles X. et sa famille*, he says, that "he is a monarchist from conviction, a Bourbonnist from honour, and a republican by *nature*."

A private letter communicated to me by M. Augustin Thierry, likewise shows that sympathy for a possible republic, a republic which he beheld approaching him with large strides, a republic which alarmed and attracted him, and which was destined to sound the hour for his death. Thus he wrote already at the time of the assassination of the Duke de Berry: "There is rising behind us a generation impatient of all yokes, a foe to all kings: it dreams of a republic. It is advancing; it presses upon us; it pushes us; it will soon take our place." Five years later, his implacable finger penned the same warning. "The world totters; it is led, and is verging towards a republic, we have said so and we repeat it!" This passage reminded me of the terror of Horatio in Hamlet, when he exclaims in a subdued voice, "The ghost!—the ghost!"

The downfall of the throne of the Bourbons was to him the signal for retreat. Thenceforward secluded from political bustle, he suffered nothing to escape his lips at distant intervals but sombre predictions,* which fell upon our epoch with the dull and continuous sound of a drop of water hollowing a stone. We must not mistake: these predictions have really a tinge of the marvellous that makes us muse. It is a second sight, but divested of the obscurity of language. It seems as though God had designed to complete in him the

* "Had France formed herself into a republic, I would have gone along with her, for there would have been reason and consistency in the fact; but to exchange a crown preserved in the treasury of St. Denis for a crown that has been picked up—that is not worth a perjury."

politician by the prophet, and, showing his accuracy respecting the future, to prove that he was right in regard to the past.

This phenomenon presented itself at several epochs of his existence ; and thus we see him, at the distance of twenty-nine years, predicting with fearful correctness the circumstances of 1848. " We have no doubt that Europe is threatened with a general revolution. But the senseless men who are urging on this destruction flatter themselves, perhaps in vain, with the attainment of their republican chimeras. The European nations, like all corrupt nations, will pass under the military yoke : the sword will everywhere replace the legitimate sceptre."

This same idea recurs in his *Réponse aux Journaux sur son refus de servir le nouveau Gouvernement*. " There cannot result," says he, " from July days, at a period more or less remote, anything but permanent republics or transient military governments, which would be succeeded by chaos."

Strange warnings ! eloquent and sinister voice, which has not been listened to with sufficient attention !

One hope, however, though a faint one, is to be derived from these awful prophecies : " There will come a future, a mighty future, free in all the plenitude of evangelical equality ; but it is still far distant, far beyond any visible horizon. Before arriving at that goal, before attaining the unity of nations, natural democracy, the world must undergo social decomposition, a time of anarchy, of blood perhaps, of infirmities certainly. This decomposition has begun ; it is not yet ready to reproduce, from its still unfermented germs, the new world."

Let us pause. These fragments carry along with them too deep discouragement, too painful depression. The pen recoils at last from transcribing this perpetual *Inferno* of the present age ; and, rather than continue to follow him through his innumerable circles of suffering and terror, we prefer turning to what he said in 1830, " Let France be free, glorious, flourishing, no matter through whom or how, I shall bless Heaven !"

V.

On returning from his political campaign, he confined himself wholly and solely to the publication of his complete works. We shall not take up regularly each of his books to discuss its merits. Such a review would require too large a space, in order to its sufficient development. We shall endeavour merely to show the principal titles of Chateaubriand to the notice of future readers.

The *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem* (Travels to Jerusalem and the Holy Land) is a good book, which is suited to everybody, because it is full of poetry and science, and the reader learns a great quantity of interesting facts. Books of this kind, which treat of everything, and in which each finds something to please him, ought not to be disdained, though they are written without any sort of plan, with reminiscences, and perchance some compilation. *It seems to us that the Itinéraire would be much better if too frequently—and this is a serious reproach—Chateaubriand had not suffered his historical recollections to run away with him.* A landscape has no value in his estimation, unless it has been celebrated in a poem; and when he travels about in the world, he does it too evidently as a gentleman, guide-book, Xenophon, or Josephus in hand, desiring the driver to waken him at the page turned down for a mark. Talk not to him about the Alps—they have nothing wonderful for him; they are mountains that are not to be found either in the Bible or in mythology: they are fine only in themselves; that is not enough for him. Pass unknown cottages; twisted willows on the brink of nameless abysses, streams which have never inspired a creature—Chateaubriand does not care to look at you.

This is wrong. Nature does not derive her beauty from man alone; the author of *Réné* ought to have recollected this. In his journey to Jerusalem, Chance played him some scurvy tricks, which ought to have repressed his fondness for the pompous. Ordinary life never loses its rights, and we sometimes see it burst forth in spite of himself. When among the Iroquois, he had met with a scullion who was teaching those *messieurs sauvages* and those *dames sauvages* to dance

I love you is now no more than an habitual expression, an obligatory form, the *I have the honour to be* of a love-letter. By degrees the language becomes colder. The post-day is no longer waited for with impatience; it is dreaded; writing becomes a fatigue. One blushes in thought for the follies that one has committed to paper; one would be glad to get back one's letters and to fling them into the fire. What has happened? Is it a new attachment that is beginning, or an old attachment that is ending? No matter,—'tis love that is dying before the beloved object."

VI.

Nothing equalled in calmness and beauty the poem of his last years. An arm-chair at Corinne's fire-side, the flowery solitude of his garden, some journeys to Holyrood and Venice—that is all. And then too that other great journey into himself, through his past life, into his works, that journey called the *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*.

It is to this last work, the crown of his edifice, that he has devoted the remainder of his days. Nothing could thenceforward induce him to return to public affairs, neither the entreaties of friends nor that remonstrance of Beranger's, which all France knows by heart.* No doubt he felt the approach of those stormy times through which we are passing, and having no longer any hope but Christ, he despaired of all human powers and even of his own. Thus sometimes, in his old age, he was seized with singular complaints, fits of literary

* Chateaubriand, pourquoi fuir ta patrie,
Fuir son amour, notre encens, et nos soins ?
N'entends-tu pas la France qui s'écrie :
Mon beau ciel pleure une étoile de moins ?
Va, sers le peuple, en butte à leurs bravades,
Ce peuple humain, des grands hommes épris,
Qui t'emportait vainqueur aux barricades,
Comme un trophée, entre ses bras meurtris
Ne sers que lui. Pour lui ma voix te somme
D'un prompt retour après un triste adieu ;
Sa cause est sainte ; il souffre, et tout grand homme
Auprès du peuple est envoyé de Dieu.

gout, as it were; he groaned, he grieved because "democracy had at last found its way into literature as well as into the rest of society." He, for his part, wanted no democracy: he complained of the envy that attaches itself to great names, of glories depreciated, of reputations aspersed,—unjust on that point to a whole epoch, which had paid him a respect truly unique. He banters the school of 1830; he satirizes, perhaps too severely, young men "who get killed to attract the public attention." But, luckily, these are only momentary shadows passing over his talents and his noble character. Age had no more effect upon his robust genius than upon his health. He worked till his last day; he dictated till his last hour. In a preface, he speaks of the obstinacy peculiar to his nature. "In my youth," says he, "I have frequently written twelve or fifteen hours without leaving the table at which I was seated. Age has not robbed me of this perseverance in labour. My diplomatic correspondence while Minister is nearly all in my handwriting." Such too was the habit of Voltaire, active and indefatigable like Chateaubriand, till death came to surprise him in his athletic meagreness.

To any one who looks at him in front, Chateaubriand appears in the nineteenth century as the counterpoise of Voltaire in the eighteenth. The same universality in the subject, the same courage in the conflict. Each of Chateaubriand's works attacks, grapples, smites a corresponding work of Voltaire's. For fifty years past, in fact, there is not an inch of ground which the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* has not disputed with the author of the *Dictionnaire philosophique*, not a path in which he has not battled with him. It is an incessant fight through history, romance, and philosophy.

He is one of the four great men who open the modern epoch. More complete and more enthusiastic than Walter Scott, less exclusive than Byron, he is nearly of the height of the gigantic Goethe, the master of all. He has raised imagery in literature anew to favour; and from him date those artistic romances, which strive to rival painting and sculpture, nay, even music—curious productions, signed Balzac Rubens, Gautier Canova, or Liszt Janin.

But our work would be incomplete, if, after detaching from a golden ground the pensive head of the veteran, after having seated him on a cloud of incense, having hailed him eternal and sublime, we were not, also to unveil his human side, his errors and defects. To be severe upon the perilous touch of the chisel given to the Apollo of the Vatican is after all but a mode of praising the unalterable harmony of the rest of the body. Every genius owes tithe to criticism, however radiant be the one, however modest the other; and the illustrious shade which I evoke would himself be the first to spurn the praise that could only crawl upon its knees.

Besides, to him criticism will be nothing new. He is one of those who have heard most pens grating around their renown. His literary enemies form his escort; and, with that simple greatness which characterizes him, he has himself granted them access in the edition of his complete works.

At their head, first and foremost, I distinguish the impetuous republican of the Empire, Marie Chenier. Verse or prose, analysis or satire, nothing came amiss to him to hurl at Chateaubriand. There is not a page in his works in which he does not deal him a malicious blow, most frequently without reason, as in his *Tableau de la Littérature*, sometimes wittily, as in the *Nouveaux Saints* :

J'irai, je reverrai tes paisibles rivages,
Riant Meschacébé, Permesse des sauvages;
J'entendrai les sermons prolixement déserts,
Du bon Monsieur Aubry, Massillon des déserts.
O sensible Atala, tous deux, avec ivresse,
Courons goûter encore les plaisirs—de la messe !

It is well known that Chateaubriand never forgave his sallies. Hence Marie Chenier is the only academician of these modern times, to whom his successor has refused the alms of a regret. Perhaps this is carrying animosity rather too far. There are hours in which political differences do not wholly excuse the forgetfulness of literary justice.

Either from disdain or from some other sentiment, Byron never breathed a word concerning the author of *Réné*. On the part of the noble Lord, this is at least strange. Chateau-

briand was not able completely to conceal his vexation. "Can Lord Byron," he says, "have known nothing whatever about me, he who mentions almost all the French authors? Has he never heard talk of me?"

Paul Louis Courier was not more friendly towards him, and gave him many a spiteful stab with a petty dagger wearing a pin's head. He has called his romances a *galimaufry*, and ridiculed his administration. From the author of the *Pamphlet des Pamphlets*, to the author of the *Martyrs*, this may be easily conceived: it is a war of the humming-bird with the lion.

But M. Gustave Planche, who has not quite the same excuses as Courier, has been still more brutal. See how he speaks of Chateaubriand in his book of *Portraits*: "A second-rate critic in the *Génie du Christianisme*, an inaccurate and wordy traveller in the *Itinéraire*, a patient but useless imitator of Virgil and Homer in the *Martyrs* and the *Natchez*." M. Planche approves of nothing but *Réné*, and the episode of *Velleda*. Is not judging in this manner trying men by club law?

These are, I believe, the principal critics who have come forward to assail him in his glory. If we now seek an answer to give them, it is in Chateaubriand that we shall find it, and here it is: "Men frequently deny the supreme masters, they rebel against them, they count their defects, they accuse them of dulness, prolixity, eccentricity, bad taste, at the same time robbing them, and dressing themselves up in their spoils; but in vain do they struggle under their yoke. Everything is tinged with their colours; everywhere do they leave behind their traces. They invent words and names, which help to swell the general vocabulary of nations; their sayings and their expressions become proverbs; their fictitious personages are transformed into real personages, who have heirs and lineage. They open horizons, whence issue streams of light; they sow ideas, the germs of a thousand others; they furnish all the arts with imaginations, subjects, styles. Their works are inexhaustible mines, or the very bowels of the human mind."

Let us now be permitted to substitute our opinion to that of our predecessors.

According to us, it is more especially as a figure that Chateaubriand sheds lustre over his age. The greatness of his life appears before that of his talent; his name comes before his books. He is himself a human epic. He is visible from a great distance, and respect reaches him before admiration.

Hence, for a long time to come, perhaps, he will still be M. de Chateaubriand, before he is plain Chateaubriand. For a long time to come, perhaps, majesty will reign before force. Majesty! that is his great and superb crime. Epic and dramatic genius, he wears admiration.

He has innovated only by halves. His literature is the literature of the eighteenth century, attempered among the savages. The *Incas* had previously opened the way, and we recollect too well, perhaps, that Chactas has been at Versailles, and seen Racine's tragedies performed.

It is not with a little matter that Chateaubriand composes his landscapes. Poussin has given him lessons. He must have columns broken in half, moonlight, cinerary urns, and over and above all this, the "Genius of recollections seated pensive by his side."

This search after the grand leads him at times into excesses, against which one cannot be too cautiously on one's guard. I shall cite only as a single and signal example, this sunset: "The luminary, inflaming the vapours of the city, seemed to oscillate slowly in a golden fluid, like the pendulum of the clock of ages!" The extravagant poets of the sixteenth century could not have surpassed this.

"The action," he writes in the preface to the *Martyrs*, "is of little consequence to me; it is but a pretext for description." Why, alas! did Heaven throw La Harpe in his way, as well as M. de Fontanes, *the French Siminole!*

He is not of the same opinion as Voltaire, who said that good works were those which make readers weep most. "Genuine tears," says Chateaubriand, "are those that fine poetry causes to be shed: there must be as much admiration

as grief mingled with them." This unfortunate system appears even in *Réné*, at the moment when the brother of Amelie, who is thunderstruck by the avowal of a criminal passion, still finds presence of mind enough to round immediately the following period: "Chaste bride of Christ, receive my last embraces, through *the chill of death* and the depths of eternity, which already separate thee from thy brother!"

Majesty!—Chateaubriand sacrificed everything to it: accordingly, his genius, special and constant in its pomp, is not one of those that address themselves to all, such as Shakspeare, for example, the man of palaces and of taverns, of kings and of drunkards, great with the great, familiar with the little, forceful with each—Shakspeare, a god speaking the language of men; Chateaubriand, a man speaking the language of the gods. Chateaubriand called Hamlet *that tragedy of lunatics*. What would Shakspeare have called *Moïse*, that tragedy of Chateaubriand's?

As a poet, it must be confessed, Chateaubriand is null, or nearly so. With the exception of some fifty verses, I believe that he never made much account of his Pindaric baggage. How could it be otherwise, when we find him supporting himself on a poetic system so false as that which he develops in the following lines: "Poetry has its limits in the limits of the idiom in which it is written and sung: one may make verses different from Racine's, never better."

In my opinion, Chateaubriand exists more particularly in his prefaces, that is to say, almost out of his books, in his private letters, and, as we have already observed, in his political style;* in short, wherever he had not time to polish his phrases, where he forgets Aristotle, where he writes off-hand, or is himself in spite of himself.

For the time to come, he will exist chiefly in his Memoirs. Towards the close of life, an important transformation took place in his talent. I say important and curious. It was at

* In this line he has some startling bursts. In his attacks against the Terrorists, he calls them "builders with bones," and a little further on, "Manufacturers of corpses, grind death as you please, ye will never extract from it one germ of liberty!"

sixty that the season of his youth arrived. On the brink of the grave this austere thinker, who, to a certainty, has never smiled, is suddenly seized with laughter, the loud laughter of Callot, Montaigne, Le Sage, and sometimes also of Voltaire. His Muse, issuing from some unknown Fountain of Youth, just now a goddess in purple robe, re-appears to us as a young damsel crowned with corn-flowers. She was Juno; she is now plain Lydia, or Camilla, or any other nymph that comes first.

The past work of Chateaubriand, a grand and harmonious whole, appears to me like a marble palace in the midst of a forest. All about it is enchantment and magnificence. Mysterious voices resound within, intoxicating perfumes fill the air without. Every window opens upon a scene of rich foliage, upon an extensive park, adorned with statues, upon a hill which bends beneath the vines. 'Tis a very beautiful palace, only it is inclosed and imprisoned with iron railing; sentinels defend the approach to it all round at the distance of above half a league; and in order to get to it, you must have at least seven or eight quarters of nobility.

The posthumous work of Chateaubriand's, that is to say, his Memoirs, presents, indeed, if you must have it, the aspect of a palace, but not of marble; it is of plain stone. The cold splendour of Grecian architecture has given place to the original expansion of the fantasies of Gothic art. A tract of the forest has been felled, and on that side the eye penetrates into the swarming labyrinth of the streets of the city. The rebellious gates stand open, the guards have received different orders; and citizens, peasants, populace, women, those who are gentlemen and those who are but men, the man of science and the scholar, everybody, in short, enter freely. Lazarus himself is seated on the uppermost step of the porch.

The *Martyrs* may be compared to the gardens of the Tuileries, open to gentlemen of the bedchamber only; the *Memoirs* to the same garden, open to all without distinction. Are the gardens of the Tuileries less beautiful since the wearers of blouses have been admitted into them?

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Revised July 28, 1846.

Paris, April 14, 1846.

Sicut nubes—quasi naves—velut umbra.

JOB.

As it is impossible for me to foresee the moment of my death,—and as, at my age, the days accorded to man are but days of grace, or rather days of suffering,—I wish to enter upon some explanations.

On the 4th of next September, I shall have attained my seventy-eighth year. It is full time that I should prepare to leave a world which is leaving me, and from which I shall depart without regret.

The Memoirs, which this introduction will precede, are arranged in divisions corresponding with the natural divisions in the career of my life.

That sad necessity, which has always pressed heavily upon me, has forced me to sell my Memoirs. No one can form an idea of what I have suffered in being thus compelled, as it were, to mortgage my grave; but this last sacrifice was demanded by promises I had made, and it was due to the integrity of my character. A feeling, perhaps, partaking of weakness, caused me to regard these Memoirs as confidants, from which I was reluctant to part. My intention was to have bequeathed them to Madame de Chateaubriand. I wished it to be left to her choice either to publish, or to suppress them; their suppression would now be most in accordance with my own wishes.

Deeply do I regret that, before my departure from the world, I have not been able to meet with some one sufficiently rich and trustworthy to purchase the shares of the *Society*; and

not like that society, compelled to submit the work to the press as soon as my death-knell shall ring. Of the shareholders, some are my personal friends; others are kind individuals, who have endeavoured to be serviceable to me. The shares may possibly have been sold; or they may have been transferred to third parties of whom I have no knowledge, and with whom family interests must be paramount to every other consideration. It follows, therefore, that my life, in proportion as it may be prolonged, must operate as a disappointment, perhaps as an actual injury to those persons. In short, if these Memoirs were now my own property, I would either forbid their being printed, or I would retard their publication for the space of fifty years.

These Memoirs have been written at different dates, and in different countries, and I have consequently deemed it necessary to insert, at certain points, a few preliminary observations (*avant propos*) for the purpose of explaining the scenes by which I was surrounded, and the feelings which occupied me at the moment when the thread of my narrative was resumed. The varied circumstances of my life are, as it were, blended with each other:—in my moments of prosperity, I have spoken of the days of my misery; and in my days of tribulation, I have retraced my intervals of happiness. The scenes of my youth intermingling with those of my old age;—the gravity of my years of experience, casting a shade over my years of levity;—the rays of my sun, from its dawning to its setting, crossing each other and mingling together, produce a sort of confusion, or I may perhaps say, a sort of undefinable unity. My cradle partakes of my tomb, and my tomb of my cradle;—my suffering becomes pleasure, and my pleasure pain;—and, after having read over my *Memoirs*, it appeared to me impossible to determine whether they were written in life's prime, or in hoary age.

I know not whether this jumble, the disorder of which I cannot now rectify, will please or displease. It is the result of the varying vicissitudes of my fate. The tempest has sometimes left me with no other writing-table than the plank saved from my shipwreck.

I have been urged to publish some portions of these Memoirs during my life;—I preferred speaking from the depth of the grave. My narrative will then be told by a voice, which ought to be somewhat sacred, since it resounds from the sepulchre. If, in this world, I have suffered enough to insure hereafter my entrance among the shades of the blessed, a ray from Elysium will throw its protecting light over the pictures I have here sketched. The world has used me roughly in life;—after death, it may treat me more gently.

These Memoirs have been the favourite object of my thoughts. St. Bonaventure obtained from Heaven permission to continue his after death. I do not hope for such a boon; yet I would fain revisit the world, phantom-like, and invisibly correct the proofs. But it matters not; for, when my ears are closed by the hand of Eternity, I shall be deaf to all that may be said of me.

If one portion of my work has been more pleasing to me than another, it is that which refers to my youth—the most obscure corner of my life. It was there my task to reveal a world known only to myself. In wandering back to that by-gone time, and the society that has vanished with it, I find only recollections and silence. Of the persons I then knew, do any now survive?

On the 25th of August, 1828, the inhabitants of St. Malo addressed me, through the medium of their Mayor, on the subject of a floating-basin, for which a plan was then in contemplation. In returning an answer to their application, I proposed an exchange of kind offices. I requested they would grant me a few feet of ground for my grave on the *Grand-Be*.^{*} Some obstacles, originating with the corps of military engineers, prevented immediate compliance with this request. At length, on the 27th of Oct., 1831, I received from the Mayor, M. Hovius, a letter which contained the following:—“The resting-place you wish for on the sea-shore, within a few steps of the spot where you were born, will be

* An islet in the roadstead of St. Malo.

prepared by the piety of the inhabitants of St. Malo. But a sad thought intrudes itself amidst the performance of this duty. May the monument continue long unoccupied; though honour and glory survive that which is transient on the earth!" With gratitude I quote these lines of M. Hovius, in which there is but one word too much—the word *glory*.

I shall, therefore, rest on the margin of the sea;—that sea which I so dearly love. If I die out of France, I desire that my remains may not be conveyed to my native country until the expiration of fifty years after their first interment;—that I may be spared a sacrilegious autopsy; that my nerveless brain and throbbless heart may not be examined to search the mystery of my being. Death does not reveal the secrets of life. To me there is something revolting in the idea of a corpse on a journey. Blanched bones are light, and easily carried. They will be less weary on that last journey than when I have been dragging them hither and thither, laden with the burthen of my cares.

MEMOIRS.

Sicut nubes—quasi naves—velut umbra.

JOB.

Vallée-aux-Loups, near Aulnay.
Oct. 4th, 1811.

FOUR years ago, on my return from the Holy Land, I purchased a little country house, situated near the hamlet of Aulnay, in the vicinity of Sceaux and Chatenay. The house is in a valley encircled by thickly-wooded hills. The ground attached to this habitation is a sort of wild orchard, at the extremity of which there is a ravine, bounded by a grove of chestnut trees. These narrow confines seem to me to be the fitting boundaries of my long-protracted hopes;—*spatio brevi spem longam reseces*. The trees I have planted here are thriving; but as yet so small, that I overshadow them when I stand between them and the sun. Some day or other, their spreading foliage will shade me, and shelter my old age as I have sheltered their youth. I have selected them, as far as I was able, from the various climes I have visited. They remind me of my wanderings, and serve to cherish other illusions in my heart.

Should the Bourbons ever re-ascend the throne of France, I shall solicit, as the sole reward of my fidelity, to be made rich enough to add to my estate the border of woodland which encircles it. I have grown ambitious, and I wish to lengthen my walks by the extent of a few perches. Knight-errant as I am, I have the sedentary tastes of a monk. Since I have dwelt in this retreat, I do not think I have three times overstepped the boundaries of my own enclosure. My pines, my firs, and my larches promise to thrive; but, as those trees seldom keep their promises, the Vallée-aux-Loups may, perhaps, by-and-bye resemble a Carthusian convent. On the

20th of February, 1697, when Voltaire was born at Chatenay, I wonder what was the aspect of the spot destined in 1807 to be the retreat of the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* ?

It was here I wrote the *Martyrs*, the *Abencerages*, the *Itinéraire*, and *Moïse*. To what shall I devote myself in the evenings of the present autumn? This day, the 4th of October, being the anniversary of my entrance into Jerusalem, tempts me to commence the history of my life. The man who has given the empire of the world to France only that he may trample on her;—that man, whose genius I admire and whose despotism I abhor;—that man surrounds me with his tyranny, and as it were, shuts me out from the world. But, though he may crush the present, the past defies him; and I may range freely over all that has preceded his glory.

My sentiments have, for the most part, been concealed within my own heart; or they have been manifested, in my works, only when applied to imaginary beings. Now, whilst still loving my chimeras, without pursuing them, I wish to re-ascend the acclivity of my brighter years. These Memoirs will be a Temple of Death dedicated to my recollections.

The misfortunes which attended my father's childhood, and the trials of his early life, cast a gloom over his whole character and disposition. This gloom had its influence on my mind; it threw a shade over my youth, and determined the course of my education.

I am of noble descent; and I have profited by the accident of my birth, inasmuch as I have retained that firm love of liberty which characterizes an aristocracy whose last hour has sounded. Aristocracy has three successive ages: the age of superiority; the age of privilege, and the age of vanity. Having emerged from the first age, it degenerates in the second, and perishes in the third.

Those who are curious to know something of my ancestry, may consult Moreri's Dictionary; the Histories of Brittany and of Argentré, by Dom Lubineau and Dom Morice; and the "Genealogical History of Several Illustrious Houses of Brittany," by Father Dupaz. Information on the subject is also furnished by Toussaint Saint-Luc, by Le Borgne, and by

Father Anselme, in his "Histoire des Grands Officiers de la Couronne."*

The testimonials verifying my family descent, were officially produced, on the admission of my sister Lucile, as Canoness, to the Chapter of Argentière, whence she was to be removed to that of Remiremont; they were again produced for my presentation to Louis XVI.; again on my affiliation to the order of Malta; and, for the last time, when my brother was presented to Louis XVI.

My name was originally written *Brien*; subsequently, through the changes in French orthography, it was converted into *Briant* and *Briand*. Guillaume le Breton writes it *Castrum-Briani*. There is scarcely a family name in France which does not present these mutations of spelling. What is the orthography of du Guesclin?

About the commencement of the eleventh century, the Briens gave their name to a castle of some importance in Brittany; which castle became the seat of the Barony of Chateaubriand. The arms of the Chateaubriands were originally pine-apples, with the device: *Je sème l'or*. Geoffroy, Baron de Chateaubriand, accompanied St. Louis to the Holy Land, where he was made prisoner at the battle of Masura. Having recovered his liberty, he came back to France, and his wife, Sybille, died of joy and surprise at his unexpected return. In recompense for the services of the Baron, St. Louis granted permission to him and his heirs to exchange for their old armorial bearings, a shield of gules, scattered with *fleurs-de-lys* of gold. A cartulary in the priory of Bérée contains the following attestation: "*Cui et ejus hæredibus, sanctus Ludovicus tum Francorum rex, propter ejus probitatem in armis, flores lili aurii, loco pomorum pini aurii, contulit.*"

The Chateaubriand family, at an early period, diverged into three branches. The first branch, that of the Barons of Chateaubriand, whence the two others sprang, had its origin in

* A summary of this genealogy is contained in the "Histoire Généalogique et Héraldique des Pairs de France," &c., by the Chevalier de Courcelles.

the year 1000, in the person of Thiern, the son of Brien, and the grandson of Alain III., Count or Lord of Brittany. The second branch were surnamed *Seigneurs des Roches Baritaut*, or of the *Lion d'Angers*; and the third branch appeared under the title of *Sires de Beaufort*.

The line of the Sires de Beaufort, having become extinct in the person of the Lady Renée, Christophe II., a collateral branch of that line, became heir to the estate of Guérande, in Morbihan. At that time (about the middle of the seventeenth century), vast confusion prevailed in the order of nobility; and many titles and names were usurped. In consequence, Louis XIV. ordered an inquiry, having for its object a just reinstatement of ranks. Christophe, by reason of authentic attestations of his ancient descent, retained his title and armorial bearings, in conformity with a decree of the Chamber established at Rennes, for the re-construction of the nobility of Brittany. That decree, which was issued on the 16th of September, 1669, was as follows :

“Decree of the Chamber for the re-establishment of nobility in the province of Brittany, issued September 16, 1669.—The Procureur-Général du Roi declares M. Christophe de Chateaubriand, Sieur de la Guérande, to be the descendant of an ancient and noble family; he is in consequence entitled to the rank of Chevalier, and to take for his armorial bearings gules, scattered with gold fleurs-de-lys, without limited number; and this, after production of his authentic claims thereto, &c. &c.” The said decree being signed “Malescot.”

This document shows that Christophe de Chateaubriand of la Guérande was directly descended from the Chateaubriands, Sires de Beaufort. Historical documents distinctly connect the Sires de Beaufort with the first Barons de Chateaubriand. That the Chateaubriands of Villeneuve, of Plessis and of Combourg were younger branches of the Chateaubriands of la Guérande is proved by the lineage of Amaury, the brother of Michel; the said Michel being the son of Christophe of la Guérande, whose extraction was confirmed by the decree above-quoted.

After my presentation to Louis XVI., my brother wished

to augment my fortune, by settling on me some of those benefices called *benefices simples*. There was but one mode of effecting this object, I being a layman, and holding a military commission: it was to obtain my admission into the Order of Malta. My brother forwarded to Malta my testimonials of nobility, and shortly afterwards he presented a petition in my behalf to the Chapter of the Grand Priory of Aquitaine, held at Poitiers, to the end that commissioners should be appointed to pronounce on my claim to admittance. M. Pontois was at that time archivist, vice-chancellor and genealogist of the Order of Malta at the Priory.

The President of the Chapter was Louis-Joseph des Escotais, Bailli and Grand Prior of Aquitaine. His coadjutors were the Bailli of Freslon, the Chevalier de la Laurencie, the Chevalier de Murat, the Chevalier de Lanjamet, the Chevalier de la Bourdonnaye-Montluc, and the Chevalier de Bouetiez. The petition was heard on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of September, 1789. The memorial for granting my admission, states that I deserved, *by more than one claim*, the favour I sought, and that *considerations of the greatest weight* rendered me worthy of the satisfaction I solicited.

And all this took place after the taking of the Bastille—on the eve of the scenes of the 6th of October, 1789, and of the removal of the royal family from Paris. In its sitting of the 7th of August of that same year, 1789, the National Assembly abolished titles of nobility! How happened it that the Knights, and the examiners of my attestations, found that I merited, *by more than one claim, the favour I solicited, &c.*—I, who was then only a sub-lieutenant of infantry, unknown, without influence, without favour, and without fortune? → 25^{out}

My brother's eldest son (I add this in 1831 to the original text written in 1811), Count Louis de Chateaubriand, married Mademoiselle d'Orglandes, by whom he had five daughters and one son, the latter named Geoffroy. Christian, the younger brother of Louis, the great grandson and godson of M. Malesherbes (and bearing a striking resemblance to that celebrated man), served honourably in Spain, as a captain in the dragoons of the guard, in 1823. Subsequently, he became

a Jesuit at Rome. Jesuits' Colleges are places of refuge to those who seek the solitude now gradually diminishing from the earth. Christian died recently at Chieri, near Turin. I who am old and infirm, might well have expected to be called hence before him; but his virtues had prepared him for Heaven, whilst I have yet many faults to repent of.

In the distribution of his family patrimony, Christian had the estate of Malesherbes; and the estate of Combourg fell to the share of Louis. Christian, regarding the equal distribution as unlawful, wished, on his retirement from the world, to resign the property which did not belong to him, and to restore it to his elder brother.

My genealogical records would have warranted me, had I inherited the ambition of my father and my brother, in believing myself to be the descendant in the *branche cadet* of the Dukes of Brittany, through our common descent from Thiern, the grandson of Alain III.

The blood of the Chateaubriands has on two occasions been mingled with the blood of the sovereigns of England. Geoffroy IV. de Chateaubriand, espoused, for his second consort, Agnes de Laval, grand-daughter of the Count of Anjou, and of Matilda, daughter of Henry I.; Marguerite de Lusignan, widow of the King of England and grand-daughter of Louis-le-Gros, married Geoffroy V., twelfth Baron de Chateaubriand. With the royal race of Spain they were connected through Brien, younger brother of the ninth Baron de Chateaubriand, who married Jeanne, the daughter of Alphonso, King of Arragon. Among the noble families of France, their alliances are numberless. One Croï married a Charlotte de Chateaubriand. Tinteniac, the conqueror in the combat of the *Trente*, and the Constable du Guesclin, contracted alliances with our family in all its three branches. Tiphaine du Guesclin, grand-daughter of the celebrated Constable Bertrand, resigned to Brien de Chateaubriand, her cousin and heir, the estate of Plessis-Bertrand. In treaties of peace, Chateaubriands were given by the Kings of France as hostages or securities. The Dukes of Brittany used to send to the Chateaubriands copies of their laws and ordi-

nances. The Chateaubriands became high officers of the crown, and *illustrés* in the Court of Nantes ; and they received commissions to guard the safety of their province against the English. Brien I. was at the battle of Hastings : he was the son of Eudon, Count of Penthievre. Guy de Chateaubriand was one of the nobles whom Arthur of Brittany selected to accompany his son, when he went on an embassy to the Pope, in the year 1309.

I should never end were I to give in detail the family history which I have here briefly recapitulated. The note* which I have at length resolved to insert in consideration of my two nephews, who are persons of more importance than myself in these old records, will supply what I here omit in the text. But, in their depreciation of noble lineage, people now go to an absurd extreme. It has become the custom to boast of having sprung from the labouring class, or of being the son of a man attached to the soil. Such declarations are not quite so noble-minded as they are philosophic. Are not they who make them taking part with the strongest? The Marquis, Counts and Barons of the present day have neither privileges nor possessions ; three-fourths of them are starving, and degrading themselves and each other by refusing to recognise the rank to which they severally belong. Can those nobles, deprived of their own names, or permitted to bear them only for the sake of convenience, as things are named in an inventory,—can those nobles create any alarm? I hope to be pardoned for having been obliged to enter into such puerile details of family genealogy, but they were necessary for a due comprehension of my father's ruling passion, which was the knot of the drama of my youth. For my own part, I am neither disposed to glorify the old state of society nor to complain of the new. If in the former I was the Chevalier or the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, I am in the latter François de Chateaubriand. I prefer my name to my title.

Such was my father's reverence for titles, that, like a

* See note at the end of these Memoirs.

certain nobleman of the middle ages, he would not have scrupled to have surnamed Nicodemus *un Saint Gentilhomme*. But, leaving my father for the present, I will now go back to Christophe, Lord Suzerain of la Guérande, and descendant, in a direct line, from the Barons of Chateaubriand; from him I must conduct the reader to myself, François, Seigneur (without either vassals or revenue), of the Vallée-aux-Loups.

Looking back to the genealogical tree of the Chateaubriands, we find it composed of three great branches. The two first became extinct, and the third, that of the Sires de Beaufort, (prolonged through the Chateaubriands of la Guérande, fell into poverty, the inevitable effect of the law of the country. By virtue of the common law of Brittany, the eldest brothers of noble families inherited two-thirds of the estates; and the younger brothers shared among them the remaining third of the paternal property. The scanty inheritance of these younger brothers diminished the more rapidly when they married; and as the same distribution of the two-thirds, and the one-third was observed among their children, it naturally ensued, that in course of time, the younger brothers of younger brothers became sharers in a pigeon, a rabbit, a duck, or a dog; but still they were *high chevaliers* and *puissant lords* — of a dovecote, a rabbit warren, or a duck-pond. We find in the old noble families a vast number of these younger sons, whose lineage is traceable through two or three generations, and afterwards disappears; the families having gradually re-descended to the plough, and become absorbed among the labouring classes, whilst no record of their existence remains.

About the commencement of the eighteenth century, the chief of my name and family was Alexis de Chateaubriand, Seigneur de la Guérande. He was the son of Michel, who had a brother named Amaury. Michel was the son of that Christophe, whose extraction from the Sires de Beaufort, and the Barons de Chateaubriand was verified by the decree I have above quoted. Alexis de Chateaubriand, who became a widower, was a man of most intemperate habits; he passed his life in

drinking and debauchery, and would have made waste paper of his most brilliant family records.

Contemporary with this chief of our name and arms, lived his cousin François, the son of Amaury, who was the younger brother of Michel. François, who was born on the 19th of February, 1683, was possessor of the little Seigneuries of les Touches and la Villeneuve. He married, on the 27th of August, 1713, Pétronille-Claude Lamour, Lady of Lanjegu, by whom he had four sons; François Henri, René (my father) Pierre, (Seigneur of Plessis), and Joseph (Seigneur du Parc.) My grandfather, François, died on the 28th of March, 1729; my grandmother, whom I knew in my childhood, was a beautiful woman, the smile of whose sweet countenance brightened the shade of her old age. She resided, after the death of her husband, on the Manor of Villeneuve, in the vicinity of Dinan. The whole fortune of my grandmother did not exceed 5000 *livres de rente*. Of this her eldest son inherited two-thirds (3,333 livres) leaving 1,666 livres de rente to be shared among the three younger sons; and even of that sum the eldest drew a portion, called the *préciput*.

Unfortunately, my grandmother was thwarted in carrying out her own designs, by the waywardness of her children. Her eldest son, François Henri, on whom devolved the magnificent heritage of the Seigneurie of la Villeneuve, refused to marry, and became a priest; but, instead of soliciting the benefices, which his name would have warranted him to look for, and with the emoluments of which he might have supported his younger brothers, he was withheld, either from pride or indifference, from seeking any advancement. He buried himself in the country, and successively became rector of Saint Lanneuc, and of Merdrignac, in the diocese of Saint Malo. He had a strong passion for poetry; and I have seen many of his compositions. The lively and humorous disposition of this noble Rabelais, and the worship which this Christian priest addressed to the Muses in his humble *presbytère*, excited no little curiosity. He gave away all he possessed, and died insolvent.

My fourth uncle, Joseph, removed to Paris, where he shut himself up in a library; his pittance of 416 livres being transmitted to him annually. He spent his life amidst books; and devoted himself to historical researches. His sight was defective; but, as long as he was able to use his eyes, he wrote a letter to his mother every New Year's Day; this was the only sign of existence he ever manifested. A singular accordance of taste has prevailed among some members of my family. Of two of my uncles, one was a scholar and the other a poet. My brother possessed a happy talent for inditing verses; my sister, Madame de Farcy, was endowed with poetic genius of a very high order; another of my sisters, the Countess Lucile (the Canoness), might have earned distinction by her writings: and I have myself scribbled over a great deal of paper. My brother perished on the scaffold; the sorrowful lives of my two sisters were ended after a lingering imprisonment; my two uncles did not leave enough behind them to pay for their coffins; literature has been the source of my pleasures and pains, and I do not despair, under the favour of Heaven, to die in some public asylum.

My grandmother, who had exhausted all her resources in endeavouring to make something of her eldest and her youngest sons, was disabled from doing anything for the two others, my father, René, and my uncle, Pierre. The family which had sown golden seed (*semé l'or*) according to the device of its early ancestors, now beheld no remains of its former greatness, save the rich Abbeyes they had founded, and in which their progenitors were entombed. The Chateaubriands had been Presidents of the States of Brittany, by virtue of their possession of one of the nine Baronies; they had affixed their signatures to the treaties of sovereigns; they had been securities for the maintenance of treaties; and yet they had not sufficient influence to obtain a sub-licutenancy for the heir of their name.

But the impoverished noblesse of Brittany had still one resource—the navy. An endeavour was made to obtain a commission for my father; but, in the first place, it was

requisite he should proceed to Brest, be maintained there, pay for masters, purchase a uniform, arms, books, mathematical instruments, &c. How were all these expenses to be defrayed? The commission solicited from the Minister of the Marine was not obtained, for want of some powerful influence to recommend it. This disappointment threw the Chatelaine of Villeneuve into a fit of illness.

My father now, for the first time in his life, gave proof of something like decision of character. At that period, he was about fifteen years of age. On witnessing his mother's illness and anxiety, he approached her bedside, and said that he was resolved to be no longer a burthen to her. This story I have heard my father frequently relate. "René," said my grandmother, with tears in her eyes, "what do you propose doing? You can only till your ground" "But that will not provide us with the means of support," he replied; "allow me to depart." "You have my permission. Go wheresoever God may guide you." The weeping mother embraced her son, and that same evening my father left the maternal home. He proceeded to Dinan, where one of our relations furnished him with a letter to a resident of St. Malo. The orphan adventurer embarked as a volunteer on board an armed schooner, which set sail a few days after.

The little Saint Maloan republic at that time nobly sustained the honour of the French flag on the sea. The schooner joined the fleet sent by Cardinal de Fleury to the assistance of Stanislas, when the Russians besieged Dantzick. My father landed, and was engaged in that memorable battle fought on the 29th of May, 1734, between fifteen hundred Frenchmen, commanded by the brave Breton de Bréhan, Count de Plélo, and forty thousand Muscovites, commanded by Munich. De Bréhan, the diplomatist, warrior, and poet, was killed in this action; and my father was wounded twice. He returned to France, and after a little time he again embarked on another expedition, during which he was shipwrecked on the coast of Spain, where he was attacked and plundered by banditti. Having succeeded in obtaining a passage in a vessel proceeding to Bayonne, he at

length found his way once more to his maternal home. By this time, his courage and good conduct had gained him friends, through whose influence he obtained an opportunity of going to one of our colonies, where he prospered, and laid the foundation of the new fortune of his family.

My grandmother commended her son Pierre to the care of her son René. Pierre was M. de Chateaubriand du Plessis, whose son Armand was shot, by order of Bonaparte, on Good Friday, 1810. He was one of the last of the French nobles who perished in the cause of the Monarchy.* My father took upon himself the charge of providing for his brother, though he had contracted, through his long-continued sufferings, an asperity of temper, which never forsook him. The *non ignara mali* is not always true. Misfortune may harden as well as soften the character.

M. de Chateaubriand was tall and thin. His nose was aquiline, his lips compressed and colourless, and his small, sunken eyes were of a blueish-grey colour. There was a peculiar expression in his eyes which I never observed in any other individual. It was like that of the lion; and when he was roused by anger, the pupil of his eye seemed as it were to start out like a ball.

One passion was predominant in my father's mind—it was family pride. His natural melancholy increased with advancing age, and his habitual silence was broken only by bursts of passion. He was niggardly, in the hope of restoring his family to its original affluence. He was haughty to the nobles of Brittany—harsh to his dependants at Combourg—taciturn, despotic and dictatorial in his home, where he inspired no feeling but fear. Had he lived till the breaking out of the revolution, or had he been a younger man, he would have played an important part, or he would have allowed himself to be massacred in his chateau. His talent was certainly of a high order; and, had he been a minister of state or a military commander, he would have been an extraordinary man.

After his return from America, he began to entertain the

* This was written in 1811. (Note of 1831. Geneva.)

design of marrying. He was born on the 23rd of September, 1718, and on the 3rd of July, 1753 (being then in his thirty-fifth year), he married Apolline-Jeanne-Suzanne de Bedée. This lady, who was born on the 7th of April, 1726, was the daughter of Messire Ange-Annibal, Count de Bedée, Seigneur of la Bouëtardais. The newly-married pair settled at St. Malo, within seven or eight leagues of the spot where both were born; and they could discern, from their residence, the horizon beneath which they had each first seen the light. My maternal grandmother, Marie-Anne de Ravenel de Bois-teilleul, Lady of Bedée (born at Rennes on the 16th of October, 1698), was educated at Saint-Cyr, during the latter years of Madame de Maintenon. Her education extended its influence over that of her daughters.

My mother was gifted with much intelligence, and she possessed an extraordinary share of imaginative talent. Her mind had been formed by reading Fénelon, Racine and Madame de Sevigné; and her memory was stored with anecdotes of the court of Louis XIV. She knew all Cyrus by heart. Apolline de Bedée had large features, and was of a dark complexion. She was small in figure, and by no means handsome. Nevertheless the elegance of her manners and the amiability of her disposition formed a pleasing contrast to the sternness and gloom of my father's character. She loved society as much as he loved solitude. She was as susceptible and animated as he was cold and imperturbable. All her tastes were at variance with those of her husband. The opposition she experienced wrought a change in her disposition; and, from being lively and gay, she became serious and melancholy. Obligated to hold her tongue when she wished to speak, she recompensed herself for the privation by manifesting, a sort of parade of grief, broken by sighs, which alone interrupted the mute melancholy of my father. In piety, my mother was an angel.

Vallée-aux-Loups, December 31, 1811.

BIRTH OF MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS — MY ENTRANCE INTO THE
WORLD.

AT St. Malo, my mother gave birth to her first son, who died in infancy. He was named Geoffroy, which has been the name of almost all the heirs of our family. This son was followed by another and by two daughters, who lived only a few months.

All these four children died of effusion of blood on the brain. At length my mother gave birth to a third son, named Jean-Baptiste, who became the grandson-in-law of M. de Malesherbes. After Jean-Baptiste, four daughters were born. They were named Marie-Anne, Benigue, Julie and Lucile, and all were endowed with rare beauty. The two eldest alone survived the storms of the revolution. I was the youngest of these ten children. It is probable that my four sisters owed their existence to my father's desire to ensure the transmission of his name by the advent of a second son. I retarded the fulfilment of his wishes: I must have had an aversion to life.

The subjoined is an extract from the register of my baptism:—

“Copied from the civil register of the Commune of St. Malo, for the year 1768.

“François René de Chateaubriand, son of René de Chateaubriand and of Pauline-Jeanne-Suzanne de Bedée, his wife; born the 4th of September, 1768, and baptized the day following by us, Pierre Henry Nouail, Grand Vicar of the Bishop of St. Malo. His godfather was Jean Baptiste de Chateaubriand (his brother), and his godmother was Françoise Gertrude de Contades, both of whom, as well as his own father, signed the register. The signatures are Contades de Plouër, Jean Bap-

tiste de Chateaubriand, Brignon de Chateaubriand, de Chateaubriand et Nouail, Vicar-General."

It will be seen that I fell into an error, when in several of my works, I stated that I was born on the 14th of October, instead of the 4th of September: I have also made a mistake in my Christian names, which are François René, not François Auguste.*

The house in which my parents then resided, was situated in a narrow and gloomy street of St. Malo, called the Jew's Street: it is now turned into an inn. The room in which my mother was confined, overlooked a solitary part of the town wall, and from the windows the sea was seen stretching as far as the eye could reach, with the waves breaking on rocks. My godfather, as my baptismal register shows, was my brother, and my godmother was the Countess de Plouër, daughter of Marshal de Contades. On first entering the world, I showed but little signs of life; and the vague howlings of a tempest announcing the autumnal equinox, prevented my cries being heard. The details of my birth were often related to me, and their impression has never been effaced from my memory. A day seldom elapses on which, looking back to the past, I do not see in imagination the rock on which I was born, and the chamber wherein my mother inflicted life upon me: the storm which rocked my first slumber, again resounds in my ears, and I behold once more the ill-fated brother who gave me a name which I have incessantly drawn into misfortune! It seemed as though Heaven had combined together these different circumstances in order to make my cradle the image of my destiny.

* On the 15th of August, 1768, just twenty days before my birth, Bonaparte, the destroyer of old French society, was born in another island, situated beyond the opposite shore of France.

Vallée-aux-Loups, January, 1812.

PLANCOUËT—MY NURSE'S VOW—COMBOURG—MY FATHER'S PLAN FOR
MY EDUCATION — VILLENEUVE — LUCILE — THE MESDEMOISELLES
COUPPART—SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

MY separation from my mother was my first exile. I was sent to Plancouët, a pretty village situated between Dinan, St. Malo, and Lamballe. My mother's only brother, Count de Bedée, had built near this village the Château de Monchoix. The possessions of my maternal grandmother extended as far as the environs of the town of Corseul, the *Curiosolites* of Cæsar's Commentaries. My grandmother, who had long been a widow, resided with her sister, Mademoiselle de Bois-teilleul, in a village separated from Plancouët by a bridge, and called l'Abbaye, because it contained a Benedictine Abbey consecrated to our Lady of Nazareth.

The woman to whose care I was consigned, was unable to perform the duties of nurse, and another good Christian was selected to take charge of me. This new nurse placed me under the guardianship of the sacred patroness of the village; our Lady of Nazareth, in whose honour she vowed I should be clothed in blue and white until I was seven years of age. Even in my tenderest infancy, the hand of time had already laid its impress on my brow. Why was I not allowed to die? It pleased God to concede to the prayers of a poor and simple peasant woman, the preservation of a life doomed to vain renown.

This vow of the Brittany peasant woman is not a thing of the present age; but there is something touching in the idea of a divine mother mediating between the infant and Heaven, and sharing the solicitude of an earthly mother.

At the expiration of three years, I was taken back to St. Malo. Seven years previously my father had recovered possession of the estate of Combourg. He wished to have

regained other possessions which his ancestors had parted with. He was, however, unable to bargain for the seigneurie of Beaufort, which had passed into the possession of the Goyon family, or for the Barony of Chateaubriand, which had fallen to the house of Condé. He, therefore, turned his attention to Combourg (written Combour by Froissart), which several branches of our family had possessed through intermarriages with the Coëtquens. Combourg defended Brittany against the Normans and the English. It was built by Junken, Bishop of Dol, in 1016: the great tower is of the date of 1100. Marshal de Duras, who held Combourg by right of his wife, Maclovie de Coëtquen (the daughter of a Chateaubriand) arranged the transfer with my father. The Marquis du Hallay, an officer in the Horse Grenadiers of the Royal Guard, is one of the last scions of the Coëtquen-Chateaubriands. At a subsequent period, the Marquis de Duras, in quality of our kinsman, presented my brother and myself to Louis XVI.

My professional destination was the navy. To stand aloof from the court was natural to every Breton, and particularly to my father. The aristocratic character of the States of Brittany fortified him in this sentiment.

When I was brought back to St. Malo, my father was at Combourg, my brother at the College of St. Brieuc, and my sisters were living with my mother.

All my mother's affections were concentrated in her eldest son. Not that she was wanting in love for her other children; but she manifested a blind preference for the young Count de Combourg. As the last comer, and as the Chevalier (for I was called by that title) I, at first, enjoyed some privileges over my sisters; but, after a time, I was consigned to the control of the servants. My mother's leisure and thoughts were wholly divided between her love of society and her attention to the duties of religion. The Countess de Plouër, my godmother, was her intimate friend, and she numbered in the circle of her acquaintance, the relations of Maupertuis, and of the Abbé Trublet. My mother was a politician; for the

inhabitants of St. Malo discussed politics like the monks of Saba in the ravine of Cedron. She was much interested in the affair of La Chalotais. The warmth of her political feeling, and the discussions into which it led her, probably had the effect of irritating her temper. At home she was cross and excitable, qualities which, joined to habits of parsimony, blinded us for a time to her many admirable qualities. Though, herself, not deficient in the spirit of order, yet her children were brought up in disorder. Although, in reality generous, she appeared avaricious, and with an amiable disposition, she was continually peevish. My father was the terror of the domestics: my mother their scourge.

The temper of my parents gave birth to the first sentiments of my childhood. I attached myself to the female who took care of me, an excellent woman named Villeneuve. I now write her name with an emotion of gratitude, and with tears in my eyes. Villeneuve, who was a sort of superintendent of the household used to carry me about in her arms, and give me, by stealth, all the nice things she could lay her hands on. If I wept, she would dry my tears and embrace me fondly, muttering, "He will not be proud, I know. He has a kind heart, and will be good to the poor. Here, my little man." With these words, she would slip some pieces of sugar into my hands. But my childish affection for Villeneuve soon yielded to a more elevated friendship.

Lucile, my fourth sister, was two years older than myself. Like a neglected younger daughter, her dress consisted of the left-off clothes of her elder sisters. I leave the reader to imagine a very thin, little girl, too tall for her age, her arms swinging awkwardly at her sides, oppressed by timidity, as if afraid to speak, and unable to learn anything. Picture her dressed in a frock not made to fit her, her waist compressed by corsets, with whalebones running into her sides;—forced to hold her head erect by an iron collar covered with brown velvet;—her hair turned up and confined beneath a black toque: if the reader can imagine all this, he may be able to form some idea of the miserable little creature whom I

beheld on my return to the paternal roof. Could I ever have conceived that she would one day be adorned with the talent and beauty which distinguished Lucile ?

She was my playmate ; or, rather, I was allowed to make her my plaything. I did not abuse my power. Instead of being her tyrant, I became her defender. Every morning, Lucile and I were taken to the Sisters Couppart, two old hunchbacked women dressed in black, who taught children to read. Lucile was a bad scholar, and I, a worse one. The governesses scolded Lucile ; I attacked the governesses. Serious complaints were, in consequence, carried to my mother. I began to be looked upon as a rebel, an idler, and a dunce. This ill opinion of me took a firm hold of the minds of my parents. My father used to say, that not one of the Chevaliers de Chateaubriand had ever been remarkable for anything but sporting, drinking and brawling. My mother sighed and groaned when she happened to see my coat torn. My father's ill-temper disgusted me, and, when my mother summed up her remonstrances with the eulogy of my brother, calling him a Cato and a hero, I felt inclined to make myself as bad as it seemed I was expected to be.

My writing-master, M. Després, who wore a sailor's wig, was not better satisfied with me than my parents. He made me eternally transcribe from a copy of his setting, the two following lines, which I heartily detest, though not simply for their own demerits :—

“ C'est à vous mon esprit, à qui je veux parler :
Vous avez des défauts que je ne puis celer.”

St. Malo is merely a rock. It formerly rose in the midst of a marsh, and became an island by the irruption of the sea, which in 709 worked out the gulf, and placed Mount St. Michel in the midst of waves. At present, the rock of St. Malo is connected with the main land only by an embankment, poetically called the *Sillon*. This *Sillon* is exposed on one side to the open sea, and on the other is washed by the flood-tide when it enters the harbour. It was almost entirely destroyed during a hurricane in 1730. At

ebb-tide the harbour is dry, and on the margin of the sea, east and north, is a beach of the finest sand. At that time it was possible to make the circuit of my paternal home in the course of a walk. Far and near, the eye ranges over rocks, forts, and inhabited islets.—Fort Royal, La Conchée, Cézembre, and the Grand Bé which is to be my last resting place. I chose an appropriate spot without being aware of it, for *bé*, in the Breton language, signifies tomb.

At the extremity of the *Sillon*, where a Calvary is erected, there is a sand-bank on the very margin of the sea. This bank is called the *Hoguette*, and on it are the remains of an old gibbet, round the posts of which we children used to play at *quatre-coin*, disputing our places with the sea-birds. But, it was not without a certain feeling of terror that we loitered on this dismal spot.

Here, too, are the *Miels*, or downs, affording good pasturage for sheep. On the right are meadows stretching along the foot of the *Paramé*;—the post-road to St. Servan;—the new cemetery,—another Calvary, and some windmills on little hillocks like those which rise above the tomb of Achilles at the entrance to the Hellespont.

MY MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER AND HER SISTER—THEIR MODE OF LIFE
AT PLANCOUËT—MY UNCLE, COUNT DE BEDEE, AT MONCHOIX—MY
NURSE'S VOW.

WHEN nearly seven years of age, I was taken by my mother to Plancouët, to be released from my nurse's vow. We went to the house of my grandmother; and, if ever I knew happiness, it was certainly during the time I remained under her roof.

My grandmother resided in the village of l'Abbaye, in a house with an adjoining garden. This garden descended in terraces to a little dell, in the depth of which there was a fountain surrounded by willows. Madame de Bedée was no longer able to walk, but with that exception she suffered none

of the infirmities of age. She was an agreeable old lady, fat, fair and comely; her air was dignified and her manners were elegant. Her dresses were made in a very old fashioned style, and she wore a black lace cap tied under the chin. Her mind was cultivated, and her conversation and manners were marked by gravity. Her sister, Madame de Boisteilleul resided with her. This lady resembled my grandmother in nothing but in goodness. She was small and thin, lively and talkative, with a turn for raillery. She had once been attached to a certain Count de Trémigon, whom she had promised to marry; but she did not fulfil her promise. My aunt was a poetess, and she used to amuse herself by inditing verses to the memory of her youthful love. I well recollect her, as she sat, spectacles on nose,—embroidering a pair of double ruffles for her sister, and, whilst plying the busy needle, she would partly hum, partly sing a quaint ditty commencing thus :

“ Un épervier aimait une fauvette,
Et, ce dit-on, il en était aimé.”

This attachment on the linnet's part always, I must confess, appeared to me somewhat strange. The burthen of each verse was :—

“ Ah ! Trémigon, la fable est-elle obscure ?”
“ Ture lure.”

How many things in this world end, like my aunt's love, in *ture lure* !

My grandmother consigned to her sister the superintendance of the household. She dined at the primitive hour of eleven in the forenoon, and after dinner she took a siesta. She rose again at one o'clock, when she was carried out to the lower terrace of the garden, where, beneath the shade of the willows overhanging the fountain, she used to sit and knit, attended by her sister, her children, and her grandchildren. In those days, old age was a dignity : in these times, it is a burthen. At four in the afternoon, my grandmother was carried into her drawing-room, where the servant, Pierre, used to set out a card table. This being done, Mademoiselle

de Boisteilleul would take the fire-tongs, and tap against the back of the chimney, and in a few minutes after this summons, there entered three old maiden ladies who resided in the next house. These were three sisters, the Demoiselles Vildéneux, daughters of a poor nobleman of the olden time. Instead of parcelling out their scanty inheritance into shares, they preferred keeping it undivided, and enjoying it in common with each other. They had always lived together, and had never resided out of their paternal village. They had known my grandmother from their childhood; they lived next door to her, and they regularly came every day when my aunt gave her signal with the fire-tongs, to play a game at quadrille with their aged friend. The game being commenced, the good ladies would sometimes quarrel over it: these little card-table disputes were the only stirring events of their lives; the only circumstances which disturbed their equanimity of temper. At eight o'clock, the announcement of supper never failed to restore serenity. My uncle de Bedée, with his son and three daughters, frequently came to sup with my grandmother. On these occasions, the old lady would relate some stories of her youth, and my uncle would describe the battle of Fontenoy, in which he had been engaged; then, having recounted his own deeds of valour, he would tell some humorous anecdotes, which made the good ladies almost die of laughter. At nine o'clock, supper being ended, the servants were summoned; and, whilst all knelt devoutly, Mademoiselle de Boisteilleul repeated the evening prayer. At ten o'clock, the whole household was asleep, with the exception of my grandmother, whose femme-de-chambre used to read to her till one in the morning.

This was the first social circle which I had had the opportunity of seeing and knowing, and it was also the first that was swept away under my observance. I saw death enter that abode of peace and happiness, successively diminishing its inmates; first one chamber, then another being closed, never again to be opened. I saw my good grandmother renounce her game at quadrille, for want of her usual partners; I saw the number of her faithful friends gradually diminish, until

she herself descended into the grave. She and her sister had mutually promised, that the one who died first should speedily summon the other to follow ; this promise was kept, and Madame de Bedée survived Mademoiselle de Boisteilleul only a few months. I am now, perhaps, the only person in the world who knows that all these beings once existed. How many times, in the course of my life, have I witnessed the recurrence of similar circumstances ! How frequently have I seen a circle of friends formed and dissolved around me ! The impossibility of prolonging the duration of human attachments ; the profound oblivion which follows us ; the unbroken silence that reigns over the grave seem unceasingly to impress on the mind the necessity of retirement. Any hand will serve to present a glass of water to cool the parched lip in the fever of death. It is well when that hand is not too dear to us ! when it is not the hand we have covered with kisses, and which we could wish to press eternally to our heart !

The château of the Count de Bedée, which was about a league from Plancouët, stood on an elevated and pleasant site. My uncle's gaiety of spirit was inexhaustible, and its joyous influence was shared by all around him. He had three daughters Caroline, Marie, and Flore : and one son, the Count de la Bouëtardais, a Parliament Cousellor, who inherited his father's cheerful temper. The Chateau of Monchoix was always filled with visitors, chiefly consisting of the youthful cousins of the family. The young people amused themselves with music, dancing, and hunting, and there was a perpetual round of diversion from morning to night. The Countess de Bedée, seeing my uncle thus dissipating his fortune, manifested some reasonable degree of uneasiness. But her remonstrances were not heeded. Indeed, her displeasure served only as a subject of raillery to the other members of the family, for the fact was, my aunt had her own tastes, and she loved to indulge them. These tastes were somewhat whimsical ; for example, she kept an ill-tempered growling dog, which she nursed and fondled ; and she had a wild boar, which she was endeavouring to tame, and whose grunting was heard from one end of the château to the other. When I came from my father's house,

which was so dull and silent, to this scene of gaiety and animation, I could almost have fancied myself in paradise. The contrast became the more striking, when the residence of my family was permanently fixed in the country. To go from Combourg to Monchoix, was like going from a desert into the inhabited world, or from the castle of a Baron of the Middle Ages, to the villa of a Roman prince.

On Ascension day, in the year 1775, I left my grandmother's house, accompanied by my mother, my aunt de Boistailleul, my uncle de Bedée, and his children, my nurse, and my brother. We proceeded to the church of Notre Dame de Nazareth. I wore a white garment, which, in those days, was called a *lévite*; my shoes, my gloves, and my hat, were likewise white; and round my waist was tied a sash or scarf of blue silk. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when we reached the Abbaye. The convent stood near the roadside, and was shaded by a quincunx of elm trees, planted in the time of John V. of Brittany. This quincunx led to the cemetery;—the christian reached the church only after having crossed the region of the sepulchre: in like manner, through death, we enter into the presence of God.

The monks had already ranged themselves in the stalls; the altar was illuminated by a multitude of tapers; and lamps were suspended from the vaulted roof. There is something in the effect of old gothic arches which resembles distant and successive horizons. The mace-bearers came to the door to receive me with ceremony, and they conducted me to the choir, where three seats were placed. The middle one was assigned to me; my nurse seated herself at my left, and my foster-brother at my right.

The mass commenced. During the offertory, the officiating priest turned to me and read the prayers. At their conclusion, I was divested of my white garments, which were hung, as an *ex-voto*, under an image of the Virgin. After this I was arrayed in a violet-coloured dress. The Prior delivered an oration on the efficacy of vows. Touching on the history of the Baron de Chateaubriand, who went to the Holy Land with St. Louis, he observed, that possibly it might

be my lot to visit in Palestine the Virgin of Nazareth, to whom I owed life, through the intercession of the prayers of the poor, ever acceptable to the ear of God. This priest recapitulated the whole history of my family, as Dante's grandfather recounted to him the history of his ancestors ; and he might even have predicted my exile in the words of Cacciaguida :—

“ Tu proverai sì come sà di sale
 Il pane altrui, e come'è duro calle
 Lo scendere e'l salir per l' altrui scale.
 E quel che più ti graverà le spalle,
 Sarà la compagnia malvagia e scempia,
 Con la qual tu cadrai in questa valle ;
 Che tutta ingrata, tutta matta ed empia
 Si farà contra te.

Di sua bestialitate, il suo processo
 Sarà la pruova ; sì ch' a te sia bello.
 Averti fatta parte, per se stesso.”*

After hearing the exhortation of the Priest, my thoughts constantly turned on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem ; and, at length, I performed it.

I was consecrated to Religion ; on her altar was deposited the garb of my innocence ; but, instead of my garments, my miseries may now be hung up in her temples.

I returned to St. Malo. St. Malo is not the Aletum of the *Notitia imperii*. Aletum was more advantageously placed by the Romans in the suburb St. Servan, at the military port called Solidor, at the mouth of the Rance. Immediately

* “ Thou shalt know how bitter it is to eat the bread of others ; and how wearying it is to mount and to descend the stairs of another's dwelling ; but thy heaviest trial will be found the odious companions with whom thou wilt be doomed to mingle, and who, in their ingratitude and impiety, will turn against thee. Of their brutal ignorance their conduct will bear evidence ; as to thee, thou mayest rejoice if thou canst withdraw within thyself. ”

opposite Aletum was a rock, *est in conspectu Tenedos*, not the refuge of the perfidious Greeks, but the retreat of Aaron the Hermit, who took up his dwelling in this island in the year 507, the date of the victory of Clovis over Alaric. Aaron founded a small convent, Clovis a mighty monarchy; both alike have fallen.

Malo, in Latin *Maclovius*, *Macutus*, *Machutes*, became Bishop of Aletum in 541; he had been attracted thither by the fame of Aaron, and visited him in his island home. He became Chaplain of the Oratory of the Hermit, and, after the death of the Saint, erected a cenobial church in *prædio Machutis*. His name was soon after given to the whole island, and subsequently to the city, which was called *Maclovium* and *Maclopolis*.

A series of forty-five bishops is reckoned from St. Malo, the first Bishop of Aletum, to John the Happy, surnamed *De la Grille*, who was canonized in 1140. Aletum being at that time almost entirely abandoned, John de la Grille transferred the episcopal see of the Roman city to the Bretagne city, which was beginning to flourish on the rock of Aaron.

St. Malo suffered severely in the wars which took place between the Kings of France and England.

The Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII. of England, in whom terminated the strife between the white and red roses, was carried prisoner to St. Malo. The Duke de Bretagne delivered him up to the Ambassadors of Richard, who conveyed him to London with the intention of putting him to death. But he succeeded in escaping from his guards, and took refuge in the cathedral, *asylum quod in ea urbe est inviolatissimum*: this right of sanctuary had its origin with the Druids, the first priests of the Isle of Aaron.

A Bishop of St. Malo was one of the three favourites (the other two being Arthur de Montauban and Jean Hingaut) who ruined the unfortunate Gilles de Bretagne: this may be seen in "l'Histoire lamentable de Gilles, Seigneur de Chateaubriand et de Chantocé, Prince du sang de France et de Bretagne, étranglé en prison par les ministres du favori le 24 Avril, 1450."

The capitulation between Henry IV. and St. Malo was worthy of both. The city treated as a power with a power, protected those who had taken refuge within its walls, and retained the liberty accorded to it by an ordinance of Philibert de la Guiche, Grand Master of the Artillery of France, to cast a hundred pieces of cannon. No place more closely resembled Venice, its climate and its fine arts excepted, than the small republic of St. Malo in its religion, wealth, and naval exploits. It aided the expedition of Charles V. in Africa, and succoured Louis XIII. before La Rochelle. Its flag proudly traversed every sea, maintaining relations with Mocha, Surat, and Pondicherry; and a company formed in the bosom of St. Malo explored the Southern Ocean.

From the time of Henry IV., my native city has been distinguished by its devotion and fealty to France. It was bombarded by the English in 1693; and, on the 29th of November that year, they threw into it an infernal machine, amid the ruins caused by which I have often played with my companions. They again bombarded it in 1758.

The Maloese lent considerable sums of money to Louis XIV. during the war of 1701, and in gratitude for this service he confirmed to them the privilege of fortifying themselves; he even commanded that the crew of the first vessel of the Royal Marine should be composed exclusively of sailors from St. Malo and its territory.

In 1771, the Maloese made fresh sacrifices and lent Louis XV. thirty millions. The celebrated Admiral Anson landed at Cancale in 1758, and burned St. Servan. In the Château of St. Malo, La Chalotais wrote upon linen, with a toothpick dipped in water and soot, those Memoirs which then produced such an immense sensation and which none remember now. Events efface events; inscriptions graven over other inscriptions form the pages of the History of Palimpsestes.

St. Malo furnished the best sailors for our Navy; the general roll may be seen in the folio volume, entitled, "Rôle Général des Officiers, Mariniers et Matelots de

Saint Malo," published in 1682. There is also a " Coutume de Saint Malo," printed in the " Recueil du Coutumier Général." The archives of the city are rich in charters, which are useful to the historian and to maritime law.

St. Malo is the birth-place of Jacques Cartier, the Christopher Columbus of France, who discovered Canada. The Maloese obtained fresh renown at the other extremity of America in the islands which bear their name.

St. Malo is the native city of Duguay-Trouin, one of the greatest naval men that ever appeared ; and in our days it has given to France the celebrated Surcouf. The renowned Mahé de la Bourdonnaie, Governor of the Mauritius, was born at St. Malo, as were also Lamettrie, Maupertuis, and the Abbé Trublet, whom Voltaire made an object of his wit. This is by no means an insignificant list for a place, not equal in extent to the garden of the Tuileries. The Abbé de Lamennais has left far behind him these lesser literary stars of my country ; Broussais likewise was born at St. Malo, as well as my noble friend the Count de la Ferronnays.

In fine, not to make any omission, I must call to mind those celebrated bull dogs which constituted the garrison of St. Malo : they were descendants of those famous dogs reared in the regiments of the Gauls, and who, according to Strabo, stood up in battle array with their masters against the Romans. Albert le Grand, a monk of the Order of St. Dominic, an author as grave as the Greek geographer, declares, "that at St. Malo the guardianship of a place so important was committed every night to the fidelity of certain bull dogs, who formed an admirable and safe patrol." They were at last condemned to capital punishment for having had the misfortune of inconsiderately eating the legs of a gentleman ! This has given rise in our days to the song, " Bon Voyage," where the whole is turned into ridicule. The criminals are imprisoned ; one of them refuses to take the nourishment presented by the hand of his disconsolate guardian ; the noble animal starves himself to death : the dogs are punished like men for their fidelity. Moreover the Capitol was, like my Delos,

guarded by dogs who never barked when Scipio Africanus came to offer his prayers at dawn of day.

St. Malo is enclosed by walls of divers eras, which are divided into large and small, with a promenade running along the top. The city is further defended by the château of which I have spoken, and which was enlarged with towers, bastions, and trenches by the Duchess Anne. Seen from without, this insulated city resembles a citadel of granite.

It is upon the shore of the wide spread sea, between the Château and Fort Royal, that the children assemble to play; and here it is that I was educated, the companion of the winds and waves. One of the first pleasures which I enjoyed was to combat with the storms, and to sport with the surges which retired before me, or pursued me on the beach. Another amusement was to build little structures with the sands of the shore, which my companions called ovens. Since that time, I have often seen castles built for eternity crumble more rapidly than my palaces of sand.

My lot being irrevocably fixed, I was left to pass my infancy in idleness. Some notions of drawing, of the English language, hydrography, and mathematics appeared more than sufficient for the education of a young boy, destined beforehand to the rude life of a mariner.

I grew up in my family without study. We no longer inhabited the house where I was born: my mother occupied an hotel in the Place Saint Vincent, nearly opposite the gate which led to Sillon. The young *polissons* of the city were my dearest friends, and the court and stairs of our house were always crowded with them. I resembled them in everything, spoke their language, assumed their manner and gait, was dressed like them, and my clothes like theirs were open and unbuttoned, and my shirt in tatters. My stockings were always full of holes, my shoes slipshod and down at heel, and my feet coming out at every step. I constantly lost my cap, and often my jacket. My face was besmeared, scratched, and bruised; and my hands were black and grubby. My appearance was altogether so strange, that my mother, in the heat of

her anger, could not often help laughing and crying out :
" How ugly he is !"

Notwithstanding all this, I loved, and ever have loved cleanliness, nay, even elegance. At night, I endeavoured to patch my tattered garments, and good Villeneuve and my Lucile used to help me to repair my *toilette*, in order to prevent my getting punished and scolded ; but their patchings only made my clothes look the more ridiculous. I was often miserable, especially when I appeared in my rags among children who were proud of their new clothes and fine appearance.

There was something foreign in the character of my country people, which called to mind the Spaniards. Maloese families were established at Cadiz, and Cadiz families resided at St. Malo. The insular position, causeway, architecture, houses, cisterns, and granite walls of St. Malo, gave it a resemblance to Cadiz ; and, when I visited that city, I was often reminded of St. Malo.

The Maloese locked up at night in their city by the same key, constituted one family. Their manners were so simple, that young women who sported the ribbons and gauzes of Paris were looked upon as worldly-minded, and shunned by their alarmed companions. For any to go astray was an unheard of event, and a Countess d'Abbeville having been suspected, a complaint ensued, which the people sung to her while making the sign of the cross. However, the poet, faithful, in spite of himself, to the traditions of the troubadours, took part against the husband, whom he called "*un monstre barbare.*"

On certain days of the year, the inhabitants of the city and the country met together at fairs called *Assemblées* which were held in the islands and on the forts around St. Malo. They repaired thither on foot when the tide was low, and in boats when it was high. The multitude of sailors and peasants, the carts with linen awnings, the caravans or horses, asses and mules, the crowd of merchants, the tents pitched on the beach, the processions of monks and friars who

meandered with their banners and their crosses in the midst of the crowd, the boats coming to the shore, either sailing or rowing; the vessels entering the port, or lying at anchor; the salutes of artillery,—all contributed to infuse into these meetings bustle, life, and variety.

I was the only witness of these fêtes who shared not in their joy. I appeared there without money in my pocket for purchasing either toys or cakes. Shunning the disdain which is attached to poverty, I seated myself far from the crowd, amid the surf which the sea forms in the hollows of the rocks. There I amused myself in watching the flights of the penguins and sea-gulls, in gazing on the far blue distance, in picking up cockle-shells, and listening to the refrain of the waves among the rocks. In the evening, when at home, I was scarcely more happy: I had a repugnance to certain food, which I was forced to eat, and I was wont to cast my imploring eyes upon La France, who adroitly carried off my plate when my father turned his head another way: another grievance was, that I was never permitted to approach the fire-place. Very different were my severe parents to those who, in these days, spoil their children.

But, if I had sorrows which are unknown to the rising generation, I had also pleasures of which they are ignorant.

We no longer know anything of those religious and family solemnities, where the whole of the country seemed to rejoice with their God; Christmas, New Year's Day, the Epiphany, Easter, Whitsuntide, and St. John's Day; these were days of joy and happiness to me. It may be that the influence of my native rock acted upon my feelings and pursuits. From the year 1015, the Maloese had made a vow that they would go and assist in erecting, with their own hands and by their own means, the belfry of the Cathedral of Chartres: have not I also thus laboured with my hands to rebuild the fallen spire of the ancient Christian Church? "The sun," says Father Maunoir, "has never shone upon a canton, where there has appeared a more constant and invariable fidelity to the true faith than in Bretagne. For thirteen centuries, no

infidelity has stained the language which has served as the organ for preaching Jesus Christ, and he is yet to be born who shall hear in Bretagne the preaching of another religion than the Catholic, in the language of Bretagne."

During those fête days to which I have alluded, I was taken with my sisters to make a short stay at the different sanctuaries in the city, to the Chapel of St. Aaron, to the Convent de la Victoire; my ear was struck with the soft voices of females, who were invisible; the harmony of their songs mingled with the murmur of the waves. In the winter, at the Christmas festival, when the cathedral was filled by crowds, the old sailors on their knees, the young women and children reading in their missals, holding little lighted tapers in their hands, the multitude at the moment of the blessing, repeating in chorus the *Tantum ergo*; when, during the interval of the chants, the bleak wind beat against the windows of the church, shaking the vaults of that nave where once the manly voices of Jacques Cartier and of Duguay-Trouin had ascended, I was overpowered by an extraordinary feeling of religion. I had no need to be told by Villeneuve to fold my hands and to call upon God by all the names which my mother had taught me; I saw the heavens opened and the angels offering our incense and our vows; I bowed my head, it was no longer depressed with that overwhelming weariness which almost tempts us never more to raise it after it has once been bowed at the foot of the altar.

One sailor, on quitting these pomps, embarks in his vessel fortified against every trial, while another, coming into port, directs his steps to the illuminated dome of the church; thus religion and peril were continually present, and their images manifested themselves inseparably to my mind. Scarcely was I born when I heard of death: that evening a man with a bell in his hand walked from street to street, calling upon Christians to offer up their prayers for one of their deceased brethren. Almost every year vessels were lost in my very sight; and, as I played on the shore, the sea dashed at my feet the dead bodies of men who had died far from their homes. Madame de Chateaubriand said to me, as the holy Monica said

to her son : *Nihil longe est a Deo*, Nothing is far from God. My education had been confided to Providence, and it did not fail to furnish me with lessons.

Dedicated to the Virgin, I knew and loved my protectress, whom I confounded with my guardian angel. Her image which had cost my good Villeneuve half a *sou*, was attached with four pins to the head of my bed. I ought to have lived in those days when they were wont to say to the Virgin : *Doulce Dame du Ciel et de la terre, Mère de pitié, fontaine de tous biens, qui portastes Jésus-Christ en vos preticulaz flancz, belle très doulce Dame je vous mercye et vous pryé.*

The first thing which I learned by heart was a Mariner's Song, commencing thus :

“ Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours ;
Servez-moi de défense,
Prenez soin de mes jours ;
Et quand ma dernière heure
Viendra finir mon sort,
Obtenez que je meure
De la plus sainte mort.”

I have since heard these lines sung during a shipwreck. I repeat them to this very day with as much delight as I do the verses of Homer ; a Madonna encircled with a gothic crown, veiled in a robe of blue silk, with a silver fringe, inspires me with more devotion than a Virgin of Raphael.

This peaceful star of the ocean might have calmed the troubles of my life ; but I was destined to be agitated even in my infancy, like the date-tree of the Arab ; scarcely had the tender blade sprung out of the rock, than it was beaten down by the winds.

La Vallée-aux-Loups, June, 1812.

GESRIL—HERVINE MAGON—FIGHT WITH TWO SAILOR BOYS.

I HAVE already said that my premature revolt against the *bonnes* who ruled Lucile, was the commencement of my disgrace; it was completed by one of my companions.

My uncle, M. de Chateaubriand du Plessis, who, like his brother, was settled at St Malo, had, like him, four daughters and two sons. My two cousins, Pierre and Armand, at first constituted all my society, but Pierre was appointed page to the Queen, and Armand, being destined for the ecclesiastical state, was sent to college. Pierre, on quitting the Queen's service, entered the navy, and was drowned on the coast of Africa. Armand, after having been shut up for many years at college, left France in 1790, served throughout the whole of the emigration, undauntedly made five voyages in a sloop to the coast of Bretagne, and afterwards died for his King on the plains of Grenelle, on Good Friday, 1810. I have already mentioned this, and shall again have occasion to revert to it when recounting his untimely fate.*

Being thus deprived of the society of my two cousins, I endeavoured to fill up the void by a new acquaintance.

A gentleman named Gesril, lived on the second floor of the hotel which we inhabited; he had one son and two daughters. The education of this son was diametrically opposite to mine. He was a thoroughly spoiled child, and everything that he did was thought charming. His great delight was fighting, and especially exciting quarrels, of which he constituted himself umpire. He was constantly playing

* Armand left an only son, named Frederic, whom I first placed in the service of Monsieur, and who afterwards entered a regiment of Cuirassiers. He was married at Nancy to Mademoiselle de Gastaldi, by whom he had two sons; he has now retired from service. The eldest sister of my cousin Armand has for many years been the superior of the Convent of La Trappe. (Note of 1831. Geneva.)

pranks upon the *bonnes* when they walked out with the children; the main subject of their gossip was his frolics which they magnified into deadly crimes. His father merely laughed at these pranks, and Joson Gesril was not a whit the less beloved. He soon became my most intimate friend, and exercised unbounded sway over me. I made great progress under such a master, although my character was entirely opposite to his. I was fond of solitary sports, and never sought a quarrel with any one, whereas Gesril was mad after pleasure and clamour, and childish squabbles were the joy of his heart. If any of the young *polissons* came up to speak to me, Gesril would exclaim, "Do you permit that?" At these words, I thought my honour compromised, and I would fly at the head of the audacious intruder. Age or height was nothing to me. My friend would look on and applaud my courage, but he never came to my assistance. Sometimes, he would raise an army of all the young idlers whom we met, and then, dividing his conscripts into two bands, we commenced a regular skirmish with volleys of stones on the beach.

Another game invented by Gesril was of a more dangerous nature. When the sea ran high, and there was a storm, the waves lashed the foundations of the ancient château, rushed upon the shore, and dashed even as high as the large towers. About twenty feet above the elevation of the base of these towers was a parapet of granite, straight, slippery, and sloping, which communicated with the ravelin that defended the moat: the point to be accomplished was to seize the instant between the two waves, and clear the perilous slope before the wave could break and cover the tower. Behold a mountain of water, rapidly advancing with a roaring voice,—if you delay one single moment, the monster will either engulf you, or dash you against the wall! Not one of us ever refused this hazardous feat, but I have seen many a boy turn pale before he attempted it.

This penchant of Gesril to thrust others into dangerous adventures, while he remained an idle spectator, induced the impression that he did not, on the whole, display a very generous character. It was he, nevertheless, who, on a very

small scale, has perhaps outdone the heroism of Regulus, Rome and Titus Livius alone were wanting to complete his glory. In after life he became a naval officer, and was taken prisoner at the engagement of Quiberon. The action was finished, and the English continued to cannonade the republican army; Gesril threw himself into the sea, swam up to the vessel, told the English to cease their fire, and announced to them the misfortune and capitulation of the emigrants. The English wished to save him, and, throwing out a rope, conjured him to lay hold of it, and come on board: "I am a prisoner on parole," cried he from the bosom of the waves, and swam back to the shore. He was shot with Sombreuil and his companions.

Gesril was my first friend: we were both ill understood in our childhood; we were bound together by an instinct, the value of which we learned at a future day.

Two adventures put a stop to this first part of my history, and produced a complete change in the system of my education.

One Sunday we were on the shore, at the portcullis of the gate of St. Thomas, and along the Sillon; huge piles, rammed into the sand, protected the walls against the sea. We used to climb to the top of these piles, and watch the first undulations of the coming tide, as they passed beneath us. We had taken our places as usual, and several little girls had joined us. I was seated nearly at the outer extremity, having before me a pretty little girl, Hervine Magon, who laughed with joy, and wept with fear. Gesril was seated on the land-side of these piles. The wave approached, and there was a good deal of wind; the *bonnes* and other servants cried out, "Come down, Miss!" "Come down, Sir!" Gesril, however, waited for a huge wave; and, as soon as it had rushed beneath the piles, he gave the child that was seated just before him a good push; she, of course, fell forward upon the next, and that one again upon her neighbour, and thus the whole file fell forward, as if moved by machinery. Each was upheld by the one in advance, except the little girl at the extremity of the line. I fell forward upon her; and not having any one to support

her, she, of course, fell down: the tide carried her away; shrieks resounded on every side; and the nurses, tucking up their gowns, rushed into the water, and each seizing her charge, gave it a slap. Hervine was fished up again, and declared it was François who had thrown her down. The *bonnes* fell upon me, but I made my escape; and, rushing home, with an army of women at my heels, barricaded myself in the cellar. Happily my father and mother were not within. Villeneuve valiantly defended the door, and heartily cuffed the *avant guard* of the enemy. The real author of all this mischief, Gesril, at last brought me succour: he rushed up stairs to his own apartment, and with his two sisters threw down pitchers-full of water and boiled potatoes upon the heads of the assailants: they raised the siege with the approach of night; but the story spread like wildfire through the city; and the Chevalier de Chateaubriand, aged nine years, passed for an atrocious man,—a remnant of those pirates, of whom the Holy Aaron had purged his rocky island.

And now for another adventure. I was going with Gesril to St. Servan, a suburb of St. Malo, from which it is divided by the trading port. In order to get there when the tide was out, we had to clear the little streams of water by passing over narrow bridges of flat stones, which were covered at high tide. The servants who accompanied us had remained a long way behind. At the extremity of one of these bridges, we saw two sailor-boys coming towards us. Gesril cried out, "What, shall we suffer these young scoundrels to pass us?" And then, calling to them, exclaimed, "Get into the water, you ducks." The said ducks, however, having the quality of sailors, and not understanding his raillery, continued to advance. Gesril drew back: we placed ourselves at the end of the bridge, and began pelting them with stones. They threw themselves upon us, compelled us to take to our heels, and furnishing themselves with pebbles, they continued pelting us till we fell back upon our reserve corps; that is to say, our nursery-maids. I was not, indeed, like Horatius, struck in the eye; but one of the stones hit my left ear so forcibly, that it was half cut off, and hung down upon my shoulder.

I thought not of my misfortune, but of the reception which I should meet with at home. If my friend got a black eye, a torn jacket, or a bruised shin, in his adventures, he was pitied, caressed, and fondled, and supplied with new clothes; but, as for me, when I was in a similar plight, I was severely scolded and punished. The wound which I had received was dangerous; but I was so excessively frightened, that La France, with all her entreaty, could not prevail upon me to return home. I went up stairs, and took shelter in my friend's apartments. Gesril bound up my head with a napkin, but this napkin again set him off. It looked to him like a mitre, and he accordingly transformed me into a bishop, and made me sing high mass with him and his sisters till supper-time. The pontiff was then compelled to go down; but, oh! how did my heart beat! My father, surprised at my disordered look, and the blood upon my face, said not a word; but my mother uttered a shriek. La France related my piteous tale, in which she contrived so completely to exculpate me, that I happily escaped all punishment. My ear was dressed, and Monsieur and Madame de Chateaubriand resolved to separate me from Gesril as soon as possible.*

I do not recollect whether it was this year that Count d'Artois came to St. Malo; on which occasion a naval engagement was given in his honour. I saw the young Prince standing on the bastion of the powder-mill, while I was among the crowd on the sea-shore. What unknown destinies were involved in his splendour, and in my obscurity! If my memory does not mislead me, St. Malo has been visited by only two of the kings of France, Charles IX. and Charles X.

Such is the picture of my early childhood. I know not whether the severe education which I received be good in principle, but it was adopted by my relations without design, and

* I have already spoken of Gesril in my Works. One of his sisters, Angélique Gesril de la Trochardais, wrote to me in 1818, requesting me to obtain permission that the name of Gesril might be added to that of her husband and of her sister's husband. I failed in my negotiations.— (Note of 1831, Geneva.)

in consequence of their natural temperament. So much, however, is certain, that it made my ideas less similar to those of other men ; and it is yet more certain, that it imparted to all my feelings a tone of melancholy, arising from the habit of continual suffering at an age of weakness, thoughtlessness, and joy.

Is it asked whether this mode of bringing me up, led me to detest the authors of my existence ? By no means ; the remembrance of their rigour is almost agreeable to me ; I esteem and honour their noble qualities. On the death of my father, my comrades in the regiment of Navarre were witnesses of my grief. To my mother I owe all the consolations of my life, because from her I received my religious impressions ; I cherished the truths which fell from her lips with the devotion with which Pierre de Langres studied at dead of night, in a solitary church, by the light of a lamp, which burned before the sacred altar. Would my mind have been better developed, had I been forced to study at an earlier age ? I doubt it ; the waves, the winds, and the solitude, which were my first teachers, were in harmony with my natural disposition. Perhaps I owe to these rude instructors some virtues of which I should otherwise have been devoid. The truth is, that no system of education is in itself preferable to another. Do children love their parents better in these days when they address them with familiarity, and no longer tremble before them ? Gesril was indulged in the paternal home, whereas I was continually scolded : yet we both grew up men of honour, tender and respectful sons. The things which you set down as evil, may call out the talents of your child ; and those which in your eyes seem good, may stifle those very talents. God does well whatever He does : it is Providence which directs us, when it destines us to act a part on the great theatre of the world.

Dieppe, September 1812.

NOTE FROM M. PASQUIER—DIEPPE—CHANGE IN MY EDUCATION—
SPRING IN BRETAGNE—HISTORICAL FOREST—PELAGIAN CHAM-
PAIGNS—SETTING OF THE MOON AT SEA.

ON the 4th of Sept. 1812, I received the following note from M. Pasquier, Prefect of Police :—

“ Cabinet of the Prefect.

“ The Prefect of Police invites M. de Chateaubriand to take the trouble of coming to his bureau, either to-day at four o'clock in the afternoon, or to-morrow at nine o'clock in the morning.”

The purport of this note was, that the Prefect of Police desired to communicate to me an order to quit Paris.

I accordingly retired to Dieppe, the ancient name of which was Bertheville; but afterwards, about four hundred years ago, it was called Dieppe, from the English word “ deep ” (water). In 1788, I had been in garrison here with the second battalion of my regiment. A residence in this city, with its clean and well-lighted streets, its brick houses, and shops filled with ivory, carried me back to the days of my youth. When I walked abroad, I encountered the ruins of the Château d'Arques, with its thousand associations; nor could I forget that Dieppe was the cradle of Duquesne. When I returned home to my lodging, I had before me the wide-spread ocean: from the table at which I was seated, I contemplated the sea which had greeted me at my birth, and which washed the shores of Great Britain, where I have so long lived in exile. My eyes wandered over the waves which had carried me to America, rejected me in Europe, and then taken me back to the shores of Africa and Asia. All hail to thee, O Ocean, my cradle and my image! I will tell thee the remainder of my story. If I speak falsely, thy waves, intermingled with my whole career, will accuse me of imposture to the men who are yet to come.

My mother never relinquished her cherished desire that I should receive a classical education. The navy, for which

I was destined, might not, after all, she said, suit my taste; and it appeared desirable to her, that, under all circumstances, I should be fitted for another career. Her piety led her to wish that I should decide for the Church: she therefore proposed that I should be sent to college, where I might learn mathematics, drawing, the English Language, and military exercises. She did not venture to speak of Greek or Latin, for fear of alarming my father; but resolved that I should commence secretly, and, when I had made some progress, to proceed openly. My father agreed to her proposal; and it was determined that I should enter the College of Dol. Preference was given to this city, because it lay on the road from St. Malo to Combourg.

During the very severe winter which preceded my scholastic seclusion, a fire broke out in the hotel where we resided. I was saved by my eldest sister, who carried me through the midst of the flames. M. de Chateaubriand retired to his château, desired his wife to come to him; but he could not join her till the spring.

The spring in Bretagne is more genial than in the environs of Paris, and the blossoms are more than three weeks in advance. The five birds which announce the coming spring—the swallow, the lark, the cuckoo, the quail and the nightingale arrived with the breakers which sought shelter in the gulphs of the Armoricaîne Peninsula. The ground was clad with daisies, pansies, jonquils, narcissus', hyacinths, ranunculus', anemonies, like the wild spots which surround St. John of Lateran, and the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome. The glades were diversified with the blended tints of tall and elegant firs, intermingled with the flowers of the broom and the furze, so brilliant that they might have been mistaken for gold-winged butterflies. The hedges, which abounded with wild strawberries, raspberries and sweet smelling violets, were decked with the hawthorn, honeysuckle and briar, whose dark and entwining stems were covered with blossoms and magnificent foliage. Bees, birds and butterflies animated every place; and the numerous birds' nests arrested the steps of children at every turn. Here and there, in some sheltered spot, the

laurel-rose and the myrtle flourished in the open air as in Greece; the fig-tree yielded its fruit as in Provence, and every apple-tree, with its carmine flowers, resembled the bouquet of a village bride.

In the twelfth century, the cantons of Fougères, Rennes, Bécherel, Dinan, St. Malo and Dol were occupied by the forest of Bréchéliant; it had been the battle-field of the Franks and of the people of the Dommonée. Wace relates that "the savage, the fountain of Berenton and the golden basin," might be seen here. An historical document of the fifteenth century—"Usemens et coutumes de la forêt de Brécilien," confirms the Romance of Rou: it states that "it is large and of vast extent; has four castles, a great number of beautiful ponds, fine hunting tracts, where no noxious beasts are found, nor flies molest the traveller; two hundred forests, and as many springs, especially the fountain of Belenton, by the side of which the Chevalier Pontus commenced his campaigns."

To this day the country preserves the traits of its origin; intersected by wooded trenches, it presents from afar the appearance of a forest, and reminds one of England. It is the abode of fairies, and you will learn by and bye that I actually encountered a sylph there. The narrow valleys are watered by little rivers, which are not navigable, and separated by heaths and lofty forests of holly and vines. Along the coast rise a succession of light-houses, watch-towers, dolmens, Roman buildings, ruins of castles of the Middle Ages, and belfreys of the times of the Renaissance: the whole is bounded by the sea. Pliny says of Bretagne:—"Péninsule spectatrice de l'océan."

Between the ocean and the land, extend the Pelagian Cham-paigns, the indecisive frontiers of the two elements. Here the field lark and the lark of the ocean fly side by side, the plough and the boat are a stone's throw from each other, furrowing the land and the water. The navigator and the shepherd mutually interchange their language, the sailor speaks of the "vagues moutonnant," and the shepherd of the "flottes de moutons." The divers coloured sands, the variegated banks of marine shells, the sea-weed, the fringes of silver foam mark the golden or verdant outline of the wavy corn. I know not

in what island of the Mediterranean I have seen a bas-relief representing the Nereides attaching festoons to the hem of the garment of Ceres.

But the object of the greatest admiration in Bretagne is the moon rising on the land and setting in the sea.

Constituted by God, arbitress of the deep, the moon has her wanes, her vapours, her rays, her eclipses, like the sun; but, unlike him, she retires not solitary—a *cortège* of brilliant stars accompanies her to her rest. In proportion as, on my native shores, she gradually descends the sky, she increases its silence, which she communicates to the sea; soon she sinks to the horizon, intersects it, shows only the half of her countenance overcome by sleep, she gently inclines, and then disappears in the soft swelling of the waves. The starry retinue of this queen, before plunging to follow her, seem to stop suspended on the crested waves to wish their last good night. The moon has no sooner sunk to rest, than a stiff breeze springs up and effaces the image of the constellations, as the lamps of the festal hall are extinguished when the queen of the feast has withdrawn her shining presence.

DEPARTURE FOR COMBOURG—DESCRIPTION OF THE CHATEAU.

I was to accompany my sisters to Combourg, and we commenced our journey thither in the early part of May. We, that is to say, my mother, my four sisters and I, left St. Malo at sunrise, in a huge old-fashioned coach, with double gilt pannels and projecting steps and purple tassels pendent from the four corners of the roof. We were drawn by eight horses, decked, like the mules in Spain, with bells at their necks, and bridles caparisoned with trappings and fringes of divers coloured wools. My mother sighed, and my sisters kept chattering till they were out of breath. As for me, I sat and listened with both my ears, and had my eyes wide open, full of astonishment at every turn of the road. It was the first step of the Wandering Jew, which could never afterwards be

arrested. Yet, if man merely changes his place of abode, his days and his heart change also.

We rested our horses at a small fishing village on the shores of Cancale. We then traversed the marshes and the aguish city of Dol, passed the gates of the college which I was soon to enter, and then struck into the interior of the country.

For four long hours, we saw nothing but heaths fringed with wood, stunted furze, patches of miserable short black corn, presenting a wretched prospect for the future. Colliers were leading trains of puny horses, with long shaggy manes; peasants, clad in goat skins and wearing lanky hair, were urging on their lean kine with shrill cries, and following a heavy plough, such as is used by the foresters. At length, we descried a valley in the distance, at the bottom of which rose the spire of a church of a country town, close to a little pond; the battlements of a feudal château towered proudly amid the trees of a forest, lighted up by the setting sun.

While penning these lines, I was obliged to pause. My heart beat as if it would push back the table at which I was writing. The souvenirs which were suddenly awakened in my memory, completely overcame me by their force and multitude. Yet, after all, what are they to the rest of the world?

Descending the hill, we forded a river; and, after having followed the main road for a quarter of an hour, we suddenly quitted the direct line, and the carriage turned off at right angles into a most beautiful avenue of elm-trees, the tops of which formed an arch above our heads. I remember even now the moment when I entered this sombre shade, and the mixture of joy and terror which I experienced.

Issuing from the obscurity of the wood, we crossed a fore-court planted with nut-trees, adjoining the house and garden of the steward. Thence we proceeded by a beaten road to a verdant lawn, called "La cour verte." To the right, was a long row of stables and a clump of chestnuts; and to the left, was another cluster of these noble trees. At the further extremity of the lawn, the ground gradually ascended, and the château rose between two groups of trees. The stern and melancholy façade presented a curtain with a narrow covered

denticulated gallery. This curtain united two towers, unlike in age, material, height and size. The towers were surmounted by pinnacles, above which rose a pointed roof, like a cap placed upon a gothic crown.

A grated window appeared here and there upon the naked wall. A large flight of steps, straight and steep, twenty-two in number, without rails or balustrades, replaced the ancient drawbridge over the moat which had been filled up; it led to the portal of the château, in the middle of the curtain. Above this portal were the arms of the Lords of Combourg, and the loop-holes from which the chains and rests of the drawbridge formerly issued.

The carriage stopped at the foot of the grand staircase. My father came down to receive us. The meeting with his family so softened his feelings for the moment, that he welcomed us with a smiling countenance. We ascended the perron, and entered a vestibule, with a vaulted roof; and from this vestibule we went into a small inner hall.

This hall led into the building which faced the south and looked out upon the pond, and was joined by two little towers. The whole château had the appearance of a chariot on four wheels. We then entered, on the same floor, into a large hall, formerly called "Salle des Gardes." A window was open at each extremity, and two others intersected the lateral line. In order to enlarge these four windows, it had been necessary to excavate the walls, which were from eight to ten feet thick. Two corridors, with inclined planes, like the corridor of the great Pyramid, divided the two outer angles of the hall, and led to the two little towers. A winding staircase in one of these towers maintained the communication between the "Salle des Gardes" and the upper story. Such was the construction of our dwelling.

The body of the façade of the high and the wide tower, which commanded the north on the side of the "cour verte," was composed of a square, dark kind of dormitory, which was used as a kitchen. This abutted upon the vestibule, the perron, and the chapel. Above these apartments was the Hall of the Archives, or, as it was indifferently called, the

hall of armour, of birds, or of chevaliers, from the ceiling being decorated with coloured shields and painted birds. The embrasures of the narrow trefoil windows were so deep, that they formed little chambers, around which ran a granite seat. Added to this, there were, in different parts of the building, passages, secret stairs, dark cells, dungeons, a labyrinth of open and covered galleries, and secret vaults, the ramifications of which were unknown; silence, darkness, and a stony front, everywhere appeared. Such was the Castle of Combourg.

Supper was served in the "Salle des Gardes." I partook of it without constraint, and thus terminated the first happy day of my life. True happiness costs but little; that which is dearly bought is not genuine.

I was scarcely awake the next morning, when I arose to explore the precincts of the castle, and to celebrate my arrival at this solitude. The flight of steps faced the north-west, and, when seated on its diazome, I had before me the "cour verte," and beyond it a kitchen-garden lying between two woods; the one to the right, the quincunx by which we had entered, which was called "Le petit Mail;" the other to the left "Le grand Mail." This was a forest of oaks, beeches, sycamores, elm, and chestnut trees. Madame de Sevigny boasted, in her day, of the splendid foliage of these ancient trees; since that time, one hundred and forty years have added to their beauty.

On the opposite side, to the south and east, the landscape was quite different; the windows of the great hall looked out upon the houses of Combourg, on a pond, the causeway, over which the main road of Rennes passed, a water-mill, a meadow, covered with flocks and herds, and separated from the pond by the main road. On the border of this meadow lay a scattered hamlet, which was dependant upon a Priory founded in 1149, by Rivallon, Lord of Combourg, and where his statue, in a recumbent posture, and clad in his knight's armour, was still to be seen. Beyond this pond, the ground gradually rose, and formed an amphitheatre of trees, studded with the cottages of the villagers and castles of the nobility.

At the extremity of the horizon, to the west and south, the heights of Béchères might be discerned. A terrace bordered with large, closely-clipped box trees, surrounded the foot of the château on this side, passed behind the stables, and continued, with an opening here and there, as far as the "Jardin des Bains," which communicated with the "grand Mail."

But, after all this long description, if an artist were to take out his pencil, could he produce a sketch at all resembling this château? I believe not, and yet my memory presents every object as vividly as though I still beheld it. Such, in all natural things, is the impotency of language and the power of recollection! In beginning to speak of Combours, I sing the first couplets of a plaint which has charms for none but myself. Ask the shepherd of the Tyrol why he delights in those three or four notes which he repeats over and over again to his flocks—those mountain-notes wafted from echo to echo till they resound from the banks of a torrent to the opposite shore?

My first stay at Combours was of short duration. A fortnight had scarcely elapsed when I beheld the arrival of the Abbé Porcher, Principal of the College of Dol; I was committed to his care, and followed him in spite of my tears.

Revised in June, 1846.

Dieppe, September, 1812.

COLLEGE OF DOL—MATHEMATICS AND LANGUAGE—TRAITS OF
MEMORY.

I was not altogether a stranger to Dol; my father was Prebend, as descendant and representative of the house of William de Chateaubriand, Lord de Beaufort who, in 1529, founded one of the first stalls in the choir of the cathedral. The Bishop of Dol, M. de Hercé, was a friend of my family, a prelate of great moderation in politics, and who, together with his brother, the Abbé d'Hercé, was shot while on his knees, with the crucifix in his hand, at Quiberon, the field of the martyrs.

On my arrival at college, I was committed to the special care of the Abbé Leprince, Professor of Rhetoric, and a profound geometrician; he was a man of much genius, a great admirer of the arts, and a tolerable proficient in portrait-painting; his countenance was fine and expressive. He undertook to make me learn my "Bezout," and the Abbé Egault, third Professor, became my Latin master. I studied mathematics in my chamber, and Latin in the common hall.

It required some time for a bird of my species to become accustomed to the cage of a college, and to regulate my flight by the sound of a bell. I could not have those ready friends which fortune gains, for nothing could be got by associating with a *polisson* like me, who had not even a weekly allowance, and I certainly could not enrol myself among a *clientèle*, for I always hated patrons. In play, I did not pretend to lead any one, but I never suffered myself to be led by others. I was fit neither for a tyrant nor a slave, and I remain so to this very day.

However, it was not long before I became the centre of a party, and, in after life, I exercised the same influence in my regiment; simple sub-lieutenant as I was, the veteran officers passed their evenings with me, and preferred my apartment to the café. I know not whence this arose; it might probably be owing to the ease with which I entered into the minds and feelings of others, and understood their manners. I loved shooting and hunting, as much as reading and writing; it is indifferent to me even now, whether I speak of the most common things, or discuss the most elevated subjects. Almost insensible to genius, nay feeling almost an antipathy towards it; it is well for me that I have not actually become a brute. No fault was offensive in my sight save mockery and conceit, and I could scarcely refrain from punishing the offender; I found that others always had some superiority over me, and if, by accident, I felt that I was their superior, I was quite embarrassed.

Those talents which had lain dormant during my early education were awakened at college; I had a remarkable aptitude for study, and was gifted with an extraordinary memory. I made rapid progress in mathematics, in which I manifested

a clearness of perception that astonished the Abbé Leprince. At the same time, I evinced a decided taste for languages. The rudiments, those torments of the school-boy, were learned by me without difficulty; I awaited the hour for my Latin lesson with a kind of impatience, as a recreation from cyphering and geometrical figures. In less than a twelvemonth, I was high in the fifth form, and singularly enough, my Latin phraseology so naturally resolved itself in pentametre, that the Abbé Egault called me "Elegiac," a name which I believe I always retained among my companions.

With respect to my memory, I will mention two traits. I learned by heart my tables of logarithms, that is to say, a number being given in geometrical proportion, I had to find its solution by memory in arithmetical proportion, and *vice versa*.

After evening prayer, the principal generally delivered a lecture at the College Chapel, of which one of the boys, selected at random, was obliged to give an account. We often came back tired from play, and during prayers were half dead with sleep; we threw ourselves upon the forms, each seeking to hide himself in some dark place, in order to escape notice, and consequently interrogation. There was a particular confessional which was a constant bone of contention, as being a sure retreat. One evening I was so fortunate as to gain this desired haven, and thought myself quite secure from the observation of the principal. Unhappily, he perceived my manoeuvre, and determined to make an example of me. He read prosily and deliberately the second part of a sermon; every one fell asleep; I know not how it was, but I happened to remain awake in my snug confessional. The Principal, who could see only the tips of my toes, thought that I was nodding like the rest, and all on a sudden apostrophized me, and demanded what he had been reading?

This second part of this sermon contained an enumeration of the different ways of sinning against God. I was not only able to repeat the subject matter, but I took up the divisions in their order, and repeated almost word for word, several pages of mystic prose, utterly beyond the comprehension of

a schoolboy. A murmur of applause ran through the chapel; the principal called me up, and giving me a gentle tap upon the cheek, permitted me, by way of reward, to lie in bed next morning till breakfast time! I modestly shunned the admiration of my companions, but did not fail to take advantage of the grace awarded to me.

This verbal memory, which I have not altogether retained, called forth in me another kind of memory, more remarkable, and which I may hereafter have occasion to mention.

One thing humbles me: memory is often the quality of folly: it is generally possessed by sluggish minds, which it renders yet more dull by the lumber with which it incumbers them. Yet, nevertheless, what should we be without memory? We should forget our friendships, our loves, our pleasures, our business; genius could not store up its ideas; the most affectionate heart would lose its tenderness, if memory were gone; our existence would be reduced to the successive moments of a present which would roll heedlessly away; there would no longer be a past. Miserable that we are! So vain is life, it is naught but the reflex of our memory.

Dieppe, October, 1812.

VACATIONS AT COMBOURG—LIFE AT A CHATEAU IN A PROVINCE—
FEUDAL MANNERS—INHABITANTS OF COMBOURG.

I used to pass my vacations at Combourg. Life in a château in the environs of Paris, can afford no idea of that in a château in a distant province. The domains of Combourg were nothing more than some open heaths, a few mills, and a couple of forests, Bourgouët and Tanoërn, in a country where wood was almost valueless. Combourg, however, was rich in feudal privileges: these were of divers sorts: some determined certain ground rents for certain concessions, or decreed the usages which originated under the ancient political state of

things. The rest appear to have arisen from games, or pastimes.

My father had revived some of the latter privileges for the purpose of avoiding prescription. When all the family were assembled, we took part in these gothic amusements: the three principal of which were the "Saut de Poissonniers," "La Quintaine," and a fair called "L'Angevine." The peasants, in their wooden shoes, men of a France which no longer exists, looked on, as spectators, upon the games of a France which no longer exist. There were prizes for the conqueror, and fines for the vanquished.

"La Quintaine" kept up the tradition of the Tournays; and undoubtedly had reference to the ancient military service of the fiefs. It is extremely well described in Du Cange (*voce Quintana*). The fines were obliged to be paid in ancient copper coins, to the value of two *moutons d'or à la couronne de 25 sols parisis* each.

The fair called "L'Angevine," was annually held in the meadow with the pond, on the 4th of September, the anniversary of my birth. The vassals were obliged to take arms and come to the château to hoist their Lord's banner; from thence they repaired to the fair to keep order, and to enforce the payment of a mulct due to the Lords of Combourg for every head of cattle: a species of regal law. At these times, my father kept open table, and dancing was continued for three days; the gentry in the Grand Hall, to the scraping of a violin, and the peasantry on the lawn, to the squeaking of a bagpipe. Singing, huzzaing, and firing arquebusses were the order of the day. These noises were mingled with the lowing of the cattle at the fair; the buzz of the crowd that moved backwards and forwards in the gardens and woods: thus once in the year, at any rate, something like joy was seen at Combourg.

Hence I was so singularly placed in life, as to have been present at the "La Quintaine," and at the proclamation of the rights of man; to have seen the Burgher Militia of a village of Bretagne and the National Guard of France; the banners of the Lords of Combourg, and the standard of the

Revolution. I am, as it were, the last witness of these feudal manners.

The visitors who were received at the château, were composed of the inhabitants of the borough and the noblesse of the district. These good people were my first friends. Our vanity assigns too much importance to the part which we play in the world. The burgher of Paris laughs at the burgher of a little town. The Court noble scorns the noble of a province; the man of renown disdains the man who is without fame, forgetting that time will do equal justice to their pretensions, and, that all are equally ridiculous or indifferent in the eyes of the generation which succeeds them.

The chief inhabitant of the place was a M. Potelet, an old Captain of an East Indiaman, who repeated over and over again some long and wondrous tales of Pondicherry. As he was relating them, with his elbows resting upon the table, my father always seemed inclined to throw his plate in the face of the prolix narrator. The next personage was a great tobacco merchant, M. Launay de La Billardière, the father of a family, which, like that of Jacob, consisted of twelve children, nine daughters and three sons, the youngest of whom, David was my playfellow.* This good man resolved to be a noble in 1789; he chose his time well! In this house there was much forced joy and heavy debt. The Seneschal, Gébert, the fiscal procurator, Petit, the receiver Corvaisier, and the chaplain, the Abbé Charmel, constituted the society of Combourg. Not even at Athens have I met more celebrated personages!

M. de Petit-Bois, M. de Château-d'Assie, M. de Tinteniac, and one or two other gentlemen used to come on Sundays to hear mass, at the Parish Church, and afterwards to dine with the Lord of the Manor. We were very intimate with the family of Trémaudan, which consisted of the husband and his extremely pretty wife, a natural sister and several children. They lived at a farm, whose only indication of nobility was a pigeon-house! The Trémaudans are still living. Wiser and

* I have again met my friend, David. I will afterwards relate how and when. (Note at Geneva, 1832).

happier than I, they have not lost sight of the towers of the Castle which I quitted thirty years since. They do now what they did when I used to go and eat brown bread at their table. They have not left the port which I shall never more enter. Perhaps they may be speaking of me, at the very moment that I am writing this page. I reproach myself for drawing their name from that obscurity which is their safeguard. They doubted for a long time, whether the man of whom they had heard so much was the "Petit Chevalier." The rector or curate of Combourg, also the Abbé Sévin, the same whom I used to hear holding forth every Sunday, manifested the like credulity, and could not persuade himself that the "polisson," the companion of peasant boys, could be the defender of religion. In the end, however, he believed it, and even quoted me in his sermons, after having dandled me upon his knee. These worthy people, who so naturally present themselves to my mind, who saw me such as I was in my infancy and youth, would they know me now, after all the changes which time has made? I should be obliged to tell them my name, before they would press me in their arms.

I bring misfortune to my friends. A gamekeeper, called Raulx, who was attached to me, was killed by a poacher. This murder made an extraordinary impression on me. How strange a mystery is the sacrifice of human life! Why is it that it is the greatest crime and the greatest glory, to shed the blood of man? My imagination pictures to me my faithful Raulx holding his intestines in his hands, and dragging himself along to a little cottage where he died. I conceived the idea of vengeance, and resolved to punish the assassin. In this respect, I am singularly constituted. At first, I scarcely feel an offence; but it fastens itself upon my memory; the remembrance of it, instead of decreasing, augments with time. It sleeps in my heart for months, for years, perhaps, but it suddenly re-awakens at some trivial circumstances with renewed force, and my wound bleeds more severely than when it was first inflicted. But if I do not forgive my enemies, at all events, I never harm them. I am rancorous, but not vindictive. If I have the power to revenge myself, I lose the

desire; I should not be dangerous except in misfortune. Those who thought to make me succumb by depressing me, deceived themselves. Adversity is for me what the earth was for Antæa. I re-gather strength in the bosom of my mother. If happiness had ever taken me from her arms, it would have stifled me.

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Dieppe, Oct. 1812.

SECOND VACATION AT COMBOURG—THE CONTI REGIMENT—CAMP AT ST. MALO—AN ABBEY—THE THEATRE—MARRIAGE OF MY TWO ELDER SISTERS—RETURN TO COLLEGE—COMMENCEMENT OF A REVOLUTION IN MY MIND.

I RETURNED to Dol, much to my regret. The following year the project of a descent upon Guernsey was entertained, and a considerable force encamped in the neighbourhood of St. Malo. Troops were quartered at Combourg. M. de Chateaubriand, from a sense of courtesy, offered an asylum, in his house, to the Colonels of the regiments of Touraine and Conti; one of these was the Duke de St Simon, the other the Marquis de Causans.* Every day twenty of the officers were invited to dine at my father's table. The jocularities of these strangers annoyed me. The walks which they took in the neighbourhood disturbed the peace of my favourite woods. The sight of the Marquis d'Wignacourt galloping under the trees, first suggested to my fancy images of travelling.

When I heard our guests talk of Paris and of the Court, I felt oppressed with a strange sadness. I began to form conjectures as to what society might be. These were distant and confused, and left me bewildered and disturbed. Like one who surveys the earth from some lofty tower, whose summit seems to touch the clouds, is seized with dizziness, so

* Since the Revolution, I have had the sincere pleasure of again meeting with this gallant officer, distinguished for his loyalty and Christian virtues. (Note at Geneva, 1831.)

did I feel while glancing at the world from the tranquil regions of youthful innocence.

One thing, however, charmed me; this was the parade. Every day the regiment mounted guard, and defiled at the foot of the flight of steps in the "Cour Verte," to the sound of the drum and other military music. The Marquis de Causans offered to show me the camp from the coast, to which my father gave his consent.

M. de Morandais, a man of good family, who had been reduced, by loss of fortune, to undertake the management of the Combourg estates, accordingly took charge of me to St. Malo. He wore a coat of green camlet, with a small silver collar round the throat, and a cap of grey felt, with a peak in front, was drawn over his ears. He placed me behind him, on the croup of his mare, Isabella. I held by the belt, which he wore over his coat, and to which his hunting-knife was attached. I was enchanted. When Claude de Bullion, and the father of the President de Lamoignon went, as children, into the country, "they were placed in baskets, suspended on either side of an ass, and as Lamoignon was lighter than his companion, a loaf of bread was placed in his pannier to preserve the balance."*

M. de Morandais took a cross-road, and cheerily did we make our way through wood and river, till we came to an Abbey belonging to the Benedictines. As the number of monks who inhabited it had greatly decreased, they had just been removed to a head-community of their order, and we found only the Father Procurator, who was left in charge of the disposal of the furniture, and the removal of the fuel. He, however, provided us with an excellent dinner of its kind: it was served up in the room which had been the library of the Prior, and we regaled ourselves with an abundance of fresh eggs, and pike and carp of an enormous size. Beyond the arch of a cloister, I perceived some large sycamores, bordering a piece of water: the woodman's axe struck the venerable trees at the root, their leafy summits trembled in the air, and they fell,

* Memoirs of the President de Lamoignon.

as if to afford us a spectacle. Some carpenters from St. Malo squared the fallen trunks, and hewed off the green branches, which fell to the earth like the flowing locks clipped from the head of a youthful novice. My heart bled at the sight of these despoiled forests, and of that deserted monastery. The general sacking of religious establishments, which has since taken place, reminded me of the spoliation of this Abbey,—to me the prognostic of a melancholy future.

On my arrival at St. Malo, I found the Marquis de Causans. Under his care I passed through the divisions of the camp. The tents, the piles of arms, the noble war-chargers, formed a fine *ensemble* with the sea, the vessels, the fortifications, and the distant spires of the city. I saw one of those men, the last of an era, the Duke de Lauzun, pass by at full gallop on a Barbary steed. The Prince of Carignon, who had just arrived at the camp, had married the daughter of M. de Boisgarin, who was rather lame, but a very charming person. This event caused a great sensation at the time, and gave rise to a law suit, which is still carried on by the elder M. de Lacretelle. But what has all this to do with my life! "In proportion," says Montaigne, "as the memory of my friends furnished them with circumstantial facts, they digressed so much, that if their narrations were of any worth, it was completely neutralized, and if otherwise, woe to their good memory and bad judgment! I have known the most entertaining topics rendered perfectly tedious by the manner in which they were related by some man of quality." I fear I somewhat resemble this man of quality.

My brother, who was at St. Malo when M. de la Moran-dais brought me thither, said to me one evening, "I will take you to the theatre, get your hat." I was out of my wits for joy, and scarcely knew what I did. I ran straight to the basement to fetch my hat, which was up in the garret. A company of strolling players had just landed. I had seen puppet-shows, and imagined that at the theatre the polichinellos must be very superior to those in the streets.

With a palpitating heart, I arrived at a wooden building, in a deserted part of the town. I entered one of the dark pas-

sages, but not without a slight feeling of timidity. A small door was opened, and I suddenly found myself with my brother, in a box which was already half filled.

The curtain was raised, and the piece had just commenced. They were acting *Le Père de la Famille*. I saw two men walking about the theatre, talking to each other, with everybody's eyes fixed upon them. I took them for the managers of the puppet-show, who chatted before the lodge of Madame Gignogne, waiting the arrival of the audience. I was only astonished that they should talk so loud of their own matters, and that they should be listened to with such profound silence. My amazement increased, when I saw other persons come on the stage, and begin gesticulating and weeping; and then I saw that everybody began to weep, as if by contagion. The curtain fell, without my having the slightest conception what all this meant. My brother went to the green-room between the pieces; and, when I was left alone among strangers, which, owing to my timid disposition, was a real torment to me, I heartily wished myself buried at college. Such was the first impression which I received of the art of Sophocles and of Molière.

The third year of my residence at Dol was marked by the marriage of my two elder sisters. Marianne married the Count de Marigny, and Benigne to the Count de Québriac. They accompanied their husbands to Fougères; a signal, as it were, for the dispersion of our family, the members of which were so soon to separate. My sisters both received the nuptial benediction at Combourg, the same day, at the same hour, at the same altar, in the chapel belonging to the castle. They wept, and so did my mother. I was much surprised at their grief; but I now understand it. I am never present at a baptism or a marriage, without a smile of sadness, or experiencing a feeling of oppression at my heart. Next to the misfortune of having been born, I can imagine none greater than that of giving birth to another.

This same year a change took place in my mind, as well as in my family. Chance threw into my hands two books of a very opposite tendency; the one, an unrevised Horace; the

other, a History of "*Confessions mal faites.*" The revolution caused in my ideas by these two books is indescribable. A new world opened before me. On the one hand, I suspected mysteries, incomprehensible at my age; an existence different from my own; pleasures beyond my boyish games, and charms of an unknown nature in a sex, of which I had known only a mother and sisters: on the other hand, spectres dragging chains, and vomiting forth fire, announced to me eternal torments for a single unconfessed sin. I could not sleep. I fancied I saw black and white hands passing across my curtains. I pictured to myself that the latter were cursed by religion; and this idea increased my horror of those infernal spectres. I sought in vain, in heaven and in hell, for the explanation of this twofold mystery. Attacked at once, morally and physically, my innocence still strove with the storms of premature passion, and the terrors of superstition.

Henceforth, I experienced that youthful ardour which is the transmission of life. I could explain the fourth book of the *Æneid*, and read Telemachus: suddenly I discovered, in Dido and in Eucharis, beauties which enchanted me, and became sensible to the harmony of those exquisite verses, and of that ancient prose. I one day translated the "*Æneadam genitrix, hominum divumque voluptas*" of Lucretius, at sight, with so much animation, that M. Egault suddenly snatched the book from my hands, and plunged me into the rudiments of Greek. I procured a Tibullus by stealth. When I arrived at the "*Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem*" those sentiments seemed to reveal to me my own nature. The volumes of Massillon, which contained the sermons on the Magdalen and the Prodigal Son, I read unceasingly. I was permitted to turn over those leaves, for it was little suspected what interested me there. I stole the little ends of the wax-tapers from the chapel, in order to read at night those seductive descriptions of the disorders of the soul. I fell asleep muttering incoherent phrases, in which I tried to infuse the sweetness, the numbers, and the grace of that writer, who has best rendered into prose the euphony of Racine.

If I have succeeded in painting with some truth the conflict

of Christian convictions with the disorders of the heart, I am persuaded that I owe this success to the chance which made me acquainted, at the same moment, with two opposing empires. The ravages which a bad book produced in my imagination found their corrective in the terrors inspired by another book, and which spoke the more forcibly from the softness excited by undisguised representations.

Dieppe, end of October, 1812.

ADVENTURE WITH A MAGPIE'S NEST—THIRD VACATION AT COMBOURG
—THE QUACK—RETURN TO COLLEGE.

That which is said of misfortunes, that they never come singly, may be equally applied to the passions—they arrive together, like the Muses or the Furies. With the sentiment which had begun to torment me, a feeling of horror arose within me—an elevation of soul which keeps the heart incorruptible in the midst of corruption—a corrective principle, springing up by the side of a devouring impulse, as the inexhaustible source of those prodigies which love demands of youth, and of those sacrifices which it imposes.

The students of the college always took walks on Thursdays and Sundays, when the weather was fine. We were often conducted to Mount Dol, on the summit of which were some Gallic-Roman ruins. From this isolated hill, the eye wandered over the sea and the wide marshes, where, during the night, danced those will-o'-the-wisps—kindred spirits of those magic lights which now burn in our lamps. Another favourite walk was to the meadows which surrounded the seminary of Eudistes, so called from Eudes, a brother of the historian Mézerai, and the founder of their congregation.

One morning in the month of May, the Abbé Egault, Prefect for the week, had conducted us to this seminary. We were allowed great liberty at play, but were expressly forbidden

to climb the trees. The Prefect, after having brought us to a grassy spot, quitted us, to repeat his breviary.

The road was lined with elms ; at the very summit of the tallest of these trees, a magpie's nest caught our eye ; we were in ecstasies, pointing out to each other the mother sitting upon her eggs, and were seized with an overwhelming desire to obtain possession of this splendid prize. But who would dare to risk the adventure ? The orders were so peremptory, the Prefect so near, the tree so high ! All hopes were centred in me. I could climb like a cat. I hesitated, but the love of glory prevailed. I took off my jacket, and, clasping the elm, commenced the ascent. The trunk was without branches until about two-thirds of its height, from which issued a forked branch. On one of the points rested the nest.

My comrades assembled beneath the tree applauded my efforts, looking alternately at me and in the direction whence the Abbé might surprise us. Fluttering with joy at the hope of obtaining the eggs, and trembling with fear at the possibility of punishment, I approached the nest, the magpie took flight, I seized the eggs, put them into my bosom, and descended. Unfortunately, I attempted to slide down, my feet slipped round the elm, and I lost my footing. The tree being lopped, I could not rest my feet either on the right side or on the left, in order to raise myself and catch hold of the upper branch : and there I stuck fifty feet in the air.

All at once, there was a cry of " the Prefect !—the Prefect !" and, as is usually the case, I saw myself faithlessly abandoned by my friends. One alone, named Le Gobbien, endeavoured to assist me, but he was soon obliged to give up his generous attempt. There was but one means of escaping from my vexatious position, which was that of suspending myself backwards by catching, with my hands, one of the forks of the branch, and then endeavouring to seize with my feet the trunk of the tree below the bifurcation. This manœuvre I executed at the peril of my life. In the midst of my distress, I did not cast away my treasure ; it would however have been wiser to have thrown it away than many others that I have since flung from me. In descending the trunk I skinned my hands, scratched

my legs and breast, and broke the eggs; it was this that betrayed me. The Prefect had not seen me on the elm; I could have concealed from him that my hands were bleeding, but there was no possibility of hiding the bright golden colour with which I was besmeared. "Come along, Sir," exclaimed he, "you must be caned."

Had he announced to me, that he would commute this punishment into a sentence of death, I should have felt a sensation of joy. I had never experienced such an ignominy throughout my wild education. At any period of my life, I should have preferred any punishment to the horror of being put to the blush before a fellow mortal. My breast heaved with indignation. I replied to the Abbé, in the tone of a man and not of a child, "that neither he nor any other person should ever dare to raise his hand against me." This answer provoked him; he called me a rebel, and promised to make an example of me. "We shall see," I replied, and began to play at ball with a *sang-froid* which confounded him.

We returned to the college; the Abbé made me enter his apartment, and ordered me to submit. My lofty bearing gave place to a torrent of tears. I represented to the Abbé that he had taught me Latin; that I was his pupil, his disciple, his child; that surely he could not dishonour his child, and render the sight of my companions insupportable to me; that he might put me in prison and feed me upon bread and water, deprive me of recreation, load me with "*pensums*;" that I should be grateful for his clemency, and love him all the better. I fell at his feet, clasped my hands, and besought him, in the name of Jesus-Christ, to spare me; but he was inexorable to my prayers and entreaties. I rose in a rage, and gave him such a violent kick on his shins, that he uttered a cry and ran limping to the door, which he double-locked and returned. I intrenched myself behind his bed. He struck at me with his ferula across it. I wrapped the quilt around me, and animating myself to the combat, cried out:

"*Macte animo, generose puer!*"

This piece of boyish erudition made my opponent laugh in

spite of himself. He proposed an armistice : we concluded a treaty : I agreed to submit to the arbitration of the Principal. Without acquitting me altogether, the Principal made no difficulty in excusing me from the punishment which I held in such utter abhorrence. When the worthy priest pronounced my acquittal, I kissed the sleeve of his robe with so much fervour, and poured forth such heartfelt effusions of gratitude, that the good man could not help giving me his benediction. Thus terminated my first combat in defence of that honour which had become the idol of my life, and to which I have so often sacrificed repose, pleasure, and fortune.

The vacations, during which I entered my twelfth year, were very *triste*. The Abbé Leprince accompanied me to Combourg. I never went out except with my preceptor : and we took long walks together without aim or object. He was dying of consumption, and was silent and melancholy : and, as for me, I was scarcely more gay than he was. We would walk for whole hours behind one another without speaking a word. One day we lost our way in the wood. M. Leprince turned to me and said :

“ Which road must we take ? ” I replied, without hesitation, “ The sun is setting ; at this time it always shines on the window of the great tower ; let us go in that direction. ” In the evening, M. Leprince related this incident to my father, who saw the future traveller in this evidence of intelligence. Often, when I have seen the sun set in the forests of America, I have called to mind the woods of Combourg ; my recollections echo each other.

The Abbé Leprince wished my father to give me a horse ; but, in his opinion, it was not necessary that a naval officer should understand the management of anything except his ship. I was reduced to ride one of the large carriage-horses, an immense piebald. This piebald was not, like that of Turenne, one of that species named by the Romans “ *Desultorios equos*, ” and trained to aid their master ; but a mad Pegasus, who was quite unmanageable at a trot, and almost broke my legs when I obliged him to leap the ditches. I have never cared much for horses, although I have led the life of

a Tartar ; and, in opposition to the effect which my education, in this respect, might naturally have been expected to produce, I sit on horseback with more grace than security.

The tertian ague, of which I had contracted the germs in the marshes of Dol, relieved me of the company of M. Leprince. A man who sold "infallible remedies" was passing through the village. My father, who had no opinion of physicians, had great faith in charlatans. He sent in search of the quack, who declared he could cure me in four-and-twenty hours. Next morning he returned, dressed in a green coat, laced with gold, a large powdered wig, wide, dirty muslin ruffles, false diamond rings, old black satin breeches, bluish-white silk stockings, and shoes with enormous buckles.

He drew back the curtains of my bed, felt my pulse, told me to put out my tongue, uttered some gibberish, with an Italian accent, on the necessity of drugging me, and then made me swallow a piece of sugared stuff. This met with my father's approval, for he stoutly maintained that all maladies proceeded from indigestion, and that every description of physical suffering might be driven away by clearing a man of everything except his blood.

Half an hour after I had swallowed the drug, I was seized with the most alarming vomitings. M. de Chateaubriand, on being informed of this, was ready to throw the poor devil out of the turret-window. The quack, in his terror, threw off his coat, tucked up his shirt sleeves, and made the most ridiculous gesticulations. At every movement, his wig turned round in every direction ; he re-echoed my cries, and exclaimed : "*Che ? Monseu Lavandier.*" This M. Lavandier was the village apothecary, who had been called in to render assistance. In the midst of my agonies, I knew not whether I should die from the drugs of the charlatan, or the fits of laughter into which his absurdities threw me.

The effects of this violent emetic were happily arrested, and I was again set upon my legs.

Life is spent in hovering round our tomb. Our various sicknesses are but the winds which carry us more or less near to the haven. The first death which I witnessed was that of a

canon of St. Malo. He lay expiring on his bed, his countenance distorted by the last convulsions. Death is our friend, nevertheless we do not recognise it as such, because it presents itself to us under a mask, and that mask inspires us with terror.

I was sent back to college at the close of autumn.

Vallée-aux-Loups, December, 1813.

INVASION OF FRANCE—GAMES—THE ABBE CHATEAUBRIAND.

From Dieppe, where the injunctions of the police had compelled me to take refuge, I was permitted to return to the Vallée-aux-Loups, from which place I now continue my narrative.

The ground trembles beneath the tread of the foreign soldier, who is at this moment invading my native country. Like the last of the Romans, I am writing amid the noise of invading barbarians. By day I trace pages* as agitated as the events of that day; and at night, when the sound of the distant cannon has died away in the woods, I return to the silence of those years which sleep in the tomb, to the peace of my youthful souvenirs. How circumscribed and brief is the past of our existence, compared with the vastness of the present, and the importance of the future!

Mathematics, Greek, and Latin occupied me at college the whole of the winter. The time that was not consecrated to study, was devoted to those games of early life, which are the same in all countries. The young Englishman, the young German, the young Italian, the young Spaniard, the young American, the young Bedouin,—alike trundle the hoop and throw the ball. All brothers of one large family, children do not lose their traits of resemblance till they lose their innocence, and this rule obtains everywhere. However, diver-

* Bonaparte and the Bourbons. (Note at Genoa, 1831.)

sities arise in nations, because the passions are modified by climate, government, and manners, the members of the human race cease to understand each other and to speak the same language : society is the true tower of Babel.

One morning I formed one of a party that was playing at prisoners base with very much animation in the great court of the College, when a message was brought that I was wanted. I immediately followed the servant to the outer gate. I here found a tall, florid man, of brusque and impatient manner, and a gruff voice, with a stick in his hand. He wore a black, untidy wig, a cassock torn and tucked in at the pockets, dusty shoes, and stockings out at heel : "Young polisson," said he, "are you not the Chevalier de Chateaubriand de Combourg ?"

"Yes, Sir," replied I, perfectly astonished at his interrogation.

"And I," exclaimed he, much excited, "I am the last senior of your family, I am the Abbé de Chateaubriand de la Guérande ; look at me well." The haughty Abbé thrust his hand into the pocket of his ancient shag breeches, took out a dirty crown piece of six francs, wrapped in a greasy piece of paper, flung it at my head, and continued his journey on foot, grunting his matins, with a ferocious mien. I afterwards learned that the Prince de Condé had offered this rustic vicar the preceptorate of the Duke de Bourbon : The arrogant priest replied, that the "Prince, possessor of the Barony of Chateaubriand, ought to know that the heirs of that Barony might have preceptors, but were not the preceptors of any person." This hauteur is a family failing. In my father it was perfectly odious ; my brother carried it to a ridiculous extreme, and his eldest son is somewhat tainted with it. I am not sure, whether, in spite of my republican opinions, I myself am altogether exempt from it. However, I most studiously conceal it.

MY FIRST COMMUNION—DEPARTURE FROM THE COLLEGE OF DOL.

THE period of my first communion approached—the moment when it was customary for the family to decide what should be the future career of the child. This religious ceremony superseded, among young Christians, the taking of the viril robe among the Romans. Madame de Chateaubriand came to be present at the first communion of her son, who, after having dedicated himself to God, was to be separated from his mother.

My piety appeared to be sincere; I edified the whole college; my views were ardent; my repeated fasts were carried to such an extent, that they frequently gave my preceptors uneasiness. It was feared that I should carry my devotion to extremes; but my fervour was tempered by enlightened religion.

My confessor was the Superior of the Seminary of the Eudistes, a man of about fifty years of age, of an extremely stern aspect: whenever I presented myself at the tribunal of penitence, he interrogated me with great anxiety. Surprised at the trivial nature of my faults, he knew not how to reconcile my distress with the insignificance of the secrets which I deposited in his bosom. As Easter approached more nearly, his questions became more urgent. "Do you conceal nothing from me?" exclaimed he. "No, my Father." "Have you not committed such or such a fault?" "No, my Father." My invariable reply was "No, my Father." He dismissed me sighing and doubting, his look scrutinizing the very depths of my soul; and, as for me, I quitted his presence, pale and harassed, as if I had been a criminal.

I was to receive absolution on Holy Wednesday. I passed the night of Tuesday in prayer and in reading, with terror, the book called *Confessions mal faites*. On Wednesday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we set out for the seminary,

accompanied by our parents. All the vain *éclat* which has since been attached to my name, could not inspire Madame de Chateaubriand with half the pride which she felt at that moment, when, as a Christian and a mother, she saw her son about to participate in the great mystery of religion.

On my arrival at the church, I prostrated myself before the high altar, where I long remained as if annihilated. When I rose to go to the sacristy, where the Superior was waiting for me, my knees shook under me. I threw myself at the feet of the priest, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to articulate my *confiteor*. "Well," exclaimed the minister of Jesus Christ, "have you not forgotten anything?" I was mute. His questions re-commenced, and the fatal "No, my father," issued from my mouth. He drew back, and asked counsel of Him, who conferred upon His Apostles the power of remitting and retaining sin. Then, making an effort, he prepared to give me absolution.

If a thunderbolt had fallen upon me, I could not have been more terrified; and I cried out, "I have not told you all!" This keen-sighted judge, this delegate of the Sovereign Arbitrer, whose visage inspired me with such fear, suddenly became the most tender pastor; he embraced me, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Come, then, my dear son, take courage, and tell me all!"

I never passed such a moment in all my life. If the weight of a mountain had been taken from me, I could not have felt more relieved. I sobbed for joy. I venture to say that on this day I was made an honest man. I felt that I never could survive remorse; what then must be the feelings of that man who has been guilty of crime, if I suffered so severely for childish frailty! And how divine is that religion which can thus master our best affection! What moral precepts can ever supply these Christian institutions?

The first avowal made, all the rest cost me nothing; and my secret delinquencies, at which the world would have laughed, were weighed in the balance of religion. The Superior was greatly embarrassed: he wished to defer my communion, but I was about to quit college, and to enter the navy.

With extreme sagacity, he discerned in my youthful tendencies, insignificant as they were, the bent of my inclinations. He was the first to penetrate the secret of what I should hereafter become. He divined my future passions: he did not conceal the good that he saw in me; but he, at the same time, pointed out the bad qualities with which I should have to contend. "There is," he concluded, "no time for you to do penance; but you are washed from your sins by a courageous, though tardy avowal." Then, raising his hand, he pronounced the formula of absolution. And now this second time his arm of thunder descended on my head like the dews of heaven. I inclined my head to receive it: I seemed to share the joy of angels. I ran and threw myself on the bosom of my mother, who was waiting for me on the steps of the altar. I no longer appeared the same to my masters or my schoolfellows. I walked with a light step, raised head and joyous countenance, in all the triumphs of repentance.

On the following day, Holy Thursday, I was admitted to that touching and sublime ceremony, which I have in vain attempted to portray in my "*Génie du Christianisme*." Here again I might have found my wonted petty humiliations. My bouquet and my dress were less handsome than those of my companions; but on this day all was to God and for God. I perfectly realized faith: the real presence of the Victim in the Holy Sacrament of the altar, was as sensible to me, as the presence of my mother at my side. When the Host was placed upon my lips, I felt as if enlightened within. I trembled with awe, and the only material thing which occupied my mind, was the fear of profaning the sacred wafer.

"Le pain que je vous propose
Sert aux anges d'aliment,
Dieu lui même le compose
De la fleur de son froment."—RACINE.

At this moment, I understood the courage of the martyrs, and could have confessed Christ on the scaffold, or in the midst of lions.

I love to recall this happiness, which briefly preceded in my soul the tribulations of the world. Compare its joys with the transport which I have depicted; see the same heart experience in the space of two or three years all that is lovely and salutary in innocence and religion, and all that is seductive and melancholy in passion; choose between these two joys; you will see on which side you must seek for happiness, and, above all, for repose.

Three weeks after my first communion, I quitted the College of Dol. Even now I retain a pleasant recollection of that institution. Childhood itself lends a charm to the places which it has embellished, as a flower imparts its perfume to the objects which it has touched. I linger yet, in thought, on the dispersion of my first comrades, and of my first preceptors. The Abbé Leprince, who was appointed to a benefice near Rouen, died soon after. The Abbé Egault obtained a cure in the diocese of Rennes; and I witnessed the death of the excellent Principal, Abbé Porcher, at the beginning of the Revolution. He was a learned man, gentle and simple-hearted. The memory of this obscure Rollin will always be cherished and venerated by me.

Vallée-aux-Loups, close of December, 1813.

COMBOURG—COLLEGE OF RENNES—MEETING WITH GESRIL—MOREAU,
LIMOELAN—MARRIAGE OF MY THIRD SISTER.

At Combourg, I found that which nourished my piety—a mission, in which I followed up my religious duties. I received confirmation on the *perron* of the castle, with the peasant boys and girls, at the hand of the Bishop of St. Malo. After this, a crucifix was erected, and I assisted in holding it, while it was being fixed on its base. It still exists: it rises before the tower in which my father died. For thirty years it has not seen a human face at the window of that tower. It is no longer saluted by the children of the château; every spring it

waits for them in vain : it sees only the returning nightingale, companion of my childish days, more faithful to its nest than man to his home. Happy, if my life had glided away at the foot of this crucifix, if my hair had been blanched by the days which clothed with verdant moss this venerated crucifix !

I soon set out for Rennes ; there I was to continue my studies, and finish my mathematical course for the purpose of subsequently undergoing an examination in order to become a naval cadet at Brest.

M. de Fayolle was Principal of the College of Rennes. This "Tuilly" of Bretagne boasted of three distinguished professors, the Abbé de Chateaugiron for the second ; the Abbé Germé for rhetoric ; the Abbé Marchand for philosophy. There was a great number of students, both boarders and day scholars, and the classes were full. In later times, Geoffroy and Ginguéné of this college would have done honour to St. Barbe and Plessis. The Chevalier de Parny had also studied at Rennes ; I occupied his bed in the chamber that was assigned to me.

Rennes seemed to me a complete Babylon, and the College a world. The number of masters and scholars, the extent of the buildings, gardens, and court-yards appeared to me boundless ; gradually, however, I got accustomed to all. On the birthday of the Principal, we always had a holiday, and sang with all our might some splendid verses of our own composition in his praise, or we used to say :

" O Terpsichore ! O Polymnie !
Venez, venez remplir nos vœux ;
La raison même vous convie !"

I acquired the same ascendancy over my new comrades, which I had formerly had over my schoolfellows at Dol ; but it cost me a good many blows. The youngsters of Bretagne have a very peevish temper. Hence we used constantly to send each other a challenge on walking days, appointing a meeting in the woods of the Benedictine gardens, called the Tabor ; we fastened our mathematical compasses to the end of a stick, or we engaged in single combat—more or less

rude or courteous, according to the nature of the challenge. Umpires were appointed who decided which should throw the gage, and in what manner the champions should take the lead. The combat did not cease till one of the parties declared himself vanquished. I found my friend Gesril at this college, and, as at St. Malo, he presided at these engagements. He was my second in an affair which I had with St. Riveul, a young gentleman, who became the first victim of the revolution. I fell under my adversary, refused to surrender, and my pride cost me dear. I said like Jean Desmarest when going to the scaffold: "I cry for mercy to none but God."

At this college I met two men, who afterwards became celebrated for very different causes: Moreau, the General, and Limoëlan, the inventor of the Infernal Machine, now a Priest in America. There is only one portrait in existence of Lucile, and this wretched miniature was done by Limoëlan, who became an artist during the revolutionary distresses. Moreau was a day scholar, Limoëlan a boarder. It is rare to find at the same time, in the same province, in the same little town, under the roof of the same college such remarkable destinies.

I cannot help here relating a trick which my companion Limoëlan played off upon the Prefect of the week.

The Prefect was accustomed to make his rounds in the corridors, after we had retired, to see if all were right, and used to look in at a hole which had been made in each door for this purpose. Limoëlan, Gesril, St. Riveul and I slept in the same dormitory:

"D'animaux malfaisans c'était un fort bon plat."

We had in vain stopped up the hole with a piece of paper several times; the Prefect pushed aside the paper, and found us dancing about on our beds and breaking the chairs.

One evening, Limoëlan, without telling us of his project, prevailed upon us all to get into bed, and then put out the light. Very soon we heard him get up, go to the door, and then creep into bed again. About a quarter of an hour after, we heard the Prefect walking along the passage upon tiptoe;

just as if he had some cause for suspecting us ; he stood still at the door, listened, peeped in, and not perceiving any light * *.

“Who in the world has done that?” cried he, rushing into the chamber. Limoëlan was stifled with laughter, and Gesril speaking through his nose, said in a half silly and half bantering tone: “What’s the matter, M. le Prefet?” As for St. Riveul and me—we laughed till we were half choaked, and hid ourselves under the cover.

The Prefet could not get anything out of us ; we were quite heroic. All four were accordingly consigned to prison in the cellar ; here St. Riveul scooped out the earth under a door which communicated with the lower court ; he contrived to get his head jammed into this opening, when a hog ran up to him and attacked his head ; Gesril glided into the college wine-cellar, and set a cask of wine running. Limoëlan demolished a wall, and as for me, a second Perrin Dandin, scrambling about in an air-hole, I collected a crowd of *canaille* in the street by my eloquent harangues. The terrible inventor of the Infernal Machine playing off this *polisson* trick upon the Prefet of a college—calls to mind young Cromwell, scratching with ink the face of another regicide, who signed, next to him, the sentence for the execution of Charles I.

Although the education which we received at the College of Rennes was very religious, my fervour relaxed : the great number of my tutors and schoolfellows were so many causes of distraction to me. I made considerable progress in the study of languages, and was a proficient in mathematics, for which I had always had a decided turn. I should have made a capital officer of the marine, or of engineers. I had a natural aptitude for everything. I was equally alive to the grave and the gay. I commenced with poetry before I got into prose ; the arts were my delight, and I was passionately fond of music and architecture. Though very liable to get tired of anything, I was capable of the most minute details, being endowed with patience, which was proof against every obstacle ; though fatigued with the object with which I was occupied, my perseverance was greater than my repugnance. I have never given up anything which was worth the trouble of finishing, and there

are some things which I have persevered in for fifteen and twenty years of my life, with as much ardour on the last day as the on first.

This aptitude was also manifested in minor things. I was quick at chess, adroit at billiards, hunting, military exercises, and was a tolerable draughtsman. I should have been a very good singer if my voice had been cultivated. All this, added to the tone of my education, and the life of a soldier and traveller, prevented my feeling anything like pedantry, or of assuming the dogged, self-satisfied air, the awkwardness and slovenly habits of other men of letters; far less the haughtiness and assurance, envy and vain-glorious conceit of modern authors.

I passed two years at the College of Rennes: Gesril quitted it eighteen months before me, and entered the navy.

Julie, my third sister, was married in the course of this time. She was united to the Count de Farcy, Captain in the regiment of Condé, and settled with her husband at Fougères, where my two elder sisters, Mesdames de Marignay and de Québriac already resided. The marriage of Julie took place at Combourg, and I was present at the wedding. I there met the Countess de Tronjoli, who afterwards distinguished herself so greatly by her intrepidity upon the scaffold: she was the cousin and intimate friend of the Marquis de La Rouërie, and was implicated in his conspiracy. I had never before seen beauty, except in my own family, and was confounded now to perceive it in the countenance of a stranger. Every stage of my life opened a new perspective before me. I heard from afar the seducing voice of the passions, which were about to overcome me, and I flung myself at the foot of these syrens, attracted by an unknown harmony. It turned out that, like the chief priest of Eleusis, I had different incense for each divinity. But the hymns which I sang, while burning this incense, could they be called balmy, like the poesy of the hierophant?

La Vallée-aux-Loups, January, 1814.

I AM SENT TO BREST TO UNDERGO THE EXAMINATION FOR A NAVAL CADET—THE HARBOUR OF BREST—ANOTHER MEETING WITH GEBRIL—LA PEROUSE—RETURN TO COMBOURG.

AFTER the marriage of Julie, I set out for Brest. On quitting the large College of Rennes, I did not feel the regret which I experienced on leaving the little College of Dol. Perhaps I had no longer that innocence which flings a charm over all; time had begun to remove its defences. My Mentor, in my new position, was one of my maternal uncles, the Count Ravenel de Boisteilleul, chief of the squadron, one of whose sons, a very distinguished officer of artillery in the army of Buonaparte, is married to the only daughter of my sister Julie, the Countess de Farcy.

On my arrival at Brest, I did not find my "Brevet d'aspirant;" I know not what accident had delayed it. I was, therefore, what is called "Soupirant," and, as such, exempt from regular study. My uncle boarded me in La Rue de Siam, at a Table d'hôte of Aspirants, and presented me to Count Hector, the Commandant of the navy.

Left to myself for the first time, instead of joining my future comrades, I shut myself up in my instinctive solitude. My ordinary society was confined to my fencing, writing, and mathematical masters.

The ocean which I was to meet with on many shores, bathed at Brest the extremity of the Americaine Peninsula. Beyond this foreland, there was nothing but a boundless sea and unknown worlds. My imagination revelled in this illimitable space. Often, when seated on the Quay de Recouvrance, have I watched the movements of the crowd; ship-builders, sailors, soldiers, douaniers and galley-slaves, passing and repassing before me. Voyagers embarked and disembarked; pilots issued their directions; carpenters squared pieces of timber; rope-makers twisted cables; sailor-boys

lighted fires under huge coppers, whence issued a thick smoke of the sanitary odour of tar. Loads were being carried backwards and forwards, from the vessels to the warehouses, and from the warehouses to the vessels: bales of merchandise, sacks of provisions, trains of artillery. Carts were going into the water, or returning to receive fresh loads; tackles were raising heavy burdens, while the cranes were letting down huge stones, and the mud-suckers were removing the slough. The forts made reiterated signals, sloops went and came, and vessels were getting under weigh, or entering the basins.

My mind was full of vague ideas of society; its advantages and its evils. I know not what fit of melancholy seized me; I quitted the mast where I was seated, and, ascending by the Penfeld, which empties itself into the harbour, reached a point where I lost sight of the port. No longer able to see anything but a greensward valley, though still hearing the confused murmur of the sea, and the voices of men, I threw myself down on the banks of this little river. Now watching the running water, now following with my eyes the flight of the sea-gull, enjoying the silence that reigned around me, or listening to the blows of the caulker's hammer, I fell into a profound reverie. If in the midst of this reverie, the wind carried the sound of some gun of a vessel getting under sail, I trembled at every limb, and my cheeks were bedewed with tears.

One day I had wandered to the verge of the river on the sea-side. It was extremely hot, and I stretched myself on the shore and fell asleep. Suddenly, I was awakened by a magnificent sound. I opened my eyes, like Augustus, to see the Triremes in the anchorage of Sicily, after the victory over Pompus Sextus; volleys of artillery rapidly succeeded each other; the roadstead was covered with ships; the French squadron sailed in after the signature of the peace. The vessels manœuvred under sail, enveloped themselves in fire and smoke, hoisted their flags, presented the poop, the prow, the flank, and stopped short in the midst of their course by throwing out the anchor, or continued to fly over the buoyant

waves. Nothing ever before gave me such an exalted idea of the human mind; man seemed to borrow, at this moment, something of the greatness of Him who said to the sea, *Non procedes amplius*.

All Brest hurried to the shore. Sloops detached themselves from the fleet, and landed their crews at the Quay. The officers with whom they were crowded, and whose faces were bronzed by the sun, had that foreign air which is contracted in another hemisphere; the *je ne sais quoi* of gaiety, pride, and boldness of men who had returned from re-establishing the honour of the national flag. This naval corps so meritorious, so illustrious, these companions of the Lamothe-Piquets, the Suffrens, the Dukes De Couëdies, the Estaings, who had escaped from the fire of their enemies, were to fall beneath that of the French.

I saw this valorous troop defile before me: suddenly one of the officers quitted his companions, and rushed to embrace me. It was Gesril! He was much grown, but he looked weak and languid, from a sword-thrust which he had received in his breast. That same evening he quitted me, for the purpose of visiting his family. Since that time I have seen him only once, and this was shortly before his heroic death. I will afterwards relate the particulars. The sudden apparition and departure of Gesril made me adopt a resolution which changed the whole tenour of my life. It was decreed that this young man should have an absolute empire over my destiny.

It has been seen how my character was formed,—what was the turn of my ideas,—what the first attempts of my genius; for I must speak of it, as of an evil; for such has been this genius, rare or common, meriting or not meriting the name I have given it, for want of another word to express myself. Had I been more like other men, I should have been happier; and he who could have slain my talent, without robbing me of my mind, would have been my best friend.

When the Count de Boistelleul took me to Count Hector, I heard the officers, old and young, recount their adventures, and talk over the countries which they had traversed. One had arrived from India, another from America; this one had

come to equip himself for a voyage round the world; another was about to return to the Mediterranean, and visit the shores of Greece. My uncle pointed out to me, in the crowd, La Pérouse, that second Cook, whose death is a secret of the storms. I heard all, I saw all,—I spoke not a word; but that night I did not close an eye: my imagination revelled in battles, and in the discovery of unknown lands.

Be this as it may, seeing Gesril return to his parents, I resolved that nothing whatever should hinder me from rejoining mine. I should have liked the navy much, had not my spirit of independence unfitted me for service of every kind; for I had within me an invincible impossibility to obey. Travels tempted me excessively, but I thought I should not like them, unless I could go alone, and follow the bent of my own inclinations. In fine, giving the first proof of my inconstancy, without informing my uncle Ravenel, without writing to my parents, without asking permission of any one, without waiting for my brevet, I set out one fine morning for Combourg, where I arrived as unexpectedly as if I had dropped from the clouds.

I am astonished to this day, how, in spite of the terror with which my father inspired me, I could have the audacity to take such a step; and, more surprising than all was the manner in which I was received. I might have expected transports of rage, but I was welcomed with kindness. My father contented himself with shaking his head, as if to say, "Here's a fine affair." My mother embraced me cordially, but grumbled all the time; and my Lucile was in an ecstasy of joy.

Montboissier, July 1817.

THE PROMENADE—APPARITION OF COMBOURG.

FROM the last date of these Memoirs, Vallée-aux-Loups, January 1814, till that of this day, Montboissier, July 1817, three years and six months have passed. Have you heard the

Empire fall? No; nothing has disturbed the quietude of this region. The Empire is crushed, however: the immense ruin has fallen during my life, like Roman remains overturned in the bed of an unknown river. But great events signify little to him who does not depend upon them: a few years issuing from eternity will rectify all these rumours by an interminable silence

The preceding Book was written during the expiring tyranny of Bonaparte, and by the light of the last rays emitted by his glory; I begin the present Book in the reign of Louis XVIII. I have viewed kings closely, and my political illusions have been dissipated, like these agreeable chimeras of which I continue the recital. Let me say, first of all, why I resume my pen. The human heart is the sport of every thing, and one can never foresee what trifling circumstance may cause its joys or its griefs. Montaigne has remarked this: "A cause is not requisite," says he, "to agitate our minds: a reverie, without cause or subject, can govern and agitate them."

Meanwhile, here I am at Montboissier, on the confines of La Beauce and Perche. The château on this estate, the property of the Countess of Colbert-Montboissier—was sold and demolished during the Revolution; there remain only two pavilions, separated by a railing, and formerly occupied by the porter. The park, now à l'Anglaise, retains some traces of its ancient French regularity: straight walks, and copses inclosed by hedges, give it a sombre air; it pleases the eye like a ruin.

Yesterday evening I was walking alone: the sky was like one in autumn: a cold wind blew at intervals. I stopped at an opening in the wood, to look at the sun; it was sinking in the clouds, above the tower of Alluye; from whence Gabrielle, then its tenant, had also looked upon the setting sun, two hundred years ago. Where are now Henry and Gabrielle? Where I shall be when these Memoirs are published!

I was disturbed in these reflexions by the singing of a thrush from the highest branch of a birch-tree. This magic sound immediately recalled to memory my paternal home; I forgot all the horrors of which I had been the witness, and,

suddenly transported in imagination into the past, I again revisited those scenes where I had so often heard the same sweet song. Then, whilst listening to it, I had the feeling of melancholy which I experienced now ; but the former sentiment arose from that vague desire of happiness common to the inexperienced heart ; that which I now felt was caused by having proved and judged of the value of human life. The voice of the bird in the woods of Combourg, presented to my mind a vision of happiness which I hoped to attain ; the same voice in the park at Montboissier, recalled to memory the days lost in the pursuit of that unseizable happiness. I have no longer any thing to learn ; I have travelled faster than others, and have made the tour of life. Time flies and drags me onward ; I cannot even reckon on being able to finish these Memoirs. How often have I begun to write them, and where shall I finish them ? How many times shall I approach the entrance of the forest ? Let me profit by the short time which remains ; let me hasten to paint the days of my youth, whilst yet the prospect is distinct : as some navigator, in leaving for ever an enchanted region, writes his journal in view of that shore which fades from his sight, and will soon disappear.

COLLEGE OF DINAN—BROUSSAIS—I RETURN TO MY PARENTS' HOUSE.

I HAVE spoken of my return to Combourg, and how I was welcomed by my father, mother, and sister Lucile. It has not, perhaps, been forgotten that my other three sisters were married, and lived amongst their new connexions in the neighbourhood of Fougères. My brother, whose ambition already began to show itself, was much more in Paris than at Rennes. He had purchased the situation of Judge in the Court of Requests, but sold it again, in order to commence a military career, and entered a regiment of Horse-Guards. He then attached himself to an embassy, and went with the Count de la Luzerne to London, where he met André Chénier ; he was

on the point of being sent as Ambassador to Vienna, when our disturbances broke out; he then wished to go in the same capacity to Constantinople, but had a formidable rival in Mirabeau, to whom the post had been promised, as the reward of his return to the Court-party. My brother had but just left Combours, when I came to reside there.

My father, entirely occupied by his private affairs, no longer left home, not even during the meeting of the States. My mother spent six weeks at Easter, every year, at St. Malo; she looked forward anxiously to the time, for she detested Combours. Fully a month before the journey, it was spoken of as a rather hazardous affair; preparations were begun for its accomplishment, and the horses were put in training. On the evening before setting out, every one went to bed at seven o'clock, in order to be able to rise at two the next morning; and my mother, to her infinite satisfaction, was *en route* at three o'clock, and occupied the whole day in going twelve leagues.

Lucile, who had become a Canoness at Argentière, was soon to go from that place to Remiremont; meantime, she remained buried in the country.

As for me, after my escapade to Brest, I declared my willingness to enter the Church; the truth is, I only wanted to gain time, for I did not well know *what* I wished for. I was sent to College, at Dinan, to finish my Latin studies: I was better acquainted with Latin than my teacher, but I began the study of Hebrew. The Abbé de Rouillac was then Principal of the College, and the Abbé Duhamel was my tutor.

Dinan, surrounded by old trees and towers, is built in a picturesque situation, on a high hill, at the foot of which flows the Rance, on its way to the sea; it commands a fine view of sloping valleys, beautifully wooded. The mineral waters of Dinan are rather celebrated. This city is of historical celebrity, and was the birthplace of Duclos; amongst its antiquities, is shewn the heart of Du Guesclin: the heroic dust, disturbed during the Revolution, narrowly escaped being used by a painter, in mixing his colours; perhaps it would have been

employed in representing victories gained over the enemies of his country!

M. Broussais, my fellow-countryman, studied at Dinan with me. The students were sent to bathe every Thursday, just as Pope Adrian I. used to send the priests, or every Sunday, like the prisoners in the reign of the Emperor Honorius. One time, I thought of drowning myself; another time, M. Broussais was taken in by some of his imprudent acquaintances. Dinan is equally distant from Combourg and Plancouët. I went alternately to visit my uncle de Bedée, at Monchoix, and home to Combourg. M. de Chateaubriand thought it economical to keep me at home, and my mother wished very much that I should enter the ecclesiastical profession, but was unwilling to press me on the subject; they, therefore, no longer insisted upon my residing in the College, and, by degrees, I became settled under the paternal roof.

I should delight in recalling the remembrance of my parents, if it were only from affectionate respect; but I shall produce the painting the more willingly, as it will seem like a vignette to this manuscript of my middle-age: between this time, and that which I intend to describe, ages have elapsed.

Montboissier, July, 1817.

Looked over in December, 1846.

MANNER OF LIFE AT COMBOURG—DAYS AND EVENINGS.

ON my return from Brest, four masters (my father, my mother, my sister, and myself,) inhabited the Château of Combourg. A cook, a housemaid, two footmen, and a coachman, formed the domestic establishment; and a hound, and two old mares, were confined in a corner of the stable. These twelve living beings were quite lost in a place where there was ample room for a hundred knights, with their ladies, squires, and pages, and the steeds and hunting packs of King Dagobert.

During the whole of the year, no stranger came to the château, except two gentlemen, the Marquis of Monlouet, and the Count de Goyon-Beaufort, who requested our hospitality, on their way to Parliament. They came in winter, on horseback, with pistols at their saddle-bows, hangers by their sides, and followed by a valet, also on horseback, and having behind him a large portmanteau.

My father, who was always very ceremonious, went bare-headed to receive them at the door, in the midst of the wind and rain. The guests recounted their adventures during the wars in Hanover, their family affairs, and the history of their law-suit. At night they were conducted to the Northern tower, to the apartment of *Queen Christina*, a room of state furnished with a bed seven feet every way, with double curtains of green gauze and crimson silk, and supported by four gilt cupids. The next morning when I was going down to the parlour and looked through the windows at the country either flooded or covered with hoar-frost, I could see only two or three travellers on the solitary road by the fishpond; they were our guests riding along towards Rennes.

These strangers knew but little of the world, but still our view was extended by their means a few leagues beyond the horizon of our own woods. As soon as they were gone, we were reduced, on working-days, to a family *tête-à-tête*, and on Sundays, to the society of the people of the village and a few neighbouring gentlemen.

On Sunday, when the weather was fine, my mother, Lucile and I went to church across the little mall, along a country road; when it rained, we went through the abominable street of Combourg. We did not go, like the Abbé de Marolles, in a light chariot drawn by four white horses taken from the Turks in Hungary. My father only went to church once a year, at Easter, to receive the Sacrament; the rest of the time he attended Mass in the chapel of the château. Seated in our pew, we performed our devotions opposite to the black marble tomb of René de Rohan, contiguous to the altar; image of human honours! a few grains of incense before a coffin!

The dissipations of the Sunday concluded with the day; they did not even return regularly. During the severe weather, entire months passed without any human creature knocking at the gate of our fortress. If the solitude was oppressive on the heath around Combourg, it was still more so in the château; one felt on passing under its arches the same sensation as on entering the *Chartreuse* at Grenoble. When I visited the latter in 1805, I crossed a desert which seemed ever increasing. I supposed it would terminate at the monastery; but I was shown within the convent walls, the gardens of the *Chartreuse* still more desolate than the woods. At last, in the centre of the building, I found, enveloped in these solitudes, the burying-ground of the monks; a sanctuary from whence eternal silence, the divinity of the place, extends his power over the mountains and forests round about.

The sombre quietude of the Château of Combourg was augmented by the taciturn and unsociable disposition of my father. Instead of collecting his family and people about him, he had scattered them to the four winds throughout the building. His bedroom was in the little tower at the east, and his study in the little tower at the west. The furniture of this study consisted of three chairs covered with black leather, and a table covered with deeds and papers. A genealogical tree of the Chateaubriand family hung over the mantel-piece, and in the recess of a window were to be seen all sorts of arms, from a pistol to a blunderbuss. My mother's apartment was immediately above the great dining-hall, between the two little towers: it was inlaid and adorned with Venetian mirrors. My sister had a little room opening into my mother's. The housemaid's room was some distance off, in the wing with the large towers. As for me, I had nestled myself in a kind of little isolated cell, in a tower at the top of the staircase which led from the inner court to different parts of the château. At the foot of this staircase my father's valet and the other man-servant slept in a vaulted cellar; and the cook kept guard in the great tower to the west.

My father rose at four o'clock in the morning, winter and summer: he went into the inner court to awake his valet, at

the foot of the tower staircase. A cup of coffee was taken to him at five o'clock; he then occupied himself in his study till noon. My mother and sister both breakfasted in their own rooms at eight o'clock. I had no fixed hour, either for getting up or for breakfasting: I was understood to be studying till noon, but the greater part of the time I did nothing whatever.

At half-past eleven a bell was rung, and dinner was served at twelve. The great saloon was at once a dining-room and a drawing-room; for we dined and supped at its eastern extremity, and, after meals, we went to the western end, and sat round an enormous fire. This apartment was wainscotted, painted in grey, and adorned with old portraits from the reign of Francis I. to that of Louis XIV. Conspicuous amongst these portraits were those of Condé and Turenne; and a painting, representing Hector killed by Achilles under the walls of Troy, was hung over the fire-place.

Dinner over, we remained together till two o'clock; then, if it was summer, my father amused himself in fishing, visiting his kitchen-garden, and walking in the grounds of the château. In autumn and winter, he went out to hunt: and my mother retired to the chapel, where she spent some hours in prayer. This chapel was a solemn oratory, embellished by some good paintings of the great masters; such pictures as one could scarcely expect to find in a feudal castle in the heart of Bretagne. I have at present in my possession a Holy Family, by Albano, painted on copper, which was taken from this chapel; it is the only memorial I have of Combours.

My father being gone out, my mother gone to prayers, and Lucile shut up in her chamber, I either returned to my little cell, or went out and ran about the fields.

At eight o'clock, the bell rang for supper. After that was over, in fine weather, we sat at the door.

My father, armed with his gun, shot the owls as they flew out from the battlements at nightfall. My mother, Lucile and I, gazed at the sky, the woods, the last rays of the sun, and the first-appearing stars. At ten o'clock, we re-entered the house, and retired to rest.

The evenings in autumn and winter were quite different.

When supper was over, and the party of four had removed from the table to the chimney, my mother would throw herself, with a sigh, upon an old cotton-covered sofa, and near her was placed a little stand with a light. I sat down by the fire with Lucile; the servants removed the supper-things, and retired. My father then began to walk up and down, and never ceased until his bedtime. He wore a kind of white woollen gown, or rather cloak, such as I have never seen with any one else. His head, partly bald, was covered with a large white cap, which stood bolt upright. When, in the course of his walk, he got to a distance from the fire, the vast apartment was so ill lighted by a single candle, that he could be no longer seen; he could still be heard marching about in the dark, however, and presently returned slowly towards the light, and emerged by degrees from obscurity, looking like a spectre, with his white robe and cap, and his tall, thin figure. Lucile and I used to venture upon the exchange of a few words, in a low voice, when he was at the other end of the room; but were silent as soon as he again approached us. He would say to us in passing, "Of what were you speaking?" Seized with terror, we made no reply, and he continued his walk. During the remainder of the evening, no sound struck the ear but the measured noise of his steps, my mother's sighs, and the moaning of the wind.

When the castle clock struck ten, my father would stop; the same spring which touched the hammer of the clock seemed to have arrested his steps. He would draw out his watch, wind it up, take a great silver candlestick, surmounted by a long candle, go for a few moments into the little tower to the west, then return, candle in hand, and advance towards his sleeping-room in the little tower at the east. Lucile and I placed ourselves in his way, embraced him, and wished him good night. He bent down to us his withered and hollow cheek, without giving us any reply, continued his course, and retired into his tower, the doors of which we could hear shut upon him.

The charm was broken; my mother, my sister, and I, who had been transformed into statues by my father's presence,

now recovered the functions of life. The first effect of our disenchantment was manifested by an inundation of words ; if silence had oppressed us, we paid it in full.

When this torrent of words had flowed by, I summoned the maid, and accompanied my mother and sister to their apartments. Before I came away, I was obliged to look under all the beds, up the chimneys, behind the doors, and to examine the staircases, passages, and galleries, in the vicinity. The various traditions of the château, about thieves and spectres, were recalled to memory. The belief was pretty general, that a certain Count de Combourg, with a wooden leg, who had died about three centuries before, appeared at stated times, and had been met on the great staircase of the tower ; his wooden leg walked about also, sometimes in company with a black cat.

Montboissier, August, 1817.

MY PRISON.

These tales completely engaged the attention of my mother and sister whilst preparing for bed ; and they retired to rest, almost dying with fear. I went to my turret ; the cook retired to the great tower, and the servants went down to their subterranean abode.

The window of my room opened into the inner court ; by day, I had a view of the battlements of the opposite curtain, which was covered with spleen-wort, and afforded sustenance to a wild plum-tree. The martlets, which during the summer screeched and buried themselves in the holes of the walls, were my only companions. By night, I only saw a small portion of the sky, and a few stars. When the moon shone, I was warned of its decline towards the west by the direction of its rays, which then fell upon my bed through the lozenge panes of my window. The jackdaws, flying from one tower to another, as they passed and repassed between myself and the moon, threw the fleeting shadow of their wings upon my

curtains. Banished to the most remote corner at the entrance of the galleries, I did not lose the slightest murmur during the hours of darkness. Sometimes the wind appeared to course at a rapid pace ; sometimes it uttered melancholy wailings ; suddenly my door was violently shaken, and the vaults of the castle sent forth their howlings ; anon the noise gradually subsided, only to re-commence anew. At four o'clock, the voice of the master of the castle, calling his *valet-de-chambre* at the entrance to the cellars, sounded like the last phantom of the departing night. This voice served me as the substitute for that sweet harmony, by the sound of which the father of Montaigne awaked his son.

The obstinacy of Count Chateaubriand, in forcing a child to sleep alone at the summit of a tower, might have been attended with evil consequences ; but it turned out to my advantage. This violent manner of treating me left me the courage of a man, without taking from me that liveliness of imagination, of which people now attempt to deprive our youth. Instead of endeavouring to convince me that there were no ghosts, I was forced to brave them. When my father said to me, with an ironical smile, "Would *Monsieur le Chevalier* be afraid ?" it would have compelled me to lie down with a corpse. When my excellent mother said to me, "My son, nothing happens without the permission of God ; you have nothing to fear from evil spirits, as long as you are a good christian," I gained much greater confidence than I could have derived from all the arguments of philosophy. My success was so complete, that the night-winds, in my solitary tower, merely served as the sport of my caprices, and as wings to my dreams. My imagination once kindled, extended to everything around, but nowhere found sufficient aliment ; it could have devoured heaven and earth. Such is the moral condition, which I must now endeavour to describe. Plunging again into the days of my youth, I am about to try and recall myself from the past, to exhibit myself such as I was, such perhaps as I regret being no longer, in spite of the torments I then endured.

TRANSITION FROM YOUTH TO MANHOOD.

I had scarcely returned from Brest to Combours, when a revolution took place in my existence; the boy disappeared, and the man came into view, with his joys that flee away, and his vexations which remain.

At first, everything within me became passion, whilst awaiting the passions themselves. When, after a silent dinner, during which I had not dared either to speak or eat, the moment arrived when I could escape, my delight was incredible; it was impossible to go leisurely down the steps; I was eager to bound down at a leap. I was obliged to sit down on one of the steps to allow my agitation to subside; but I had no sooner gained the green lawn and the woods, than I began to run, leap, and bound, to skip and enjoy myself, till I fell down exhausted, panting, and intoxicated with exultation and freedom.

My father took me shooting with him. A taste for the chase seized upon me, and I carried it to excess; I still see before me the very field where I killed my first hare. In autumn, I have often remained four or five hours up to the middle in water, watching for wild ducks by the banks of a pond; even till this hour, I cannot remain free from excitement when a dog scents game. My first ardour for the chase developed a spirit of independence; and it was my custom to clear the ditches, to stride over the fields, to traverse marshes and brushwood—to be alone with my gun in a desert place—in solitude and power. In my excursions I often went on so far, that I could no longer walk, and the keepers were obliged to convey me home on a couch of branches woven together.

The pleasures of the chase, however, no longer sufficed: I was urged on by a desire of happiness, which I could neither regulate nor understand; my mind and my heart at length became like two empty temples without altars or sacrifice; and no one knew yet what God was to be adored. I grew up with my sister Lucile; our friendship constituted the whole of our lives.

LUCILE.

LUCILE was tall, and her beauty was remarkable, but grave. Her face was pale, and shaded by long black hair. She often fixed her eyes upon heaven, or whilst walking, cast around glances full of sadness or fire. Her gait, her voice, her smile, her physiognomy, gave the impression of a dreamy, suffering mind.

Lucile and I were mutually useless. When we spoke of the world, it was of the world within us—and which bore but a very small resemblance to the reality. She looked upon me as her protector, and I upon her as my friend. Gloomy thoughts often found access to her mind, which I found it difficult to drive away. At seventeen, she deplored the loss of her early years; she wished to bury herself in a cloister; everything became a source of anxiety, vexation, and pain; a mere expression which she sought, or a chimera which she had formed, tormented her for whole months. I have often seen her in a reverie, motionless, and apparently lifeless, with one arm flung over her head; withdrawn towards her heart, life exhibited no outward manifestation—and even her bosom ceased to heave. In her attitude, her melancholy, and her gracefulness, she resembled a funereal genius. In such cases, I endeavoured to console her, and a moment after I myself fell into the depths of inexplicable despair. Lucile, towards the evening, loved to indulge alone in some pious reading; the oratory of her predilection was the branching of two country roads, marked by a stone cross, and by a poplar, whose lofty stem shot up to heaven. My pious mother, charmed with her daughter, said that she reminded her of a Christian of the Primitive Church, performing her devotions at the station, called *Laura*.

This concentration of soul produced extraordinary effects in my sister's mind: whilst asleep, she had prophetic dreams; and when awake she appeared to read the future. On a landing place of the stairs of the great tower, there hung a clock, which beat time to silence. In her visionary moods, Lucile was accustomed to sit down on a step opposite to this

clock ; she looked at the dial by the light of her lamp placed on the ground. When the two hands came together at midnight, and by their formidable conjunction gave birth to the hour of disorder and crime, Lucile heard noises which revealed to her distant enormities. Being in Paris some days after the 10th of August, and residing with my other sisters in the neighbourhood of the Carmelite Convent, she cast her eyes upon a looking-glass, uttered a cry and said, "I have just seen death entering." In the wilds of Scotland, she would have been such a gifted woman as is described by Walter Scott—endowed with second sight ; in the fastnesses of Bretagne, she was only a female hermit, possessing beauty and genius, and afflicted by misfortune.

FIRST BREATH OF THE MUSE.

The life which was led by my sister and myself at Combourg promoted the advancement of our age and our characters. Our principal recreation consisted in walking, side by side, on the great Mall, in spring, on a carpet of primroses ; in autumn, on beds of withered foliage ; and in winter, on a covering of snow, ornamented by the tracks of birds, squirrels, and ermines. Young like the primroses, sad like the dry leaves, and pure as the new-fallen snow, there was a harmony between our recreations and ourselves.

During one of these walks, Lucile heard me speak with enthusiasm of solitude, and said, "You should describe all that." This word revealed to me the muse ; a divine breathing fell upon me. I began to lisp verses, as if poetry was my natural language. By day and by night, I sang about my pleasures ; that is, my woods and my dales. I composed a multitude of short idylls, or pictures of nature.* I wrote a long time in verse, before I began to write in prose : M. de Fontanes maintained that I had received both gifts.

Has this talent, which friendship foresaw for me, been ever

* See complete Works, Paris 1837.

really mine? What things have I vainly expected! In the Agamemnon of Æschylus, a slave is placed as sentinel on the top of the palace at Argos; his eyes are strained to discover the concerted signal of the return of the ships: he sang, to solace the weariness of his watch; but the hours flew on, and the stars set, and no signal-torch blazed. When, after many years, its tardy light appeared over the waves, the slave was bent under the weight of years, and the chorus said to him, that "an old man is like a shadow wandering about in the light of day."

LUCILE'S MANUSCRIPT.

In the first enchantment of inspiration, I invited Lucile to imitate me. We passed days in mutual consultation, in communicating to each other what we had done, and what we proposed to do. We undertook works in common: guided by our instincts, we translated the most beautiful and most sorrowful passages of Job, and of Lucretius on Life; as the *Tædet animum meum vita mea**, the *Homo natus de muliere*†, the *Tum porro puer ut sævis projectus ab undis navita*, &c. Lucile's thoughts were all sentiments; she stepped beyond the bounds of her own soul with difficulty; but, when she succeeded in expressing her thoughts, they were incomparable. She left behind her about thirty pages of manuscript; it is impossible to read them without deep emotion. The elegance, sweetness, imaginativeness, and impassioned sensibility of these pages, present a combination of Greek and German genius.

"MORNING.

"What a mild radiance has just lighted up the East! Is it the young morning which is opening upon the world her beautiful eyes, heavy with the langour of sleep? Haste, charming goddess! leave the nuptial couch,—assume thy purple robe; let a soft girdle confine its folds: let no sandals press thy

* "My soul is weary of my life."—Job x. 1.

† "Man that is born of a woman."—Job xiv. 1.

delicate feet ; let no ornament profane thy beautiful hands, made to open the portals of day. But thou art even now rising over the shady hills. Thy golden hair falls in humid ringlets on thy rosy neck. A pure and perfumed breath is exhaled from thy mouth. Tender deity, all nature smiles at thy presence ; thou only sheddest tears, and flowers spring forth."

" THE MOON

" Chaste goddess ! goddess so pure, that not even the roses of modesty mingle with thy tender light. I venture to make thee the confidante of my sentiments. I have no cause, any more than thou, to blush for my own heart. But sometimes the remembrance of the unjust and blind judgments of men obscure my brow with clouds, even like thine ; and on the errors and miseries of this world my thoughts turn, as on thee. But happier than I, thou, dweller in the Heavens, always preservest thy serenity ; the tempests and storms which spring up from this globe of ours, glide over thy peaceful disc. O goddess ! indulgent to my sadness, pour thy cold repose into my soul."

" INNOCENCE.

" Daughter of heaven, lovely innocence ! if I might dare to attempt feebly to pourtray some of thy features, I would say, that thou occupiest the place of virtue to youth, of wisdom to manhood, of beauty to old age, and of happiness to misfortune ; that, a stranger to our errors, thou sheddest only pure tears, and that thy smile is all heavenly. Beautiful innocence ! What dangers surround thee ! Envy aims at thee all her darts ! Wilt thou tremble with fear, modest innocence ? Wilt thou try to shelter thyself from the dangers which threaten thee ? No : I see thee quite calm, asleep, thy head supported on an altar."

My brother sometimes devoted a few brief moments to the hermits of Combourg ; he was accustomed to bring with him

a young councillor of the Parliament of Bretagne, named M. de Malfilatre, cousin to the unfortunate poet of the same name. I believe Lucile had unconsciously contracted a secret passion for my brother's friend, and that this passion, stifled in her heart, was at the bottom of her melancholy. She was, besides, subject to Rousseau's mania, without his pride. She believed that all the world had conspired against her. She came to Paris in 1789, accompanied by that sister Julia, whose loss she deplored with a sadness, bearing the impress of sublimity. She was admired by all who knew her, from M. de Malesherbes to Champfort. Having been thrown into the revolutionary crypts at Rennes, she was on the point of being again shut up in the Castle of Combourg, which had been used as a prison during the reign of terror. Being delivered from prison, she married M. de Caud, who left her a widow at the end of a year. On my return from my emigration, I again saw the friend of my youth; and I shall relate how she disappeared when it pleased God to afflict me.

Vallée-aux-Loups, November, 1817.

LAST LINES WRITTEN AT THE VALLEE-AUX-LOUPS—A REVELATION OF
THE MYSTERY OF MY LIFE.

HAVING returned from Montboissier, these are the last lines which I trace in my hermitage. Must I abandon it, filled as it is with the beautiful plants, which had already begun to conceal and to crown their father by their thronging rows. I shall no more see the magnolia, which promised its rose for the tomb of my Floridienne, the Jerusalem pine and the cedar of Lebanon, consecrated to the memory of Jerome, the Grenada laurel, the platanus of Greece, and the oak of Armorica, at the foot of which I drew the image of Bianca, sang Cymodocea, and invented Valléda. Those trees sprang up, and grew under the care of my reveries. They were their Hamadryads. They are about to pass into the care of another. Will their new master love them as I have always loved them? He will

leave them to die—perhaps cut them down. I am about to preserve nothing on the earth. In bidding *adieu* to the woods of Aulnay, I recal that which I formerly said to the woods of Combourg. All my days are *adieux*.

The taste for poetry with which Lucile inspired me, was oil thrown upon fire. My sentiments took a new degree of force : I was filled with a desire for the vanity of reputation ; for a moment I believed in my *talents*, but having soon returned to a just distrust of myself, I looked upon my work as an evil temptation. I was vexed with Lucile, for having given birth in me to an unfortunate inclination. I ceased to write, and betook myself to weeping over my glory to come, as others weep over their glory departed.

Having resumed my former indolence, I felt more what was wanting to my youth. I became a mystery to myself. I could not see a woman without being troubled : I blushed if one spoke to me. My timidity, already excessive towards every one, became so great with a woman, that I would have preferred any torment whatsoever to that of remaining alone with one. She was no sooner gone, than I would have recalled her with all my heart. The descriptions of Virgil, Tibullus and Massillon readily recurred to my memory ; but the image of my mother and my sister, sheltering everything under its purity, added thickness to the veil which nature was endeavouring to lift : filial and fraternal affection deceived me with respect to tenderness less disinterested. Had any one delivered to me the most beautiful slaves of the seraglio, I should not have known what to say to them : accident enlightened me

A neighbour of ours at Combourg had come to pass some days at the castle, bringing his wife, who was very handsome. I do not remember what it was which was taking place in the village. We ran to one of the windows of the drawing-room to look at what was going on. I reached the window first ; the stranger came close upon my footsteps—I wished to give place to her—and turned towards her ; she involuntarily barred my way, and I felt myself pressed between her and the window. I was no longer conscious of what was passing around me.

From that moment, I began to feel that to love, and to be loved in a manner which was unknown to me, must be supreme happiness. Had I done as other men do, I should sooner have learned the pains and the pleasures of the passion, the germ of which I carried in myself; but everything in me assumed an extraordinary character. The warmth of my imagination, my bashfulness and solitude, instead of prompting me to seek sympathy from without, caused me to turn back upon myself; for want of a real object, by the power of my vague desires I evoked a phantom which never quitted me more. I know not whether the history of the human heart furnishes another example of this kind.

A PHANTOM OF LOVE.

I pictured then to myself an ideal beauty, moulded from the various charms of all the women I had seen: she had the figure, the hair, and the smile of the stranger who had pressed against me; I gave her the eyes of one young village girl, and the rosy freshness of another. The portraits of noble ladies of the times of Francis I. Henry IV. and Louis XIV., with which the saloon was hung, furnished me with other features, and I even stole graces from the different representations of the Virgin to be found in the churches.

This invisible enchantress constantly attended me, I communed with her as with a real being; she varied at the will of my wandering fancy—now she was Aphrodite unveiled, now Diana clothed in azure and dew, now Thalia with her laughing mask, now Hebe bearing the cup of eternal youth—and often she appeared in the guise of a powerful fay, bringing nature into subjection to my power. I touched and retouched my canvas; I took one attraction from my ideal beauty to replace it by a superior one: I changed her costume in a thousand ways, borrowing my ideas from every country and age, from every art and religion. Then, when I had made a *chef-d'œuvre*, I again scattered my drawings and colours; my single ideal being was remodelled into a number of beautiful women, in whom I idolized separately the charms which I had adored when united in one object.

Pygmalion was not so enamoured of his statue as I of this creation of my fancy ; my difficulty was how to make myself pleasing to her. Not recognising in my real self any of the qualities fitted to inspire love, I lavished on my imaginary self what appeared to me wanting. I rode like Castor and Pollux ; I swept the lyre like Apollo ; Mars wielded his arms with less strength and address ; as a hero of romance or history, what fictitious adventures of my own did I not add to those related ! the shades of the daughters of Morven, the Sultanas of Bagdad and Granada, the mysterious ladies of old manors ; baths, perfumes, Asiatic delights—all were appropriated to myself by a magic wand.

A young Queen approaches, brilliant with diamonds and flowers (this was always my sylph) ; she seeks me at midnight, amidst orange groves, in the corridors of a palace washed by the waves, on the balmy shore of Naples or Messina, under a sky like love itself, bathed in the soft light of Endymion's star ; she comes nearer, gliding among motionless statues, herself like an animated statue from the chisel of Praxiteles, among shadowy pictures, and frescoes silent and pale in the rays of the moon ; the light sound of her steps on the mosaic floor mingles with the scarcely heard murmur of the waves. The royal lattice encircles us ; I fall at the feet of the sovereign of Enna's plains ; the silken waves of her unbound tresses caress my brow, when she bends her head, beauteous in the freshness of sixteen summers, over my face, and her hands rest on my breast, palpitating with ecstasy and reverence.

Awaking from these dreams, and finding myself a poor little obscure Breton, without fame, beauty, or talent, who would attract the eyes of no one, would pass through the world entirely unknown, and would never gain the love of woman, despair seized upon me ; I no longer dared to raise my eyes to the brilliant phantom which I had attached to my every step.

TWO YEARS OF DELIRIUM—OCCUPATIONS AND FANCIES.

THIS delirium lasted for two whole years, during which the powers of my mind reached the highest pitch of exaltation. I spoke little, I ceased to speak at all; I studied—I threw away my books; my taste for solitude redoubled. I showed all the symptoms of a violent passion; I became emaciated; my eyes were sunken; I could not sleep; I was absent, sad, ardent, savage. My days passed on in a wild, extravagant, mad fashion—which nevertheless had a peculiar charm.

To the north of the *château* lay a plain strewn with druidical stones; at sunset I wandered thither, and seated myself on one of these masses. Gazing thence on the gilded summits of the woods, the beauty of the earth, the star of evening gleaming through rosy clouds, I fell back into my reveries; I longed to enjoy this spectacle with the ideal object of my passion. I followed the star of day in thought; I gave up my ideal beauty to his guidance, that he might present her with himself, all-radiant, to receive the homage of the universe. The evening breeze breaking the net-work woven on the blades of grass by the insects, the lark alighting on a pebble, brought me back to reality; I took my way to the manor; my heart oppressed, my countenance despondent.

On days of summer storm, I ascended the large western tower; the reverberation of the thunder beneath the timber-work of the *château*, the torrents of rain falling with an angry noise on the pyramidal roofs of the towers, the lightning furrowing the cloud and lighting up the copper vanes with an electric flane, all roused my enthusiasm. Like Ismeno on the ramparts of Jerusalem, I invoked the lightning; I hoped it would bring Armida to my arms. If the sky were serene, I crossed the great Mall, around which lay meadows divided by hedges, planted with willows. I had made a seat, resembling a nest, in one of these willows; there, isolated, suspended between earth and sky, I passed whole hours with the linnets. My nymph was by my side. Her image was equally associated

with the beauty of those spring nights, so filled with the freshness of the dew, the sighs of the nightingale and the murmur of the zephyrs.

At other times, I followed a wild path, a brook fringed with its water plants. I listened to the sounds which issue from unfrequented localities; I lent an ear to every tree. The light of the moon in the woods seemed to pour forth a voice of music; I attempted to utter these pleasures, and the words died on my lips. I heard my goddess, I know not how, even in the accents of a voice, the tremblings of a harp, in the full sounds of a horn, or the liquid tones of a harmonicon. It would be too long a tale were I to recount the delightful journeys which I took with my blossom of love; how, hand in hand, we visited the celebrated ruins, Venice, Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Memphis, Carthage; how we crossed seas; asked happiness of the Palms of Otaheite, of the perfumed groves of Amboyna and Timor; awakened the dawn on the summit of Himalaya; floated down the sacred rivers, whose spreading waves surround pagodas crowned by golden globes; and slept by the shores of the Ganges, whilst the bengali, perched on the mast of a little boat, formed of bamboo, chaunted his Indian barcarole.

Earth and heaven became matter of indifference to me, the latter especially faded from my remembrance; but if I no longer lifted my thoughts heavenward, Heaven turned an ear to the voice of my secret misery; for I suffered—and suffering prays.

MY AUTUMN JOYS.

The sadder and more gloomy the season, the more congenial was it with my frame of mind; the frosts, by rendering communication less easy, isolate the inhabitants of the country; one feels more at ease when secure from the intrusion of men.

A moral character is attached to autumnal scenes; the leaves falling like our years, the flowers fading like our hours, the clouds fleeting like our illusions, the light diminishing like our intelligence, the sun growing colder like our our affections,

the rivers becoming frozen like our lives, all bear secret relation to our destinies.

It gave me indescribable pleasure to see the return of the tempestuous season, the flight of the swans and wood pigeons, the assembling of the rooks in the meadow by the pond, and their settling at nightfall on the highest oaks of the great Mall. When, at evening, a blueish mist rose from the paths of the forest, when the moaning or plaintive music of the wind whispered through the withered mosses, I entered into full possession of the sympathies of my nature. If I met some labourer at the end of a field, I stopped to look at this man who had grown up in the shadow of the corn amongst which he would one day be cut down, and who, turning up the earth of his grave with his ploughshare, mingled the burning sweat of his brow with the frozen rain of autumn ; the furrow which he made was the monument destined to survive him. And how, meanwhile, was my graceful phantom occupied ? She transported me, by her magic, to the banks of the Nile, and showed me the Egyptian pyramid buried in sand, as the armorican furrow would one day be concealed by the heath. I applauded myself for having placed the fables of my felicity beyond the circle of human realities.

In the evening I embarked on the pond, alone in my boat, guiding it amidst rushes and the large leaves of the water-lily. There assembled the swallows, just preparing to quit our climate ; I lost not a single twitter. Tavernier, when a child, was less attentive to a traveller's story. They gambolled on the water, as the sun went down, pursued the insects, rose together into the air, as if to try their wings ; swept down again to the surface of the lake, and settled on the rose-bushes, which scarcely bent beneath their weight, and which they filled with their confused twittering.

AN INCANTATION.

The night fell ; the rose-bushes waved their thorny branches, among which the feathered tribe, moor-hens, teals, kingfishers, and snipes, settled silently ; the lake softly bathed its

shores ; autumn sounds issued from the marshes and woods ; I moored my boat on the shore, and returned to the *château*. Ten o'clock struck. I retired to my chamber, opened my windows, and fixing my eyes on the heavens, began an incantation. I rose with my enchantress upon the clouds ; enveloped in her tresses and her floating drapery, I was wafted away with the tempestuous wind, to wave the forest tops, shake mountain summits, and lash seas into fury. Plunging into space, descending from the throne of the Supreme to the gates of the abyss, worlds were yielded up to the power of my love. Amidst the confusion of the elements, my enthusiasm united the idea of danger to that of pleasure. The blasts of the north-wind were to my ears the sighs of voluptuous delight ; the murmur of the rain invited me to sleep on the bosom of a woman ; the words which I poured forth to this woman would have revived the jaded senses of age, and warmed the marble of the grave. My enchantress, the cause of my madness, was a combination of mysteries and passions ; ignorant of every thing, yet knowing all things,—at once a virgin and a mistress : Eve in her innocence, Eve when fallen. I set her on an altar, and worshipped her. The pride of being loved by her, increased my love for her. If she moved, I prostrated myself, to be trodden under her feet, or to kiss the trace of her footsteps. I was troubled at her smile ; I trembled at the sound of her voice ; a thrill of desire ran through me when I touched anything on which she had laid her hand. The air breathed from her fresh mouth penetrated to my marrow, and flowed in my veins, instead of blood. A single glance of hers would have sent me, with the swiftness of the wind, to the farthest extremity of the earth ; the wildest desert would have been a paradise to me with her ; by her side, the den of lions would have seemed a palace, and millions of centuries would have been too short to exhaust the fire which consumed me.

To this madness was added a moral idolatry ; by another play of my imagination, this Phrynea who entwined me in her arms, was also my ideal of fame, and more especially of honour ; virtue, when she accomplishes her noblest sacrifices ; genius,

when she creates some sublime thought, would scarcely give an idea of this other kind of happiness. In the marvellous creation of my own mind, I found at once all the blandishments of sense, and all the delights of the soul. Overwhelmed, submerged in these double pleasures, I no longer knew what my true existence was ; I was a mortal, and yet not a mortal ; I was transformed into a cloud, a wind, a sound ; I was a spirit, an aerial being, singing of supreme felicity. I cast away my own nature, that I might make myself one with the phantom of my desires, and transform myself into it, that I might be in more intimate communion with beauty ; be at the same time the passion received and the passion given,—love and its object. Suddenly, struck with a sense of my folly, I threw myself on my couch ; I buried myself in my grief ; I watered my pillow with burning tears, which fell unseen, and were given to a phantom.

A TEMPTATION.

After a time thus passed, no longer able to remain in my tower, I descended through the darkness, opened the door at the foot of the stairs with the furtive movement of a murderer, and wandered forth into the wood.

I walked some time at hazard, waving my hands, embracing the winds, which escaped from me like the phantom which was the constant object of my pursuit ; then stopped, leaning against the trunk of a beech ; I watched the crows, startled from one tree, and alighting on another ; or the light of the moon gliding along the leafless tree-tops. I longed to inhabit this dead world, reflecting the pallor of the grave. I felt neither the cold nor the night-dew ; even the icy breath of the dawn would not have roused me from my dreams, had not the village bell at this hour fallen on my ear.

In most of the villages of Bretagne, the break of day is the time usually selected for tolling the bell for the dead. This tolling, consisting only of three notes, has in it a sort of monotonous, melancholy, and rural melody. Nothing could

be more in harmony with my sick and wounded soul, than to be thus recalled to the tribulations of existence, by the sound which announced its end. I pictured to myself the herdsman expiring in his unknown hut, then laid in a cemetery not less obscure. What had he come to do on earth? What was I doing in this world? Since I must one day take my leave of it, would it not be better to set out on my journey during the freshness of the morning, and arrive early at my destination, than to perform it under the oppressive heat of the day? The flush of desire overspread my face; the idea of ceasing to exist took possession of my heart like a sudden joy. During the time of my youthful errors, I often wished not to survive happiness; in my first success there was a degree of felicity which made me aspire to self-destruction.

Day by day bound me more strongly to my phantom, unable to enjoy what did not exist, I was like those mutilated men who dream of beatitudes overflowing for them, and create for themselves a vision whose pleasures equal the tortures of the infernal regions. I had, moreover, a presentiment of the miseries of my future destiny; ingenious in inventing sufferings, I had placed myself between two ideas of despair; sometimes I looked on myself as a creature of no worth, incapable of rising above the vulgar herd; at others, I seemed to have a consciousness of qualities never destined to be appreciated; an instinctive feeling warned me, that on my path through the world I should find nothing of what I sought.

Everything combined to nourish the bitterness of my discontent. Lucile was unhappy; my mother afforded me no consolation; my father made me feel the terrors of life. His moroseness increased with his years; age froze his soul as well as his body; he watched me unceasingly, seeking opportunities of speaking harshly to me. When I returned from my wild expeditions, and saw him seated on the steps, I would have died rather than have entered the château. Yet I could only defer my torment; forced to appear at supper, I sat down in confusion on the edge of my chair, my faced stained by the rain, my hair in disorder. Under my

father's eyes, I sat motionless, a cold perspiration broke on my brow; the last ray of reason fled.

I have now reached a period at which I require some strength of mind to confess my weakness. The man who attempts his own life, gives evidence rather of the weakness of his nature, than of the vigour of his soul.

I had a gun, the worn out trigger of which often went off unexpectedly. I loaded this gun with three balls, and went to a spot at a considerable distance from the great Mall. I cocked the gun, put the end of the barrel into my mouth, and struck the butt-end against the ground; I repeated the attempt several times, but unsuccessfully; the appearance of a gamekeeper interrupted me in my design. I was a fatalist, though without my own intention or knowledge; supposing that my hour was not yet come, I deferred the execution of my project to another day. Had I succeeded, all that I had been would have been buried with me; nothing would have been known of the mental history which led me to my fate; I should have added one more to the multitude of nameless unfortunates; I could not have been traced by my griefs, like a wounded man by his blood.

Any whose minds may be troubled by these delineations, and tempted to imitate these follies, or who may be attached to my memory by my fancies, should remember that they are listening to the voice of one who has passed from this world. Reader, whom I shall never know! of me there is nothing remaining—nothing but what I am in the hands of the living God who has judged me.

ILLNESS—I FEAR AND REFUSE TO ENTER THE CHURCH—PROJECT OF
A VOYAGE TO INDIA.

AN illness, brought on by this ill-regulated life, put an end to the torments through which the first inspirations of the muse, and the first attacks of passion, reached me. These passions, vague as yet, in which my soul had, as it were, foundered, resembled those gales at sea which blow from every point of the horizon. I was an inexperienced pilot, and knew not on what side to spread my sail to these fickle winds. My breast heaved, fever seized me; a messenger was sent to Bazouches, a little town five or six leagues from Combourg, to fetch an excellent physician, named Cheftel, whose son was engaged in the affair of the Marquis de Bouerïe.* He inquired carefully into my case, ordered the necessary remedies, and declared his opinion that it was absolutely necessary to make me change my way of life.

For six weeks my life was in danger. One morning, my mother came to my bedside, and said: "It is now time for you to decide; your brother is in a position to procure you a living; but I wish to consult you before you enter the seminary, since, although I should wish you to embrace the ecclesiastical profession, I would much rather see you a man of the world than a priest who should be a disgrace to his order."

After what has just been said, an opinion may be formed whether the proposal of my pious mother was well judged. In all the greater events of my life, I have always come to a prompt decision in what it was my duty to avoid; an impulse of honour guided me. An Abbé? I appeared to myself ridiculous. A Bishop? The majesty of the priesthood overawed me, and I drew back with reverence before the altar. As a Bishop, should I make efforts with a view to acquire

* As I advance in life, I again light on the characters mentioned in my Memoirs. The widow of this son has just been received into Maria Theresa's Infirmary. This is another testimony to my veracity.

virtues, or should I content myself with concealing my vices? I felt too weak for the former, and was too ingenuous for the latter. Those who regard me as a hypocrite, or ambitious, know little of me. I shall never succeed in the world, precisely because I am deficient in a passion and a vice—ambition and hypocrisy. The former would be, in my case, at the most piqued self-love. I might desire sometimes to be the King's minister, in order to laugh at my enemies; but at the end of twenty-four hours, I would throw my portfolio and my gown out of the window.

I told my mother, then, that my call to the priestly office was not sufficiently strong. I changed my projects for the second time. I had no desire at all to go to sea; and no longer wished to enter the church. The military career still remained; that I liked; but how could I endure the loss of my independence, and the constraint of European discipline? I thought of an absurd scheme; I declared I would go to Canada, to clear the forests; or to India, to seek for service in the army of some of the native Princes.

By one of those contrasts, which may be observed in the lives of all men, my father, who was so reasonable at other times, was never very averse to an adventurous project. He growled at my mother on account of my tergiversations; but he decided to send me to India. I was sent to St. Malo, where an armament was preparing for Pondicherry.

A MOMENT IN MY NATIVE TOWN—REMEMBRANCE OF LA VILLE-NEUVE, AND OF THE TRIALS OF MY YOUTH—I AM RECALLED TO COMBOURG—LAST INTERVIEW WITH MY FATHER—I ENTER INTO THE ARMY—FAREWELL TO COMBOURG.

Two months rolled away; I found myself again alone in my maternal isle; la Villeneuve had just died. Going to weep by the side of the empty poor bed where she had expired, I cast my eyes upon the small wicker go-cart, in which I had first learned to stand erect on this sorrowful

globe. I figured to myself my old nurse, from the extremity of her couch, fixing her eyes upon the rolling basket; this first monument of my life, in presence of the last monument of the life of my second mother; the idea of the prayers for happiness, which the good Villeneuve addressed to Heaven as she was departing, on behalf of her foster-child—that proof of an attachment so constant, so disinterested, so pure,—deeply affected me, and gave rise to strong feelings of tenderness, regret, and gratitude.

Besides this, there was nothing of my past life at St. Malo; I sought in vain in the harbour for the ships, among whose ropes I played; they had sailed or were broken up; in the town, the house in which I was born was transformed into a tavern. I was almost in contact with my cradle, and already an age had rolled away. A stranger to the scenes of my youth, those who met me asked who I was, merely because my head had risen a few lines above the ground, towards which it will bend anew in the course of a few years. How rapidly and how many times do we change our existence and our fancies! Friends leave us, others succeed them; our engagements vary; there is always a time when we possess nothing of what we once possessed, a time when we have nothing of that which we once had. The life of man is not always the same; there are many changes, and this constitutes its misery.

Henceforth without a companion, I explored the shore, which witnessed my castles of sand; *Campos ubi Troja fuit* (the plain where Troy stood). I walked upon the deserted sea-beach. The sands, forsaken by the tide, presented me with the image of those desolate places which our illusions leave around us when they withdraw. My fellow-countryman, Abelard, full of the recollections of Heloïse, looked eight hundred years ago at these waves, as I do now; like me, he saw some vessel far on the horizon (*ad horizontas undas*), and his ears were lulled with the monotony of the waves, as mine were now. I exposed myself to the violence of the surge, by yielding myself up to the power of these unhappy thoughts which I had brought with me from Combours.

Cape Lavarde formed the limit of my excursions ; seated on the extremity of the cape, full of bitter reflections, I recollected that these rocks had formed my hiding place in my youth on *fête* days ; there I fed upon my tears, whilst my companions were intoxicated with joy. I felt myself neither more beloved nor more happy. I was soon about to leave my country, to measure out my days in various climes. These reflections harassed me to death, and I was tempted to throw myself into the sea.

A letter recalled me to Combourg ; I arrived—supped with my family ; my father said not a word, my mother sighed, Lucile appeared confounded ; at ten o'clock, we retired. I questioned my sister ; she knew nothing. The next morning at eight o'clock, I was sent for ; I went down ; my father was waiting for me in his cabinet.

“Sir,” said he, “you must renounce your follies ; your brother has obtained for you an ensign’s commission in the regiment of Navarre. You must presently set out for Rennes, and thence to Cambay. Here are a hundred louis-d’or ; take care of them. I am old and ill ; I have no long time to live. Behave like a good man, and never dishonour your name.”

He embraced me ; I felt the hard and wrinkled face pressed with emotion against mine ; this was my father’s last embrace.

Count Chateaubriand, a man so terrible in my eyes, only appeared to me at this moment, as a father most worthy of my affection. I threw myself upon his withered hand and wept. He was labouring under the first attack of paralysis ; it brought him to his tomb ; his left arm was affected by a convulsive movement, which he was obliged to restrain with his right hand. Thus holding his arm, and having given me his old sword, without allowing me a moment to recover myself, he led me to a cabriolet which was waiting for me in the court-yard. He made me enter it in his presence, and the postilion drove off, whilst I continued with my eyes to salute my mother and sister, who stood bathed in tears on the steps.

I passed along the road by the fish-pond ; I saw the reeds frequented by the swallows—the mill-stream and the meadows ; and I cast a look upon the castle. Then, like Adam after his fall, I entered upon an unknown land ; the world was all before me.

Since then I have only seen Combourg three times. After my father's death, we met there in mourning to divide our inheritance and to say farewell. A second time I accompanied my mother to Combourg : she was engaged in furnishing the castle ; she expected my brother, who was about to bring my sister-in-law into Bretagne. My brother did not come ; he and his young wife soon found from the hands of an executioner a very different pillow from that prepared by the hands of my mother. Finally, I passed through Combourg, on my way to embark at St. Malo for America. The castle was deserted, I was obliged to take up my quarters at the steward's house. In passing along the Great Mall, from the bottom of an obscure alley I got a glimpse of the deserted entrance : the door and windows were closed. I became ill ; I regained the village with difficulty, sent to order my horses, and set out at midnight.

After an absence of fifteen years, before quitting France anew and going to the Holy Land, I hastened to meet, at Fougères, all that remained of my family. I had not courage enough to undertake the pilgrimage of the fields, where the brightest years of my life were spent. In the woods of Combourg I became what I am : there I began to feel the first attacks of that *ennui* which I have carried with me through life—of that melancholy which has constituted my torment and my happiness. There I sought for a heart which could understand mine ; there I saw my family united—and there dispersed. There my father dreamed of the re-establishment of his name, and the repair of the fortunes of his house ;—another vision which time and revolutions have dissipated. We were six children—we are now only three. My brother, Julia, and Lucile are no more ; my mother died of grief ; and the ashes of my father have been torn from his tomb.

Should my works survive me—should I be destined to leave a name behind me, some day, perhaps, the traveller guided by these Memoirs, may go to visit the places I have described. He will be able to recognize the castle, but he will look in vain for the great woods: the cradle of my dreams has disappeared like the dreams themselves. Standing alone on its rocky foundation, the old keep laments for the oaks, the ancient companions which surrounded it and protected it from the storm. Isolated like it, I have seen fall around me the family who adorned my days and afforded me shelter. Happily, my life is not so firmly attached to the earth as the tower in which I passed my youth; and man is less able to resist the storm than the monuments which he has raised.

Berlin, March, 1821.

Looked over in July, 1846.

BERLIN—POTSDAM—FREDERICK.

It is far from Combourg to Berlin—from a young visionary to an old minister. In the passage which precedes these words, on resuming my task, I found the following: “In how many places have I begun to write these Memoirs, and in what place shall I bring them to a close?”

Nearly four years have passed between the date of the events which I have just related and that at which I resume these Memoirs. A thousand things have supervened; I have become a second man—a politician; I am very little attached to the pursuit. I have defended the liberties of France, which alone can give permanence to the legitimate throne.

By the aid of the *Conservateur*, I have placed M. de Villèle in power; I have seen the death of the Duc de Berry, and I have done honour to his memory. And finally, to conciliate all, I have withdrawn; I have accepted the embassy at Berlin.

Yesterday, I was at Potsdam, an ornamental barrack, at present without soldiers: I studied the counterfeit Julian, in his counterfeit Athens. At *Sans-souci*, the table was pointed out to me at which a great German Monarch reduced, into french versification, the maxims of the Encyclopædists; Voltaire's chamber, decorated with apes and parroquets, carved in wood; the Mill, which he who ravaged whole provinces, played at *respecting*; the tomb of his horse, *Cæsar*, and his greyhounds, *Diana*, *Amourette*, *Biche*, *Superbe*, and *Par*. The royal infidel took pleasure even in profaning the religion of the tomb, by erecting monuments to his dogs; he had marked a place for his own sepulture near them, less from a feeling of contempt for men, than an ostentation of annihilation.

I was conducted to the New Palace, already falling to decay. In the old Castle of Potsdam, great respect is shown to the stains of tobacco, the torn and dirty arm-chairs, and, in short, to all the marks of the uncleanness of the renegade Prince. These places serve, at once, to immortalize the dirtiness of the cynic, the impudence of the atheist, the tyranny of the despot, and the glory of the soldier.

One thing alone attracted my attention. The hand of a clock stopped at the minute at which Frederick expired; I was deceived by the fixedness of the image; hours do not stay their flight; man does not arrest the flight of time, but time arrests man. Moreover it matters little, what characters we have played in life; the splendour or obscurity of our doctrines, our riches or our miseries, our joys or our sorrows, make no change in the measure of our days. Whether the hand goes round on a dial of gold, or of wood—be the dial itself great or small—in the setting of a ring, or on the tower of a cathedral, time is but of the same duration.

In a vault of the Protestant Church, immediately below the pulpit of the unfrocked schismatic, I saw the tomb of the royal sophist. The tomb is bronze, and re-echoes when struck. The *gendarme* who rests in this brazen bed, would not be roused from his slumbers even by the fame of his

renown. He will not awake till he hears the sound of that trumpet, which shall summon him to his last battle-field in presence of the God of Hosts.

It was so needful to change my impressions, that I found consolation in visiting the *Maison-de-Marbre*. The King who caused it to be constructed, had formerly addressed me in some complimentary words, when a poor officer, I passed through his army. This King, at least, shared the common weaknesses of men; vulgar, like them, he took refuge in his pleasures. Do the two skeletons give themselves any trouble now about the difference which was in their condition formerly, when one was Frederick the Great, and the other Frederick William? *Sans-souci*, and the *Maison-de-Marbre*, are equally ruins without a master.

On the whole, although the greatness of the events of our days has diminished past events; although *Rosbach*, *Lissa*, *Liegnitz*, *Torgau*, &c., are but skirmishes, when compared with the battles of *Marengo*, *Austerlitz*, *Jena*, *Moscow*, &c., Frederick suffers less than others, when brought into comparison with the Giant chained on the rock of *St. Helena*. The King of Prussia and *Voltaire*, are two figures most oddly grouped, who will live: the second destroyed a society with the same philosophy, which the first employed to found a kingdom.

The evenings are long in Berlin. I occupy an hotel belonging to the *Duchesse de Dino*. At night-fall, my secretaries leave me. When there are no festivities at Court, in honour of the Grand Duke *Nicholas* and his Duchess,* I stay at home. Shut up alone, with a very gloomy-looking stove, I hear nothing but the voice of the sentinel at the *Brandenburg Gate*, and the tread on the snow of the watchman. How shall I pass my time? With books?—I have none: suppose I go on with my *Memoirs*?

You left me on the road from *Combourg* to *Rennes*; at the latter town I took up my quarters at the house of one of my relations. He announced to me, with great satisfaction,

* The present Emperor and Empress of Russia.

that a lady of his acquaintance was going to Paris, had a seat in her carriage to spare, and that he had got her to consent to take me with her. I accepted the offer, cursing the courtesy of my relation. He arranged the affair, and soon presented me to my fellow-traveller—a spruce and gay milliner, who fell a laughing as soon as she looked at me. At midnight the horses arrived, and we set out.

Now behold me in a post chaise, alone with a lady in the middle of the night. I, who in the whole course of my life, had never looked at a woman without blushing—how was I to descend from the height of my dreams to the frightful reality? I did not know where I was; I coiled myself up in the corner of the carriage, for fear of touching Madame Rose's dress. When she spoke to me, I stammered, and lost all power of speaking. She was obliged to pay the postillion, and take charge of every thing—for I was altogether useless. At break of day, she looked with new wonder at the simpleton with whom she regretted being shut up.

Soon after, the aspect of the country began to change, and I no longer recognized the dress or accent of the Breton peasants. I soon fell into a profound despondency, which increased the contempt Madame Rose already entertained towards me. I became sensible of the feeling which I inspired, and from this first contact with the world I received an impression which time has never completely effaced. I was born wild, but not shamefaced; I had all the modesty of my age, but none of its awkwardness. As soon as I divined that I was made ridiculous by my good qualities, my wildness changed into an insurmountable timidity. I could no longer utter a word; I felt that I had something to conceal, and that this something was a virtue; I resolved to retire within myself in order to wear my innocence in peace.

We were approaching Paris. At the descent of St. Cyr, I was struck with the width of the roads, and with the regularity of the plantations. We speedily reached Versailles; the orangery and its flights of marble steps, roused me from my indifference. The success of the war in America had

brought back triumphs to the palace of Louis XIV; the Queen reigned there in all the splendour of youth and beauty. The throne, so near its fall, seemed never to have been so firm. And I, an obscure traveller, was to survive that pomp. I was to remain to see the woods of Trianon as desert as those from which I had just come.

At last we entered Paris. I fancied I saw on every countenance a mocking air; like the gentleman of Perigord, I believed that people only looked at me to turn me into ridicule. Madame Rose gave orders to be driven to the Rue de Mall, to the Hotel de l'Europe, and took the speediest means of disencumbering herself of her silly companion. I had scarcely alighted from the carriage, when she said to the porter, "Show this gentleman to a room—your servant," added she, making a hasty curtsey. I have never since met with Madame Rose.

Berlin, March, 1821.

MY BROTHER—MY COUSIN MOREAU—MY SISTER LA COMTESSE DE PARCY.

A woman preceded me up a black and worn staircase, with a ticketed key in her hand; a Savoyard followed me, carrying my small trunk. Having reached the third floor, the chamber-maid opened a room, and the Savoyard placed my portmanteau across the arms of an arm-chair. The woman then said to me, "Does Monsieur wish for any thing?" I replied, "No." Three blasts of a whistle were blown; the woman cried: "Off they go!" went quickly out of the room, shut the door, and ran down stairs with the Savoyard. When I found myself shut up alone, my heart was oppressed in so strange a manner that I was very near resuming my way back to Bretagne. All that I had heard of Paris recurred to my mind; I was embarrassed in a thousand ways. I should have liked to go to bed, but the bed was not made; I was hungry, but I knew not how to get my dinner. I was

afraid of failing in the usages of the place ; ought I to call the people of the hotel ? Should I go down stairs ? To whom was I to address myself ? I ventured to put my head out of the window ; I saw nothing but a small inner court, as deep as a well, where people were passing and repassing, who never in their lives thought of the prisoner on the third floor. I had just sat down beside a dirty alcove, where I was to sleep, reduced to the necessity of contemplating the figures on the stained paper, with which the inside was covered. A distant sound of voices is heard, increases, draws near ; my door opens ; there enter my brother and one of my cousins, a son of my mother's sister, who had made an unfortunate marriage. Madame Rose had, however, taken pity on the simpleton, and informed my brother, whose address she had procured in Rennes, that I was arrived in Paris. My brother embraced me. My cousin Moreau, was a tall, stout man, all bedaubed over with snuff, who ate like an ogre, talked a great deal, kept always going about, blowing and choking, with his mouth half open, and his tongue half out. He was well acquainted with every place, spent his time in gaming-houses, anti-chambers, and drawing-rooms. "Come, sir," cried he, "here you are in Paris ; I shall take you with me to Madame de Chastenay's." Who was this lady, whose name I now heard for the first time ? This proposal gave me a feeling of repugnance towards my cousin Moreau. "The gentleman has, no doubt, need of repose," said my brother, "we shall go and see Madame de Farcy, and then he will return to dine and sleep."

A feeling of joy took possession of my heart ; the remembrance of my family was like balm in the midst of an unfeeling world. We set out. Cousin Moreau stormed on the subject of my bad accommodation, and enjoined the host to bring me down at least a floor lower. We entered my brother's carriage, and went to the convent where Madame de Farcy was staying.

Julia had been some time in Paris for medical advice. Her charming figure, her elegance and talents soon made her an object of attraction. I have already said that she was born

with a true talent for poetry. She had become a saint after having been one of the most agreeable women of the age: her life has been written by the Abbé Carron.* Those apostles who go about everywhere to seek for souls, feel the same love for them, which a father of the church attributes to the Creator: "When a soul arrives in Heaven," says this father, with the ingenuousness of a primitive Christian, and the simplicity of Greek genius, "God takes it upon his knees and calls it his daughter."

Lucile has left behind her a bitter lamentation: "*On the sister whom I have no longer.*" The Abbé Carron's admiration of Julia explains and justifies the words of Lucile. The account of the holy priest also shows that I have spoken truly in the preface to the *Genius of Christianity*, and serves as a proof for some portions of my Memoirs.

The innocent Julia delivered herself up to penance; she consecrated the treasures of her austerities to the redemption of her brothers, and, after the example of the illustrious African her patron, she became a martyr.

The Abbé Carron, author of *The Life of the Just*, my fellow-countryman, and the St. Francis de Paul of the *Exile*, is the priest whose renown, revealed by the afflicted, made itself heard even in the midst of that of Bonaparte. The voice of the poor banished vicar was never stifled by the echoes of a revolution which completely overturned society; he appeared to have returned from a foreign land expressly to give an account of my sister's virtues: he has searched among our ruins, and discovered a forgotten victim and a tomb.

When the hagiographer depicts the religious cruelties of India, Bossuet's sermon upon the profession of faith made by Mademoiselle de Lavallière presents itself to the mind: "Will she dare to touch this body so tender—so cherished, so cared for? Will there be no compassion for this delicate complexion? On the contrary! It is to this principally that

* I have given the life of my sister as a supplement to these Memoirs.—NOTE B.

the soul imputes its most dangerous temptations; she sets bounds for herself: shut in upon all quarters, she can no longer breathe except on the side of heaven."

I cannot free myself from a feeling of confusion on finding my name in the last lines written by the hand of the venerable historian of Julia. Why should my weakness be brought into such close connection with such lofty perfections? Have I kept to all that my sister's note made me promise, when I received it during my exile in London? Is a book sufficient for God? Or, has my life been conformable to the *Genius of Christianity*? Of what consequence is it to have drawn pictures of religion more or less brilliant, if my passions cast a shadow upon my faith? I have not been blameless; I have not put on the hair-cloth; the tunic of my viaticum should have drunk and dried up my sweat. A weary traveller, I have sat down by the way-side; but fatigued or not, I must rise up and reach the place where my sister has arrived.

Nothing is wanting to the glory of Julia: the Abbé Carron has written her life; Lucile bewailed her death.

Berlin, March 30, 1821.

JULIA IN THE WORLD—DINNER—POMMEREUL—MADAME DE
CHASTENAY.

WHEN I found Julia again in Paris, she was in the midst of all the pomps of the world; she appeared covered with those flowers, adorned with those necklaces, and veiled with those perfumed tissues which St. Clement forbids the early Christian women to wear. St. Basil recommends the hermit to make the same use of the middle of the night which others do of the morning, in order to profit by the silence of nature. Midnight was the hour at which Julia went to those *fêtes*, the principal attraction of which consisted in listening to her verses, recited by her with such wonderful euphony.

Julia was infinitely handsomer than Lucile; she had soft blue eyes, and brown hair dressed in figures or in large rolls.

Her hands and arms, models of whiteness and beauty, by their graceful movements added something more charming still to her charming figure. She was brilliant and animated, smiled frequently without affectation, and in smiling showed her pearly teeth. A number of the female portraits of the time of Louis XIV. resembled Julia; amongst others, those of the Mortemarts; but she had much more elegance than Madame de Montespan.

Julia received me with that tenderness which belongs only to a sister. I felt myself protected on being pressed in her arms, amongst her ribbons, her *bouquet* of flowers and her lace. There is no substitute for the attachment, the delicacy, and the devotedness of a woman. A man may be forgotten by his brothers and friends: he may be disowned by his companions; but he is never forgotten or disowned by his mother, his sister, or his wife. When Harold was slain at the battle of Hastings, no one was able to recognise his body amidst the multitude of the fallen: it was necessary to have recourse to a young girl—to whom he was attached. She came, and the unfortunate prince was discovered by "*Editha Swanes-Hals*"—Edith with the swan's neck.

My brother brought me back to my hotel; he gave orders for my dinner and left me. I dined alone and went to bed sorrowful. I passed my first night in Paris in regretting my woods, and full of fear in contemplating the darkness of my future life.

At eight o'clock next morning my stout cousin arrived; he was already on his fifth or sixth cruise. "Well, Sir, now we shall breakfast; we shall dine with Pommereul, and in the evening I will take you to Madame de Chastenay." This appeared to me to be a settled thing: I resigned myself to my fate. Everything took place as my cousin wished. After breakfast he pretended to show me Paris, and dragged me into the filthiest streets in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, relating to me the whole time the dangers to which young men are exposed. We were punctual at our rendezvous for dinner at a restaurateur's. Everything which was served appeared to me bad. The conversation and the

company exhibited to me quite a new world. Our talk turned upon questions concerning the court, finance, the sittings of the academy, women, and the intrigues of the day—the newest piece, and the success of actors, actresses and authors.

There were several Bretons in the number of our companions, and, amongst others, the Chevalier de Guer and Pommereul. The latter was a fine speaker, who has written an account of some of Bonaparte's campaigns, and whom I was destined to find again at the head of the book trade. Pommereul enjoyed, under the Empire, a sort of renown for his hatred of the noblesse. When a gentleman was appointed to the office of chamberlain, he indulged himself in some coarse witticisms; and yet, he called himself, and with good reason, a *gentleman*. He signed his name *Pommereuz*, claiming to be descended from the family of that name mentioned in Madame de Sévigné's Letters. After dinner, my brother wished to take me to the play, but my cousin claimed me for Madame de Chastenay's, and I accompanied him to fulfil my destiny.

I saw a fine woman, no longer in the bloom of youth, but still able to inspire an attachment. She received me well, endeavoured to put me at my ease, and questioned me concerning my province and my regiment. I was awkward and embarrassed; I made signs to my cousin to shorten the visit. But he, without paying any attention to me, never ceased to dwell on my merits, affirming that I had made verses on my mother's lap, and inviting me to celebrate Madame de Chastenay. She relieved me from the embarrassment of this painful situation—begged pardon for being obliged to go out, and invited me to return the next morning with a voice so sweet, that I involuntarily promised obedience.

I returned to her house next morning alone; I found her in bed in an elegantly furnished chamber. She told me she was rather unwell, and had contracted the bad habit of rising late. I found myself, for the first time, at the bedside of a lady who was neither my mother nor my sister. She had remarked my timidity on the previous evening, and she now

conquered it so far, that I ventured to express myself with a kind of freedom. What I said I have forgotten; but I seem still to see her air of surprise. She stretched out her half-bare arm, and the most beautiful hand in the world, saying to me with a smile, "We shall tame you." I did not salute even that beautiful hand; I withdrew completely confused. The next day I set out for Cambray. Who was this Madame de Chastenay? I am wholly ignorant; she passed like a charming shadow in my life.

Berlin, March, 1821.

CAMBRAY—THE REGIMENT OF NAVARRE—LA MARTINIÈRE.

THE mail courier brought me to my garrison. A brother-in-law of mine, Viscount Chateaubourg (who had married my sister Bénigne, the widow of the Count de Québriac) had given me letters of introduction to the officers of my regiment. The Chevalier de Guénan, a man of the best society, introduced me to a table, where I met Messrs. Achard, Des Mahis, and La Martinière, officers distinguished for their talents. The Marquis de Mortemart was Colonel of the regiment, and Count Andrezel, Major; I was placed under the special guardianship of the latter. I have met both subsequently—the one became my colleague in the Chamber of Peers, the other applied to me for some services, which I was very happy to be able to render him. There is a melancholy pleasure in again meeting with persons whom we have known at a different period of life, and in considering the changes which have taken place in their existence and in our own. Like stakes left behind, they serve to mark the path which we have followed in the desert of the past.

Having joined the regiment in the garb of a citizen, twenty-four hours afterwards I assumed that of a soldier; it appeared as if I had worn it always. My uniform was blue and white, corresponding with my favourite jacket of old; as youth and man I have marched under the same colours. I was sub-

jected to none of those trials which new comers are usually obliged to pass through; I know not why, but no one ventured upon any of these boyish military follies with me. I was not fifteen days in the regiment till I was treated as an old officer. I learned with facility both the exercise and the theory of arms; I passed through the offices of corporal and sergeant with the approbation of my instructors. My rooms became the rendezvous of the old captains as well as of the young lieutenants; the former initiated me into the history of their campaigns; the latter confided to me their amours.

Martinière used to come and ask me to walk with him before the door of a beautiful *Cambrisienn*e whom he adored; and this was repeated five or six times a-day. He happened to be very ugly, with a face strongly marked by the small-pox. While telling me the story of his passion, he kept drinking large glasses of currant-water, which I sometimes paid for.

All would have gone marvellously well, if it were not for my foolish love for dress; there was a general affectation of the rigorous observance of the Prussian fashion: small hat, little curls stuck close to the head, a queue, and a coat, very closely buttoned. This displeased me very much; during the morning I submitted to these fetters, but in the evening, when I hoped not to be seen by my superior officers, I muffled myself up in a large hat; the hair-dresser let loose the curls of my hair, and relieved me from my queue; I unbuttoned and crossed the lappels of my coat, and in this *négligé* dress, I went to do duty for La Martinière, under the window of the cruel Fleming. Lo! one day, I came face to face with M. Andrezel: "What's this, Sir!" said the terrible Major; "you are under arrest for three days." I was a little ashamed, but I recollected the truth of the proverb, that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good;" it relieved me from any concern with the love affairs of my comrade.

Being near Fénélon's tomb, I read Telemachus over again; I was not very much disposed for the philanthropic *historiette* of the cow and the prelate.

The *début* of my career served to amuse my recollections.

When passing through Cambrai with the King, after the hundred days, I looked for the house in which I had lodged, and the coffee-house which I frequented, but they were not to be found; every thing had disappeared—men and monuments.

DEATH OF MY FATHER.

The same year in which I went through my first training in arms at Cambrai, brought news of the death of Frederick II. I am now an Ambassador to the nephew of this great King, and write this part of my Memoirs in Berlin. This piece of important public news was succeeded by another, mournful to me. Lucile announced to me that my father had been carried off by an attack of apoplexy, two days after that Fête of Angevine, which had been one of the delights of my childhood.

Among the authentic pieces which serve me as a guide, I find the record of the decease of my parents. These records showing, as they do in an especial manner, the fashions of the age in this respect, I here consign them to the page of history.

Extract from the register of deaths of the Parish of Combours, for the year 1786.

“The body of the high and puissant Messire René de Chateaubriand, Comte de Combours, Lord of Gaugres, Plessis-l'Epine, Boulet, Malestroit en Dol, and other places, husband of the high and mighty Lady Apolline-Jeanne-Suzanne de Bédée de la Bouétardais, Countess of Combours, died, about sixty-nine years of age, at his Castle of Combours, on the 6th of September, about eight in the evening, was buried on the 8th, in the family vault, in the church-yard of Combours, in presence of the gentlemen and officers of the jurisdiction, and other notable citizens, whose names are subscribed. Witnesses: Le Comte du Petitbois, de Monlouët, de Chateaudassy, Delaunay, Morault, Noury de Mauny, advocate; Hermer, procureur; Petit, advocate and procureur fiscal, Robiou, Portal, Le Douarin, De Trevelec, Rector-dean of Dingé; Sévin, Rector.”

In the extract given by M. Lodin, Mayor of Combourg, in 1812, the nineteen words expressive of the titles, *high and puissant*, &c., are cut out.

Extract from the register of deaths of the town of St. Servan, first arrondissement of the Department of Ille and Vilaine, for the year VI of the Republic, folio 35 :

“ On the twelfth Prairial, year VI of the French Republic, appeared before me, Jacques Bourdasse, municipal officer of the Commune of St. Servan, chosen an officer of the public, the 4th of last Floréal, Jean Baslé, gardener, and Joseph Boulin, day-labourer, who have declared in my presence, that Apolline-Jeanne-Suzanne de Bédée, widow of René-Auguste de Chateaubriand, died at the house of *Citoyenne* Gouyon, situated at La Ballue, in that Commune, this day, at one o'clock, P.M. After this declaration, of the truth of which I have made sure, I have drawn up the present record, which Jean Baslé alone has signed along with me, Joseph Boudin having declared his inability to do so, when summoned.

“ Done at the public office, the day and year above stated. Signed, Jean Baslé, and Bourdasse.”

In the first extract, the old *régime* appears: M. de Chateaubriand is a *high and puissant lord*, and the witnesses are *nobles* and citizens of *note*. Amongst the signatures, I find that of the Marquis de Monlouet, who stopped one day in the winter at the Castle of Combourg, and the Curé Sévin, who was so hard to persuade that I was the author of the *Genius of Christianity*, both faithful friends of my father till his last hour. My father was not, however, suffered to rest long in his winding-sheet; he was thrown out of it, when old France was cast into the common sewer.

In the funeral extract about my mother, the world turns upon other poles; a new world; a new era; the reckoning of years, and even the names of the months, are changed. Madame de Chateaubriand is nothing more than a poor woman, who dies at the house of *Citoyenne* Gouyon; a gardener, and a labourer who does not know how to write, are the only witnesses of the record; relatives and friends there

are none ; no funeral pomp ; the only assistant present, the Revolution.*

Berlin, March, 1821.

REGRETS—HAD MY FATHER APPRECIATED ME ?

I lamented M. de Chateaubriand : his death showed me better what he was worth ; I remembered neither his severity, nor his weakness. I could still fancy him walking about in the evening, in the dining-room at Combourg ; I melted at the thought of those family scenes. If my father's affection for me partook of the severity of his character, in reality it was not the less deep. The fierce Marshal de Montluc, who was greatly disfigured by his terrible wounds, and was reduced to the necessity of concealing his glory under a bandage ; this man of slaughter, thus reproaches himself for his harshness towards a son, whom he had just lost.

"This poor boy," said he, "has never seen anything of me except a sullen countenance—full of contempt ; he carried with him a belief, that I neither knew how to esteem nor love him according to his deserts. Why did I so carefully conceal the singular affection which I bore him in my soul ? Was it not he who ought to have had all the pleasure an obligation of it ? I have constrained and tormented myself, in order to wear this foolish mask, and have thereby lost the pleasure of his conversation, and his good-will ; so that his manners to me could not be other than very cold, never having received anything from me except rudeness, nor felt any thing but the treatment of a tyrant ?"

My good-will towards my father was by no means cold, and I have no doubt, notwithstanding his *tyrannical treatment*, that

* Frederick de Chateaubriand, the son of my cousin Armand, and called my nephew, according to the customs of Brittany, has purchased La Ballue, where my mother died.

he loved me tenderly: I am sure he would have deeply regretted me, had Providence called me away before him. But, whilst he remained in the world with me, would he have been sensible of the reputation which I have gained during my life? Literary renown would have been repugnant to his feelings as a gentleman; the talents and success of his son would have been, in his eyes, degeneracy; even the embassy to Berlin, the conquests of the pen, not of the sword, would have given him but little satisfaction. His Breton blood, besides, made him an oppositionist in politics, a strong opponent of taxes, and a violent enemy of the Court. He was accustomed to read the *Gazette de Leyde*, the *Journal de Francfort*, the *Mercure de France*, and the *Histoire Philosophique des deux Indes*; the declamations of which charmed him. He called the Abbé Raynal a *master man* (*maître homme*).

In diplomacy, he was Anti-Mussulman, and used to say that forty thousand *Russian blackguards* would pass over the bodies of the Janissaries, and take Constantinople. Although he was a great Turk-hater, my father had great bitterness of heart towards those *Russian blackguards*, in consequence of coming into contact with them at Dantzic.

I share in the feeling of M. de Chateaubriand with respect to literary or other reputation, but for reasons very different from his. I do not know of any species of renown in history which has any temptations for me: were it necessary for me to stoop, in order to collect at my feet, and for my advantage, the greatest glory in the world, I would not take the trouble to do it. If I had kneaded my own clay, perhaps I should have been made a woman, out of fondness for them; or if I had been a man, I should, first of all, have endowed myself with beauty; then, as a precaution against *ennui*, my persevering enemy, it might have been suitable to me to become a superior artist, but one unknown, and only availing myself of my talents for my recreation in solitude.

In life, weighed at its light weight, measured at its short measure, and free from all cheating, there are only two true things,—religion with understanding, and love with youth

that is, the future and the present ; the rest is not worth the trouble.

With my father's death closed the first act of my life ; the paternal hearth became deserted ; I mourned for them, as if they had been capable of feeling their abandonment and loneliness. Henceforth I was without a master, and in possession of my fortune. That liberty frightened me. What was I going to do with it? To whom should I give it? I distrusted my own power ; I recoiled from myself.

Berlin, March 1821.

RETURN TO BRETAGNE—SOJOURN AT MY ELDEST SISTER'S HOUSE—
MY BROTHER SUMMONS ME TO PARIS.

I obtained leave of absence. M. d'Andrezel, just appointed lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of Picardy, was quitting Cambrai ; I acted as his courier. I passed through Paris, where I had no wish to remain a quarter of an hour. I revisited the woody plains of my beloved Bretagne with more delight than a Neapolitan, banished to our climate, would revisit the shores of Portici and the fields of Sorrento. My family assembled at Combourg ; the inheritance was divided ; that done, we dispersed, as birds fly from the paternal roof. My brother, who came from Paris, returned thither ; my mother fixed herself at St. Malo ; Lucile followed Julia ; I passed a great part of my time at the houses of Mesdames de Marigny, de Chateaubourg, and de Farcy. Marigny, the castle of my eldest sister, three leagues from Fougères, was pleasantly situated between two lakes, amongst woods, rocks and meadows. I remained there some months in tranquillity. A letter from Paris disturbed my repose.

At the time of entering the service, and marrying Mademoiselle de Rosambo, my brother had not yet quitted the robe ; for that reason he could not get into carriages. His

eager ambition suggested to him the idea of introducing me to the honours of the court, with a view the better to prepare the way for his own elevation. Proofs of the nobility of the family had been given for Lucile, when she was received into the chapter of L'Argentière; so that all was ready. Marshal de Duras was to be my patron. My brother announced to me that I was entering on the path of fortune; that I had already obtained the rank of a captain of cavalry,—a rank entitling me to honour and courtesy; that it would afterwards be easy to attach myself to the Maltese Order, by means of which I might enjoy large benefices.

This letter struck me like a thunderbolt: to return to Paris, to be presented at court! I, who felt almost ill when I met three or four strangers in a drawing-room! How was I to be made to comprehend ambition? I, who only dreamt of living forgotten!

My first feeling was to reply to my brother, that, being the eldest, it was for him to support his name; that as to myself, an obscure cadet from Bretagne, I would not withdraw from the service, because there were chances of a war; but that if the King had need of a soldier in his army, he had no need of a poor gentleman at his court.

I hastened eagerly to read this romantic reply to Madame de Marigny, who uttered loud exclamations! Madame de Farcy was sent for, who jeered at me. Lucile would have willingly sustained me, but she dared not enter the list with her two sisters. My letter was snatched from my hands; and, being always feeble in matters affecting myself, I sent to inform my brother that I was about to set out.

I did set out in reality; and set out to be presented at the first court in Europe, in order to make my *début* in the most brilliant career in life; and I had the air of a man who was going to the galleys, or of one on whom sentence of death was just about to be pronounced.

Berlin, March, 1821.

MY SOLITARY LIFE IN PARIS.

I entered Paris by the same road which I followed the first time; I gave orders to be set down at the same hotel, Rue de Mall: I knew no other. I was lodged near the door of my old chamber, but in a room somewhat larger, and looking upon the street.

My brother, whether it was that he was embarrassed by my manners, or that he took compassion on my timidity, did not take me into the world, or introduce me to any one. He lived in the Rue des Fossés-Montmartre. I went to dine with him every day at three o'clock; we then separated, and did not meet again till the next day. My stout cousin, Moreau, was no longer in Paris. I passed two or three times in front of the hotel of Madame de Chastenay, without venturing to ask the porter what had become of her.

Autumn was commencing. I rose at six o'clock in the morning and went to the riding-house. I breakfasted. Happily, I was at that time under the influence of a passion for Greek. I translated the *Odyssey* and the *Cyropedia* till two o'clock, mingling my labour with historical studies. At two o'clock, I dressed, and went to my brother's; he used to ask me, what I had done, what I had seen? I replied, "Nothing." He would shrug his shoulders, and turn his back upon me.

One day, a noise was heard without; my brother ran to the window and called me. I had no inclination to leave the arm-chair in which I was stretched at the bottom of my room. My poor brother predicted that I should die unknown—useless to myself and my family.

At four o'clock I returned home, and sat down behind my window. Two young persons, fifteen or sixteen years old, usually came at that hour to draw at the window of a hotel built just opposite, on the other side of the street. They had observed my regularity, as I had theirs. From time to time,

they would raise their heads to look at their neighbour ; I owed them an infinite good-will for that mark of attention. They constituted my only society in Paris.

When night approached, I went to one of the theatres ; the solitude of a crowd pleased me, although it always cost me an effort to get my ticket at the door, and to mingle with men. I corrected the idea which I had formed of a theatre at St. Malo. I saw Madame Saint Huberti in the character of Armida ; I felt that something was wanting to the magician of my creation. When I did not imprison myself in the boxes of the Opera, or the Français, I walked from street to street, or along the quays, till ten or eleven o'clock at night. I cannot even now look upon the row of reflectors from the Place Louis XV. to the barrier of Bons Hommes, without calling to mind the anguish I experienced, when I passed along that way to Versailles, in order to be presented.

Having returned home, I used to spend a part of the night with my head bent over my fire, which said nothing to me. My imagination was not rich enough, like that of the Persians, to figure to myself that the flame resembled the anemone, and the glow the pomegranate. I heard carriages going, coming, crossing ; their distant roll resembled the murmur of the sea on the sands of my native province, or the wind in the woods of Combourg. These noises of the world, which recalled to my mind those of solitude, served only to awaken my regret. I invoked my old disease, or rather my imagination invented the history of the persons whom these carriages conveyed ; I saw splendid drawing-rooms, balls, scenes of love and conquest. Soon recalled to reality, I found myself deserted in a lodging, looking at the world through the window, and listening to the noise of my fire.

Rousseau considered himself bound, not only by sincerity, but by his wish, to enlighten mankind, to detail the less respectable actions of his life ; he even supposes the case of being gravely interrogated about them, and obliged to render a faithful account. Had I been in a similar position, I should certainly not have deemed such a course the best as regarded

posterity ; but I was, at the same time, of too timid and of too refined a nature to fall into any such temptations. The scenes which seduced many from virtue, caused me to feel only disgust and horror.

In the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, the imperfect state of civilization, the superstitious belief, the strange and half-barbarous usages, mixed up romance with everything ; there was strength of character, force of imagination, a mysterious and secret mode of life. At night, around the high walls of the burying-grounds and convents, under the deserted ramparts of the city, along the corners and ditches of the markets, and at the outskirts of the worst parts of the town, in the narrow, ill-lighted streets, robbers and assassins concealed themselves ; fighting often took place, either by the light of torches or in pitchy darkness, and it was at the peril of one's life that a rendezvous was kept with a *Heloïse*. To induce a man to run such a risk, he must really have loved ; and, in order to depart from the prevailing tone of manners, great sacrifices had to be made. Not only accidental dangers must be braved, but the sword of the law likewise, and one had to conquer one's habitual regularity, family authority, the tyranny of domestic customs, the opposition of conscience, the terrors and duties of the Christian. All these obstacles doubled the strength of the passions.

I would not, in 1788, have entered a disreputable house, under the observation of the police ; but it is probable enough that I might, in 1606, have wished to see the end of an adventure, such as has been well described by *Bassompierre*.

"About five or six months ago," says the Marshal, "I used to pass over the *Petit-Pont* (for at that time the *Pont-Neuf* was not built), and a pretty young woman, a seamstress at the *Two Angels*, always made me a low curtsy, and watched me till I was out of sight ; and as I had observed this, I made it a point to return her salutation.

"It happened that on coming to Paris from *Fontainebleau*, I went along the *Petit-Pont*, and, as soon as she saw me coming, she stood in the door of her shop, and said, as I passed,

'your servant, sir.' I bowed to her, and, turning my head from time to time, saw that she followed me with her eyes as long as she could."

Bassompierre obtains an interview: "I found her," continues he, "a very pretty woman, about twenty years of age, dressed in a night-cap, petticoat of green cloth, dressing gown, and slippers. I liked her very much, and asked if I might have the pleasure of visiting her again." 'If you wish to see me again,' said she, 'it must be at the house of an aunt of mine, who lives in the Rue Bourg-l'Abbé, in the neighbourhood of the market, and near the Rue aux Ours, at the third house from the end of the Rue St. Martin; I will wait for you there from ten o'clock till midnight, and later still, and I will leave the door open. At the entrance there is a small passage, which you must pass quickly, as the door of my aunt's room opens upon it, and you will find a stair which will bring you to the second floor.' I went at ten o'clock, found the door which she had indicated to me, and observed a great light, not only on the second floor, but on the third and the first also; but the door was shut. I knocked, to give notice of my arrival, but I heard a man's voice asking what I wanted. I returned to the Rue aux Ours, and, having come back a second time, and found the door open, I passed up to the second floor, where I found that this light was caused by the burning of the bed straw, and there were two naked bodies stretched upon the table. I retired in great astonishment; and, as I was going out, I met the undertakers, who asked what I was looking for; in order to get rid of them, I laid my hand on my sword, passed out, and returned to my lodgings, no little affected by this unexpected sight."

I went, in my turn, on an excursion of discovery, with the address given two hundred years ago by Bassompierre. I crossed the Petit-Pont, passed the Halles, and followed the Rue St. Denis, as far as the Rue aux Ours, on the right hand; the first street on the left running out of the Rue aux Ours is the Rue Bourg-l'Abbé. Its name, smoky as if from time, and a fire, gave me good hopes. I found the *third little door* on the side towards the Rue St. Martin, so faithful are

the marks given by the historian. The front of the house, however, was modern. There, unfortunately, the two centuries and a half, which I at first thought might have remained undisturbed in the street, had disappeared. The front of the house was modern; no light shone from the first, the second, or the third floor. The attic windows, under the roof, were adorned with garlands of nasturtium and sweet pea; in the ground floor, a hair-dresser's shop window, exhibited a quantity of locks of hair, hung up inside the glass.

Quite disconcerted, I entered this *eponine* museum; since the conquest by the Romans, the Gauls have always been in the habit of selling their blond tresses, for the use of heads less adorned; the Bretons, my fellow country-women, still observe the custom of being shorn on certain fair days, and exchanging the natural covering of their heads for an Indian handkerchief. Turning to a shop-boy, who was dressing a wig with an iron comb, I said, "Perhaps, sir, you have bought the hair of a young seamstress who lived at the sign of the *Two Angels*, near the *Petit-Pont*?" He stood motionless, unable to say either yes or no. So, making a thousand apologies, I withdrew, through a labyrinth of toupets.

I next wandered from door to door: no seamstress, twenty years old, made me *low curtsies*; I discovered no free, disinterested, impassioned young woman, in a *night-cap*, *petticoat of green cloth*, *dressing-gown*, and *slippers*. A grumbling old woman, ready to rejoin her teeth in the tomb, attempted to strike me with her crutch; she was, perhaps, the aunt of the rendezvous.

What a pleasant story is this of Bassompierre! We must understand one of the reasons for which he was so resolutely loved. At this period, the French were divided into two distinct classes—the dominant and the demi-servile. The seamstress pressed Bassompierre in her arms, as a demi-god in those of a slave: it gave her an illusion of glory, and Frenchwomen alone are capable of becoming intoxicated by such an illusion.

But who will reveal to us the unknown causes of the catastrophe? Was it the pretty grisette of the *Two Angels*, whose body lay stretched upon the table along with that of another

person? Whose was the other body? That of her husband, or of the man whose voice Bassompierre had heard? Had the plague (for the plague was in Paris,) or jealousy, had the foreway of love in the Rue Bourg-l'Abbé? Imagination may easily disport itself on such materials. By adapting to popular music the inventions of the poet,—the arrival of the grave-diggers and undertakers, and Bassompierre's sword,—there are in the adventure copious materials for a melodrama.

You will wonder, also, at the correctness of my youth in Paris, where I was free to act as I pleased; but I did not abuse my independence.

Berlin, April 1821.

PRESENTATION AT VERSAILLES—HUNTING WITH THE KING.

The fatal day arrived: I was obliged to set out for Versailles more dead than alive. My brother took me thither the evening before my presentation, and left me at the house of Marshal de Duras, a clever man, of such a general stamp of mind that he showed something of the citizen in his refined manners. This good Marshal, however, gave me a dreadful feeling of fear.

On the next morning I went alone to the palace. Those who have never seen the pomp of Versailles, may be said to have seen nothing,—even after the dismantling of the old residence of the king. Louis XIV. seemed always there.

Every thing went well, as long as I had only to cross the guard-rooms: military pomp has always pleased, but never daunted me. But, when I entered the *Œil de Bœuf*, and found myself in the midst of courtiers, then began my embarrassment. They looked at me: I heard some one asking who I was. We must bear in mind the old prestige in favour of royalty, thoroughly to comprehend the importance of being then presented. A mysterious destiny belonged to the *débutant*; he was spared that contemptuous, patronizing air, mixed with extreme politeness, which constituted the inimitable manners of a *grand seigneur*. Who knows whether this

new-comer may not become the king's favourite? In him they respected the future domestic privileges with which he might be honoured! Now, we hurry into the palace with much greater eagerness than formerly, and, strange to say, without illusion. A courtier reduced to live upon truth, is very likely to die of hunger.

When the king's levee was announced, the persons not presented withdrew. I felt an emotion of vanity; I was not proud of remaining, but I should have felt humiliated at having to retire. The royal bed-chamber door opened; I saw the king, according to custom, finishing his toilet,—that is, taking his hat from the chamberlain in waiting. He advanced, on his way to the chapel to hear mass; I bowed; Marshal de Duras announced my name,—“Sire, the Chevalier de Chateaubriand.” The king looked at me, returned my salutation, hesitated, and appeared as if he wished to address me. I would have replied with a firm countenance,—my timidity had vanished. Speaking to the general of the army, or the chief of the state, appeared to me a very simple matter, without my being able to account for what I felt. The king, more embarrassed than I, finding nothing to say to me, passed on. Vanity of human destinies! This sovereign, whom I then saw for the first time,—this monarch so powerful,—was Louis XVI., only six years before he was brought to the scaffold! And this new courtier, whom he scarcely looked at, charged with distinguishing bones from bones, after having been presented to the descendant of St. Louis, after proof of nobility, was one day to be with his ashes, after proof of fidelity!—a double tribute of respect to the twofold royalty of a sceptre, and of a heavenly crown! Louis XVI. might have replied to his judges in the words which Christ used to the Jews, “Many good works have I showed you; for which of these works do ye stone me?”

We hastened to the gallery in order to be in the Queen's passage on her return from the chapel. She soon appeared, surrounded by a numerous and brilliant *cortège*; she gave us a gracious salutation; she appeared enchanted with life. And those beautiful hands which then carried with so much grace

the sceptre of such a long race of kings, were, before being bound by the executioner, to be employed in mending the rags of the widow, a prisoner in the Conciergerie !

If my brother obtained from me a sacrifice, it was not in his power to push his advantage further. He entreated me in vain to remain at Versailles, in order to be present in the evening at the Queen's party. "You will be presented to the Queen," said he, "and the King will speak to you." He could not have given me a better reason for hastening my departure, I hurried away to conceal my glory in my furnished lodgings, happy at having escaped from the court, but still seeing before me the terrible line of carriages of the 19th of February, 1787.

The Duc de Coigny sent to let me know that I was to go out hunting with the King in the forest of St. Germain. I set out early in the morning towards my punishment, in the uniform of a *débutant*—a grey coat, red waistcoat and small clothes, jockey boots, a hanger by my side, and a little French hat with a gold lace band. There were four of us new comers at the Palace of Versailles ; the two Messrs. de St. Marsault, Count d'Hautefeuille and myself.* The Duke de Coigny gave us our instructions ; he warned us not to cross the scent, the King being angry when any one passed between him and the game. The Duc de Coigny bore a name fatal to the Queen. The place of meeting was at Val, in the forest of St. Germain, a domain pledged by the Crown to Marshal de Beauveau. Custom required, that those presented at court should, on their first hunting excursion, be supplied with horses from the King's stables.†

* I have again met with the Comte d'Hautefeuille ; he employed himself in translating select portions of Byron ; the Comtesse d'Hautefeuille, his wife, is the clever Author of the *Ame exilée*, &c. &c.

† The following appeared in the *Gazette de France* of Tuesday the 27th of February, 1787 : "the Count Charles d'Hautefeuille, the Baron de St. Marsault ; the Baron de St. Marsault-Chatelailon, and the Chevalier de Chateaubriand, who had all previously the honour of being presented to the King—have had the further honour of riding in one of the royal carriages, and accompanying his Majesty to hunt."

The drums beat; the guard take arms, the word of command is given.—The King is announced!—He comes forth, and enters his carriage; we roll along in the carriages of the suite. There was a great difference between this drive and hunt with the King, and my drives and hunts in the plains of Bretagne; and still more between this and my hunting excursions with the savages of America: my life was to be full of these contrasts.

We arrived at the rallying point, where numbers of saddle-horses, led about under the trees, exhibited their impatience. The carriages left in the forest with the guards,—the groups of men and women,—the pack, with difficulty restrained by the huntsmen,—the baying of the dogs,—the neighing of the horses, and the noise of the horns, formed a highly animated scene. The hunting parties of our kings recalled at once the ancient and the modern manners of the monarchy, the rude pastimes of Clovis, Chilperic, and Dagobert, and the gallantry of Francis I., of Henry IV., and Louis XIV.

I was too full of my readings not to see everywhere Comtesses de Chateaubriand, Duchesses d'Etampes, Gabrielles d'Estrées, La Vallières, de Montespons. My imagination regarded this hunting party historically, and I felt myself at my ease; I was, moreover, in a forest, and therefore at home.

On alighting from the carriages, I presented my ticket to one of the masters of the hunt. A mare called *Heureuse* was allotted to me—of light mould, but badly mouthed, skittish and full of caprice; she formed a lively image of my fortunes, and was continually pricking up her ears. The King having mounted, set out; the whole field followed him, taking different routes. I remained behind to try a struggle with *Heureuse*, who was very unwilling to be bestridden by her new master; I succeeded, however, in throwing myself on her back; the party was already at a distance.

I contrived at first to manage *Heureuse* pretty well; compelled to shorten her gallop, she put down her neck, champed the foaming bit, and bounded with short leaps from side to

side ; but, as she drew near to the scene of action, it became impossible to restrain her. She threw up her head—pulled my hand down to the saddle-bow—dashed at full speed into the midst of a crowd of hunters, clearing everything in her course, and never stopped till she came in contact with the horse of a woman, which she overturned, in the midst of roars of laughter from some, and cries of fear from others. It is quite in vain for me now to attempt to recal the name of that woman, who received my apologies with great politeness. The whole talk of the day turned upon the adventure of the *débutant*.

I was not, however, at the end of my trials. About half an hour after my discomfiture, I was riding in a long alley crossing some wild parts of the wood ; a pavilion rose at the extremity ; this made me begin to think of the palaces scattered through the royal forests, calling to mind the origin of the long-haired Kings and their mysterious pleasures. A shot was fired ; *Heureuse* turned short round, brushed, with her head down, into the thicket, and carried me precisely to the spot at which the stag had just been brought down. The King appeared.

I then remembered, but too late, the injunctions of the Duc de Coigny. The cursed *Heureuse* had done it all. I leaped to the ground, with one hand pushing back my mare, with the other holding off my hat. The King looked at me, and merely saw that a *débutant* was in before him at the death. He wished to speak ; and instead of being angry, he said to me, in a good-humoured tone, and with a loud laugh, "It has not lasted long." These were the only words I ever heard from Louis XVI. The suite came in from all sides, and were astonished to find me *talking* with the King. The *débutant* Chateaubriand made some noise in consequence of his adventures ; but, as it has always happened since, he knew neither how to profit by his good nor his evil fortune.

The King ran three other stags. The *débutants* not being allowed to ride more than the first run, I went to wait

at Val with my companions for the King's return from the hunt.

His Majesty returned to Val; he was in good humour, and gave an account of the accidents of the chase. We took the road to Versailles. There was a new disappointment for my brother; for, instead of going to dress, in order to attend at the *unbooting* of the King, a moment of triumph and favour, I threw myself into the corner of my carriage, and re-entered Paris, full of joy at being delivered from my honours and my evils. I declared to my brother that I was determined to return to Bretagne.

Satisfied with having made his name known, and hoping one day to bring to maturity, by his own appearance at court, what had proved barren in mine, he made no more opposition to the departure of such an odd brother.*

Such was my first view of the city and of the court. Society appeared to me even more odious than I had imagined it; but if it frightened, it did not discourage me. I felt confusedly that I was superior to what I had seen. I took an unconquerable disgust to the court. This disgust, or rather this contempt, which I could not conceal, will prevent my success, or make me fall from the highest point of my career.

However, if I formed an opinion of the world without having seen it, the world, in its turn, knew nothing of me. No one at my *début* guessed what I might be worth; and on my return to Paris, it was as little calculated on. Since my mournful celebrity many persons have said to me: "How we should have noticed you if we had met you in your youth!" This compliment is nothing but the illusion of a fame already gained. Men resemble each other in their exterior: in vain

* The *Mémorial Historique de la Noblesse* has published a document, marked by the King, and extracted from the archives of the kingdom, historical section, M. 813 and 814. Amongst the entries, are the names of my brother and myself, showing that my memory has been correct in the dates.

Rousseau has told us that he possessed a pair of small, but very charming eyes; it is no less certain—witness his portrait—that he had the air of a schoolmaster or a growling shoemaker.

To finish with the court, I will add, that after having revisited Bretagne, and come to settle in Paris with my younger sisters, Lucile and Julie, I plunged more than ever into my solitary habits. I may be asked, what became of the history of my presentation? It stopped there. You then never hunted any more with the King? No more than with the Emperor of China. You never returned then to Versailles? I went twice as far as Sèvres; my heart failed me, and I returned to Paris. You derived no advantage then from your position? None. What did you do then? I wearied. So, then, you felt none of the stirrings of ambition? Just so: by the help of intrigues and anxieties, I effected the glory of inserting in the *Almanac des Muses*, a pastoral, whose appearance seemed to kill me with hope and fear. I would have given all the King's carriages to have composed the romance, *O ma tendre musette!* or, *De mon berger volage*.

Useful in everything for others, good for nothing for myself; such I am.

Paris, June, 1821.

JOURNEY TO BRETAGNE—GARRISON OF DIEPPE—RETURN TO PARIS
WITH LUCILE AND JULIA.

The whole of the preceding book was written at Berlin. I have returned to Paris for the baptism of the Duc de Bordeaux, and have given up my embassy from fidelity to the party of M. de Villèle, who has resigned. Having now leisure, let me write. In proportion as these Memoirs grew from my past years, they represent to me the lower portion of an hour-glass, constituting the fallen sands of my life: when they have all run through, I would not turn my hour-glass, even if God had given me the power.

The solitude to which I retired in Bretagne, after my presentation at court, was not like that of Combourg: it was neither so complete nor so melancholy, nor, in a word, so compulsory. I might quit it if I liked, and it therefore lost its value. An old baron or baroness of many quarterings, keeping guard in their feudal manor over their only remaining daughter and son, afforded me what the English call *characters*. There was nothing provincial, nothing low in this way of life, because it was not that usually led.

Where my sisters lived, simplicity of manners still prevailed. We went about dancing at each other's houses, and having private theatricals, at which I was occasionally an indifferent performer. At Fougères, in winter, we had to bear with the society of a little town, its balls, assemblies, and dinners; and I could not be overlooked as I was at Paris.

On the other hand, I had not been in the army and at the court, without a change having taken place in my ideas. In spite of my natural taste, a something within me resisted my remaining in obscurity, and called me from the shade. Julia detested the country; the consciousness of beauty and talent urged Lucile to a more extended field of action.

I felt, in short, so ill at ease in my mode of life, that I became aware that it was never intended for me. However, I was always fond of the country, and about Marigny it was beautiful.* My regiment had changed its quarters: the first battalion was in garrison at Havre, the second at Dieppe; I rejoined the latter. My presentation at court had made me quite a person of importance. I took to my profession with spirit, and attended parade regularly. I had the charge of some recruits, whom I drilled on the sea-shore; that sea has formed the background of the picture in almost all the scenes of my life.

La Martinière did not occupy himself at Dieppe either with his *homonyme Lamartinière*, or with P. Simon, who wrote

* Marigny is much changed since my sister lived there. It was sold, and now belongs to MM. de Pommeroul, who have rebuilt and embellished it.

against Bossuet, Port Royal, and the Benedictines, or with the anatomist Pecquet, whom Madame de Sévigné calls "Le petit Pecquet;" but La Martinière was in love at Dieppe, as he had been at Cambray; he was sighing at the feet of a stout *cauchoise*, with a head-dress about three feet high. She was not young; by a singular coincidence, her name was Cauchie, the grand-daughter, apparently, of that Dieppoise, Anne Cauchie, who, in 1645, was one hundred and fifty years old.

It was in 1647 that Anne of Austria, looking on the sea as I do from the windows of her chamber, amused herself by watching the fire-ships burning for her diversion. She left the young Louis XIV. to the care of the people who had been faithful to Henry IV., and bestowed upon those people innumerable blessings, *notwithstanding their villainous Norman dialect.*

At Dieppe we again meet with certain feudal services which I had seen paid at Combourg: to the citizen Vauquelin were due three boars' heads, each with an orange between its teeth, and three coins of the most ancient money known.

I returned to pass a session at Fougères. In that town lived a noble lady, named Mademoiselle de La Belinaye, aunt of the Countess of Tronjoli, of whom I have already spoken. An agreeable but plain woman, the sister of an officer in the regiment of Condé attracted my regard; I would not have been rash enough to raise my eyes to a beauty; it was only when encouraged by the imperfections of a woman that I ventured upon offering my respectful homage.

Madame de Farcy, who was a great sufferer, at last came to the determination of leaving Bretagne. She persuaded Lucile to accompany her, and Lucile, in her turn, overcame my repugnance to going. We took the road to Paris: a sweet reunion of the three youngest birds of the covey.

My brother was married, and lived with his father-in-law, the President de Rosambo, in the Rue de Bondy. We agreed to settle near him, and through the agency of M. Delisle de Sales, who lived in the Pavillon of Saint Lazare, at the top of the Faubourgs St. Denis, we secured apartments in the same place.

DELISLE DE SALES—FLINS—LIFE OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

Paris, June, 1821.

Madame de Farcy had formed an acquaintance, I know not how, with Delisle de Sales, who was formerly confined in Vincennes for some philosophical nonsense. In those days, a man obtained celebrity for scribbling a few lines of prose, or contributing a few stanzas to the *Almanach des Muses*. Delisle de Sales was a good fellow, of talents very decidedly *mediocre*, with a great flow of spirits, and one who bore his years well; the old man had a tolerably large library of his own works, which he offered for sale to strangers, and which no one in Paris ever thought of reading. Every year, in the spring, he rubbed up his ideas in Germany. Fat and portly, he was in the habit of carrying about a roll of dirty paper, which was to be seen sticking constantly out of his pocket; to this paper he consigned the thoughts of the moment, at the corners of the streets. On the pedestal of his marble bust, he had, with his own hand, traced an inscription, borrowed from the bust of Buffon: *God, man, nature, he has explained all*. Delisle de Sales *has explained all!* Such specimens of vanity are very amusing, but very discouraging. Who can flatter himself with being a man of true genius? May we not all be, as long as we exist, under illusions similar to those of Delisle de Sales? I would say, that many an author who reads this phrase may believe himself to be a writer of genius, when he is nothing but an ass.

If I have dwelt too long on the story of this worthy man of the Pavillons of St. Lazare, it is because he was the first *littérateur* with whom I met, and he introduced me to the society of others.

The presence of my two sisters rendered my sojourn in Paris less insupportable; and my inclination for study still more lessened my dislike. Delisle de Sales seemed to me an eagle. At his house I saw Carbon, Flins des Oliviers, who fell in love with Madame de Farcy. She amused herself at his expense; he took the matter seriously, for he piqued himself on being good company. Flins introduced me to Fontanes, his friend, who became mine.

Flins, being the son of the overseer of the waters and park at Rheims, had received a very desultory education ; still, he was a man of wit, and now and then showed talents. It was impossible to see an uglier man : short and puffy, with large projecting eyes, bristly hair, and foul teeth ; but, notwithstanding all, a man of by no means ignoble mien. His mode of life—a sample of that of almost all men of letters at that period in Paris—deserves to be related.

Flins occupied chambers in the Rue Mazarine, very near those of La Harpe, who lodged in the Rue Guénégaud. Two Savoyards travestied as lacqueys, in virtue of livery frock-coats, waited on him ; they followed him in the evening, and during the morning introduced his visitors at home. Flins went regularly to the Theatre Français, which was then at the Odéon, and especially distinguished for comedy. Brizard was just then closing his career ; Talma commencing his : Larive, St. Phal, Fleury, Molé, Dazincourt, Dugazon, Grandmesnil ; Mesdames Contat, St. Val, Desgareins, Olivier, were all at the height of their reputation, and Mademoiselle Mars, the daughter of Monvel, coming forward to make her *début* at the Theatre Montansier. Actresses were the patrons of authors, and sometimes became the means of their success.

Flins, who had only a small allowance from his family, lived upon credit. On the approach of the Parliamentary vacation, he pawned the liveries of his Savoyards, his two watches, his rings and linen, and, with the cash, paid what he owed, set out for Rheims, remained there three months, returned to Paris, and, with money received from his father redeemed his pledges from the Mont de Pieté, began the circle of life afresh, always merry, and well received everywhere.

Paris, June, 1821.

MEN OF LETTERS—PORTRAITS.

IN the course of the two years which passed from my settlement in Paris till the opening of the Etats-Généraux, my circle of society was enlarged. I knew by heart the

elegies of the Chevalier de Parny, and I know them still. I wrote to him to ask permission to visit a poet, whose works were my delight; he replied politely, and I went to call on him, in the Rue de Cléry.

I found a man still rather young, of good manners, tall and thin, and marked with the small-pox. He returned my visit; I presented him to my sisters. He had no great liking for society, from which he was soon driven by politics; he was then of the old party. I never knew a writer who was more like his works: being a poet and a creole, all his wants were an Indian sky, a fountain, a palm-tree, and a wife. He dreaded noise, sought to glide through life unperceived, sacrificed everything to his indolence, and was only drawn forth from obscurity by his pleasures, which, *en passant*, awakened his lyre:

Que notre vie heureuse et fortunée
 Coule, en secret, sous l'aile des amours,
 Comme un ruisseau qui, murmurant à peine
 Et dans son lit resserrant tous ses flots.
 Cherche avec soin l'ombre des arbrisseaux,
 Et n'ose pas se montrer dans la plaine.

It was this impossibility of rousing himself from his indolence, which turned the Chevalier de Parny from a furious aristocrat into a miserable revolutionist, attacking a persecuted religion and its priests on the scaffold, purchasing his repose at any price, and lending to his muse, which produced *Eleonora*, the language of the places in which Camille Desmoulins was in the habit of going to haggle about his *amours*.

The author of the *Histoire de la Littérature Italienne*, who crept into the Revolution in the train of Chamfort, came to us in virtue of that cousinship which subsists among all Bretons. Ginguéné made his way in the world on the reputation of an agreeable piece of poetry, *La Confession de Zulmé*, which procured him a paltry place in the office of M. de Necker; from thence his piece gained him an entrance into the Board of Controul. I do not know who it was that disputed Ginguéné's title to the authorship of *La Confession de Zulmé*, but, in fact, it belonged to him.

The Poet of Rennes understood music well, and composed it himself. Humble as he was, we saw his pride increase, just in proportion as he attached himself to some well known man. About the time of the meeting of the *Etats-Généraux*, Chamfort employed him to draw up coarse articles for the newspapers, and speeches for the clubs. He became arrogant. At the first Federation, he said, "What a magnificent *fête*! to give it more splendour, four aristocrats ought to be burned at the four corners of the altar." He was not the first who had given utterance to such wishes; long before him, Louis D'Orléans, of the League, had said in his *Banquet du Comte d'Arête*, "That Protestant ministers, instead of faggots, should be bound to the tree burned in honour of St. John, and Henry IV put in the barrel where people put the cats."

Ginguéné had some previous knowledge of the revolutionary murders. Madame Ginguéné forewarned my sisters and my wife of the massacre about to be perpetrated at the *Carmes*, and gave them an asylum; they remained in *cul de sac Férou*, close to the place where they were to have been murdered.

Subsequently to the reign of terror, Ginguéné became quasi Minister of Public Instruction; it was then that he celebrated *L'arbre de Liberté* at the *Cadran Bleu* to the tune of: *Je l'ai planté, je l'ai vu naitre*. He was considered by his philosophy well qualified to be an ambassador to one of those kings who was about to be dethroned. From Turin he wrote to M. de Talleyrand, that *he had overcome a prejudice*; in his pride, he had caused his wife to be received at court. From mediocrity he started into importance, from importance fell into silliness, and from silliness into ridicule, ending his days as a distinguished literary critic, and which is still better, as an independent writer in the *Décade*; nature restored him to his place from which society had unseasonably drawn him. His knowledge is second hand, his prose heavy, his poetry correct, and sometimes agreeable.

The poet Lebrun was a friend of Ginguéné's. Ginguéné protected Lebrun, as a man of talent who knows the world, protects the simplicity of a man of genius; Lebrun in his turn shed his lustre upon the elevation of Ginguéné. Nothing could be more amusing than the characters played

by these two friends, by an agreeable intercourse rendering each other all those services which can be rendered by two superior men in different ways.

Lebrun was just a mock gentleman of the empire; his inspiration was as cold as his transports were icy. The whole furniture of his Parnassus—an attic in the Rue Montmartre, consisted of books lying pell-mell on the floor, a mean bed, with two dirty towels for curtains hung upon a rusty iron curtain rod, and a broken water jug propped up against a bottomless chair. It was not that Lebrun might not have been at his ease, but he was avaricious, and addicted to bad company.

At the suppers à l'antique given by M. de Vaudreuil, he played the part of Pindar. Among his lyric pieces there are stanzas both energetic and elegant, as in his ode on the ship *le Vengeur*, and that upon the *Environs de Paris*. His elegies were the productions of his head, rarely of his heart; he had the originality of refinement, not of nature; he created nothing except by the power of art; he wearied himself in perverting the sense of words, and throwing them into monstrous combinations. Lebrun had a real talent for satire alone; his letter upon *La bonne et la mauvaise plaisanterie* has enjoyed a deserved reputation. Some of his epigrams may be placed beside those of J. B. Rousseau: Laharpe above all inspired him. Justice must be done him in another respect; he was independent under Bonaparte, and he has left some cutting verses written against the oppressor of our liberties.

But, undoubtedly, the most bilious literary man with whom I was acquainted at that time in Paris was Chamfort; affected by the malady which made Jacobins, he could never pardon men the accident of birth. He betrayed the confidence of those into whose houses he was admitted; he mistook his cynical language for a description of the manners of the court. No one can deny him wit and talents, but of that kind which never reach posterity. When he saw that nothing was to be gained under the Revolution, he turned against himself the hands which he had lifted against society. The red cap appeared to him in his pride merely another

kind of crown, and *sans-culottisme*, a species of nobility of which the Marats and the Robespierres constituted the high grandees. Furious at finding inequalities still existing among men in this world of sorrow and tears, and condemned to be nothing more than a *vilain* under the feudal reign of executioners, he tried to kill himself, in order to escape from the magnates of crime; his attempt failed: death laughs at those who summon it, and who confound it with annihilation.

I did not become acquainted with the Abbé Delille till we met in London in 1798—and I never saw Rulhière, who lived with Madame d'Egmont and maintained her—nor Palissot, nor Beaumarchais, nor Marmontel. There was also De Chénier whom I never saw, who has attacked me severely, to whom I made no reply, and whose place in the Institute was to produce one of the crises of my life.

On reading over most of the writers of the 18th century, I am surprised, both with the noise which they have made, and at my own former admiration of their works; whether it is, that our language has advanced or retrograded, whether we have been making progress towards civilization, or retreating towards barbarism, certain it is, that the authors which formed the delights of my youth now appear to me worn out—gone by, lifeless and cold. Even in the greatest writers of the Voltairian age, I find poverty of sentiments, of thought, and of style.

To whom can I attribute my mistake? I am afraid I must be regarded as the first criminal: born an innovator, I may, perhaps, communicate to new generations the malady with which I have been attacked. Frightened, I cry in vain to my children: "Do not forget French!" They answer as the Limousin did to Pantagruel, "*Qu'ils viennent de l'alme, inclyte et célèbre académie que l'on vocite Lutèce.*"

This manner of Grecising and Latinising our language is by no means new. Rabelais cured it, it reappeared in Ronsard; Boileau attacked it. In our days it has been resuscitated by science; our revolutionists, great Greeks by nature, have forced our trades-people and peasants to learn *hectares*, *hectolitres*, *kilomètres*, *millimètres*, *decagrammes*; politics have been *Ronsardised*.

I might have spoken here of M. de Laharpe, whom I knew at this time, and to whom I shall return ; I might have added to the gallery of my portraits that of Fontanes ; but, although my connexion with that excellent man commenced in 1789, it was only in England that I formed a friendship with him, which became always closer in misfortune, and never relaxed in prosperity : I will, at a later period, give the full effusions of my heart on this subject. I shall only have to describe talents which no longer console the earth. The death of my friend took place at the moment when my recollections were leading me to retrace the commencement of his life. Life passes so rapidly away, that, unless in the evening we record the events of the morning, labours press upon us, and we have no longer time to put them on paper. This, however, does not prevent us from squandering away our years, and from casting to the winds those hours which are to men the seeds of eternity.

Paris, June 1821.

THE ROSAMBO FAMILY.—M. DE MALESHERBES ; HIS PREDILECTION FOR LUCILE.—APPARITION AND CHANGE OF MY SYLPHIDE.

Whilst my inclination and that of my two sisters had thrown me into this literary society, our position obliged us to frequent another circle. The family of my brother's wife was naturally for us the centre of the latter.

The President Le Pelletier de Rosambo, who afterwards suffered death with such distinguished courage, was, when I arrived in Paris, a model of fickleness. At this time every thing was deranged, both the mental and the moral world,—symptoms of an approaching revolution. The magistrates blushed to wear their robes, and turned into ridicule the gravity of their fathers. The Lamoignons, the Molés, the Séguiers, the d'Aguesseaus, wanted to fight, and no longer to deliberate.

The ladies of the presidents, abandoning the character of

venerable mothers of families, issued from their quiet houses, to appear as brilliant women of fashion.

The priest in his pulpit avoided the name of Jesus Christ, and only spoke of "*the Christian Legislator*;" the ministers abused each other, and power slipped through their fingers. It was the fashion to be an American in the city, an Englishman at court, a Prussian in the camp; to be every thing but a Frenchman. All that was said and done formed but one tissue of inconsistencies. They pretended to have a respect for the endowed clergy, but would have no religion: none-but men of gentle blood could act as officers, yet they arrayed themselves against the nobility. They introduced equality into the drawing-rooms, but cudgelling into the camps.

M. de Malesherbes had three daughters,—Mesdames de Rosambo, d'Aulnay, and De Montboissier. He was most attached to Madame de Rosambo, in consequence of the agreement of her opinions with his own. The President de Rosambo had likewise three daughters,—Mesdames de Chateaubriand, d'Aulnay, and de Tocqueville; and one son, whose brilliant talents were adorned with Christian goodness.

M. de Malesherbes enjoyed himself in the midst of his children, his grandchildren, and his great grandchildren.

I have frequently seen him, during the early times of the Revolution, arrive at the house of Madame de Rosambo, worried by politics—cast aside his wig, throw himself upon the carpet of my sister-in-law's room, and begin romping and making a frightful uproar with the assembled children.

In other respects he would have been a man of ordinary manners, were it not for a degree of decisiveness which prevented him from being regarded as such. At the first sentence which issued from his mouth one perceived that he was a man of ancient name and a distinguished magistrate. His natural good qualities were slightly spoiled by affectation—in consequence of the philosophy in which he indulged. He was full of wisdom, of honour, and of courage; but hot-headed and passionate to a degree of which he himself informed me when speaking of Condorcet: "That man was once my friend.—Now, I should have no more scruple about killing him than a dog." He was wrecked by the waves of the Revolution, and

his death established his glory. The merits of this great man would have remained concealed had not misfortune displayed them to the world.

A noble Venetian lost his life in endeavouring to save his rights in the fall of an old palace.

The frankness of M. de Malesherbes relieved me from all constraint. He afforded me some instruction. By this we were first rendered intimate. We spoke of botany and geography, which were his favourite subjects for conversation.

It was whilst conversing with him that I conceived the idea of making a journey in North America, to discover the sea seen by Hearne, and subsequently by Mackenzie.*

We discussed politics also. The generous sentiments which gave rise to our first disturbances promoted the independence of my character; the natural dislike which I entertained to the Court added strength to this inclination. I was on the side of M. de Malesherbes and Madame de Rosambo against M. de Rosambo and my brother, to whom we gave the nickname of "the irritable *Chateaubriand*."

The Revolution would have gained a supporter in me had it not been commenced by crimes. I saw the first head carried on a pike, and shrank back. Murder can never appear, in my eyes, either an object of admiration or a proof of liberty. I know nothing more base, more despicable, more cowardly or more mean than a Terrorist.

Have I not met, in France, with all that race of Brutuses in the service of Cæsar and his policy? The levellers, regenerators, and executioners were transformed into valets, spies, sycophants, and, still more wonderful! into dukes, counts and barons! What a moderate age! Finally, it was his liking for my sister that increased my attachment for this noble old man. Notwithstanding the timidity of the Countess Lucile, she was prevailed upon, with the aid of a little Champagne, to take a part in a little piece on the occasion of M. de Malesherbes' birthday: she appeared so amiable that she quite turned the head of the good and great man.

* Navigated recently by Captains Parry and Franklin.—NOTE DE GENEVE.—1841.

He exerted himself, even more than my brother, to procure her transference from Argentière to Remiremont, for which a strict proof of *sixteen quarterings* was required. Philosopher as he was, M. de Malesherbes held the privileges of birth in high regard.

We must consider this picture of men and of society, at the time of my entrance into the world, as applying to a period of about two years from the dissolution of the first Assembly of Notables, on the 25th of May, 1787, to the opening of the States-General, on the 5th of May, 1789. During these two years, my sisters and I neither dwelt constantly in Paris, nor, when there, in the same part of it.

I must now retrace my steps and take my readers back to Brittany. I was still devoted to my fancies: if the woods failed me, past times instead of distant places afforded me another kind of solitude.

In the old parts of Paris, under the arches of Saint Germain-des-Près, in the cloisters of the convents, in the vaults of St. Denis, in the Sainte Chapelle, in Notre Dame, in the narrow streets of the city, at the obscure gates of Heloïse, I still saw my enchantress; but she, under the gothic arches and among the tombs, had assumed a something death-like. She was pale, and regarded me with watery eyes. She was the mere shade or phantom of that dream which I had loved.

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MEMOIRS

OF

CHATEAUBRIAND.

PART II.

Paris, September, 1821.

Revised December, 1846.

FIRST POLITICAL MOVEMENTS IN BRITTANY—BRIEF VIEW OF THE HISTORY OF THE MONARCHY.

My political education was begun by my residence, at different times, in Brittany during the years 1787 and 1788. The States of this province furnished the model of the States-General; and the particular troubles which broke out in the two provinces of Brittany and Dauphiny were the forerunners of those of the nation at large.

The change which had been developing itself for two hundred years was then reaching its limits. France having passed from a feudal monarchy to the monarchy of the States-General, from the monarchy of the States-General to that of the Parliaments, and from the monarchy of the Parliaments to absolute monarchy, was rapidly tending to a representative system by means of a contest of the magistracy with the royal power.

The Meaupeou Parliament, the institution of provincial assemblies, with the right of individuals voting, the first and second assemblies of Notables, the *cour plenière*, the formation of large bailiwicks, the admission of Protestants to the full enjoyment of civil rights, the partial abolition of the torture and statute-labour, and an equal partition of the burthens of taxation, were successive

proofs of the revolution which was in progress. The whole of these facts, however, were not seen at once : each event appeared like an isolated accident. There exists a spirit of the times in every historical period. By looking at events from only a single point of view, we overlook the rays which are converging from other points to a common centre ; we do not go back to the concealed agent which gives life and general movement, as water or fire to machinery. For this reason, it has often been supposed, on the breaking out of revolutions, that it would be sufficient to break a single wheel in order to prevent the torrent from wasting, or the exploding of the steam.

The eighteenth century, which was an age of intellectual, rather than of material, action, would not have succeeded in effecting so speedy a change of the laws and social institutions, had it not found the proper vehicle, in the Parliaments, and especially in the Parliament of Paris. These became the instruments of the philosophical system. Every opinion dies either powerless or mad, unless it has found a habitation in an assembly which gives it power, strengthens it with a will, and furnishes a tongue and arms. Thus, revolutions always have arisen, and always will arise from bodies legal or illegal.

The Parliaments had their cause to avenge ; absolute monarchy had wrested from them a usurped authority over the States-General. Forced registrations, beds of justice, and exiles, by rendering the magistrates popular, drove them to seek for liberties to which at heart they were not sincere friends. They demanded the States-General, not daring to avow that they were only aiming at legislative and political power for themselves ; in this way they hastened on the resurrection of a body, the inheritance of which they themselves had obtained, and which, by its resuscitation, would immediately reduce them to their own special functions—the administration of justice. Men almost always deceive themselves as to their own interest, whether they are stimulated by wisdom or passion ; Louis XVI. re-established Parliaments, which compelled him to appeal to the States-General ; the States-General, transformed into a National Assembly and speedily into a Convention, destroyed both the throne and the Parliaments, by condemning to death the judges and the monarch from whom justice emanated. But Louis XVI. and the Parliaments pursued this course because, without their knowledge, they were the instruments of a social revolution.

The idea of the States-General was then in every one's head,

only they had no notion to what this idea led. The question with the multitude was to increase a deficit, which the humblest banker of the present day would undertake wholly to remove. A remedy so violent applied to an evil so slight, is a clear proof that the people were being carried on towards unknown political regions. In the year 1786, the only one in which the financial condition of the state was already proved, the receipts amounted to 412,924,000 livres, the expenditure to 593,542,000,—deficit 180,618,000, reduced to 140,000,000 by 40,618,000 savings. In this budget the king's household is given at the enormous sum of 37,200,000 livres; the debts contracted by the princes, the purchase of *châteaux*, and the depredations of the court, were the causes of this excess.

It was intended that the States-General should assume the same form as in 1614. Historians always refer to that form, as if States-General had never been heard of, or their assembling demanded since 1614. In 1651, however, the orders of the nobility and clergy, assembled in Paris, called for a meeting of the Estates, and there still exists a large collection of the records of acts done and speeches delivered on that occasion. The Parliament of Paris, at the height of its power at that period, was so far from seconding the wishes of the nobility and clergy, that they dissolved the assembly as illegal; which it was.

And since I am on this subject, I am desirous of remarking another important fact, which has escaped the notice of those who have undertaken to write the history of France, without a proper knowledge of it. They continually speak of *three orders* as essential to the Constitution of the States-General. Now, it frequently happened that bailiwicks appointed deputies merely for *one* or *two* orders. In 1614, the bailiwick of Amboise did not send representatives either for the clergy or the nobility; the bailiwick of Chateaufort-en-Thimerais did not send representatives either for the clergy or the *tiers-état*; Puy, la Rochelle, Lauraguais, Calais, Châtellherault, omitted the clergy, and Mondidier and Roye the nobles. Notwithstanding this, the Assembly of 1614 was called the *States-General*. The ancient chronicles, stating the matter more correctly, when speaking of our National Assemblies, either say the *Three Estates*, or the *Bourgeois Notables*, or the *Barons* and *Bishops*, according to the circumstances, and attribute to all those assemblies, so composed, the same legislative power. It happened in all the different provinces, that the *tiers-état*, though possessing the right of being represented and being summoned, did not use their privilege, for a

reason not always observed, but very natural. The *tiers* had got complete possession of the magistracy, and driven out the military. It reigned with absolute power, except in some Parliaments of Nobles, as judges, lawyers, registrars, clerks, &c. ; it made the civil and criminal laws, and by the aid of Parliamentary usurpation, it gained the privileges even of political power. The fortunes, honour, and lives of the citizens hung upon its decision ; all yielded obedience to its decrees ; every head fell under the sword of its judgments. When, therefore, it was already in the possession of unlimited power, what need was there to go and seek for a useless portion of that power in assemblies, where it only presented itself upon its knees ?

The people, metamorphosed into monks, had taken refuge in convents, and governed society by the influence of religious opinion ; the people, metamorphosed into tax-gatherers and bankers, had taken refuge in finance, and governed society by money ; the people, metamorphosed into magistrates, had taken refuge in the courts, and governed society by law. The great kingdom of France, aristocratic in its districts or its provinces, was democratic as a whole, under the direction of its king, with whom it maintained an admirable understanding, and preserved an almost uniform accord. This fact explains its long existence. A completely new history of France is still to be written, or rather the History of France has never yet been written.

All the great questions referred to below were particularly agitated in the years 1786-87 and '88. The heads of my fellow countrymen found abundant materials of excitement in their natural vivacity, in the privileges of the province, of the clergy and the nobility, and in the collision of the Parliament and the Estates. M. de Calonne, who was for a very short time *intendant* of Brittany, had increased these divisions by favouring the cause of the *tiers-état*. M. de Montmorin and M. de Thiard were governors too feeble to give predominance to the court party. The nobility coalesced with the Parliament, which was noble ; one while it resisted M. Necker, M. de Calonne, and the Archbishop of Sens ; at another it repressed the popular movement, which its first resistance had favoured. It assembled, deliberated, protested ; the *communes* or municipalities met, deliberated, and protested in an opposite sense. The particular question of *hearth-money*, by being mixed up with general questions, increased animosities : and in order to explain this, it is necessary to explain the Constitution of the Duchy of Brittany.

Paris, September, 1821.

CONSTITUTION OF THE ESTATES OF BRITTANY—SITTINGS OF THE ESTATES.

THE Estates of Brittany have undergone more or less changes, like all the Estates of feudal Europe, which they resembled. The Kings of France entered into all the rights of the Dukes of Brittany. The marriage contract of Anne, Duchess of the province in 1491, not only brought Brittany, as a dower, to the crown of Charles VIII. and Louis XII., but it contained stipulations by virtue of which a difference was terminated, which reached as far back as Charles of Blois and the Comte de Montfort. Brittany claimed the right of succession for daughters, whilst France maintained that it was limited to the male line; and that on failure of heirs male, the duchy reverted as a fief to the crown. Charles VIII. and Anne, and then Anne and Louis XII. made mutual concessions of their rights and pretensions. Claude, the daughter of Anne and Louis XII., who became the wife of Francis I., on her death bequeathed the Duchy of Brittany to her husband. On the petition of the Estates assembled at Vannes, Francis I., by an edict published at Nantes in 1532, united the Duchy of Brittany to the crown of France, giving guarantees to the former for the preservation of its liberties and privileges.

At this period the Estates of Brittany assembled every year; but in 1630 their meeting became biennial. The opening of the Estates was announced by the governor. The three orders met, according to the place, in a church or in the halls of a convent. Each order deliberated apart; they constituted three distinct assemblies with their different tempests, which were converted into a general hurricane when the clergy, the nobles, and the *tiers* met together. The court blew the discord, and in this narrow field, as in a larger arena, vanity, ambition, and talent were all called into action.

Father Gregoire de Rostrenen, a capuchin, in the dedication of his "Dictionnaire Français-Breton," speaks in the following fashion to one of the Estates of Brittany.

"If it demanded all the powers of the Roman orator to speak in just commendation of the august senate of Rome, was I

justified in attempting to pronounce a eulogy upon your august assembly, which presents to us a worthy idea of all that was honourable and majestic in ancient or modern Rome?"

Rostrenen alleges that the Celtic was one of the primitive languages, which was brought to Europe by Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, and that the *Bas-Bretons*, notwithstanding their stature, were the descendants of the giants of those days. Unfortunately, the Breton sons of Gomer, long separated from France, have suffered a part of their ancient titles to perish; their charters, to which they did not attach sufficiently great importance as the bond which connects them with general history, are often deficient in that authenticity, whose value the decipherers of documents on their part exaggerate.

The session of the Estates of Brittany was a time of amusement and balls. Dinners were given by the commandant, by the president of the nobility—the president of the clergy, the treasurer of the Estates, and the president of the Parliament; dinners every where, with no lack of drinking! There might be seen, seated at the long tables of the refectory, the labourers of Du Guesclin, and the sailors of Duguay-Trouin, wearing at their side the iron sword of the old guard, or their boarding cutlasses. The gentlemen who were present at the Estates in person, formed no bad resemblance of a Polish Diet—of Poland on foot, not on horseback—a Scythian, but not a Sarmatian Diet.

Unfortunately, too much time was given up to amusements; there was no cessation of balls. The Bretons are remarkable for their dances and the tunes to which they dance. Madame de Sévigné has compared our political banquetings in the midst of our landes, to the festivities of witches and fairies, which take place by night on the heaths:

“You will now have,” she writes, “news of our estates as a punishment for being a Breton. M. de Chaulnes arrived on Sunday evening, and on Monday morning he wrote me a letter, to which I sent him in answer, that I would go and dine with him. There were two tables in the same room, with covers for fourteen at each; *Monsieur* presided at one, and his lady at the other. Good cheer was excessive, and whole dishes of meats were carried away untouched; and as for the pyramids of fruit, it was necessary to raise the height of the doors. Our fathers did not anticipate such kinds of machines, because they had no idea that it was necessary a door should be higher than themselves.

After dinner, MM. de Lomaria and Coetlogon danced minuets and extraordinary jigs with two Breton ladies, with an air which courtiers might have envied. They performed Bohemian and Breton dances with an elegance and precision quite captivating Night and day there was a constant round of amusement, feasting and freedom, which attracted everybody. I had never seen the Estates; it is really a very pretty thing. I do not believe that there is any provincial assembly which exhibits so great an air as this. It must be very full at least, for there is not a single person either with the army or at the court. There is no one except the little ensign (M. de Sévigné, her son), who, perhaps, will return some day like the rest An infinity of gifts, pensions, repairs of the highways and towns, fifteen or twenty great tables, constant gambling and never-ending balls, plays three times a week, and vast finery—such are the Estates—not forgetting the three or four hundred pipes of wine which are drunk.”

The Bretons can scarcely pardon Madame de Sévigné for her raillery; I am less severe, but I do not like to hear her say, “You speak to me very pleasantly of our miseries; we are no longer so *roués*; one in eight days is entirely given up to the affairs of justice. It is true that hanging appears to me now a refreshment.” This is pushing the easy language of courts too far: Barrère spoke in the same style of the guillotine. In 1793 the noyades of Nantes were called *republican marriages*: popular despotism reproduced the amenity of style used by royal despotism.

The coxcombs of Paris, who accompanied the royal commissioners, stated that our country-squires caused us to double up our tin pockets, in order to carry home the commandant's fricasseed chickens to our wives. These sometimes proved very costly. A certain Count Sabran was not long since left dead in the square, in exchange for one of those unreasonable pleasantries. This descendant of the troubadours and *provençal* kings, as tall as a Swiss, was killed by a little sportsman of Morbihan, not bigger than a Laplander. This *Ker* did not yield to his adversary in genealogy: if St. Elzéar de Sabran was a near relation of St. Louis, St. Corentin, grand-uncle of the very noble *Ker*, was Bishop of Quimper in the reign of Gallo II., three centuries before Christ.

KING'S REVENUE IN BRITTANY—PARTICULAR INCOME OF THE PROVINCE
—HEARTH-MONEY—PRESENT FOR THE FIRST TIME AT A POLITICAL
MEETING—SCENE.

THE king's revenue from Brittany consisted of benevolences, variable in amount according to circumstances; of the produce of the royal domains, which might be estimated at from 300,000 to 400,000 francs, and of the duties on stamps, &c.

The province enjoyed its own special revenue to meet the charges of its administration; the *great and small dues*, which affected liquids and their transport, furnished 2,000,000 annually; and, lastly, sums derived from the *hearth-tax*. There is no doubt concerning the importance of the hearth-tax in our history. It played the same part in the French revolution, which the stamp-duty did in that of the United States.

The *hearth-money* (*census pro singulis focus exactus*) was a tax of so much for every fire, laid upon the rich commoners; and by the gradual augmentation of this tax, the debts of the province were discharged. In the time of war the expenses rose to more than seven millions from one session to another, a sum which exceeded the receipts. A scheme was proposed for creating a capital from the proceeds of the hearth-money, and consolidating it in stock for the benefit of those liable to the tax; the tax then would have been merely a loan. The injustice consisted in imposing it upon the property of commoners alone. The *communes* never ceased to protest; the nobles, who laid less stress upon their money than their privileges, would not listen to the proposal of any impost which should render them liable to taxation. Such was the state of the question when the bloody Estates of Brittany met in the month of December, 1788.

Men's minds were at that time agitated by various things: the Assembly of the Notables, territorial taxation, trade in corn, the approaching sitting of the States-General, and the affair of the necklace, the *cour plénière*, and the *Mariage de Figaro*, the great bailiwicks, and Cagliostro and Mesmer, with a thousand other important and silly questions, were the objects of controversy in every family.

The Breton nobility, by its own authority, had been sum-

moned to meet at Rennes, in order to protest against the establishment of the *cour plénière*. I attended that Diet; and it was the first political assembly at which I was ever present. I was astounded and amused by the clamour. Some mounted on tables and arm-chairs; others gesticulated; and there was a general effort to speak all at the same time.

The Marquis de Trémargat, with his wooden leg, shouted in a stentorian voice, "Come, let us go to the residence of M. de Thiard, the commandant; we will announce to him that the nobles of Brittany are at his door; they demand an audience. The king himself would not refuse!" This piece of eloquence was received with bravos, which made the ceiling re-echo. He went on: "The king himself would not refuse it." The huzzas and applause were redoubled. We accordingly proceeded to the house of M. de Thiard, who was a courtier, a writer of amatory verses, a man of gentle but frivolous mind, and mortally annoyed at our uproar: he looked at us as if we were *owls*, wild boars, or savage beasts; he longed to get away from our Armorica, and had no desire to refuse us admission into his hotel. The speaker informed him of our wishes, after which we reduced the following declaration to writing:—"We declare all those *infamous*, who accept any places in the new administration of justice, or in the administration of the Estates, not sanctioned by the established usages and laws of Brittany." Twelve members were chosen to lay this document before the king; on their arrival in Paris, they were clapped into the Bastille, from which they were soon delivered as heroes; on their return they were received with rejoicings and crowned with laurels. We wore large mother-of-pearl buttons on our ermined coats, with the inscription,— "Death before dishonour." We triumphed over the court, over whom every body triumphed, and we fell with it into the same abyss.

Paris, October, 1821.

MY MOTHER'S RETIREMENT AT SAINT-MALO.

IT was at this time that my brother, ever intent on his own plans, determined to have me admitted into the Maltese Order. In order to accomplish this, it was first of all necessary that I should

enter the priesthood ; this I could do by the aid of M. Courtois de Pressigny, the Bishop of Saint-Malo. I went, therefore, to my native town, to which my excellent mother had retired ; she no longer had her children around her, and spent all her days at church and her evenings in knitting. Her absence of mind was inconceivable ; I met her one morning in the street carrying under her arm one of her slippers instead of her prayer-book. From time to time some old friends found her out, and they talked together about the good old times. When she and I were alone, she used to improvise to me some little stories. In one of these the devil flies away with a chimney and a miscreant, and the poet cries out,—

Le diable en l'avenue,
Chemine tant et tant,
Qu'on en perdit la vue
En moins d'une heur' de temps.

“ It seems,” said I, “ that the devil does not move very quickly.”

But Madame de Chateaubriand proved to me that I understood nothing about it : my mother was really quite entertaining.

She composed a long lamentation upon *Le Recit veritable d'une cane sauvage, en la ville de Montfort-la-Cane-lez-Saint-Malo*. A certain *seigneur* had shut up a young lady of great beauty in the Castle of Montfort, with a bad design. Through one of the windows she could see the church of Saint Nicholas, and, on praying to the saint, with eyes full of tears, she was miraculously conveyed out of the castle, but fell into the hands of some of the servants of the villain. The poor young lady, quite distracted, looked around for help, but could see no living thing, except some wild ducks upon the pond of the castle. Renewing her prayers to Saint Nicholas, she earnestly besought him to permit these birds to testify her innocence, so that if she should die without being able to fulfil her vows to the saint, they might do so after their fashion, in her name and for her benefit.

Within the year the young lady died ; when lo ! on the removal of the bones of Saint Nicholas, on the 9th of May, a wild duck, followed by her ducklings, appeared at the church dedicated to the saint. She entered it and fluttered her wings in front of the image of the blessed deliverer, to praise him by that action ; after which, she returned to the pond, having left behind one of her young ones as an offering. Some time after, the duckling went home again, without any one taking notice. For two hundred

years or more, the duck, and always the *same* duck, has returned with her brood on a particular day to the church of St. Nicholas, at Montfort. This history was written and printed in 1652, and its author very justly remarks, "that a poor, insignificant wild duck is a thing of small consequence in the eyes of God ; and yet it contributes its portion of homage to His greatness ; that the grasshopper of St. Francis was still more contemptible, and, notwithstanding, its chirping pleased the ear of a seraph." But Madame de Chateaubriand followed a false tradition ; in her *lamentation* she represents the young lady as a princess, who was permitted to become a wild duck in order to escape from the hands of her betrayer. I only recollect the following lines of my mother's poem :—

" Cane la belle est devenue,
Cane la belle est devenue,
Et s'envola par une grille,
Dans un étang plein de lentilles."

Paris, October, 1821.

THE PRIESTHOOD—THE ENVIRONS OF SAINT-MALO.

As Madame de Chateaubriand was a real saint, she got the bishop of Saint-Malo to admit me into the priesthood ; he had scruples about doing this ; for it appeared to him a sort of profanation, nearly akin to simony, to bestow upon a layman and a *militaire* the mark of the ecclesiastical order. M. Courtois de Pressigny, who is now Archbishop of Besançon, and a peer of France, is an honest and worthy man. He was then young, patronised by the queen, and on the way to that distinction at which he more recently arrived by a better road—persecution.

I kneeled down, in my uniform and with my sword by my side, at the feet of the prelate. He cut off a lock of hair from the crown of my head ; this is called the tonsure, and of this fact I was furnished with letters in proper form. With these letters, 200,000 *livres de rentes* would devolve to me, when the proofs of my *noblesse* were admitted at Malta : an abuse, without doubt, in the ecclesiastical order, but very useful in the political order of the ancient constitution. Was it not better that a kind of military

benefice should be attached to the sword of a soldier than to the mantle of an abbé, who would have consumed the revenues of his rich priory in the gaities of Paris ?

My having the tonsure for the preceding reasons, has caused some ill-informed biographers to state that at the commencement of my career I entered the Church.

This event took place in 1788. I kept horses and rode about the country, or galloped along beside the waves, my murmuring and ancient friends ; I dismounted and played with them ; the whole barking family of Scylla jumped on my knees to caress me ; *Nunc vada latrantis Scyllæ*. I have gone very far in order to admire the beauties of Nature ; I could have been content with those which my native country offered to my view.

There can be nothing more beautiful than the environs of Saint-Malo, in a circle of five or six leagues. The banks of the Rance, from its mouth to Dinan, are well worth the visit of the traveller ; an ever-changing scene of rocks and verdure, of stream and forest, of creeks and hamlets, of the ancient manors of feudal Brittany, and the modern habitations of commercial Brittany. The latter were built at a time when the merchants of Saint-Malo were so rich, that in their merry moods they used to make a fricassee of piastres, and throw them boiling hot out of the windows to the people. These houses are very magnificent : Bonabant, the château of the Messrs. de Lasandre, is partly built with marble brought from Genoa, an instance of luxury of which we never even think in Paris. La Brillantais, Le Beau, Mont-Marin, La Ballue, and Le Colombier are, or were, ornamented with orangeries, jets-d'eau, and statues. Sometimes the gardens descend shelving to the shore ; behind the arcades of a portico of lime-trees, through a colonnade of pines, at the extremity of a grass plot ; beyond the tulips of a parterre lies the sea, with its vessels, its calms, and its tempests.

Every peasant, whether sailor or labourer, is the owner of a little white cottage with a garden ; amongst the pot-herbs, goose-berries, roses, iris, and marygolds of this garden, may be found a young tea-tree from Cayenne, a plant of tobacco from Virginia, and a flower from China ; some souvenir, in short, from other shores and other skies : it is the itinerary and map of the master of the place. The dwellers on the coast are a fine Norman race ; the women tall, graceful, and active, wearing corsets of gray wool, short petticoats of calamanco and striped silk, and white

stockings with coloured clocks. Their faces are shaded by a large head-dress of dimity or cambric, the flaps of which are either turned back or fly loose like a veil. A silver chain in several loops hangs at their left side. Every morning, in spring, these daughters of the North, descending from their boats, as if they were coming again to invade the country, carry to the market quantities of fruit in baskets, and of curds in shells; and whilst with one hand they steady on their heads black vases full of milk or flowers, the lappets of their white mob-caps, their blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and fair hair empearled with dew, present a picture not to be exceeded by the *Canéphores* of Athens, or the *Valkyries* of the Edda, the youngest of whom is *l'Avenir*. Is the original of this picture still to be seen? These women are, probably, no more; there is nothing left but my recollection of them.

Paris, October, 1821.

THE GHOST—THE INVALID.

I TOOK leave of my mother, and went to see my elder sisters in the vicinity of Fougères. I stayed a month with Madame de Chateaubourg. Both her country-houses, Lascardais and Le Plessis, were near Saint Aubin-du-Cormier, famous for its tower and its battle, and were situated in a country of rocks, heath, and wood. My sister employed as her manager M. Livoret, who had formerly been a Jesuit, and who had had a strange adventure.

At the time of his being appointed to this situation, the elder Count Chateaubourg had just died; M. Livoret, who had never seen him, came to reside in the castle as keeper. The first night that he slept there, a pale old gentleman entered his apartment in a dressing-gown and night-cap, and carrying in his hand a small light. The apparition approached the hearth, placed his candlestick on the mantel-piece, lighted the fire, and sat down in an arm-chair. M. Livoret trembled all over. After sitting for two hours, quite silent, the old man got up, took his candle, and left the room, shutting the door after him.

The next day, the manager related the circumstance to the farmers, and from the description of the spirit, they affirmed that

it must have been their old master. But this is not all : if M. Livoret ever looked behind him in the forest, he was sure to see the phantom ; and one day, having to go over a fence in one of the fields, he saw that the ghost had seated himself astride on the top of it.

At last the persecuted man ventured on one occasion to say, " Monsieur de Chateaubourg, let me alone," on which the ghost replied " No." M. Livoret, who was a cool, positive man, with no imaginative faculty, used to relate this story whenever he was asked, and always in the same manner, and with the same conviction of its truth.

Shortly after this time I went into Normandy, along with a brave officer, who was attacked by brain fever. We were lodged in a peasant's cottage, where a piece of old tapestry, lent by the owner of the estate, was the only partition between my bed and that of the invalid. Behind this tapestry they bled the patient, and to ease his sufferings, plunged him into an ice bath ; and there he shivered in that torturing remedy, with blue nails, pinched and discoloured face, his teeth closed, his head shaved, and his long, pointed beard descending from his chin, and serving as a covering to his naked chest, so thin and wet.

When the poor fellow wept, he would put up an umbrella, believing that it would shelter him from his tears : if the means had proved effectual, a statue should be erected to the author of the discovery.

My only time of relaxation was when I went to take a walk in the church-yard of the hamlet, which was situated on a hillock. My companions were the dead, some birds, and the setting sun. There I used to think of my friends in Paris, of my early youth, of my phantom, and of those woods of Combours, which I was so near as to *space*, so far removed from by *time*. I would then go back again to my poor invalid : it was the blind leading the blind.

Alas ! a blow, a fall, some mental suffering, could deprive a Homer, a Newton, a Bossuet, of their genius ; and those divine men, instead of receiving our profound pity, our mournful and eternal attention, might become the objects of a smile ! Many persons whom I have known and loved have made themselves uneasy about me, as if I carried about me the seeds of this disease. I explain the *chef-d'œuvre* of Cervantes and his severe gaiety, by this sad reflection, that in carefully contemplating life,

and weighing the good against the evil, one would be tempted to wish for any accident which might lead to oblivion, as a means of escaping from oneself: a merry drunkard is a happy creature.

Putting religion out of the question, happiness consists in not knowing ourselves, and in arriving at death without having had the experience of life.

I brought my fellow-countryman back perfectly cured.

Paris, October, 1821.

THE STATES OF BRITTANY IN 1789—INSURRECTION—SAINT RIVEUL, MY FELLOW-STUDENT, IS KILLED.

MADAME LUCILE and Madame de Farcy, who had come with me into Brittany, wished to go back to Paris, but I was detained by the disturbances in the province. The States were summoned for the end of December, 1788. The commune of Rennes, and, after its example, the other communes of Brittany, had passed a resolution forbidding their deputies to enter on the discussion of any other question before that of the hearth-tax should be finally settled.

The Comte de Boisgelin, president of the order of *noblesse*, hastened to Rennes. The gentlemen were convoked by private letters, and these included also those who, like myself, were yet too young to have a vote. As we might be attacked, we were obliged to take account of numbers as well as of votes; so we went to our post.

There were several meetings held at the house of M. de Boisgelin before the opening of the States. The scenes of confusion which I had already witnessed were renewed. The Chevalier de Guer, the Marquis de Trémargat, and my uncle, the Count de Bedée, who was called *artichoke Bedée* because of his round figure, to distinguish him from another of the same name, who was named *asparagus Bedée*, on account of his being tall and slender, broke several chairs by climbing on them in order to harangue. The Marquis de Trémargat, an officer with a wooden leg, created many enemies to his class; one day they were talking about establishing a military school, where the sons of the less wealthy noblesse

might be educated, and a member of the *Tiers* having cried out, "And where shall our sons go then?" "To the hospital," replied Trémargat; an expression which was caught up by the crowd and soon bore fruit.

During these meetings, I became aware of a tendency in my character which has since been developed, both in politics and in the service: the warmer my colleague or comrades grow, the cooler I grow; I can see a tribune set on fire, or a cannon discharged with indifference: I have never either cheered or fired a salute.

The result of our deliberations was, that the general state of affairs should be first considered, and the question of the hearth-tax not be brought forward until after the settlement of the other points; a resolution directly opposed to that of the *Tiers*. The landowners had no great confidence in the clergy, who often deserted them, particularly when they had for their president the Bishop of Rennes, a crafty, circumspect man, who spoke with a measured slowness not ungraceful, and attended carefully to the state of things at court. The *Sentinelles du Peuple*, a journal conducted at Rennes by a scribbler from Paris, increased the ill-will so generally felt.

The sittings of the States took place in the Convent of the Jacobins, in the square of the palace. In such a mood as I have described, we entered the hall of the assembly, and had scarcely arrived there when we were besieged by the mob. The 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th of January, 1789, were unfortunate days. The Comte de Thiard had but few troops; a leader without either vigour or decision of character, he moved about but did nothing. The law school at Rennes, at the head of which was Moreau, had sent for the young men of Nantes; they arrived, to the number of 400, and, notwithstanding the intreaties of their commanding officer, they rushed into the town. Meetings were held at Montmarin and in the cafés, and as their opinions were quite opposed, they came to bloody collisions.

Tired of being blocked up in our hall, we came to the determination of sallying out, sword in hand: and it was a very animated scene. At a signal from our president, we drew our swords all at once, crying out "Vive la Bretagne!" And, like a garrison rendered desperate, we made a furious *sortie* in order to bear down our besiegers. The mob received us with yells, showers of stones, blows from loaded sticks, and pistol-shots. We made a gap in

the waving mass, which again closed around us. Several gentlemen were wounded, dragged about, their clothes torn, and covered with bruises and contusions. At length, after considerable difficulty, we all regained our lodgings.

Several duels took place afterwards between some of our party and the law students and their friends from Nantes. One of these duels was fought publicly, in the Place Royale; the honour of victory remained with an old officer of marine, named Keralieu, who fought with such vigour as to obtain the applause of his young adversaries.

Another riot took place. The Comte de Montboucher saw amongst the crowd a student, named Ulliac, to whom he said, "Monsieur, this concerns us." A circle was formed round them; Montboucher knocked the sword out of the student's hand, and then gave it back to him; they embraced each other, and the crowd dispersed.

At all events, the Breton noblesse did not submit dishonourably. They refused to meet deputies to the States, because they had not been summoned according to the fundamental laws of the constitution of Brittany; they went in great numbers to join the army of the princes, and were decimated in the army of Condé, or with Charette in the Vendean wars. Would it have made any difference in the majorities of the National Assembly if they had formed part of it? That is hardly probable; in great social transformations, individual resistance, though it may be honourable to those who offer it, has little effect against the force of circumstances. However, it is impossible to say what might have happened had a man possessing the talents of Mirabeau, but of opposite opinions, been found amongst the ranks of the noblesse of Brittany.

Young Boishue, and Saint-Riveul, my fellow-students, had been killed before these duels, on their way to the hall of the noblesse; the former was vainly defended by his father, who acted as his second.

Reader, I ask thee to pause: look at the first drops of blood shed by the Revolution. It was ordained that they should flow from the veins of a companion of my childhood. Suppose that I had fallen instead of Saint-Riveul what was said of this first victim in the great sacrifice, might have been said of me, merely changing the name: "a gentleman named *Chateaubriand* was killed on his way to the hall of the States." These few words would have taken the place of my long history. Would Saint-Riveul

have played my part in the world? Was he destined to noise or to silence?

Pass on, however, reader; cross over the river of blood which separates for ever the old world which thou leavest, from the new world, at the entrance to which thou shalt die.

Paris, November, 1821.

THE YEAR 1789—JOURNEY FROM BRITTANY TO PARIS—COMMOTION ON THE ROAD—ASPECT OF PARIS—DISMISSAL OF M. NECKER—VERSAILLES—JOY OF THE ROYAL FAMILY—GENERAL INSURRECTION—TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

THE year 1789, so famous in the history of France and of the human race, found me still on the plains of my native Brittany; I could not leave the province till late in the year, and did not reach Paris till after the pillage of the *Maison Reveillon*, the opening of the States-General, the constitution of the *tiers-état* in national assembly, the oath of the *Jeu-de-Paume*, the royal council on the 23rd of June, and the junction of the clergy and nobility with the *tiers-état*.

Along my road, the movement among the people was great; in the villages, peasants stopped carriages, demanded passports, and interrogated travellers. As I drew near the capital, the agitation increased; passing through Versailles, I saw troops quartered in the Orangery; trains of artillery lodged in the courts; the temporary hall of the National Assembly erected in the great square of the palace, and deputies going and coming through crowds of curious spectators, people belonging to the palace, and soldiers.

In Paris, the streets were blocked up by a crowd which kept guard at the bakers' doors; passers-by collected into knots at the corners of streets and discoursed; tradesmen came out of their shops and stood at the doors, listening to and relating news; agitators gathered together at the Palais Royal; among these groups Camille Desmoulins was already distinguishing himself.

I had scarcely alighted with Madame Farcy and Lucille, at apartments in the Rue de Richelieu, when an insurrection broke out; the people rushed to the Abbaye to liberate some guards who had been imprisoned by order of their officers. The sub-

officers of an artillery regiment quartered in the Invalides joined the people; defection in the army had begun.

The court, now yielding, now attempting to resist, a strange mixture of obstinacy and weakness, bravado and fear, allowed itself to be brow-beaten by Mirabeau, who came to demand the removal of the troops, yet did not consent to their removal; it submitted to the affront, yet did not destroy its cause. In Paris, a report spread that an army was on its way from Montmartre, that dragoons were going to force the barriers; on this it was proposed to tear up the paving-stones, carry them up to the house-tops, and fling them down on the satellites of the tyrant—every hand was instantly at work. In the midst of this confusion, M. Necker received orders to retire. The new ministry was composed of MM. de Breteuil, de la Galaisière, Marshal de Broglio, De la Vauguyon, De Laporte, and De Foulon; they were appointed in place of MM. de Montmorin, de la Luzerne, de Saint-Priest, and de Nivernais.

A poet from Brittany, lately arrived, had begged me to go with him to Versailles. There are people who visit gardens and *jets d'eau* amidst the convulsions of empires, the overthrow of thrones; scribblers are especially possessed of the faculty of wrapping themselves up in their mania while the most weighty events occur around them—their phrase or their verse stands instead of every thing to them.

I took my Pindar to the gallery at Versailles at the hour of mass. The *Oeil-de-Boeuf* was radiant in the security of victory. The dismissal of M. Necker had raised the spirits of the court; Samson and Simon, perhaps, mingling in the crowd, looked on at the joys of the royal family.

The queen passed, accompanied by her two children; their fair silken locks seemed awaiting a crown; the Duchesse d'Angoulême, then eleven years old, attracted all eyes by the modest dignity of her mien; beautiful in her exalted rank and in her maiden innocence, she seemed to say, like the orange blossom in Corneille's "*Guirlande de Julie*,"

"J'ai la pompe de ma naissance."

The little dauphin walked under the protection of his sister, and M. du Touchet followed his pupil; this gentleman saw me, and obligingly pointed me out to the queen. She smiled, and saluted me in the same gracious way as she had done on the day of my presentation.—I shall never forget that glance, so soon to be extinguished in death. When she smiled, Marie-Antoinette showed the form of her mouth so clearly, that the remembrance of

that smile (fearful idea!) enabled me to recognise the jaw, when the head of this unfortunate daughter of kings was discovered during the exclamations in 1815.

The counter-blow to that struck at Versailles was felt at Paris. On my return I came in contact with a crowd bearing busts of M. Necker and of the Duke of Orleans, covered with crape; they shouted "*Vive Necker! Vive le Duc d'Orleans!*" and one cry arose, bolder and more unforeseen. "*Vive Louis XVII!*"—the child whose very name would have been forgotten in the monumental inscription of his family, if I had not reminded the Chamber of Peers of his existence! Had Louis XVI. abdicated, Louis XVII. been placed on the throne, and the Duke of Orleans been made regent, what would have been the course of things?

In the Place Louis XV., Prince Lambesc, at the head of the Royal German Guard, drove back the people into the gardens of the Tuileries, and wounded an old man; instantly the alarm-bell rang out. The armourers' shops were broken into, and 30,000 muskets taken from the Invalides; the people armed themselves with pikes, sticks, forks, sabres, and pistols—pillaged St. Lazarus and burned the barriers. The Electors of Paris took the government of the Capital into their own hands, and in one night 60,000 citizens were organised, armed, and equipped as National Guards.

On the 14th of July the Bastille was taken; I was present as a spectator at this attack upon a timid governor and a few invalids. If the gates had been kept shut, the people would never have succeeded in breaking into the fortress. I saw two or three cannon-shots fired, not by the invalids, but by French Guards, who had already ascended the towers. De Launay, dragged from his dungeon, and subjected to a thousand outrages, was at length murdered on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville; Flesselles, the *prevôt des marchands*, was shot through the head—such were the sights delighted in by heartless saintly hypocrites. In the midst of these murders the people abandoned themselves to orgies similar to those carried on during the troubles of Rome under Otho and Vitellius. The *conquerors of the Bastille*, heroes of the tavern, rode along in hired carriages, in drunken happiness; low women and *sans-coulottes* began to reign, and formed their escort. The passers-by uncovered their heads with the respect of fear to these heroes, some of whom died of fatigue in the midst of their triumph. Keys of the Bastille were multiplied, and sent to all the simpletons of importance throughout the four quarters of the world. How many times I have just missed

making my fortune ! Had I, though only a spectator, inscribed my name that day on the roll of the conquerors, I should have a pension now.

Crowds of expert people flocked to the autopsy of the Bastille. Temporary *cafés* were established under tents ; people crowded thither as they would to the fairs at St. Germain and Longchamp ; numerous vehicles defiled by, or stopped at the base of the towers, from the summits of which stones detached from the walls fell, in whirlwinds of dust. Well-dressed women and fashionable young men, standing on different parts of the Gothic ruins, mingled with the half-naked workmen employed in demolishing the walls, amidst the acclamations of the crowd. To this rendezvous came the most famous orators, the best-known men of letters, the most celebrated painters, the most renowned actors and actresses, the *danseuses* most in vogue, the most illustrious foreigners, the court nobility, and the ambassadors from all parts of Europe ; old France had come there to die, new France to begin its life.

No event, however miserable and odious in itself, should be treated with levity when its circumstances are serious, when it forms an epoch ; what should have been seen in the taking of the Bastille (and this was not then seen) was, not the violent act of a people's emancipation, but that emancipation itself, the result of the act.

Public admiration was given to the part of this event which deserved condemnation, that which it owed to chance, and no glance was cast into the future to seek the accomplished destinies of a people, the change of manners, ideas, and political powers, the renovation of the human race, of which the taking of the Bastille, like a bloody jubilee, opened the era. Brutal rage overthrew this edifice, but beneath this rage lay the intelligence which amidst the ruins, established the foundations of a new fabric.

But although a nation may deceive itself in its estimate of the greatness of the material fact, it does not deceive itself in that of the moral fact ; in its eyes the Bastille was the trophy of its servitude ; it seemed to stand at the entrance to Paris, opposite the sixteen pillars of Montfauçon, like the gibbet of its liberty.* In razing a state fortress, the people thought to break the military yoke, and tacitly bound themselves to replace the army which they were dispersing ; we all know what prodigies were performed when the nation became one vast army.

* After the lapse of fifty-two years, fifteen bastilles are raised, to oppress that liberty in the name of which the first Bastille was destroyed. —Paris, note of 1841.

Paris, November, 1821.

EFFECT OF THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE ON THE COURT—HEADS OF FOULON AND BERTHIER.

AROUSÉD by the noise of the Bastille's fall, fore-runner as it were, announcing the approaching fall of the throne, the court at Versailles had passed from boasting to despondency. The King hastened to the National Assembly, even spoke from the president's chair; announced that orders had been given for the removal of the troops, and returned to his palace amidst the benedictions of the people; useless parade! no party believes in the conversion of its opponent; liberty capitulating, or power submitting to concession, obtain no mercy from their enemies.

Eighty deputies left Versailles to announce peace to the capital—illuminations glittered in its streets. M. Bailly was appointed Mayor of Paris, and M. de la Fayette commandant of the National Guard: I only knew this poor but respectable *savant* by his misfortunes. Revolutions have men for all their periods: some follow their track to the end, others begin them, but do not aid in crowning them.

The courtiers were scattered in all directions in the general confusion of flight; they went to Bâle, Lausanne, Luxembourg, and Brussels. Madame de Polignac in her flight met M. Necker returning. The Count d'Artois, his sons, and the three Condés, emigrated; with them went the higher clergy and part of the nobility. The officers, threatened by their insurgent soldiers, yielded to the torrent, and left the country. Louis XVI. stood alone before the nation, with his two children and a few women, the queen, *Mesdames* and Madame Elisabeth. *Monsieur*, who remained in Paris until the flight to Varennes, was of no great use to his brother; although, by giving his vote in the National Assembly in favour of universal suffrage, he might have given the preponderance to the Revolution, the Revolution distrusted him; he had no great liking for the king, did not understand the queen, and was not loved by them.

Louis XVI. came to the Hôtel de Ville on the 17th, and was received by 100,000 men, armed like the monks of the league. He was there harangued by MM. Bailly, Moreau de Saint Méry, and Lally-Tolendal, who wept; the latter has always been easily

moved to tears. The king was affected in his turn, and fixed an enormous tri-coloured cockade in his hat ; he was instantly declared *honnête homme, père des Français, roi d'un peuple libre*—which people was preparing, in virtue of its liberty, to cut off the head of this *worthy man*, its father, and its king !

A few days after this accommodation, I was standing at the window of my apartments with my sisters and a few countrymen, when we heard the cry, " Shut the doors ! shut the doors ! " A ragged group appeared at one end of the street, bearing two standards, which at that distance we could not well distinguish ; as they came nearer we saw that they were two heads, with hair dishevelled and countenances distorted, borne on pikes by these forerunners of Marat—they were the heads of MM. Foulon and Berthier. Every one retired from the window except myself. The assassins stopped when they saw me, and held up the pikes, singing, capering, and leaping up to bring the pale heads as near me as possible ; in one of them an eye had fallen from its socket, and hung on the livid cheek ; the pike was fastened into the open mouth, whose teeth bit the iron. " Murderers," cried I, unable to contain my indignation, " is it thus you understand liberty ? " If I had had a gun I would have fired on these wretches as I would on wolves. They replied with howls ; and beat violently on the great gate, with the intention of breaking in and adding my head to the others. My sisters were much alarmed ; the cowardly proprietors of the house overwhelmed me with reproaches. The murderers, who were being pursued, had not time to break into the house, and moved off. The sight of these heads, and of others which soon after greeted my eyes, changed my political dispositions ; a horror of these cannibal festivals seized me, and the idea of quitting France for some distant land began to gain strength in my mind.

Paris, November, 1821.

RECAL OF M. NECKER—SITTING OF THE 4TH OF AUGUST, 1789—THE 5TH OF OCTOBER—THE KING BROUGHT TO PARIS.

M. NECKER, the third successor of Turgot (Calonne and Taboureaux were the two preceding), was recalled to the ministry on the 25th of July, inaugurated, and received with *fêtes* in his

honour ; but the events of the time soon left him in the rear, and he became unpopular. It was one of the singularities of the time that such a grave personage should have been raised to the ministry by the *savoir-faire* of a man of such ordinary talent and so frivolous as the Marquis de Pezay. The *Compte Rendu*, which substituted the system of loans for that of taxation in France, gave an impetus to ideas on this subject ; even women discussed expenses and receipts ; for the first time people saw, or thought they saw, something in the financial ciphering machine. These calculations, painted of a colour *à la Thomas*, had first established the reputation of the Director-general of Finance. An able treasurer, but an economist poor in expedients ; a noble, but inflated author ; a worthy man, but without any high degree of virtue, the banker was one of those old-fashioned personages who came before the curtain to explain the piece to the public, and disappeared when it rose. M. Necker was the father of Madame de Staël ; but his vanity hardly permitted him to imagine that his true claim to the remembrance of posterity would lie in the fame of his daughter.

The monarchy was demolished as rapidly as the Bastille in the sitting of the National Assembly on the evening of the 4th of August. Those in the present day, who, influenced by a hatred of the past, cry out against the nobility, forget that it was a member of this nobility, Viscount Noailles, aided by the Duc d'Aiguillon and Mathieu de Montmorency, who overthrew the edifice which was the object of revolutionary ill-will. On the motion of the feudal deputy, feudal rights, the rights of the chace, of the pigeon-house and warren, tithes and field-rents, privileges of orders, towns, and provinces, personal servitude, seigneurial jurisdiction, and venality of office, were abolished. The heaviest blow struck at the old constitution came from the hands of men of rank. The patricians began the Revolution, the plebeians finished it ; and as old France owed its glory to its nobility, so does young France owe its liberty—if liberty there be for France.

The troops encamped in the environs of Paris had been removed ; yet by one of those contradictory councils to the opposite winds of which the king's will bent like a reed, the Flanders regiment was summoned to Versailles. - The body-guards gave a banquet to the officers of this regiment—the wine had its influence ; the queen made her appearance with the dauphin in the midst of the festivity ; the health of the royal family was given ;

then came the king; the band played the touching and favourite air: "*O Richard, O mon roi!*" The news of this banquet soon reached Paris; the revolutionists immediately took it up, crying out that Louis refused his sanction to the Declaration of Rights with the intention of escaping to Metz with Count d'Estaing; Marat encouraged and spread the rumour; he was already writing "*L'ami du Peuple.*"

The 5th of October arrived. I was not a witness of the events of that day, but early on the 6th, full accounts of it reached the capital; a visit from the king was announced at the same time. Though timid in a saloon, I was bold in public; I felt myself made for solitude or the forum; I hastened to the Champs-Elysées. First came the cannon, on which every variety of disreputable women, seated astride, talked and gesticulated with disgusting indecency. Then, amidst a multitude of every age and sex, marched the king's body-guard, who had exchanged hats, swords, and belts, with the National Guard; they were on foot, and behind came their horses, on each of which were mounted two or three fish-women, dirty and drunken bacchanals; then came the deputation of the National Assembly, then the king's carriages, seen through the dusty haze of a forest of pikes and bayonets. Rag-pickers all in tatters, butchers with bloody aprons and naked knives at their belts, walked beside the carriage-doors; other black satyrs had climbed to the top; others hung on to the footmen's steps, to the coach-box. Musket and pistol-shots were fired, and the mob cried: "*Here are the baker, the baker's wife, and the little baker's boy!*" Two guards' heads dressed and powdered by a hairdresser of Sévres, were borne aloft on Swiss halberts before the son of St. Louis, in place of a royal ensign.

The astronomer Bailly declared to the king, in the Hôtel-de-Ville, that the people, *humane, respectful, and faithful*, had just *conquered* their king; and the king, on his side, *much touched and satisfied*, declared that he had come to Paris *of his own free will*: unworthy falsehoods of violence and of fear, which at that time disgraced all parties and individuals. Louis XVI. was not false—he was weak; weakness is not falseness, but it stands in its stead and fulfils its functions; the respect which should be inspired by the virtues and misfortunes of the saintly and martyred king renders any human judgment upon him almost sacrilegious.

CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.

THE deputies quitted Versailles, and held their first sitting on the 19th of October, in one of the large rooms of the Archbishop's palace. On the 9th of November, they removed to the riding-house near the Tuileries. The remainder of the year 1789 witnessed the successive decrees which despoiled the clergy, destroyed the old magistracy, and created the *assignats*, the resolution of the *commune* of Paris to appoint the First Committee of Inquiry, and the order of the judges for the prosecution of the Marquis de Favras.

The Constituent Assembly, notwithstanding all that may have been said against it, nevertheless must continue to be regarded as the most illustrious popular assembly which ever appeared among nations, both on account of the magnitude of its designs, and the vast importance of their results. There was no great political question which was not brought under its consideration, and suitably resolved. What would have been the case, if it had confined itself to the resolution of the States-General, and had not gone beyond! All that experience and human knowledge had conceived, discovered, and elaborated for three centuries, are to be found in the minutes of its proceedings. The various abuses of the old monarchy are there pointed out, and their remedies proposed; all the principles of liberty are asserted,—even the freedom of the press; all the necessary ameliorations are demanded for industry—manufactures, trade, highways, the army, taxation, finance, colleges, public education, &c. We have traversed without advantage the abysses of crime, and the heights of glory; the Republic and the Empire have promoted no advance; the Empire has only wielded the brute force of the arms which the Republic set in motion; it has left us the principle of centralisation, a species of vigorous administration which I regard as an evil, but which alone, perhaps, was sufficient to replace local administrations when they were destroyed, and anarchy and ignorance everywhere ruled supreme. Since the time of the Constituent Assembly, we have not advanced a single step; its labours are like those of the great physician of antiquity, which at once marked out and fixed the limits of science. We will now refer to some of the members of that assembly, and first of all fix our attention on Mirabeau, who may be regarded as the pre-eminent illustration of them all.

Paris, Nov., 1821.

MIRABEAU.

By the irregularities and accidents of his life, Mirabeau was mixed up with the greatest events, and brought into contact with convicts, ravishers and adventurers ; Mirabeau, the tribune of the aristocracy, the representative of the democracy, combined in his character Gracchus and Don Juan, Cataline and Guzman d'Alfarache, Cardinal Richelieu and Cardinal de Retz, the *roué* of the regency and the terrorist of the Revolution ; moreover, Mirabeau possessed the character of his family, Florentine exiles who retained their armed palaces, and were conspicuous as specimens of those leaders of faction celebrated by Dante ; his ancestors were naturalised in France, where the republican spirit of the Italians of the middle ages, and the feudal spirit of the middle ages in France, were found united in a succession of extraordinary men.

The ugliness of Mirabeau, engrafted upon the element of beauty peculiar to his race, produced a species of striking figure such as those in the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, the fellow-countryman of the *Arrighetti*. The deep furrows left by the small-pox on the orator's face were like scars left by fire. Nature seemed to have moulded his head either for dominion or the gallows, fashioned his arms either to hold down a nation or to carry off a woman ; when he shook his locks and looked at the people, he subdued them to his will ; when he raised his fist and showed them his nails, the multitude became furious. In the midst of the most frightful disorders of a sitting, I have seen him at the tribune, dark, ugly, and motionless ; he recalled to mind Milton's chaos, impassible and without form, in the centre of confusion.

Mirabeau resembled his father and his uncle, who, like St. Simon, wrote immortal pages in honour of the devil. These furnished him with speeches for the tribune ; he took from them whatever his mind could amalgamate with his own substance. Whenever he adopted them as a whole he delivered them boldly ; it was obvious they were not his own from occasional words which were mixed up with them, and which revealed himself. His energy was the offspring of his vices ; and these vices were not the children of a frigid temperament, but of passions deep, burning, and tempestuous. Cynicism of manners, by the annihilation of the

moral sense, introduces a kind of barbarism into society. These barbarians of society are men fitted to destroy like the Goths, but destitute of their power of reconstruction; the latter were enormous children of a virgin nature; the former monstrous abortions of a depraved one.

I have twice met Mirabeau at a banquet, once at the Marquise de Vilette's, Voltaire's niece, and a second time at the Palais Royale, with the Deputies of the Opposition, to whom I was introduced by Chapelier: Chapelier was drawn to the scaffold in the same wagon with my brother and M. de Malesherbes.

Mirabeau talked a great deal, and especially a great deal about himself. This son of lions, and himself a lion with the head of the Chimera—this man so positive in his facts, was all romance, all enthusiasm, in imagination and language: in him might be seen the lover of Sophie, exalted in his sentiments, and capable of sacrifices.

"I have found her," said he, "that adorable woman . . . I knew her soul—a soul formed by the hands of nature in a moment of magnificence."

Mirabeau enchanted me with his tales of love, with his recollections of that retreat where he passed his time in dry discussions. He interested me still more by his accounts of another passage in his life: like myself, he had been harshly treated by his father, who, like mine, had preserved the inflexible traditions of absolute paternal authority.

The great guest spoke profusely on foreign politics, but said almost nothing of home affairs, which, nevertheless, completely occupied his mind. Occasional expressions escaped him, which showed his sovereign contempt for men who made pretensions to superiority, by the indifference which they affected towards evils and crimes.

Mirabeau was by nature generous, sensible to friendship, and ready to pardon offences. Notwithstanding his immorality, he was unable to repress the workings of his conscience; it was only dead for himself; his upright and firm mind never regarded murder as a sublimity of intelligence; he felt no admiration whatever for the slaughter-houses and lay-stalls.

Mirabeau, however, was not deficient in pride; he boasted enormously; and though he became a draper in order to be elected by the *tiers état* (the nobility having had the honourable folly to reject him), he was very proud of his birth; his father called him *a wild bird, whose nest was among four turrets*. He

never forgot that he had appeared at court, ridden in one of the king's carriages, and accompanied him to the hunt. He required to be addressed by the title of count; he stuck to his colours, and loaded his servants with livery when every one else gave it up. In season and out of season he always quoted his *relation*, the Admiral de Coligny. The *Moniteur* having called him Riquet—

“Do you know,” said he, with warmth to the journalist, “that with your Riquet you have confounded Europe for three days?”

He was accustomed to repeat the following impudent and well-known pleasantry:—

“In another family my brother the viscount would be the man of genius and the vagabond; in my family he is the fool and the good man.”

Biographers attribute this saying to the viscount, when comparing himself with humility to the other members of his family.

In the main, Mirabeau's feelings were monarchical, as may be seen from the following beautiful expressions:—“I was anxious to cure the French of the superstition of monarchy, and to replace it by its worship.” In a letter intended to be brought under the notice of Louis XVI., he wrote;—“I had no desire to have laboured merely for a vast destruction.” That, however, was what took place; Heaven, in order to punish us for our unemployed talents, has sent us repentance for our success.

Mirabeau moved opinions by two levers; on the one hand, he made the masses his fulcrum, of whom, whilst despising them, he had constituted himself the defender; on the other, although a traitor to his order, he retained its sympathy by other affinities of caste and common interests. This never could have happened to a plebeian who might have become the champion of the privileged classes: such an one would have been abandoned by his own party without gaining the aristocracy, which is, in its very nature, ungrateful, and inaccessible to all not born within its ranks. The aristocracy, moreover, cannot *improvise* a noble, because nobility is the daughter of time.

Mirabeau founded a school. By freeing themselves from the bonds of morality, the men of this school imagined that they became statesmen. These imitations have never produced any thing better than perverse dwarfs; he who flatters himself at being corrupt and a robber, is merely a debauché and a knave; he who believes himself virtuous, is only vile; he who boasts of being criminal, is only infamous.

Too soon for himself and too late for it, Mirabeau sold himself to the court, and the court bought him. He staked his reputation against a pension and an embassy : Cromwell was on the brink of bartering his future fame for a title and the order of the garter. In spite of his haughtiness, Mirabeau did not value himself high enough. Now that abundance of money and places has raised the price of consciences, there is not a political tumbler who does not cost hundreds of thousands of francs and the highest honours of the state. The tomb released Mirabeau from his promises, and sheltered him from dangers which probably he would not have been able to overcome : his life showed his weakness for good ; his death has left him in possession of his power for evil.

Going away from dinner, there arose some discussion about Mirabeau's enemies ; I was by his side, and had not spoken a word. He looked in my face with his eyes of pride, genius, and vice, and placing his hand upon my shoulder, said, "They will never pardon me for my superiority." I still feel the impression of that hand, as if Satan had touched me with his claw of fire.

When Mirabeau fixed his eye on the young mute, had he a presentiment of my future productions ? Did he think that he would one day be summoned back to my recollection ? I was destined to become the historian of high personages ; they have filed before me, without my having attached myself to their cloaks, so as to be drawn along with them to posterity.

Mirabeau has already undergone that metamorphosis which takes place amongst those whose memories must live. Carried from the Pantheon to the common sewer, and from the sewer back to the Pantheon, he has been elevated to the very pinnacle of the time which now serves as his pedestal. The real Mirabeau is no longer to be seen ; but Mirabeau idealised, such as artists draw him, in order to render him the symbol or myth of the period which he represents ; in this way he becomes both more true and more false. Out of so many reputations, actors, events, and ruins, only three men remain, one belonging to each of the three great revolutionary periods—Mirabeau to the aristocracy, Robespierre to the democracy, and Bonaparte to despotism. Monarchy has none. France has paid dear for these three reputations, which virtue cannot acknowledge.

Paris, December, 1821.

SITTING OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY—ROBESPIERRE.

THE sittings of the National Assembly excited an interest to which those of our *Chambers* are far from approaching. It was necessary to rise early to find a place in the crowded tribunes. The deputies arrived, eating, talking, and gesticulating; they formed groups in the different parts of the hall, according to their opinions. There was the reading of the minutes; after that the development of the question fixed for discussion, or some extraordinary motion. The discussions did not turn upon an insipid clause of a law; and the order of the day scarcely ever was without a destruction. Members spoke for or against; every one delivered his opinion well or ill. The debates grew stormy; the galleries took part in the discussion, applauded, cheered, or hissed and hooted the speakers. The president rang his little bell; the deputies addressed one another from bench to bench. Mirabeau the younger seized his competitor by the collar; Mirabeau the elder shouted "*Silence aux trente voix!*" One day I was sitting behind the royalist opposition, and before me there was a gentleman from Dauphiny, of a dark countenance and diminutive figure, who leaped in fury upon his seat, and said to his friends, "Let us fall, sword in hand, upon those beggars there," pointing to the side of the majority. The dames of the hall, knitting in the tribunes, heard him, rose, and shouted all at once, with their stockings in their hands, and foaming mouths, "*A la lanterne!*" Viscount Mirabeau, Lautrec, and some other young nobles, were eager to make an attack upon the tribunes.

This fracas was soon stifled by another; petitioners, armed with pikes, presented themselves at the bar. "The people are perishing from hunger," said they; "it is time to adopt measures against the aristocrats, and to rise to the *height of circumstances.*" The president assured these citizens of his respect in the following terms:—"An eye is constantly kept on the traitors, and the Assembly will do justice." Thereupon arose a new tumult; the deputies of the right shouted that every thing was going into a state of anarchy; the deputies of the left replied that the people were to express their wishes, that they had a right to complain of despotism, seated even in the bosom of the national representation. Thus they

designated their colleagues to the sovereign people, which re-echoed the denunciation.

The evening sittings far exceeded in scandalous excesses those of the morning; people speak better and more boldly by the light of lamps. The hall of the riding-house then became truly a theatre, in which one of the greatest dramas of the world was being acted. The leading personages still belonged to the ancient order of things; their terrible antagonists, concealed behind them, said little or nothing. Towards the close of a discussion, I saw ascending the tribune a deputy of a very ordinary appearance, dull and inanimate figure, with his hair regularly arranged, and appropriately dressed, like the steward of a good mansion, or a village notary, attentive to his personal appearance. He made a long and tedious report, to which no one listened; I asked his name; it was Robespierre. The people with shoes were ready to go out of the halls, and the *sabots* were already kicking the door.

Paris, December, 1821.

SOCIETY—ASPECT OF PARIS.

BEFORE the Revolution, whenever I read the history of public disturbances, I could not conceive how persons had been able to live in those times. I was astonished that Montaigne wrote in a *château* of which he could not make the circuit without the risk of being carried off by bands of leaguers or of Protestants.

The Revolution has enabled me fully to understand the possibility of such an existence. Moments of crisis produce an increase of life among men. In a society which is going through the process of dissolution and reconstruction, the struggle of the two geniuses, the shock between the past and the future, the mixture of the old and the new manners, form a transitory combination, which leaves not a moment of *ennui*. Passions and characters set at liberty exhibit a vigour which never appears in a well-regulated city. The infraction of laws, freedom from duties, usages, and civility, even dangers, add interest to the disorder. The whole people in the universal respite of occupation, walk in the streets, freed from its demagogues, relapse for a moment into a state of nature, and only begin to feel the necessity of the social

rein, when it is forced to bear the yoke of new tyrants called into existence by license.

I could not more fully describe the society of 1789 and 1790, than by comparing it to the architecture of the time of Louis XII. and of Francis I., when Grecian orders began to be mixed with the Gothic style, or rather, by comparing it to a collection of the ruins and tombs of all ages heaped together pell-mell, after the reign of terror, in the cloisters of the Petits-Augustins; only, the wrecks of which I speak were living and varied without intermission. In every corner of Paris there were literary *réunions*, political societies and theatres; the men of great future renown wandered about in the crowd without being known, like souls on the banks of Lethe before having enjoyed the light. I have seen Marshal Gouvion-St.-Cyr play a character at the *Théâtre du Marais*, in De Beaumarchais' *Mère Coupable*; and one went from the club of the Feuillons to that of the Jacobins, from balls and gambling-houses to the gatherings of the Palais Royal, from the tribunes of the National Assembly to open air meetings. Deputations of the people, pickets of cavalry, and patrols of infantry, passed and repassed each other in the streets. Close beside a man in a French dress, with powdered hair, a sword at his side, his hat under his arm, pumps and silk stockings, there walked a man with cropped hair without powder, an English frock-coat, and an American cravat. The news was published by the actors at the theatre; and the pit resounded with patriotic songs. Occasional pieces attracted multitudes; an abbé appeared on the stage, the people shouted at him, "Coxcomb! coxcomb!" and the abbé replied, "Gentlemen, *vive la nation!*" Mandini and his wife, Viganoni and Rovedino might be heard at the *Opera-Buffera*, after having listened to the howling of *ça ira*. One might have gone to admire Madame Dugazon, Madame St. Aubin, Caroline, the little Olivier, Mademoiselle Contat, Molé, Fleury, and Talma, just then a *débutant*, after having seen Favras hanged.

The promenades on the *Boulevard du Temple and des Italiens*, surnamed *Coblentz*, were crowded with showy women, among whom three young daughters of Grétry were conspicuous, white and red as their attire; the whole three soon died. "She fell asleep for ever," says Grétry, speaking of his eldest daughter, "seated upon my knee, and as beautiful as when alive." A multitude of carriages rolled over the crossings or bedaubed the *sans-culottes*; and there was to be seen the beautiful Madame

de Buffon sitting alone in the Duke of Orleans' phaeton at the door of some club.

The elegance and taste of the aristocratic society was to be met with at the Hôtel de la Rochefaucault, at the evening parties of Mesdames de Poix, d'Hénin, de Simiane, de Vaudreuil, and in some of the drawing-rooms of the high magistracy, still remaining open. At the houses of M. Necker, Le Comte Montmorin, and the various public functionaries, were to be seen (with Madame de Staël, La Duchesse d'Aiguillon, Mesdames de Beaumont and de Sérilly) all the new ornaments of France, and all the freedom of the new manners. The shoemaker, in the uniform of an officer of the National Guard, on his knees, took the measure of your foot; the monk, who on Fridays wore his white or black robe, on Sundays wore a round hat, dressed like a citizen; the shaven Capuchin read the newspapers in the wine-shop or the tea-garden, and in the midst of a circle of frivolous women, there appeared a grave nun; this was some aunt or sister turned out of her convent. Crowds visited the convents open to every body, just as travellers in Granada run through the deserted halls of the Alhambra, or as they stop at Tibur, under the columns of the temple of the Sibyll.

Finally, there were duels and amours, friendships in prison, and political brotherhood, mysterious rendezvous, under the clear sky, in the midst of the peace and poetry of nature; there were retired, silent, solitary walks, mixed with eternal oaths and unspeakable affections, in the midst of the hollow noise of a vanishing world and the distant sound of a crumbling society, which threatened with its fall the destruction of all those sources of happiness placed at the feet of events. Whenever any thing was lost sight of for four-and-twenty hours, no one could be sure of ever finding it again. Some engaged in revolutionary turmoils, others thought of civil war; others again set out for Ohio, whither they sent before them plans of châteaux to be built among Indian savages; others, again, went to join the princes; all this cheerfully, often without a single sous in their pockets—the royalists alleging that the whole would end some morning by a decree of the Parliament; the patriots, equally vain in their hopes, announcing the reign of peace and happiness with that of liberty. The following song was heard everywhere:—

La sainte chandelle d'Arras,
Le flambeau de la Provence,

S'ils ne nous éclairent pas
Mettent le feu dans la France;
On ne peut pas les toucher,
Mais on espère les moucher.

And mark what opinions were formed of Robespierre and Mirabeau! "It is as little in the power of any earthly faculties," said l'Estoile, "to prevent the French people from speaking, as it is to bury the sun in the earth, or to shut it up in a hole."

The palace of the Tuileries, a great gaol filled with convicts, rose in the midst of these fêtes of destruction. Those, also, sentenced to death, enjoyed themselves whilst they were waiting for the *cart*, the *shearing time*, or the *bloody shirt*, which had been put out to dry, and they could see through the windows of their prison the dazzling illuminations of the queen's circle.

Pamphlets and newspapers multiplied by thousands; satires, poems, and the songs of the *Acts of the Apostles* replied to the *Ami du Peuple*, or to the *Modérateur* of the Monarchical Club, edited by Fontanes; Mallet Dupan, in the political articles of the *Mercure*, was in opposition to Laharpe and Chamfort in the literary portion of the same paper. Champoenetz, the Marquis de Bonnavy, Rivarol, Mirabeau the younger (the Holbein of the sword, who levied the legion of Hussars *de la Mort* on the Rhine), and Honoré Mirabeau the elder, amused themselves, while dining together, by drawing caricatures and getting up the *Petit Almanach des grands hommes*; after which Honoré went to propose martial law or the seizure of the possessions of the clergy. He passed the night at the house of Madame Jay, after declaring that he would not quit the National Assembly till driven thence at the bayonet point. *Egalité* consulted the devil in the lists of Montrouge, and returned to the garden at Monceaux to preside at orgies instituted by La Clos. The future regicide was worthy of his race; exhausting his powers by debauchery before giving himself up to ambition. Lauzun, already sated and withered, supped in his little house at the barrier *du Maine* with some opera dancers, whose favours were divided between MM. de Noailles, de Dillon, de Choiseul, de Narbonne, de Talleyrand, and some other exquisites of the day, two or three mummies of whom are still in existence.

Most of the courtiers celebrated for their immorality in the latter part of Louis XV.'s reign, and during that of Louis XVI., were enrolled under the tricolor; they had almost all been engaged in the American war, and had bedaubed their

cordons with republican colours. The Revolution employed them before it had risen to any great height; they even became the principal generals in its army, the Duc de Lauzun, the romantic lover of the Princess Czartoriska, the pursuer of women, the Lovelace who, in the modest jargon of the court, *had* now this lady, now that, the Duc de Lauzun, then Duc de Biron, commanding for the Convention in La Vendée—what a pity to see! Baron de Bezenval, the false and cynical revealer of the corruptions of high life, displaying all the puerilities of the old expiring monarchy, this heavy baron, compromised in the affair of the Bastille, and saved by M. Necker and Mirabeau, solely because he was a Swiss—what a misery! What had such men to do with such events? When the Revolution increased in strength and power, it contemptuously abandoned these frivolous apostates from the throne; it had had need of their vices, it had need of their heads; it despised no blood, not even that of Madame du Barry.

Paris, December, 1821.

WHAT I DID IN THE MIDST OF THIS CONFUSION—MY SOLITARY DAYS—
 MADEMOISELLE MONET—I ARRANGE THE PLAN OF MY JOURNEY TO
 AMERICA, WITH THE HELP OF M. DE MALESHERBES—BONAPARTE AND
 MYSELF OBSCURE SUB-LIEUTENANTS—THE MARQUIS DE LA ROUERGIE—
 I EMBARK AT ST. MALO—LAST THOUGHTS ON QUITTING MY NATIVE
 LAND.

THE year 1790 completed the measures sketched out in the year 1789; the possessions of the church, at first put into the hands of the nation, were confiscated, the civil constitution of the clergy decreed, the nobility abolished.

I was not present at the Federation of July, 1790; a rather serious indisposition confined me to bed; but I had been much entertained previously by the *wheelbarrow* scene in the Champ-de-Mars. Madame de Staël has described it with extraordinary cleverness. I shall always regret not having seen M. Talleyrand repeat the mass, assisted by the Abbé Louis, as I also regret not having seen him, with the sabre at his side, giving audience to the ambassador from the Grand Turk.

Mirabeau lost his popularity in 1790; his connections with the court were evident. M. Necker resigned his post of minister,

and retired; no one had any desire to detain him. *Mesdames*, the king's aunts, left for Rome, furnished with a passport from the National Assembly; the Duke of Orleans, after his return from England, declared himself the humble and obedient servant of the king. The societies of Friends to the Constitution, which had multiplied in different parts of France, leagued themselves with the original society in Paris, received its ideas, and executed its orders.

Public life met a favourable disposition in my character; what passed in common attracted me, because in a crowd I retained my solitude of soul, and had not to struggle with my timidity. The saloons, too, participating in the general movement, became a little less repugnant to my mind, and I had, in spite of myself, made some new acquaintances.

Among these was the Marquise de Villette. Her husband, whose reputation was much calumniated, wrote in the *Journal de Paris*, in conjunction with *Monsieur*, the king's brother. Madame de Villette, herself still a very charming woman, lost a daughter of about sixteen, who was yet more charming, and in memory of whom the Chevalier de Parny wrote this stanza, worthy of the "*Anthologie*:"—

" Au ciel elle a rendu sa vie,
Et doucement s'est endormie,
Sans murmurer contre ses lois :
Ainsi le sourire s'efface,
Ainsi meurt sans laisser de trace
Le chant d'un oiseau dans les bois."

My regiment, quartered at Rouen, preserved its discipline for some time; it was engaged in a conflict with the people at the execution of the comedian Bordier, who suffered under the last exercise of the parliamentary power; hung one day, he would have been a hero the next, had he lived four-and-twenty hours longer. But at length insurrection broke out among the soldiers in Navarre. The Marquis de Mortemart emigrated; the officers followed him. I had neither adopted nor rejected the new opinions; as little disposed to attack as to advocate them, I neither wished to emigrate nor to continue my military career; I therefore retired.

Being free from all ties in opinion, I had on the one hand rather warm disputes with my brother and President de Rosambo; on the other, discussions not less bitter with Ginguené, Laharpe, and Chamfort. From the days of my earliest youth my political

impartiality had pleased no one. I only attached importance to the questions then mooted, in as far as they bore upon general ideas of human liberty and dignity; by this standard I judged them; personal politics wearied me; my true life was in higher regions.

The streets of Paris, crowded as they now were by day and by night, no longer permitted the indulgence of my whims. I sought solitude in the theatre; establishing myself in the depths of a box, I allowed my thoughts to wander to the verses of Racine, the music of Sacchini, or the dances at the opera. I must have intrepidly sat out "La Barbe Bleu" and "Le Sabot Perdu" twenty times running, at the theatre on the Italian Boulevard, wearying myself in order to get rid of *ennui*, like an owl in a hole in a wall; while the monarchy was crumbling to the ground, I heard neither the crash of the secular arches, nor the drawling of the vaudeville; neither the voice of Mirabeau thundering from the tribune, nor that of Colin singing to Babet on the stage:—

"Qu'il pleuve, qu'il vente ou qu'il neige
Quand la nuit est longue, on l'abrege."

Monsieur Monet, Director of the Mines, and his young daughter, were sometimes sent by Madame Ginguené to disturb me in my hermit-like solitude; Mademoiselle Monet sat down at the front of the box, and I behind her, half grumbling, half pleased. I know not whether she pleased me, whether I liked her, but I was afraid of her. When she was gone I regretted her, although rejoicing that she was no longer beside me. Nevertheless, I sometimes gave myself great trouble to go and call for her and walk with her; I gave her my arm, and even occasionally, I think, pressed the one which rested on mine.

One idea now occupied my mind almost entirely—that of going to the United States; I wanted a useful aim for this journey; I therefore proposed to myself (as I have mentioned in these Memoirs, and in several of my works) to discover the North-west passage. This project was by no means uncongenial to, or independent of, my poetic nature. No one cared for me; I was then, like Bonaparte, an insignificant sub-lieutenant, utterly without name in the world; we both rose from obscurity at the same period, I to seek my renown in solitude, he his fame among men. Not having given my heart to any woman, my sylph still haunted my imagination; I looked forward to the felicity of realising with her my fantastic wanderings in the forests of the New World. Through the influence of another aspect of nature, my flower of

love, my nameless phantom of the Armorican woods, became *Atala* beneath the shades of Florida.

M. de Malesherbes encouraged the idea of this voyage, and increased my desire for it ; I passed whole mornings with him, poring over maps, comparing the various charts of the Arctic circle, calculating the distances from Behring's Straits to the top of Hudson's Bay, reading the different narratives of English, Dutch, French, Russian, Swedish, and Danish travellers and navigators ; we traced out land-routes by which to reach the shores of the Polar Sea ; imagined difficulties to be surmounted and precautions to be taken against the rigour of the climate, the attacks of wild animals, and the want of provisions. This illustrious man said to me, " If I were young I would go with you ; I would spare myself the sight of the crimes, cowardice, and folly which meet me here ; but at my age, men must be content to stay and die where they are. Do not fail to write to me by every opportunity, to give me full accounts of your progress and your discoveries ; I will introduce them to the notice of the ministers. It is a great pity that you do not understand botany." After such conversations, I turned over Tournefort, Duhamel, Bernard de Jussieu, Grew, Jacquin, Rousseau's Dictionary, and a variety of elementary Floras ; then ran off to the *Jardin du Roi*, and already thought myself a Linnaeus.

At length, in the month of January, 1791, I seriously made up my mind. The chaos of affairs was increasing ; the very name of aristocrat sufficed to subject any one bearing it to persecution ; the more moderate and conscientious a man's opinion was, the more it was suspected and spied upon. I therefore resolved to strike my tent ; I left my brother and sisters in Paris, and set out for Brittany.

At Fougères I met with the Marquis de la Rouërie, and asked him for a letter to General Washington. Colonel Armand (the name borne by the Marquis in America) had distinguished himself in the war of American Independence. In France he made himself known by the part he took in the royalist conspiracy, which made some such touching victims in the Désilles family. Having lost his life while organising this conspiracy, he was afterwards exhumed and recognised, and drew down misfortunes on his hosts and friends. Rival to Lafayette and Lauzun, and forerunner of La Rochejaquelein, he was more clever than any of them ; he had fought oftener than the first ; carried off opera actresses like the second ; and would have been companion in arms to the third.

He was then scouring the woods in Brittany, accompanied by an American major, and with an ape seated on the croup. The law students at Rennes were fond of him ; his boldness in action and his freedom of ideas pleased them ; he had been one of the twelve Breton gentlemen imprisoned in the Bastille. His appearance and manners were elegant, his air manly, his face intelligent and pleasing ; he somewhat resembled the portraits of the young noblemen of the League.

I chose St. Malo as my port of embarkation, in order that I might take leave of my mother. In the third book of these Memoirs I have spoken of my visit *en passant* to Combourg, and of the feelings which there oppressed me. At St. Malo I remained two months, busied in preparations for my voyage, as I had once before been, at the same place, for my projected departure for India.

I made arrangements for my passage with a captain named Desjardins ; he had engaged to convey the Abbé Nagault, head of the seminary at St. Sulpice, and several of the students under his charge, to Baltimore. These fellow voyagers would have been more congenial to me four years before ; from a zealous Christian as I had then been, I had now become an *esprit fort*, or to speak more truly, an *esprit faible*. This change in my religious opinions had been produced by reading books on philosophy. I truly believed that on one side a religious mind was as it were paralysed—that there were truths which could not reach it, however superior it might be in other ways. It was this foolish pride which effected the change in my mind ; in a religious spirit I supposed a deficiency, an absence of faculty, which in fact exists in a philosophic spirit ; a limited intelligence imagines it sees every thing, because it keeps its eyes open ; a superior intelligence consents to shut its eyes, because it sees every thing within. Another and final cause was the ceaseless despair which lay deep in the recesses of my heart.

A letter of my brother's has fixed the date of my departure in my memory ; he wrote to my mother from Paris, announcing the death of Mirabeau.

Three days after the arrival of this letter I rejoined the vessel in the roads ; my luggage had all been previously sent on board. The anchor was weighed—a solemn moment among sailors. The sun was setting when the coasting pilot left us, after having safely guided our vessel out of the channel. The weather was gloomy, the breeze languid, and the waves beat heavily upon the rocks at a few cable-lengths from the vessel. My eyes were fixed on St.

Malo ; I had just left my mother there in tears ; I could see the belfries and domes of the churches where I had prayed with Lucile, the walls, the ramparts, the forts, the towers, and the strand, where I had passed my childhood with Gesril and my other play-fellows. I was deserting my country, torn with revolution, and at a time when she had lost a man whose place no one could fill ; I was going far away, in equal uncertainty as regarded my country's destiny and my own. Who would meanwhile be lost to France or to me ? Should I ever again see my country or my family ?

At nightfall a calm obliged us to lie by at the mouth of the roads ; the lights in the town and in the watch-towers shone forth on the night ; these lights, trembling beneath my paternal roof, seemed at once to smile on me, and to bid me adieu, illuminating the darkness around me, and the deep shadow of the water among the rocks.

I carried with me nought but my youth and my illusions ; I quitted a world whose soil I had trodden, and whose stars I had counted, for a world where earth and sky were strangers to me. What was destined to befall me if I attained the aim of my voyage ? Wandering by the hyperborean shores, the years of discord which have crushed so many generations in their thundering course, would have passed silently over my head ; the face of society would have been renewed, and I absent. Probably I should never have had the misfortune to write ; my name would have remained unknown, or would only have been linked with a peaceful celebrity, below the standard of fame, disdained by envy, and left to happiness. Who knows whether I should ever have re-crossed the Atlantic, whether I might not have fixed my dwelling, like a conqueror amidst his conquests, among the solitudes I had explored and discovered in risk and peril !

But, no ! I was destined to return to my country, to a change of misery—to be entirely different to what I had ever been before. This sea, in whose lap I was born, was now to become the cradle of my second life ; I was borne on it, on this my first voyage, as on the bosom of my nurse, as in the arms of the confidante of my first tears and my first pleasures.

The ebb of the tide, in default of a breeze, was gradually carrying us out to sea, the lights on shore grew fainter, and at last disappeared. Exhausted with reverie, with vague regrets, and hopes still more vague, I retired to my cabin, and lay down in my

hammock, rocked to the sound of the waves caressing the sides of the vessel. The wind rose; the unfurled sails, till then hanging useless by the masts, spread themselves to meet it, and when I went on deck next morning, we were out of sight of France.

Here my destinies change: as Byron says—"Again to sea!"

London, from April till September, 1822.

Revised in December, 1846.

INTRODUCTION.

THIRTY-ONE years after my departure for America as a simple sub-lieutenant, I set out for London with a passport couched in the following terms:—"Laissez passer sa Seigneurie le Vicomte de Chateaubriand, Pair de France, Ambassadeur du Roi près sa Majesté Britannique, &c." (his Lordship Viscount de Chateaubriand, Peer of France, and Ambassador from the King to the King of Great Britain, &c.) There was no description of the person; my dignity was to convey a sufficient knowledge of my face everywhere. A steam-boat, ordered for my special use, conveyed me from Calais to Dover. On landing at Dover, April 5, 1822, a salute was fired from the forts. An officer, sent by the commandant, came to offer me a guard of honour. On my arrival at the "Ship," the master and servants of the hotel received us with bare heads and profound bows; and the mayoress of the town sent me an invitation to a *soirée*, in the name of the ladies of the borough. Mr. Billing, one of the attachés to the embassy, awaited my arrival. A dinner of enormous dishes of fish and huge joints of beef was served up for his Excellency the Ambassador, who had no appetite, and was not at all fatigued. The people gathered in crowds under the windows of the hotel, and made the air resound with *huzzas*. The officer from the garrison returned, and, in spite of my refusal, placed sentinels at the door. On the next day, after distributing a great deal of money belonging to the king my master, I set out for London in the midst of salvos of artillery, in a light carriage drawn by four beautiful horses, and driven at a rapid pace by two gaily-

dressed postillions. The servants followed in other carriages, and outriders wearing my livery accompanied the *cortège*. We passed through Canterbury, attracting the eyes of John Bull and of the persons in the various equipages which we met on the road. At Blackheath, a place formerly haunted by highwaymen, I found a new village; and soon after we came full in view of the immense cloud of smoke with which London is constantly covered.

Having plunged into this gulf of coal-smoke as into the jaws of Tartarus, and being driven across the whole city, the streets of which I recognised, we alighted at the hotel of the embassy, in Portland Place. M. le Comte Georges de Caraman, the chargé d'affaires; the Vicomte de Marcellus and the Baron de Decazes, secretaries to the embassy, and other officials, received me with dignified respect. The whole of the ushers, porters, and servants of the hotel were stationed in the path. Cards were presented to me from the members of the king's government and the foreign ambassadors, who had been already informed of my approaching arrival.

On the 17th of May, in the year of *grace* 1793, on my way to the same city of London, I landed at Southampton from Jersey. No mayoress paid any regard to my transit; the mayor of the town, Mr. William Smith, gave me a card of the route to London on the 18th, accompanied with an extract from the *Alien Bill*. The description given of me in English was as follows:—*Francis de Chateaubriand, French officer in the Emigrant army, five feet four inches high, brown hair and moustaches.* The cheapest conveyance was taken along with some sailors on leave; the humblest places of refreshment were selected; and poor, ill, and unknown, I entered into the large and opulent city under the rule of Mr. Pitt; I went to an humble lodging at six shillings a week, in the upper-floor of a corn-dealer's house, in a small street running into Tottenham Court Road.

Ah! *Monseigneur*, que votre vie,
D'honneurs aujourd'hui si remplie
Diffère de ces heureux temps!

Another species of obscurity now overshadowed me in London; my political position threw my literary reputation into the shade; there was not a fool in the three kingdoms who did not prefer the ambassador of Louis XVIII. to the author of the *Genie du Christianism*. We shall see how the matter will turn out after my death, or when I shall cease to replace the Duke Decazes at

the court of George IV.,—a succession as extraordinary as the other parts of my life.

When in London as the ambassador of France, one of my greatest pleasures was to leave my carriage at the corner of a square and to walk through the lanes, which I had long ago frequented, and the populous and cheap suburbs, where misery takes refuge under the protection of similar suffering, the unknown abodes which I haunted along with my companions in distress, not knowing whether I might have bread for the morrow. What a contrast with the magnificent service of the embassy! At the doors of the humble and poor dwellings which I used to frequent I met none but strange faces. I no longer saw my fellow-countrymen wandering about, so easily recognised by their gestures, their walk, the style and cut of their dress; I saw no more of those martyr priests, with their low collars, large three-cornered hats, and long black worn-out coats, whom the English saluted as they passed. The eye now everywhere fell upon new streets, bordered with palaces, noble bridges, and well-planted promenades. The open fields, covered with herds of cows, near Portland Place, had been converted into *Regent's Park*; a burying-ground, which was visible through my attic window, had disappeared in the midst of the buildings of a manufactory. As I went to Lord Liverpool's, it was with difficulty I could recognise the open space, where the scaffold of Charles I. had been erected; and new buildings, in total forgetfulness of memorable events, have been brought close upon the statue of Charles II.

In the midst of insipid pomps, how do I regret that season of tribulation and tears, in which I mingled my sorrows with a colony of unfortunate exiles! So true is it that every thing changes, and that misfortune fades away even like prosperity! What is now become of my brothers in exile? Some are dead; others have gone through various destinies; like me they have seen their neighbours and friends disappear from the scene; they have been less happy in their native land than they were upon a foreign soil. Had we not in this foreign land our meetings, our amusements, our *fêtes*, and above all, our youth? Mothers of families, and young girls who began life in adversity, brought home the fruits of their labour, in order to enjoy a festive dance of their native country. Attachments were formed, after the labours of the day, in the conversations of the evening, on Hampstead Heath or over the fields around Primrose Hill. In chapels, adorned by our hands amidst ruined buildings, we offered up our prayers on

the 21st of January, and the anniversary of the queen's death, deeply moved by the funeral oration delivered by the emigrant curé of our village. We were accustomed to go along the banks of the Thames, sometimes to see ships laden with the riches of the world brought into the docks, and sometimes to admire the beautiful country houses at Richmond; we so poor—so destitute—in all these things enjoyed a real happiness.

When I returned in 1822, instead of being received by my friend, trembling with cold—who opened the door of a common attic and addressed me in familiar language—who lay upon his humble couch near mine, covered over with his scanty garments—the only lamp, the light of the moon, I now passed in a blaze of light, through two rows of servants, into a room where stood five or six respectful secretaries. Overwhelmed in my passage by the words, *Monseigneur*, my lord, your excellency, monsieur l'ambassadeur, I at length reach a drawing-room ornamented with silk and gold.

I pray you, gentlemen, leave me! A truce to these *my lords!* what do you wish me to do for you? Go, laugh in your offices just as if I was not here! Do not pretend to make me believe there is any thing real in this masquerade! Do not think I am fool enough to imagine that I have changed my nature merely because I have changed my dress! The Marquis of Londonderry has just called, you say; the Duke of Wellington has left his card; Mr. Canning has also been here; Lady Jersey expects me to dinner to meet Mr. Brougham; Lady Gwydir hopes for my presence at ten o'clock, in her box at the opera; Lady Mansfield, at midnight, at Almack's.

Mercy! where shall I hide myself? who will deliver me? who will snatch me away from these persecutions? Return! O charming days of my misery and solitude! Revive! companions of my exile! Come, my old comrades, with your camp-beds and pallets of straw; let us go into the country, into the little garden of an humble tavern, and drink a cup of tea seated on a wooden bench, and let us talk of our foolish hopes, and our ungrateful country; let us detail our troubles and our means of mutual assistance—how to succour some of our friends more necessitous than even ourselves.

Such were my feelings and thoughts during the first days of my embassy in London. I could only escape from the annoyances which beset me under my roof by indulging in mournful recollections in Kensington Gardens. These gardens have undergone

no change, with the exception of the growth of the trees; in their solitary walks the birds still build their nests in peace. The same fashion of meeting in these gardens no longer exists as when Madame Recamier, the most beautiful of Frenchwomen, was accustomed to appear there, followed by a crowd. It affords me great pleasure to gaze from the green sward at the long lines of horses and fashionable carriages on the drives in Hyde Park, among which is seen my own empty tilbury, whilst I, having resumed the character of a poor gentleman *émigré*, saunter up the walk, where the exiled confessor was formerly accustomed to read his breviary.

It was in these same gardens I first projected the "Essai Historique;" there, looking over the journal of my wanderings beyond sea, I drew from it the loves of *Atala*; in these gardens, after having wandered to a distance into the country, under a lowering sky, glowing, and as it were, penetrated with the polar light, I drew the first sketches of the passions of "René." By night I laid up the harvests of my reveries by day, in the "Essai Historique" and in the "Natchez." The two manuscripts proceeded abreast, although I was often in want of paper to record them, and fastened the leaves together by bits of wood from the window-sill for want of thread.

These scenes of my first inspirations always make me feel their power, by reflecting the mild light of my recollections on the present; and thus I feel a suitable disposition to resume my pen. How many hours are lost in embassies! Time is no more wanting to me here than in Berlin to continue my Memoirs—an edifice which I am constructing from bones and ruins. In London my secretaries were eager in the morning to go to pic-nics, and in the evening to balls. With all my heart! The men, Peter, Valentine, and Lewis, in their turn were off to the ale-house;—and the women, Rose, Peggy, and Maria, for a walk. I was delighted at it! The key of the outer door was left with me, and the care of the house was committed to his Excellency the Ambassador; if any one knocks, he will open the door. Every one is gone out; here am I alone; let us resume our work.

I have just said, that twenty-two years ago I made the first sketches of the *Natchez* and *Atala* in London; in my Memoirs I am precisely at the period of my travels in America; this will perfectly accord. Let us suppress these two-and-twenty years, as if they were in reality blotted out from my life, and let us set out for the forests of the New World; the account of my embassy.

will recur, if it please God, at its proper date ; but if, at the least, I remain here a few months, I shall have leisure to proceed from the Falls of Niagara to the army of the princes in Germany, and from the army of the princes to my retreat in England. The Ambassador of the King of France can relate the history of the French *émigré* in the very place to which he was exiled.

London, from April till September, 1822.

CROSSING THE OCEAN.

THE preceding book closed with my embarkation at St. Malo. Our ship soon cleared the channel, and the swell from the west announced the Atlantic.

It is very difficult for those who have never been at sea to form an idea of the feelings experienced when nothing whatever is visible from the deck of the ship except the solemn face of the deep. There is a certain independence in a sailor's life which arises from the absence of land ; the passions of men are left behind upon the shore ; between the world which is left and that after which we seek, the element on which we are borne is the only substitute for love and for country ; no more duties to discharge, no more visits to make, no more newspapers, no politics. The very language of sailors is not that of common life ; it is a language such as that spoken by the ocean and the sky, the calm and the tempest. You dwell in a universe of waters, amongst creatures whose dress, tastes, manners, and countenance bear no resemblance to the dwellers on land ; they possess the hardihood of the sea-wolf, and the quickness of a bird ; their brow is traced by no marks of the cares of society ; the wrinkles which traverse it resemble the folds of the shortened sail, and are less the effect of age than of winds and waves. The skin of these beings, impregnated with salt, is red and hard, like the surface of the rock lashed by the billows.

Sailors have a passion for their ship : they weep with regret on parting from it, and with joy on returning to it. They find it impossible to remain at home : after having sworn a thousand times no longer to expose themselves to the dangers of the sea, they cannot resist returning to it again, as a young man is

unable to tear himself from his beloved, even although she prove tempestuous and faithless.

In the docks of London and Plymouth it is by no means rare to find sailors who have been born on ship-board, and from their childhood to old age have seldom been ashore ; their acquaintance with land is formed from the deck of their floating cradle—mere spectators of a world into which they have not entered. In a life reduced to so small a space, the clouds above and the deep below, every thing assumes the forms of life to the sailor : an anchor, a sail, a mast, a gun, are the objects of his affection, and each of them has its history.

The sail was rent on the coast of Labrador ; the master sail-maker put on the patch which you see.

The anchor saved the vessel, when she was drifted, after the loss of other anchors, into the middle of the coral rocks of the Sandwich Islands.

The mast was broken in a hurricane off the Cape of Good Hope ; it was only a single pole ; it is much stronger now that it is made of two.

The gun is the only one which was not dismantled in the battle of the Chesapeake.

The most interesting news on board are, that the lead has been just heaved ; the ship is making ten knots.

The sky is clear at noon ; an observation has been taken ; we are in such a latitude.

The ship's place is marked ; so many leagues have been sailed.

The declination of the needle is so many degrees ; we have gone further north.

The sand in the hour-glass does not run freely ; there will be rain.

Procellaria have been observed in the ship's track ; clear up for a squall.

Flying fish have appeared to the south ; the weather is about to become calm.

A bright spot has appeared in the clouds to the west ; it is the sign of wind ; it will blow from that quarter to-morrow.

The colour of the sea is changed ; pieces of wood and seaweed are observed floating ; gulls and ducks have been seen ; a small bird has just perched on the shrouds ; a good look-out must be kept ; land is near, and it is dangerous to come on the coast by night.

In the pen there is a favourite, and, so to speak, a sacred

cock, which has outlived all the others ; he is famous for having crowed during a battle, as if he had been in a farm-yard amongst the hens. Below deck there is a cat, which has sailed twice round the world, and been saved from shipwreck on a barrel. The ship's boys give the cock biscuit steeped in wine, and Malou has the privilege when he pleases of sleeping in the mate's berth.

The old sailor is like an old labourer. Their harvests are different, it is true ; the sailor has led a wandering life, the labourer has never quitted his field ; but both are equally well acquainted with, and predict futurity whilst they plough their furrows. To the one the lark, the redbreast, and the nightingale are prophets ; to the other the storm-birds and the kingfisher. They retire in the evening, the former to his berth, the latter to his hut ; frail dwellings ; but the storm that shakes them does not disturb easy consciences :—

“ If the wind tempestuous is blowing,
Still no danger they descry ;
The guiltless heart its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby,” &c., &c.

The sailor knows not when death may take him unawares, or on what coast he may lose his life : perhaps when his last sigh has mingled with the wind, he shall be launched into the bosom of the waves, bound to two oars, to continue his voyage ; perhaps he may be buried in a desert island, which will never again be visited, even as he has slept isolated in his hammock, in the middle of the ocean.

The ship alone forms an object of interest ; sensible to the slightest movement of the helm, a winged steed, she obeys the hand of the pilot, as a horse yields to the hand of the rider. The beauty of the masts and cordage, the activity of the sailors in climbing the shrouds and handing the sails, the different aspects under which the ship presents herself, sometimes heeling under the power of a contrary gale from the south, and sometimes running, all sail set, before a northerly breeze—combine to form of this almost intelligent machine, one of the greatest triumphs of human ingenuity. One while the surge with its foam breaks and dashes against the hull—at another, the peaceful waves yield a ready and easy passage to the prow. The flags, streamers, and sails, complete the beauty of this palace of Neptune ; the lower sails, in all their extent, are bulged out like vast cylinders ; the upper ones, crossed in the middle by the buntline, resemble

the bosom of a Siren. Driven on by a powerful wind, with her keel she furrows the field of the sea, as with a ploughshare.

On this ocean-road, along which there are neither trees, villages, towns, towers, belfries, nor tombs to be seen; on this way, marked neither by columns nor milestones,—whose only limits are the waves—whose relays are the winds—and whose lights are the stars—the meeting of other vessels forms the most pleasing adventure, except when one happens to be in quest of unknown countries and seas. Ships discover each other by their telescopes on the distant horizon, and immediately take means to run close to each other. The crew and the passengers crowd the decks, the ships approach, hoist their colours, shorten sail, and heave-to. As soon as all is silent, the two captains, stationed on their respective poops, hail with the speaking-trumpet: “What ship is that?”—“Of what port?”—“Captain’s name?”—“Whence from?”—“How many days out?”—“Latitude and longitude?”—“A good voyage!” They shake out the reefs; the sails fill. The crew and passengers of the two ships look at each other as they speed on their course, without uttering a word: some are hastening to the climes of Asia, others to Europe, which will equally see them die. Time urges on its course, and separates travellers upon land, more quickly still than the wind separates them on the ocean; a signal is made from afar—farewell!—the common port is Eternity.

And if the vessel met should be that of Cook or La Pérouse?—

The boatswain on board our Maloan vessel was an old supercargo, named Pierre Villeneuve; his name alone made me entertain a regard for him, for it was that of my good nurse. He had served in India with De Suffren, and in America under Count D’Estaing, and had been in several engagements. Seated in the fore part of the ship, near the bowsprit, like a veteran beneath a vine in his little garden, in the convent of the Invalides, Pierre, whilst chewing a quid of tobacco, which puffed out his cheek as if he had a swelled face, used to describe to me the moment of clearing the decks, the effects of the discharges of artillery, the havoc caused by the shot in its rebound amongst the guns, their carriages and the timber-work. I made him tell me about the Indians, the negroes, and the colonists. I asked him how the people were clothed, how the trees grew, what was the colour of the earth and the sky, and what the taste of the fruits; whether pine-apples were better than peaches, and palm-trees more beau-

tiful than oaks. He illustrated every thing by comparisons taken from things with which I was acquainted: the palm-tree was like a great cabbage, the dress of an Indian like that of my grandmother, the camel resembled a hunch-backed ass; and all the people of the East, and especially the Chinese, he described as poltroons and thieves. Villeneuve was from Brittany, and we never failed to conclude our conversation by praising the incomparable beauty of our own country.

The bell generally interrupted us in our conferences; it announced the quarters, the hour for dressing, for the review of the crew, for meals. Every morning, at a certain signal, the crew, ranged in line on the deck, exchanged the blue shirt they each wore for others which were hanging to dry among the shrouds. The shirts they took off were instantly washed in tubs, in which this troop of Phocæ also soaped their brown faces and tarry hands.

At their mid-day and evening meal, the sailors, seated in circles, with a bowl in the centre of each, dipped their pewter spoons, in regular and equal turns, into the soup it contained, which was kept in perpetual motion by the rolling of the vessel. Those who were not hungry sold their allowance of biscuit and salt meat to their comrades for a quid of tobacco or a glass of brandy. The passengers took their meals in the captain's cabin. When the weather was fine, an awning was spread over the quarter-deck, and we dined in view of the blue expanse of sea, speckled here and there with the light foam raised by the breeze.

Wrapped in my cloak, I lay down at night on the deck, and gazed up at the stars. The swelling sail sent back upon me the freshness of the breeze which was rocking me beneath the celestial dome; I lay in a dreamy, half-slumbering state, with the wind blowing upon me, and the sky appeared to change with my dreams.

The passengers on board a vessel form a society of an entirely different stamp from that of the officers and crew; they belong to another element; their destinies belong to the land. Some are hastening to seek fortune, others repose; some are returning to their country, some quitting it; others are voyaging for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of different nations, or of studying science or art. There is leisure enough while they are thrown together in this wandering hostelry, which travels with the traveller, to become acquainted, to hear many a story and adventure, to conceive antipathies, to contract friendships. When among this temporary society there are

any of those young women, partly of English, partly of Indian race, who unite the beauty of Clarissa to the delicacy of Sacontala—then chains are wreathed, united and disjoined by the perfumed breezes of Ceylon, sweet and fleeting as they.

London, from April till September, 1822.

FRANCIS TULLOCH—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—CAMOENS.

AMONG my fellow-passengers was an Englishman, named Francis Tulloch; he had served in the artillery, was a painter, a musician, a mathematician, and spoke several languages. The Abbé Nagault, Superior of the Sulpicians, having met with the English officer, converted him; and was now taking his neophyte to Baltimore.

I made acquaintance with Tulloch; and as I was then a profound philosopher, urged him to return to his relations. The sight constantly before our eyes filled him with boundless admiration; we rose in the night, when the deck was abandoned to the officer of the watch, and a few sailors silently smoking their pipes. *Tuta æquore silent.* The vessel rolled and heaved at the will of the slow heavy billows, while sparks of fire seemed to be emitted from the white line of foam which ran along her sides; myriads of stars, beaming in the deep azure of the heavenly vault above us, a shoreless ocean, the infinite in the heavens and in the waters. Never did the idea of the greatness of God so weigh upon my soul as during these nights, when I had immensity above me, immensity at my feet. West winds and calms delayed our progress. On the 4th of May we were only as far north as the Azores. On the 6th, towards eight in the morning, we were in sight of the Peak of Pico. This volcano long reared its fiery head above unnavigated seas; a useless beacon by night, an unseen signal by day.

There is something magical in seeing land thus rise from the depths of the sea. Christopher Columbus, amidst his mutinous crew, on the point of returning to Europe without having attained the object of his voyage, saw a distant light gleaming on a shore which was hidden from him by the darkness of night; the flight of birds had guided him towards America—the light

on the hearth of a savage revealed a new universe to him. Columbus must have experienced something of the feeling attributed in scripture to the Creator, when after having drawn the world from the realm of chaos, He saw that His work was good : *vidit Deus quod esset bonum*. Columbus created a world. One of the first biographies of the Genoese navigator was that which Justiniani, when publishing a Hebrew psalter, placed in the form of a note below the psalm : *Cæli enarrant gloriam Dei*. Vasco de Gama could not have been less amazed when, in the year 1498, he touched the coast of Malabar. The whole globe then appeared changed ; a new Nature opened to view ; the veil which for thousands of centuries had concealed a part of the universe was lifted ; the country of the Sun was revealed, the place whence he daily comes forth like a bridegroom or a giant—*tanquam sponsus, ut gigas* ; other nations came face to face with the wise and brilliant East, whose mysterious history was mingled with the travels of Pythagoras, the conquests of Alexander, and the recollections of the crusades ; and whose perfumes were conveyed to us across the fields of Arabia and the seas of Greece. Europe sent a poet to salute it ; the swan of the Tagus raised its sad sweet song on the banks of the Indus ; Camoëns borrowed from them their lustre, their renown, and their misfortune, he left them but their riches.

THE AZORES—GRACIOSA ISLAND.

WHEN Gonzalo Villo, the maternal grandfather of Camoëns, discovered a part of the archipelago of the Azores, he ought, had he foreseen the future, to have reserved to himself the possession of six feet of land, to cover the bones of his grandson.

We anchored in bad roads, a rocky bottom, covered by forty-five fathoms of water. The swelling hills of Graciosa Island, before which we had moored, presented outlines somewhat resembling the curves of an Etruscan vase ; they were clothed with the verdure of the corn-fields, from which an agreeable frumentacious odour, peculiar to the harvests of the Azores, was wafted on the breeze. At intervals through this verdant expanse ran the divisions of the fields, formed of volcanic stones, half black, half white, heaped irregularly together. An abbey, a monument of

an old world on a new soil, stood at the summit of a low hill, and at the foot of this hill, on a pebbly beach, appeared the red roofs of the town of Santa Cruz. The whole island, with its features of bay, cape, creek and promontory, was reflected inverted in the sea. Rocks rising perpendicularly from the waves formed its outer enclosure. Beyond Graciosa, in the background, appeared the cone of the volcano, rising from a cupola of clouds, and terminating the aerial perspective.

It was decided that I should land, in company with Tulloch and the first lieutenant; the chaloupe was launched, and soon brought us to the shore, a distance of about two miles. We perceived some movement on the coast, and a barge came towards us. As soon as it came within hearing, we saw that it contained a number of monks; they hailed us in Portuguese, Italian, English, and French, and we replied in the same languages. Alarm reigned on shore, for ours was the first vessel of large tonnage which had ventured to moor in the dangerous roads where we were waiting for wind and tide. And besides, it was the first time that these islanders had seen the tricolor ensign; they did not know whether we might not have come from Algiers or Tunis; Neptune had not recognised the flag so gloriously borne by Cybele. When they saw, however, that we looked like human beings, and that we understood what was said, their joy was extreme. The monks took us into their barge, and we rowed gaily towards Santa Cruz; there we landed, after some difficulty, as the surf was very high.

The whole island flocked to see us. Four or five alguazils, armed with rusty pikes, took possession of us. His majesty's uniform attracted honours to me, and I passed for the important man of the deputation. We were taken to the governor's apartment, a paltry little room, where his excellency, dressed in a shabby green coat which had formerly been laced with gold, gave us solemn audience, and permission to re-victual.

Our monks conducted us to their monastery, an edifice surrounded by balconies, commodious and well lighted. Tulloch had found a fellow-countryman; the principal monk, who arranged all our proceedings, and took most of the trouble on himself, was a Jersey sailor, whose vessel and its whole cargo had been wrecked off Graciosa. He was the only one of the crew who escaped with life, and as he was not wanting in intelligence, showed great docility in receiving the instruction of the catechists; he learned Portuguese and a few words of Latin; his

being an Englishman tended to his favour at the monastery, and they converted and made a monk of him. The Jersey sailor, lodged, clothed, and fed in peace beside the altar, found this sort of life much easier than being sent aloft to furl the mizen top-sail. He still remembered his old trade, however, and having been so long deprived of the pleasure of speaking his own language, was delighted to meet with any one who understood it, and laughed and swore like any pilot. He was our guide through the island.

The village houses, built of planks and stones, were embellished with exterior galleries, which gave a clean air to these huts, as they introduced a good deal of light. The peasants, who were almost all vine-dressers, were half-naked, and bronzed by the sun; the women were small, and dark as mulattoes, but sprightly, and naively coquettish, with their nose-gays of seringa, and chaplets adorning their heads or necks.

The slopes of the hills were thickly covered with vines, the wine produced from which resembled that of Fayal. Water was rare, but wherever a fountain bubbled, there grew a fig-tree with a little oratory beside it, its porch painted in fresco. Through the arches of the porch were to be seen, set as it were in a frame, views of parts of the island and glimpses of the sea. On one of these fig-trees I saw a flock of teals settle; they were blue, but not web-footed. The tree had no leaves, but a quantity of red fruit set like crystals; when it was covered with these cerulean birds, each hanging its wings, its fruit appeared to be of a splendid purple colour, and itself to have suddenly put forth an azure foliage.

The Azores were probably known to the Carthaginians; it is certain that Phenician coins have been dug up in the island of Corvo. The first modern navigators who landed on this island found, it is said, an equestrian statue, its right arm extended, and pointing towards the west; this statue may, however, very possibly belong to the class of inventions which embellish the old marine descriptions.

In "Natchez," I have supposed that Chactas, on his return to Europe, landed at the island of Corvo, and here met with the mysterious statue. He thus expresses the ideas which occupied my mind at Graciosa, and revived the tradition in my memory: "I approached this extraordinary monument; on its base, perpetually washed by the sea-foam, were graven unknown characters; moss and sea-salt were gradually eating away the surface of

the ancient bronze ; the halcyon, perched on the casque of the colossus, at intervals sent forth its plaintive notes ; quantities of small shells had clung to the sides, and to the bronze mane of the courser, and on putting my ear to the wide nostrils, confused murmuring noises seemed to issue from them."

A good supper was served to us at the monastery, after our walk, and we spent the night in drinking with our hosts. Towards noon next day, our provisions having been previously embarked, we returned to the vessel. The monks took charge of our letters for Europe. The vessel had become endangered by the sudden rising of a strong south-east wind. The anchor was veered, but it became entangled in the rocks, and was lost, as was expected. We got under weigh, and soon left the Azores behind.

London, April till September, 1822.

SAILORS' GAMES—ISLAND OF SAINT PIERRE.

"*FAC pelagus me scire probes, quo carbasax laxo.*"—"O Muse, aid me to show that I know the sea on which I now spread my sails." So said, 600 hundred years ago, William the Breton, my fellow-countryman. Restored to the sea, I again began to contemplate its solitudes ; but through the mist of my ideal world rose, like severe monitors, France and real events. My retreat during the day, when I wished to avoid my fellow-passengers, was the round-top of the main mast ; my agility in climbing to it gained me the applause of the sailors. Here I seated myself, in full view of the great waste of waters.

The immense vault of heaven, hung as it were with azure, looked like a canvass prepared for the future creations of a great painter. The colour of the water was that of liquid glass. Through the ravines of its undulating mountains were to be seen vistas of the great ocean desert ; these ever-changing water-views made me understand the comparison in scripture, where it speaks of the earth reeling like a drunken man before the Lord. At one moment the immense space of sea and sky appeared narrow and confined, for want of a point of comparison ; but let a wave raise its head, or curve itself into an imitation of a distant coast, or a shoal of sea-dogs pass along the horizon, and immediately a

standard of measurement was furnished ; the vast extent was fully revealed when a haze, rising on the pelagian surface, seemed even to add to the immensity around.

After descending from my aery, as in former days from my nest in the willow—for I was perpetually reduced to a solitary life—I supped on a sea-biscuit, a lemon, and some sugar, and then lay down, either on the deck in my cloak, or below the poop in my cot ; I had but to stretch out my arms to reach from my bed to my coffin.

The wind drove us northwards, and we touched at the bank of Newfoundland ; some floating pieces of ice roamed through a cold pale mist.

The sons of Neptune have particular games which have been handed down to them by their predecessors ; on crossing the line one must make up one's mind to receive *baptism* ; the same ceremony is observed under the tropics, the same at the bank of Newfoundland, and wherever it may be performed, the chief of the masquerade is always *Goodman Tropic*. *Tropic* and *Hydropic* are synonymous in sailors' ideas, so Goodman Tropic is always extremely portly ; even when beneath his tropics, he is clothed in all the sheep-skins and furred jackets to be found on board. He crouches on the round-top, uttering roars at intervals. Every one below watches him ; he begins to descend the shrouds, heavy as a bear, staggering like Silenus. On reaching the poop, he renews his roars, bounds about, seizes a bucket, fills it with salt water, and throws it over the principal man among those who have not crossed the line, or who have never gone so far North as the ice-latitude. People take refuge below decks, climb on the hatchways, and up the masts, and father Tropic pursues ; the game is finished by the sailors getting some money for drink—such are the games of Amphitrite, which Homer would have celebrated as he did Proteus, if old Oceanus had been thoroughly known when Ulysses lived ; but at that time nothing was yet to be seen of him but his head at the column of Hercules, his hidden body covered the world.

We steered in the direction of the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, in search of a new port. As we were approaching the former, one morning between ten o'clock and noon, we were near going on shore ; its coasts loomed through the fog like a dark shapeless mass.

We cast anchor before the capital of the island ; the town was not visible, but we heard the sounds on shore. The passengers hastened to land ; the Superior of St. Sulpice, continually ha-

rassed by sea-sickness, was so weak, that he was obliged to be carried on shore. I took a private lodging, and waited till a gust of wind should drive away the fog, and show me the place in which I was to live, and so to speak, the countenances of my hosts, in this land of shadows.

The port and roadstead of St. Pierre lie between the eastern coast of the island and a small islet called *l'Île aux Chiens*, which protects them from the sea. The harbour, called the *Barachois*, runs deep into the land, and terminates in a brackish swamp. The mass of the island consists of barren promontories; some detached, towering steep from the shore; others, with a strip of level, boggy land at their base. The signal posts on the Cape are seen from the town.

The Governor's residence stands opposite to the landing-place, where are also the church, the rectory, and the arsenal; near this also is the house of the harbour-master and the captain of the port. The only street in the town stretches along the pebbles on the beach.

I dined two or three times with the Governor, who was very obliging and polite. On a glacis of the fort he cultivated a few European leguminous plants; and after dinner he showed me what he called his garden.

A sweet and delicious perfume of the heliotrope was wafted from a small patch of beans in flower; it was not borne to us by a breeze from our country, but by a fierce wind from Newfoundland, which had no connexion with the exiled plant, no sympathy of recollections or pleasure. This perfume, not breathed by beauty, not purified in its bosom, not shed upon its steps—this perfume removed from its clime, its culture, and its wonted admirers; brought with it all the melancholy feelings of regret, of absence, and of youth.

From the garden we climbed up the heights, and stopped at the foot of the flag-staff on the signal-post. The new French flag floated over our heads, and like the woman in Virgil, we wept (*flentes*) as we looked at the sea; it separated us from our native land; the Governor was uneasy; he belonged to the fallen party; he was, moreover, weary of this retreat, fit only for a visionary like myself, but a rude sojourn for a man engaged in business, or one who no longer feels a master passion which makes one indifferent to the rest of the world. My host inquired about the Revolution; I asked for news of the North-West passage. He was the advanced guard of the desert, but he knew nothing of the Esquimaux, and received nothing from Canada except partridges.

One morning I had gone alone to the *Cap-à-l'Aigle*, to see the sun rising from the direction of France. There a winter torrent formed a cascade, whose last bound reached the sea. I sat down upon a projection of the rock, with my feet hanging over the waves which rolled at the base of the cliff. A young sea-nymph appeared on the higher declivities of the promontory ; her feet were bare, though it was cold, as she walked over the dew. Her dark hair was confined in tresses by an India muslin handkerchief wound round her head ; and on the top of the handkerchief she wore a bonnet, in the form of a ship or a cradle, made of the reeds of the country. A bouquet of wild lilacs adorned her bosom, which was set off by the whiteness of her boddice. From time to time she stooped down to gather the leaves of an aromatic plant, called by the islanders *Thé naturel*. With one hand she threw the leaves into a basket, which she carried in the other. She perceived me ; without any fear, she came and sat down beside me, placed her basket near her on the ground, and began, like myself, with her legs dangling over the sea, to look at the sun.

We remained some minutes without speaking ; at last I took courage and said, " What are you gathering ? The season for sea-weed is past."

She raised her large black eyes, timid and bright, and answered :

" I am gathering tea."

She handed me her basket.

" Are you taking the tea to your father and mother ?"

" My father is out fishing with Guillaumy."

" What do you do in the winter on the island ?"

" We weave nets, and fish in the ponds, by breaking holes in the ice ; on Sundays we go to mass and vespers, or we chant the canticles ; and then we play on the snow and watch the boys hunting white bears."

" Will your father soon return ?"

" Oh ! no : the captain takes the ship to Genoa with Guillaumy."

" But, Guillaumy, won't he return ?"

" Oh ! yes : next season on the return of the fishermen. He will bring me among his wares a striped silk corset, a muslin petticoat, and a black necklace."

" And you will be adorned for the wind, the mountain, and the sea. Would you wish me to send you a boddice, a petticoat, and a necklace ?"

“ Oh! no.”

She rose, took up her basket, and darted off down a steep path along a forest of pines, singing as she went with a loud voice a canticle of the Missions :

Tout brûlant d'une ardeur immortelle,
C'est vers Dieu que tendent mes desirs.

In her descent she started numbers of those beautiful birds called *Aigrettes*, from the plumes of feathers on their heads ; she seemed as if she were one of the flock. As soon as she reached the sea, she sprang into a boat—spread the sail—and seated herself at the helm ; she might have been taken for Fortune ; she disappeared.

Oh! yes, Oh! no, Guillaumy, the image of the young sailor on the sea in the midst of the winds, changed the wild rocks of St. Pierre into a land of delight :

L'isole di Fortuna ora vedete.

We passed fifteen days in the island. From its desolate coasts may be seen the still wilder and more barren shores of Newfoundland. The mountains in the interior form diverging chains, the highest of which stretch towards the Bay of Rodrigues. In the valleys, granite rocks, mixed with red and greenish mica, are clothed with masses of lichens, and dicranum.

Several small lakes are fed by the streams which run from the Vigie, the Courval, the Pain du Sucre, the Kergariou, and the Tête Galante. These marshes are known by the names of the Ponds of the Savoyard, of Cape Noir, of Ravenel, of Colombier, and of Cap-à-l'Aigle. When the whirlwinds strike these ponds, their violence scatters and divides the shallow waters, so as to show here and there portions of the submarine meadows, which are again speedily covered over by the returning waves.

The Flora of St. Pierre is the same as that of Lapland, and the Straits of Magellan. The varieties of the vegetable world decrease as the pole is approached ; and at Spitzbergen there are not found more than forty species of phanerogamous plants. By changing their locality, whole genera of plants become extinct ; some whose habitation is the icy Steppes of the North, become denizens of the mountains in the south ; others which delight in the tranquil atmosphere of dense forests, decreasing in vigour and size, perish when exposed to the stormy blasts of the ocean. In St. Pierre the marsh myrtle, (*vaccinium fuliginorum*) is reduced to the state of

a creeper; it will soon be buried in the dog's-bane which constitutes its soil. A travelling plant, I have taken precautions to disappear on the shores of the sea, my native soil.

The slopes of the hills in St. Pierre are covered with *tacamahacas*, *diospyros*, larch and spruce firs, whose shoots are used for producing an anti-scorbutic beer. None of these trees grow beyond the height of a man. The ocean storm bends and prostrates them, like ferns; then, gliding under these forests of bushes, it lifts them up again, but it meets neither trunks, branches, arches, nor echoes to respond to its roar, and makes no more noise than upon a heath.

These rickety woods form a striking contrast with the large forests of Newfoundland, whose neighbouring coasts lie within sight, and whose fir trees are adorned with the silver lichen (*Alectoria trichodis*); the white bears seem to have hung their skins on the branches of these trees, of which many form the strange creepers. The swamps of this island of Jacques Cartier contain paths trodden by those bears, which nearly resemble the rural paths in the neighbourhood of a sheep-fold. The howlings of these hungry animals are heard through the whole night: and the traveller only feels himself safe by the no less mournful sounds of the sea, whose rude and inhospitable waves become companions and friends.

The northern extremity of Newfoundland reaches the latitude of Cape Charles I., in Labrador, and a few degrees higher the Polar regions commence. If we may believe travellers, these regions have their charms: when the sun approaches the earth in the evening, it seems to remain stationary, and again begins to ascend instead of sinking below the horizon. The mountains clothed with snow, the valleys covered with white mosses, on which the reindeer browse, the seas alive with whales, and speckled over with floating ice, form a most brilliant scene, illuminated at the same time by the glowing light of the west, and the splendours of the Aurora; it is difficult to know whether one is present at the creation or the end of the world. A small bird like that which sings by night in our woods, warbles forth its plaintive note. Then love prompts the Esquimaux to seek his expecting companion on the rocky ice; these marriages of men at the utmost bounds of the earth are neither destitute of pomp nor happiness.

London, from April till September, 1822.

COAST OF VIRGINIA—SETTING SUN—DANGER—LANDING IN AMERICA—
SEPARATION FROM FELLOW PASSENGERS—TULLOCH.

HAVING taken on board supplies and replaced the anchor lost at Graciosa, we quitted St. Pierre. Steering to the south we reached latitude 38 deg. Calms detained us at a short distance from the coasts of Maryland and Virginia. A clear sky had succeeded the fogs of the northern regions ; we were not in sight of land, but perceived distinctly the smell of the pine forests. The daybreaks and mornings, the rising and setting of the sun, and the twilights and nights were magnificent. I could never satisfy my desire of looking at Venus, whose rays enveloped me like the hairs of my sylphide long ago.

One evening as I sat reading in the captain's cabin, the bell rang for prayers ; I went to mingle my supplications with those of my companions. The officers, together with the passengers, occupied the poop ; the chaplain, book in hand, stood somewhat nearer the wheel, whilst the sailors crowded in groups around ; we stood with our faces towards the prow. Every sail was furled.

The globe of the sun, just about to plunge into the waves, appeared through the mist of the cordage in boundless space ; it might have been said that by the rolling of the poop, the radiant luminary every instant changed its horizon. When I drew this picture, the whole of which you may see again in the *Genie du Christianism*, my religious feelings were in complete harmony with the scene ; but alas ! when I was present in person, the old man was living in me ; it was not God alone I was contemplating on the waves in the glory of his works. I saw an unknown woman and the miracles of her smile ; the beauties of heaven seemed to me to spring from her breath ; I would have sold eternity for one of her caresses. I figured to myself that her heart was beating behind this veil of the universe which concealed her from my eyes. Oh ! why was it not in my power to rend this curtain, to press this idealised beauty to my heart, and to enjoy the fulness of an affection which constituted the source of my inspirations, of my despair, and of my life ? Whilst I was giving free course to these emotions, so suitable to my future career as a denizen of the woods, an accident was very near putting an end to my designs and my dreams.

The heat was oppressive ; the ship in a dead calm, without sails, and tottering under the weight of her masts, rolled excessively ; burnt upon the deck and fatigued by the motion, I longed for a bath ; and though we had no boats down, I threw myself from the bowsprit into the sea. At first all went well—and several passengers followed my example. I swam without taking heed to the ship ; but I no sooner turned my head than I saw that the current was sweeping her far from me. The sailors, alarmed, had thrown out lines to the other swimmers. Sharks showed themselves near the ship, and guns were fired to drive them away. The current was so strong as greatly to retard my return, by exhausting my strength. There was a gulph beneath me, and any moment a shark might have taken off an arm or a leg. The master and crew made all possible speed to let down a boat, but it was necessary to fix a tackle, and this consumed a great deal of time. By the greatest good fortune, a breeze, almost imperceptible, sprung up ; the ship answered the helm, and was brought near me ; I was not able to lay hold of the rope ; but the companions of my rashness having clung to it, we were dragged to the side of the ship, and being at the extremity of the file, they pressed upon me with all their weight. In this way they hauled us up one by one, which was tedious. The rolling of the ship continued ; and at every successive roll we were plunged six or seven feet into the sea, or suspended the same height in the air, like fish at the end of a line : at the last plunge I felt myself ready to faint ; one roll more and all was over. They drew me upon deck half dead : if I had been drowned it would have been a good relief for myself and for others !

Two days after this accident we sighted land. My heart beat when the captain showed it to me ; America ! faintly traced by the tops of some maple trees emerging, as it were, from the sea. In the same manner the palm trees afterwards indicated to me the mouths of the Nile. A pilot came on board, and we sailed into the Chesapeake. The same evening a boat was sent ashore for supplies of fresh provisions ; I joined the party, and soon set foot on American soil.

Casting my eyes around me, I remained for some moments motionless. This continent, perhaps unknown through the whole duration of ancient times, and many centuries of modern,—the first rude fortunes of the country and its second destiny since its discovery by Columbus ; the dominion of European monarchies shaken in this New World ;—societies finishing their career in

young America ;—a republic, of a kind hitherto unknown, announcing a change in the human mind ;—the part which my own country had had in these events ;—these seas and these shores partly indebted for their independence to the French flag and French blood ;—a great man springing up from the midst of discord and deserts !—Washington inhabiting a great city, where Penn had purchased a corner of the forests ;—the United States sending back to France the Revolution, which France had maintained by her arms ;—finally, my own destinies, my virgin muse, which I was about to deliver over to the passion of a new nature ;—the discoveries which I was eager to attempt in these deserts, whose wide domain stretched far behind the narrow empire of foreign civilisation : these were the things which passed through my mind.

We made our way towards a house. Groves of Virginia cedars, mocking birds, and cardinals, by their form, note, and colour, gave sure proofs of a new climate. The homestead, which we reached about half-an-hour, consisted of an Englishman's farm and a Creole's cottage. Herds of European cows were pasturing on fields fenced in by rails, over which striped squirrels were disporting. Blacks were engaged in cleaving wood, and Whites in cultivating tobacco. A negress, of about fourteen years of age, of singular beauty, almost without clothing, like young Night, opened the gate of the enclosure for us. We bought some maize, some fowls, eggs and milk, and returned to our vessel with our baskets and jars. I presented my silk handkerchief to the young African ; my first reception in the land of liberty was given me by a slave.

We weighed anchor in order to make the roads and harbour of Baltimore ; as we drew near, the channel narrowed ; the waters became smooth and still, and to all appearance we were sailing up a sluggish stream, bordered with rows of trees. Baltimore came in view, as if at the extremity of a lake. Opposite the city rose a woody hill, at the bottom of which buildings began to spring up. We made fast to the quay in the harbour. I slept on board, and did not go on shore till the following day. I took up my quarters with my luggage at an inn. The Seminarists retired to the establishment prepared for them, from whence they were dispersed over America.

What is become of Francis Tulloch ? The following letter was put into my hands in London on the 12th of April, 1822 :

“Thirty years have now rolled away, my dear Viscount, since the period of our voyage to Baltimore; and it is very possible you may have forgotten even my name. To judge, however, according to the feelings of my own heart, which has always been true and faithful to you, it is not so, and I flatter myself you will not be displeased to see me again. Living almost opposite to one another (as you will see by the place whence this letter is dated,) I am but too sensible, how much circumstances separate us. Intimate but the slightest wish to see me, and I will hasten to prove to you how truly I am, as I have ever been, your faithful friend and servant,

FRAN. TULLOCH.

“P.S. The distinguished rank you have now attained, and to which you have so many and such just claims, is before my mind; but the agreeable recollection of the Chevalier de Chateaubriand is so dear to me, that I cannot write to you (at least for this time,) as an ambassador, &c., &c. Pardon the style out of regard to our former friendship.

“30, Portland Place, Friday, April 12th.”

So, Tulloch is in London. He has not become a priest, and is married; his romance is finished like my own. This letter bears testimony to the truth of my memoirs and the faithfulness of my recollections. Who could have borne witness to an alliance and friendship of thirty years' standing had not the contracting parties been alive? And what a melancholy and retrograde perspective does this letter unroll! In the year 1822 Tulloch was in the same city,—nay, in the same street with myself; the door of his house almost opposite to mine, just as we had met in the same ship—on the same deck—and occupied cabins just opposite to each other. How many other friends shall I never meet again! A man, every evening, on retiring to rest, may count his losses; it is only his own years which do not leave him, although they continue to pass; when he reviews them and calls them by name, they answer “present!”—Not one is wanting on the roll.

London, April till September, 1822.

PHILADELPHIA—GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BALTIMORE, like all the other principal towns of the United States, was not nearly so large a place at the time I saw it as it has since become ; it was a pretty little Catholic town, clean and lively, and its manners and society much resembled those of Europe.

I paid my passage-money to the captain, and gave him a farewell dinner ; then took a place in the stage coach which runs three times a week from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and at four in the morning took my seat on it, and found myself rolling along the highways of the New World.

The road by which we travelled, traced rather than properly made, traversed rather a flat country ; scarcely any trees, scattered farms and villages, a climate like that of France, and swallows dipping into the waters as on the pond at Combourg.

As we approached Philadelphia, we met peasants going to market, public and private conveyances. Philadelphia appeared to me a handsome town, with wide streets, some of them planted, running direct north and south, east and west, and intersecting each other at right angles. The Delaware flows in a line parallel to the street which runs along its western bank. This river would be called considerable in Europe ; in America it is thought nothing of ; its banks are flat and not picturesque.

At the time of my visit to it (in the year 1791), Philadelphia did not extend as far as the river Schuylkill ; the ground between the town and the junction of the Schuylkill and Delaware was parcelled out in sections—here and there a house was in course of being built.

Philadelphia is monotonous in its appearance ; in general, the great deficiency in the Protestant cities of the United States is in the great works of architecture ; the young Reformation, refusing to sacrifice to the imagination, has rarely erected domes, lofty naves with their airy arches, and twin towers ; such as those with which the ancient Catholic religion has crowned Europe. No monument, either at Philadelphia, New York, or Boston, rises above the mass of walls and roofs ; and the eye is wearied by the sameness of this level.

I first took up my quarters at the inn, but afterwards estab-

lished myself in a boarding-house, where I met St. Domingo colonists, and Frenchmen who had emigrated with very different ideas from myself. A land of liberty offered an asylum to those who fled from the encroachments of liberty at home ; nothing can more strongly prove the high value of generous institutions, than this voluntary exile of the partisans of absolute power to a country where the government is a pure democracy.

A man landing as I did in the United States, filled with enthusiastic feeling for classical nations, everywhere seeking the severity of primitive Roman manners, would naturally be much scandalised at finding, instead of this, luxury in equipages, frivolity in conversation, immorality in banking and gaming-houses, and the noisy confusion of ball-rooms and theatres. At Philadelphia I could have fancied myself in Liverpool or Bristol. The appearance of the people was pleasing; the Quakeresses pretty, with their gray dresses, small plain bonnets, and pale complexions.

At that time of my life I had a great admiration for republics, although I did not believe their existence possible in our era of the world ; my idea of liberty pictured her such as she was among the ancients, daughter of the manners of an infant society ; I knew her not as the daughter of enlightenment and the civilisation of centuries—as the liberty whose reality the representative republic has proved : God grant it may be durable ! We are no longer obliged to work in our own little fields, to curse arts and sciences, and to wear long nails and beards, if we would be free.

When I arrived at Philadelphia, General Washington was not there, and it was a week before he returned. I saw him pass in a carriage whirled along by four spirited horses. Washington, according to my ideas at that period, was necessarily a Cincinnatus ; but Cincinnatus in a carriage was a little out of harmony with my republic of the year of Rome, 296. Could the Dictator Washington be other than a rustic, urging on his oxen, and holding his plough ? But when I went to deliver my letter of introduction, I found all the simplicity of an ancient Roman.

A small house, similar to those around it, was the palace of the President of the United States ; no guards, not even any men-servants. I knocked, and a young girl opened ; I asked if the general was at home ; she replied in the affirmative, and I said I had a letter to deliver to him. She asked my name, but found it very difficult to pronounce, and could not remember it ; then requested me to

"walk in," led me along one of those narrow corridors which serve as vestibules to English houses, and left me in a parlour, where she begged me to wait for the general.

I was not moved or embarrassed; neither greatness of soul nor splendour of fortune awe me; I admire the former without feeling overwhelmed by it; the latter inspires me with more pity than respect; face of man will never confuse me.

After an interval of a few minutes, the general entered; tall, calm, and cold, rather than noble in mien; the engravings of him are good. I silently handed him my letter; he opened it, and turned to the signature, which he read aloud, exclaiming, "Colonel Armand!" The Marquis de la Rou erie was known to him by this name, and had signed the letter with it. We sat down, and I explained to him, as well as I could, the motive of my journey. He answered me in English and French monosyllables, and listened to me with a sort of astonishment. I perceived this, and said to him with some warmth, "But it is less difficult to discover the North-west passage than to create a nation as you have done."

"Well, well, young man!" cried he, holding out his hand to me. He invited me to dine with him on the following day, and we parted.

I took care not to fail in my appointment. We were only a party of five or six; the conversation turned on the French revolution, and the general showed us a key of the Bastille. I have already said that these keys were the rather foolish playthings which it was then the fancy to distribute. Three years later, the distributors of locksmiths' work might have sent the president the bolt of the prison of the monarch who gave liberty to France and to America. If Washington had seen the *victors of the Bastille* in the gutters of Paris, he would have less respected his relic. The serious essence and strength of the revolution arose not from these bloody orgies. At the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, the same populace of the *faubourg* St. Antoine demolished the Protestant church at Charenton, with as much zeal as it showed in pillaging and destroying the church of St. Denis in 1793.

I parted from my host at ten o'clock, and never saw him again; he went away next day, and I continued my travels.

Such was my meeting with the soldier citizen, the liberator of a world. Washington went down to the tomb before even the slightest fame was attached to my steps; I passed before his eyes as a being utterly unknown; he was at the zenith of his fame, I

in all my obscurity ; perhaps my name did not even dwell for a day in his memory—how happy am I, nevertheless, that his eyes have even looked upon me ! I have felt their vivifying influence throughout my life ; there is a virtue in the glance of a great man.

COMPARISON BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND BONAPARTE.

BONAPARTE has but just ceased to exist ; and since I have but now spoken of my interview with Washington, a comparison between the founder of the United States and the Emperor of the French naturally presents itself to my mind ; the more so, as at the moment I write these lines Washington himself is gone. Ercilla, while singing and fighting in Chili, stopped in the midst of his travels to narrate the death of Dido ; I delay at the very outset of my journeyings in Pennsylvania to compare Washington and Bonaparte. I might indeed have deferred the comparison until I came to speak of my meeting with Napoleon ; but should death interrupt me before I reach the year 1814, what I have to say of these two instruments of Providence would never be known ; I remember the example of Castelnau ; he was ambassador in England, like myself, and, like me, wrote part of his life when in London ; at the last page of Book VII. of this life, he says to his son : “ I will treat of this subject in Book VIII. ;” and Book VIII. was never written ; the circumstance warns me to take advantage of life.

Washington does not, like Bonaparte, belong to that race who outstrip the standard of human measurement. Nothing amazing is attached to his person ; he is not placed on a vast theatre of action ; is not engaged in terrible combat with the most skilful generals and most powerful monarchs of his time ; does not haste full speed from Memphis to Vienna, from Cadiz to Moscow ; he stands his ground with a handful of citizens in a country adorned with no peculiar celebrity, within the narrow circle of their domestic hearths. He fights no battles which revive the triumphs of Arbela and Pharsalia ; he overturns no thrones to build up others with their ruins ; he does not say to the kings at his gate :

“ Qu'ils se font trop attendre, et qu'Attila s'ennuie.”

An air of silence envelopes Washington's actions ; he acts

slowly; as if feeling that the liberty of the future is in his hands, and fearful of compromising it. This hero of a new race manages and directs, not his own destinies, but those of his country; he does not allow himself to toy with what is not his own; but from this profound humility what brilliancy now bursts forth! Traverse the woods where Washington's sword flashed to the light; what will you find? Graves?—No! a world! Washington has left the United States as a trophy on his battle-field.

Bonaparte has no trait in common with this grave, calm American; he combats noisily on an old theatre of action, in an old country; he thinks only of building up his own fame, takes charge only of his own destiny. He seems to know that his mission will be short; that the torrent which falls from such a height will quickly be exhausted; he hastens to enjoy and to abuse his power, like a quickly fleeting youth. Like Homer's gods, he longs to reach the extremity of the world in four steps. He appears on every shore; hastily inscribes his name on the records of every nation, and throws crowns to his family and his soldiers; he is in haste in every thing, in his monuments, his laws, and his victories. Leaning over the world, with one hand he overturns kings, with the other crushes the giant revolution; but in overcoming anarchy, he stifles liberty, and finally loses his own on his last field of battle.

Each is rewarded according to his deeds; Washington raises a nation to independence; a magistrate in the repose of domestic life, he falls asleep beneath his own roof, amidst the regrets of his fellow-countrymen, and the veneration of nations.

Bonaparte robs a nation of its independence; a fallen emperor, he is cast forth into exile, where the terror of nations still looks upon him as insufficiently imprisoned, even under the guard of ocean. He expires; the news, published at the gate of the palace before which the conqueror caused so many deaths to be proclaimed, neither arrests nor astonishes the passer-by; what had the citizens to regret?

Washington's Republic still exists; Bonaparte's Empire has fallen to the ground. Washington and Bonaparte were both nursed in the lap of democracy; both born of liberty, the one was faithful to her, the other betrayed her.

Washington was the representative of the wants, ideas, intelligence, and opinions of his time; he seconded instead of opposing, the movements of the public mind; he willed what it was his duty to will, the thing to which he was called; hence the

coherence and perpetuity of his work. This man, not striking because in his just proportions, mingled his existence with that of his country ; his fame is the patrimony of civilisation ; his renown stands like one of those public sanctuaries whence flows a fertilising, inexhaustible stream.

Bonaparte had it equally in his power to enrich the common domain ; he had as material in his hands the most intelligent, the bravest, and most brilliant nation on earth. What would not now be his rank in the estimation and reverence of men, had he added magnanimity to the heroic qualities he possessed ! if, Washington and Bonaparte in one, he had named liberty the universal legatee of his fame !

But this giant did not link his destinies with those of his contemporaries ; his genius belonged to a modern age, his ambition to an ancient one ; he saw not that the miracles of his life outshone the value of a diadem, and that this Gothic ornament would ill suit his head. Sometimes he precipitated himself on the future, at others, fell back on the past ; and whether going against or with the stream of the age, drew with him or repulsed the waves by his mighty strength. Men were in his eyes but a means to power ; no sympathy united their happiness and his : he had promised to deliver them, and he fettered them ; he isolated himself from them, and they became estranged from him. The kings of Egypt built their funereal pyramids, not amidst verdant fields, but amidst sterile plains of sand ; these vast tombs rise like eternity in solitude—Bonaparte followed their example in erecting the monument of his renown.

London, from April to September, 1822.

Revised in December, 1846.

JOURNEY FROM PHILADELPHIA TO NEW YORK AND BOSTON—MACKENZIE.

I WAS impatient to continue my journey. It was not to see Americans that I had come, but to find something entirely different from the men whom I knew, and more in accordance with the habitual train of my ideas. I was anxious to hurry upon an enterprise for which I had no other qualifications than my courage and imaginative temperament.

When I formed the project of discovering a North-west passage, it was not known whether North America extended to the Pole, and was connected with Greenland, or whether it was bounded by some sea approaching Hudson's Bay, and Behring's Straits.

In 1772, Hearn had discovered the sea at the mouth of the Copper Mine River, in 71 deg. 15 min. north latitude, and 119 deg. 15 min. longitude west from Greenwich.*

On the side of the Pacific, the efforts of Captain Cook and of subsequent navigators had still left doubts.

In 1787, a vessel was said to have penetrated to an inland sea in North America. According to the account of the captain of this vessel, the whole of that which had been always supposed an unbroken line of coast to the north of California, was merely a chain of very lofty and rugged islands.

The Admiralty of England sent Vancouver to examine into the truth of these reports, and he ascertained that they were unfounded. Vancouver had not yet made his second voyage.

In the United States, they were beginning to talk about the course of Mackenzie, who left the fort of Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, on the 3rd of June, 1789, and descended to the Polar Sea by the river to which he gave his name.

This discovery might have induced me to change my intended course, and to go direct northwards, had I not scrupled about making any alterations in the plan arranged between M. de Malesherbes and myself.

It was my wish to go westwards in such a way as to arrive at the North-west coast at the head of the Gulf of California. Thence, following the outline of the shore, and always keeping within sight of the sea, it was my aim to examine Behring's Straits, to double the most northern extremity of the American continent, to travel eastwards along the shores of the Polar Sea, and to return to the United States by way of Hudson's Bay, Labrador, and Canada.

What means had I to accomplish this enormous journey? None. Most of the French travellers have been isolated individuals, left entirely to their own resources—it is very rarely that either the Government or private Companies have employed, or even assisted them. Englishmen, Germans, Americans, Spaniards, and Portuguese, have accomplished, with the assistance of their

* This latitude and longitude are both now considered to be too great by $4\frac{1}{2}$ degrees.

Governments, what unaided individuals of our nation have attempted in vain.

Mackenzie, and after him many others, have made discoveries in America, to the profit of the United States and of Great Britain,—which I had dreamt of making for the benefit of my native country. Had I succeeded, I should have had the honour of giving French names to those unknown regions, and of bestowing upon my country a colony on the Pacific Ocean: of depriving a rival power of the profitable trade in furs, and of preventing that power from opening, for its own use, a shorter way to India, by putting France herself into possession of it.

I have mentioned the projects in my "*Essai Historique*," published in London in 1796; and they were taken from the account of my journeys written in 1791.

These dates prove that both in my wishes and my labours, I preceded the last explorers of the Arctic Seas.

I found no encouragement at Philadelphia. I had an idea from that time, that the object of this first journey would not be accomplished, and that it would only be the prelude to a second and more protracted one. I wrote, to that effect, to M. de Malesherbes; and, in expressing my hopes for the future, I promised to poetry that which would be lost to science. In fact, if I did not meet in America with that which I sought—viz., a Polar Continent, I did meet with a new muse.

A stage coach, similar to that in which I had travelled from Baltimore, conveyed me from Philadelphia to New York, a city gay, populous, and rich, but which was, nevertheless, far from being what it is now, and still further from what it will be in a few years; for the United States grow faster than my writings. On my way I went to Boston, to see the first field of battle of American Liberty.

I have seen the field of Lexington! I sought there, as I did subsequently at Sparta, for the tombs of those who fell—*obeying the holy laws of their country*.

Wonderful example of the connexion of all human affairs! A financial Bill passed in the English House of Commons in 1765, causes the establishment of a new power on the Earth in 1782, and the downfall of one of the most ancient kingdoms of Europe, in 1789!



London, from April till September, 1822.

NORTH RIVER—SONG BY A LADY ON BOARD THE STEAMER—MR. SWIFT
—DEPARTURE FOR THE FALLS OF NIAGARA WITH A DUTCH GUIDE—
M. VIOLET.

AT New York I took my passage on the packet-boat for Albany, situated some distance up the North River. The passengers were numerous. Towards the evening of the first day a collation of fruit and milk was served; the ladies sat upon benches on the deck, whilst the gentlemen lay stretched at their feet. The conversation was not long kept up; at sight of the magnificent scenery of the river, we involuntarily became silent. Suddenly some one cried out, "*See, there is the place where Asgill was taken!*" A Quakeress, from Philadelphia, was asked to sing the melody, well known under the name of *Asgill*. We were among the mountains. The voice of the songstress died away on the waves, or swelled again as we sailed closer to the bank. The fate of this young soldier, at once a lover, a poet, a man of courage and favourite of Washington, and honoured by the noble-minded mediation of an unfortunate queen, added a new charm to the romantic scenery. M. de Fontanes, a friend whom I have lost, let fall some courageous expressions in memory of Asgill, when Bonaparte was preparing to mount the throne which had been occupied by Marie Antoinette. The American officers appeared to be affected by the song of their Pennsylvania countrywoman; the various scenes of trouble through which their country had passed rendered the calm of the present more deeply impressive. They contemplated with emotion places which not long since had been filled with troops and echoed the clang of arms, but were now buried in profound repose; these places, gilded by the last rays of the sun, enlivened by the whistling of the cardinals, the cooing of the wood-pigeons, and the song of the mocking-bird, whose inhabitants, leaning listlessly on their elbows in their enclosures fringed with bignonia, gazed at our vessel as she glided past beneath them.

On my arrival at Albany, I went in search of Mr. Swift, to whom I had a letter of recommendation. This Mr. Swift carried on a trade in furs with the Indians, who occupied the territory

ceded by England to the United States ; for the civilised powers, republican and monarchical, without ceremony divided and partitioned lands in America, which belonged to neither. After having listened to my statements, Mr. Swift started a number of well-founded objections. He said, in the first place, that I could not, alone, undertake a journey of this magnitude, without assistance, a guide, and recommendations to the English, American, and Spanish stations, through which I should be obliged to pass ; that then, if I were fortunate enough to pass safely through so many deserts, I would arrive at frozen regions, where I must necessarily perish from cold and hunger. He advised me to begin by acclimating myself, to make acquaintance with the Sioux, the Iroquois, and the Esquimaux languages, and to spend some time among the backwoods'-men and the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company. When, he said, I had made these experimental trials, I might, perhaps, be able in the course of four or five years, with the aid of the French government, to proceed on my dangerous mission.

This advice, of which, in reality, I recognised the justice, thwarted my wishes. If I had consulted only my inclination, I would have set out directly on a journey to the Pole, just as one goes from Paris to Pontoise. I, however, concealed my displeasure from Mr. Swift, and begged him to procure me a guide and horses to proceed to the Falls of Niagara and to Pittsburg. From Pittsburg I purposed to descend the Ohio, and to collect information useful for my future projects. I still kept in view the first plan of my journey.

Mr. Swift engaged for my service a Dutchman who was familiar with several of the Indian dialects ; and having bought two horses, I left Albany.

The whole country which lies between Albany and Niagara is at present cleared, inhabited, and traversed by the New York Canal ; but at that time a great part of the country was completely a desert.

I had no sooner passed the Mohawk, and entered the woods in which the axe had never resounded, than I became, as it were, intoxicated with a sense of independence ; I passed from tree to tree, and from right to left, saying,—“ Here, no more roads, no more towns, no more monarchies, no more republics, no more presidents, no more kings, no more men ;” and to try whether I was really re-established in the fulness of my original rights, I betook myself

to voluntary actions which enraged my guide, who, in his soul, was convinced I was really mad.

Alas! I imagined myself alone in the midst of the forest, where I bore such a lofty head! All of a sudden I knocked my nose against a shed, and under this shed presented themselves to my astonished eyes the first savages I had ever seen. They consisted of about a score of persons, men and women, daubed over with paint, like sorcerers, half-naked, with pierced ears, their heads adorned with crows' feathers, and rings in their noses. A little Frenchman, powdered and frizzled, dressed in an apple-green coat, a drugget waistcoat, and a muslin front and ruffles, was busy scraping away on an old pocket-fiddle, and playing *Madelon Friquet* to the dancing of these Iroquois. M. Violet (for that was his name) was the dancing-master to these savages, who paid for his lessons in beaver skins and bears' hams. He had been a kitchen-boy in the service of General Rochambeau, during the American war. Having stayed behind in New York on the departure of our army, he resolved to devote himself to teaching the fine arts among the Americans. His views had grown with his success, and this new Orpheus carried civilisation among the savage hordes of the New World. When speaking to me of the Indians, he always said, "*Ces messieurs sauvages et ces dames sauvagesses.*" He bestowed great praise on the agility of his pupils; in truth, I never in my life saw such extraordinary gambols. M. Violet holding his little fiddle between his chin and his chest, tuned his miserable instrument, and shouted to the Iroquois, "PLACES," and the whole party leaped like a band of demons.

Was it not an overwhelming thing for a disciple of Rousseau to have his first introduction to savage life, at a ball given by an old kitchen-boy of General Rochambeau, to a band of Iroquois? I had a great desire to laugh, but I was cruelly humiliated.

London, from April till September, 1822.

MY SAVAGE APPAREL—HUNTING—THE CARCAJOU AND CANADIAN FOX—
MUSK-RAT—FISHING DOGS—INSECTS—MONTCALM AND WOLFE.

I BOUGHT a complete suit of apparel from the Indians; two bear skins, one for a short cloak, and the second for a bed. In

addition to these, a large cap, with ear-pieces of red cloth, a sur-tout, girdle, hunting horn, and the sort of cartridge-box used by the backwoods'-men. My hair hung loose on my open neck, and my beard was allowed to grow. In this fashion I became a compound of the savage, the hunter, and the missionary. An invitation was given me to join a hunting party the next day, to track a *carcajou*.

This race of animals, as well as the beaver, has become almost extinct in Canada.

We set out before day to ascend a river which flowed from the wood, where the *carcajou* had been seen. The party consisted of thirty Indians, backwoods'-men, and Canadians; a division of the party with the hounds kept along the bank, accompanying the advance of the canoes, and the women carried our provisions.

We failed in meeting with the *carcajou*, but we killed several lynxes and musk-rats. The Indians make great lamentation when they happen by mistake to kill any of the latter; the female musk-rat being, as is well known, the mother of the human race. The Chinese, who are good observers, hold it as certain, that the rat changes to a quail and the mole to a loriot.

Our table was abundantly supplied with water-fowl and fish. The dogs are trained to dive; and when not employed in hunting they are taken to fish. They dash into the stream, and seize the fish at the very bottom of the river. A great fire, around which we all gathered, served the women for dressing our repast. We were obliged to lie down flat with our faces towards the ground to save our eyes from the smoke, clouds of which floating above our heads protected us, as best it might, from the stings of the musqui-toes.

These carnivorous insects, viewed through the microscope, are most formidable animals. They were, perhaps, those winged dragons whose skeletons are found again, diminished in size in proportion as they are lessened in power—the hydras, griffins, and other monsters of tradition, now appear in the form of insects. The giants of the antediluvian period are the little men of the present age.

London, from April till September, 1822.

ENCAMPMENT ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE OF THE ONONDAGAS—ARABS—
A COURSE OF BOTANY—THE INDIAN WOMAN AND THE COW.

M. VIOLET offered me letters to the Onondagas, a remnant of one of the six Iroquois nations. We first reached the lake of this tribe. My Dutchman selected a suitable place for our camp. A river issued from the lake, and our implements were arranged in the bend of the river. We drove two forked sticks firmly into the ground, six feet apart, and laid a long pole horizontally on these two supports. Large pieces of the bark of the birch tree were placed with one end on the ground, and the other leaning against the transverse pole, in order to form a roof for our palace. Our saddles served as pillows, and our cloaks for bed clothes. We tied small bells to our horses' necks, and let them loose in the wood near our encampment, from which they did not stray far.

Fifteen years afterwards, when I bivouacked on the sands of the desert of Sabba, a few yards from the Jordan, and on the banks of the Dead Sea, our horses, the fleet sons of Arabia, appeared to listen to the tales of the scheik, and to take an interest in the stories of Antar and Job's horse.

It was not more than four in the afternoon when our hut was completed. I took up my gun, and went out to try my luck in the neighbourhood. Few birds were seen: only a solitary couple sprung before me like the birds which I had followed in my paternal woods. By the colour of the male, I recognised the white sparrow, *passer nivalis*, of the ornithologists. I heard, also, the osprey, so well characterised by its cry. The flight of this noisy bird led me to a narrow valley, lying between bare and rocky hills. About half-way up on one side stood a miserable cabin, and a lean cow was wandering about in a meadow below.

I delight in these sheltered nooks. "*A chico pajarillo chico nidillo* (little bird, little nest). I sat down on the slope opposite to the hut.

A few minutes after I heard voices in the valley; three men appeared, driving five or six fat cattle to pasture, and drove away the lean cow with their sticks. An Indian woman came out of the

hut, advanced towards the frightened animal and addressed it. The cow ran to her, stretching out her neck with a slight lowing. The planters from a distance threatened the poor woman, who returned to her cabin. The cow followed her.

I rose up, went down the slope of the hill, crossed the valley, mounted the parallel ridge, and reached the hut.

I pronounced the salutation, which I had been taught: "*siegoh*" (I am come); instead of returning my salutation by the customary "*you are come,*" the woman made no reply. I then caressed the cow; her yellow and mournful countenance assumed an expression of tenderness; I was struck with the mysterious relations of misfortune; there is a pleasure in being affected at the evils which have never been wept over before.

The woman continued to look at me a little longer, with an appearance of some lingering doubt. She then came forward, and passed her hands over the face of the companion of her misery and solitude.

Encouraged by this mark of confidence, I said in English, for my stock of Indian phraseology was exhausted, "*She is very lean!*" The woman answered, in broken English, "*She eats very little!*" "*They drove her away very cruelly,*" I added; and the Indian answered, "*We are both accustomed to that.*" "*Is not then, this meadow yours?*" She said, "*This meadow belonged to my husband, who is dead; I have no children, and the white men drive their cattle into my field.*"

I had nothing to offer to this creature of God. We parted. The poor woman said a great deal to me which I did not understand; it was, no doubt, the expression of her good wishes for my happiness; and if they were not heard in Heaven, it was undoubtedly not the fault of her who prayed, but the frailties of him for whom the prayer was offered. All minds have not the same aptitude for happiness, as all soils do not bear the same harvest.

I returned to my *bark palace*, where I found a meal of potatoes and maize awaiting me. The evening was magnificent; the lake, as smooth as a looking-glass, lay before me without a ruffle. The river murmured around our peninsula, which was perfumed by the odour of flowers. The *Whip-poor-Will* repeated his song; we heard him sometimes near, and sometimes at a distance, as the bird changed the scene of his loving call. No one called me.

London, from April till September, 1822.

AN IROQUOIS—THE SACHEM OF THE ONONDAGAS—VELLY AND THE FRANKS
—CEREMONIES OF HOSPITALITY—ANCIENT GREEKS.

NEXT day I went to pay a visit to the Sachem of the Onondagas : I reached his village about ten o'clock. I was immediately surrounded by groups of young savages, who spoke to me in their native tongue, mixed with English phrases, and a few French words ; they made a great noise, and exhibited the same joyful appearance which the first Turks did whom I since saw at Coron, on my landing in Greece. These Indian tribes, surrounded by the clearings of the white men, possess horses, flocks and herds, their huts are supplied with domestic utensils, purchased on the one side at Quebec, Montreal, and Detroit, and on the other in the markets of the United States.

In passing through the interior of North America, there are found among the different savage tribes the same forms of government as are known amongst civilised nations. The Iroquois belonged to a race which appeared destined to conquer the Indian tribes, had not foreigners interfered to exhaust their resources and to arrest their power. This intrepid man showed no signs of astonishment or fear, when fire-arms were used against him for the first time ; he stood as firm amidst the whistling of balls and the roar of artillery, as if the sounds had been familiar to him all his life ; and he paid no more attention to them than to the rolling of a thunder-storm. As soon as he procured a musket, he learned to make better use of it than a European ; he never abandoned his club, his scalping-knife, and his bow and arrows ;—but to these he added the carbine, pistol, dagger, and axe ; he appeared never to have arms enough to content his valour. Thus doubly armed with the murderous weapons of Europe and America,—his head adorned with bunches of feathers, his ears cut, his arms tattooed and stained with blood, this champion of the New World became as formidable to look upon as to fight against, on the shores which he defended foot to foot against the attacks of the invaders.

The Sachem of the Onondagas was, in all strictness of language, an old Iroquois ; his person was a record of the traditions of the olden time of the desert.

In all the English accounts, the Indian Sachem is called the *old gentleman*; this old gentleman, however, was completely naked; he had a feather, or fish-bone passed through the cartilage of the nose; and on his shaven head, as round as a cheese, he sometimes wore a three-cornered hat, in honour of European civilisation. Has not Velly written history with the same fidelity? Chilperiek, the leader of the Franks, rubbed his hair with rancid butter, *infundens acido comam butyro*, daubed his cheeks with green paint, and wore an extraordinary jacket or plaid, made of the skins of wild beasts. He is, however, represented by Velly as a prince, magnificent even to ostentation in his furniture and equipage, voluptuous even to debauchery, and entertaining scarcely any belief in God, whose ministers were the objects of his ridicule.

The Sachem of the Onondagas received me well, and made me sit down on a mat. He spoke English, and understood French, whilst my guide was acquainted with Iroquoise: his conversation was easy. Among other things, the old man told me that although his nation had always been at war with mine, he had always esteemed it. He made complaints of the Americans, whom he regarded as unjust and covetous—expressing his regret, that in the partition of the country the lot of his nation had not fallen to the English.

The women served up a repast. Hospitality is the last virtue left to the savages in the midst of European civilisation; it is known how sacred it was in olden times, when the hearth had all the power of the altar.

When a tribe was driven from its native woods, or a man came to ask hospitality, the stranger began what was called the suppliant's dance; a child touched the threshold of the door and said, "*Behold! a stranger!*" and the chief replied, "*Child, bring the man into the hut.*" The stranger, entering under the protection of the child, went and sat down by the ashes on the hearth. The women then sung the song of consolation. "The stranger has found again a mother and a wife; the sun shall rise and set for him as before."

These customs appear to have been borrowed from the Greeks; Themistocles, on going to the house of Admetus, embraces his Penates (household gods) and the young son of his host (I may, perhaps, when at Megara, have trampled on the hearth of the poor woman, under which lay hidden the cinerary urn of Phocion); and Ulysses, in the house of Alcinoüs, thus entreats

Arete :—“ Noble Arete, daughter of Rexenor, I throw myself at your feet, after having suffered many evils.” When he had spoken these words, the hero retired and went to sit down on the ashes of the hearth. I took my leave of the aged Sachem, who had been present at the taking of Quebec. The episode of the war in Canada afforded some consolation in the shameful annals of the reign of Louis XV. ;—it appeared like a page of our ancient history discovered in the Tower of London.

Montcalm, without supplies, charged with the duty of defending Canada against forces frequently re-inforced, and four times as numerous as his, struggled with success for two years ; he defeated Lord Rawdon and General Abercromby. At length, however, fortune forsook him ; he fell wounded under the walls of Quebec, and two days after he breathed his last. His grenadiers buried him in a trench scooped out by a bomb ; a grave worthy of the honour of our arms ! His noble enemy, Wolfe, fell at the same place : he paid for the fall of Montcalm the penalty of his own life, and had the glory of dying on French colours.

London, April to September, 1822.

JOURNEY FROM THE LAKE OF THE ONONDAGAS TO THE RIVER GENESEE—
BEES—CLEARINGS—HOSPITALITY—BED—CHARMED RATTLESNAKE.

My guide and I now mounted again, and pursued our route, which became more difficult, and was barely traced by felled trees ; the trunks of these trees served as bridges over the streams, or fascines in the swamps. The American population was at that time flowing towards the grants of land near the river Gēnesee. These grants varied in price, according to the quality of the soil and of the trees, and the course and abundance of the water.

It has been observed that settlers in the woods are often preceded by bees ; pioneers of the labourer, they are the symbol of the industry and civilisation which they announce. These peaceful conquerors, foreign to America, and reaching it in the track of Columbus's sails, only took from a new world of flowers treasures, of the use of which the natives were ignorant ; and only made use of these treasures to enrich the soil whence they had drawn them.

The clearings on either side of the road which I was pursuing presented a curious mixture of a state of nature and a state of civilisation. In the corner of a wood, which had until now resounded only with the cries of the savage and the roar of wild beasts, we came upon a piece of cultivated land; from the same point of view we saw an Indian wigwam and a planter's house; some of these houses, already completed, reminded one in their neat appearance of Dutch farm-houses; others were only half-finished, and had as yet no roof but the sky.

I was received into these dwellings, the work of a morning, and often found in them a family surrounded by European elegancies; mahogany furniture, a piano, carpets, and mirrors, at a few paces from the hut of an Iroquois. In the evening, when the labouring part of the household had returned from the woods or fields with the axe or hoe, the windows were thrown open. My host's daughters, in their long fair ringlets, sang to the piano Paësiello's duet "Pandolfetto," or a *cantabile* of Cimarosa's, while the open windows afforded a view of the wilderness without, and occasionally the murmur of a cascade mingled itself with the song.

On the best districts of land, villages were established; the spire of a new belfry rose from the depths of an ancient forest. English manners follow the English wherever they go; and after traversing an extent of country where there was no trace of inhabitants, I frequently came upon the sign of an inn swinging from some tree. Hunters, planters, and Indians met at these caravanserais; but the first time that I slept at one, I vowed should also be the last.

On entering one of them, I was amazed to see an immense bed, built in a circle round a central post; each traveller took his place in this bed, with his feet at the post, and his head at the outer line of the circle, so that the sleepers were arranged symmetrically, like the spokes of a wheel, or the sticks of a fan. After some hesitation I got into this extraordinary machine, seeing no one else in it. I was just falling asleep when I felt something glide against me; it was the leg of my great Dutch guide; I never in my life experienced such a sensation of disgust. I jumped out of the hospitable receptacle, heartily cursing the customs of our good old forefathers. I went out, and lay down in my cloak beneath the clear moonlight to sleep; this companion of the traveller's rest was at least agreeable, fresh, and pure. On the bank of the river Genesee, we found a ferry; a number of settlers and Indians crossed with us;

we encamped in meadows bright with butterflies and flowers. With our various costumes, our different groupings around the fires, our horses picketed or feeding near, we resembled a caravan. It was here that I met with the rattlesnake, which allowed itself to be charmed by the sound of a flute. The Greeks would have made an Orpheus of my Canadian; a lyre of his flute; and Cerberus, or perhaps Eurydice, of the serpent.

London, from April till September, 1822.

INDIAN FAMILY—A NIGHT IN THE FOREST—DEPARTURE OF THE FAMILY
—INDIANS OF NIAGARA—CAPTAIN GORDON—JERUSALEM.

WE continued to approach Niagara, and were now within eight or nine leagues of it, when we came in sight of an Indian fire in an oak-grove, and by the bank of a stream, at a place where we had ourselves thought of bivouacking. We availed ourselves of their encampment, and having attended to our horses, and arranged our own dress for the night, joined the group. Crossing our legs after the manner of tailors, we ranged ourselves round the piled-up fire in company with the Indians, and set our bunches of maize to roast.

The family consisted of two women, two children at the breast, and three warriors. The conversation became general—that is to say, interspersed with a few words and many gestures on my part; and then every one lay down to sleep where he was. I was the only wakeful person of the party, and went to sit apart from the rest, on the root of a tree which ran along the bank of the stream.

The moon had risen above the trees, and a perfumed breeze, brought with her from the east by the queen of night, seemed to go before her into the forest like her fresh breath. She gradually rose in the blue sky, sometimes gliding on without interruption, sometimes passing through masses of clouds resembling mountain summits crowned with snow. The fall of a few leaves, the sigh of a passing breeze, or the whoop of an owl, were the only sounds which broke upon the silence and repose around; in the distance the ear caught the dull roar of Niagara, which was prolonged in the calm night air from wild to wild, and died away in the soli-

tary depths of the forest. It was during such nights as these that a new muse revealed herself to me ; I caught some of her accents, and inscribed them in my book by the light of the stars, as an inferior musician would write down the notes dictated to him by some great master of harmony.

Next morning, the Indian warriors armed themselves with their various weapons, and the women collected together the baggage. I distributed a little gunpowder and vermilion among my hosts ; we saluted each other at parting by touching our foreheads and breasts. The warriors gave the word to march, and went on in front ; the women followed, carrying the children, who were suspended, wrapped in furs, from their mothers' shoulders, and turned their heads to look back at us. I stood watching them till they disappeared in the forest.

The Indians of Niagara, in the British dominion, were entrusted with the keeping of the frontier on the side by which we approached ; these strange-looking guards, armed with bows and arrows, refused to let us pass, and I was obliged to send my Dutchman to the fort of Niagara to get a permission to enter the British territory. This incident gave me a painful sensation, for I remembered that France had formerly ruled over Upper as well as Lower Canada. My guide returned with the permission, which I still preserve ; it is signed "Captain Gordon." Is it not singular that I should have found this same name on the door of my cell at Jerusalem ? "Thirteen pilgrims had inscribed their names on the inside of the door ; the first name was Charles Lombard, the date attached to it 1669 ; the last John Gordon, and the date of his visit 1804."—(*Itinéraire.*)

London, from April till September, 1822.

CATARACT OF NIAGARA—RATTLESNAKE—I FALL AT THE EDGE OF THE
ABYSS.

I REMAINED two days in the Indian village, whence I wrote a letter to M. de Malessherbes. The Indian women were occupied in different ways at work ; their infants were suspended in wicker baskets from the branches of a large purple beech. The grass was covered with dew, the wind came laden with perfume from

the forests, and the cotton plants, with their hanging pods, resembled white rose-trees. The breeze rocked the airy cradles with almost imperceptible motion; the mothers rose occasionally to see whether their children still slept, or whether they had been awakened by the birds. From the Indian village to the cataract was reckoned a distance of between three and four leagues; it took myself and my guide as many hours to reach it. When we approached within six miles of it, I could see a column of vapour indicating the spot of the fall. My heart beat with a joy mingled with terror as I entered the wood which concealed from my eyes one of the grandest sights ever offered by nature to man.

We alighted, and leading our horses by the bridle, passed through bushes and thicket, and reached the bank of the river Niagara, seven or eight hundred feet above the Fall. I continued to move forward, and the guide seized me by the arm, and stopped me at the very edge of the water, which flowed by with the rapidity of an arrow. It did not foam, but glided in one smooth mass to the very edge of the precipice. Its silence before its fall formed a striking contrast with the noise of the fall itself. Scripture often compares a nation to great waters; the Niagara above the Fall is the emblem of a dying nation, deprived of all power of voice by its agony, hurrying on to the abyss of eternity.

The guide continued to hold me back, for I felt myself drawn as it were towards the river, and urged by an involuntary impulse to throw myself into it. I looked now up along the shore, now down towards the island which rose suddenly amidst the vast plain of waters, dividing them as if they had been cleft in the sky.

After standing for about a quarter of an hour in a confused reverie of undefined admiration, I proceeded to the Fall. My ideas and impressions of it will be found in the "Essai sur les Révolutions" and in "Atala." Now, there are good roads leading to the cataract, inns on the American and English shores, mills and manufactories below the chasm; at the time I saw it none of these were in existence.

I had no utterance for the thoughts which agitated me at the sight of such sublime confusion.

In the desolate solitude of my early life, I was forced to invent personages to embellish it; I drew from the sources of my own mind ideal beings whom I found nowhere else—creatures of my own imagination. Thus, with the cataract of Niagara I have

associated recollections of Atalá and René, like the expression of its solemnity and sadness. What is a cascade eternally falling over its precipice in the silent unimpressible presence of earth and sky, if human nature is not there with its destinies and its unhappiness? How joyless to plunge into this solitude of water and mountain, and to have no one to whom to pour out the feelings inspired by the magnificent spectacle! to have the waves, the rocks, the woods, and torrents for oneself alone! Give a companion to the soul, and the smiling verdure of the hills, the fresh breath of the wave, thrill it with delight; the daily journey, the sweet repose at its close, the gentle rocking on the waves, the soft sleep on the moss, draw forth its fullest depths of tenderness. My fancy placed Velléda on the Armorican strand, Cymodycée beneath the porticos of Athens, Blanca in the halls of the Alhambra. Alexander left cities as monuments in his track; I left dreams as the only trace of my footsteps.

I have seen the Alpine cascades with their chamois, the Pyrenean with their isarus; I did not go as far up the hill as its cataracts, which are now known to be only rapids; I do not speak of the variegated columns of Terni and Tivoli, elegant lines of ruins, or subjects for the poet's song—*et præceps Anio ac Tiberni lucus*—“the rapid Anio and the sacred grove of Tibur;” Niagara effaces them all. I was contemplating the cataract revealed to the Old World, not by insignificant travellers like myself, but by missionaries, who, seeking God in these solitudes, threw themselves on their knees at the sight of some wonder of nature, and received martyrdom while chaunting their hymn of admiration. Our priests greeted the natural wonders of America, and consecrated them with their blood; our soldiers have applauded at the ruins of Thebes, and presented arms in Andalusia; the whole genius of France lies in the double militia of her camps and her altars.

I had my bridle twisted round my arm; a rattlesnake moved in the thicket; and my horse, startled at the noise, reared and backed towards the Fall; I could not free my arm, and the horse becoming more and more unmanageable, dragged me after him; his fore-feet were already over the edge; hanging on the very verge of the abyss, he kept himself from falling solely by the muscular strength of his back; I gave myself up for lost; when suddenly the animal, astonished at his new danger, made a great effort and regained his footing by a quick turn. Had I lost my life amidst the Canadian woods, would my soul have carried with

it to the Supreme tribunal, the sacrifices, the good works, and virtues of the Fathers Jogues and Lallemand, or a burden of useless days and miserable chimeras?

This was not the only danger which I incurred at Niagara. A ladder of bind-weed enabled the natives to descend into the lower basin, but this was now broken. Wishing to see the cataract from below, I ventured, notwithstanding the representations of my guide, to descend the side of an almost conical rock. The water roared and boiled below me, but my head remained steady, and I succeeded in descending about forty feet; but here the bare perpendicular rock offered nothing to which I could cling; I remained hanging by one hand to the last tree-root, feeling my fingers relax their grasp with the weight of my body; few men have in the course of their lives passed two minutes such as those I now passed; at length my hand lost its hold, and I fell; by extraordinary good fortune, I found myself on the ledge of a rock on which I was much more likely to have been dashed to pieces; I did not feel much hurt; I was within half a foot of the chasm, and yet had not fallen into it; but when the cold and damp began to chill me, I found that I had not escaped so easily as I imagined; my left arm was broken above the elbow. My guide, who was watching me from above, and to whom I made signals of distress, hastened in search of some Indians; they pulled me up with ropes by an otter-path, and carried me to their village. It was merely a simple fracture,—and two splints, a bandage, and a sling sufficed for my cure.

London, from April till September, 1822.

TWELVE DAYS IN A HUT—CHANGE OF MANNERS AMONG THE INDIANS—
BIRTH AND DEATH—MONTAIGNE—SONG OF THE SNAKE—SINGING OF A
LITTLE INDIAN GIRL—THE ORIGINAL OF "MILA."

I REMAINED for twelve days under the care of my doctors, the Indians of Niagara, and while there, saw some other tribes on their way down from Détroit, and the districts to the south and east of Lake Erie. I made inquiries respecting their customs; and by means of small presents obtained representations and details of their ancient manners, now no longer in existence.

Yet at the commencement of the War of American Independence, the Indians still ate the prisoners, or rather those who were killed ; an English captain, taking soup from an Indian pot with the large spoon, drew up a hand.

The events of birth and death among the Indians have retained more of their ancient associations and customs than any other ; because these events are not changed by outward influences, like the life which lies between them ; they are not matters of fashion passing with its breath. The oldest name beneath an Indian roof is still conferred on an infant as an honour, that of its grandmother for example, for names always descend in the maternal line. From that moment the child occupies the place of the woman whose name has been given to it ; and in speaking to it, it is addressed by the degree of parentage revived by its name ; thus an uncle may salute his nephew by the title of *grandmother*. This custom, ridiculous in appearance, is nevertheless touching ; it brings those who are gone to life again ; it reproduces the weakness of age in that of infancy ; it connects the extremes of life, the beginning and the end of a family ; it communicates a kind of immortality to the ancestors, and supposes them present amidst their posterity.

As regards the dead, it is easy to find motives for the attachment of the savage to sacred remains. Civilised nations have the ever-living spirit of literature and art to preserve the recollections of their country ; they have cities, palaces, towers, columns, and obelisks ; they have the trace of the plough in the fields already cultivated ; names are carved in brass and marble, actions immortalised in chronicles.

The nations of these solitudes have nothing of all this ; their names are not inscribed on the trees ; their huts, built in a few hours, disappear in a few moments ; their labour but grazes the earth, and does not even make a furrow. Their traditional songs perish with the last memory which retains them, with the last voice that repeats them. The tribes of the New World have then but one monument, the tomb. Take from the savage the bones of his fathers, and you take his history, his laws, and his gods ; you take from the race, in future generations, the proofs of their existence, as of their non-existence. I wished to hear my hosts sing ; a pretty little Indian girl named Mila, of about fourteen years old (the Indian women are only pretty when very young), sang very pleasingly. Was this not the couplet cited

by Montaigne?—"Stay, snake; stay, snake; and let my sister take the pattern of thy colours, to work a rich cord that I may give to my love; and thy beauty and disposition shall always be preferred to that of all other snakes."

London, from April to September, 1822.

REFLECTIONS—OLD CANADA—INDIAN POPULATION—DEMORALISATION—TRUE CIVILISATION PROMOTED BY RELIGION; FALSE CIVILISATION BY TRADE—BACKWOODSMEN—FACTORIES—HUNTING—MIXED RACES—CONTESTS BETWEEN TRADING COMPANIES—DEATH OF THE INDIAN LANGUAGES.

THE Canadians are no longer such as they have been described by Cartier, Champlain, Lahontan, Lescarbot, Laffiteau, Charlevoix, and the *Lettres Edifiantes*. The sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth, were the times of fertile imagination and of simple manners; the admiration of the former reflected a virgin nature, and the candour of the latter reproduced the simplicity of the savage. Champlain, at the end of his first voyage to Canada, in 1603, relates, that "an island, lying to the south of the Bay of Chaleurs, is regarded as the abode of a dreadful monster, whom the savages call *gougou*." Canada had its giant as well as the Cape of Storms. Homer is the true father of all these fables. There are always and everywhere Cyclops, Scylla and Charybdis, ogres or giants.

The savage population of North America, exclusive of Mexico and the Esquimaux, does not at present amount to 400,000 souls, reckoning all the tribes on both sides of the Rocky Mountains; some travellers limit the number to 150,000. Demoralisation has kept pace among the Indians with the diminution of their tribes. Religious traditions are become confused; the instruction imparted by the Jesuits in Canada has become mixed up with ideas foreign to the native ideas of the indigenous races; through the mists of gross fables, there may still be traced some distorted images of Christian truths; the most of the Indians wear crosses in the manner of ornaments, and what the Catholic missionaries formerly bestowed as emblems of religious faith, are sold to them now by Protestant traders. Let me observe, to the honour of our

country, and the glory of our religion, that the Indians were warmly attached to us, that they never cease to regret our rule, and that a *black gown* (a missionary) is still held in veneration amid the forests of America. The savage continues to love us under the tree where we were his first guests, on the soil which we have trodden, and where we have committed to him the care of our tombs.

As long as the Indian continued naked, or clothed in skins, there was something great and noble in his character; now, European rags, without covering his nakedness, bear witness to his misery; he is like a beggar at the door of a counting-house, and no longer a savage in his wilds.

Lastly, there has sprung up a kind of half-caste race, the offspring of colonists and Indian women. These men, surnamed *burntwoods* (Bois-brulés), on account of the colour of their skin, are the great promoters of change between the authors of their double origin. Speaking at once the language of both parents, they inherit the vices of both races. These meagre descendants of a civilised and a savage nature, sell themselves one while to the Americans and another to the English, in order to secure for the one or the other monopoly of the fur trade; they cherish rivalries between the English Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies with those of the Columbian, American, and Missouri Fur Companies, and others; they themselves are continually engaged in hunting expeditions for contractors, and accompanied by hunters paid out of the funds of the several companies.

The great war of American Independence is alone known. The world is ignorant of the fact that blood has been shed to promote the miserable interests of a mere handful of traders. In 1811 the Hudson's Bay Company sold to Lord Selkirk a territory on the banks of the Red River, where an establishment was formed in 1812. The North-West, or Canada Company, took offence at the proceeding. The two factions and their respective Indian allies, seconded by the *bois-brulés*, came to actual hostilities; and this domestic conflict, horrible in its details, took place in the midst of the icy deserts of Hudson's Bay. Lord Selkirk's colony was destroyed in the month of June, 1815, precisely at the period of the battle of Waterloo. On these two theatres, so different in their renown and obscurity, the calamities of the human race were the same.

We must seek no longer in America for those skilfully constructed political constitutions of which Charlevoix has given an

account, for the monarchy of the Hurons and the Republic of the Iroquois. Changes of the same nature have been brought about, and are still gradually occurring in Europe, even under our eyes. A Prussian poet, at a banquet of the Teutonic order, about the year 1400, sang in the ancient Prussian language of the heroic deeds of the ancient warriors of his country. No one understood him, and his only reward was one hundred empty nuts.

In the present day the Bas-Breton, the Basque and the Gaelic, are perishing from hut to hut, as the generations of shepherds and labourers pass away. In the English county of Cornwall the original language became obsolete about the year 1676.

A fisherman there said to some travellers, "I hardly know more than four or five persons who speak Cornish, and they are old people like myself, from sixty to eighty years of age. None of the young people understand a word of it."

Some tribes that formerly lived on the Orinoco exist no longer—there only remain about a dozen words of their dialect, which are uttered from the tops of the trees by parroquets which have regained their liberty, like Agrippina's thrush, which chattered Greek upon the balustrades of the palace at Rome. Such will be, sooner or later, the fate of our modern jargons, which are made up of the remnants of Greek and Latin. Some magpie, escaped from the cage of the last French priest, will be heard to call out from the top of the belfry of a ruin to the unknown people who may succeed us, "Accept this, the last effort of a language once known. You will put an end to all further conversation in it."

Be then a Bossuet; and the consequence will be that your *chef d'œuvre* may survive, in the recollection of a bird, your language and your memory in the minds of men.

London, from April till September, 1822.

THE FORMER POSSESSIONS OF FRANCE IN AMERICA—REGRETS—PAST FOLLIES—NOTE FROM FRANCIS CONYNGHAM.

SPEAKING of Canada and Louisiana, and inspecting the old map of the original French settlements in America, I am at a loss to understand how the government of my country allowed these colonies, which would have been now an inexhaustible source

of prosperity to us, to pass out of their hands. From Acadia and Canada to Louisiana,—from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to that of the Mississippi, the territory of “New France” encompassed that which formed the confederacy of the first thirteen United States. The other eleven, with the district of Columbia, the territories of Michigan, the North-West, the Missouri, Oregon, and Arkansas, belonged to us, or would have come into our possession, as they now belong to the United States by the cession of the English and the Spaniards, who succeeded us in Canada and Louisiana. The whole territory lying between the Atlantic on the north-east, the Polar Sea on the north, the Pacific with the Russian possessions in the north-west, and the Mexican Gulf on the south; that is to say, more than two-thirds of the whole of North America, acknowledged the laws of France. I fear lest the Restoration may prove vain in consequence of the adoption of views contrary to those which I have here expressed. The madness of adhering to precedents—a folly which I never cease to combat—would not be by any means so sad had it only disturbed me by depriving me of the favour of my prince; but it may, perhaps, cause the overthrow of the throne. To be stationary in political affairs is impossible—it is necessary to advance with the progress of human intelligence. Let us respect the dignity given by time; let us look back with veneration to the past ages which are rendered sacred by the memory and the relics of our ancestors; at the same time let us not attempt to retrograde towards them, for they have no longer any thing real in common with us, and should we attempt to seize them they would vanish. The chapter of Notre Dame, at Aix-la-Chapelle, had the tomb of Charlemagne opened, as it is said, about the year 1450. They found the emperor seated in a gilt chair, holding in his skeleton hands the books of the Evangelists, written in letters of gold; before him were placed his sceptre and his shield of gold, by his side lay his “*joyeuse*,” sheathed in a golden scabbard. He was clothed in imperial robes. Upon his head, which was retained in its proper position by a chain of gold, was a piece of linen which covered what had once been his face, and which was surmounted by a crown. They touched the phantom, and it crumbled into dust.

We possessed beyond sea an immense tract of country: it afforded a refuge for the excess of our population, a field for our commerce, and a supply of sailors for our navy. We are excluded from the New World, where the human race is taking a fresh start.

The English, Portuguese, and Spanish languages serve in Africa, in Asia, in Polynesia, in the Islands of the South Seas, and on the continent of the two Americas, as a vehicle for expressing the thoughts of many millions of human beings ; whilst we, deprived of the acquisitions made by our courage and our skill, only hear the language of Colbert and of Louis XIV. spoken under the government of foreign nations in some small districts of Canada and Louisiana. It only remains as a witness of the reverses of our fortune and the faults of our administration.

And who is the monarch whose rule now replaces that of the French King over the Canadian forests ? The same who caused this note to be written to me yesterday :—

“ Royal Lodge, Windsor, June 4, 1822.

“ MY LORD VISCOUNT,—

“ I am commanded by his Majesty to invite your Excellency to dine and sleep at the palace on Thursday, the 6th inst.

“ Your very humble and obedient servant,

“ FRANCIS CONYNGHAM.”

It was a part of my fate to be tormented by princes. But I pause—I re-cross the Atlantic—I have the arm reset which was broken at Niagara. I lay aside my bearskin dress and resume my embroidered apparel—I go from the wigwam of an Iroquois to the royal lodge of his Britannic Majesty—the monarch of the three united kingdoms and lord of the Indies—I leave my host with the pierced ears, and the little savage girl adorned with pearls, wishing my Lady Conyngham the gentleness of *Mila*, together with that age which belongs only to the young spring, those days which precede the month of May, and which our French poets call “*l’Aurillée*.”

London, from April till Sept., 1822.

Revised in December, 1846.

THE ACCOUNT ORIGINALLY WRITTEN IN AMERICA—THE LAKES OF CANADA
—FLOTILLA OF INDIAN CANOES—RUINS OF NATURE—VALLEY OF THE
TOMB—DESTINY OF RIVERS.

THE tribe of the young girl with the pearls set out. My guide, the Dutchman, refused to accompany me beyond the cataract. I paid him, and joined some traders who were setting out to descend the Ohio. Before starting I cast a glance upon the Canadian lakes—there is nothing so sad as the aspect of these lakes. The plains of the ocean and of the Mediterranean afford highways for nations, and their shores are, or were, inhabited by races numerous, powerful, and civilised. The Canadian lakes present nothing but open waters surrounded by desert land: solitudes which divide other solitudes—shores without inhabitants overlook waters without ships;—you land from desert waves upon a desert strand. Lake Erie is more than 100 leagues in circumference; the nations which dwelt upon its banks were exterminated by the Iroquois two centuries ago. It is fearful to see the Indians venturing their bark canoes upon this lake so celebrated for tempests, and which was formerly the habitation of thousands of snakes.

These Indians hang up their garments at the head of their canoes, and launch into the midst of the eddies caused by the turbulent waves. The waves, on a level with the gunwale of the canoes, appear ready to swallow them up. The hunters' dogs, with their paws upon the gunwale, utter short barks, while their masters, preserving a profound silence, strike the waters with their paddles in regular time. The canoes advance in single file: at the prow of the foremost a chief stands upright, and repeats the diphthong "*oah*"—*o* with a full and prolonged intonation, *a* with a short and quick tone. In the hindmost canoe is another chief, also standing, who manages a branch in the form of a rudder. The other warriors squat on their heels at the bottom of the canoes. Through the fog and the spray are only to be seen the feathers with which the heads of the Indians are adorned, the outstretched necks of the howling dogs, and the shoulders of the

two Sachems, the pilot and the steersman ;—as one might say, the gods of the lakes. The rivers of Canada are without annals in the Old World. How different is the fate of the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Nile, the Danube, and the Rhine! How much sweat and blood have conquerors poured forth in order to cross in their course those waters which a goatherd can step across at their source.

London, from April till Sept., 1822.

THE COURSE OF THE OHIO.

LEAVING the lakes of Canada we came to Port William, at the confluence of the rivers Ohio and Kentucky. There the landscape displays a most extraordinary magnificence. This splendid country is, however, called Kentucky—from the name of the river which flows through it, and which signifies the "*River of Blood.*"

It owes this name to its beauty. During the space of two centuries the tribes in alliance with the Cherokees disputed its occupation with those of the Iroquois. Will the European races which now people the banks prove more virtuous and free than the exterminated savages? Is there not slave-labour in this country of man's primitive independence, under the lash of their masters? Do no prisons and gibbets replace the open hut and the tall tulip-tree in which the birds built their nests? Will the riches of nature give rise to no new wars? Will Kentucky cease to be the "land of blood," and will the monuments of art prove a greater ornament to the banks of the Ohio than the monuments of nature?

After passing the Wabach, the great Cypress, the Cumberland River, the Cherokee or Tennessee, and the Yellow Banks, we arrive at a strip of land often flooded when the waters are high. Here the confluence of the Mississippi and the Ohio takes place, in latitude 36 deg. 54 min. north. The two rivers, offering equal resistance, slacken their speed. They run alongside of each other in the same channel without mingling, for some miles :—as two great races, originally separate, but subsequently amalgamated, form only one nation; as two illustrious rivals share the same couch after the battle; as man and wife, descended from hostile races,

who had at first little inclination towards one another, subsequently join their destinies in marriage.

For myself, like the powerful sources of rivers, I have spread out the little course of my life ; at one time on one side of a mountain, and then again on the other—wilful in my mistakes, yet never intentionally doing wrong ; preferring poor valleys to rich plains—resting on flowers rather than in a palace. As for the rest, I was so much pleased with my travels that I thought little about the Pole : a company of traders about to start for the country of the Creeks, in the Floridas, permitted me to join them.

We set forward towards the country then known under the general name of the Floridas, but now divided into the states of Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and Tennessee. We followed pretty nearly the foot-path which now connects the great road from Natchez to Nashville with Jackson and Florence, and which enters Virginia by Knoxville and Salem—a country at this time very little frequented, but the lakes and best portions of which Bertram had nevertheless explored. The planters of Georgia and the coasts of the Floridas came to the residences of the different tribes of Creeks to buy horses and half-wild beasts, which multiplied amazingly on the savannahs that surrounded the springs on the banks of which I have represented Atala and Chactas as reposing. They even extended their journeys as far as the Ohio.

We were urged on in our course by a fresh wind. The Ohio, swelled by the tribute of a hundred rivers, was at one time lost in the lakes which opened before us, and at another in the forests. Islands arose in the middle of the lakes : we made sail towards one of the largest, and landed at eight o'clock in the morning.

I crossed a prairie strewn over with the yellow-flowered ragwort, the variegated mallow, roses, and the purple-tufted obelaria.

An Indian river attracted my attention. The contrast between this ruin and the apparent newness of nature, this monument of mankind in a desert, made a great impression upon me. What race dwelt on this island ? what was their name ? what their origin ? and what the period of their extinction ? Did they live while the world, in whose bosom they were hidden, continued unknown to the other three parts of the globe ? Their silence was possibly cotemporary with the fame of other great nations which have since in their turn passed away into oblivion.*

* The ruins of Milla and Palenque, in Mexico, afford sufficient proofs in the present day that the relative antiquity of the New and Old Worlds is still doubtful.—(*Paris, note in 1834.*)

On the sandy nooks, among the ruins of the tumuli, there grows a species of poppy with red flowers hanging at the end of small foot-stalks from a green stem. The stalk and the flower have a smell which is communicated to the fingers on touching the plant. This smell, which survives the flower, is but an emblem of the memory of a life spent in solitude. I watched the water-lilies as they began to hide their white flowers under the waves towards the close of day, and the *Pariatica*, which only uncloses its flowers at night. The pyramidal *Oenothera*, with oblong denticulated leaves of a dark green colour, has other habits, and another destiny.

Its yellow flower begins gradually to expand in the evening, when Venus is sinking below the horizon. It continues to open to the rays of the stars; the dawn finds it in all its beauty; during the forenoon it fades, and at mid-day falls off. It only lives a few hours, but it spends these hours under a serene sky, fanned by the breath of Venus and Aurora. What matters, then, the shortness of its life? Garlands of *Dionea* hang over the streams, and insects hum around. There are also humming-birds and butterflies, whose brilliant colours vie in splendour with the variegated tints of the flowers—. During these excursions, and in the midst of such studies, I was often struck with their vanity. What! could not the Revolution, which had driven me into the woods, and still hung over me, inspire me with some more serious thoughts? Was it during the period of the distractions of my country that I should be engaged in describing plants, butterflies, and flowers?

The selfishness of mankind affords a standard for estimating the slight importance of the most astonishing events. How many men are totally indifferent to all such occurrences! How many more entirely ignorant of them! The total population of the globe is estimated at from 1,100,000,000 to 1,200,000,000: one individual dies every second; and thus during every minute we pass, in grief or joy, sixty human beings expire, and sixty families are plunged into mourning and sorrow.

Life is but one continued torment. The chain of mourning and funerals by which we are encircled never breaks, but constantly enlarges its circuit: we ourselves form a link in the chain. Let us still, however, exalt and magnify the importance of those catastrophes of which seven-eighths of the world never hear! Still let us pant after a renown which will never extend a few leagues from our tombstones! Let us plunge into the ocean

of bliss, of which each instant glides away among sixty coffins constantly renewed!

Nam nox nullâ diem, neque noctem aurore sequuta est,
 Quæ non audierit mixtos vagitibus ægris
 Floratus, mortis comitis et funeris atri.

"No day has passed, nor night succeeded morn,
 But still the sounds of mourning and of grief
 Have sounded loud—attendants upon death."

London, from April till September, 1822.

FOUNTAIN OF JOUVENCE—MUSKOGEEES AND SEMINOLES—OUR CAMP.

THE natives of Florida have a legend, that in the middle of one of their lakes lies an island inhabited solely by beautiful women; the Muskogees, they say, have often attempted its conquest; but this Eden vanishes before their canoes—an image of the chimeras which flee before the grasp of our desires.

This island also contained a fountain of Jouvence; who desires to renew his life by a draught?

These fables were very near assuming a kind of reality in my eyes. At a moment when we least expected it, we saw a flotilla of canoes leave a bay, some rowed, others with sails, and make for our island, which they soon reached. The canoes contained two families of Creek Indians, the one Seminoles, the other Muskogees; among the latter were a number of Cherokees and *Bois-Brûlés*. I was struck with the elegance of these savages, who bore no resemblance to those of Canada.

The Seminoles and Muskogees are rather large, fine-looking men, but, by an extraordinary contrast, their mothers, wives, and daughters, are the smallest race of women known in America.

The Indian women who landed on our island belonged to a race of mingled Cherokee and Spanish blood, and were tall. Two of them resembled the Creoles of St. Domingo and the Isle of France, but had the delicate olive complexion of the women of the Ganges. These two Floridans, cousins on the father's side, served as my models, the one of Atala, the other of Celuta; but they excelled the sketches I have made of them, in that variable and fugitive truth of nature, those characteristics of race and

climate, which I have been unable thoroughly to depict. There was an indescribable charm in the oval countenance, the complexion over which a shade, as of a light orange-coloured mist, seemed cast, the black soft hair, the long eyes, half-concealed beneath their satin lids, languidly lifted to allow a glimpse of them; in short, in the united seductions of the Indian and the Spaniard.

This meeting with our hosts caused some little change in our plans; our trading agents began to inquire about horses; and it was decided that we should go and encamp near the place where the horses were kept.

The plain on which our camp was established was covered with cattle, horses, bisons, buffaloes, cranes, turkeys, and pelicans; these birds variegated the green pasture-land with their white, black, and rose-coloured plumage.

The love affairs of the Spaniards and the Creek women formed the ground-work of many adventures; and in these romances the *Bois-Brûlés* played a principal part. One story, put into Seminole verse under the name of "Tabamica," was chaunted in crossing the woods.* Carried off in their turn by the colonists, the Indian women soon died neglected at Pensacola; and the tale of their misfortunes went to enlarge the *romanceros*, and to be placed beside the lamentations of Ximena.

THE TWO FLORIDANS—RUINS ON THE OHIO.

THE earth is a charming mother; we owe existence to her; in infancy, she feeds us with milk and honey; in youth and maturity, she lavishes her cooling springs, her harvests, and fruits on us; she offers us everywhere shade, bath, table, and bed; and when we die, she receives us again to her bosom, and clothes our remains in grass and flowers, while she secretly transforms us into her own substance, to reproduce us in some graceful form. Such were my thoughts when my opening eyes rested on the blue heaven, the canopy of my couch.

The hunters were gone on their daily occupation, and I remained alone with the women and the children; I left not the side of my two sylvan goddesses; the one was haughty, the

* I have given it in my travels.—(Note at Geneva, 1832.)

other sad. I did not understand a word they said to me, nor they one that I said to them; but I fetched water for their bowl, branches for their fire, and moss for their bed. They wore the Spanish short petticoat and slashed sleeves, the Indian boddice and cloak. Their bare legs were wreathed with a kind of lace or fringe made from part of the birch tree. They entwined their hair with bouquets or reeds, and covered themselves with chains and collars of coloured glass. From their ears hung purple seeds; they had a pretty speaking parroquet—bird of Armida; they fastened it to their shoulders after the manner of an emerald, or carried it hooded on their hands, as the great ladies of the tenth century used to carry the hawk. To strengthen their breast and arms, they rubbed themselves with the apaya, or American cyperus. In Bengal, the Bayadères chew the betel; and in the Levant, the Alnés suck the chio mastick; the Floridans crushed between their transparent teeth the gum of the liquidambar and the root of the libanis, which exhaled the mingled fragrance of angelica, cedra, and vanilla. They lived in an atmosphere of perfumes emanating from themselves, like orange trees and flowers in the pure effluence of their leaves and chalices. I amused myself by adorning their heads with some wreath or ornament of my own invention; they submitted in a sort of gentle alarm; enchantresses themselves, they imagined that I was performing some charm on them. One of them, the haughty one, frequently prayed; she appeared to me to be half a Christian; the other sang in a voice soft as velvet, uttering every now and then a cry which thrilled the ear. Sometimes they spoke together with great animation. I fancied I detected the accents of jealousy; but the sad one wept, and silence returned.

Weak myself, I sought examples of weakness as precedents. Had not Camoëns loved a black slave of Barbary in the Indies, and might not I offer homage in America to two orange-coloured sultanas? Had not Camoëns addressed *Endechas*, or stanzas, to *Barbara escrava*; had he not said to her—

“ A quella captiva
 Que me tem captivo,
 Porque nella vivo,
 Ja não quen que viva,
 En nunca vi rosa
 Em suaves molhos,
 Que para meus olhos
 Fosse mais formosa.

Pretidao de amor,
 Tao doce a figura
 Que a neve he jura,
 Que trocara a côr.
 Leda mansidao
 Que o siso accompanha,
 Rem parece estranha
 Mas Barbara não."

"This captive who holds me captive, because I live in her, does not spare my life. Never was rose in a sweet nosegay so charming to my eyes. . . . Her black hair inspires love; her face is so sweet that the snow desires to change colour with her; her gaiety is accompanied by reserve; she is a stranger, not a barbarian."

We made a fishing-party. The sun was near its setting. The wood formed, as it were, three ranges; the first composed of sassafras, tulip-trees, catalpas, and oaks, whose branches were clothed with white moss; behind this first range rose the most beautiful of trees, the papaya, looking like a column of chased silver, surmounted by a Corinthian urn; and highest of all waved the tacamahaca, the magnolia, and the liquidambar.

The sun now sank behind this ridge of foliage; a ray, glancing beneath the tree-tops, glittered like a set carbuncle on the dark leaves; then diverging among the trunks and branches, threw widening streaks and changing arabesques on the turf. At the feet of the trees were lilac bushes, azaleas, masses of bind-weed, with its flexible twisting branches; over head, clouds in every variety of form, some stationary, like promontories or old towers, others floating along like rosy mists or carded silk; their successive transformations gave to view now, as it were, a fiery cavern-mouth, now a pile of burning coal, now a river of lava; the whole was resplendent, radiant, and golden, bathed in the rich light.

After the insurrection in the Morea, in 1770, many Greek families took refuge in Florida; they might still imagine themselves in the climate of Ionia, which would seem to have become soft and voluptuous in proportion as men's passions gained the ascendancy. At Smyrna, in the evening, nature sleeps like one exhausted with excess of delight.

To our right were some ruins belonging to the great fortifications discovered on the Ohio; to our left, an ancient camp of the Indians; the island on which we were, caught in the reflection of

the wave, and reproduced by *mirage*, spread its double perspective before our eyes. To the east, the moon seemed to rest on the distant hills; to the west, the azure vault of heaven seemed to melt away into a sea of diamond and sapphire, in which the sun, half sunk, appeared to dissolve. All the animals of creation were awake and full of life; the earth, in adoration, seemed to offer incense to the sky, and the perfumes exhaled from it returned upon it in a refreshing dew, as a prayer returns on the head of him who prays.

I quitted my companions, and sat down near a thick clump of trees; their shadow, here and there shot with rays of light, cast its protecting coolness over me. Fire-flies glittered among the shrubs, and were eclipsed when they issued into the moon-beams; the gentle murmuring flow of the lake fell on the ear, with an occasional splash of a gold fish, or cry of a wild duck. My eyes were fixed on the water, and I fell by degrees into the state of somnolency well known to men who travel much; no distinct recollection remained in my mind; I felt myself living and vegetating with nature in a kind of pantheism. I leaned against the trunk of a magnolia and fell asleep; my slumber was cradled as it were on a vague sea of hope.

On awaking, I found the two Indians beside me; they had found me asleep, and not wishing to awaken me, had sat down silently, one on each side; and whether it was that they were really asleep, or feigning to be so, their heads had fallen on my shoulders.

A breeze passed through the thicket, and covered us with a shower of magnolia blossoms. The youngest of the Seminoles began to sing; let no one who is not quite secure of his own firmness ever expose himself thus to danger; passion, instilled through the voice of melody, increases ten-fold in power. Suddenly a rude jealous voice replied to these sweet accents; a *Bois-Brûlé* called the two cousins; they trembled and rose; the dawn was beginning to appear in the east.

I looked on a similar scene to this on the shores of Greece, though without an Aspasia; I ascended the Parthenon with the dawn, and saw Cythera, Mount Hymetus, the Acropolis of Corinth, the tombs and the ruins, bathed in a transparent golden mist of light, reflected by the sea, and floating like a perfume on the zephyrs of Salamis and Delos.

We performed our short voyage in silence. At mid-day the camp was broken up to go and examine the horses which the

Creeks wished to sell and the traders to buy. Women and children, all were called together as witnesses, as is their custom on great occasions of dealing; horses of all ages and colours, colts and mares, bulls, cows, and heifers, began to gallop about us. In the confusion, I was separated from the Creeks. A large group of horses and men was collected on the skirts of a wood, and suddenly I caught sight of my two Floridans among them; they were being lifted on two horses, and behind them mounted, without a saddle, a *Bois-Brûlé* and a Seminole. Oh, Cid! why had I not thy fleet steed *Babieça* to hasten after them! They rode off, and the immense squadron followed. The horses kicked, bounded, and neighed among the buffaloes and other cattle; their feet met in the air; their tails and manes were bloody. A cloud of devouring insects enveloped this wild cavalcade, and my two Floridans vanished like the daughter of Ceres carried off by Pluto.

Thus it is that every thing in my life's history vanishes without trace or aim; I only retain dreams of all that has passed so swiftly; I shall descend to the Elysian fields accompanied by more shadows than ever man took with him before. The fault lies in my organisation; I know not how to profit by any good fortune; I am interested in nothing that interests other men. Except in religion, I have no belief. Had my destiny made me a pastor or a king, what should I have done with my crosier or my sceptre? I should have become equally weary of fame and genius, of labour and ease, of prosperity and adversity. Every thing wearies me; I am troubled to perceive how my days are weighed down with *ennui*, and I go about yawning away my life.

THE TWO INDIANS—ARREST OF LOUIS XVI. AT VARENNES—I DETERMINE TO RETURN TO EUROPE.

RONSAARD has given us a description of Mary Stuart, on her departure for Scotland after the death of Francis II. :—

“ De tel habit vous etiez accoustrée,
 Partant hélas ! de la belle contrée
 (Dont avez eu le sceptre dans la main)
 Lorsque pensive et baignant vostre sein
 Du beau crystal de vos larmes roulées,
 Triste, marchiez par les longues allées
 Du grand jardin de ce royal chateau
 Qui prend son nom de la source d'une eau.”

Did I bear any resemblance to Mary Stuart wandering at Fontainebleau, when I wandered over my meadows after losing my fair companions? It is certain, at all events, that my mind, if not my person, was enveloped in a *crêpe long, subtil et délié*, as Ronsard, an old poet of the new school, goes on to say of her.

My evil genius having carried off my two Floridans, I learned from my guide that a *Bois-Brûlé*, who was in love with one of the women, and had become jealous of me, had determined, with the aid of a Seminole, the brother of the other, to take *Atala* and *Céluta* out of my reach. The guides unscrupulously designated them by no very respectful name, which wounded my vanity. I was the more humiliated, as the *Bois-Brûlé*, my successful rival, was a lean, black, ugly rascal, possessing all the characteristics of those insects, which, according to the definition of the entomologists of the grand lama, are animals having their flesh inside and their bones outside. The solitudes appeared empty to me after my mishap. I gave an uncourteous reception to my sylph, who generously hastened to console a faithless lover, like Julie when she pardoned St. Preux his Floridans of Paris. I was in haste to quit the wilds, and have since described my companions of that night. I know not whether I have given back to them in full the life they gave me; but I have, at least, in expiation, made one of them a blameless maiden, and the other a chaste wife.

We re-crossed the Blue Mountains, and again approached the European clearings in the neighbourhood of Chillicothe. I had gained no information on the principal object of my journey; but I was surrounded and escorted by a world of poetry:—

“Comme une jeune abeille aux roses engagée
Ma muse revenait de son butin chargée.”

I came upon an American house on the banks of a stream—a farm in one wing, a mill in the other. I went in to seek a lodging, and was well received.

My hostess led me up a ladder to a room over the mill-wheel. My little window, festooned with ivy and water-iris, looked on the mill-stream running straight and solitary between two close lines of willows, alders, sassafras, tamarinds, and Carolina poplars. The mossy wheel slowly turned beneath their shade, throwing long streams of water from it with every turn; perch and trout leaped in the foam of the eddy; wag-tails flew from

one bank to the other, and a sort of kingfisher hovered with their blue wings over the stream.

Would it not have been delightful to have had my melancholy Floridan beside me (supposing her faithful), to have sat dreaming at her feet, with my head on her knee, listening to the noise of the cascade, the revolutions of the wheel, the confused noise of the mill-works, the sifting and bolting of the flour, the regular strokes of the mill-clapper, breathing the freshness of the water and the pleasant odour of the pearly grain ?

Night came, and I went down to the common room ; it was only lighted by the flame of the bundles of maize-straw and bean-shells which were blazing on the hearth. Some guns belonging to the master of the place, and hanging on the walls, shone in the fire-light. I sat down on a stool in a corner of the wide chimney-place, near a squirrel, which was amusing itself by leaping from the back of a great dog to the shelf of a spinning-wheel. A little cat took possession of my knee, to watch the game. The miller's wife hung a large pot on the fire, which encircled its black sides like a radiated crown of gold. While the potatoes for my supper were thus getting ready before my eyes, I amused myself in reading, by the light of the fire, an English newspaper, which had fallen on the ground near me. Suddenly these words, printed in large letters, caught my eye: "Flight of the King." Below was an account of the flight of Louis XVI., and of the unfortunate monarch's arrest at Varennes. The paper also related the progress of emigration, and the uniting of the officers in the army under the standards of the French princes.

A sudden change came over my mind. Rinaldo saw his weakness in the mirror of honour in Armida's gardens ; and, though not Tasso's hero, the same mirror was held up to me in the midst of an American forest. The clash of arms, the tumult of the world, reached my ears beneath the thatched roof of a mill buried in unknown woods. I abruptly checked my course, and said to myself, "Return to France."

Thus, what appeared to me a duty, overthrew my original designs, and induced the first of those sudden changes by which my career has been marked. The Bourbons had needed not that a cadet of Brittany should return from beyond seas to offer them his obscure devotion, any more than they needed his services when he afterwards rose from his obscurity. If I had continued my travels, and lighted my pipe with the newspaper which effected such a change in my life, no one would have remarked my ab-

seuce ; my life was then as insignificant and of as little weight or importance as the smoke of my calumet. It was merely an argument, a decision between myself and my conscience, which sent me forth upon the theatre of the world. I might have done as I would, since I was the only witness of the debate ; but of all witnesses, that is the one before whom I should most fear to blush.

Why does the recollection of the solitudes of Lakes Erie and Ontario even to this day recur to my mind with a more lively and agreeable impression than the brilliant spectacle of the Bosphorus ? At the time of my travels in the United States, my mind was full of illusions ; the troubles of France originated about the same time in which I was born ; nothing was finished either in myself or in my country. These days are full of agreeable recollections, because they recal the delightful feelings inspired by domestic relations, together with the enjoyments of youth.

Fifteen years later, after my travels in the Levant, the Republic, swollen with *débris* and tears, had emptied itself, like the torrent of a deluge, into despotism. I no longer flattered myself with chimeras ; my recollections, taking from thenceforth their source in society and its passions, were destitute of candour. Deceived in my two pilgrimages—to the West and the East, I had not discovered the North-west passage ; I had not carried away glory from the banks of the Niagara, whither I had gone to seek for it, and I had left it seated on the ruins of Athens.

Having set out to be a traveller in America, and returned to be a soldier in Europe, I finally succeeded in neither one nor the other of these careers : an evil genius snatched away the staff and the sword, and put a pen into my hand. Fifteen years later still, being at Sparta, and contemplating the heavens during the night, I called to mind the countries which I had already seen in my peaceful or my troubled sleep : in the woods of Germany, or amid the fogs of England, on the fields of Italy, on the open seas, and in the Canadian forests, I had already gazed upon the same stars which I then saw shining upon the country of Helen and Menelaus. But of what use was it to complain of the stars, the motionless witnesses of my wandering destinies ? One day their look will no longer be weary of following me ; at present, indifferent to my fate, I shall not ask these stars to shed upon it a gentler influence, or to restore to me what the traveller leaves of his life in the places through which he passes.

Were I now to re-visit the United States, I should no longer recognise the country ; where I left forests, I should find culti-

vated fields; where I brushed my way along a path through brambles, I should now travel on excellent roads; at Natchez, instead of the hut of Céluta, there now stands a town of 5000 inhabitants; and Chactas might be to-day a member of Congress. I have very recently received a pamphlet printed among the Cherokees, addressed to me as *a friend of the freedom of the press*, with a view to promote the cause of civilisation among the tribe.

Among the Muskogees, the Seminoles, and the Chickasaws, there will be found an Athens, a Marathon, a Carthage, a Memphis, a Sparta, and a Florence; a county of Colombia, and another of Marengo: the glory of all nations has furnished names for places in the same deserts where I once met Father Aubry and the obscure Atala. Kentucky contains a Versailles; and the district of Bourbon has a Paris for its capital.

The exiled and oppressed of all countries, who have found an asylum in America, have transported thither the memory of their native lands.

“ falsi Simoentis ad undam
Libabat cineri Andromache.”

In its bosom, and under the protection of liberty, the United States offers an image and remembrancer of most of the celebrated places of antiquity and of modern Europe. In the garden of his country-house near Rome, Adrian caused a memorial of his empire to be erected.

Thirty-three great public roads issue from Washington, just as the great Roman roads formerly radiated from the Capitol; having traversed the whole distance, they terminate at the circumference of the United States, and comprise an extent of 25,747 miles. On many of these roads regular posts are established. A seat in a coach may be now taken for Ohio or Niagara, just in the same manner as, in my time, the traveller took a guide, or an Indian interpreter. The present means of conveyance is two-fold: lakes and rivers exist everywhere, connected by canals; one may travel by the side of the roads in boats, both with oars and sails, in barges or steam-boats. Fuel is inexhaustible, for the immense forests grow over coal mines, which in some places cross out on the surface of the ground.

The population of the United States increased at the rate of 35 per cent. each ten years from 1790 till 1820. At the same rate, it will amount in 1830 to 12,875,000 souls; and by con-

tinuing to double itself every twenty-five years, in 1855 it will reach 25,750,000, and in 1880 it will exceed 50,000,000.

This human sap makes the desert flourish on all sides. The Canadian lakes, not long since without a sail, now resemble basins, in which frigates, corvettes, cutters, and barks are mingled with Indian canoes, as large ships and galleys mingle with barges, sloops, and *caïques*, in the waters of Constantinople.

The Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Ohio, no longer flow on in solitude ; large vessels ascend their currents, and more than 200 steam-boats enliven their banks.

This immense internal navigation, which alone would suffice to ensure the prosperity of the United States, does not in the least degree diminish their distant expeditions. Their ships traverse every sea, are engaged in every species of commerce, and carry the starry banner of the West along the coasts of the East, which have never known any thing but the horrors of slavery.

In order to complete this astonishing picture, we must imagine such cities as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charlestown, Savannah, and New Orleans, well lighted by night, their streets crowded with horses and carriages, brilliant with coffee-houses, museums, libraries, assembly-rooms, and theatres, affording all the enjoyments and resources of luxury.

We must not, however, look in the United States for that which especially distinguishes man from the other beings in creation, but which constitutes his highest glory, and the ornament of his days : literary refinement is unknown in the new Republic, however it may appear to be promoted by multitudes of establishments. The American has substituted the practical art for intellectual culture ; his mediocrity, however, in the higher arts, is not to be imputed to mental inferiority, but to the want of attention to such pursuits. Thrown from different causes upon a desert soil, agriculture and commerce have necessarily engaged his whole attention ; before cultivating the taste, it was necessary to provide for the sustenance of the body ; before planting trees, it was necessary to cut them down, in order to clear the ground for tillage. The early colonists, with their minds full of religious controversies, carried with them, it is true, a passion for disputation into the bosom of the forest ; but they found it necessary to make the axe the first implement for the conquest of the desert, having nothing better than the trunk of a hewn tree as a pulpit in their intervals of labour. The Amerinans have not passed through the regular gradations of age like other nations ; they have left their childhood and youth

in Europe ; the prattling of the cradle has been a thing unknown ; they have only enjoyed the pleasures of a home in their regret for a country which they have never seen, whose eternal absence they have deplored, and the delights of which have only reached them from ancestral traditions. The New World possesses neither a classical, a romantic, nor an Indian literature ; in classical literature, the Americans have no models ; in romance they have no middle age ; in Indian literature, they look with contempt upon the native savages, and look with horror upon the woods, as they would upon a prison.

Thus, in America there is no trace of literature, properly so called ; what is to be found is the applied sciences, the literature which affects the various uses of social life ; the literature of artizans, merchants, sailors, and agriculturists. The Americans have little success except in mechanics and the applied sciences ; Franklin and Fulton have drawn means of human improvement from the thunder-cloud and from steam. It was the honour of America to enrich the world with a discovery which henceforth will open up all the coasts of the world to the researches of science and the influence of commerce.

Poetry and imagination, which fall to the lot of a very small number of those exempt from the labours of life, are regarded in the United States as the puerilities of youth and of old age ; the Americans have never had a youth, and have not yet attained to old age.

Hence it follows, that men engaged in serious studies have been necessarily obliged to mix in the business of their country in order to acquire a knowledge of its interests ; and that they have also been necessarily actors in their revolution. It is, however, melancholy to remark the rapid degeneracy of talent from the early promoters of the American disturbances to those of these latter times, although they are but a generation apart. The early presidents of the Republic possessed a religious character, simple, dignified, and calm, of which no trace whatever is to be found in the bloody frays of our Republic and empire. The solitudes with which the Americans were surrounded re-acted upon their nature ; they effected their liberty in silence.

The farewell address of General Washington to the people of the United States might well have been pronounced by the most distinguished man of antiquity.

“The public records,” says the general, “prove to what extent the principles which I have just stated have been the guides of

my conduct in the discharge of my public duties. My conscience, at least, assures me that I have followed them; and, although in examining again the acts of my administration, I am not conscious of any intentional faults, yet I am too deeply sensible of my defects, not to be convinced that I have probably fallen into many mistakes. Whatever these may be, I fervently implore the Almighty to remove or dissipate the evils to which they may have led. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to look upon them with indulgence, and that after forty-five years of my life devoted to her service with zeal and integrity, the wrongs of my humble merit will be forgotten, as I shall soon myself be gathered to the house of all living."

After the death of one of his two children, Jefferson writes from Monticello, as follows:—

"The loss which I have experienced is really great; others may lose of their abundance; but I have to deplore the loss of the one half of my whole portion. The evening of my life is only held together by the slender threads of one human life. Perhaps I am destined to see the last bond of paternal affection broken!"

Philosophy, which is rarely affecting, is so here in the very highest degree. This was none of the indolent grief of a man who was exempt from the active occupations of life: Jefferson died on the 4th of July, 1826, in the 84th year of his age and the 54th of the Independence of his country. His mortal remains repose, covered with a simple stone, on which, as his only epitaph, is engraved the following inscription: "THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Author of the Declaration of Independence.*"

Pericles and Demosthenes pronounced the funeral orations of some young Greeks, who fell for a people which disappeared soon after them; in 1817, Brackenridge celebrated the death of some young Americans, whose blood has given birth to a people.

There exists a national gallery of portraits of distinguished Americans, in four volumes, 8vo.; and what is remarkable is a biography containing the lives of more than a hundred of the principal Indian chiefs. Logan, the chief of Virginia, spoke the following address to Lord Dunmore: "Last spring, Colonel Crasp, without any provocation, slew all the kindred of Logan; there no longer flows a single drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. It is this which has called me to vengeance. I have sought him; I have slain many. Is there any one who will now come and lament for the death of Logan? None."

Without loving nature, the Americans have applied themselves to the study of natural history. Townsend set out from Philadelphia, and explored on foot the whole country between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and enriched his journal with numerous observations. Thomas Say, who travelled in the Floridas and to the Rocky Mountains, has published a work on American entomology. Wilson, originally a weaver, became an author, and has furnished some very finished delineations.

In reference to literature, properly so called, although there is little worth notice, there are some names which cannot be altogether overlooked. Brown, the son of a Quaker, is the author of "Wieland," which Wieland has become the source and model of the novel writers of the new school. In opposition to the tendencies of his countrymen, Brown alleges, that he prefers wandering in the forests to beating out corn. Wieland, the hero of his story, is a Puritan, whom heaven has commanded to kill his wife: "I have brought you here," says he, "to fulfil the commands of God; by my hands you must die:—and I seized her two arms. She uttered the most piercing shrieks, and attempted to get free:—'Wieland, am not I your wife? do you wish to kill me?—to kill me?—mercy! mercy!' As long as she could utter a sound, she continued to beg for mercy and for aid." Wieland strangles his wife, and experiences unspeakable delights beside the dead body of his victim. The horrors of our modern inventors are here surpassed. Brown had formed his taste by reading "Caleb Williams," and in his "Wieland," he has transferred into his book a scene from "Othello."

At the present time, the American novelists, Cooper and Washington Irving, are obliged to come to Europe to find materials and readers. The language of the great English writers has been *creolised, provincialised, and barbarised*, without having gained any thing in energy in the midst of a virgin nature; it has been found necessary to publish lists of Americanisms.

As to the American poets, their language has something pleasing; but they rise but little beyond mediocrity. However, the "Ode to the Evening Breeze," "Sunrise on the Mountain," the "Torrent," and some others, are worth reading. Halleck has sung Botzaris dying, and George Hill has wandered amongst the ruins of Greece.

It is a pleasure to me who have been a traveller on the shores of Hellas and Atlantis, to hear the independent voice of a country, unknown to the ancients, lamenting over the lost liberties of the Old World.

DANGERS INCIDENT TO THE UNITED STATES.

WILL America retain its present form of government? Will not the states separate? Has not a representative from Virginia already maintained the cause of ancient liberty with slaves, the result of paganism, against a representative from Massachusetts, upholding the cause of modern liberty without slaves, such as Christianity has made it?

Are not the Northern and Central States opposed both in feeling and interests? Will not the Western States so far removed from the Atlantic, desire a government of their own? Is the federal bond, on the one hand, strong enough to maintain the union, and to constrain the obedience of the neighbouring states? On the other, if the power of the executive be increased, will not the presidential power become a despotism, with the guards and privileges of a dictator?

The isolation of the United States has been favourable to their origin and greatness; it is very doubtful whether such a state could have sprung up and grown to maturity in Europe. Federal Switzerland existed in the midst of us; why? It is small, poor, and girdled round with lofty mountains; the forcing-house of soldiers for the use of kings, and the scene of excursions of pleasure.

Completely separated from the Old World, the population of the United States still dwell in solitude; its deserts have constituted its freedom; but even now the conditions of its position begin to change.

The existence of the democracies of Mexico, Columbia, Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres, all in a state of disturbance as they are, constitute a danger. As long as the United States had no other neighbours but the colonies of a transatlantic kingdom, there was no probability of any serious war; at present, the rivalries of the new states are a subject of apprehension. In proportion as recourse is had to arms among them, and as the descendants of Washington become imbued with the military spirit, there is danger of some great captain springing up, who will aim at a throne; glory always has a desire for crowns.

I have already observed, that the interests of the Northern, Central, and Western States are different; each of them is aware of the fact. Should any of these divisions violate the union, will there be an attempt to reduce it to obedience by force of arms? Then what a multitude of enmities will be spread in the social

union! What discords will immediately break out in these emancipated States! These transatlantic republics being broken up, will only form weak units, of no weight in the social scale, or they will be successively subjugated by some one amongst them. In these remarks I lay out of view the serious question of foreign alliances and interventions. Kentucky, inhabited by a race of men more rustic, hardy, and warlike than the rest, seems destined to be a conquering State. In such a State, if it should prove successful and victorious, the power of an individual would not be long in gaining a complete ascendancy, and in rising upon the ruins of the power of all.

So much for the dangers of war; those of a long peace ought also to be borne in mind. Since their emancipation, the United States have enjoyed, with very short exceptions, a period of the most profound tranquillity; whilst hundreds of battles were shaking Europe to its centre, they were engaged in cultivating their fields in peace. The consequence of this has been an immense development of population and wealth, with all the inconvenience of a superabundance of riches and population.

Should hostilities arise amongst an unwarlike people, would they know how to resist? With their wealth and habits, would they consent to make the necessary sacrifices? How could they bring themselves to renounce their indolent customs, their comforts, and the quiet enjoyments of life? China and India, reposing in their muslins, have constantly submitted to foreign domination. That which is most suited to the nature and advancement of a free society, is a state of peace moderated by war, and a state of war tempered by peace. The Americans have already worn the olive crown too long; the tree which produces it is not indigenous to their soil.

The spirit of trade begins to overrun them; and self-interest is even now become a national vice. The spirit of gambling in their banking systems has already involved them in difficulties, and bankruptcies threaten the public weal. As long as liberty produces gold, an industrious republic effects prodigies; but when gold has been acquired or is exhausted, it loses that love of independence which is not founded on a moral sentiment, but has originated in a thirst for money and a passion for industry.

Moreover, it is difficult to create a *country* amongst States which have no community either in religion or material interests, which have sprung from various sources at different times, and live in a different soil and climate. What common relation is there between a Frenchman of Louisiana, a Spaniard from the

Floridas, a German from New York, an Englishman from New England, Virginia, Carolina, or Georgia, all of them reputed Americans? The first is a light-minded duellist; the second, an indolent and haughty Catholic; the third, an industrious Lutheran, without slaves; the last, an English planter with negroes, or a Puritan and merchant: how many centuries it will require to make these elements homogeneous!

An aristocracy of money is ready to appear, with the love of distinctions and a passion for titles. It is quite erroneous to suppose that there exists any thing resembling a general level in the United States. There are societies wholly exclusive in their nature; there are drawing-rooms in which the haughtiness of their masters very far surpasses that of a German Prince, with his sixteen quarterings. These plebeian nobles aspire to be a caste in despite of the progress of knowledge which has made them equal and free. Some of them never speak of any thing but their ancestors, proud barons, apparently bastards and companions of William the Bastard; they display the blazonry of the chivalry of the Old World, adorned with the serpents, the lizards, and parroquets of the New. A Gascon cadet landing merely with his cloak and umbrella on their republican shores, if he takes care to give himself the title of *marquis*, is received with consideration on board the American steamboats.

The enormous inequality of fortune threatens more seriously still to destroy the spirit of equality. Individual Americans possess one or two millions of income; thus the Yankees of high society can no longer live after the fashion of Franklin: the true *gentleman*, disgusted with the habits of his new country, travels to Europe to seek for those of the old; and he is to be found in every hotel, making the *tour* of Italy, and vying with the English in extravagance or the spleen. These wanderers from Carolina and Virginia purchase ruined abbeys in France, and plant English gardens with American trees at Melun. Naples sends to New York her singers and performers; Paris her fashions and strollers; London her grooms and her boxers—exotic enjoyments which do not render the union more cheerful. People, as an amusement, threw themselves into the cataract of Niagara, with the immense applause of fifty thousand half-savage planters.

What is still more extraordinary is, that at the same time that this inequality of fortune is in process of development, and an aristocracy begins to be formed, the great equality impulse from without compels the great and wealthy manufacturing pro-

prietors or capitalists to conceal their luxury, and to dissemble their riches, for fear of being assassinated by their neighbours. No regard whatever is paid to the executive power; local authorities are removed from office, although they are persons of their own choice, and new authorities are put in their stead. Order is not, however, disturbed; practical democracy is observed, whilst men laugh at laws passed by the same democracy in theory. The bonds of family feeling scarcely exist. As soon as the child is in a condition to work, he must set about and fly with his own wings, like a fledged bird. From these generations, emancipated by a premature orphanhood, and the emigrants who are constantly arriving from Europe, nomade companies are formed, who clear the lands, dig canals, and carry their industry everywhere, without attaching themselves to the soil; they commence houses in the desert, where the fleeting occupant will not remain more than a few days.

Their towns are the abodes of a cold and hard egotism: piastres and dollars, bank-notes and money, the rise or fall of the funds, constitute the staple of all conversation; a man might suppose himself on the Exchange, or in the counting-house of some great establishment. The newspapers, of huge dimensions, are filled with details of trade and commerce, or with idle rumours and small talk. Will the Americans, without knowing it, submit to the law of a climate in which vegetable nature appears to have flourished at the expense of living nature; a law contended against by many distinguished men, but the regulation of which has not by any means been placed beyond inquiry and examination? It might be a fair subject of inquiry, whether America has not been too soon experienced in philosophical liberty, as Russia has been in a civilised despotism.

In short the United States give the idea of a colony, and not of a mother country; they have no past; their manners and morals are not the fruits of their laws. The citizens of the New World took their rank among nations just at the time when political ideas were entering into the ascendant phase; and this explains why they have changed with such extraordinary rapidity. Any thing like a permanent condition of society seems to have become impracticable amongst them; on the one hand from the extreme *ennui* of individuals, and on the other from the impossibility of remaining in any fixed place, and the necessity of movement which controls and urges them on; for people can never be stationary when their household gods are continually wandering. Situated on the highway of oceans, and at the head of progres-

sive opinions, as new as his country, the American seems to have received from Columbus rather the mission of discovering new worlds than of creating them.

London, from April till September, 1822.

RETURN TO EUROPE—ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK.

ON my return from the wilds to Philadelphia, having hastily noted down on the way, like La Fontaine's old man, the observations I have just related, I was disappointed by not finding there the remittances which I expected; this was the beginning of the pecuniary embarrassments in which I have ever since been plunged. Fortune and I began to quarrel as soon as we caught sight of each other. Herodotus gives an account of certain Indian ants which collected together heaps of gold; according to Athenæus, the Sun gave Hercules a golden ship in which to reach the island of Erythia, the retreat of the Hesperides. Although an ant, I have not the honour of belonging to the great Indian family, and although a sailor, I never crossed the water in any other vessel than one made of pine. It was one of this kind which brought me back from America to Europe. The captain gave me my passage on credit. On the 10th of December, 1791, I embarked with several of my fellow-countrymen, who were returning, like myself, to France, from various motives. The ship was bound for Havre.

A westerly gale caught us at the mouth of the Delaware, and carried us across the Atlantic in seventeen days. Often scudding under bare poles, it was with great difficulty that the ship could be brought to. The sun never once shone on us. The vessel, steering by a dead reckoning, was swept along before the surge. I crossed the ocean in the midst of shadows; never did it appear to me so sad. I myself was even more sad; I had been deceived and disappointed in my first outset in life. "Palaces are not built on the sea," says the Persian poet Feryd-Eddin. I felt an indescribable weight at my heart, as of the approach of some great misfortune. Gazing over the waves I tried to read my destiny in them, or wrote, more annoyed by the motion they caused than fearful of their threats.

Instead of diminishing as we neared Europe, the tempest increased in force, but it blew in an equal continuous gale; and from the uniformity of its rage, resulted a sort of angry calm in the pale sky and leaden sea. The captain, not having been able to sound,

became uneasy ; he went up into the shrouds, and looked through his glass at the different points of the horizon. A look-out was stationed on the bowsprit, and another on the maintop-mast cross-trees. The sea became short, and the colour of the water changed, signs of land ; but of what land ? The Breton sailors have a proverb : "Celui qui voit Belle-Isle, voit son île ; celui qui voit Groie, voit sa joie ; celui qui voit Ouëssant, voit son sang."

I had spent two nights walking on deck, amidst the hissing of the waves in the darkness, the whistling of the wind in the rigging, and the constant dashing of the sea over the deck ; all around us was one wild tumult of waters. At the beginning of the third night, wearied with the shocks and motion of the vessel, I retired to bed. The weather was dreadful ; my hammock creaked and swung with the dash of the sea, which continually broke over the ship, seeming as if it would shake her very planks asunder. I heard coils of cordage falling on all parts of the deck, and felt the peculiar motion experienced when a ship goes about ; the hatchway over the ladder between decks was opened, and a voice, as of some one in fear, called to the captain ; this voice, heard through the darkness and the roar of the tempest, had something terrible in its sound. I listened, and thought I heard the sailors discussing the bearing of a coast ; I threw myself out of my hammock ; at that moment a wave burst into the quarter-deck and inundated the captain's cabin ; tables, beds, chests, furniture, and arms, rolled over pell-mell, and I gained the deck half-drowned.

On emerging from the hatchway, a sublime spectacle was presented to my eyes. The vessel had tried to put about, but not having been able to succeed, had been driven to lee-ward ; the fitful light of the moon, now emerging from a mass of clouds, then instantly hidden again, showed on either side of us, through a yellow haze, lines of coast bristling with rocks ; the sea threw up waves like mountains in the canal in which we lay engulfed ; sometimes their summits foamed and glittered with sparks of fire, at others presented an oily, vitreous surface, marbled with black, copper-coloured, or greenish spots, according to the colour of the bottom which they lashed. For a few moments, the noise of the abyss of waters and of the wind were mingled in one confusion of sound ; but a moment after, we could distinguish the flow of the currents, the hissing noise on the reefs, and the roar of the distant surge. From the hold of the vessel issued sounds which made the hearts of the stoutest sailors quake. The ship's prow met the thick mass of waves with a fearful crash, and torrents of water rushed foaming from the helm, as from the opening of a sluice. Amidst this

tumult, nothing was so alarming as a certain dull, murmuring sound, like a vase filling.

Lighted by a cresset and kept down by leads, books of navigation, charts, and ships' courses were spread out on a hen-coop. The gale had extinguished the binacle-lamp. Every one had a different opinion about the land in sight. We had entered the channel without perceiving it: the ship reeling with every wave, was drifting between the Isles of Guernsey and Alderney. Shipwreck appeared inevitable, and the passengers held fast what they most prized, to save it with themselves. There were some French sailors among the crew; one of them, in default of a chaplain, raised that hymn to *Notre Dame de Bons Secours* which had been the earliest lesson of my childhood; I now repeated it in sight of the coast of Brittany, almost under the eyes of my mother. The Protestant American sailors joined heartily in the chaunt of their Catholic French comrades; danger teaches men their weakness and unites their prayers. Passengers and crew, all were crowded together on deck, some clinging to the rigging, some to the sides, some to the capstern, some to the bills of the anchors, to prevent themselves from being swept away by the surge, or thrown into the sea by the heaving of the vessel. The captain cried, "A hatchet! a hatchet!" to cut away the masts; and the rudder, the tiller having been abandoned, swung hither and thither with a harsh grating sound.

One attempt might yet be made to save us; the lead showed only four fathoms of water on a bank of sand crossing the current; it was possible that the surge might lift us over this bank, and float us in deep water; but who would venture to seize the helm, and take the safety of the whole crew into his own hands? one false turn of the helm and we were lost.

One of those men who spring from events, the spontaneous offspring of peril, came forward: a New York sailor took the deserted post of the steersman. I still see him in his shirt and canvass trousers, with his bare feet, and flying wet hair, holding the tiller in his strong grasp, while, with his head turned, he watched the approach of the wave which was to save or destroy us. The mountain of water, embracing the whole of the channel in which we lay, came rolling along in one unbroken mass, like one sea invading another; large white birds, with their calm flight, preceded it like birds of death.

The vessel struck and heeled; not a word was spoken; but every face was blanched. The wave reached us; at the very moment it touched the vessel, our helmsman gave the turn to the

rudder ; the ship, which was just ready to fall over on her side, presented her stern, and the very wave which seemed about to engulf, lifted and carried us on its crest ; soundings were taken, and showed seventeen fathoms ; a loud huzza burst from all lips ; we added the cry " Vive le Roi !" Heaven heard it not for Louis XVI. ; it only profited ourselves.

Though now disengaged from the two islands we were not out of danger. We could not succeed in turning the point of the northern coast ; at length, the retiring tide carried us with it, and we doubled Cape de la Hague. I had experienced no terror during this near approach to shipwreck, and felt no joy at having been saved ; it is far better to yield up life while one is young, than to be forced to yield it by time. The next day we reached Havre. The whole population crowded to see us. Our top-masts were broken, our boats carried away, our poop cut down, and we shipped water at every pitch of the vessel. I landed on the jetty ; on the 2nd of January, 1792, I again trod my native soil, once more destined to vanish before my gaze. I brought with me, not any Esquimaux from the polar regions, but two savages of an unknown race—Chactas and Atala.

London, from April till September, 1822.

Revised in December, 1846.

I GO TO MY MOTHER AT ST. MALO—PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION—MY MARRIAGE.

I WROTE from Havre to my brother in Paris, giving the details of my voyage, explaining the motives of my return, and requesting him to lend me the sum necessary to pay my passage. He replied that he had sent my letter to my mother ; she did not keep me waiting, but put me in a condition to pay my debts and quit Havre. In her letter she informed me that Lucile was with her, and also my uncle the Count de Bedée and his family. This news determined me to go to St. Malo, where I could consult my uncle on the subject of my approaching emigration.

Revolutions, like rivers, swell as they flow ; I found the one I had left in France enormously enlarged, and overflowing its banks ; I had left it with Mirabeau under *la Constituante* ; I found it with Danton under *la Législative*.

The news of the treaty of Pilnitz, of the 27th of August, 1791, had reached Paris. On the 14th of December, while I

was in the midst of tempests, the king announced that he had written to the princes of the Germanic body (especially to the Elector of Trèves), on the subject of the German armaments. The king's brothers, the Prince de Condé, M. de Calonne, Viscount Mirabeau, and M. de Queille, were immediately accused. A previous decree, of the 9th of November, had been directed against the other *émigrés*; and it was in these already proscribed ranks that I was hastening to place myself; others would, perhaps, have recoiled; but the right of the strongest always inclines me to take the side of the weakest; the pride of victory is to me insupportable.

On my way from Havre to St. Malo, I had opportunity to note the divisions and misfortunes of France; châteaux burned or abandoned; the proprietors, scared by threats, had made their escape; the women had taken refuge in the towns. The hamlets and small towns groaned under the tyranny of clubs connected with the central club of the Cordeliers, afterwards united to the Jacobins. The antagonist to this club, the *Société Monarchique* or *Société des Feuillans*, was no longer in existence; the ignoble denomination of *sans-culottes* had become popular; the king was called nothing but *Monsieur Veto* or *Monsieur Capet*.

I was tenderly received by my mother and the rest of my family, who, nevertheless, deplored the inopportuneness of my return.

My uncle, the Count de Bedée, was preparing to go to Jersey with his wife, his sons and his daughters. The question was how to find funds to enable me to join the princes. My voyage to America had made a breach in my fortune; my property was almost annihilated in my portion as younger son by the suppression of the feudal rights; the small benefices which should have fallen to me in virtue of my admission into the order of Malta, had been seized by the nation, along with the other possessions of the clergy. This concurrence of circumstances decided on the gravest act of my life; I was made to marry, in order to procure myself the means of going to risk my life in upholding a cause for which I had no love.

There lived in retirement at St. Malo a certain M. de Lavigne, a knight of St. Louis, and formerly commandant of *L'Orient*. The Count d'Artois had been his guest at the latter town, when he visited Brittany, and had been so charmed with his host, that he promised to grant him any thing he might in future like to ask.

This M. de Lavigne had two sons; one of them married Mademoiselle de la Placelière. Two daughters, the children of this

marriage, were early left orphans by the death of both parents. The eldest married Count du Plessis-Parcau, commander of a vessel, the son and grandson of an admiral, now himself rear-admiral of the red, and commandant of the naval college at Brest ; the youngest still lived with her grandfather, and was seventeen years old at the time of my return from America. She was fair and delicate in complexion, slight in figure, and very pretty ; her fair hair fell in natural curls on her neck, like a child's. Her fortune was reckoned at five or six hundred thousand francs.

My sisters took it into their heads to make me marry Mademoiselle de Lavigne, who had strongly attached herself to Lucile. The affair was conducted without my knowledge. I had not seen Mademoiselle de Lavigne more than three or four times ; I knew her at a distance on the *Sillon*, by her rose-coloured pelisse, her white dress and fair hair floating in the wind, when I was sitting on the strand enjoying the embraces of my first love, the sea. I felt no qualification for the position of husband. All my illusions were still vivid and unfaded : none were yet exhausted ; on the contrary, the energy of my existence seemed to have redoubled during my wanderings. I was tormented by the Muse. Lucile was fond of Mademoiselle de Lavigne, and saw an independent fortune for me in this marriage : " Be it as you like then ! " said I. In my character, the public man is immovable, the private man at the mercy of any one who wishes to influence him : to avoid the bickering of an hour, I would enslave myself for a century.

The consent of the grandfather, the paternal uncle, and the principal relations, was easily obtained ; the only opponent was a maternal uncle, M. de Vauvert, a great democrat ; he was greatly against the marriage of his niece with an aristocrat like me—yet I was not one at all. It was thought that the matter might proceed without his consent ; but my pious mother insisted that the religious marriage should be performed by a priest *non assermenté*, and this could only be done in secret. M. Vauvert heard of it, and set the magistracy upon us, under pretext of abduction and violation of the law, bringing forward the pretended dotage into which the grandfather, M. de Lavigne, had fallen. Mademoiselle de Lavigne, now become Madame de Chateaubriand, without my having had any communication with her, was carried off in the name of justice, and put into the convent of La Victoire in St. Malo, pending the decision of the tribunals.

There was neither abduction, nor violation of the law, nor adventure, nor romance of love in the whole affair ; the marriage

only possessed the unattractive side of romance—truth. The cause was pleaded, and the tribunal adjudged the marriage valid in a civil point of view. The families being agreed on the matter, M. de Vauvert desisted from his opposition. The constitutional curate, liberally paid, no longer exclaimed against the first nuptial benediction, and Madame de Chateaubriand quitted the convent, whither she had been accompanied by Lucile.

I had now a new acquaintance to make, and she proved all that I could desire. I know not that there has ever existed a finer intelligence than my wife's; she divines the thought and the word on the brow and lip of the person with whom she is conversing; to deceive her in any thing is impossible. Possessing an original and cultivated mind, curious and inquiring in the most *piquante* way, relating any thing with wondrous cleverness, Madame de Chateaubriand admires me without ever having read two lines of my works; she would fear to meet in them with ideas differing from her own, or to discover that the rest of the world is not enthusiastic enough in its estimate of me. Although an impassioned judge, she is a well-informed and good one.

Madame de Chateaubriand's faults, if she has any, flow from the superabundance of her qualities: my very real faults result from the sterility of mine. It is easy to have resignation, patience, general obligingness of manner, and serenity of temper, when one takes interest in nothing, becomes weary of everything, and replies to misfortune as to good fortune by a desperate and despairing, "What does it matter?"

Madame de Chateaubriand is better than I, although of less easy intercourse. Have I been irreproachable in my conduct towards her? Have I given to my companion in life's journey all those feelings which she deserved, and to which she had a right? What happiness has she enjoyed in return for an affection which has never belied itself? She has shared my adversity, has been plunged into the dungeons of the Reign of Terror, suffered the persecutions of the Empire and the disgraces of the Restoration, and has not found in maternal joys a compensation for her troubles: without children, with whom perhaps in another union she would have been blessed, and whom she would have loved to excess: not receiving the honours, or living in the atmosphere of tenderness surrounding the mother of a family, and consoling her for the loss of her youth, she has advanced childless and solitary towards old age. Often separated from me, and with a distaste to literature, the pride of bearing my name is not a sufficient compensation. Timid and trembling for me

alone, her constantly arising fears deprive her of sleep, and of time to recover her health ; I am her permanent infirmity, and the cause of her relapses. Can I for a moment weigh a few little irritations which she has caused me against the care and anxiety I have caused her ? or compare my qualities, such as they are, with her virtues, which feed the poor, which have established the Infirmary of Maria Theresa, in spite of every obstacle ? What are my labours beside her Christian works ? When we both appear before the supreme tribunal, I shall be the one to be condemned.

And, in conclusion, when I consider the whole tendency and imperfection of my nature, is it certain that marriage has been the bane of my destiny ? I should, doubtless, have enjoyed more leisure and repose ; I should have been better received in certain circles, and by certain high ones of the earth ; but if Madame de Chateaubriand has differed with me in politics, she has never prevented my following my own path, because in that, as in the matter of honour, I judge solely by my own feelings. Should I have produced a greater number of works had I remained independent, and would these works have been better ? Have not circumstances occurred (as will hereafter be seen) in which, marrying out of France, I would have ceased to write, and would have renounced my country ? If I had not married, would not my weakness have given me up a prey to some unworthy object of attachment ? Should I not have squandered and degraded my hours like Lord Byron ? Now that I am growing old, all my follies would be past, I would have left nothing behind but regrets and a painful void,—I should be an old bachelor, esteemed by none, either continuing to be deceived or painfully undeceived, an old bird, repeating a worn-out song to inattentive ears. The full licence of my ideas would not have added a chord to my lyre, or an accent of deeper feeling to my voice. The restraint of my feelings, the mystery of my thoughts, have, perhaps, added to the power of my accents, and animated my writings with an inward fever, a hidden flame, which would have been dissipated in the free air of love. Bound by an indissoluble tie, I purchased, with a little bitterness at first, the enjoyments I now taste. Of the evils of my existence I have only retained the incurable portion. Tender and eternal gratitude do I owe, then, to my wife, whose attachment has been as touching as it has been profound and sincere ; she has rendered my life of more weight and value, more noble and more honourable, by always inspiring me with respect for duty, if not always making me feel its full force.

London, from April till September, 1822.

PARIS—OLD AND NEW ACQUAINTANCES—THE ABBÉ BARTHÉLEMY—
SAINT-ANGE—THE THEATRE.

I WAS married at the end of March, 1792; on the 20th of April, the Legislative Assembly declared war against Francis II., who had just succeeded his father, Leopold; on the 10th of the same month, Benoît Labre had been canonized at Rome,—here were two different worlds. The war drove the rest of the nobility out of France. On the one hand, the persecutions of the Royalists redoubled in violence; on the other, the Royalists could not attempt to remain peacefully at home, without being reputed cowards; it became necessary for me to set out to seek the camp I had come so far to join. My uncle, De Bedée, and his family left for Jersey, and I went to Paris with my wife and my two sisters, Lucile and Julie.

We had secured apartments in the little Hôtel de Villette, *cul-de-sac* Ferou, *faubourg* St. Germain. I hastened to seek out my former circle of acquaintance. Among the new faces, I noticed those of the learned Abbé Barthélemy, and the poet St. Ange. The abbé's description of the *gymnasia* of Athens bears too strong a resemblance to the *salons* of Chanteloup. The translator of Ovid was not a man without talent; talent is a gift, an isolated thing; it may be combined with other faculties, or it may exist separately from them. Saint-Ange was a proof of this; he held himself high in order not to display his folly, but he displayed it, nevertheless, unavoidably. Bernardin de St. Pierre, a man whose works I then admired and still admire, was wanting in intellect, and unfortunately his character was on a level with his intellect. How many pictures in the *Etudes de la Nature* are spoiled by the limited intelligence, by the deficiency of true elevation of soul, in the writer!

Rulhière had died suddenly in 1791, before my departure for America. I have since seen his little house at St. Denis, with the fountain and the pretty statue of Love, on the pedestal of which the following lines are inscribed:

“D’Egmont avec l’Amour visita cette rive ;
Une image de sa beauté
Se peignit un moment sur l’onde fugitive :
D’Egmont a disparu ; l’Amour seul est resté.”

When I quitted France, the theatres of Paris were still resounding with the *Reveil d’Epiménide*, and with this verse :

" J'aime la vertu guerrière
 De nos braves défenseurs,
 Mais d'un peuple sanguinaire
 Je déteste les fureurs.
 A l'Europe redoutables
 Soyons libres à jamais,
 Mais soyons toujours aimables
 Et gardons l'esprit Français."

On my return, the *Reveil d'Epiménide* was no longer to be heard of ; and if the verse had been sung, the author would have suffered for it. *Charles IX.* had prevailed. It was principally the circumstances of the time which caused such a mania for this piece ; the tocsin, a people armed with daggers, the hatred of kings and priests, offered a private repetition of the tragedy which was being publicly enacted. Talma, then a *débutant*, continued to succeed.

While tragedy was staining the streets, pastorals flourished at the theatres ; there, one was greeted only by innocent shepherds and modest shepherdesses ; fields, brooks, meadows, lambs, doves, the age of gold in the hut, were revived to the sight of the shepherd's pipe before the cooing *Tircis* and the naïve *tricotteuses*, who had just come from watching the guillotine. If Samson had had time, he would have played the part of *Colin*, and Mademoiselle Théroigne de Méricourt that of *Babet*. The Conventionalists piqued themselves on being the most benign of men ; good fathers, good sons, good husbands ; they took their little children out to walk ; filled the place of nurses to them ; wept with tenderness at their simple games ; and took these little lambs gently in their arms to show them the *dada* of the guillotine-carts taking his victims to execution. They sang of nature, peace, pity, beneficence, candour, and the domestic virtues — these saintly philanthropists cut their neighbours' throats with extreme sensibility, for the supreme happiness and welfare of the human race.

MEMOIRS

OF

CHATEAUBRIAND.

PART III.

London, from April till September, 1822.

Revised December, 1846.

CHANGE IN THE APPEARANCE OF PARIS—CLUB OF THE CORDELIERS— MARAT.

IN 1792, Paris no longer exhibited the same appearance as in 1789 and 1790; it was no longer the new-born Revolution, but a people intoxicated, rushing on to fulfil its destiny, across abysses, and by devious ways. The appearance of the people was no longer tumultuous, curious, and eager; but threatening. Terrified or fierce men were to be met in every street, persons who stole quietly along close by the houses, in order to escape notice, or who were roaming about in search of their prey: their timid and downcast looks were either turned away from you, or fixed upon yours in order to scrutinise and thoroughly penetrate you.

All variety of costume had disappeared; the dress of former times was wholly displaced, and every one had adopted the uniform apparel of the new social condition—even apparel which was then only the latest clothing of those destined to future condemnation. The social license manifested at the regeneration of France, the liberties of 1789—those fantastic and wild liberties of an order of things which is self-destructive and nothing better than anarchy—had already brought everything

to the same level under the sway of the empire of the people. There was on all hands abundant evidence of the approach of a young plebeian tyranny, fertile it is true, and filled with hopes, but in other respects as much to be dreaded as the fallen despotism of the old royalty. The sovereign people being everywhere, when it becomes a tyrant, the tyrant is everywhere : it is the universal presence of a universal Tiberius.

The population of Paris was mixed up with a strange population of cut-throats from the south : the advanced guard of the Marseillais, whom Danton was drawing together in Paris for the 10th of August, and the massacres of September. These new comers were easily known by their rags, their bronzed faces, and the appearance of idleness and crime, but the crimes of a different climate ; *in vultu vitium*, wickedness in their countenances.

In the Legislative Assembly I recognised no one ; Mirabeau and the first idols of our disturbances were either no longer in existence, or had lost their altars. In order, however, to resume the thread of history, broken by my voyage to America, I must revert to things of a somewhat earlier date.

RETROSPECT.

THE king's flight on the 21st of June, 1791, gave an immense impulse to the revolution. Having been brought back to Paris on the 25th of the same month, he was dethroned for the first time, in consequence of the declaration of the National Assembly, that all its decrees should have the force of law, without the king's concurrence or assent. A high court of justice, intended to replace the revolutionary tribunal, had been established at Orleans. From that time forth, Madame Roland was urgent for the beheading of the queen, in anticipation of the time when the revolution should demand her own. The Assembly in the Champ de Mars had taken place to protest against the decrees which suspended the king from the exercise of his functions instead of bringing him to trial. The acceptance of the Constitution on the 14th of September had no effect in calming the storm. The question then was the deposition

of Louis XVI., which, if it had taken place, would have spared the crime of the 21st of January. The condition of the French people was changed in relation to the monarchy and to posterity. The members of the Constituent Assembly, who opposed the king's deposition, thought to save his crown, and they lost it; those who thought to destroy it, by demanding his deposition, would have saved it. So it is almost always in politics; the result is contrary to the anticipation.

On the 30th of the same month of September, 1791, the Constituent Assembly held its last sitting; the unwise decree of the 17th of the preceding May, which rendered the retiring members ineligible for the subsequent Assembly, begot the Convention. Nothing can be more dangerous, more unsuitable, or more inapplicable to public affairs, than resolutions directed against individuals or bodies, even when these resolutions are themselves honourable.

The decree of the 29th of September, for the regulation of popular assemblies, only served to render them more violent. This was the last act of the Constituent Assembly; it separated on the next day, and left to France a Revolution.

THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY—CLUBS.

THE Legislative Assembly, which was installed on the 1st of October, 1791, was carried along by the whirlwind which was about to sweep away the living and the dead. Popular commotions led to shedding of blood in the departments; at Caen the people were gorged with massacre, and devoured the heart of M. de Belzunce.

The decree against the *émigrés*, and that against the non-juring clergy, which deprived them of all rights, were vetoed by the king. These legal acts increased the agitation. Pétion had become Mayor of Paris. On the 1st of January, 1792, the deputies passed a decree for the trial of the emigrated princes; and on the 2nd they resolved, that this same 1st of January was to be reckoned as the first day of the year of Liberty IV. About the 13th of February, the red caps made their appearance in the streets of Paris, and the municipality caused

pikes to be fabricated. The manifesto of the *émigrés* was issued on the 1st of March. Austria had recourse to arms. Paris was divided into sections more or less hostile to one another. On the 20th of March, 1792, the Legislative Assembly adopted that sepulchral machine without which the judgments of the reign of terror could not have been carried into effect; the instrument was first tried upon dead bodies, in order to learn from them the execution of its work. This machine may indeed be spoken of as an executioner, since persons, delighted with its valuable services, dedicated sums of money for its support, as testimonies of their respect. The invention of such a murderous instrument at the very moment in which its services became so necessary to crime, is a memorable proof of the mode in which events are co-ordinate to one another, or rather a proof of those hidden means employed by Providence, when the whole face of empires is destined to be changed.

At the instigation of the Girondins, Roland was called to be minister and member of the king's council. On the 20th of April, war was declared against the King of Hungary and Bohemia. Marat published the *Ami du Peuple*, in spite of the decree specially directed against him. The royal German regiment and that of Berchini deserted. Isnard was busy speaking about the treachery of the court, while Gensonné and Brissot denounced the Austrian Committee. An insurrection broke out in reference to the royal guard, which was disbanded. On the 28th of May, the Assembly declared its sittings permanent. The palace of the Tuileries was forced by the masses of the *faubourgs* St. Antoine and Marceau on the 20th of June, on pretext of Louis XVI.'s refusal to sanction the proscription of the priests; the king's life was exposed to peril. The country was declared to be in danger. M. de Lafayette was burned in effigy. The confederates of the second federation were arriving; the Marseillais, on the invitation of Danton, were on their march; they entered Paris on the 30th of July, and were lodged by Pétion in the convent of the Cordeliers.

THE CORDELIERS.

ALONG with the national tribune, two others had been concurrently established; that of the Jacobins and that of the Cordeliers; the latter being at that time the most formidable, because it furnished members for the famous common council of Paris, and provided it with the means of action. Had the formation of this council not taken place, Paris, for want of a given point of concentration, would have become divided, and the different wards, with their local officers, been rival powers.

The club of the Cordeliers was established in the monastery of that name, the church of which had been built in the year 1259, in the reign of St. Louis, with money given as reparation for murder;* in 1590, it became the resort of the most celebrated adherents of the League.

There are places which appear to be the laboratory of factions. "Notice was given," says L'Estoile (July 12th, 1593,) "to the Duke de Mayenne, of two hundred Cordeliers having arrived in Paris, furnishing themselves with arms, and coming to an understanding with the *Sixteen*, who held their daily councils in the Cordeliers of Paris . . . On that day the *Sixteen*, assembled at the Cordeliers, laid down their arms." Thus the fanatical leaguers had yielded up to our philosophical revolutionists the convent of the Cordeliers, as a dead-house.

The pictures, the sculptured or painted images, the veils and curtains of the convent, had been torn down; the church, stripped of its ornaments, presented nothing to the eye except its skeleton angles; in the apsis of the church, where the wind and the rain entered through the broken and unglazed windows, the workshop of a carpenter was made to serve as an office for the president, when the sittings were held in the church. In these workshops the red caps were laid aside, which every orator wore when he mounted the tribune to address the assembly. The tribune itself consisted of four small beams laid crosswise in the form of an X, supported by props, at whose intersections boards were laid down, like a scaffold. Behind the president stood a statue of Liberty, surrounded by the pretended instruments of ancient justice, then supplanted by a single bloody

* It was burnt down in 1580.

machine, just as various complicated machinery has been supplanted by the hydraulic ram. The club of the *exalted* Jacobins borrowed some of its arrangements from the Cordeliers.

ORATORS.

THE orators of the clubs, united for destruction, had no common understanding either with respect to the chiefs to be chosen, or the means to be employed; they discoursed with beggars, pickpockets, robbers, and murderers, in the midst of the storms of hisses and hootings of these different groups of devils. Their metaphors were selected from the materials of murder, borrowed from the foulest objects of all kinds connected with the slaughter-house and the dunghill, or drawn from places appropriated to the prostitution of men and women. Their gesticulations made these objects sensible; every thing was called by its own name, with the cynicism of dogs, in an impious and obscene procession of oaths and blasphemies. In the midst of this savage cant with which the ears were assailed and stunned, nothing was to be gathered but the sounds of destruction and production, death and generation. The declaimers, with voices like hail-storms or thunder, were interrupted by others, besides their opponents. The small black daws of this convent without monks, and of the tower without bells, sported in and out of the broken windows, hoping for prey; and thus interrupted the speeches. They were at first called to order by the useless ringing of the president's bell; but not ceasing from their screeching, recourse was had to fire-arms to reduce them to silence; they fell palpitating and wounded, prophets of evil in the midst of the Pandemonium. Torn down timbers, rickety benches, dismantled stalls, and trunks of saints, rolled or pushed against the walls, served as standing places for the spectators, covered with dust and mud, drunk and sweating, with pikes over their shoulders, or their naked arms crossed.

The ugliest of the band always obtained a preference in obtaining leave to speak. All the infirmities both of body and mind played characters in our troubles: self-love disappointed has made great revolutionists.

MARAT AND HIS FRIENDS.

ACCORDING to this precedency of ugliness, a series of gorgon heads, mixed with the phantoms of the *Sixteen*, passed successively. The old physician of the Count D'Artois' body-guard, the Swiss dwarf Marat, with sabots or shoes shod with iron on his feet without stockings, was the first to deliver his oration, in virtue of his incontestable rights. Clothed with the office of fool, at the court of the people, he shouted, with his broad face and that simpering countenance of feudal politeness, which the old system of training gave to every face: "People, two hundred and seventy thousand heads must fall." This Caligula of the highways was followed by Chaumette, the atheist shoemaker. After the latter again came Camille Desmoulins, *the attorney-general of the lamp-post*. This stammering Cicero was the public councillor of murders, worn out with debauchery, the light-headed republican full of puns and witticisms, the jester upon the mumbling ceremonies of the cemetery, who declared that, in the massacres of September, *all things had been done decently and in order*. He consented to become a Spartan, provided the making of the black broth should be left to Mèot the *restaurateur*.

Fouché, having run up from Juilly and Nantes, studied the calamities of the times under these masters; in the circle of these ferocious beasts, listening attentively at the base of the tribune, he exhibited the appearance of a hyena dressed like a man. He scented the future out-pouring of blood; he already breathed the incense of processions of fools and executioners, awaiting the day on which, driven from the club of the Jacobins as a thief, an atheist, and an assassin, he should be selected as a minister of state. When Marat descended from the rostrum, this political Triboulet became the sport of his masters; they bantered him, trod upon his toes, and hooted at him, which, however, did not prevent him from becoming the leader of the multitude, from mounting to the belfry of the Hotel de Ville, sounding the tocsin of a general massacre, and triumphing at the revolutionary tribunal. Marat was overtaken by death; Chénier wrote his apotheosis; David painted him in his bloody bath; and he was compared to the divine author of the Gospel.

The following prayer was used in his honour :

“Heart of Jesus, heart of Marat; O sacred heart of Jesus, O sacred heart of Marat.”

This heart of Marat was placed in a precious pyx, in a rich repository: a cenotaph of gauze was erected on the *Place du Carrousel*, where the public went to visit the bust, the bath, the lamp, and writing-desk of the divinity. The wind, however, changed; the filth, poured from the agate urn into another vase, was emptied into the common sewer.

London, from April till September, 1822.

DANTON—CAMILLE DESMOULINS—FABRE D'ÉGLANTINE.

THE scenes at the Cordeliers, at which I was three or four times present, were ruled and presided over by Danton,—a Hun, with the stature of a Goth, — flat-nosed, with wide nostrils, broad face, and the expression of a gendarme mingled with that of a slippery and cruel attorney. In the nave of his church, Danton with his three male furies, Camille Desmoulins, Marat, and Fabre d'Églantine, organised the assassinations of September. Billaud de Varennes proposed to set fire to the prisons, and burn all who were within them; another member of the convention recommended drowning all who were in custody; Marat declared in favour of a general massacre.

The author of the circular of the common council, he invited the friends of liberty to repeat in the departments the enormities perpetrated at the Carmelites and in the Abbaye.

Let us examine the page of history: Sixtus the fifth, for the salvation of mankind, compared the devotedness of Jaques Clement to the mystery of the incarnation, as Marat was compared to the Saviour of the world: Charles IX. wrote to the governors of the provinces to imitate the massacre of St. Bartholomew, as Danton gave orders to the patriots to take example by the murders of September. The Jacobins were plagiarists; they gave a proof of this by immolating Louis XVI. after the example of Charles I. As crimes are found mixed up

with great social movements, it has been most improperly represented that these crimes produced the great benefits of the revolution, of which they were only the hideous imitations; impassioned or systematic minds admire nothing in a noble nature under suffering except the convulsion.

Danton, more frank than the English, used to say, "We will not bring the king to trial, we will kill him:" and of the priests, he said, "These priests, these nobles, are not guilty, but they must be put to death, because they are out of their place, impede the course of events, and embarrass the future." This language has the appearance of a horrible depth, but it has no real character of genius; for it supposes innocence to be nothing, and that moral order may be separated from political order without destroying it, which is false.

Danton had no real conviction of the principles which he maintained; he merely wrapped himself up in the mantle of the revolution in order to make his fortune. "Come, bawl with us," was his advice to a young man; "when you have enriched yourself, then you can do as you please." He acknowledged that he did not devote himself to the cause of the court, because they were unwilling to give his price; this was the effrontery of an intelligence acquainted with its own power, and of corruption proclaimed *with open mouth*.

Inferior, even in ugliness, to Mirabeau, whose agent he had been, Danton was superior to Robespierre, without having, like him, lent his name to crimes. He preserved some sense of religion: "We have not," said he, "destroyed superstition in order to establish atheism." His passions may have been good from the fact alone of their being passions. We ought always to pay some regard to the characters of men's minds in forming a judgment of their actions. Criminals of imaginative minds like Danton, from the very fact of the exaggeration of their sayings and deportment, appear more perversely wicked than those who are cold-blooded, although they are really less so. This remark, too, applies to a whole people; taken collectively, the people is the poet, author, and zealous actor in the piece in which it plays, or which it is made to play. Its excesses are not so much the instinct of a natural cruelty, as the delirium of a multitude inebriated with sights especially of a tragical nature; a thing so true, that in all

popular horrors, there is always something superfluous added to the picture and the emotion.

Danton was caught in the snare which he had laid. It proved of no use to him to throw pellets of bread in the faces of his judges, to answer their questions with courage and nobleness, to cause the tribunal to hesitate, to put the convention in danger and fear, to reason logically upon the crimes by which the very power of his enemies had been created, and, seized with a fruitless repentance, to cry out, "It was I who established this infamous tribunal; I ask pardon for the deed from God and men!"—a phrase which has been pillaged more than once. He should have made this declaration respecting the infamy of the tribunal before being called to its bar.

Nothing now remained for Danton, but to show himself as unfeeling with respect to his own death, as he had been with regard to that of his victims—to carry his head higher than the suspended sword: this he did. From the scaffold of the reign of terror, where his feet were covered with the clotted blood shed the previous evening, having cast a look of contempt and pride on the multitude, he said to the executioner; "You will show my head to the people; it is worth the trouble." Danton's head remained in the hands of the executioner, whilst the headless trunk went to mix with the decapitated bodies of his victims; this was, still, equality.

Danton's deacon and sub-deacon, Camille Desmoulins and Fabre d'Eglantine, perished in the same manner as their priest.

At the time in which grants were made to the guillotine, and when people wore alternately at their buttonhole, disguised as a flower, a little golden guillotine, or a very small portion of the heart of some one who had been guillotined; at the time in which men shouted *Vive l'enfer!* in which joyful orgies of blood, steel, and rage were celebrated; when men drank to annihilation, and in complete nakedness danced the dance of the dead, not to have the trouble of undressing when they went to join the departed; at this time, a man must sooner or later arrive at the last banquet, at the last jest of sorrow. Desmoulins was called before the tribunal of Fouquier-Tinville; "And what is your age?" asked the president: "The age of Jesus Christ, the sansculotte," replied Camille, playing the buffoon. A sort

of avenging constraint compelled these cut-throats of Christians unceasingly to confess the name of Jesus.

It would be unjust to forget that Camille Desmoulins dared to brave Robespierre, and by his courage to redeem his crimes. He gave the signal for a reaction against the reign of terror. A young and beautiful woman, full of energy, by rendering him capable of love rendered him capable of virtues and sacrifices. Indignation raised the intrepid and biting irony of the tribune to the rank of eloquence; in a bold and haughty strain he assailed the use of the scaffold, which he had contributed to raise. Suiting his conduct to his words, he would not agree to his own punishment; he struggled with the executioner in the hurdle, and only arrived at the brink of the last gulf half torn to pieces.

Fabre d'Eglantine, author of a piece which will survive, exhibited a character the very reverse of Desmoulins,—of pitiable weakness. Jean Roseau, the executioner in Paris at the time of the League, ordered to be hung for having lent his aid to the assassins of President Brisson, could not resolve to submit to the rope. It appears that a man does not learn to die, by putting others to death.

The debates at the Cordeliers furnished me with the view of a condition of society in the most rapid moments of its transformation. I had seen the Constituent Assembly commence the murder of royalty in 1789 and 1790; I found the dead body of the old monarchy, still warm, given up in 1792 to gut-spinning legislators; they eviscerated and dissected it in the vaults of their clubs, just as the halberdiers cut in pieces and burned the body of Balafré in the ruins of the castle of Blois.

Of all the men whose names I have here recalled, Danton, Marat, Camille Desmoulins, Fabre d'Eglantine, and Robespierre, not one is now alive. I met with them for a moment on my passage between a new springing society in America and a dying system in Europe; between the forests of the New World and the solitudes of exile: I had only been some months upon a foreign soil, and these lovers of death were already exhausted by it. At the distance at which I now am from their apparitions, it appears to me, that having descended into hell in my youth, I have a confused recollection of the ghosts which I

met wandering about on the banks of the Cocytus; they complete the varied dreams of my life, and are now to be inscribed on the tablets of my posthumous memoirs.

London, from April till September, 1822.

M. DE MALESHERBES' OPINION ON THE EMIGRATION.

It was a great gratification to me again to meet M. de Malesherbes, and to talk to him about my former plans. I entered into the details of a journey which I intended should occupy nine years; previously, however, I would make a hurried visit to Germany; I would hasten to the army of the Princes; then return to crush the revolution; all this was to be accomplished in two or three months, and I would then hoist my sail and return to the New World, freed from a revolution and having got a wife.

And yet, my zeal outran my faith; I felt persuaded that emigration was a great folly; "like Pelaudé every way," says Montaigne, "with the Ghibelins I was Guelph, with the Guelphs, Ghibelin." My slight attachment to absolute monarchy prevented me from acting under any illusion in the determination to which I came; I had some scruples; and although I was resolved to sacrifice myself for what I looked upon as a point of honour, yet I wished to have the opinion of M. de Malesherbes on the emigration question. I found him very much excited: the crimes perpetrated before his eyes had destroyed the political toleration of this friend of Rousseau; between the executioners and their victims he did not hesitate which side to take. He thought that any thing would be better than the then existing state of affairs; and in my particular case, he said that no man wearing a sword could dispense with joining the brothers of his king, oppressed and delivered up to his enemies. He quite approved of my return from America, and urged my brother to set out with me.

I stated the usual objections about the alliance with foreigners, the interests of one's native country, &c., &c.: he answered

them ; and passing from general reasons to particular details, cited several embarrassing examples. He recalled to my memory the Guelphs and Ghibelins strengthening their several parties by the troops of the emperor and the pope ; and in England, the barons taking up arms against *John Lackland*; and to conclude, he instanced, in our own times, the Republic of the United States imploring the assistance of France.

“ Thus we see,” continued M. de Malesherbes, “ that men the most devoted friends of liberty and philosophy, who were republicans and Protestants, saw no culpability in borrowing such aid as might give the victory to their party. Without our gold, our ships, and soldiers, would the New World be now emancipated ? I myself, who now address you, did I not, in 1776, receive Franklin, who came to renew the negotiations begun by Silas Deane, and yet Franklin was no traitor ! Was the liberation of America less honourable because it had been aided and assisted by Lafayette and French grenadiers ? Every government which, instead of guaranteeing the fundamental laws of society, transgresses itself the laws of equity, and the rules of justice, by so doing ceases to exist, and restores man to the state of nature. Self-defence is, then, allowable : it is lawful to have recourse to such means as seem most proper for the overthrow of tyranny, and re-establishing the rights of each and of all.”

The principles of natural justice, advanced by the greatest civilians, developed by such a man as M. de Malesherbes, and supported by numerous historical examples, struck my mind, but without convincing me : in yielding to them, I in reality was guided merely by the feelings natural to my age, and the punctilios of honour. To these instances given by M. de Malesherbes, I shall add a few of more recent date : during the war in Spain, in 1823, the republican French party embraced the cause of the Cortes, and felt no scruple about bearing arms against their country ; in 1830 and 1831, the Poles and the Italian constitutional party solicited assistance from France ; and the Portuguese of the *charte* invaded their native land with the money and troops of the foreigner. We have two standards of weight and measure : we approve, in relation to one idea, one system, one interest, one man, what we blame in relation to another idea, another system, another interest, another man.

London, from April till September, 1822.

I PLAY AND LOSE—ADVENTURE OF THE HACKNEY COACH—MADAME ROLAND—BARRERE AT ROUSSEAU'S HERMITAGE—SECOND FEDERATION OF THE 14TH OF JULY—PREPARATIONS FOR EMIGRATION.

THESE conversations, between the illustrious adherent of the king and myself, took place at the house of my sister-in-law ; her second son had just been born ; M. de Maleherbes stood godfather to him, and gave him his own name, Christian. I was present at the baptism of this child, whose only sight of his parents was destined to be at an age when life leaves no trace on the memory, but appears in after years like the distant shadow of a dream. The preparations for my emigration in the meantime proceeded ; my friends had thought to secure me a good fortune by my marriage ; but it was now found that my wife's fortune was in church property, which the nation undertook to pay after its own fashion. Madame de Chateaubriand had, besides, with the consent of her guardians, lent the title to a great proportion of her income to her sister, the Countess du Plessis-Parcau, now an *émigrée*. There was still, then, a deficiency of money, and it was found necessary to borrow some.

A notary procured us 10,000 francs. I was carrying them home with me, in assignats, when I met, in the Rue de Richelieu, one of my former comrades in the regiment of Navarre, Count Achard. He was a great gambler : he proposed that we should go together to the M—— Rooms, where we could talk more comfortably : my evil genius urged me on ; I went, played, and lost all except 1500 francs, with which, full of remorse and shame, I flung myself into the first vehicle I met. I had never gambled ; play produced a sort of painful intoxication in me ; and if the passion for it had once seized me, it would certainly have turned my brain. In a state of half-distracted I got out of the carriage at St. Sulpice, and left behind me the pocket-book containing the poor fragment of my treasure. I hastened home, and said I had left the 10,000 francs in a hackney coach.

I went out again, down the Rue Dauphine, and over the Pont Neuf, not without an inclination to throw myself into the

river, as far as the square of the Palais Royal, where I had taken the unlucky conveyance. There I questioned the Savoyards who watered the horses, and described the carriage ; they indicated a number at a guess. The police commissary of the quarter informed me that the vehicle bearing that number belonged to a letter-out of conveyances at the far-end of the Faubourg St. Denis ; I set off, and stayed all night in the stables, awaiting the return of the vehicles ; first came a great number, none of which was the one I wanted ; but at length, at two in the morning, came my equipage. I had scarcely time to recognise the two white horses, when the poor beasts, broken-down, stiff, and wearied, fell down on the straw with their legs stretched out as if they were dead.

The driver remembered my having hired him. After me, he had driven a citizen who had been set down at the Jacobin club ; after the citizen, a lady, whom he had set down in the Rue de Cléry, no. 13 ; after this lady, a gentleman, whom he had taken to the Franciscan convent, Rue St. Martin. I promised a trifling reward to the driver, and under his guidance, set out, as soon as it was day, to track my 1500 francs, something in the way I had gone to discover the north-west passage. It appeared plain to me that the citizen of the Jacobin club had confiscated them in right of his sovereignty. The lady in the Rue de Cléry assured me she had seen nothing in the coach. I now reached the third and last station, entirely hopeless of success ; the driver described the gentleman as well as he could to the porter of the convent : " Oh ! that is Father so-and-so !" cried he. He then led me through the deserted galleries and rooms, into one where I found a Franciscan, the only inhabitant of that large building, and he merely remaining to make an inventory of the furniture of his convent. This monk, seated on a heap of ruins, in a dusty garment, listened attentively to my tale :

" Are you," said he, " the Chevalier de Chateaubriand ?"

I answered in the affirmative.

" Here," replied he, " is your pocket-book ; I had found your address in it, and should have brought it to you after I had finished my work."

Thus, it was a despoiled and persecuted monk, driven from his home, and yet occupied in conscientiously making an inventory of what remained in his cloister, for his proscribers, who

restored to me, in these 1500 francs, the means of proceeding into exile. Had I never recovered this little sum, I should not have emigrated: what would have become of me? My life's course would have been entirely changed; now, I would not go one step out of my way to pick up a million.

This adventure occurred on the 16th of June, 1792.

Faithful to my instincts, I had returned from America to offer my sword to Louis XVI., not to involve myself in party intrigues. The disbanding of the king's new guard, in which was Murat; the successive ministries of Roland, Dumouriez, and Duport du Tertre; the petty court conspiracies, or great popular movements, only filled me with *ennui* and contempt. I heard Madame Roland much talked of, but did not see her; her memoirs give evidence that she possessed extraordinary strength of mind. She was said to be very agreeable,—whether sufficiently so to make the cynicism of unnatural virtues tolerable is doubtful. Certain it is that the woman who, at the very foot of the guillotine, called for ink, pen, and paper, to set down the discoveries which she made on her way from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Revolution, showed a pre-occupation of mind and a disdain of life of which we have few examples. Madame Roland possessed character rather than genius; the former may give the latter, the latter cannot give the former.

On the 19th of June, I had gone to the valley of Montmorency to visit J. J. Rousseau's Hermitage; not that I found any pleasure in recollections of Madame d'Épinay and the factitious and depraved circle around her; but I desired to bid adieu to the retreat of a man whose manners and mind were in strong opposition to my own, although he was gifted with a genius whose voice had powerfully moved my youthful mind. The next day, the 20th, I was still at the Hermitage, and there met with two men, wandering like myself in these deserted haunts during the day which tolled the knell of monarchy, indifferent as they were, or as I thought they would be, to the affairs of the world: the one was M. Maret, of the Empire, the other M. Barrère, of the Republic. The gentle Barrère had retired thither from the noise and tumult, in his sentimental philosophy, to address sweet little revolutionary sonnets to the shade of Julie. The troubadour of the guillotine, in reference to whom the convention decreed that *la terreur était à l'ordre du jour*, only escaped the murderous grasp of this same terror by hiding

himself in the basket for the heads; and from the depths of this bloody receptacle, under the very scaffold, he was only heard to croak *la mort!* Barrère belonged to that species of tiger which Oppian describes as formed from the light breath of the wind: *velocis Zephyri proles.*

Ginguené and Champfort, my old acquaintances in the literary world, were charmed with the proceedings of this 20th of June. Laharpe, continuing his lessons at the Lyceum, cried in a stentorian voice: "Madmen! you replied to all the representations of the people, 'Bayonets! bayonets!'—Well, now you have them!" Although my voyage to America had made me a less insignificant personage, I was utterly unable to rise to such a transcendent height of principle and eloquence. Fontanes was in rather a precarious situation in consequence of his former connexion with the *Société Monarchique*. My brother belonged to a club of *enragés*. The Prussians were on their march, in virtue of an agreement between the cabinets of Vienna and Berlin; a rather warm engagement had already taken place between the French and Austrians near Mons. It became imperatively necessary to determine on a course.

My brother and I procured false passports for Lille; we were two wine-merchants, national guards of Paris, wearing the uniform, and intending to contract for provisioning the army. My brother's valet, Louis Poullain, nicknamed St. Louis, travelled under his own name; he was going to see his relations in Flanders, although they lived at his native place, Lamballe in Brittany.

Our departure was fixed for the 15th of July, the day after the second federation. We spent the 14th in the garden of Tivoli, with the Rosambo family, my sisters, and my wife. Tivoli belonged to M. Boutin, whose daughter had married M. de Malesherbes. Towards the close of the day we saw a number of federalists wandering about pell-mell, with the sentence "*Pétion, ou la mort,*" written in chalk on their hats. Tivoli, my point of departure into exile, was to become a rendezvous for games and fêtes. Our relations parted from us cheerfully; they were persuaded that we were merely going on a pleasure excursion. My recovered 1500 francs seemed a treasure sufficient to bring me back in triumph to Paris.

London, from April till September, 1822.

I EMIGRATE WITH MY BROTHER—ADVENTURE OF ST. LOUIS—WE
CROSS THE FRONTIER.

ON the 15th of July, at six in the morning, we got into the diligence; my brother and I had secured places in the *coupé*, beside the driver; the valet, whom we were supposed not to know, ensconced himself in the body of the carriage among the other travellers. St. Louis was a somnambulist; he used to go to fetch his master at night in Paris, with his eyes open, but sound asleep. He undressed my brother, and assisted him to bed, still fast asleep, and replied to every thing that was said to him during these attacks, "Je sais, je sais;" the only way to waken him was to throw cold water in his face. He was a man about forty, nearly six feet high, and as ugly as he was tall. The poor man had never served any other master than my brother, and was impressed with a profound respect for him; and he was terribly disturbed when at supper he had to sit at the same table with us. His fellow travellers, talking patriotically of hanging up aristocrats *à la lanterne*, increased his terror; and the idea that, after going through all this, he must cross the Austrian army and go and fight for the princes, completed the derangement of his brain. He drank a great deal and got into the diligence again; we resumed our places in the *coupé*.

In the middle of the night, we were startled by cries from the centre of the diligence; some of the travellers, putting their heads out at the window, shouted "Stop, stop!" then came a confusion of voices, male and female: "Get out, citizen, get out! get down, brute, you cannot stay here! he is a brigand! get out, get out!" We alighted also, and saw St. Louis, all scared, thrown out of the diligence; getting up again, he stared round with his open, somnambulistic eyes, and then set off at full speed, and without a hat, in the direction of Paris. We could not call him back, as we should have betrayed ourselves; we were therefore obliged to leave him to his fate. He was stopped and apprehended at the first village he came to, and declared that he was valet to M. le Comte de Chateaubriand, and that he lived in Paris, Rue de Bondy. The patrol

sent him from division to division to President Rosambo; and this unfortunate man's depositions served to prove our emigration, and to send my brother and sister-in-law to the scaffold.

Next morning, at the general breakfast, we had the pleasure of hearing the whole history twenty times over. "The man's imagination was entirely disturbed; he dreamed aloud, and said the strangest things! he was doubtless a conspirator, an assassin flying from justice." The well-behaved *citoyennes* blushed and agitated their great fans of green paper à la *Constitution*. We easily recognised in these accounts the mingled effects of somnambulism, fear, and wine.

On arriving at Lille, we sought out the person who was to get us across the frontier. The emigration had its agents of safety, who in the end proved to be agents of perdition. The monarchical party was still powerful, the question in suspense, and the weak and cowardly were contented.

We left Lille before the gates were shut: we then stopped at a retired house, and did not set out on our way till 10 o'clock, when night was quite fallen; we carried nothing with us but a little cane; it was not more than a year since I followed my Dutchman in the same style through the American forests.

We went through fields of corn across which wound paths but slightly traced. The French and Austrian patrols were scouring the country; we might fall into the hands of one or the other, or suddenly find ourselves close to the pistol of a vidette. We caught glimpses every now and then at some distance of single horsemen, motionless on their posts, with arms ready for use; we heard the tread of horses sounding in hollow ways; and putting our ears to the ground, could distinguish the regular sound of infantry marching. After proceeding for about three hours, sometimes running, sometimes going slowly on tiptoe, we reached a cross-road in a wood where some late nightingales were singing; suddenly a company of soldiers, who had been concealed behind a hedge, rushed upon us with drawn sabres; we cried, "we are officers going to join the princes!" and demanded to be taken to Tournay, declaring that we had the means of making ourselves known. The commander of the post placed us among his horsemen and carried us off.

When the day dawned, the men perceived our uniform of

national guards beneath our great-coats, and insulted the colours which France was soon to make vassal Europe wear.

It was in the *Tournaisis*, the primitive kingdom of the Franks, that Clovis resided during the first years of his reign; he left Tournay with his companions when he was called to the conquest of Gaul: "Arms attract all rights to themselves," says Tacitus. Through this town, from which the first king of the first race went out in the year 486 to found his long and powerful dynasty, I passed in 1792 on my way to join the princes of the third race on a foreign soil, and again in 1814, on my way back, when the last king of the French quitted the kingdom of the first king of the Franks: *omnia migrant*.

On arriving at Tournay, I left my brother to encounter the authorities, and under the garb of a soldier visited the cathedral. In the olden time Otho of Orleans, teaching-canon of this cathedral, had sat during the night before its entrance, demonstrating the motions of the planets to his disciples, and indicating with his finger the Milky Way and the different stars. I should have been better pleased to find this simple astronomer at Tournay than Pandours. I have great taste for those old times of which the chronicles tell such things as that, in the year 1049, in Normandy, a man was metamorphosed into an ass; a thing which, as has been seen, was very near happening to me under the tuition of the *Demoiselles Coup-part*, my instructors in the art of reading. Hildebert, in the year 1114, noticed a girl with heads of corn springing from her ears—Ceres, perhaps. The river Meuse, which I was soon about to cross, was seen suspended in the air in the year 1118, witness William of Nangis and Alberic. Rigord assures us, that in the year 1194, between Compiègne and Clermont, in the district of Beauvais, there fell a shower of hail mingled with crows carrying lighted coals which set fire to what they fell on. The tempest, according to Jervis of Tilbury, could not extinguish a candle placed on the window-sill of the priory of St. Michael of *Camissa*; he also tells us of a pure and beautiful fountain existing in the diocese of Uzès, which changed its place whenever any thing unclean was thrown into it: consciences in the present day are not so easily troubled.—Reader, I am not losing time, as you may perhaps think; I am chatting with you to prevent your being impatient during

my brother's long negotiation: here he is at last; he has succeeded in explaining himself to the satisfaction of the Austrian commandant, and permission is granted us to go to Brussels—an exile purchased with too much care and trouble.

London, from April till September, 1822.

BRUSSELS—DINNER AT THE BARON DE BRETEUIL'S—RIVAROL—DEPARTURE FOR THE ROYAL ARMY—ROUTE—MEET WITH THE PRUSSIAN ARMY—ARRIVAL AT TRÈVES.

BRUSSELS was the head-quarters of the most distinguished *emigrés*; the most elegant women, and the most fashionable men of Paris, who could only take the field as aides-de-camp, expected from pleasure the rewards of victory. They had new and handsome uniforms, in which they exhibited themselves to show the extent of their absurdity and folly. They consumed, on the festivities of a few days, sums of money considerable enough to have maintained them for some years; it was not worth while to economise, seeing they would be almost immediately in Paris. These brilliant chevaliers were preparing for military glory by successes in love: following precisely the opposite mode of ancient chivalry. They looked with contempt upon us poor fellows on foot, with our knapsacks on our backs—small provincial gentlemen become soldiers. At the feet of their Omphales these Herculeses twirled the distaffs, which they had sent to us, and which we, contenting ourselves with our swords, returned to them.

At Brussels I found my trifling baggage, which had arrived before me: it consisted of my uniform of the regiment of Navarre, a few changes of linen, and my precious note-books, from which I could never separate.

I was invited to dine along with my brother at the Baron de Breteuil's; there I met the Baroness de Montmorency, then young and beautiful, but at the present time just dying, and martyr bishops with mohair cassocks, and crosses of gold, young magistrates turned into colonels of hussars, and Rivarol, whom I never saw but this once in my life. His name had not been announced; I was struck with the language of a man, who

alone talked, and with some right claimed a hearing like an oracle. Rivarol's wit was injurious to his talents, his words to his pen. On this occasion he said very aptly of revolutions : "The first blow is aimed at a god, the second only strikes against insensible marble." I had resumed the dress of a shabby sub-lieutenant of infantry, and on leaving the dinner-table was about to set out ; my knapsack was behind the door. I was still bronzed by the rays of an American sun and the sea breezes. I wore my black hair smooth. My figure and my silence annoyed Rivarol ; and the Baron de Breteuil, who perceived his restless curiosity, satisfied it : "Where does your brother the *chevalier* come from ?" said he to my brother. I answered, "From Niagara." Rivarol exclaimed, "From the falls ?" I was silent. He stammered the beginning of a question : "Monsieur is going — — ?" "To the war," said I, interrupting him. We rose from dinner.

These coxcomb *émigrés* were hateful to me ; I was eager to see my peers, *émigrés*, like myself, with 600 *livres* income. We were very stupid, doubtless, but at least our swords were ready, and had we obtained success, the benefits of the victory would not have fallen to us.

My brother remained at Brussels with the Baron de Montboissier, to whom he was attached as an aide-de-camp ; I set out alone for Coblentz.

Nothing can be more historical than the road I followed ; every place as I passed recalled some of the splendid triumphs of France. I passed through Liege, one of those municipal republics, which was accustomed so often to rebel against its bishops, or against the counts of Flanders. Louis XI., when an ally of the men of Liege, was compelled to consent to the sack of their city, in order to escape from his ridiculous imprisonment at Peronne.

I was going to rejoin and form a part of those men of war who place their glory in similar things. In 1792, the relations between Liege and France were more peaceable : the abbot of St. Hubert was obliged every year to send two hunting dogs to the successors of King Dagobert.

At Aix-la-Chapelle, another gift, but on the part of France : the pall which was used at the interment of a most Christian king was sent to the tomb of Charlemagne, as liege-pall to a feudal superior. Our kings thus rendered faith and homage,

by taking possession of the inheritance of eternity ; they swore at the knees of the dead—their lady—to be true and faithful—after having given the feudal kiss. But this was the only *suzeraineté* to which France ever yielded homage as a vassal. The cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle was built by Charlemagne and consecrated by Leo III. Two prelates were wanting at the ceremony, who were replaced by two bishops of Maestricht, long since dead, but resuscitated expressly for the occasion. Charlemagne having lost a beautiful mistress, pressed the body in his arms, and would not be separated from it. This passion was attributed to a charm : the dead body of the young lady was examined, and a small pearl was found under the tongue. The pearl was thrown into a marsh ; Charlemagne, madly enamoured of the marsh, gave orders to have it filled up ; there he built a palace and a church : the one to dwell in during life, and the other to be his resting-place when dead. The authorities for this story are Archbishop Turpin, and Petrarch.

At Cologne, I was struck with admiration at the cathedral ; had it been finished, it would be the noblest Gothic monument in Europe. The monks alone were the painters, sculptors, architects, and masons of their temples ; and *cæmentarius* (master mason) was a title of which they boasted.

It is curious in the present day to hear philosophical pretenders and blustering democrats declaim against the clergy : as if those surpliced labourers, those mendicant orders, to whom we owe almost everything, had been gentlemen.

Cologne recalled to mind Caligula and St. Bruno. I saw the remains of the dikes of the former at Baïes, and the desolate cell of the latter at the *Grande-Chartreuse*.

I went up the Rhine the whole way to Coblentz (*Confluentia*). The royal army was no longer there. I crossed those empty kingdoms (*inania regna*) : I saw the beautiful valley of the Rhine, the Tempe of the barbarian muses, in which knights appeared around the ruins of their castles, or where, at night, sounds of arms were heard, when war was portending.

Between Coblentz and Trèves, I fell in with the Prussian army. I passed along the column, and when I reached as far as the guards, I saw they were marching in order of battle, with cannon in line. The king and the Duke of Brunswick occupied the centre of a square, formed by Frederick's old

grenadiers. My white uniform caught the king's eye ; he sent for me : he and the Duke of Brunswick took off their hats, and in my person saluted the old French army. They asked me my name, that of my regiment, and where I was going to join the princes. This military reception affected me. I replied, that having learned in America the misfortunes of my king, I had returned to shed my blood in his service. The generals and officers who surrounded Frederick William made signs of approbation, and the Prussian monarch said to me, "Sir, it is always easy to recognise the sentiments of the French nobility." He again took off his hat, remained uncovered, and stopped till I had disappeared behind the mass of grenadiers. Now, the *émigrés* are declaimed against as "tigers who tore out the heart of their mother ;" at the time of which I speak they were held up as examples, and honour was held in as much regard as country. In 1792, fidelity to oaths was looked upon as a duty ; it is now become so rare as to be considered a virtue.

A strange scene, which has occurred to others as well as myself, was very near making me retrace my steps. I was almost refused admittance into the army of the princes, when I at length reached it at Trèves : "I was one of those men who waited for the event before coming to a determination ; I ought to have been in the camp three years ago ; I had just come when victory was certain. There was no need of such persons as myself ; there were already too many gallant men after the fight. Whole squadrons of cavalry were deserting daily ; the very artillery went away *en masse*." Prodigious illusion of parties !

I was fortunate enough to meet with my cousin, Armand de Chateaubriand, who took me under his protection, called a meeting of the Bretons, and pleaded my cause. I was sent for, and explained myself. I said I had just come from America, to have the honour of serving with my comrades ; that the campaign was merely opened, not begun ; and that I was time enough for the first fire ; that, moreover, I would withdraw if they required it, but after having obtained satisfaction for an undeserved insult. The matter was arranged : as I was a good fellow the ranks were opened to receive me, and my only remaining difficulty was the embarrassment where to choose.

ARMY OF THE PRINCES—ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE—ATALA—HENRY THE
FOURTH'S SHIRTS.

THE army of the princes was composed of gentlemen, classed according to provinces, and serving as common soldiers; the nobility were tracing up their lineage to its origin and to the origin of the monarchy, at the very moment in which that origin and that monarchy were on the eve of closing their career, as an old man returns to childhood. There were, besides, several brigades of *émigré* officers from various regiments become common soldiers; among this number were my comrades of Navarre, under the command of their colonel the Marquis de Mortemart. I would have been greatly tempted to enrol myself with La Martinière, if he could still have been in love; but Armorican patriotism prevailed. I entered the 7th company of the Bretons, under the command of M. de Goyon Miniac. The nobility of my province had furnished seven companies, and there was an eighth formed of young men belonging to the *tiers état*; the iron-grey uniform of this last company differed from that of the other seven, which was royal blue with ermine facings. Thus, men attached to the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers, perpetuated their political inequalities by odious distinctions. The true heroes were the plebeian soldiers, who had no personal interest to prompt the sacrifice of their services.

Our little army consisted of—infantry, composed of soldiers of noble birth and officers; four companies of deserters, dressed in the different uniforms of the regiments from which they had come; one company of artillery; some engineer officers, with a few pieces of cannon, bombs and mortars of various calibre (the artillery and engineers, who, almost to a man, embraced the cause of the revolution, contributed greatly to the success of its arms). A fine body of German cavalry, of musketeers, under the command of the old Count de Montmorin, and naval officers from Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon, supported our infantry. The general emigration of the officers of the navy threw the maritime power of France completely back into that weakness from which Louis XVI. had rescued it. Never since the days of Duquesne and Tourville had our fleets obtained greater glory. My com-

rades were full of joy, whilst I had tears in my eyes, when I saw these dragoons of the ocean passing before us, no longer commanding the ships with which they had humbled the English and delivered America. Instead of going to discover new continents, to unite them as appendages to France, these companions of La Pérouse were plunging into the muddy roads of Germany. They mounted the horse consecrated to Neptune, but they had changed their element, and the land was not their sphere. In vain their commander carried at their head the flag of the *Belle Poule*—a holy relic of the white flag, from the tatters of which there still hung honour, but from whence victory had fallen.

We had tents ; but were in want of every thing else. Our guns, of German manufacture, were good for nothing ; of frightful weight, which fretted our shoulders, and were often in a condition not to go off. I went through the whole campaign with one of these muskets, the hammer of which would not fall.

We remained two days at Trèves. It was to me a great source of pleasure to visit the Roman remains ; and, after having seen the nameless ruins of the Ohio, to stand amidst a city so often sacked, of which Saluan said :—“ Fugitives of Trèves, do you seek for theatres ? do you demand a circus from your chiefs ? For what state, I pray you—for what people—for what city ?” (*Theatra igitur quaeritis, circum à principibus postulatis ? Cui, quaeso, statui, cui populo, cui civitati ?*)

Fugitives of France, where was the people for whom we wished to re-establish the monuments of Saint Louis ?

I sat down, with my gun, in the midst of the ruins, and drew from my knapsack the notes of my travels in America. I laid the separate pages on the grass around me—read over and corrected a description of a forest—a passage of *Atala*, amidst the wreck of a Roman amphitheatre, thus making preparations to go and re-conquer France. I then packed up my treasure, the weight of which, joined to that of my shirts, my cape, tin can, wicker bottle, and my little Homer, made me spit blood. I tried to thrust *Atala*, along with my useless cartridges, into my pouch ; my companions laughed at me, and tore away the sheets which lapped over both sides of the leather covering. Providence came to my aid : having slept one night in a hay-loft, on awaking I no longer found my shirts in my knapsack, but my note books had been left behind. I thank God ! that accident, by assuring my *renown*, saved

my life, for the sixty livres which lay between my shoulders would have given me an affection of the chest. "How many shirts have I?" said Henry IV. to his *valet de chambre*.—"Sire," answered he, "there is still a dozen of the torn ones." "And pocket handkerchiefs; haven't I eight?"—"At present there are only five." The Bearnese gained the battle of Ivry without shirts. I have not been able to restore the kingdom to his descendants by losing mine.

London, from April to September, 1822.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE—LAST REPRESENTATION OF OLD MILITARY FRANCE.

THE order of march was given for Thionville: we went five or six leagues a-day. The weather was desperate; we marched in rain and mud, singing as we went—*O, Richard! O, mon Roi!* or *Pauvre Jacques!* On arriving at our place of encampment, we had neither waggons nor provisions, but were obliged, with the asses which followed the columns like an Arabian caravan, to seek for something to eat in the farm-houses and villages. We paid for every thing with scrupulous punctuality. I was, nevertheless, subjected to punishment, for having thoughtlessly taken two pears from the garden of a château. A great bell, a great river, and a *grand seigneur*, says the proverb, are bad neighbours.

We pitched our tents by accident; we were obliged continually to beat the canvas, in order to enlarge the threads, so as to prevent the water from coming through. The allowance was ten men to a tent, each of whom, in his turn, acted as cook; one went for meat, another for bread, another for wood, and a fourth for straw. I had a great talent for making soup, and received the compliments of my companions, especially when I mixed up with it some milk and cabbage, after the fashion of Brittany. Among the Iroquois I had learned to brave smoke, so that I contrived to get on well round my fire, made with green and wet branches. This soldier's life is very amusing. I fancied myself still among the Indians. When eating our mess under the tent, my companions used to ask me

for stories of my travels, and they paid me in kind. We all lied like a corporal in a wine shop, with a conscript paying his reckoning.

One thing fatigued me,—washing my linen ; it was, however, necessary to be done, and that very often, for the obliging thieves had left me but a single shirt borrowed from my cousin Armand, besides the one which I had on. When engaged in soaping my stockings, pocket-handkerchiefs, and my only shirt on the bank of a stream, with my head down and my back up, I was constantly seized with giddiness ; the movement of my arms caused me intolerable pain in the chest. I was obliged to sit down amongst the water-cresses and the grass, and, in the midst of the commotions of war, to watch the flowing of the peaceful waters. Lopez de Vega had his bandage of love washed by a shepherdess ; this shepherdess would have been very useful to me for a little turban made of the inner bark of the birch-tree, which I had received from the Floridan women.

An army is generally composed of soldiers somewhat about the same age, the same size, and the same strength. Ours was altogether different ; a confused assemblage of old men, children not long out of their nursery, and a general jargon, the dialect of Normandy, Brittany, Picardy, Auvergne, Gascony, Provençe, and Languedoc. A father served with his son, a father-in-law with his son-in-law, an uncle with his nephew, a brother with a brother, a cousin with his cousin. This motley crowd, ridiculous as it appeared, had something honourable and affecting in its nature, because it was animated by sincere convictions ; it presented a picture of the old monarchy, and a last representation of classes of men which were passing away. I have seen gentlemen of a severe countenance, with gray hair, torn clothes, knapsacks on their backs, and their guns slung, dragging themselves along by the help of a stick, and assisted by the arm of one of their sons ; I have seen M. de Boishue, the father of my comrade who was massacred at the States of Rennes close beside me, marching along sorrowful and alone, his bare feet in the mud, and carrying his shoes on the point of his bayonet, for fear of wearing them out ; I have seen young men wounded, lying under a tree, and a priest in a riding-coat and stole, kneeling by their head, and sending them to St. Louis, whose descendants they were making an effort to defend. The whole of this poor crowd, without

receiving a single *sou* from the princes, carried on the war at their own cost, whilst decrees were despoiling them of their all, and throwing their wives and mothers into gaols.

The old men of the former time were less unfortunate and less isolated than those of the present day; if, when surviving, they lost their friends, little else was changed; strangers to youth, they were not so to the usages of society. Now, a lingerer in the world has not only seen men die, but ideas also; principles, tastes, pleasures, pains, and sentiments; nothing bears any resemblance to what he has known. It is a new and different species of the human race, in the midst of which he brings his days to a close.

Nevertheless, let France of the nineteenth century learn to estimate that old France to which she owed so much. The present will become old in its turn, and will be accused, as it accuses the past, of entertaining superannuated notions. It is their fathers whom they have conquered; let them not deny those from whose blood they have sprung. Had they not been nobly faithful to the usages of the olden time, the men of the present age would not have drawn from their national fidelity, that energy which has led to their glory in the new age. Between the two Frances, there is nothing more than a transformation of virtues.

London, April to September, 1822.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIEGE OF THIONVILLE—THE CHEVALIER DE
LA BARONNAIS.

CLOSE beside our indigent and obscure camp was one brilliant and rich. At the staff-officers' quarters, nothing was to be seen but waggons filled with provisions; the place was crowded with cooks, valets, and aides-de-camp. Nothing could better represent the court and the province, the monarchy expiring at Versailles, and the monarchy dying among the wilds of Du Guesclin. The aides-de-camp had become odious to us; on the occurrence of any engagement at Thionville, we cried: "Forward, aides-de-camp!" as the patriots cried; "Forward, officers!"

I felt a weight at my heart, when, coming one gloomy day within sight of forests bordering the horizon, we were told that these forests were in France; the act of crossing the frontier of my native land in arms, had an effect upon me which I cannot describe; I had a sort of prophetic feeling, a revelation of the future; the more so, as I did not share any of the illusions of my comrades, either as regarded the cause in defence of which they were engaged, or the triumph they flattered themselves with the hope of obtaining; I was like Falkland in the army of Charles I. There was not a chevalier of La Manche in our army, though he might be an invalid, lame, and with his head covered by a night-cap under the three-cornered hat, who did not firmly believe himself able, with his single arm, to put to flight fifty vigorous young patriots. This respectable and complacent pride, the source of prodigies at another period, had not taken possession of my mind; I did not feel so convinced of the prowess of my invincible arm.

We arrived without defeat at Thionville, on the 1st of September; for we had met no one on the way. The cavalry encamped to the right, the infantry to the left, of the high road leading to the town from the German side. The fortress was not in sight from our position; but about six hundred paces off was the crest of a hill from which there was a view into the valley of the Moselle. The marines connected the right flank of our infantry with Prince Waldeck's Austrian corps, and the left flank was covered by a body of cavalry of the *Maison-Rouge* and the *Royal-Allemand*, 1800 strong. We entrenched ourselves in front by a ditch, along which were ranged the stands of arms. The eight Breton companies occupied two transverse streets of the camp, and below us lay the company of the officers of Navarre, my comrades.

The works, which occupied three days, being completed, Monsieur and the Count d'Artois arrived, and reconnoitred the place, which was vainly summoned to surrender, although Wimpfen appeared to be inclined to give it up. We had not gained the battle of Rocroi, like the great Condé, and therefore could not take possession of Thionville; but we were not defeated beneath its walls like Feuquières. We took up a position on the public road, in part of a village forming a sort of suburb to the town, and outside the horn-work which defended the Moselle bridge. Shots were fired from house to

house; our men retained possession of those they had taken. I was not present at this first engagement; my cousin Armand behaved well in it. While the skirmish was going on in the village, my company was ordered to the erection of a battery on the skirts of a wood which clothed the summit of one of the neighbouring hills; the slope of this hill was covered with vines down to its foot, where it met the plain adjoining the exterior fortifications of Thionville.

The engineer who directed us, made us throw up a *cavalier*, or mound covered with turf, on which our cannon were to be planted; in a parallel line with it we dug an open trench, to place us below the bullet-range. The erection of the terraces proceeded slowly, for we officers were all, young and old, little accustomed to handle the shovel and mattock. We had no wheelbarrows, and had to make use of our coats instead of bags to carry the earth in. The fire of a lunette opened upon us, and annoyed us the more as we could not return it; two eight-pounders, and a howitzer whose range was too short to be of any use, being the whole of our artillery; the first ball we sent from our howitzer fell outside the glacis, and excited the derisive shouts of the garrison. A few days afterwards we were reinforced by Austrian cannon and cannoners. A hundred infantry and a picket of marines were relieved every four-and-twenty hours at this battery. The besieged prepared to make an attack on it; we could see with the glass considerable movement on the ramparts. At nightfall, a column issued from one of the posterns, and gained the lunette under shelter of the covered way. My company was ordered up as a reinforcement at the battery. At day-break, 500 or 600 patriots began the action in the village, on the high road above the town; then turning to the left, crossed the vines to take our battery in flank. The company of marines charged bravely, but was routed, and exposed us. We were too ill armed to return the fire, and marched forward with fixed bayonets. The assailants retired, for what reason I know not; had they held firm, they would have driven us from the post.

In this action we had several wounded and some killed; among the latter was the Chevalier de la Baronnais, captain of one of the Breton companies. I was an evil genius to him; the ball which killed him rebounded from the barrel of my musket, and struck him with such force, that it went through

both temples and crushed the brain.—Noble and useless victim of a hopeless cause! When Marshal d'Aubeterre held the States of Brittany, he went to the house of M. de la Baronnais, the father, a poor gentleman, living at Dinard, near St. Malo; the marshal, who had begged him to invite no one, perceived on his entrance that the table was laid for twenty-five people, and amicably reproved his host.

"Monseigneur," said M. de la Baronnais, "there are none here but my own children."

He had twenty-two sons and one daughter, all by the same marriage.

The Revolution mowed this rich family harvest before it had time to ripen.

London, April to September, 1822.

CONTINUATION OF THE SIEGE—CONTRASTS—SAINTS IN THE WOODS—
BATTLE OF BOUVINES—PATROL—UNEXPECTED MEETING—EFFECT OF
A BULLET AND OF A BOMB.

WALDECK'S Austrian corps now began its operations. Our attack became warmer; it was a fine sight at night; pot-grenados illuminated the works which were covered with soldiers; sudden gleams of brilliancy struck the clouds, or the blue sky, when the match exploded the cannon, and the bombs, crossing one another's path in the air, described parabolas of light. In the intervals of the detonations might be heard the roll of the drum, bursts of military music, and the voices of the hostile parties on the ramparts of Thionville and on our posts; unhappily, in both camps, the cry was in French "Sentinelles, prenez garde à vous."

If the engagements took place at dawn, the hymn of the lark succeeded to the roll of musketry, and the now noiseless cannon gaped silently at us from their loop-holes. The bird's song, bringing recollections of a pastoral life to the mind, seemed to utter a reproach. It gave me the same feeling when I encountered some victims of war among the flowering clover, or by a running stream which bathed the tresses of the dead. In the woods, at a few paces distance from the horrors of war,

I found little statues of the Virgin and of various Saints. A goatherd, a shepherd, or a beggar carrying his wallet, on their knees before these peacemakers, told their beads to the distant thunder of the cannon. A whole parish once came with its pastor to offer bouquets to the patron of a neighbouring parish, whose shrine was in a grove, facing a fountain. The curate was blind; a soldier of religion, he had lost his sight in its service, like a grenadier on the field of battle. The vicar administered the communion instead of his curate, because the latter could not see to place the sacred host on the lips of the communicants. During this ceremony, and from the depths of his darkness, the curate blessed the light.

Our fathers believed that the patron saints of hamlets, *Jean le Silentiaire*, *Dominique l'Encuirassé*, *Jacques l'Intercis*, *Paul le Simple*, *Basle l'Ermite*, and many others, were no strangers to the triumphs of the arms by which harvests are protected. On the very day of the battle of Bouvines, robbers entered a convent at Auxerre, of which St. Germain was the patron, and stole the sacramental vessels. The sacristan presented himself before the shrine of the beatified bishop, and said to him, groaning meanwhile, "Germain, where wert thou when these brigands dared to violate thy sanctuary?" And a voice issuing from the shrine replied, "I was near Cisoing, not far from the bridge of Bouvines, engaged, with other fellow-saints, in aiding the French and their King, to whom a brilliant victory has been given by our help :

'Cui fuit auxilio victoria præstita nostro.'

We held *battues* in the plain, and carried them as far as the hamlets, to the very foot of the exterior fortifications of Thionville. The village on the great trans-Moselle road was unceasingly taken and retaken. Twice I was present at these engagements. The patriots treated us as *enemies to liberty*, *aristocrats*, *satellites of Capet*; we called them *brigands*, *cut-throats*, *traitors*, and *revolutionists*. Sometimes the engagement was suspended while a duel took place in presence of the hostile bands, now become impartial witnesses; strange characteristic of the French, which not even violent passions can stifle!

One day I was on patrol in a vineyard; at about twenty paces from me was an old gentleman *chasseur*, who kept strik-

ing the vines with the butt end of his gun as if to start a hare, and then looked briskly about in the hope of seeing a patriot start out ; every one there had his own ways.

Another day, I went to visit the Austrian camp ; between this encampment and that of the naval officers acting as cavalry, lay the ridge of a wood, upon which the enemy were very inappropriately directing their fire ; they were too lavish of their volleys ; the garrison believed us to be stronger than we really were, which explains the pompous bulletins of the commandant of Thionville. As I was crossing this wood, I saw something move among the grass ; I went nearer, and saw a man extended on the ground, with his face downwards, so that nothing was to be seen but a broad back. I supposed him to be wounded, and taking him by the nape of the neck, partly raised his head. He opened his scared eyes, and lifted himself a little, resting on his hands ; on catching sight of his face I burst out laughing ; it was my cousin Moreau, whom I had not seen since our visit to Madame Chatenay.

He had thrown himself on his face at the descent of a bomb, and had found it utterly impossible to get up again ; I had great trouble in getting him on his feet, for he had grown three times as corpulent as he was when I had last seen him. He informed me that he served in the commissariat department, and was then on his way to make an offer of some cattle to Prince Waldeck. He wore a rosary : Hug^o Métel speaks of a wolf who had a desire to enter the monastic state, but not being able to accustom himself to the meagre fare, he became a canon.

As I was re-entering the camp, an officer of engineers passed close to me, leading his horse by the bridle ; a ball struck the animal at the narrow part of the shoulder and cut completely through it ; the head and neck remained hanging to the rider's hand, and pulled him to the ground by their weight. I had seen a bomb fall just in the middle of a circle of officers who were taking their mess together ; the mess-bowl disappeared ; the officers, knocked over and covered with dust, cried like the old sea-captain, " Fire to starboard, fire to larboard, fire everywhere ! fire in my wig ! "

These singular accidents appear to belong to Thionville : in 1558, Francis of Guise besieged the place ; Marshal Strozzi was killed while *speaking in the trench with the said Sieur de Guise, who at the moment had his hand on his shoulder.*

London, April to September, 1822.

THE CAMP MARKET.

A KIND of market had been formed behind our camp. The peasants had brought quarter-casks of white Moselle wine, which remained on the waggons; the horses were unyoked and fed quietly, attached by a string to one end of the cart, while people drank at the other. The fires for bat-fowling gleamed here and there. Sausages were fried in saucepans, puddings boiled in basins, pancakes tossed on iron plates, and omelettes raised on baskets. Cakes covered with aniseed, rye-loaves a penny a-piece, cakes of Indian meal, green apples, red and white eggs, pipes and tobacco, were sold beneath a tree from whose branches hung coarse cloth caps, bargained for by the passers-by. Peasant-girls, seated astride on wooden stools, were employed in milking cows; every one gave his cup and awaited his turn. Sutlers in their blouses, soldiers in their uniforms, hovered about the ovens. *Vivandières* passed hither and thither, calling out in French and German. Some stood in groups, others were seated round deal tables standing unevenly on the rough ground; various inventions for shelter were made, some with a piece of packing-cloth, others with branches cut in the forest, as on Palm-Sunday. I think, too, that there were weddings performed in the covered waggons, in remembrance of the Frankish kings. The patriots might easily have followed the example of Majorian, and carried off the chariot containing the bride: *Rapit esseda victor, nubentemque nurum*. The people sang, laughed, and talked, and the scene was extremely gay at night, lighted up by the fires gleaming on the ground, and the stars shining overhead.

When I was neither on guard at the batteries, nor on service in the tent, I was fond of supping at this fair; there all the camp stories were revived, the battles fought over again; but embellished by good cheer and merriment, their attraction was much increased.

One of our comrades, a brevet-captain, was celebrated for his faculty of story-telling; I have forgotten his real name, as we gave him that of *Dinarzade*, and always called him by it; it

should have been *Scheherazade*, but we were not so particular. As soon as we caught sight of him we ran to him, and disputed him among ourselves; it was a contest who should get him into their mess. Dinarzade was a short man, with long legs, a fallen-in face, gloomy moustachios, eyes whose pupils had a decided preference for the outward angle, a hollow voice, a large sword with a light brown scabbard, and the air of a military poet; a serious and solemn joker, who never laughed at any thing, and at whom one could not look without laughing. He was a witness to all the duels, and the lover of all the ladies at the counters. He took every thing he said in a tragic light, and only interrupted his narrative to drink with the same air from a bottle, to re-kindle his pipe, or to swallow a sausage.

One night, when a small fine rain was falling, we formed ourselves into a circle near the tap of a cask, which leaned over towards us on a cart, whose shafts were in the air. A candle fastened to the cask lighted us, and a piece of coarse cloth, stretched from the shafts of the cart to two posts, served us as a roof. Dinarzade, with his sword awry, in the fashion of Frederick II., standing between the wheel of the cart and the side of a horse, related a story to our great satisfaction. The *vivandières*, who brought us our allowance, remained to listen to our Arab, and the attentive group of Bacchantes and Silenuses who formed the chorus, accompanied the narrative with marks of surprise, approbation, or disapproval.

"Gentlemen," said the orator, "You all knew the Green Knight, who lived in the time of King John?"

"Yes, yes," replied the chorus. Dinarzade gulped down a rolled pancake and burned himself.

"This Green Knight, gentlemen, was, as you must know, since you have seen him, extremely handsome; when the wind blew back his red hair over his helmet, it looked like a wreath of hemp round a green turban."

"Bravo!" cried the chorus.

"One evening in May, he blew his horn at the drawbridge of a castle in Picardy, or Auvergne, no matter which. In this castle lived *la Dame des grandes compagnies*. She received the knight well; the attendants removed his armour and conducted him to the bath: the lady then sat down with him to a magnificent repast; but she ate nothing, and the attendants were dumb."

"Oh! oh!" groaned the chorus.

"The lady, gentlemen, was tall, thin, and ungainly, like the major's wife; but she had a great deal of expression and a coquettish air. When she laughed and showed her long teeth below her short nose, it was so enchanting that one would not know what he was about. Well, the lady fell in love with the knight, and the knight with the lady, although he was afraid of her."

Dinarzade here emptied the ashes of his pipe on the wheel, and was about to replenish it, but the company, eager for the story, obliged him to go on.

"The Green Knight, quite in a desperate state, resolved to quit the castle; but before his departure he demanded an explanation of several very strange things from the lady, and made her a formal offer of marriage, providing she was not a sorceress."

Dinarzade's rapier was planted straight and stiff between his knees; seated below him and leaning forward, we made a kind of circle of sparks round him with our pipes, resembling the ring of Saturn. Suddenly he cried out, as if beside himself,

"Now, gentlemen, this *Dame des grandes compagnies* was Death!"

And the captain, breaking the ranks and crying, "Death! death!" put the *vivandières* to flight. The sitting was closed; the applause was loud and the laughter prolonged.

We returned to our posts nearer Thionville, to the sound of its cannon.

London, April to September, 1822.

A NIGHT BY THE TRENCH—DUTCH DOG—RECOLLECTION OF THE MARTYRS—MY COMPANIONS AT THE OUTPOSTS—EUDORUS—ULYSSES.

THE siege continued, or rather there was no siege, for we did not open the trenches, and we had not troops enough regularly to invest the place. Intelligence from other quarters was reckoned upon, and news was expected of the success of the Prussian army, or of that of Clairfayt, with which was the Duke of Bourbon's French corps. Our small resources were becoming exhausted, and Paris seemed to grow more distant. The bad weather was unceasing; we were insulated in the midst

of our labours. I awoke sometimes in a ditch, with water up to my neck; and next day I was unable to do any thing.

Among my fellow-countrymen who were in the army was Ferron de la Sigonière, my old class-fellow at Dinan. We slept in the same tent, and were by no means comfortable; our heads, getting beyond the canvas, received the rain from the tent as from a sort of spout; I got up and went with Ferron to walk by the trench in front of the encampment; for all our nights were not as merry as those spent in the company of Dinarzade. We walked in silence, listening to the voices of the sentinels, and watching the lights in the streets of tents, as we had formerly watched the lamps in our corridors at college. We talked of the past and of the future, of the faults which had been and would be committed; we deplored the blindness of the princes, who thought to return to their country with a handful of followers, and fix the crown on their brother's head by the arm of the foreigner. I remember having said to my comrade in one of these conversations, that France was following the example of England, that the king would perish on the scaffold, and that probably our attempt on Thionville would be made one of the principal heads of accusation against Louis XVI.

Ferron was struck with my prediction; it was the first I had ever made; since that time I have made many, as true and as unheeded; when the evil arrived others took shelter and left me to struggle with the misfortuné I had foreseen. When the Dutch are caught in a gale of wind out at sea, they retire into the hold of the ship, close the hatches, and drink punch, leaving a dog on deck to bark at the tempest; the danger passed, they send back Fidèle to his berth in the hold, and the captain comes up to enjoy the fine weather on the poop. I was the Dutch dog in the vessel of Legitimacy.

The recollections of my military life are graven in my memory; I have traced them in the sixth book of the *Martyrs*.

An Armorican barbarian in the camp of the princes, I carried Homer with my sword; I preferred *my country, the poor little island of Aaron, to the hundred cities of Crete*. I said with Telemachus, "The barren country which supports only goats is pleasanter to me than those which rear horses." My words would have made the candid Menelaus, *agathos Menelaos*, laugh.

London, from April to September, 1822.

PASSAGE OF THE MOSELLE—ENGAGEMENT—LIBRA, THE DEAF AND
DUMB GIRL—ATTACK UPON THIONVILLE.

A REPORT at length gained ground that an action was about to be fought; the Prince of Waldeck was to try an assault, whilst we, having crossed the river, should make a diversion by a false attack on the place from the French side. The party ordered on this service consisted of five Breton companies, mine included, the company of the officers of Picardy and Navarre, and the regiment of volunteers, composed of young peasants from Lorraine, and deserters from different regiments. This force was to be supported by the Royal Germans, some squadrons of musketeers, and various corps of dragoons, which were to cover our left. My brother was in this cavalry division, with the Baron de Montboissier, who had married a daughter of M. de Malesherbes, a sister of Madame de Rosambo, and consequently my sister-in-law's aunt. We escorted three companies of Austrian artillery with very heavy guns and a battery of three mortars.

Orders were given to march at six o'clock in the evening; at ten the troops crossed the Moselle, above Thionville, by means of copper pontoons :

“ *Amœna fluenta*
Subter labentis tacito rumore Mosellæ.”
(*Ausonius.*)

At break of day we were in order of battle on the left bank; the heavy cavalry were placed on the wings, and the light cavalry in front. On our second movement we formed in columns and began to file off.

About nine o'clock we heard the sound of firing to the left. An officer of carbineers, at full speed, came to inform us that a detachment of Kellermann's army was close at hand, and that the action had already commenced between the respective parties of light infantry. The officer's horse had been struck by a bullet in the forehead; he reared and dashed out the foam from his mouth and blood from his nostrils: this carbineer, sword in hand, upon a wounded horse, was a grand sight. The troops,

which had come from Metz, were manœuvring to take us in flank; they had with them several field-pieces, whose fire told severely upon our volunteer corps. I heard the cries of some recruits who had been struck—the last cries of youth snatched away in the vigour of life; the sounds filled me with compassion, as I thought on the poor mothers.

The drums beat the charge, and we rushed in disorder upon the enemy. We approached so near each other that, notwithstanding the smoke, the terrible countenances of men ready to shed our blood could be distinctly seen. The patriots had not yet acquired that bearing which is only gained by a long familiarity with engagements and victory; their movements were slow and irresolute; fifty grenadiers of the old guard would have easily routed a heterogeneous mass of old and young undisciplined nobles; a thousand to twelve hundred infantry were struck with alarm at the fire of a few discharges from the heavy artillery of the Austrians; they retreated; our cavalry pursued them for two leagues.

A deaf and dumb German girl, called Libbe or Libba, had become attached to my cousin Armand, and followed him. I found her seated upon the grass, which stained her dress with blood; she sat with her elbow supported by her bent and raised knees, and her head leaning on her hand, which was passed under her fair dishevelled hair. She wept as she gazed at three or four dead bodies—now deaf and dumb—which lay scattered around her. She had not heard the noise of the cannon, the effects of which were before her; she did not hear the sighs which escaped from her lips when she looked at Armand; she had never heard the voice of him whom she loved; had the tomb merely contained silence, she would have gone down to the grave unconscious of being there.

Moreover, fields of carnage are everywhere; in the eastern cemetery at Paris twenty-seven thousand tombs, two hundred and thirty thousand bodies, will teach you what a battle death is waging night and day at your doors.

After a halt of some length, we resumed our march, and arrived by night-fall under the walls of Thionville.

The drums were no longer beaten; the word of command was given in a low tone. With a view to check a *sortie*, the cavalry moved quietly along the high-roads and hedges to the very gates of Thionville, against which we were to open a

cannonade. The Austrian artillery, protected by our infantry, took up a position at a distance of fifty yards from the advanced works behind some gabions shouldered up in a hurry. At one o'clock in the morning of the 6th of September, a signal was given by a rocket thrown up from the camp of the Prince of Waldeck at the other side of the town. The prince opened a continuous fire, which was vigorously answered from the town. We immediately opened our fire.

The besieged not thinking that we had any troops in that direction, and not having expected an attack from that quarter, had nothing on the ramparts to the south; we had not long to wait; the garrison mounted a double battery, which soon drove through our defences, and dismounted two of our guns. The sky was in a blaze, and we were buried in clouds of smoke. I had the good luck to be a little Alexander; worn out with fatigue, I was in a deep sleep almost under the wheels of the gun-carriages where I was on guard. A splinter from a shell, which had ploughed up the ground six inches, struck me on the right thigh. Roused by the stroke, but not being sensible of the pain, I only saw that I was wounded by the appearance of the blood. I bound up my thigh with my pocket-handkerchief. During the affair on the plain, the balls struck my knapsack whilst in the act of wheeling. *Atala*, like a devoted daughter, placed herself between her father and the enemy's ball; she remained to sustain the fire of the Abbé Morellet.

At four o'clock in the morning the Prince of Waldeck's fire ceased: we thought the town had surrendered; but the gates were not opened, and we were now obliged to think of a retreat. We returned to our positions, after a harassing march of three days.

The Prince of Waldeck had advanced to the very edge of the ditch, which he had attempted to clear, hoping to secure a surrender by means of a simultaneous attack; the impression was, that there were divisions within the town, and they flattered themselves that the royalist party would bring the keys to the prince. The Austrians, having fired without sufficient shelter, lost a considerable number of men, and one of the Prince of Waldeck's arms was shot away. Whilst these drops of blood were shed under the walls of Thionville, torrents were flowing in the prisons of Paris; my wife and my sisters were in greater danger than myself.

RAISING THE SIEGE—ENTRY INTO VERDUN—SICKNESS AMONG THE
PRUSSIANS—RETREAT—SMALL-POX.

WE relinquished the siege of Thionville, and set out for Verdun—surrendered to the allies on the 2nd of September. Longwy, the native town of François de Mercy, had fallen on the 28th of August. The passage of Frederick William was attested on all sides by garlands and crowns.

In the midst of these trophies of peace, I observed the Prussian eagle displayed on the fortifications of Vauban: it was not to remain there long; as for the flowers, they were destined speedily to fade, like the innocent creatures who had gathered them. One of the most atrocious murders of the reign of terror was that of the young girls of Verdun.

“Fourteen young girls of Verdun, of rare beauty, and almost like young virgins dressed for a public fête, were,” says Riouffe, “led in a body to the scaffold. They soon faded away, and were cut down in their spring; on the day after their immolation, the *Cour des femmes* had the appearance of a flower-garden desolated by a storm. I never saw amongst us any despair like that which this act of infamous cruelty excited.”

Verdun is celebrated for its sacrifices of women. According to Gregory of Tours, Deuteric, wishing to conceal his daughter from the pursuits of Théodebert, caused her to be placed in a tumbrel harnessed to two wild oxen, and driven headlong into the Meuse. The instigator of the massacre of the young girls of Verdun was the poetaster regicide—Pons de Verdun, who was filled with fiendish enmity to his native city. It is almost incredible that the *Almanach des Muses* should have furnished agents for the reign of terror; the vanity of mediocrity in a state of suffering produced as many revolutionists as the wounded pride of cripples and abortions; a rebellion alike of the infirmities of the mind and those of the body. Pons gave to his dull epigram the point of a poniard. Apparently faithful to the traditions of Greece, the poet was desirous of offering in honour of his gods nothing but the blood of virgins; for the Convention, on his reports, declared that no pregnant woman should be put on trial. He also

caused the sentence passed on Madame de Bonchamp, widow of the celebrated Vendean general, to be rescinded. Alas! We other royalists in the suite of the princes, suffered the same reverses as the Vendean, but without having shared in their glory.

We had not at Verdun, to pass the time, "that famous Countess de St. Balmont, who, after having laid aside female attire to assume that of a man, mounted on horseback, and acted as an escort to the ladies who accompanied her, and whom she had left in the carriage." We were not empassioned in favour of the *ancient Gaul*, and did not write *letters in the language of Amadis*.—(Arnauld.)

The sickness which affected the Prussians was communicated to our little army; I was attacked by it. Our cavalry had gone to join Frederick William at Valmy. We had no knowledge of what was passing, and from hour to hour were expecting orders to advance; we were, however, commanded to beat a retreat.

Being extremely weakened, and the annoyance of my wound not suffering me to march except with great pain, I dragged myself along, as I best could, in the rear of my company, which speedily disbanded. Jean Balue, the son of a miller in Verdun, left the house of his father when very young, in the company of a monk, who loaded him with his wallet. On going out of Verdun, according to Soumaise, the *colline du gué* (*Verdunum*), I carried the wallet of the monarchy, but I have neither become controller of finance, bishop, nor cardinal.

If, in the novels which I have written, I have sometimes touched on my own history, in the histories I have related, I have often drawn scenes from the history of life in which I was an actor. Thus, in the "Life of the Duc de Berry," I have sketched some scenes which actually took place under my own eyes:—

"When an army is broken up, the men return to their homes; but what homes had the soldiers of Condé's army? Where was the stick to guide them, which they had been hardly permitted to cut in the woods of Germany, after having laid down the gun, which they had taken up for the defence of their king?

"It was necessary to separate. Brethren in arms said their last farewell, and went their different ways upon the earth.

Before setting out, all went to pay their respects to their father and their captain; the aged Condé, with his white hair, the patriarch of glory, gave his blessing to his children, wept over his scattered tribe, and saw the tents of his camp struck with the vexation of a man who looks upon his paternal home crumbling into ruins."

Less than twenty years afterwards, Bonaparte, the chief of the new French army, also took leave of his companions; so quickly do men and empires pass away! The most extraordinary renown is not safe from the most ordinary destiny!

We left Verdun. The rains had made the roads heavy, and on every side were to be seen waggons, tumbrils, and cannon, fixed in the mire, *vivandières* with their children on their backs, and soldiers, dead and dying, on the ground. In crossing some rough ground, I sank up to my knees. Ferron and another of my comrades extricated me, notwithstanding my prayers to be left there, as I was ready to die.

M. de Goyon Miniac, the captain of my company, delivered to me a very honourable testimonial on the 16th of October, at the camp near Longwy. At Arlon we saw, upon the high-road, a file of baggage waggons; the horses were dead, some being held upright, some forced down upon their knees, and others with their heads to the ground; and their carcasses remained fixed between the shafts: they might have been considered as the shades of a battle, bivouacking on the banks of the Styx. Ferron asked me what I intended to do, and I replied, "If I can reach Ostend, I shall embark there for Jersey, where I shall find my uncle de Bedée; from thence I shall be able to rejoin the royalists in Brittany."

The fever undermined my strength, and I sustained myself with the greatest difficulty upon my swollen legs. I also suffered under the attacks of another disease: the small-pox attacked me: after suffering from nausea and vomiting for four-and-twenty hours, an eruption broke out all over my body, which appeared and disappeared alternately, according to the state of the atmosphere. In this condition, I commenced on foot a journey of two hundred leagues, with no more than eighteen livres Tournois in my pocket. All for the glory of the monarchy! Ferron, who had lent me my six three-franc-pieces, being expected at Luxembourg, separated from me.

London, from April till September, 1822.

Revised in February, 1845.

THE ARDENNES.

GOING out of Arlon, I met with a peasant who gave me a lift in his car for four sous, and put me down on a heap of stones five leagues distant from our starting place. Having hobbled along a few paces by the aid of my crutch, I washed the linen of my scratch, now become a sore, in a brook which ran by the road side; this did me great good. The small-pox had come completely out, and I felt myself greatly relieved. I had never given up my knapsack, the fastenings of which galled my shoulders.

My first night I passed in a barn, and ate nothing. The wife of the peasant who was owner of the barn refused to take any money for my lodging; and at break of day she brought me a large basin of *café au lait*, with a piece of black bread, which I relished exceedingly. So refreshed, I gaily resumed my journey, although I often fell down. I was rejoined by four or five of my comrades, who relieved me of my knapsack; although they, too, were ill. We met with villagers; by cart after cart for five days we had got far enough into the Ardennes to reach Attert, Flamizoul, and Bellevue. On the sixth day I was again alone. The small-pox was becoming white, and gradually falling away.

After having walked two leagues, which cost me six hours' time, I perceived a family of gipsies, with two goats and an ass, encamped behind a ditch, and sitting round a fire of sticks. I had scarcely arrived, when I sank down, and these singular creatures made haste to render me aid. A young woman in rags, lively, brown, and headstrong, sang, leaped, and wheeled about, holding her child across her bosom, like a hurdy-gurdy, with which she would have given life to the dance; then she sat down on her heels directly opposite, examined me curiously by the light of the fire, and asking me for a *petit sou*, took hold of my dying hand to tell my fortune; it was too dear. It would have been difficult to show more science, grace, and misery than fell to the lot of this sibyl of the Ardennes. I know not when the nomades, of whom I should have been a worthy son,

left me. When I roused from my stupor at daybreak, I found them no longer there. My good fortune-teller had gone away with the secrets of my future life in her keeping. In exchange for my *petit sou*, she had left an apple near my head, which served to refresh my mouth. I shook myself like Jean-not Lapin among the *thyme* and the *dew*, but I could neither *feed* nor *run* nor *leap playfully around*. I rose, nevertheless, intending to pay *my court to Aurora*. She was very beautiful, and I very ugly; her rosy face announced her good health. She was better than the poor Cephalus of Armorica. Although both young, yet were we old friends; and I pleased myself by thinking that that morning her tears were for me.

I plunged into the forest, no longer very melancholy; solitude had restored me to nature. I carolled the romance of the unfortunate Cazotte:—

"Tout au beau milieu des Ardennes,
Est un château sur le haut d'un rocher," &c., &c.

Was it not in the keep of this castle of phantoms that Philip II. of Spain imprisoned my fellow countryman, Captain la Noue, whose grandmother was a Chateaubriand? Philip consented to release the illustrious prisoner, if the latter would agree to have his eyes scooped out; La Noue was so eager to return to his dear Brittany, that he was just on the point of accepting the conditions. Alas! I was full of the same desire, and to deprive me of my sight, nothing more was needed than an illness with which it had pleased God to afflict me. I did not meet with *Sire Enguerrand venant d'Espagne*, but with some poor unfortunate foreign pedlars, who, like myself, carried all their goods upon their backs. A woodman, with kneepieces of felt, was entering the wood; he might have taken me for a dead branch and cut me down. Some rooks, larks, and yellowhammers ran along the road, or sat motionless on the tops of the stones, carefully watching the hawk which was hovering around in the air. From time to time I heard the sound of the swineherd's trumpet, looking after the sows and their young ones among the oaks. I stopped to take some rest in a shepherd's moveable hut; there was no master in the place, except a kitten, which offered me a thousand caresses. The shepherd remained standing at a distance, in the centre of an open space, with his dogs stationed at different distances

around the sheep. By day the herdsman gathered simples; for he was a physician and sorcerer; by night he watched the stars, and was a Chaldean shepherd.

I took up my next station, a quarter of a league further, on the feeding-ground of a herd of deer; huntsmen were passing at the extremity. A fountain bubbled up at my feet; at the bottom of a fountain in this same forest Rolando *inamorato*, not *furioso*, saw a crystal palace, full of ladies and knights. Had the paladin, who rejoined the brilliant naiads, at least left behind Bride-d'Or at the edge of the spring, or had Shakspeare sent me Rosalind and the exiled Duke, they would have brought seasonable aid.

Having recovered my breath, I continued my route: my ideas floated vaguely through my mind, not without their charm; my old fantasies, with scarcely the consistence of shadows three parts effaced, surrounded me, to bid adieu. I no longer possessed recollection: at an indefinite distance I saw a confused mixture of unknown images, the airy forms of my relations and friends. When I sat down by the wayside, I thought I saw faces smiling at me from the threshold of distant cabins, in the blue smoke escaping from the roofs of the thatched huts, in the tops of the trees, the brightness of the clouds, in the luminous rays of the sun piercing the fogs like a golden wand. These apparitions were the shadows of the Muses, coming to be present at a poet's death; my tomb, scooped out by the mountings of their lyres, under an oak in the Ardennes, would have been perfectly suitable to a soldier and a traveller. Some pullets which had lost their way among the forms of the hares under the privets, together with the insects, caused some murmurs around me; lives as fickle, as unknown as my life. I could proceed no further; I felt extremely ill; the small-pox struck in, and was stifling me.

Towards the close of day, I stretched myself on my back on the ground, in a ditch, my head supported by the knapsack of Atala, my crutch by my side, and my eyes fixed upon the sun, whose rays faded with my vision. With all the sweetness of my thoughts, I saluted the star which had shone upon my early youth in my native plains: we went to rest together; it to arise more glorious, I, to all appearance, never more to awake. I swooned away with a feeling of religion; the last noise I heard was the fall of a leaf and the whistling of a bullfinch.

London, from April till September, 1822.

WAGGONS OF THE PRINCE DE LIGNE—WOMEN OF NAMUR—I FIND MY BROTHER AT BRUSSELS—OUR LAST PARTING.

I MUST have remained nearly two hours in a state of insensibility. The Prince de Ligne's waggons came by; one of the drivers, stopping to cut a birch switch, stumbled over me; he supposed me dead, and gave me a push with his foot, which produced some sign of life. He called his companions, and, moved by an impulse of pity, with their aid lifted me into one of the waggons. The jolting brought me to my senses; I spoke to the men, and told them that I was a soldier belonging to the army of the princes, and that if they would take me to Brussels I would reward them for their trouble.

"Very well, comrade," replied one of them, "but you must get down at Namur, because we are forbidden to take any one in the waggons. We will wait for you at the other side of the town." I requested a drink, and swallowed a few drops of brandy, which again brought the symptoms of my malady to the surface, and relieved my chest for a short time; nature had endowed me with extraordinary strength of constitution.

About ten in the morning we arrived in the suburbs of Namur; I alighted, and followed the waggons at some distance, but soon lost sight of them. At the gate of the town I was stopped, and while my papers were being examined, I sat down under the archway. The soldiers on guard, at sight of my uniform, offered me a fragment of muniton-bread, and the corporal gave me some brandy in a blue glass mug; seeing that I hesitated to drink from the cup of military hospitality, "Take it," cried he, in anger, accompanying his injunction with a *Sacrament der Teufel*.

My walk through Namur was a weary one; I dragged myself along, supporting myself against the houses. The first woman who saw me, quitted her shop, gave me her arm with an air of compassion, and assisted me to walk; I thanked her, and she replied, "No thanks, soldier." Other women soon joined us, bringing bread, wine, fruit, milk, soup, old clothes, and cover-

ings of various kinds. "He is wounded," said some, in their Flemish-French *patois*; "he has the small-pox," cried others, hurrying away the children. "But, young man, you cannot walk, you will die; remain at the hospital." They wished to take me to the hospital, they relieved each other from door to door, and thus assisted me to the town gate, outside which I found the waggons. I have before spoken of a peasant woman who aided me in my need, I shall soon have to speak of another who took care of me at Guernsey; oh! women who assisted me in my hours of distress, if ye are still living, may God comfort you in your old age, and in your griefs! If ye have quitted this world, may your children share the portion of happiness so long denied me by Heaven!

These women helped me to climb into the waggon, recommended me to the driver, and forced me to accept a woollen coverlet. I perceived that they treated me with a sort of respect and deference; in a Frenchman's nature there is something superior and refined, which is immediately recognised by other nations. The Prince de Ligne's people once more set me down at the gate of Brussels, and refused to take my last three-franc-piece.

No innkeeper in the town would receive me. The Wandering Jew, that popular Orestes whom the poem brings to Brussels,

"Quand il fut dans la ville
De Bruzelle en Brabant,"

was better received than I, for he always had five sous in his pocket. I knocked; the door was opened, but at sight of me they cried, "Go on, go on!" and shut the door in my face. I was even driven from a coffee-house. My hair fell in disorder over my face, half concealed by my beard and moustachios; round my thigh was twisted a wisp of hay, and over my tattered uniform I wore the coverlet given me by the women of Namur, knotted at my throat, after the manner of a cloak. The beggar in the *Odyssey* was more impudent than I, but not so poor.

I had first presented myself at the hotel where I had formerly lodged with my brother, but in vain; I now made a second attempt, and as I came up to the door, saw the Count de Chateaubriand just getting out of a carriage, accompanied by the Baron de Montboissier. He was quite frightened at

the spectral appearance I presented. The master of the hotel absolutely refused to receive me, and a room was sought elsewhere. A barber offered a paltry lodging, suited to my miserable condition. My brother brought a surgeon and a doctor. He had received letters from Paris, and an invitation from M. de Malesherbes, to return to France. He told me of the events of the 10th of August—of the massacres of September, and other political news, of which I had not heard a word. He approved of my intention of going to Jersey, and lent me twenty-five louis-d'or. My weakened sight scarcely enabled me to distinguish my unfortunate brother's features. I believed that the darkness emanated from myself, while in reality it was the shadow of eternity encompassing him; we were unconsciously looking on each other for the last time. No human being can, while he lives, count on the possession of more than the present moment; the next is in the hands of God. There are always two chances against our re-union with the friend from whom we part—our death or his. How many men have never again ascended the stairs they have gone down?

Death touches us more before than after the decease of a friend; such a death is, as it were, a part of ourselves being detached—a world of recollections of childhood, family intimacies, common interests and affections dissolving. My brother was the first-born of my mother; he sat before me by the paternal hearth; he waited several years to receive me, to give me my name, and to become entwined with my youth. My blood, had it been mingled with his in the revolutionary vase, would have resembled it, as milk produced from pasture on the same mountain has a similar flavour. But if men have prematurely deprived my elder brother, my godfather, of his head, years will not spare mine; my brow is already being despoiled of its ornament; I feel an Ugolino, time, leaning over me, and gnawing my brain:—

“ com l'pan per fame si manduca.”

London, from April till September, 1822.

OSTEND—PASSAGE TO JERSEY—I AM SET ASHORE AT GUERNSEY—THE PILOT'S WIFE—JERSEY—MY UNCLE BEDÉE AND HIS FAMILY—DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND—THE DUKE DE BERRY—LOSS OF RELATIONS AND FRIENDS—THE MISFORTUNE OF GROWING OLD—I CROSS TO ENGLAND—MY LAST MEETING WITH GESRIL.

THE doctor was in a state of great astonishment ; he looked upon the small-pox which came out upon me, and then suddenly disappeared at intervals, coming to none of its natural crises, and yet not being fatal, as a phenomenon, of which his science offered no example. Mortification had begun in my wound ; it was dressed with Peruvian bark. Having received these necessary attentions, I persisted in setting out for Ostend. Brussels was hateful to me ; I longed to quit it ; it was filling again with the carpet heroes, returned from Verdun in their carriages. I did not find them in Brussels when I followed the king during the Hundred Days.

I had an easy journey to Ostend by the canal, and there I found some Breton companions in arms. We hired a decked boat and dropped down the channel. We slept in the hold, on the large stones, which served as ballast. My strength of constitution was at last exhausted ; I could not speak ; the heavy swell of the sea completed my helplessness. I could barely swallow a few drops of water or lemon-juice occasionally, and when the bad weather obliged us to put into Guernsey, they thought I was going to expire ; an emigrant priest read the prayers for the dying over me. The captain, not wishing that I should die on board his boat, ordered me to be lifted out on the quay ; there they seated me in the sun, with my back leaning against a wall, and my face turned towards the sea, in sight of that Isle of Alderney, near which, eight months before, I had been face to face with death, under another form.

I was apparently destined to meet with compassion in every distress ; an English pilot's wife happened to pass ; she was moved with pity at sight of my condition, and called her husband, who, with the aid of two or three sailors, carried me, the friend of the waves, to their little fishermen's cot, and laid

me on a good bed, with snow-white sheets. The sailor's wife took every possible care of the stranger ; I owe my life to her. Next day I was again taken on board ; my hostess almost wept on parting from me ; women have a celestial impulse of tenderness for misfortune. My sweet-looking, fair-haired nurse, whose face resembled some that we see in old English engravings, pressed my swollen and burning hands between her cool and delicate ones ; I felt ashamed to bring such misfortune and misery into contact with so many charms.

We set sail again, and reached the western point of Jersey. One of my companions, M. de Tilleul, went on to my uncle's house at St. Hélier, and my uncle sent him back in a carriage next day to fetch me. We crossed the whole island ; and even in my dying state, I was charmed with its wooded scenery ; but I had fallen into a state of delirium, and only talked of my delight in raving rhapsodies.

For four months I hovered between life and death. My uncle, his wife, his son, and his three daughters, relieved each other in their watch by my pillow. I occupied an apartment in one of the houses which were then being built along the port : the windows of my room reached to the ground, and from my bed I could look upon the sea. The doctor, M. Delattre, had forbidden any conversation with me on serious matters, and particularly on politics. In the latter end of January, 1793, seeing my uncle enter the room in deep mourning, I trembled, for I thought we must have lost some member of our family. He told me of the death of Louis XVI. I was not surprised, I had foreseen it. I then made inquiries about my relations ; my sisters and my wife had returned to Brittany, after the massacres there were over ; they had had a great deal of difficulty in getting out of Paris. My brother had returned to France, and retired to Malesherbes.

I now began to leave my bed ; the small-pox was gone ; but I still suffered from my chest, and from a weakness which I long retained. Jersey, the *Cæsarea* of Antoninus' *Itinerary*, has been subject to English dominion ever since the death of Robert, Duke of Normandy ; France has several times attempted to take possession of it, but has always failed. The island forms, as it were, a fragment of our primitive history : the saints who came from Hibernia and Albion to Armorica, rested on their way at Jersey.

St. Hélier lived a hermit among the rocks of Caesarea; the Vandals murdered him. A sample of the old Normans is to be found at Jersey; one might imagine they heard the language of William the Bastard, or of the author of the *Roman de Rou.*

The island is fertile; it contains two towns and twelve parishes, and is covered with country-houses and flocks. The ocean-breeze, whose deeds seem to belie its rude breath, gives to Jersey exquisite honey, cream of extraordinary sweetness, and butter of a deep yellow, smelling of violets. Bernardin de St. Pierre supposes that the apple-tree came to us from Jersey; but in this he is mistaken; we owe the apple and the pear to Greece, as we do the peach to Persia, the lemon to Media, the plum to Syria, the cherry to Cerasonte, the chestnut to Castano, the quince to Sidon, and the pomegranate to Cyprus.

In the beginning of May I was able once more to go out, and these first walks gave me great delight. Spring in Jersey retains all its youth and freshness; it might there still be called by its ancient name *primavera*, a name which in its old age it bequeathed to its daughter, its earliest flower.

I will here transcribe two pages from the *Life of the Duke de Berry*, it is relating mine at the same time:

“After twenty-two years of combat, the iron barrier which enclosed France was broken; the hour of the restoration was approaching; our princes quitted their retreats. Each of them repaired to a different point of the frontier, like those travellers who seek, at the risk of their lives, to penetrate into some country of which wondrous tales are related. *Monsieur* left for Switzerland; the Duke d’Angoulême for Spain, and his brother for Jersey. In this island, where some of Charles the First’s judges died in obscurity, the Duke de Berry found French royalists grown old in exile, and forgotten for their virtues, as the English regicides had been for their crimes. He met with old priests, henceforth consecrated to solitude; and realised thus the fiction of the poet, who makes a Bourbon land in the island of Jersey after a storm. One of these confessors and martyrs might have said to the heir of Henry IV., as the hermit of Jersey is made to say to the great monarch himself,

“Loin de la cour alors, dans cette grotte obscure,
De ma religion je viens pleurer l’injure.”

(*Henriade.*)

“The Duke de Berry passed several months at Jersey; sea wind, and policy, kept him prisoner there. Every thing thwarted his impatience; he was on the point of renouncing his enterprise and embarking for Bordeaux. A letter written by him to Madame la Maréchale Moreau, gives us a clear idea of his occupations at Jersey:—

“February 8th, 1814.

“I am here, like Tantalus, within sight of that unhappy France which has so long struggled to break its chains. You whose soul is so high, so French, can imagine what my feelings are, how much it would cost me to tear myself from the shores which I could now reach in two hours. On a bright day I go to the highest point I can find, and with my glass in my hand, trace the whole coast; I see the rocks of Coutances. My imagination carries me away, I see myself leaping to land, surrounded by Frenchmen with white cockades in their hats; I hear the cry, ‘Vive le Roi!’ a cry never heard with indifference by Frenchmen: the loveliest woman in the province throws a white scarf around me, for love and glory always go together; we march on Cherbourg; a miserable fort with a garrison of foreigners, attempts a defence; we take it by storm, and a vessel is despatched to fetch the King, over which floats the white flag, recalling the days of France’s glory and happiness. Ah! madame, when one is within a few hours’ voyage of so probable a dream, can one think of leaving it behind?”

It is three years since I wrote the above, at Paris; I had preceded the Duke de Berry by twenty-two years in Jersey, that abode of exiles; and was destined to leave my name in it; as Armand de Chateaubriand married in the island, and his son Frederick was born there.

Their former joyous disposition had not abandoned my uncle de Bedée’s family; my aunt still fondled a large dog, a descendant of the one whose virtues I have related; as he bit every one, my cousins had him hung secretly, notwithstanding his nobility. Madame de Bedée was of opinion that some English officers, struck with Azor’s beauty, had stolen him, and that he was then living in the richest mansion in the three kingdoms, loaded with honours and good cheer. Our present gaiety was, unfortunately, only drawn from our gaiety of times

past. While retracing the scenes of Montchoix, we found subjects of amusement at Jersey ; such a circumstance is rather rare, for, in the human heart, pleasures do not preserve the same intimate links and associations with each other as griefs ; new joys do not restore the spring-time to former ones, but recent griefs revive those long past in all their vividness.

One consolation was, that the *émigrés* then excited general sympathy ; our cause appeared the cause of European order ; it is something for a misfortune to be an honoured one, and ours was so.

M. de Bouillon protected the French refugees at Jersey ; he dissuaded me from my design of going over into Brittany, unfit as I was for a life in caves and woods ; and advised me to go to England, and there seek an opportunity of entering regular service. My uncle, who was but ill-provided with money, now began to feel somewhat embarrassed with his large family ; he had been obliged to send his son to London, to live there in misery and hope. Fearing to become a burden to M. de Bedée, I resolved to free him of his charge.

Thirty louis-d'or, brought me by a smuggling vessel from St. Malo, enabled me to execute my design, and I took my place in the packet-boat for Southampton. I was deeply affected at bidding my uncle farewell ; he had tended me with paternal affection ; with his image were connected the few happy moments of my childhood ; he knew every one whom I loved ; and in his countenance I could trace some resemblance to my mother. I had left that excellent mother, and was never more to see her ; I had bid farewell to my sister Julie and to my brother, and was destined never to see them again ; I was now leaving my uncle, and his cheerful countenance would never more gladden my eyes. A few months had sufficed for all these losses, for the death of our friends is not to be reckoned from the moment they die, but from that in which we cease to live in their society.

If we could say to Time, " Hold !" we should bid it stand still at our hours of youth and enjoyment ; but as this is not in our power, let us not sojourn here below ; let us take flight before we are deserted by our friends, and by those years which in the poet's idea were alone worthy of life : *Vitâ dignior ætas*. What enchants us in our days of friendship and love, becomes in old age, when we are neglected and deserted, an object of suffering and regret. We no longer wish for the re-

turn of the smiling months ; we rather fear it ; the birds, the flowers, a beautiful evening in the end of April, a lovely night begun with the first nightingale and ended with the first swallow, things which inspire the need and desire of happiness, are as the stroke of fate to us ; we still feel these charms, but we also feel that they are no longer for us ; youth in all its vigour enjoying them at our side, and regarding us disdainfully, makes us envious, and makes us better comprehend the extent of our desolation. The freshness and grace of nature, recalling past felicity, increase the hideousness of our misery. We feel that we are but blots on this fair face of nature, that we bring discord into her harmony and sweetness by our presence, by our words, and even by whatever feelings we venture to express. We can still love, but none can love us. The fountain of spring has gushed forth without renewing our youth, and the sight of nature's fresh life, of all that is happy, brings us back to the painful memory of past delight.

The packet in which I embarked was crowded with families of *émigrés*. On board I made acquaintance with a M. Hingant, a former colleague of my brother's in the parliament of Brittany, a man of wit and taste, and one of whom I shall have but too much to say. A naval officer was playing at chess in the captain's cabin ; I was so changed that he did not know me ; but I recognised Gesril. We had not seen each other since we were at Brest ; and were to separate at Southampton. I related my travels to him, and he told me of his. This young man, born near me by the sea shore, embraced his earliest friend for the last time while rocked on the waves which were soon to be witnesses of his glorious death. Lamba Doria, the Genoese Admiral, having defeated the Venetian fleet, was told that his son had been killed : "Throw him into the sea," said the father, after the manner of the Romans ; as if he had said, "Throw him to his victory." Gesril rose voluntarily from the waves into which he had precipitated himself, only the better to show them his *victory* on their shore.

In the beginning of the sixth chapter of these Memoirs I have given the certificate of my disembarkation at Southampton after the voyage from Jersey. I landed in 1793, after my travels in the woods of America and my adventures in the camps of Germany, as a poor *émigré*, in the country where now, in 1822, I write these Memoirs, and enjoy the dignity of Ambassador.

London, from April till September, 1822.

LITERARY FUND — ATTIC IN HOLBORN — FAILURE OF MY HEALTH —
VISITS TO PHYSICIANS—ÉMIGRÉS IN LONDON.

A SOCIETY has been formed in London for rendering assistance to literary men, English and foreign. This society invited me to attend its annual meeting; I considered it a duty to accept the invitation, and to become a subscriber to its funds. The chair was occupied on the occasion by his Royal Highness the Duke of York;—on his right hand were seated the Duke of Somerset, Lords Torrington and Bolton, whilst I was placed on his left. There, too, I met my friend Mr. Canning; the poet, orator, and illustrious minister, made a speech, given in all the newspapers of the day, which contains the following passage, too complimentary to myself:—"Although the person of my noble friend, the Ambassador of France, is but little known here, his character and writings are well known throughout the whole of Europe. He began his career by an exposition of the principles of Christianity; he has continued it by defending those of monarchy; and he has just arrived in this country, to help to unite two states together by the common bonds of monarchical principles and Christian virtues."

It is many years since Mr. Canning, himself a literary man, took instructions in London on politics from Mr. Pitt; it is almost as long since I began, in obscurity, to write in the capital of England. Having both arrived at offices of great distinction, we here were joined together in a society dedicated to the duty of giving aid to literary men in misfortune. Is it the affinity of our greatness, or the relation of our sufferings, which has brought us together? What have the Governor-general of India and the Ambassador of France to do at a banquet of the suffering Muses? The men there seated are George Canning and Francis de Chateaubriand, remembering their past adversity and perhaps happiness: they drank to the memory of Homer, reciting his verses for a morsel of bread.

Had the Literary Fund existed when I arrived in London from Southampton, on the 21st of May, 1793, it would, perhaps, have paid the visits of my physician to the attic in Hol-

born; where my cousin, La Bouëtardais, the son of my uncle de Bedée, had hired a lodging for me. Great stress was laid on the effects of a change of air, in order to give me the strength necessary for a soldier's life; but my health, instead of being altered for the better, declined. My chest was affected; I became thin and pale; coughed frequently, and breathed with difficulty; I suffered from copious perspirations and spitting of blood. My friends, as poor as myself, took me from physician to physician. These Hippocrateses kept this band of beggars waiting at their doors, and then, at the cost of a guinea fee, informed me that I must submit to my illness with patience. Dr. Godwin, well known for his skill in cases of drowning, gained by experiments made on himself, according to his directions, behaved more generously: he gave me his advice without fees, but at the same time told me, with that sternness which he employed towards himself, that I might *linger on* some months, perhaps a year or two, provided I avoided every kind of fatigue. "Do not reckon on a long life:" this was the sum of his consultations.

The certainty, thus acquired, of my approaching end, by increasing the natural melancholy of my imagination, gave me an incredible repose of mind. This disposition of mind explains a passage in the remarks prefixed to the *Essai Historique*, and also the following passage in the *Essai* itself:—"Attacked by an illness which leaves me little hope, I look upon objects with a tranquil eye; the calm air of the tomb is felt by the traveller who is only a few days distant from its repose."

The bitterness of the reflections scattered through the *Essai* will no longer excite surprise: this work was written under a sentence of death; in the time between judgment and execution. A writer, who thought himself on the verge of the grave, amidst the bereavements of exile, could not be supposed to look upon the world with a very smiling countenance.

The question was how to spend the days of grace granted me. I might have been able to live or die quickly by the sword; its use was forbidden me: what then remained? A pen, unknown and untried, and I was ignorant of its power. Would my innate taste for letters, the poetry of my youth, or the rough sketches of my travels, suffice to draw the attention of the public? The idea of a work upon revolutions, comparatively considered, suggested itself to my mind; I dwelt upon

it as a subject very appropriate to the feelings and interests of the day; but who would undertake to publish a manuscript without any one to speak in its praise? and during its composition, how should I get my living? Though I might have only a few days longer to live, yet it was necessary to have some means of support for this brief period. My thirty louis, already seriously broken in upon, could not go very far, and in addition to my own particular sufferings, it was necessary to contribute to the common wants of my countrymen in exile. My companions in London had all obtained, more or less, employment; some were put into the coal trade, others, assisted by their wives, engaged in making straw hats, and others taught French, with which they themselves were not thoroughly acquainted. They were all in good spirits: that light-mindedness, which constitutes the great defect of our nation, was at that moment changed into a virtue. They laughed at Fortune to her face; that plundering goddess was ashamed to carry off that which no one would ask her to give back.

London, from April till September, 1822.

PELLETIER — LITERARY LABOURS — MEETING WITH HINGANT — OUR WALKS — A NIGHT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

PELLETIER, the author of *Domine salvum fac regem*, and chief editor of the *Actes des Apôtres*, continued in London what he had begun in Paris. He was not precisely a man of vice, but he was eaten up by a vermin of smaller defects, from which it was impossible to cleanse him. He was a libertine, a spendthrift; getting a great deal of money and wasting it on his pleasures; at the same time the slave of legitimacy, and ambassador of King Christophe to George III.; diplomatic correspondent of the Count de *Limonade*, and consuming in champagne the salary paid him in sugar. This ghost of a M. Violet, playing the grand airs of the revolution on a pocket-fiddle, came, as a Breton, to offer me his services. I mentioned to him the plan of my *Essai*, of which he strongly approved: "It will be magnificent," said he, and immediately recommended me to take rooms near Baylis, his printer, who

would print the work secretly, and according as it was written : Deboffe, the bookseller, was to manage its sale ; and he, Pelletier, would trumpet its praise in his journal, the *Ambigu*, whilst notice of it might be taken in the *Courrier Français* in London, of which M. de Montlosier had just become editor. Pelletier entertained no doubts. He spoke of obtaining for me the cross of St. Louis, for my share in the siege of Thionville. My Gil Blas, tall, thin, and rough-looking, with powdered hair, and bald forehead, continually gesticulating, put on his round hat, took me by the arm, and conducted me to Baylis, the printer's, where, without more ado, he engaged a lodging for me at a guinea a month.

I was now in full sight of the golden future ; but upon what plank was I to cross the present ? Pelletier procured for me translations from Latin and English ; at these I laboured all day, and at night on the *Essai Historique*, into which I worked up portions of my travels and my reveries. Baylis furnished me with books, and I very unseasonably laid out a few shillings on the purchase of some old volumes exhibited on the stalls.

Hingant, whom I met with on board the Jersey packet, had kept up an intercourse with me. He was engaged in literature, a *savant*, who secretly wrote novels, the pages of which he used to read to me. He lodged very near Baylis's, at the bottom of a street running into Holborn. I breakfasted with him every morning at ten o'clock ; we talked over politics, and particularly about my works. I told him how much I had built of my nightly edifice—the *Essai* ; and then I returned to my work by day—the translations. We met again for dinner at an eating-house—at a shilling a-head ; afterwards we betook ourselves to the fields. Often, also, we walked alone, for both of us liked to give way to our dreams.

On those occasions I directed my course to Kensington or Westminster. Kensington was very agreeable to me ; I wandered about in its retired spots, whilst the part of the gardens towards Hyde Park was crowded with a brilliant throng. The contrast between my poverty and their riches, my forlornness and their numbers, was agreeable to me to contemplate. I saw young English ladies passing in the distance, with a feeling of that delightful confusion, formerly inspired by my *sylphide*, when, after I had adorned her with all the suggestions of my

passion, I scarcely dared to raise my eyes to my own work. Death, to which I believed myself drawing near, added a mystery to the vision of a world, from which I had almost departed. Was a look ever cast upon the stranger seated at the foot of a pine-tree? Had any of those beautiful women an idea of the invisible presence of *René*?

Westminster was another lounge: amidst the labyrinth of the tombs, I thought upon my own just about to open. Was the bust of an unknown man like myself ever to be placed among such illustrious statues? Next, the sepulchres of monarchs presented themselves to my eyes; neither Cromwell nor Charles I. was to be found amongst the number. The ashes of Robert d'Artois, a traitor, reposed under the flags trodden by my loyal feet. A destiny, similar to that of Charles I., had just befallen Louis XVI.; every day the iron was reaping its harvest in France, and the graves of my kindred were already dug.

The chapel-service and the conversations of strangers interrupted my reflections. It was inconvenient frequently to repeat my visits, for I was obliged to give the watchmen of those who were no longer alive, the shilling which was necessary for my own subsistence. Outside the abbey, indeed, I whirled about freely with the rooks, and stopped to examine the towers, twins of unequal size, glowing under the rays of the setting sun, above the dark covering of London smoke.

On one occasion, however, it happened, that from an earnest desire to view the interior of the temple at the decline of day, I forgot myself in admiration of the architecture so full of boldness and caprice. Overwhelmed by a feeling of the *sombre vastness of the Christian Churches* (Montaigne), I kept wandering about, till I was overtaken by night: the doors were closed: I tried to find a way out—called for the usher—and knocked at the gates; all this noise, spread about and wasted in the silence, proved of no avail; and I was obliged to rest among the dead.

After some hesitation in the choice of my lair, I stopped near the monument of Lord Chatham, at the bottom of the gallery of the chapel of the knights and that of Henry VII. At the entrance to the steps leading to the aisles, shut in by folding gates, a tomb fixed in the wall and opposite a marble figure of death with a scythe, furnished me a shelter. A fold

in the marble winding-sheet served me as a niche: after the example of Charles V., I habituated myself to my interment.

I was in the most favourable position to see the world, such as it is. What an amount of greatness shut up under these domes! What now remains of it? Sorrows are not less vain than joys; there is no difference between the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey and the fortunate Alice of Salisbury; her skeleton only is less horrible because it is without a head; her body derives its ornament from her punishment, and the absence of that which constituted her beauty. The tournaments of the conquerors at Cressy, or the games of the Field of the Cloth of Gold of Henry VIII. will not be re-opened in this theatre of funeral pomp. Bacon, Newton, and Milton rest in as profound repose, and are as much passed for ever, as the most obscure of their contemporaries. Would I, a poor, wandering exile, consent no longer to be the poor, forgotten, pitiful thing I am, in order to be one of these renowned and powerful dead, sated with the pleasures of life? Life is something more than all that! If from the shores of this world we do not distinctly discern things divine, let us not be astonished: time is a veil interposed between our eyes and the light of eternity.

Sheltered under my marble sheet, my mind returned from these high thoughts to the simple impressions of the time and place. My anxiety, mingled with pleasure, was like that which I used to feel in my turret at Combourg, when listening to the wind; a blast and a shadow are things of a similar nature.

Accustoming myself to the obscurity by degrees, I obtained a glimpse of the figures placed on the tombs. I examined the corbels of the St. Denis of England, from whence it might be said that past events and the years which have been, descended in Gothic lampadaries; the whole edifice a monolithic temple of petrified ages.

I counted ten—eleven, by the clock; the hammer which rose and fell upon the bronze was the only moving thing with me in these regions. Besides this there was nothing to be heard but the distant rolling of a carriage, or the watchman's call. These distant sounds of the earth came to me from one world to another. The fog from the Thames and the coal smoke from the surrounding city, slowly penetrated into the temple, and spread around a second darkness.

At length a ray of twilight appeared in a corner of the

deepest shadows : I looked with fixed attention at the growing progress of the light ; did it emanate from the two sons of Edward IV., murdered by their uncle ?

“ Thus lay the gentle babes,—
 — Thus girdling one another
 Within their alabaster innocent arms :
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.”

(*Shakspeare.*)

God did not send me these melancholy and charming souls ; but the light phantom of a woman, scarcely arrived at maturity, carrying a light, protected by a sheet of paper folded in the form of a shell ; this was the girl to ring the bells. I heard the sound of a kiss, and a bell proclaimed the dawn. The girl was struck with terror when I passed out along with her through the door of the cloisters. I related to her my adventure, and she told me that she had come to do her father's duty, as he was ill : not a word of the kiss.

London, from April till September, 1822.

DISTRESS—UNEXPECTED AID—LODGING OVERLOOKING A CEMETERY—
 NEW COMRADES IN MISFORTUNE—OUR PLEASURES—MY COUSIN DE LA
 BOUETARDAIS,

THE story of my adventure amused Hingant, and we formed a plan of being shut up in the abbey ; but our miseries called us to the abode of death in a less poetical manner.

My funds were exhausted : Baylis and Deboffe, having received a security for reimbursement in case of loss, had ventured to commence the printing of the *Essai* : at this point their generosity ended, and nothing was more natural than that it should ; I am even surprised at their boldness. Translations were no longer forthcoming ; for Pelletier, who was a man of pleasure, became tired of continuous kindness. He would have given me what he had, had he not preferred laying it out on his own appetites ; but to seek for opportunities of labour here and there, and patiently to follow up any good work, was to him impossible. Hingant also saw his means melting

away daily; sixty francs constituted the whole resources of both. We lessened our rations, as is done in a ship, when the voyage is unexpectedly prolonged. Instead of dining at a shilling a head, we only spent half that sum. At our breakfast we retrenched the half of our bread, and dispensed altogether with butter. This kind of abstinence affected my friend's nerves. His mind wandered; he listened, appeared as if he heard some one; in reply, he burst out into laughter, or shed tears. Hingant was a believer in animal magnetism, and his brains were full of the reveries of Swedenborg. He told me in the morning that there had been great noises about him during the night, and was annoyed if I threw any doubt upon his fancies. The anxiety which he caused me prevented me from feeling my own sufferings.

These sufferings, were, however, great; a very meagre diet and continuous labour increased the pain in my chest; I began to feel difficulty in walking, and yet I spent the whole of the day and a part of the night out of doors, in order that no one might be aware of my destitution. When we came to our last shilling, I agreed with my friend to keep it, in order to make a show of breakfasting. We arranged that we would buy a two-penny loaf; that we should have the breakfast things laid as usual, the hot water brought up, and the tea-caddy set on the table; that we would not put in any tea, and not eat any bread, but merely drink some water flavoured by a few crumbs of sugar remaining at the bottom of the basin.

Five days passed away in this manner. I was devoured by hunger,—felt on fire,—and sleep had forsaken me; I was accustomed to suck pieces of linen dipped in water, and to chew grass and paper. On passing by a baker's shop, the torment was horrible. On a coarse winter's evening, I have remained as long as two hours standing before a grocer's shop or Italian warehouse, devouring with my eyes every thing I saw; I would have eaten, not merely the eatables, but the boxes, bags, or baskets which contained them. On the morning of the fifth day, ready to drop down from inanition, I dragged myself along to Hingant's lodging; I knocked at his door, which remained shut, and called, without for some time receiving any reply; at length Hingant rose and opened the door. He smiled with a wandering air; his coat was close buttoned up; he sat down at the breakfast-table. "Our breakfast

is just coming," said he, with an extraordinary voice. I thought I saw some drops of blood on his shirt, and proceeded quickly to unbutton his coat; he had inflicted a wound two inches deep on his left breast, with a penknife. I called for help, and the maid-servant ran to fetch a surgeon; the wound proved dangerous.

This new misfortune obliged me to interfere. Hingant, a councillor of the parliament of Brittany, had refused to receive the allowance granted by the English government to French magistrates, just as I also had refused to accept the shilling a day doled out as alms to the *émigrés*. I wrote to M. de Barentin, and made him acquainted with my friend's condition. Hingant's relations hastened to his aid, and removed him to the country. At this very time my uncle de Bedée, sent me 120 francs; an affecting remembrance from my persecuted family; I felt as if I had before me all the gold of Peru; the mite of the prisoners of France supported the French exile.

My miseries interrupted my work; and, as I sent no more copy, the printing was suspended. Deprived of Hingant's company, I no longer kept my lodging at a guinea a month, at Baylis's. I paid for the time expired, and went elsewhere. Below the indigent *émigrés*, who had at first acted as patrons to me in London, there were others more needy still. There are degrees in poverty as well as in riches; one may go from the man who in winter keeps himself warm with his dog, down to him who shivers in patched rags. My friends found me a lodging better suited to my decreasing means, and installed me in a garret in Mary-le-bone Street, the small window of which opened on a burying-ground. Every night the watchman's rattle gave notice of the approach of persons engaged in stealing the bodies of the dead. I had the consolation of knowing that Hingant was out of danger.

My comrades came to visit me in my workshop. From our independence and our poverty, we might have been taken for painters seated on the ruins of Rome; we were artists in misery on the ruins of France. My figure served as a model, and my bed as a seat for my pupils. This bed consisted of a mattress and coverlid. I had no sheets; when it was cold, my coat and a chair added to my covering, kept me warm; too weak to make my bed, it remained as God had made it for me.

My cousin La Bouëtardais, driven out of an Irish lodging-house, for non-payment, although he had pledged his violin for the purpose, came to seek at my humble lodging a shelter from the constable. A Bas-breton vicar lent him a mat for a bed. La Bouëtardais, as well as Hingant, was a councillor of parliament in Brittany, and yet he did not possess a pocket-handkerchief to tie round his head; but he had deserted with arms and baggage, that is, he had carried away his square cap and red cloak; and now he lay *under* the purple at my side. Being witty, and a good musician with a fine voice, when we failed to fall asleep, he sat up quite naked upon his mat, sung ballads, and accompanied himself on a guitar, which had only three strings. One night when the poor fellow was warbling forth Metastasio's *Hymn to Venus*, *Scendi propizia*, he was exposed to a draft, his mouth was turned, and he died, but not immediately, for I rubbed his cheeks with all my might. We were accustomed to take counsel together in our lofty chamber, to discuss politics, and to talk over all the noisy complaints of the *émigrés*. In the evenings we went to join the dance at the lodgings of our aunts or cousins, after their dress-making was over, or the hats finished.

London, from April till September, 1822.

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 SUMPTUOUS ENTERTAINMENT—END OF MY 120 FRANCS—FRESH DISTRESS—TABLE-D'HÔTE—BISHOPS—DINNER AT THE LONDON TAVERN
 —CAMDEN PAPERS.

THOSE who read this part of my Memoirs will not have perceived that I have twice interrupted them; once to give a grand dinner to the Duke of York, the King's brother; and again, to give an entertainment on the anniversary of the French king's entry into Paris on his restoration, July the 8th. This entertainment cost me 40,000 francs. Peers and peeresses of the British empire, ambassadors and foreigners of distinction, filled my splendid saloons. My table glittered with magnificent glass and Sèvres china; the most *recherché* viands, wines, and flowers were in abundance; Portland Place was crowded with brilliant equipages; Collinet and the band of

Almack's charmed the fashionably melancholy dandies, and the dreamily elegant ladies, pensively dancing to its music. The opposition and the ministerial majority had agreed to a truce: Lady Canning chatted with Lord Londonderry, Lady Jersey with the Duke of Wellington. Monsieur, who in 1822 complimented me on my splendid entertainment, was quite unconscious in 1793, that not far from him existed a future minister, who while awaiting his coming grandeur, fasted for his sin of fidelity in his miserable garret overlooking a grave-yard. I congratulate myself now on having experienced shipwreck, tasted the hardships of war, and shared the privations of the humblest class of society, as I do on having, in my days of prosperity, met with injustice and calumny; I have profited by these lessons; life is but a child's plaything without the evils which render it of weight and importance.

I was the man of the 120 francs; but equality of fortunes not having yet been established, and provisions not having fallen in price, there was nothing to form a counterpoise to my purse, which became lighter every day. I could not reckon on any fresh assistance from my family, exposed as they were in Brittany to the double scourge of *chouannerie* and the reign of terror. I saw no alternative before me but the hospital or the Thames.

Some of the domestics of *émigrés* who could no longer maintain servants, had transformed themselves into *restaurateurs* to maintain their masters. Strange cheer was there at these tables-d'hôte, and strange politics! All the victories of the republic were transformed into defeats, and if any one ventured to doubt on the subject of an immediate Restoration, he was instantly cried out upon as a Jacobin. Two old bishops, who looked as if they were not far from the brink of the grave, were walking one spring-day in St. James's Park. "Sir," said the one, "do you think we shall be in France in the month of June?" "Why, sir," replied the other, after mature reflection, "I see nothing to prevent it."

The man of resources, Pelletier, came to dislodge me from my aërie. He had read in a Yarmouth newspaper that a society of antiquaries were going to undertake a history of Suffolk, and were in want of a Frenchman capable of deciphering the French manuscripts of the twelfth century, which were among the Camden papers. The minister, or *parson*, of

Beccles, was at the head of the undertaking, and it was to him that any application must be made. "Here is just what will do for you," said Pelletier; "be off directly; you can decipher these dusty old papers; you will continue to send copy for the *Essai* to Baylis, and I will make the fellow go on with the printing; you will return to London with two hundred guineas in your pocket and your work done—and then let the world go as it will!"

I began to stammer out some objections: "*Eh! diable!*" interrupted he, "do you mean to stay in this paradise, where I am already nearly killed with cold? If Rivarol, Champoenetz, Mirabeau-Tonneau, and myself had been so bashful, we should have made fine work in the *Actes des Apôtres!* Do you know that this story of Hingant and yourself makes an infernal noise? You meant to let yourselves die of hunger, did you? Ah, ah! pooh!—ah, ah!" and Pelletier, bent double, held his knees for laughing. He had just got rid of 100 copies of his newspaper to the colonies, had got paid for them, and his guineas jingled in his pocket. He forcibly carried me off, with the apoplectic La Bouëtardais, and two other tattered *émigrés* who happened to be in the way, to dine at the London Tavern; and there treated us with roast beef, plum-pudding, and Port wine, to our satisfaction. "Monsieur le comte," said he to my cousin, "how did you get your neck all on one side in that way?"

La Bouëtardais, half shocked, half pleased, explained it to the best of his power, and told that he had been suddenly attacked while singing the words, *O bella Venere!* My poor paralytic cousin had such a dead, benumbed, miserable air while stammering out his *bella Venere*, that Pelletier fell back in a wild fit of laughing, and nearly overturned the table by kicking it below with both his feet.

On reflection, the advice of my countryman (a true follower and imitator of my other countryman, Le Sage) did not appear to me to be neglected. In three days, after making various inquiries, and getting myself respectably clothed by Pelletier's tailor, I set out for Beccles, with some money lent me by Deboffe, on my promise of going on with the *Essai*. I changed my name, unpronounceable by any Englishman, to that of Combours, which had been borne by my brother, and which recalled to my mind the pains and pleasures of my early youth.

I alighted at the inn, and thence went to present myself to the minister of the place, and deliver to him a letter from Deboffe, who was much esteemed in the English book-trade, in which I was recommended as a *savant* of the first order. I was extremely well received,—saw all the gentlemen of the county, and met with two officers of the French navy, who were giving lessons in French in the neighbourhood.

London, from April till September, 1822.

MY OCCUPATIONS IN THE COUNTRY—DEATH OF MY BROTHER—MISFORTUNES OF MY FAMILY—TWO FRANCES—LETTERS FROM HINGANT.

I BEGAN to recover strength; the rides which I took in some degree restored me to health. The scenery of England, seen thus in detail, was pleasing, but rather melancholy in character—everywhere the same objects, the same views. M. de Combourg was invited to all parties. It was to study that I owed the first alleviation of my lot; Cicero was right in recommending literature as a resource to the mind in the sorrows of life. The ladies were delighted to meet a Frenchman, that they might have an opportunity of speaking French.

The misfortunes of my family, which I learned from the newspapers, and which were the cause of discovering my real name (for I could not conceal my grief), increased the interest taken in me by the society in which I moved. The public prints announced the death of M. de Malesherbes; that of his daughter, the President de Rosambo's wife; that of his grand-daughter, the Countess de Chateaubriand, and of her husband, my brother, sacrificed together on the same scaffold, on the same day, and at the same hour. M. de Malesherbes was an object of admiration and veneration to the English; my family connexion with this champion of Louis XVI. increased the good-will of my hosts towards me.

My uncle de Bedée sent me accounts of the persecution experienced by the other members of my family. My aged and incomparable mother had been thrown into a cart in company with other victims, and carried from her retreat in Brittany to the gaols of Paris, to share the fate of the son she had so

deeply loved. My wife and my sister Lucile were awaiting their sentence in the dungeons of Rennes ; it had been proposed to imprison them in the château of Combourg, now turned into a state prison ; their innocence was charged with the crime of my emigration. What were our sufferings in a foreign land, when compared with those of our countrymen who had remained in their own country ? And yet what an additional misery amidst the other hardships of exile, to know that that very exile has been made a pretext for the persecution of those dear to us !

Two years ago my sister-in-law's wedding-ring was found in the gutter of the Rue Cassette, and brought to me ; it was broken ; but the two hoops hung twisted together ; the names engraved on them were still perfectly legible. How had this ring again come to light ? Where and when had it been lost ? Had the victim, imprisoned in the Luxembourg, passed along the Rue Cassette on her way to execution ? Had she let the ring fall from the cart ? or had it been taken from her lifeless finger after her death ? I was deeply affected at the sight of this broken ring, with its still legible inscription ; it brought vividly to my mind the recollection of so cruel a fate. Something mysterious and fatal seemed attached to this ring, sent as it were from the habitations of the dead, in memory of her and of my brother. I gave it to her son ; may it not bring misfortune on him !

Cher orphelin, image de ta mère,
 Au ciel pour toi je demande ici-bas
 Les jours heureux retranchés à ton père
 Et les enfans que ton oncle n'a pas.

This, and two or three other bad stanzas, were the only wedding-present which I was able to make to my nephew when he married.

One other monument of these misfortunes is in my possession. I give the letter written to me by M. de Contencin, who, in searching among the archives of Paris, found the order of the Revolutionary Tribunal, which sent my brother and his family to the scaffold :—

“ MONSIEUR LE VICOMTE,

“ There is a sort of cruelty in reviving in a mind which has suffered deeply, the recollection of the misfortunes which have

so painfully affected it. This feeling made me hesitate for some time to offer you a very melancholy document which came into my hands during my historical researches. It is a death-warrant, signed before his own decease, by a man who always showed himself as implacable as death itself towards any in whom he found rank and virtue united.

“I hope you will not be displeased with me for adding to your family archives a document reviving such painful images ; I supposed it would have an interest in your eyes, because it had value in mine, and it immediately occurred to me to offer it to you. If I have not been indiscreet, I shall be doubly happy, inasmuch as this step affords me an opportunity of expressing the sentiments of profound respect and sincere admiration with which you have long inspired me, and with which I am,

“Your very humble and obedient servant,

“A. DE CONTENCIN.”

“Hôtel de la Préfecture de la Seine.

“Paris, March 23rd, 1835.”

I replied as follows :—

“SIR,

“I had caused search to be made in the Sainte-Chapelle for the documents relating to the trial of my unfortunate brother and of his wife, but the order which you have had the kindness to send me was not found among them. This order, and many others, with their erasures, and their ill-written names, must surely have been presented to Fouquier, at the Supreme Tribunal ; he would know the signature well. And yet these are the times looked back upon in the present day with regret, and praised to the skies in volumes of eulogium ! For myself, I envy my brother ; it has been his fortune to be long since set free from this miserable world. I thank you sincerely for the sentiments you express in your good and noble letter, and beg you to be assured of the high esteem with which I am, &c., &c.”

This death-warrant is especially remarkable for the evidence it affords of the levity with which murders were committed ; some names are wrong spelled ; others are effaced ; but these defects in form, which would in justice have sufficed to annul the

simplest sentence, arrested not the bloody executioners ; they were only careful to attend to the precise hour of death : *at five o'clock precisely.*

I give a faithful copy of the authentic document :—

“ Executioners of Criminal Sentences.

“ Revolutionary Tribunal.

“ The executioner of criminal sentences will not fail to go to the prison of the Conciergerie, there to put into execution the sentence which condemns Mousset, d'Esprémenil, Chapelier, Thouret, Hell, Lamoignon Malsherbes, the woman Lepelletier Rosambo, Chateau Brian and his wife (the proper name is effaced and illegible), the widow Duchatelet, the wife of Grammont, formerly Duke, the woman Rochechuart (Rochechouart), and Parmentier :—14, to the punishment of death. The execution will take place to-day, at five o'clock precisely, on the Place de la Revolution, in this town.

“ The Public Prosecutor,

“ H. Q. FOUQUIER.

“ Given at the Tribunal, the 3rd Floréal, in the second year of the Republic.

“ Two conveyances.”

The 9th of Thermidor saved my mother's life ; but she was forgotten at the Conciergerie. The commissary of the Convention found her there : “ What are you doing here, *citoyenne* ?” said he ; “ who are you ? why do you remain here ?” My mother replied, that having lost her son, she cared not what was passing beyond her prison walls, and that it was matter of indifference to her whether she died in the prison or elsewhere. “ But perhaps you have other children,” replied the commissary. My mother named my wife and sisters, confined in the dungeons of Rennes. An order for their liberation was sent off, and my mother was sent out of the prison.

A great omission has been made in every history of the Revolution ; side by side with the delineation of interior France, should have been traced one of exterior France, a picture of that great colony of exiles, varying its industry and its sufferings with the diversities of climate and the differences of national manners. Without France, all was effected by indi-

vidual effort ; state changes, obscure afflictions, silent, unrewarded sacrifices ; and one fixed idea preserved in the minds of this variety of individuals of every rank, age, and sex ; old France wandering on the face of the earth with its prejudices and its faithful adherents, as in ancient times the Church of God with its virtues and its martyrs.

Within France, all was effected by the efforts of the masses ; Barrère announcing murders and conquests, civil wars and foreign wars ; the gigantic combats in La Vendée and on the banks of the Rhine ; thrones crumbling at the tread of our armies ; our fleets engulfed in the waves ; the people disinterring the monarchs at St. Denis, and blinding living beings with the dust of their dead predecessors ; new France glorying in her fresh liberty, proud even of her crimes, firm on her own territory, although enlarging her boundaries, doubly armed with the executioner's axe and the soldier's sword.

Amidst my grief for the misfortunes of my own family, I received letters from my friend Hingant, which at least re-assured me on the subject of his fate ; the letters were very remarkable ones ; he wrote in the month of September, 1795 : “ Your letter of the 23rd of August is full of the most touching sensibility. I have shown it to several persons, whose eyes filled with tears on reading it. I was almost tempted to say to them what Diderot said on the day when J. J. Rousseau came to weep in his prison at Vincennes : ‘ See how my friends love me ! ’ My illness was in reality only one of those nervous fevers which give one a great deal of suffering, and for which time and patience are the best remedies. During my illness I read extracts from the *Phædo* and *Timæus*. These books give one a desire to die, and I said like Cato :—

It must be so : Plato, thou reasonest well !

I pictured to myself my journey to the shades, as one would imagine a journey to the Indies. I thought I should see many new objects in the *world of spirits* (as Swedenborg calls it), and, above all, should be exempt from the fatigues and dangers of travel.”

London, from April till September, 1822.

CHARLOTTE.

FOUR leagues from Beccles, in the small town of Bungay, lived the Rev. Mr. —, a clergyman of the Church of England, remarkable for his knowledge of Greek and mathematics. His family consisted of his wife, still young and agreeable in person, mind, and manners, and an only daughter, about fifteen. Having been introduced to the family, I was better received there than anywhere else. We drank after the old English fashion, and remained two hours at table after the departure of the ladies. Mr. —, who had been in America, took great delight in relating his travels and listening to accounts of mine, as well as in conversing about Newton and Homer. His daughter, who had become learned in order to gratify him, was an excellent musician, and sang as well as Madame Pasta does now. She appeared again at tea, and charmed away the infectious drowsiness of the old clergyman. Leaning on the end of the piano I listened to her in silence.

When the music was finished, the young lady questioned me about France, and about literature ; she asked me for plans of study ; was particularly anxious to become acquainted with the Italian authors, and begged me to give her some readings and remarks on the *Divina Commedia* and the *Gerusalemme*. By degrees I felt the timid charm of an attachment proceeding from the soul ; I had decked out my Floridans, but I could not have ventured to pick up this lady's glove ; I was embarrassed when I attempted to translate a passage in Tasso, while much more at ease with the chaster and more masculine genius of Dante.

We were relatively of suitable ages. There is always something melancholy in those attachments which are not formed till middle life ; if persons do not meet in the prime of youth, the recollections of the person beloved are not mixed up with those years when one has lived without knowing her : those days which belong to other associations, are painful to the memory, and cut off, as it were, from our existence. Is there a disproportion in age ? inconveniences are increased : the elder has begun life before the younger was born ; the younger

is destined to remain alone in turn ; one has lived in a solitude on this side the cradle, the other will pass through a solitude beyond a tomb ; the past has been a desert to the former, the future will prove a desert to the latter. It is difficult to love with all the conditions of happiness, youth, beauty, suitable time, and harmony of heart, taste, character, graces, and years.

Having had a fall from my horse, I remained for some time at Mr. ——'s house. It was winter ; the dreams of my life began to fade away before reality. Miss —— became more reserved ; she ceased to bring me flowers ; she was not disposed to sing.

Had any one told me, that I should pass the remainder of my life, unknown, in the bosom of this retired family, I should have died with pleasure : nothing is wanting to love but continuance, to be at once Eden before the fall, and Hosanna without end. Grant, that beauty remains, that youth does not decay, and that the heart never wearies, and you reproduce Heaven. Love is so completely the sovereign happiness, that it is haunted by the desire of being eternal ; it pronounces no oaths but those which are irrevocable. If joys fail, it seeks to eternise its sorrows ; a fallen angel, love still continues to use the language which it employed in its incorruptible sojourn ; its hope is, never to cease ; in its double nature, and double illusions here below, it aims at perpetuation by immortal thoughts and endless generations.

With dread I saw the moment approaching, when I should be obliged to withdraw. On the evening of the day announced for my departure, the dinner was gloomy. To my great astonishment, Mr. —— withdrew with his daughter at the dessert, and I was left alone with his wife. She became extremely embarrassed : I thought she was going to reproach me for an attachment which she had discovered, but of which I had never spoken. She looked at me—cast down her eyes—and blushed ; she was extremely attractive in her embarrassment, and there is no sentiment of tenderness which she might not have inspired herself. At length, making a great effort to overcome the feeling which deprived her of speech : " Sir," said she, in English, " you have seen my embarrassment : I do not know whether Charlotte is agreeable to you ; but it is impossible to deceive a mother : and my daughter certainly has

become attached to you. Mr. —— and myself have considered the matter ; you are in all respects agreeable to us ; we believe you would make our daughter happy. You have no country ; you have just lost your relations : your property is sold, what then can recal you to France ? Till you inherit our property, you shall live with us."

Of all the distress I ever experienced, that was the most sensible and the greatest. I threw myself at Mrs. ——'s knees—I covered her hands with my kisses and tears. She thought these were tears of joy, and she began to sob from pleasure. She put out her hand to ring the bell,—called for her husband and her daughter. "Stop," I cried, "I am married !" She fainted.

I went out, and without going to my room again, left the house on foot. I reached Beccles, and after having written a letter to Mrs. ——, of which I regret not having kept a copy, I posted off to London.

I have ever retained the most agreeable, most tender, and most grateful recollection of this event. Before my renown, Mr. ——'s was the only family which took an interest in my well-being, and received me with true kindness. Poor, unknown, proscribed, without attraction or beauty, there was presented to me the prospect of a happy future, a country, a delightful wife to rescue me from my forlorn condition, a mother almost as beautiful, to take the place of my aged mother, and a father, well informed, amiable, and attached to learning, to replace him of whom Heaven had deprived me ; what had I as compensation for all that ? There could be no illusion in their choice of me ; I had a right to believe myself beloved. Since that time I have only met with one attachment sufficiently exalted to inspire me with the same confidence. As to the interest, which I may have appeared afterwards to excite, I have never been able to discover whether external causes, the voice of fame, the splendour of condition, the *éclat* of high literary or political positions, were not the attractions which drew towards me admiration and zeal.

Moreover, by marrying Charlotte, my whole character in life would have been changed ; buried in an English county, I should have become a country gentleman : not a single line would have ever fallen from my pen ; I should even have forgotten my language, for I was accustomed to write in English, and I

began to think also in English. Would my country have lost much by my disappearance? If I could lay aside what has consoled me, I would say that I might have reckoned already many days of calm, instead of those of trouble, which have fallen to my lot. What would the Empire, the Restoration, the divisions and quarrels of France have been to me? I should not have been obliged every morning to palliate faults and to combat errors. Is it certain that I have any real talents, and that these talents have been worth the sacrifice of my life? Will my memory survive my tomb? And should it do so, will there be, after the transformations effected, in a world changed and occupied with other things, will there be a public to listen to me? Shall I not be like a man of former times unintelligible to the new generations? Will not my ideas, my feelings, and even my style, be things wearisome and obsolete to a scornful posterity? Will my shade be able to say as that of Virgil to Dante—*Poeta fui et cantai*—"I was a poet, and have sung."

RETURN TO LONDON.

WHEN returned to London, I was unable to find any repose; I had fled before my destiny as a malefactor before his crime. How painful must it have been for a family so worthy of my homage, respect, and gratitude, to have experienced a kind of refusal from a man unknown, whom they had hospitably received, and to whom they had offered a new home with a simplicity and an absence of suspicion and precaution characteristic of the manners of the patriarchal times! I continually dwelt on the vexation of Charlotte, and the just reproaches to which I might be, and ought to be, subjected; for in fact, I had gratified myself by indulging an inclination which I knew to be unlawful. Was this, then, really a deceitful attempt vaguely made to gain a lady's affections, without reflecting on my blameable conduct? But either by stopping, as I did, in order to remain an honourable man, or by passing over the obstacle, in order to give myself up to a desire condemned beforehand by my conduct, I must have plunged the object of my deceit into regret or sorrow.

From these painful reflections I allowed myself to indulge in others not less full of bitterness ; I cursed my marriage, which, according to the false suggestions of a mind at that time highly morbid, had obstructed my true way in life, and deprived me of happiness. I did not consider, that on account of the lowness of spirits to which I was subject, and the romantic notions of liberty which I cherished, a marriage with Miss —— would have been as painful to me as a union more independent.

One thing remained pure and delightful within me, although profoundly sad : the image of Charlotte ; that image eventually overruled my rebellious feelings against my lot. I was a hundred times tempted to go back to Bungay—not with a view to present myself to the afflicted family, but to conceal myself by the road-side, to see Charlotte pass ; to follow her to the temple where we had the same God, if not the same altar, and to offer to that woman, through the medium of Heaven, the inexpressible ardour of my wishes, in order to pronounce, at least in thought, the prayer of nuptial benediction, which I might have heard from the mouth of a minister in His temple.

Wandering from resolution to resolution, I wrote long letters to Charlotte, which I immediately afterwards tore to pieces. A few insignificant notes, which I had received from her, were regarded by me like a talisman ; ever present to me in thought, Charlotte, beautiful and tender, followed, purifying my steps, by the paths of the Sylphide. She absorbed all my faculties ; she was the centre through which the whole of my intellectual nature passed, as the blood passes through the heart ; every thing became distasteful to me, for I was constantly drawing comparisons to her advantage. A genuine and unfortunate passion is a poisonous leaven, which remains in the depths of the soul, and would spoil the bread of angels.

The places where I had walked, the hours which I had passed, and the words which I had exchanged with Charlotte, were all engraven on my memory : I saw the smile of the wife who had been destined for me ; I touched her dark hair with a feeling of respect ; I pressed her beautiful arms to my breast, like a chain of lilies which I might have worn round my neck. I was no sooner in a retired place, than Charlotte, with her fair hands, placed herself at my side. I felt her presence, as one breathes by night the perfume of unseen flowers.

Deprived of the society of Hingant, my walks became more lonely than ever, and gave me full liberty to conjure up the image of Charlotte. There is not a heath, a road, a church, within thirty miles of London, which I have not visited. The most retired places, a bank of nettles, or a ditch full of thistles, every place which seemed neglected by man, became to me preferred, and in these places Byron already breathed. With my head resting on my hand, I contemplated these despised localities: when the painful impression which they produced affected me too much, the remembrance of Charlotte intervened to turn every thing to rapture. I was then like the pilgrim, who, when arrived at a solitary place within sight of the rocks of Sinai, heard the nightingale's song.

In London people were surprised at my ways. I looked at no one—I never made any answer. I knew not what was said; my old companions suspected I was touched with madness.

EXTRAORDINARY MEETING.

WHAT happened at Bungay after my departure? What became of the family into which I had carried joy and mourning? Always bear carefully in mind, that I am now an Ambassador at the court of George IV., and that I am writing in London in 1822 what took place in London in 1795.

Some matters of business have prevented me for eight days from continuing the narrative, which I now resume. During this interval my *valet de chambre* came one morning, between twelve and one o'clock, to inform me that a carriage had stopped at my door, and that an English lady asked to speak with me. As I made it a rule in my public situation to refuse an interview to none, I desired the lady to be shown up.

I was in my library; Lady —— was announced, and I saw a person in deep mourning enter the room. She was accompanied by two beautiful boys, of about the respective ages of sixteen and fourteen—also in mourning. I advanced to meet the stranger; she was so affected that she was scarcely able to walk. She said, in an almost inarticulate voice, "*My Lord, do you remember me?*" Yes, I recognised Miss ——! The

years which had passed over her head had still left spring there. I took her by the hand—made her sit down—and seated myself by her side; I was unable to speak—my eyes filled with tears—and through these tears I looked at her in silence; by all that I experienced, I felt how deeply I had loved her. At length I recovered the power of speaking in my turn: “And you, Madam, do you remember me?” She raised her eyes, which she had cast down, and the only answer was a look, smiling and melancholy, as a long remembrance. Her hand was still in mine. She said to me, “I am in mourning for my mother; my father has been dead for several years. These are my children.” As she said these last words she withdrew her hand, sunk into her arm-chair, and covered her eyes with her handkerchief.

She soon resumed; “My Lord, I speak to you now in the language which I tried with you at Bungay. I am confused; pardon me. My children are the sons of Admiral —, to whom I was married about three years after your departure from England. But at present, I have not self-possession enough to enter into details. Allow me to come again.” I asked her address, and offered her my arm, to conduct her back to her carriage. She trembled, and I pressed her hand to my heart.

The next day I called on Lady —, and found her alone. Then there began between us that series of *do you remembers?* which recal a whole life. At each *do you remember?* we looked at each other; we tried to discover in our faces those traces of time which furnish a cruel measurement of the distance from the point of departure, and the length of the way which has been passed. I said to Charlotte, “How did your mother inform you?” . . . She blushed, and interrupted me quickly. “I have come to London to request you to interest yourself in favour of Admiral —’s children. The eldest is anxious to go to Bombay, and Mr. Canning, who has just been appointed Governor-General of India, is a friend of yours: he might take my son with him. I should be very much obliged, and would like to owe to you the success of my eldest child.” She laid great stress on these last words.

“Ah! Madam,” replied I, “what do you recal to me! What a reversion of destinies! You, who received a poor exile at your father’s hospitable table; you, who have sym-

pathised with his sufferings; you, who perhaps may have entertained the idea of raising him to a glorious and unexpected rank—is it you who are come to claim my assistance in your own country? I will see Mr. Canning; your son—whatever it costs me to give him that name—your son, if it is within my power, shall go to India. But tell me, Madam, what effect has my new fortune produced upon you? How do you regard me at present? the phrase *my Lord*, which you employ, appears to me much too harsh.” Charlotte answered: “I do not consider you at all changed; not even grown old. Whenever I spoke of you to my parents, during your absence, I always gave you the title of *my Lord*. It seemed to me you ought to bear it: were you not in my eyes as my husband, *my lord and master*?” This graceful woman, as she pronounced these words, had something about her which reminded me of Milton’s Eve; she was not born of another woman; her beauty bore the impress of the divine hand by which it had been moulded.

I hastened to Mr. Canning and Lord Londonderry; they raised difficulties about a petty place—just as would have happened in France; they promised, however, in such fashion as court promises are made. I gave an account of my progress to Lady —. I saw her again three times; at my last visit, she told me she was just about to return to Bungay. This last interview was mournful. Charlotte still talked to me of the past, of our retired life, our readings, walks, and music; of last year’s flowers, and the hopes of former times. “When I knew you,” she said, “no one pronounced your name; now who is ignorant of it? Do you know that I have a work and many letters written by your hand? Here they are.” She put a small parcel into my hand. “Do not be offended if I do not wish to keep any thing of yours;” and she began to weep. “*Farewell, farewell,*” said she to me, “remember my son. I shall never see you again, for you will not come to Bungay to see me.” “I will go,” exclaimed I; “I will go, and bring your son’s commission.” She shook her head with an air of doubt, and retired.

Having returned to the embassy, I shut myself in my room, and opened the packet. It only contained a few insignificant notes from me, and a plan of study, with some remarks on the English and Italian poets. I had hoped to find a letter from

Charlotte; there was none; but I perceived on the margins of the manuscript some notes written in English, French, and Latin, of which the faded ink and the youthful writing testified that they had long since been placed on these papers.

Such is the history of my acquaintance with Miss ——. Whilst finishing the relation, I feel as if I am a second time losing Charlotte, in this same island where I lost her the first. But between the feelings which I now experience towards her, and those entertained at the period the tenderness of which I recal, there is all the distance of innocence: passions have interposed between Miss —— and Lady ——. I could no longer offer to an ingenuous woman the sincerity of desires, the sweet ignorance of a love bounded to the limits of a dream. I wrote then on the billows of sadness; I am no longer tossed on the sea of life. Well! had I folded in my arms as a mother and wife, her who had been destined for me when young and a bride, it could only have been with a sort of rage, to blot out, to fill with sorrow, and extinguish, those twenty-seven years given to another, after having been offered to me.

I must regard the feeling which I have just recalled as the first of that kind which ever entered my heart; it was, however, not at all in sympathy with my stormy nature; it would have corrupted it; it would have rendered me incapable of long enjoying holy delights. It was when embittered by misfortunes, already a pilgrim beyond the sea, and having begun my solitary wanderings—it was when the mad ideas described in the mystery of *René* took possession of me, and made me the most afflicted being on the earth. However that may be, the chaste image of Charlotte, by causing some rays of a true light to penetrate the depths of my soul, first dissipated a cloud of phantoms; my demon, like an evil genius, plunged again into the abyss; it awaited the effect of time, in order to renew its apparitions.

London, April to September, 1822.

Revised in December, 1846.

DEFECT OF MY CHARACTER.

My connexion with M. Deboffe on the subject of the *Essai sur les Révolutions* had never been entirely broken off, and it

was important to me to renew it as soon as possible on my return to London, in order to maintain myself. But what had been the cause of my last misfortune? My obstinacy in keeping silence. In order to understand this, some further knowledge of my character is necessary. Throughout my whole life I have never been able to conquer that spirit of reserve and inward solitude, which prevents me from talking of what touches me most nearly. None could truly affirm of me that they have heard me relate what most people relate in a moment of sorrow, pleasure, or vanity. A name, a confession of any importance never, or very rarely, falls from my lips. I never entertain casual acquaintances with my interests, my designs, my labours, my ideas, my attachments, my joys, and my griefs, feeling convinced of the profound *ennui* we cause in others when we speak of ourselves. Although sincere and truthful, I am wanting in openness of heart; my soul has a constant tendency to shrink within itself; I stop in the middle of saying a thing, and these Memoirs are the only faithful expression of my inward life. If I attempt to begin a narrative, the idea of its length suddenly strikes me with affright, and after I have spoken a few words, the sound of my own voice becomes unbearable to me, and I am silent. As I have faith in nothing, except religion, I mistrust everything: malice and a disposition to taunts are the two characteristics of the French mind; mockery and calumny the certain result of any confidence. But what have I gained by my reserved nature?—because I have been impenetrable, I have become to others a sort of imaginary being, bearing not the most distant resemblance to my real self. Even my friends are deceived in me, while they think they are making me better known, and adorning me with the illusions of their attachment. All the *mediocrities* of antechambers, offices, newspapers, and coffee-houses, have supposed me to have ambition—and I have none. Cold and dry in ordinary affairs, I have nothing of the enthusiast or sentimentalist about me; my clear and rapid perception quickly sees through a fact or a man, and despoils them of all importance. My imagination, far from carrying me away with it, or idealising applicable truths, swallows down the greatest events, baffles myself; the little and ridiculous side of things strikes me at first view; in my eyes great things or great geniuses scarcely exist. Polite, laudatory, and admiring in manner towards the common-places

which announce themselves as superior intelligences, my hidden contempt smiles, and puts masks à *la Callot* on all these incense-breathing countenances. In politics, the warmth of my opinions has never exceeded the length of my speech, or of my pamphlet. In my inward and theoretical existence, I am a man of dreams ; in my outward and practical existence, a man of realities. Adventurous, yet calm and cool, impassioned yet methodical, there has never existed a being at once so chimerical and so positive, so ardent and so cold—a strange androgynus, formed from the different qualities of my father and my mother.

The descriptions which have been given of me principally owe their utter want of resemblance to my chariness of words. The multitude are too careless, too inattentive, to give itself time, unless previously warned, to know people as they are. When I attempted to correct some of these false judgments in my prefaces, I was not believed ; and at length, as I was very indifferent on the matter, I did not urge it ; an “as you will,” has always freed me from the tiresome labour of convincing any one, or seeking to establish a truth. I return to my inward tribunal, like a hare to its form ; and there give myself up to the contemplation of a moving leaf or a bending blade of grass.

I make no virtue of my circumspection, invincible as it is involuntary ; if it is not a duplicity, it has the appearance of one ; it is not in harmony with natures more happy, more amiable, more easy, more *naïve*, more open and communicative than mine. It has often done me injury in the minds of others and in matters of business, because I never could endure explanations, reconciliations, and arrangements effected by protestations and clearings up, lamentations and tears, talk and reproaches, details and apologies.

In the case of the — family, my obstinate silence with regard to myself was extremely injurious to me. Twenty times had Charlotte's mother made inquiries respecting my relations, and thus afforded me an opportunity to speak openly ; but not foreseeing the consequences of my silence, I contented myself, as usual, with vague and brief replies. Had I not been under the influence of this odious perversity of mind, any misunderstanding would have been impossible ; I should not have exposed myself to the imputation of having sought to abuse such generous

hospitality; the truth, spoken at the decisive moment, did not excuse me; I had not the less been the cause of a real evil.

I returned to my work in the midst of my vexation and of my just self-reproach. I even took a liking to my labour, for the idea had occurred to me, that by acquiring renown, I should give the — family less cause to repent the interest they had shown in me. Charlotte, whom I thus sought to reconcile to me through fame, presided over my studies. Her image was seated before me when I wrote. When I raised my eyes from my paper, I fixed them on the adored image, as if its original had really been there. The inhabitants of Ceylon saw the sun rise one morning in unusual splendour; its globe parted, and a brilliant creature came forth, who said to them, "I come to reign over you." Charlotte, coming forth from a ray of light, reigned over me.

But let us quit these recollections: they grow old and fade away like hopes. The course of my life is about to change, to flow into other valleys, beneath other skies. First love of my youth, thou vanishest with all thy charms! True, I have but now seen Charlotte again, but after how many years of separation! Sweet light of the past, pale rosy twilight which tinges the hem of night's robe, long after the sun has set!

[London, April to September, 1822.

THE ESSAI HISTORIQUE SUR LES RÉVOLUTIONS—ITS EFFECT—LETTER
FROM LEMIERRE, NEPHEW OF THE POET.

LIFE has often been represented (and I was one of the first to do so) as a mountain which we ascend on one side and descend on the other; it would be quite as correct to compare it to one of the Alps, with its bare brow crowned with eternal snow, and from which there is no descent. Following out this image, the traveller is always ascending and descends no more; he then has a better view of the space he has traversed, of the paths which he has not selected, and which would have led him by a gentler slope; he looks back with regret and grief on the point where he went astray. Thus the publication of the *Essai Historique* marks my first wandering step from the path

of peace. I finished the first part of the great work I had traced out for myself; I wrote its last word between the idea of death (my illness had returned) and a vanished dream: *in somnis venit imago conjugis*. The *Essai* was printed by Baylis, and published by Deboffe in 1797. This date is that of one of the transformations of my life. There are moments when our destiny, whether yielding to society, or obeying nature, or whether it is then beginning to mould us into the form we are to retain, suddenly changes its direction, as a river alters its course.

The *Essai* offers a compendium of my existence as poet, moralist, civilian, and politician. It is unnecessary to say that I hoped for great success to this work, as much at least as I could hope for any thing; we authors, little prodigies of a prodigious era, aspire to commune in spirit with future generations; but I think that we do not sufficiently know the dwelling of posterity, and put the wrong address on our communications. When we stiffen in the tomb, death will so unrelentingly freeze our words, written and sung, that they will not melt like the *frozen words* of Rabelais.

The *Essai* was designed to be a sort of historical encyclopædia. The only volume published is in itself a very extensive investigation; I had the rest in manuscript; next came, after some researches and annotations of the annalist, the lays and virelays of the poet, the *Natchez*, &c. I can scarcely understand now how I could have carried on such extensive study amidst an active wandering life, subject to so many vicissitudes. My perseverance in labour explains this; in my youth I often wrote for twelve or fifteen hours without moving from my seat, striking out and recomposing the same page perhaps ten times. Age has in no degree weakened this faculty of application; all my diplomatic correspondence is written by my own hand, and yet it does not interfere with my literary labours.

The *Essai* made a sensation among the *émigrés*; it was not in agreement with the feelings of my companions in misfortune. My independence in my different social positions has almost always offended those in whose company I journeyed. I have in turns been the chief of different armies, the soldiers of which were not of my party: I have led old royalists to fight for public liberties, and especially for the liberty of the press, which they detested; I have rallied liberals, in the name

of this same liberty, beneath the standard of the Bourbons, whom they hold in horror. It so happened that the general opinion of the *émigrés* was attached, through self-love, to my person ; the English reviews having mentioned me with praise, this praise was reflected upon all *the faithful*.

I had sent copies of the *Essai* to Laharpe, Ginguené, and de Sales. Lemièrè, the nephew of the poet of the same name, and the translator of Gray's Poems, wrote to me from Paris, July the 15th, 1797, that my *Essai* had had the greatest success. One thing is certain, that if it was known for a moment, it was almost instantly forgotten again ; a sudden shadow engulfed the first ray of my fame.

Having almost become a personage, I was sought by the *émigrés* of distinction in London ; I moved from street to street ; first I quitted Tottenham Court Road, and settled myself in the Hampstead Road. Here I lodged for some months in the house of a Mrs. O'Larry, an Irish widow, the mother of a very pretty girl of fourteen, and who had a great partiality for cats. United by this similarity of taste, we had the misfortune to lose two elegant kittens, white as ermine, with black-tipped tails.

Mrs. O'Larry's visitors were old lady neighbours, with whom I was obliged to take tea in the old fashion. Madame de Staël has described this scene in *Corinne*, at the house of Lady Engermond : " My dear, do you think the water boils well enough to make the tea ?"—" My dear, I think it is a little too soon."

There came also to these tea-parties a tall, handsome, young Irishwoman, Mary Neale, under the escort of a guardian. She discerned some heart-wound in my appearance, for she said to me : " You carry your heart in a sling." I carried my heart I know not how.

Mrs. O'Larry left for Dublin ; then, always getting from the district of poor *émigrés* in the East end, I moved from lodging to lodging till I reached the district of rich *émigrés* at the West end, and took up my abode amidst the bishops, the court families, and the colonists of Martinique.

Pelletier had returned ; he had got married ; and was still the old boasting chatterer, lavish of his complaisance, and affecting the money of his neighbours more than their persons.

I made several new acquaintances, especially in the circle where I had family connexions: Christian de Lamoignon, who was severely wounded in the leg at Quiberon, and is now my colleague in the Chamber of Peers, became my friend. He introduced me to Mrs. Lindsay, who was attached to Auguste Lamoignon, his brother: *le Président Guillaume* was not made more of at Basville between Boileau, Madame de Sévigné, and Bourdaloue, than I was among these three friends.

Mrs. Lindsay, of Irish family, with rather a dry wit, temperament a little brittle, elegant figure, and pleasing face, had great nobleness of soul and elevation of character; the *émigrés* of merit passed their evenings at the fireside of the last of the Ninons. The old monarchy was expiring, with all its abuses and all its graces. It will some day be disinterred, like those skeletons of queens decked with collars, bracelets, and earrings, which are being discovered in Etruria. At this rendezvous I met M. Malouët and Madame du Belloy, a woman worthy of esteem, Count Montlosier, and the Chevalier de Panat. The last-mentioned had a deserved reputation for talent, untidiness in his person, and epicureanism; he belonged to that group of men of taste, who formerly sat with their arms crossed before French society; idle men, whose mission was to see and judge everything, they exercised the functions now performed by the newspapers, without the harshness of the latter, but also without their great popular influence.

Montlosier had kept afloat on the fame of his renowned phrase of the *croix de bois*, a phrase a little harshly treated by me when I reproduced it, but true in the main. On quitting France, he went to Coblenz; ill received by the princes, he had a quarrel, fought one night by the banks of the Rhine, and was run through. Feeling unable to move, and yet seeing no blood, he asked the witnesses whether the point of the sword came out behind.

"Three inches," replied they.

"Then it is nothing," said Montlosier, "sir, draw back your thrust."

Montlosier, received in this way as the reward of his royalist sentiments, crossed to England, and took refuge in literature, that great hospital for *émigrés*, in which I had a mattress near his. He obtained the editorship of the "*Courrier Français*."

Besides his newspaper, he wrote physico-politico-philosophic works. In one of these he proved that blue was the colour of life, because the veins become blue after death, life coming to the surface of the body to evaporate and return to the blue sky. As I am very fond of blue, I was quite charmed with this theory.

Feudally liberal, an aristocrat and a democrat, a motley mind, made up of pieces and fragments, Montlosier is very long in giving utterance to his out-of-the-way ideas; but when he does succeed in bringing them to light, they are sometimes fine, and especially energetic: an anti-priest as one of the nobility, a Christian from sophistry, and as an amateur of antiquity, he would have been, under Paganism, a warm partisan of independence in theory and slavery in practice, throwing the slave to the fishes in the name of the liberty of the human race. A carper and caviller, obstinate and rough, the former deputy of the nobility of Riom nevertheless permits himself to pay some court to power; he knows how to take care of his interests, but does not like or allow it to be perceived, and shelters his weaknesses as a man behind his honour as a gentleman. I have no wish to speak ill of my *smoky Auvernat*, with his romances of the *Mont d'Or*, and his polemic treatise the *Plaine*; I have a liking for his whimsical person. His long obscure developments and circumvolutions of ideas, with parentheses, clearings of the throat, and peevish oh! oh! annoy me (any thing dark, entangled, misty, and difficult to fathom is hateful to me); but on the other hand, I am diverted by this naturalist of volcanoes, this failure of a Pascal, this gigantic orator, who speechifies from the tribune as his little fellow-countrymen sing at the top of a chimney; I like this gazetteer of turf-pits, this liberal explaining the charter through a Gothic window, this gentleman-shepherd, half-married to his milkmaid, sowing his barley himself amongst the snow, in his little field of pebbles; I shall always be grateful to him, for having dedicated to me, in his *châlet* at Puy-de-Dôme, an old black rock, taken from a Gaulish cemetery which he had discovered.

The Abbé Délille, another countryman of Sidonius Apollinaris, of the chancellor of the hospital, of La Fayette, Thomas, and Chamfort, driven from the continent by the torrent of the republican victories, had also come to settle in London. The

émigrés were proud to number him in their ranks ; he sang our misfortunes, another reason for loving his muse. He worked very hard ; indeed, he was obliged to do so, for Madame Dëlille shut him up, and did not set him at liberty till he had done his daily work of a certain number of verses. One day I went to see him, he kept me waiting a long time, and when he did make his appearance, his cheeks were very red : people said that Madame Dëlille used to box his ears : of that I know nothing ; I only say what I saw. Who has not heard the Abbé Dëlille repeat his verses ? He recited them very well ; his countenance, ugly, wrinkled, and animated by his imagination, was wonderfully suited to the coquettish nature of his delivery, to the character of his talents, and to his profession of abbé. The Abbé Dëlille's *chef-d'œuvre* is his translation of the *Georgics*, always excepting the pieces of sentiment ; but it is like reading Racine translated into the language of Louis XV.

The literature of the eighteenth century, putting a few bright stars of genius out of the question, standing, as it were, half-way between the classic literature of the seventeenth century and the romantic literature of the nineteenth, though not without what is natural, is wanting in nature ; devoted to the arrangement of words, it is neither sufficiently original as a new school, nor sufficiently pure as an antique school. The Abbé Dëlille was the poet of modern châteaux, as the troubadour was the poet of ancient ones ; the verses of the one and the ballads of the other, give evidence of the difference which existed between aristocracy in its prime and aristocracy in its decrepitude : the abbé describes readings and chess parties in the manor-houses where the troubadours sang of crusades and tournaments.

The distinguished personages of our church militant were then in England : the Abbé Carron, of whom I have spoken, when borrowing the life of my sister Julie from him ; the Bishop of St. Pol-de-Leon, a stern and narrow-minded prelate, who contributed to make the Count d'Artois more and more a stranger to his contemporaries ; the Archbishop of Aix, calumniated perhaps because of his success in the world ; and another learned and pious bishop, but so avaricious, that if he had had the misfortune to lose his soul, he would never have repurchased it. Almost all avaricious men are men of talent ; I must therefore be very stupid.

Amongst the Frenchwomen of the West end was Madame

de Boignes ; amiable, *spirituelle*, full of talent, extremely pretty, and very young ; she has since, in conjunction with her father, the Marquis d'Osmond, represented the court of France in England, much better than such a savage as I. She writes now, and her talents will reproduce what she has seen with great cleverness.

Mesdames de Caumont, de Gontaut, and du Cluzel, were also inhabitants of the quarter of fortunate emigrants ; though I may perhaps be making a confusion with regard to Madame de Caumont and Madame du Cluzel, whom I had seen for a short time at Brussels.

Certain it is that the Duchess de Duras was in London at this time, but it was not my fortune to become acquainted with her till ten years later. How many times in life do we pass by some object that would constitute its charm, as the navigator glides unconsciously over the waters which lave the shores of a land favoured by Heaven, and which he has only missed by a few miles or by one day's sail ! I write this on the banks of the Thames, and to-morrow a letter will go to Madame Duras, on the banks of the Seine, to tell her that I have met with the first *souvenir* of her.

London, from April to September, 1822.

FONTANES—CLÉRY.

FROM time to time, the tide of emigration carried over to us companions of a new species and new opinions ; and different strata of exiles were formed ; the earth contains beds of sand and clay deposited by the waves of the flood. One of these waves brought me a man—whose loss I still at this time deplore,—a man who was my guide in literature, and whose friendship constituted one of the honours as well as one of the consolations of my life.

In a previous part of these Memoirs, it has been mentioned that I had become acquainted with M. de Fontanes in 1789 ; it was only last year, in Berlin, I received news of his death. He was born at Niort, of a noble, Protestant family ; his father had had the misfortune to kill his brother-in-law in a duel.

Young Fontanes, having been brought up by a very deserving brother, came to Paris. He saw Voltaire die, and this great representative of the eighteenth century inspired his first verses; his poetical attempts were noticed by Laharpe. He undertook the composition of some pieces for the theatre, and formed a connexion with Mademoiselle Desgarcins, a delightful actress. He lodged near the Odéon, and wandering around the Charreuse, he celebrated its solitude. He had met with a friend destined to become one of mine—M. Joubert. On the occurrence of the Revolution, the poet embraced one of those stationary parties, which always perish, torn in pieces by the party in favour of progress which pulls it forward, or the retrograde which draws it back. The Monarchists engaged M. de Fontanes as an editor of the *Modérateur*. When the evil days came, he took refuge in Lyons, and there married. His wife was confined of a son; during the siege of the city, which the revolutionists called *Commune affranchie*, as Louis XI., by banishing all the citizens, had called Arras *Ville franchise*, Madame de Fontanes was obliged to remove her nursing's cradle, in order to shelter it from the shells. Being again in Paris on the 9th Thermidor, M. de Fontanes joined M. de Laharpe and the Abbé de Vauxelles in establishing the *Mémorial*. Proscribed on the 18th Fructidor, England became his harbour of refuge.

M. de Fontanes was, with Chénier, the last writer of the classical school of the elder branch; his prose and his poetry resemble each other, and have merits of the same kind. His thoughts and images exhibit a melancholy unknown to the age of Louis XIV., which knew nothing but the austere and holy sadness of religious eloquence. This melancholy was found mingled in the works of the author of the *Jour des Morts*,* as the impress of the period in which he lived; it fixes the date of his advent, and proves that he was born after J. J. Rousseau, and attached by taste to Fenelon. Were any one to reduce M. de Fontanes' writings to two very small volumes—one of prose and one of verse—it would constitute one of the most appropriate funeral monuments which could be raised over the tomb of the classical school.†

* This was a poetical version of "Gray's Elegy."—(Tr.)

† This has been done by the filial piety of Madame Christine de Fontanes; with an interesting introduction by M. de Sainte-Beuve.—(Paris, note of 1839.)

In the papers which my friend left were several cantos of a poem called *La Grâce Sauvée*, some odes, and various other poetical pieces. He never, however, published any thing; for this critic, so acute, enlightened, and when not influenced by political opinions, so impartial, had himself an extreme terror of criticism. He was supremely unjust towards Madame de Staël. An envious article of Garat's, upon the *Forêt de Navarre*, was intended to stop her short at the very commencement of her poetical career. Fontanes, on his appearance, destroyed the affected school of Dorat, but he was unable to re-establish the classical school, which drew near its close with the language of Racine.

Among the posthumous odes of M. de Fontanes, there is one upon the *Anniversaire de sa Naissance* (a birthday ode); it possesses all the charm of the *Jour des Morts*, with a deeper and more individual feeling. I remember only two stanzas:

“ La vieillesse déjà vient avec sec souffrances:
 Que m'offre l'avenir ? De courtes espérances.
 Que m'offre le passé ? Des fautes, des regrets.
 Tel est le sort de l'homme ; il s'instruit avec l'âge ;
 Mais que sont d'être sage,
 Quand le terme est si près ?

Le passé, le présent, l'avenir, tout m'afflige ;
 La vie à son déclin est pour moi sans prestige ;
 Dans le miroir du temps elle perd ses appas.
 Plaisirs ! allez chercher l'amour et la jeunesse ;
 Laissez-moi ma tristesse,
 Et ne l'insultez pas !”

Could M. de Fontanes have felt an antipathy to any thing, it must have been to my manner of writing. In me, there began a complete revolution in French literature, with the school called the romantic: my friend, however, instead of rising in rebellion against my barbarism, became a passionate admirer. I noticed great admiration in his face, when I read to him portions of my “*Natchez*,” “*Atala*,” and “*René*.” He found it impossible to reduce these productions to the common rules of criticism, but he felt that he was entering into a new world; he saw a new nature, and comprehended a language which he was unable to speak. I received excellent advice from him, and to him I am indebted for all that is correct in my style; he taught me to respect the ear; he prevented me from falling into the extravagance of invention, and the harshness of execution of my imitators.

It was a great pleasure to me to see him again in London, *fêted* by the *émigrés*; he was asked for cantos from *La Grâce Sauvée*, and they pressed round in order to listen to him. He took a lodging near me, and we never quitted each other more. We were present together at a scene worthy of those times of misfortune: Cléry, just lately landed, read us his manuscript *Memoirs*. Judge of the emotions of an auditory of exiles, listening to Louis XVI.'s valet-de-chambre relating, as an eye-witness, the sufferings and death of the prisoner of the *Temple*! The Directory, afraid of the effects of Cléry's *Memoirs*, published an interpolated edition of them, in which the author was made to speak like a lacquey, and Louis XVI. like a porter; among all the examples of revolutionary baseness, this, perhaps, is one of the foulest.

A VENDEAN PEASANT.

M. DU THEIL, the Count d'Artois' agent in London, hastened to inquire for M. de Fontanes: the latter begged me to take him to the agent's house. We found him surrounded by all the defenders of the throne and the altar, who lounged about in Piccadilly; by a crowd of spies and pickpockets who had escaped from Paris under different names and different disguises, and with a host of Belgian, German, and Irish traders in the counter-revolution. In a corner of the crowd stood a man about thirty or thirty-two years of age, to whom no one paid attention, and who himself paid attention to nothing except an engraving of the death of General Wolfe. Struck with his appearance, I made some inquiries concerning him; one of my neighbours replied, "He is nothing—merely a Vendean peasant—the bearer of a letter from his chiefs."

This man *who was nothing*, had seen the death of Cathelineau, the first general of La Vendée, and a peasant like himself; of Bonchamp, the revived image of Bayard; of Lescure, armed with hair-cloth, not proof against balls; of D'Elbée, shot in his arm-chair, his wounds preventing him from embracing death standing; of Larochejaquelin, the identification of whose dead body was ordered by the patriots, in order to calm the fears of the Convention in the midst of their

victories. This man *who was nothing*, had been present at the capture and re-capture of two hundred towns, villages, and redoubts ; at seven hundred skirmishes, and in seventeen pitched battles. He had fought against 300,000 regular troops ; between 600,000 and 700,000 conscripts and national guards ; he had helped to carry off a hundred pieces of cannon, and fifty thousand stand of arms ; he had passed through the *colonnes infernales*, companies of incendiaries commanded by conventionalists ; he had been in the midst of that ocean of flame, which, on three different occasions, rolled its waves over the woods of La Vendée ; and, finally, he had seen 300,000 rural Herculeses, the companions of his labours, perish, and a hundred square leagues of fertile country changed into a desert of ashes.

Old and young France met on this soil thus levelled by them. All that remained in France of the blood and remembrances of the crusades, struggled against all that there was in revolutionary France of new blood and new hopes. The conqueror was sensible of the greatness of the vanquished. Thureau, the republican general, declared, "That the Vendéans would be placed in history in the first ranks of a martial people." Another general wrote to Merlin de Thionville : "Troops which have beaten the French, may well flatter themselves with being able to beat all other people." The legions of Probus, in their songs, said as much of our fathers. Bonaparte called the battles of La Vendée "battles of giants."

In all this clamorous mob, I was the only one to look with admiration and respect on the representative of those old *Jacques*, who in the reign of Charles V., whilst in the very act of shaking off the yoke of their feudal superiors, repelled a foreign invasion. He appeared to me like a son of those *communes* of the time of Charles VII., who, united with the lower nobility of the province, re-conquered the soil of France foot by foot, and ridge by ridge. He had the careless air of a savage ; his look was grim and inflexible as a bar of iron ; his lower lip quivered against his closed teeth ; his hair fell from his head like torpid serpents, but ready to resume their vigour ; his arms, hanging by his sides, gave a nervous motion to his immense fists covered with sabre scars ; he might have been taken for a sawyer. His countenance was that of an honest rustic nature, by the force of circumstances put to the service

of interests and ideas contrary to that nature; the national feudality of the vassal, and the simple faith of the Christians were mingled in him with the rude independence of a plebeian accustomed to estimate and to do himself justice. The feeling of liberty seemed in him to be the consciousness of the power of his hands and of the intrepidity of his heart. He spoke no more than a lion; he scratched himself like a lion, gaped like a lion, threw himself on his side like a tired lion, and apparently to dream of blood and forests.

What men of all parties were the French of that day, and what a race are we now! But the Republicans had their principle within them—in the midst of them—whilst that of the Royalists lay out of France. The Vendéans sent deputies to the Exiles—the giants sent to ask chiefs from the pygmies. The rustic messenger at whom I gazed had seized the revolution by the throat, and exclaimed, “Come in; go behind me; it shall do you no harm; it shall not move a step; I have got it fast.” No one wished to enter; then *Jacques Bonhomme* let go his hold of the revolution, and Charette broke his sword.

WALKS WITH FONTANES.

WHILST I was making these reflections on the sturdy Vendéan, as I had made those of another kind at the sight of Mirabeau and Danton, Fontanes obtained a private audience of him whom he pleasantly called the *Comptroller-General of Finance*: he came out well satisfied with his interview. M. du Theil had given him a promise to encourage the publication of my works, and Fontanes thought only of me. There could not be a better man; timid in every thing which related to himself, but full of courage under the impulse of friendship; of this he gave me the best proof at the time of my resignation, on the occasion of the death of the Duc d'Enghien. In conversation he used to burst out into laughable fits of literary passion.

On politics he talked nonsense; the crimes of the Conventionists had filled him with a feeling of horror for liberty. He detested journals, philosophising, and ideology, and imparted the same feeling to Bonaparte, in his intercourse with the Master of Europe.

We often went to walk together in the country ; we used to stop under the shade of some of those large elms, scattered about in the fields. Leaning against the trunk of one of these trees, my friend used to give me an account of his former travels in England, before the Revolution, and of the verses which he at that time addressed to two young ladies, now mouldering under the shadow of the towers of Westminster,—towers which he found standing as he had left them, whilst the illusions and hours of his youth lay buried at their base.

We used to dine in some quiet tavern at Chelsea on the Thames, and enjoyed ourselves with conversing on Milton and Shakspeare ; they had seen what we saw ; they had sat where we sat on the banks of the river—to us a foreign—but to them a native stream. We returned to London at night, by the light of the fading stars, obscured one after another by the haze of the City. We regained our home, guided by the uncertain light which feebly traced out the way through the thickness of the smoke, coloured of a reddish hue around each lamp : thus flows on the poet's life.

We visited London in detail ; as an old exile, I acted as *cicerone* to the new victims of exile, young or old, which the Revolution demanded ; there is no legal age for misfortune. During one of these excursions, we were overtaken by a violent thunder-storm, and obliged to seek for shelter in a shabby house, the door of which happened accidentally to be open. We there met the Duc de Bourbon. At this Chantilly, I saw for the first time a prince who was not yet the last of the Condés.

The Duc de Bourbon, Fontanes, and myself, were equally proscribed, and in a foreign land obliged to seek for shelter under an humble roof, against the same storm ! *Fata viam invenient.*

Fontanes was called back to France ; he embraced me, with eager wishes for our next and early meeting. When he reached Germany, he wrote me the following letter :—

“ July 28, 1798.

“ If you have felt any regret at my departure from London, I assure you mine has not been less real. You are the second person in whom, during the whole course of my life, I have met with an imagination and a heart completely to my taste. I shall never forget the consolation which I have derived from

you during my exile in a foreign land. My dearest and most constant thoughts since I took leave of you turn upon the *Natchez*. What you read to me, especially very lately, is admirable, and will never leave my memory. But the charm of all the poetical ideas with which you impressed me, immediately fled on my arrival in Germany. The most dreadful news from France have followed those with which I made you acquainted on leaving you. I have been kept for five or six days in the most harassing anxiety;—in dread even of persecutions against my family. My fears are to-day greatly diminished. The evil has been but very slight;—the threat greater than the blow;—and the exterminators wished for people of a different *date* from mine. The last courier has brought me assurance of peace and good-will. I can continue my journey, and I propose to set out early in the ensuing month. My abode will be fixed near the forest of St. Germain—among my family, Greece, and my books—would I could also say the *Natchez*! The unexpected storm which has just burst upon Paris, has been caused, I am certain, by the blunders of the agents and chiefs with whom you are acquainted. I have a clear proof of it in my hands. On coming to this conclusion, I wrote to Great Pulteney Street (where M. du Theil lived) with all possible politeness, but also with all that circumspection which prudence demands. I wish to avoid all correspondence, at least just now, and I remain in the greatest doubt what I ought to do, and what place of sojourn I ought to choose.

“I still speak of you with the accents of friendship, and wish, from the bottom of my heart, that any hopes of usefulness which may rest upon me may serve to keep alive those kindly feelings which have been ascribed to me, and which are so fully due to your person and your distinguished talents. Work—work, my dear friend, become illustrious, and you can do so; the future belongs to you. I hope the promise so often made by the *Comptroller-General of Finance* has been, at least in part, kept. That part consoles me, for I cannot bear the idea of a fine work being stopped for want of some pecuniary aid. Write to me; let our hearts communicate, and our muses be always friends. Be assured, that as soon as I can go about freely in my native land, I shall prepare for you a hive and flowers beside my own. My attachment is unalterable. I shall be alone as long as I am not near you. Tell me

about your studies ; I wish to congratulate you on completing your work : I have composed the half of a new poem on the banks of the Elbe, and am more satisfied with it than with all the others.

“ Adieu, I embrace you tenderly, and remain your friend,
“ FONTANES.”

Fontanes informs me that he is composing verses on changing his exile. A poet never can be deprived of every thing ; he carries his lyre along with him. Leave the swan her wings—every evening some unknown river will repeat the melodious lamentations which she would rather have sung on the Eurotas.

The future is yours: did Fontanes here speak truly?—ought I to congratulate myself on his prediction? Alas!—the future there announced is now become the past. Shall I have another?

This first and affecting letter which I ever received from the first friend whom I had in my life, and who, since the date of that letter, has walked twenty-three years by my side, gives me mournful warning of my progressive isolation. Fontanes is no more : deep sorrow for the tragical death of a son brought him to an early grave. Almost all those of whom I have spoken in these memoirs have disappeared from the stage of life ; and I keep merely an obituary register. Yet a few years, and I myself, condemned to catalogue the dead, shall leave no one behind to inscribe my name in the book of the departed.

But if I must remain alone, and none who loved me shall survive to conduct me to my last asylum, I have still less need than others of a guide ; I have examined the way, and studied the places through which I must pass ; I have desired to see what takes place at the last moment. Oftentimes, standing by the side of a grave into which the coffin has been let down by cords, I have listened to the rattling of these cords ; then came the sound of the first shovelful of earth thrown upon the coffin ; at every succeeding cast the hollow sound diminished, and the earth, in filling up the grave, by degrees, caused eternal silence to ascend to the surface of the tomb.

Fontanes! you have written *may our muses be always friends*: to me you have not written in vain.

London, April to September, 1822.

DEATH OF MY MOTHER—RETURN TO RELIGION.

Alloquar ? audiero nunquam tua verba loquentem ?
 Nunquam ego te, vita frater amabilior,
 Aspiciam post hac ? at, certe, semper amabo !

“ Shall I speak to thee no more ? Shall I never hear thy words ? Shall I never see thee, oh ! brother dearer than my life ? Ah ! I shall ever love thee ! ”

I HAVE just lost a friend, and am about to lose a mother : the verses addressed by Catullus to his brother are constantly applicable. In our valley of tears, as in the infernal regions, there is the constant murmur of an eternal plaint, forming the ground-work, or principal note, of human lamentations ; it never ceases, and would continue should all created griefs be silent.

A letter from Julie, which I received a short time after that from Fontanes, confirms my sad remark on my progressive isolation. Fontanes urged me *to work, to become distinguished* ; my sister begged me *to give up writing altogether* : the one proposed fame to me, the other oblivion. You have seen in Madame de Farcy's history that such was the tendency of her ideas ; she had conceived a hatred to literature, because she regarded it as one of the temptations of her life.

“ St. Servan, July 1st, 1793.

“ My brother, we have just lost the best of mothers ; it is with sorrow that I announce this severe blow. When you cease to be the object of our solicitude we shall have ceased to live. If you knew how many tears your errors have caused our dear mother to shed, how deplorable they appear to any one of a thinking mind, to any one who lays claim, not only to piety, but to reason ; if you knew this, it would perhaps help to open your eyes, to make you give up writing ; and should Heaven, touched by our prayers, permit us to meet again, you would find amongst us all the happiness that can be enjoyed on earth ; and you would bring happiness to us, since none exists for us while you are absent, and while we have reason to be uneasy on your account.”

Ah! why did I not follow the impulse of my heart? why did I continue to write? Had my writings never come to light, would there have been any difference in the events or spirit of the century?

I had then lost my mother; and I had embittered her last hour! While she, with her last breath, was uttering a prayer for her only remaining son, what was that son doing in London? I was perhaps taking a walk on a fresh morning, while the death-damp was on my mother's brow, and my hand was not there to wipe it away! The filial tenderness which I had always preserved for Madame de Chateaubriand was very profound. My childhood and youth were intimately associated with my mother's image; all that I knew I had learned from her. The idea of having poisoned the last days of her who had given me life, threw me into despair; I flung the copies of the *Essai* with horror into the fire, as the instruments of my crime; if it had been in my power to annihilate the work, I would have done it without hesitation. I did not recover from this distracted state of mind, until the thought occurred to me that I might expiate this first work by one of a religious character, such was the origin of the *Génie du Christianisme*.

"My mother," I said, in the first preface to this work, "after having been thrown, at the age of seventy-two, into a dungeon, where she witnessed the death of some of her children, expired at length on a pallet, to which her misfortunes had consigned her. The thought of my errors greatly embittered her last days, and on her death-bed she charged one of my sisters to reclaim me to the religion in which I had been educated. My sister communicated my mother's last wish to me. When this letter reached me in my exile, my sister herself was no more; she, too, had sunk beneath the effects of her imprisonment. These two voices, coming, as it were, from the grave—the dead interpreting the dead—had a powerful effect on me. I became a Christian. I did not, indeed, yield to any great supernatural light; my conviction came from the heart; I wept, and believed."

I exaggerated my fault; the *Essai* was not an impious book, but a book of doubt and grief. Through the darkness of this work still gleams a ray of the Christian light which beamed on my cradle. No great effort was needed to return from the scepticism of the *Essai* to the certainty of the *Génie du Christianisme*.

London, April to September, 1822.

“GÉNIE DU CHRISTIANISME”—LETTER FROM THE CHEVALIER DE PANAT.

WHEN, after the sad news of my mother's death, I made a resolve instantly to change my course, the title *Génie du Christianisme*, which immediately occurred to me, inspired me; I set myself to the work, and laboured with the ardour of a son erecting a mausoleum to his mother. My materials had long since been collected and blocked out by my previous studies. I was better acquainted with the writings of the Fathers than people are in the present day; I had studied them with the intention of combating them, and having entered on the path, with evil designs, instead of vanquishing I had been vanquished.

As regarded history, properly so called, it had been the especial object of my attention during the composition of the *Essai sur les Révolutions*. The Camden Papers, which I had just been engaged in examining, had rendered me familiar with the manners and institutions of the middle ages. And finally, my terrible manuscript of the *Natchez*, of 2393 folio pages, contained everything I needed in the way of natural descriptions. I could draw largely from this source, as I had already done in the *Essai*.

I wrote the first part of the *Génie du Christianisme*. The Messrs. Dulau, who had constituted themselves booksellers to the French emigrant clergy, undertook the publication; and the first sheets of the first volume were printed.

The work thus begun in 1799, in London, was not completed till 1802, in Paris: see its different prefaces. A sort of fever preyed on me during the whole time of its composition: none but he who has felt it can know what it was to bear *Atala* and *René* at one time in the brain, the blood and the soul, and to have added to the ideas of these twins of passion the labour of composing the other portions of the work. The recollection of Charlotte mingled as a warning ray with all my thoughts, and, to crown all, the first desire for fame inflamed my heated imagination. This desire was the result of

filial tenderness; I longed for fame, that it might ascend to my mother's dwelling-place, and that the angels might bring her my holy expiation.

As one study leads to another, I could not occupy myself with my French researches without taking note of the literature and literary men of the country in which I was living: I was drawn away into other researches. My days and my nights were passed in reading, writing, taking lessons in Hebrew from a learned priest, the Abbé Capelan, consulting librarians and well-informed people, roaming in the fields indulging in my old habit of reverie, and in receiving and paying visits. If there are such things as retroactive and symptomatic effects of future events, I might have augured the sensation to be caused by the work which was to make a name for me, from the turmoil of my spirits and the palpitations of my muse.

Some readings aloud of my first sketches served to enlighten me. These readings are excellent as a mode of instruction, so long as we do not take all the matter-of-course flatteries for genuine coin. If an author is earnest and sincere, he will quickly discover, by the instinctive impressions of others, the weak points of his work, especially whether it is too long or too short, whether it keeps to, does not complete, or exceeds, the proper measure. I find by me a letter from the Chevalier de Panat, containing his opinion on the readings of a work then so unknown. The letter is charming: one would not have thought the positive and mocking spirit of the chevalier susceptible of thus meddling with poetry. I do not hesitate to give this letter, one of the documents of my history, although it is filled with my praises from beginning to end, as if the malicious author had found a pleasure in pouring out his whole ink-bottle over it:

“Monday.

“*Mon Dieu!* with what an interesting reading have you indulged me this morning! Our religion had reckoned among its defenders great geniuses, illustrious fathers of the Church; these giants had wielded all the arms of reasoning with vigour; incredulity was conquered; but this was not enough; we yet needed to be shown all the charms of this admirable religion, how fitted it is to the human heart, and what splendid pictures it offers to the imagination. Here we have, not the theologian in a school,

but the great painter and the feeling man opening to himself a new horizon. Your work was needed, and you were called to produce it. Nature has eminently gifted you with the fine qualities required for this undertaking : you belong to another age.

“ Ah ! if truths of sentiment stand first in the order of nature, no one has better felt those of our religion than you ; you have overwhelmed the impious with confusion at the very gate of the temple, and introduced delicate minds and feeling hearts into the sanctuary. You remind me of those ancient philosophers who gave their lessons with their heads adorned with chaplets of flowers, and their hands filled with sweet perfumes ; and this is but a feeble image of your mind, so sweet, so pure, so classic.

“ I congratulate myself daily on the happy circumstance which threw me into your society ; I cannot forget that it was a kindness done me by Fontanes ; I love him the more for it, and my heart will never separate two names which should be united in the same fame, if Providence ever re-opens the gates of our country to us.

“ CHEVALIER DE PANAT.”

The Abbé Dëlille also heard some fragments of the work read. He appeared surprised, and shortly after did me the honour to put the prose which had pleased him into verse. He naturalised my wild American flowers in his various French gardens, and put my rather fiery wine to cool in the icy water of his clear fountain.

The unfinished edition of the *Génie du Christianisme*, commenced in London, differed slightly, in the order of its subjects, from that published in France. The Consular censorship, soon to become Imperial, showed itself very touchy on the subject of kings ; their persons, their honour, and their virtue, were dear to it beforehand. Fouché's police had already seen the white pigeon, the symbol of Bonaparte's frankness and revolutionary innocence, descend from heaven with the sacred vial. The sincere believers in the republican processions of Lyons obliged me to cut out a chapter entitled “ The Atheist Kings,” and to scatter the paragraphs here and there throughout the work.

London, April to September, 1822.

MY UNCLE M. DE BEDÉE—HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

BEFORE continuing my literary investigations, I must interrupt them for a moment to take leave of my uncle de Bedée: alas! it is taking leave of the first joy of my life: *fræno non remorant dies*—"no rein can stay the flight of days." See the old tombs in old crypts; they themselves, vanquished by time, decayed and without memory, having lost their epitaphs, they have forgotten even the names of those they enclose.

I had written to my uncle on the subject of my mother's death; he sent me a long letter in answer, containing some touching words of regret; but three-fourths of his double folio sheet was devoted to my genealogy. He especially impressed upon me, when I returned to France, to seek out the documents and titles of the *descent of the Bedées*, entrusted to my brother. Thus neither exile nor ruin, neither the destruction of his dearest friends nor the immolation of Louis XVI., warned him of the revolution; he was still in the days of the States of Brittany and the assembly of the nobility. This fixity of idea in a man's mind is very striking, in the presence, as it were, of the decay of his bodily powers, the flight of his years, and the loss of his relations and friends.

On his return from emigration, my uncle de Bedée retired to Dinan, where he died, within six leagues of Montchoix, without seeing it again. My cousin Caroline, the eldest of my three cousins, is still alive. She has remained unmarried, notwithstanding several respectable proposals, made when she was no longer young. She writes me ill-spelt letters, in which she calls me *thou*, addresses me as *chevalier*, and speaks to me of the good old time: *in illo tempore*. She was gifted with fine black eyes and a pretty figure; she danced like Camargo, and thinks she recollects that I was desperately in love with her, though in secret. I reply to her in the same tone, putting on one side, after her example, my years, my honours, and my fame: "yes, dear Caroline, thy *chevalier*," &c., &c. It must be thirty or five-and-thirty years since we have met: Heaven be praised for

it! for truly I know not what we should think of each other if we should happen to meet!

Sweet, patriarchal, innocent, honourable family friendship, your age is past! We no longer cling to our native soil by a multitude of flowers, branches, and roots; we are born and die separately. The living are eager to cast the deceased into the abyss of eternity, and to free themselves from the burden of his corpse. Of the friends, some follow the coffin to the church, grumbling meanwhile at having their hours and habits deranged; others carry their devotion so far as to follow the funeral procession to the cemetery; the grave once filled, all memory of the dead is effaced. You will never return, days of religion and tenderness, when the son died in the same house, in the same great chair, and by the same hearth, where his father and his grandfather died before him, surrounded, as they had been, with children and grand-children in tears, receiving the last paternal benediction!

Farewell, my dear uncle! Farewell, maternal family, which is fast disappearing like the other portion of my family! Farewell, my cousin of old times, who still love me as you loved me when we listened in company to my good aunt de Boistilleul's doleful history of the hawk, or when you were present at the performance of my nurse's vow, at the Abbey of Nazareth! If you survive me, accept the legacy of gratitude and affection which I here dedicate to you. Put no faith in the false smile faintly gathering on my lip while I speak of you; my eyes, I assure you, are full of tears.

London, April to Sept. 1822.

Revised in February, 1845.

ENGLISH LITERATURE—DECAY OF THE OLD SCHOOL—HISTORIANS—
POETS—CIVILIANS—SHAKESPEAR.

MY studies, carried on in reference to the *Génie du Christianisme*, had by degrees (as I have already said) led me to a closer investigation of English literature. When I took refuge in England in 1793, I found that I must change most of the judgments I had drawn from critiques. Among the historians,

Hume bore the reputation of a Tory and retrograde author; he, as well as Gibbon, was accused of having crowded the English language with Gallicisms; Smollett, who continued his history, was a greater favourite. Gibbon, a philosopher during his life, became a Christian at his death, remained, as such, impeached and convicted of being a poor man. Robertson was still spoken of, because he was dry.

As regarded the poets, the "Elegant Extracts" served as an exile for some pieces of Dryden; Pope's rhymes found no pardon, although people visited his house at Twickenham, and cut pieces from the weeping willow planted by his hand and withered as his fame.

Blair was looked upon as a tiresome critic *à la Française*; he ranked much below Johnson. As to the old *Spectator*, he was laid on the shelf.

The English works on politics have little interest for us; those on political economy are less circumscribed; the calculations on the wealth of nations, the employment of capital, and the balance of trade, are in some degree of European application.

Burke sprang from the national political individuality; in declaring himself an opponent of the French Revolution, he drew his country into that long career of hostilities which ended on the field of Waterloo.

Still, some majestic figures remained; everywhere one met with Milton and Shakspeare. Did Montmorency, Biron, Sully, successively ambassadors from France at the courts of Elizabeth and James I., ever hear of a strolling player, acting in his own farces and in those of others? Did they ever pronounce the name, so barbarous in French, of Shakspeare? Did they suspect that there was in this name a glory before which their honours, their pomp, and their rank, would sink into insignificance? The actor playing the ghost in Hamlet was the great phantom, the shade of the middle ages, rising above the world like the star of night, at the moment when those middle ages had nearly disappeared among the dead—stupendous centuries, opened by Dante and closed by Shakspeare.

In his "Memorials of English Affairs," Whitelock, who was a contemporary of the author of "Paradise Lost," speaks of him as "a certain blind man, called Milton, Latin Secretary to the Council of State." Molière, the *buffoon*, played his

own "Pourceaugnac;" and Shakspeare, the *mountebank*, made grimaces in his own "Falstaff."

These disguised travellers, who come from time to time to sit down at our table, are treated like common guests; we remain ignorant of their nature till the time of their disappearance. As they leave this world they are transformed, and say to us, as the angel said to Tobit, "I am one of the seven spirits who stand continually in the presence of the Lord." But if they are mistaken by men, in their passage, these divinities never mistake one another. Milton felt sure that "Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's Child," had no need of monuments in marble and brass to consecrate his venerated bones. Michael Angelo, envying the lot and genius of Dante, exclaims:—

"Pur fuss'io tal
Per l'aspro esilio suo con sua virtute
Darei del mondo più felice stato."

"Would I had been such as he! I would have given all the happiness of the world for his bitter exile, together with his genius!"

Tasso celebrated Camoëns, when he was still almost unknown, and contributed to his renown. There is nothing more worthy of admiration than this society of illustrious equals, mutually revealing themselves by the signs of their genius; addressing themselves to, and conversing with, one another, in a language understood by themselves alone.

Was Shakspeare lame, like Lord Byron, Walter Scott, and the Prayers (*prières*), the daughters of Jupiter? If it was so in reality, the Boy of Stratford, far from being ashamed of his infirmity, like the author of "Childe Harold," never hesitated to recal it to the mind of one of his mistresses:—

". . . . lame by fortune's dearest spite."

Shakspeare must have had many love affairs, if we may reckon one for every sonnet. The creating genius of Desdemona and Juliet must have grown old without any cessation of his attachments. Were the unknown women to whom he addressed his immortal verses proud and happy at being the objects of the poet's sonnets? It may be doubted; glory is to an old man, what diamonds are to an old woman: they adorn, but cannot embellish her.

The great English dramatist wrote to his mistress in the following strain:—

“No longer mourn for me when I am dead ;
 Then you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell !
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 Oh ! if (I say) you look upon this verse,
 When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay ;
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love ever with my life decay.”

Shakspeare loved ; but he believed no more in love than he did in any other thing. A woman in his eyes was like a bird, a breath of wind, a flower—something which delights and fleets away. From indifference to, or ignorance of, his fame, from his station, which kept him apart from society, or placed him beyond the reach of obtaining it, he seemed to regard life as a lightsome leisure hour—as a brief period of sweet enjoyment.

In his youth, Shakspeare met with some old monks, driven out of their convents, who had seen Henry VIII., his reforms, destruction of monasteries, his court fools, his wives, mistresses, and executioners. When the poet died, Charles I. was sixteen years old.

Thus, with one hand, Shakspeare had been able to touch the hoary heads that had been threatened by the sword of the last but one of the Tudors, and with the other, the brown locks of the second of the Stuarts, which the axe of the Parliamentarians was destined to bring to the dust. Resting upon these tragic supporters, the great tragedian went down to the tomb. He filled the interval of the days in which he lived with his spectres, his blind kings, the punishment of ambitious aspirers, and women in misfortune, in order, by analogous fictions, to connect the realities of the past with the realities of the future.

Shakspeare is one of five or six writers who satisfy all the wants of the mind, and furnish aliment to thought ; these maternal geniuses seem to have brought forth and reared all the others. Homer impregnated antiquity ; Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Horace, and Virgil, are his

sons. Dante was the parent of modern Italy, from Petrarch to Tasso; Rabelais was the creator of French literature; Montaigne, Lafontaine and Molière were his descendants. England is all Shakspeare, and even down to the latest times, he has lent his language to Byron and his dialogue to Walter Scott.

The claims of these supreme masters are often denied; men are guilty of rebellion against them; their defects are reckoned up; they are accused of *ennui*, tediousness, extravagance, and bad taste, even while men are engaged in plundering them, and adorning themselves with their spoils. Every thing springs from them; their impress is everywhere to be seen; they invent words and names which go to swell the general vocabulary of the people; their expressions become proverbs, their fictitious personages are formed into real ones, who have heirs and lineage. They open up horizons from whence issue forth pencils of light; they sow ideas which are the germs of thousands of others; they furnish conceptions, subjects, and styles, to all the arts; their works are the mines, or the exhaustless treasures, of the human mind.

Such geniuses occupy the first rank; their immensity, their variety, their fertility, their originality, cause them from the first to be regarded as laws, examples, moulds, types of different intelligences, as there are four or five races of men from the same stock, of which the rest are merely branches. Let us beware of insulting the irregularities into which these powerful beings sometimes fall; let us not bring upon ourselves the curse of Ham; let us not laugh, should we find the sole and solitary mariner of the deep, naked and asleep under the shade of the stranded ark on the mountains of Armenia. Let us respect this diluvian navigator, who bore the seeds of a new creation, after the cataracts of Heaven were exhausted: pious children, blessed by our father, let us cover him modestly with our mantle.

Shakspeare, while living, never thought of living after his life: what are my songs of admiration to him now? Admitting every supposition, and reasoning after the truths or errors with which the human mind is penetrated or imbued, what to Shakspeare is a renown the fame of which can never ascend to him? If a Christian? In the full enjoyment of the happiness of the eternal world, would he be affected by the nothingness of

the present? If a Deist? Disencumbered of the shades of matter, and lost in the splendour of God, would he humble himself to cast a glance upon the grain of sand whence he has passed? If an Atheist?—He sleeps the sleep without breathing or wakening, which is called death. Nothing is more vain than glory beyond the tomb, unless it has given life to friendship, been useful to virtue, lent seasonable aid to misfortune;—and it be granted to us in heaven to enjoy the consoling, generous, and merciful idea left by us on the earth.

London, from April till September, 1822.

NOVELS, OLD AND NEW—RICHARDSON—WALTER SCOTT.

AT the close of the last century, novels had fallen under a general proscription. Richardson slept forgotten; his countrymen fancied they could detect in his style traces of the society in which he had moved. Fielding kept his place well; Sterne, the upholder of originality, was out of fashion; the *Vicar of Wakefield* was still read.

If Richardson is deficient in style, his works will not survive, because an author's fame depends upon style alone. It is vain to rebel against this truth; the best written works, filled with portraiture of great truthfulness, and with a thousand other good qualities, will perish if they are deficient in style. Style, and there are a thousand kinds, cannot be learned—it is the gift of heaven—a natural endowment. But if Richardson has fallen into disrepute merely in consequence of a certain vulgar phraseology, intolerable to refined society, his works will live again; the revolution which is in progress, by abasing the aristocracy and raising up the middle classes, will render the traces of the lower class of society, and their exclusive language, less perceptible, or make them wholly disappear.

Clarissa Harlow and *Tom Jones* are the sources from whence have sprung the two principal branches of the family of modern English novels, the novels of family life and domestic scenes, and those of invention and delineations of general society. After the time of Richardson, the manners of high life made an irruption into the domain of fiction; novels were then filled with

castles, lords, ladies, water-parties,—scenes on the race-course,—at the ball, the opera, at Ranelagh—with *chit chat* and endless loquacity. The scene was not long in changing to Italy; lovers crossed the Alps in the midst of fearful perils and horrors of soul enough to melt lions; *the lion shed tears!* the jargon of good society was adopted.

Among the thousands of novels with which England has been inundated for half a century past, two have kept their ground: *Caleb Williams* and *The Monk*. I never met with Godwin during my exile in London, but saw Lewis twice. He was a young member of Parliament, very agreeable, and had all the air and manners of a Frenchman. The writings of Mrs. Radcliffe form a species of themselves. Those of Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Burney, &c., have, it is said, a chance of living. "There ought," says Montaigne, "to be laws of coercion passed against silly and useless scribblers, as there are laws against vagabonds and idlers. Such as I am, and a hundred others, would be banished from the hands of our people. Scribbling seems to be one of the symptoms of a dissolute age."

All those different schools of novelists—whether sedentary, or travellers by diligence or post, novelists of lakes and mountains, of ruins and phantoms, or novelists of cities and drawing-rooms—have, however, now all perished in the new school of Walter Scott; just as poetry has gone headlong after the steps of Lord Byron.

The illustrious Scotch writer made his *début* on the theatre of literature at the time of my exile in London, by a translation of Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*. He continued to gain reputation by his poetry, and the bent of his inclination led him at length to the novel. He appears to me to have created a false species; he has perverted both the novel and history: the novelist has tried to write historical novels, and the historian to embellish histories. If, in reading Walter Scott, I am often obliged to pass by interminable conversations, it is, doubtless, my fault; but, in my eyes, one of his great merits is, that his writings may be put into every one's hands. It demands much greater efforts of ability, to interest while keeping within the limits of order, than to please by passing beyond its bounds; it is less easy to regulate the heart than to disturb it.

Burke kept English politics in the past; Walter Scott carried the English back again to the middle ages; all that he wrote, made, and built, was Gothic: books, furniture, houses, churches, and castles. But the *lairds* of Magna Charta are now the *Fashionables* of Bond Street; a frivolous race, who reside in their ancient mansions, waiting the arrival of new generations, who are preparing to drive them out.

RECENT POETRY—BEATTIE.

AT the same time in which the novel became *romantic*, poetry underwent a similar transformation. Cowper abandoned the French school, in order to revive the national one; Burns began the same revolution in Scotland. After them came the restorers of ballad poetry. Several of these poets, from the year 1792 till 1800, belonged to what was called the *lake school*, because these writers lived on the shores of the Cumberland and Westmoreland lakes, and sometimes celebrated their beauties.

Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Hunt, Knowles, Lord Holland, Canning, and Croker, are still alive for the honour of English literature; but a man must be English-born duly to appreciate the merits of a peculiar species of composition, which comes home to those alone who are natives of the soil.

In a living literature, no one is a competent judge, except of works written in his own language. It is vain to hope for a thorough feeling of a foreign idiom—the nurse-milk is wanting, as well as the first words which have been learnt while in our swaddling-clothes: certain tones can only belong to fatherland. Of all our men of letters, the English and the Germans have the most extraordinary notions; they admire what we despise, they despise what we admire; they neither understand Racine nor Lafontaine, nor even Molière completely. It makes one laugh to hear who are our great writers, in London, Vienna, Berlin, Petersburg, Munich, Leipsic, Göttingen, and Cologne—to hear what people read with a rage, and what do they not read at all.

When the merit of an author consists especially in diction,

a stranger never can form an accurate estimate of this beauty. The more his powers are individual and national, the more his mysteries escape a mind which is not, so to speak, a *fellow-countryman* of their talents. We admire the Greeks and Romans upon tradition; we derive this admiration from authority, and the Greeks and Romans are no longer here to scoff at the opinions of us barbarians. Which of us can form any adequate idea of the harmony of Demosthenes' and Cicero's prose—of the musical cadences of Alcæus and Horace—as these were seized upon and felt by a Greek and Latin ear? It has been mentioned that real beauties are those of all times and all countries. Yes, beauties of sentiment and thought, but not beauties of style. Style is not, like thought, a cosmopolite: it has a native land, a climate and sun of its own.

Burns, Mason and Cowper died during my exile in London, before and during 1800; they closed the century: I commenced it. Darwin and Beattie died two years after my return to France.

Beattie announced the new era of lyrics. "The Minstrel, or the Progress of Genius," is a description of the first influence of the Muse upon a young bard, still ignorant of the power with which he is tormented. At one time the future poet goes and sits down upon the sea-shore during a storm; at another he leaves the village sports to listen apart, in the distance, to the sound of the bagpipe.

Beattie has run through the whole series of dreams and melancholy ideas, of which other poets have believed themselves to be the discoverers. Beattie proposed to himself to continue his poem, and he has, in fact, written a second canto: Edwin one evening hears a grave voice proceeding from the depths of a valley; it was that of a hermit, who, after having seen the vanities and illusions of the world, had buried himself in this retreat to study the inward life of his own soul, and celebrate the wonders of the Creator. This hermit instructs the young *Minstrel*, and reveals to him the secret of his genius. The idea was a happy one; the execution was far from equal to the conception. Beattie was destined to shed tears; the death of his son crushed his heart: like Ossian after the loss of Oscar, he hung up his harp on the branches of an oak. Perhaps Beattie's son was that young *Minstrel* of whom a father had sung, and whose steps he no longer saw on the mountains.

London, from April till September, 1822.

LORD BYRON.

In Lord Byron's poetry, striking imitations of the *Minstrel* are to be found; at the time of my exile in England, Lord Byron was at school at Harrow, a village ten miles from London. He was a boy, I too was young, and as much unknown as he; he had been brought up amongst the heaths of Scotland, on the sea-coast, as I had been on the *landes* of Brittany, bordering the ocean; he at first delighted in the Bible and Ossian, as I loved them; in Newstead Abbey he sang the remembrances of his youth, as I recorded mine in the chateau of Combours.

In my excursions about the neighbourhood of London, at the time when I was so unhappy, I have twenty times passed through the village of Harrow, without having any idea of the genius which it contained. I have sat in the cemetery, at the foot of the elm under which, in 1807, Lord Byron wrote the following lines, at the very time of my return from Palestine:—

How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
 Invite the bosom to recal the past,
 And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
 "Take, while thou canst, a lingering last farewell."
 When fate shall chill at length this fever'd breast,
 And calm its cares and passions into rest,
 Oft have I thought 'twould soothe my dying hour—
 If aught may soothe when life resigns her power—
 To know some humble grave, some narrow cell,
 Would hide my bosom, where it loved to dwell;
 With this fond dream methinks 'twere sweet to die—
 And here it lingered, here my heart may lie;
 Here might I sleep, where all my hopes arose,
 Scenes of my youth and couch of my repose, &c., &c.

And I too say, hail! venerable elm, at the foot of which Byron, when a boy, gave free scope to the fancies of his age, when I also was dreaming of *René* under thy shade, under the very same shade where the English poet came at a later period to dream of *Childe Harold*! Byron asked of the burying-place, which was the witness of the sports of his early

life, an humble grave; a useless request, which renown will never grant. Byron, however, is no longer what he was; when living at Venice, I met with his name everywhere; in the very same city, some years afterwards, his name was blotted out from memory, and nowhere known. It was no longer repeated by the echoes of the Lido, and if you asked the Venetians about him, they knew not of whom you spoke. With respect to them, Lord Byron is dead; they no longer hear the neighing of his horse; the case is the same in London, where his memory is dying out. Such is the lot of men. If it happened to me frequently to pass through Harrow, without knowing that it was then the abode of the boy, Lord Byron, Englishmen have passed through Combourg without suspecting that a little truant, brought up in its woods, would ever leave a trace of himself. Arthur Young, in his "*Farmer's Tour through France, Spain, and Italy*," has thus described Combourg:—

"To Combourg, the country has a savage aspect, husbandry not much further advanced, at least in skill, than among the Hurons, which appears incredible amidst inclosures; the people almost as wild as their country, and their town of Combourg one of the most brutal, filthy places, that can be seen; mud houses, no windows, and a pavement so broken as to impede all passengers, but ease none. Yet here is a château, and inhabited; who is this M. de Chateaubriand, the owner, that has nerves strung for a residence amidst such filth and poverty? Below this hideous heap of wretchedness is a fine lake, surrounded by well-wooded inclosures."—(Vol. ii. p. 83.)

This M. de Chateaubriand was my father, the retreat which appeared so horrible to the agriculturist in an ill-humour, was, notwithstanding, a noble and beautiful residence, although somewhat heavy and sombre. As for myself, I was then but a feeble plant of ivy, just beginning to climb those rude towers; and how could Mr. Young, whose attention was wholly engaged with our harvests, have been able to perceive me?

Let me here be allowed to add to those remarks written in England in 1822, some others written in 1814 and 1840; these will finish my notice of Lord Byron, or rather this notice will be complete, when my readers see what I again say of the great poet, on my visiting Venice.

There may be, perhaps, some interest in observing hereafter the concurrence of the two chiefs of the new French and

English schools—exhibiting so great a similarity in their ideas and destinies—if not in their manners; the one a Peer of England, the other a Peer of France; both travellers in the East; the one often close upon the other, without their ever having actually met. The only difference is, that the life of the English poet has been mixed up with events far less important than mine.

Lord Byron went after me to visit the ruins of Greece. In *Childe Harold* he seems to embellish with his own colours the descriptions of the *Itinéraire*. At the commencement of my pilgrimage I re-produced the Sire de Joinville's farewell to his château; Byron addressed a similar farewell to his Gothic halls.

In the *Martyrs*, Eudorus set out from Messenia to go to Rome. "Our voyage," says he, "was long; we saw all the promontories remarkable for their temples or tombs. . . My young companions had never heard any thing spoken of except the metamorphoses of Jupiter, and knew nothing of the ruins passing before their eyes; for myself, I had already sat with the prophet on the ruins of cities waste and desolate, and Babylon taught me the history and fate of Corinth."

The English poet, as well as the French prosaist, had been anticipated by the letter of Sulpicius to Cicero—a concurrence so perfect is to me singularly glorious, seeing that I preceded the immortal bard to the shores of which we have preserved the same recollections, and of which we have commemorated the same ruins.

I have further the honour of being in accord with Lord Byron, in the description of Rome; the *Martyrs*, and my letter on the *Campagna*, possess the inestimable advantage of having anticipated the inspirations of a renowned genius.

The early translators, commentators, and admirers of Lord Byron have been careful to avoid pointing out that some passages of my works might have remained for a moment in the recollection of the author of *Childe Harold*; they, perhaps, supposed that such a remark would have robbed his genius of some of its creative power. Now, however, that the enthusiasm has subsided a little, they are less niggardly of doing me this honour. Our immortal Béranger, in the last volume of his songs, has said, "In one of the couplets which precede this I refer to the *lyres*, which France owes to François de Cha-

teaubriand. I have no fear of this being gainsayed by the new school of poetry, which, being born under the wings of the eagle, has often, and with reason, boasted of such an origin. The influence of the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* has been no less felt in other countries; and it would, perhaps, be only justice to acknowledge that the writer of *Childe Harold* is of the family of *René*."

In an excellent article on Lord Byron, M. Villemain has repeated Béranger's remark: "Some incomparable passages of *René*," says he, "had, it is true, exhausted this poetical character. I know not whether Byron imitated them, or reproduced them by his genius."

What I have just said upon the affinities of imagination and destiny between the chronicler of *René*, and the author of *Childe Harold*, does not pluck away a single hair from the head of the immortal bard.

What could my prosaic and humble muse avail the muse of the *Dee* with a lyre and wings? Lord Byron will live, whether as the child of his generation, like myself, he has expressed like me its passions and misfortunes, as Goethe did before us; or whether the course and the lights of my Gallic barque have been the guides of the barque of Albion on unknown seas.

Besides, two minds of a similar bent may very well have similar ideas, without there being any ground for reproaching either with servile imitation of the other. It is quite permissible to avail ourselves of ideas and imagery expressed in a foreign language, in order to enrich our own; this is a thing acknowledged in all ages, and at all times. I am conscious that in my youth I was indebted for many of my ideas to *Ossian*, *Werther*, *Les Réveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire*, and *Les Etudes de la Nature*; but I have never concealed any thing, nor dissembled the pleasure which I derived from the works in which I delighted.

If it be true, that *René* formed an element in the essence of that single personage, introduced under different names in *Childe Harold*, *Conrad*, *Lara*, *Manfred*, and the *Giaour*; if perchance, Lord Byron had imparted to me life from his life, would he then have had the weakness never to name me? Was I, then, one of those fathers who is denied as soon as one attains to power? Could Lord Byron, who quotes almost all the French contemporary authors have been completely ignorant

of me? Had he never heard me spoken of, when the English as well as the French journals had been filled for twenty years with controversies upon my works; when the *New Times* drew a comparison between the writer of the *Génie du Christianisme* and the author of *Childe Harold*?

There is no mind, however highly favoured it may be, which has not its peculiar susceptibility and distrust; a man wishes to retain the sceptre—fears to divide the sway—and is angry at comparisons. Thus, another superior genius has altogether omitted my name in a work on *Literature*. Thanks to God, that estimating myself at my just value, I have never made any pretensions to empire; as I believe in religious truth alone, of which liberty is a form, I have no more faith in myself than in any thing else here below. But I have never felt the need of keeping silence when I really admired; for this reason I proclaim my admiration of Madame de Staël and Lord Byron. What is more delightful than admiration? It partakes of heavenly love, of tenderness exalted even to veneration; we feel ourselves filled with gratitude to the divinity which extends the powers of our minds, opens new views to our souls, and confers upon us a happiness so great and so pure, without any admixture either of envy or fear.

Besides, the petty quarrel which in these Memoirs I wage against the greatest poet whom England has seen since Milton, proves only one thing: the great value which I would have attached to the notice of his muse.

Lord Byron opened a deplorable school: I presume he was as much grieved with the *Childe Harolds*, to whom he gave birth, as I am with the *Renés* who dream around me.

The life of Lord Byron is a subject of much investigation and of many calumnies; the young have taken his magic words as seriously meant; women have felt disposed to suffer themselves to be seduced, with fear, by this *monster*, to console this solitary and unhappy Satan. Who knows? Perhaps he did not find the woman whom he sought—a woman beautiful enough—a heart as large as his own. According to the theory of demoniacal possession, Byron is the old seducing and corrupting serpent, because he sees the corruption of the human race; he is a fated and suffering genius, placed between the mysteries of matter and mind, who finds no word to express the enigma of the universe, who looks upon life as a frightful mockery with-

out a cause, as a perverse smile of evil ; he is the son of despair, whose language is contempt and denial ; a man who has not passed through the age of innocence, and who, having come forth reprobate from the bosom of nature, is the damned of annihilation.

Such is the Byron of heated imaginations ; such, as it appears to me, is not the man in reality.

As in the case of most others, two different men are combined in Lord Byron ; the man of *nature* and the man of *training*. The poet, perceiving the character which the public gave him to play, accepted it, and began to curse the world, which he had at first only done in his poetic dreams ; this course is apparent in the chronological order of his works.

As to his *genius*, far from having the extent attributed to it, it is limited enough ; his poetical thoughts are confined to lamentation, complaint, and imprecation ; in these respects they are admirable ; we are not to ask the lyre what it thinks, but what it sings.

As to his *mind*, it is sarcastic and varied, but of a nature which agitates, and of evil influence. The writer has carefully studied Voltaire, and imitates him.

Lord Byron, endowed with every advantage, had little reason to reproach his birth ; the very accident which rendered him unhappy, and which linked all his lofty superiority with human infirmity, ought not to have tormented him, since it did not hinder him from being loved. The immortal bard knew, from his own experience, how true is the maxim of Zeno : " The voice is the flower of beauty."

How deplorable is the rapidity with which renown flies away at the present day ! At the end of some years, what do I say ? of some months, the public infatuation disappears, and reviling succeeds. The glory of Lord Byron already begins to pale ; his genius is better understood among us ; and altars will be raised to his honour longer in France than in England. As the peculiar excellency of *Childe Harold* consists in the delineation of individual sentiment and feeling, the English, who prefer such sentiments as are common to all, will end by disowning the poet whose plaint is so deep and sorrowful. Let them beware : if they break the image of the man who has made them live, what will they have remaining ?

WHEN I wrote these remarks on Lord Byron, during my exile in London in 1822, he had only two years of his earthly race to run : he died in 1824, at the very time in which the public disenchantment, and a strong feeling of repugnance towards him, were about to commence. I preceded him in life—he has gone before me to the grave. He has been called away before his turn ; my number was before his, and, nevertheless, his was drawn out before mine. *Childe Harold* ought to have remained ; the world might lose me without perceiving my disappearance. In continuing my route, I met Madame Guiccioli in Rome, and Lady Byron in Paris. Weakness and virtue have thus been presented to me: the former had, perhaps, too much reality—and the latter not enough of ideality.

London, from April till September, 1822.

ENGLAND, FROM RICHMOND TO GREENWICH—EXCURSION WITH FELLOW-TRAVELLERS—BLENHEIM—STOWE—HAMPTON COURT—OXFORD—ETON COLLEGE—MANNERS, PRIVATE AND POLITICAL—FOX—PITT—BURKE—GEORGE III.

HAVING now spoken of English writers at the period when England afforded me an asylum, it only remains for me to say something of England itself at that time, its scenery, castles, and manners and customs, private as well as political.

The whole of England may, perhaps, be seen in the space of a dozen miles, from Richmond above London to Greenwich below it.

Below London, lies England industrial and commercial, with its docks, warehouses, custom-house, foundries, and ships ; at every tide vessels of all sizes ascend the Thames in three divisions ; the smallest first, then those of middle size, and finally, the large ships, whose sails almost touch the columns of Greenwich Hospital, and the windows of its festive taverns.

Above London, lies England agricultural and pastoral, with its meadows, herds, country-houses, and parks, washed by the waters of the Thames driven back by the tide, and twice in the day bathing their shrubberies and lawns. Between these two opposite points—Richmond and Greenwich—London embraces

in itself all the things of this double England ; in the west the aristocracy, in the east the democracy, the Tower, and Westminster—limits, between which the entire history of Great Britain has its centre.

I passed a part of the summer of 1799 at Richmond with Christian de Lamoignon, engaged on the *Génie du Christianisme*. I enjoyed myself with boating on the Thames, and walks in the park. I could have wished that *Richmond-by-London* had been *Honor Richemundia*, the Richmond of the treaty, for in that case, I should have found myself in my own country again,—and thus : William the Bastard made a present to Alain, Duke of Brittany, his son-in-law, of four hundred and forty-two lordships in England, which afterwards formed the county of Richmond ;* Alain's successors, the Dukes of Brittany, granted these domains as feofs to Breton *chevaliers*, younger sons of the families of de Rohan, de Tinteniac, de Chateaubriand, de Goyon, and de Montboucher. But in spite of my good will, I was obliged to seek in Yorkshire for the county of Richmond, erected into a duchy under Charles II., for a bastard ; Richmond on the Thames is the old Sheen of Edward III.

At this place, in 1377, died Edward III., that renowned king robbed by his mistress, Alice Pearce, who was no longer the Alice or Catherine of Salisbury of the early years of the victor of Cressy ; do not love except at an age when you can be loved. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth also died at Richmond ; where do not men die ? Henry VIII. delighted in this palace. English historians are greatly embarrassed with the character of this atrocious man ; on the one hand, they cannot dissemble his tyranny, and the servility of parliament ; on the other, if they spoke too strongly against the head of the Reformation, they would condemn themselves by condemning him :

“ Plus l'opresseur est vil, plus l'esclave est infâme.”

The hill is still in Richmond Park which served Henry VIII. as an observatory to obtain intelligence of the execution of Anne Boleyn. Henry leaped with joy at sight of the signal from the Tower of London. What a pleasure ! The

* See *Domesday Book*.

axe had cut in twain the delicate neck, and bloodied the beautiful hair, which the poet-king had clasped in his fatal embrace.

In the deserted park of Richmond, I watched for no homicidal signal, and should not even have wished the smallest ill to any one who might then have betrayed me. I walked in company with a few peaceable deer; they were accustomed to run before a pack of hounds, to stop when they were tired, and be then brought back, very lively and well-pleased with the game, in a cart filled with straw. I went to Kew to see the kangaroos; ridiculous creatures, exactly the inverse of the giraffe; these innocent, leaping quadrupeds, peopled the wilds of Australia better than the mistresses of the old Duke of Queensbury peopled the streets of Richmond. The Thames glided past the lawn of a cottage half hidden beneath a cedar, and sheltered by weeping willows; a newly married couple had come to spend their honeymoon in this paradise.

One evening, while I was sauntering on the green-sward at Twickenham, Pelletier made his appearance, holding his handkerchief to his mouth.

"What a villanous perpetual fog!" cried he, as soon as he was within hearing; "how can you stay here? I have made my list: Stowe, Blenheim, Hampton Court, Oxford; with your dreaming fashion, you would be in John Bull's land *in vitam æternam* and see nothing."

In vain I begged to be excused; I was obliged to go. In the carriage Pelletier gave me a history of his hopes; he had relays of them; if one broke down under him, he bestrode another, and drove on, a leg on this side, a leg on that, to the end of his journey. One of these hopes, the most substantial of the number, conducted him into Bonaparte's suite; he took Napoleon by the collar, and Napoleon was foolish enough to box with him. Pelletier had James Mackintosh for his second; convicted afterwards on his trial, he made a fresh fortune (which he squandered directly) by selling the writings belonging to the trial.

Blenheim was disagreeable to me; I suffered the more from being reminded of an ancient disaster of my country, because the recollection of a recent personal insult was fresh. Some men in a boat up the Thames had seen me on the shore, and perceiving that I was a Frenchman, had begun to shout

"hurrah." News of the naval engagement at Aboukir had just been received: these victories of the foreigner, although they might be the means of re-opening the gates of France to me, were hateful in my eyes. Nelson, whom I had met several times in Hyde Park, buried his victories at Naples in the shawl of Lady Hamilton, whilst the lazzaroni played at ball with heads. The Admiral died gloriously at Trafalgar, and his mistress miserably at Calais, having lost beauty, youth, and fortune; and I, whom the triumph of Aboukir thus wounded on the banks of the Thames, have seen the palms of Libya fringing the calm solitary waters once reddened by the blood of my fellow-countrymen.

The park at Stowe is celebrated for its various buildings; I prefer its shady depths. The *cicerone* of the place showed us, in a dark ravine, the imitation of a temple, the original of which I was one day to see in the brilliant valley of Cephissus. Beautiful paintings of the Italian school were pining in the obscurity of uninhabited chambers, with closed shutters; poor Raphael, thus prisoner in an old English castle, far from the clear sky which smiled above the Farnesina!

In Hampton Court was preserved a collection of portraits of the mistresses of Charles II.: such was this prince's course when raised to the throne, after a revolution which had deprived his father of his head, and was destined to banish his race.

At Slough, we saw Herschel, his learned sister, and his great telescope, forty feet long: he was looking out for new planets; at which Pelletier, who kept to the seven old ones, was much amused.

We remained two days in Oxford, and I was much pleased with this republic of Alfred the Great: it represented the privileged liberties and manners of learned institutions in the middle ages. We hurried through the twenty-five colleges, the libraries, the pictures, the museum, and the Botanical Garden. I turned over with extreme pleasure, among the manuscripts of Worcester College, a life of the Black Prince, written in French verse by that Prince's herald.

Oxford, without resembling them, recalled to my memory the modest colleges of Dol, Rennes, and Dinan. I had translated Gray's *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

an imitation of Dante's line—

Squilla di lontano
Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore.

Pelletier had eagerly sounded the trumpet for my translation in his newspaper. At sight of Oxford, I thought of the same poet's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* :—

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
Ah, fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.
Say, father Thames.
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?
Alas ! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play ;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.

Who has not experienced the feelings and regrets expressed in these lines with all the sweetness of the muse ? Who has not been moved at the remembrance of the sports, the studies, the attachments of his early years ? But can we bring them again to life ? Youthful pleasures revived by memory are like ruins seen by torchlight.

PRIVATE LIFE OF THE ENGLISH.

SEPARATED from the Continent by a long war, the English, at the close of the last century, still preserved their national manners and character. There was as yet but one *people*, in whose name the sovereignty was exercised by an aristocratic government ; there were but two great classes known, bound together by friendly feeling and common interest, the patrons and the clients. That jealous class, called *bourgeoisie* in

France, which is beginning to form in England, did not yet exist ; there was nothing intervening between the rich landlords and the men living by their labour. All was not yet machinery in the manufacturing business, and folly in the privileged ranks. On the same pavements where we now see dirty faces and men in great-coats, were then to be seen young girls in their white cloaks, and little straw hats tied under the chin with a ribbon, with a basket hanging on their arm in which was fruit or a book ; all with downcast eyes, and blushing if any one looked at them. "England," says Shakspeare, "is a nest of swans in the midst of the waters."

Frock-coats were so little worn in London in 1793, that a lady, who was weeping hot tears for the death of Louis XVI., said to me : "But, dear sir, is it true that the poor king wore a *surtout* when his head was cut off ?"

The gentlemen-farmers had not yet sold their patrimonies in order to live in London ; they still formed that independent fraction in the House of Commons, which, in opposition to the ministry, maintained ideas of liberty, order, and property. They hunted foxes, or shot pheasants in autumn, ate fat geese at Christmas, cried *vivat* to roast beef, complained of the present, praised up the past, cursed Pitt and war, which raised the price of Port wine, and went to bed intoxicated, to prepare for passing another day in the same way. They felt quite secure that the glory of Great Britain would never decay as long as "God save the King" should be sung ; the rotten boroughs kept all safe ; the game laws remain in vigour, and hares and partridges be furtively sold in the market under the names of *lions* and *ostriches*.

The English clergy were learned, hospitable, and generous ; they had received their French brethren with true Christian charity. The University of Oxford had a New Testament, according to the Roman Catholic text, printed and distributed to the *curés* : on the title were inscribed these words : "For the use of the Catholic clergy exiled in the cause of religion."

As regarded the higher ranks of English society, I, a poor and obscure exile, could see but the outside. On a day of reception at court, or a drawing-room of the princess of Wales, ladies passed me seated sideways in sedan-chairs ; their great hoops projected from the doors like the antepedium of an altar. The

ladies themselves, on these altars of enormous hooped petticoats, resembled Madonnas or pagodas. These fair dames were the daughters of others as fair who had been objects of adoration to the Duc de Guiche and the Duc de Lauzun; and are now, in 1822, the mothers and grandmothers of the young girls who dance in short dresses in my saloons, to the music of Collinet—quickly-springing generations of flowers.

POLITICAL MANNERS.

ENGLAND of 1688 was, towards the close of the last century, at the height of her glory. When a poor *émigré* in London, from 1793 to 1800, I listened to the eloquence of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Wilberforce, Grenville, Whitbread, Lauderdale, and Erskine; now, ambassador in the same place, in 1822, I cannot describe my feeling of surprise, when, instead of the great orators whom I formerly admired, I see those rise who were their subordinates at the time of my first visit; the scholars in the place of the masters. *General* ideas have penetrated into this *private* society. But the enlightened aristocracy which stood at the helm of English affairs for a hundred and forty years, exhibited to the world one of the finest and greatest societies which has done honour to mankind since the days of the Roman patriciate. Perhaps some old family, living retired in one of the counties, will recognise the society which I have just delineated, and regret the time, the loss of which I here deplore.

In 1792, Burke separated himself from Fox. Their difference of opinion occurred on the French Revolution, which Burke attacked and Fox defended. Never did the two orators, who until then had been friends, display so much eloquence. The whole house was affected, and Fox's eyes filled with tears. Burke took an opportunity, on the discussion of the Canadian Bill, to state his decided opinion concerning the revolution in France, and the doctrines maintained by the advocates for that revolution. These doctrines he stigmatised in terms of the greatest severity. He alluded to the unkindness and cruelty of his friend, in endeavouring to libel his life and render him odious. He said he was a willing victim to the good of his

country. To the safety of his country, he had sacrificed private friendship and party support. He painted the follies, iniquities, cruelties, and horrors of the French republicans. He did not consider France as a republic; no; it was an anomaly in government. He knew not by what name to call it. It was a compound of Milton's sublimely obscure and tremendous figure of Death. It was a shapeless monster, born of hell and chaos!

Fox having said that the *loss of friends* was not a necessary consequence, Burke cried:

He said he knew the result of his conduct. He had done his duty at the price of his friend. He warned the honourable gentlemen who were the two great rivals in the house (whether they moved in the political hemisphere like two great meteors, or in peaceable conjunction like brothers) to preserve and cherish the British Constitution—to be on their guard against innovations, and to save themselves from the danger of these new theories.

Memorable epoch of the world!

I became acquainted with Burke in the latter years of his life; overwhelmed with grief at the death of his only son, he had founded a school for the children of poor *émigrés*. I went with him to see what he called *his nursery*. He looked on with pleasure at the lively gambols of this little race of strangers, growing up under the paternal care of his genius. On seeing the unconscious exiles leaping, he said to me: "Our boys could not do that;" and his eyes filled with tears; he was thinking of his son, departed to a longer exile.

Pitt, Fox, and Burke are no more, and the English Constitution has felt the influence of the new theories. An idea of the scene of which I have spoken can only be formed by those who have been witnesses of the weighty debates of parliament at this period, and have heard the orators whose prophetic voices seemed to announce an approaching revolution. Liberty, confined within the bounds of order, seemed to struggle in Westminster against the influence of anarchical liberty, speaking from the yet bloody tribune of the Convention.

Pitt was tall and thin, with a gloomy, sneering expression. His language was cold, his intonation monotonous, his gestures passionless; yet the lucidness and fluency of his ideas, and his logical reasoning, illuminated by sudden flashes of eloquence, made his abilities something extraordinary.

I saw Pitt pretty often, as he walked across St. James's Park from his house, on his way to the king. George III., on his side, had perhaps just arrived from Windsor, after drinking beer from pewter-pots with the farmers of the neighbourhood; he crossed the ugly court-yards of his ugly palace in a dark carriage, followed by a few horse-guards; this was the master of the kings of Europe, as five or six city merchants are masters of India. Pitt, in a black coat, and brass-hilted sword, with his hat under his arm, went up-stairs, two or three steps at a time; on his way he only saw a few idle *émigrés*, and glancing disdainfully at us, passed on with a pale face and head thrown back.

This great financier maintained no order in his own house; he had no regular hours for his meals or his sleep. Plunged in debt, he paid nothing, and could not make up his mind to add up a bill. A valet managed his household affairs. Ill-dressed, without pleasure, without passions, eager for power alone, he despised honours, and would be nothing but *William Pitt*.

Lord Liverpool took me to dine at his country-house in the month of June, 1822; and on the way thither, pointed out to me the small house where died in poverty the son of Lord Chatham, the statesman who brought all Europe into his pay, and distributed with his own hands all the millions of the earth.

George III. survived Pitt, but he had lost both reason and sight. Every session, at the opening of parliament, the ministers read to the silent and affected members a bulletin of the king's health. One day, I had gone to visit Windsor; and by the gift of a few shillings, persuaded a door-keeper to hide me where I could have a view of the king. The monarch came, with his white hair and sightless eyes, wandering through his palace like King Lear, and feeling his way along the walls. He sat down before a piano, whose place he knew, and played some fragments of one of Handel's sonatas: a beautiful end for Old England!

London, April to September, 1822.

RETURN OF THE ÉMIGRÉS TO FRANCE—THE PRUSSIAN MINISTER GIVES ME A FALSE PASSPORT UNDER THE NAME OF LASSAGNE, AN INHABITANT OF NEUFCHATEL, IN SWITZERLAND—DEATH OF LORD LONDONDERRY—END OF MY CAREER AS A SOLDIER AND AS A TRAVELLER
I LAND AT CALAIS.

I BEGAN to turn my eyes towards my native country. A great revolution had been effected. Bonaparte having become First Consul, re-established order by despotism ; many of the exiles returned ; the *émigrés* of rank especially hastened back to recover the wrecks of their fortunes ; fidelity was perishing at its head, while its heart still beat in the breast of a few poor gentlemen of the provinces. Mrs. Lindsay had left England, and wrote to MM. de Lamoignon to return to their country ; she also urged their sister, Madame d'Aguesseau, to come over. Fontanes wished me to go and finish the publication of the *Génie du Christianisme* at Paris. Although my recollection of and affection for my country were fresh and vivid, I felt no desire to return to it ; gods more powerful than the paternal *lares* kept me back ; I had no longer either possessions or a home in France ; my country had become to me a bosom of stone, a milkless breast ; I should find neither my mother, nor my brother, nor my sister Julie there. Lucile was still living, but she had married M. de Caud, and no longer bore my name ; my young *widow* only knew me by a union of a few months, by misfortune, and an absence of eight years.

Had I been left entirely to myself, I know not whether I should have had strength of mind to resolve on departure ; but I saw my little circle melting away, Madame d'Aguesseau offered to take me to Paris, and I yielded. The Prussian minister procured me a passport under the name of Lassagne, an inhabitant of Neufchâtel. MM. Dulau stopped the printing of the *Génie du Christianisme*, and gave me the sheets already printed. I extracted from the *Natchez* the sketches of *Atala* and *René*, locked up the rest of the manuscript in a trunk, which I entrusted to the keeping of my hosts in London, and set out for Dover with Madame d'Aguesseau : Mrs. Lindsay was waiting for us at Calais.

Thus, in the year 1800, I quitted England; my heart was filled with very different thoughts from those which occupy it when I write this, in 1822. Then, I brought from the land of exile nought but regrets and dreams; now, my head is filled with scenes of ambition, politics, grandeur, and courts, so ill-suited to my nature. What masses of events are, as it were, piled up in my present existence! Pass on, men, pass on; my turn will come. I have as yet unfolded but a third part of my days to you: if the sufferings which I have endured weighed darkly on my bright early days, now, when entering on a more productive age, the germ of *René* is about to be developed, and bitterness of another kind will mingle with my narrative! How much shall I have to say in speaking of my country, of its revolutions, of which I have already traced the first sketch; of the Empire and its gigantic head, of whose fall I have been a witness; of the Restoration, in which I took so great a part, glorious now in 1822, but over which there yet seems in my eyes to hover a vague, dark, funereal cloud!

I am about to close this chapter, which traces me up to the spring of 1800; arrived at the end of my first career, there now opens before me the *career of the author*; from a private individual, I am about to become a public man; to quit the pure and silent shelter of solitude, for the soiled and noisy highway of the world; bright daylight will throw its beams upon my dreamy existence, and light penetrate into the kingdom of shadows. I look back with emotion on the pages which delineate these hours, unmarked by action or event; I seem to be bidding a last farewell to my paternal home; I take leave of the thoughts and chimeras of my youth, as of sisters or lovers, whom I leave by the family hearth, and shall never see more.

Our passage from Dover to Calais occupied four hours. I crept into my native land under the protection of a foreign name; doubly hidden in the obscurity of the Swiss Lassagne and in my own, I set foot on France with the century.

Dieppe, 1836.

Revised in December, 1846.

MY STAY AT DIEPPE—TWO SOCIETIES.

WHILST writing these Memoirs, you know that I have changed my abode many times, and have often described those places, and uttered opinions which they suggested ; I have thus retraced my recollections, mixing up the history of my thoughts and of my various homes with the history of my life.

You see where I am now. Walking this morning on the cliffs behind the castle of Dieppe, my eye rested on the postern which communicates with them by means of a bridge over the moat. By this postern Madame de Longueville escaped from Queen Anne of Austria ; and having embarked secretly at Havre, and landed at Rotterdam, she went to Stenay, to Marshal de Turenne. The conquests of the great captain were no longer innocent, and the exiled scoffer did not treat the guilty with any mercy.

Madame de Longueville, freed from the enmity of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the throne of Versailles, and the municipality of Paris, became passionately attached to the author of *Les Maximes* (Laroche foucauld), and continued as faithful to him as she was able. He survives less from his thoughts than from the friendship of Madame de la Fayette and of Madame de Sévigné, from the verses of La Fontaine and the love of Madame de Longueville. Such is the value of illustrious attachments.

The Princess of Condé being on her death-bed, said to Madame de Brienne, " My dear friend, inform that *pauvre misérable*, who is at Stenay, of the state in which you now see me, and let her learn to die." Fine words ; the princess, however, forgot that she herself had been loved by Henry IV. ; that when taken to Brussels by her husband, she had been anxious to rejoin the Bearnese—to escape by night through a window, and afterwards to ride on horseback thirty or forty leagues ; she was then a *pauvre misérable*, seventeen years of age.

Having come down from the cliffs, I found myself on the high-road to Paris ; on going out of Dieppe the road ascends

rapidly. To the right, the wall of a cemetery rises on the sloping side of a bank ; and along this wall runs a rope-walk. Two rope-makers, walking backwards in parallel lines, and balancing from leg to leg, were singing together in a low voice. I listened to their song ; they were just at the following couplet of the *Vieux Caporal* ; a fine poetical falsehood, which has brought us where we are :—

Qui là-bas sanglotte et regarde ?
Eh ! C'est la veuve du tambour, &c., &c.

These men sung the chorus : *conscrits, au pas ; ne pleurez pas . . . marchez au pas, au pas*, in a tone so manly and pathetic, that tears started to my eyes. Whilst keeping the step, and reeling off their hemp, they had the air of spinning out the last moments of the *vieux caporal*. I cannot describe the charm, peculiar to Béranger, though exhibited merely by two sailors, who, in sight of the sea, celebrate the death of a soldier.

The cliffs recalled to my mind monarchical greatness, the high-way plebeian celebrity ; I compared in my mind the men who constitute the two extremes of society ; I asked myself to which of these two periods I would have wished to belong. When the present shall have disappeared like the past, which of these two kinds of renown will most strongly draw towards it the respect of posterity ?

And, nevertheless, if deeds were everything, if the value of names did not form in history a counterpoise to the value of events, what a difference there is between my time and the time which passed from the death of Henry IV. to that of Mazarin ! What were the disturbances of 1648 compared with those of this Revolution, which has swallowed up the old conditions of society, and which will die, perhaps, leaving neither old nor new society ? Have I not had to draw, in my Memoirs, pictures of incomparably greater importance than the scenes related by the Duc de Larochevoucauld ? Even at Dieppe, what was the careless and voluptuous idol of Paris, seduced and rebellious, in comparison with the Duchesse de Berry ? The salvos of artillery which announced to the sea the presence of the royal widow, no longer thunder ; the flatteries of powder and smoke have left nothing on the shore but the murmuring of the waves.

The two daughters of the house of Bourbon, Anne Geneviève and Marie Caroline, have withdrawn; the two sailors in the song of the plebeian poet will be forgotten; Dieppe is empty of myself; it was another *self*, that of my early days already ended, who formerly dwelt in these places, and this *self* has perished, for our days die before ourselves. Here you have seen me a sub-lieutenant in the regiment of Navarre, drilling recruits on the sands; you have also seen me an exile under Bonaparte, you will meet me again, when the days of July overtake me. Here I am still; and I resume my pen to continue my *Confessions*.

In order to know where we are, it may be useful to cast a glance on the state of my Memoirs.

RETROSPECT OF MY MEMOIRS.

THAT has happened to me, which happens to every man who works on a grand scale: I have, in the first place, raised the wings on the extremities; then, displacing and replacing my scaffolding hither and thither, I have raised the stones and mortar of the intermediate structures; several centuries were employed in completing the Gothic cathedrals. If Heaven grant me life, the monument shall be finished during the course of different years; the architect will always remain the same, only changed in age. Besides, it is a punishment to preserve the intellectual being intact, imprisoned in a material envelope almost worn out. St. Augustine, when he became sensible of his bodily decay, said to God: "Keep my soul in Thy tabernacle;" and to men, "When you have learned to know me in this book, pray for me."

Six-and-thirty years must be reckoned between the things last spoken of, and those in which I am now engaged. How is it possible to resume, with any degree of ardour, an account of subjects which long ago inspired me with passion and fire, when those are no longer alive of whom I am about to speak, and the object is to resuscitate images frozen in the depths of eternity; to descend into a funereal cavern, in order to enjoy life? Am not I myself, as it were, dead? Have not my

opinions changed? Do I now see objects from the same point of view? Have not those personal trials, about which I was so much troubled, and those general and astounding events which accompanied or followed them, fallen off in importance in the eyes of the world, as well as in my own? Whenever the life of a man is greatly prolonged, his mind becomes blunted and cold; the interest of the evening has passed away before the morrow. When I search into my thoughts, there are names and even personages which escape my memory, though they may have made my heart beat: vanity of men forgetting and forgotten! It is not enough to say to our dreams and our love: "Revive!" in order to give them life again; the region of the shades cannot be entered except by a golden branch, and it requires a youthful hand to pluck it.

Dieppe, 1836.

YEAR 1800—SIGHT OF FRANCE—ARRIVAL IN PARIS.

Aucuns venans des Lares patries.

(*Rabelais.*)

HAVING been shut up for eight years in Great Britain, I had only seen the English world, so different, and especially at that time, from all the rest of European society. As the packet-boat from Dover approached Calais in the spring of 1800, my looks were strained towards the coast. I was struck with the air of poverty exhibited by the country; only a few masts were to be seen in the harbour; a population in cotton caps danced along the jetty before us; the conquerors of the continent were announced to us by the noise of their wooden shoes. As soon as we came alongside the quay, gendarmes and custom-house officers leaped on board and examined our luggage and passports. In France, every man is suspected, and the first thing one sees in our business as well as in our amusements is a three-cocked-hat and a bayonet.

Mrs. Lindsay was waiting for us at the inn; and next day she, Madame d'Aguesseau, a young person, her relation, and myself, set out for Paris. On the road, we saw scarcely any men; women, dirty and ragged, with bare feet, and heads either alto-

gether without covering or bound by a handkerchief, were everywhere busy working in the fields; they might have been taken for slaves. I ought rather to have been struck with the independence and manliness of a country where the women handled the spade, whilst their husbands handled the musket. It might have been supposed that a conflagration had passed over the villages; they looked miserable and dilapidated; on all hands mud or dust, dunghills and ruins.

On the right and left of the road appeared dismantled or ruined châteaux; nothing remained of their felled woods and plantations, except a few squared pieces of timber, on which children were at play. The fences of the inclosures were broken down, and the churches abandoned, from which the dead had been carried away; there were steeples without bells, graveyards without crosses, and saints without heads, built up in their niches. The walls were daubed over with these republican inscriptions already become old: LIBERTY—EQUALITY—FRATERNITY—or DEATH. In some cases, attempts had been made to blot out the word *death*—but the black or red letters were still visible under a layer of white-wash. The nation which appeared to have reached the moment of dissolution, was recommencing a fresh condition of life; like the nations issuing from the night of barbarism, and from the desolation of the middle ages.

As we approached the capital, between Ecouen and Paris, the ash trees had not been felled; I was struck with the beautiful avenues formed by the road, which are unknown in England. France was as new to me as the forests of America had previously been. St. Denis was unroofed, its windows broken, the rain fell into its aisles already becoming green, and the tombs were destroyed; I have since seen there the bones of Louis XVI., the Cossacks, the coffin of the Duc de Berry, and the cenotaph of Louis XVIII.

Auguste de Lamoignon came to meet Mrs. Lindsay; his elegant equipage formed a remarkable contrast with the lumbering carts, and the dirty and torn diligences drawn by hacks harnessed with ropes, which I had met since leaving Calais. Mrs. Lindsay lived at Thernes. I alighted at the road to La Revolte, and reached the house of my hostess across the fields. I remained at her house four-and-twenty hours, and there I met with a certain tall and stout M. Lassalle, who was employed by

her in arranging the affairs of the *émigrés*. She sent to inform M. de Fontanes of my arrival ; at the end of about eight-and-forty hours he came to see me in a small room, which Mrs. Lindsay had taken for me in an inn almost at her door.

It was Sunday : about three o'clock in the afternoon we entered Paris on foot, by the *Barrière de l'Etoile*. At present we can form no idea of the impression which the excesses of the Revolution had made on men's minds throughout Europe, and especially on the minds of those who were absent from France during the reign of Terror. It seemed to me, as if I were literally going down into hell. I had been a witness, it is true, of the beginning of the Revolution, but its great crimes had not then been committed, and I had remained under the yoke of subsequent facts, such as these facts were related in the midst of the well-regulated and peaceable society of England.

Going forward under my assumed name, and persuaded I was compromising my friend Fontanes, I heard with great astonishment, on entering the *Champs Elysées*, the sounds of a violin, a horn, clarionet, and drum ; I saw tents, in which men and women were dancing ; and, in the distance, the palace of the Tuileries appeared at the extremity of its two large woods of chestnut-trees. The *Place Louis XV.* was bare ; it had the dilapidated, melancholy, and abandoned air of an ancient amphitheatre ; people passed on quickly ; I was particularly surprised at not hearing lamentations, and was afraid of putting my foot into some pool of blood, of which there remained not a trace ; I found it impossible to withdraw my eyes from that quarter of the sky, where the instrument of death had been erected ; I thought I saw before me in undress my brother and my sister-in-law, bound near the bloody machine ; there the head of Louis XVI. had fallen. Notwithstanding all the merriment in the streets, the towers of the churches were mute ; it appeared to me as if we were entering on Good Friday, the great day of our Lord's passion.

M. de Fontanes lived in the Rue St. Honoré, in the neighbourhood of Saint-Roch. He took me to his house, and presented me to his wife, and then conducted me to the house of his friend, M. Joubert, where I found a temporary asylum. I was received as a traveller, of whom they had heard some accounts.

The next day I went to the office of the police, under the assumed name of M. de Lassagne, to deposit my foreign passport, and to receive in exchange a permission to remain in Paris, which was renewed to me from month to month. At the end of a few days I took an *entresol* in the *rue de Lille*, on the side next the *rue des Saints-Pères*.

I had brought with me the *Génie du Christianisme*, and the first sheets of that work printed in London. I had been directed to M. Migneret, a worthy man, who consented to undertake the charge of the work, to proceed with the printing—interrupted in London—and to advance something for my subsistence in the meantime. Not a soul knew any thing about my *Essai sur les Révolutions*, notwithstanding what had been told me by M. Lemièrè. I found out the old philosopher, Delisle de Sales, who had just published his *Mémoire en Faveur de Dieu*; and I went to the house of Ginguené. The latter lived in the *rue de Grenelle-Saint-Germain*, near the hotel of *Bon La Fontaine*. There was still legible on his door: “Here the title of citizen is regarded as an honour, and people *tutoyer* one another. Shut the door, if you please.” I went up; M. Ginguené, who hardly recognised me, spoke to me of his great dignity, and of all that he was, and had been. I modestly withdrew, and never attempted to renew a connexion so disproportioned.

I always cherished in my heart the recollection of and regret for England. I had lived there so long, that I had adopted all its usages; I could not endure the dirtiness of our houses, stairs, and tables, our want of neatness, our noise, familiarity, and the absurdity of our talk. I had become English in manners, tastes, and, to a certain extent, in my manner of thinking; for if, as it is alleged, Lord Byron was sometimes inspired in his *Childe Harold* by René, it must be confessed that eight years’ residence in England, preceded by a voyage to America; and the long habit of speaking, writing, and even thinking, in English, had produced a necessary effect on the turn and expression of my ideas. But by degrees I began to enjoy the sociable qualities which distinguish us, that communion of minds, so charming, so rapid, and so easy, that absence of all haughtiness and prejudice, that disregard of fortune and names, and that natural level of all ranks; that equality of mind,

which renders French society incomparable, and redeems our faults. After being established for some months amongst us, a feeling grows up that it is impossible to enjoy life except in Paris.

Paris, 1837.

YEAR 1800—MY LIFE IN PARIS.

I SHUT myself up in the depths of my *entresol*, and devoted myself wholly to work. In the intervals of relaxation, I made excursions round about to reconnoitre. In the middle of the Palais Royal a circus had been erected; Camille Desmoulins no longer harangued the mob in the open air; troops of prostitutes—the attendant satellites of the goddess of Reason—no longer went about in processions under the direction of David as manager and leader. At the entrance of every passage, and in all the galleries, were to be met men who announced all kinds of curiosities, *Ombres chinoises*, *vues d'optique*, *cabinets de physique*, *bêtes étranges*; notwithstanding all the heads that had been cut off, there still remained some idlers: bursts of music continually proceeded from the cellars of the *Palais-Marchand*, accompanied by the noise of great drums; it was there, perhaps, that those giants dwelt for whom I was seeking, and who must necessarily have produced immense events. I went down; a subterranean ball was going on in the midst of spectators sitting and drinking beer. A little hunch-back, planted on a table, was playing the fiddle, and singing a hymn to Bonaparte, which ended with these lines:

Par ses vertues, par ses attraits,
Il meritait d'être leur père!

A *sou* was given him at the close of the set. Such is the basis of that human society which bore an Alexander, and which was sustaining Napoleon.

I visited the places where I had walked during the dreams of my early years. From the convents of former times, the clubbists had been driven away after the monks. Wandering about behind the Luxembourg, I came upon the *Chartreuse*; its demolition was just being completed.

The *Place des Victoires* and the *Place Vendôme* lamented the absent statues of the *grand roi*; the community of the Capuchins had been plundered, and the inner cloisters were used as a place for the exhibition of Robertson's *fantasmagorie*. At the Cordeliers, I asked in vain for the Gothic nave, where I had seen Marat and Danton in their prime. On the quay of the *Théatins*, the church of that body had been converted into a coffee-house, and a room for rope-dancing. At the door was an illumination representing the amusements within; and written in large letters: *admission gratis*. I pushed on with the crowd into this cave of iniquity: I had no sooner got a seat, than waiters entered with napkins in their hands—shouting like madmen, "*Consommez, Messieurs, consommez!*" I did not wait to be told twice, and I stole away sadly, to avoid the jeers of the company, because I had nothing wherewith to *consommer*.

CHANGE OF SOCIETY.

THE Revolution may be divided into three parts, which have nothing in common among them: the Republic—the Empire—and the Restoration; these three different worlds—all as completely finished, one as the other—appeared as if separated by centuries. Each of these conditions of society had a fixed principle: the principle of the Republic was equality; that of the Empire, power; and that of the Restoration, liberty. The republican period was the most original and most deeply marked, because we never have seen, nor ever shall see, physical order produced by moral disorder, unity resulting from the government of the multitude, the scaffold substituted for law, and obeyed in the name of humanity.

In 1801, I was present at the second social transformation. The confusion was ridiculous. By means of a suitable disguise, numbers of people passed for persons whom they were not: each wore his nick-name, or his borrowed one, suspended from his neck, as the Venetians, during the Carnival, carry a small mask in their hands, to indicate that they are masked. One

was reputed to be an Italian, another a Spaniard, a third a Prussian, and a fourth a Dutchman; I was a Swiss. A mother passed as the aunt of her son; a father as the uncle of his daughter; the proprietor of an estate was only its manager. This movement recalled to my mind, in an opposite sense, the movement of 1789, when the monks and various religious orders were driven out of their cloisters, and the old condition of society was overrun by the new; the latter, after having displaced the former, was again displaced in its turn.

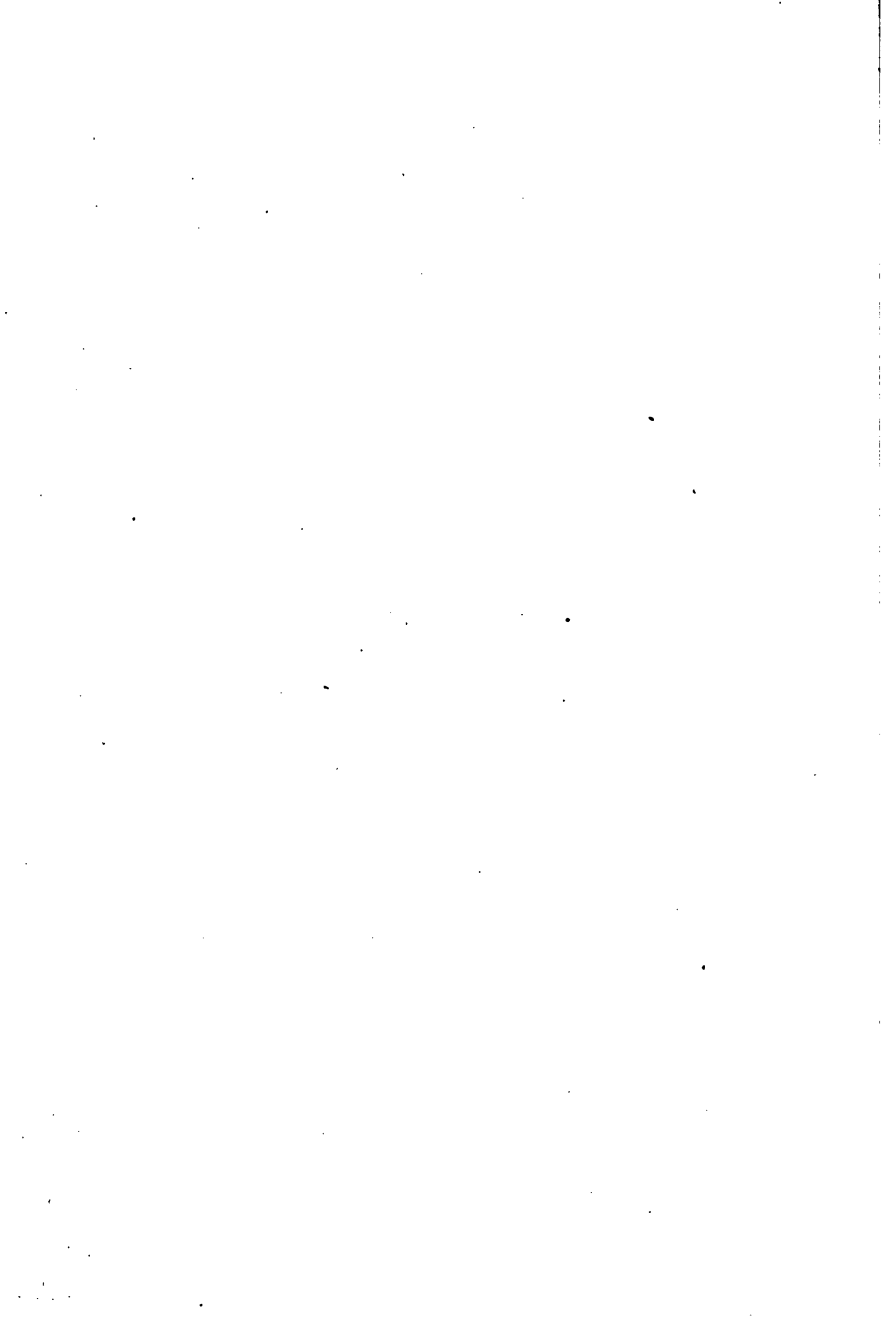
However, an orderly society began to spring up; people deserted the *cafés* and the street to enter into domestic life; the remnants of the family circle were collected; the inheritance was reconstructed by gathering up the wrecks, as the *rappel* is beaten after a battle to see how many have been lost. All the churches that remained entire were re-opened; I had the happiness of blowing the trumpet at the door of the temple. It was easy to distinguish the old republican generation which withdrew, from the imperial generation which advanced. Generals—who had sprung up in emergencies, poor, rude in speech, and severe in mien, who had brought home nothing from all their campaigns except wounds and ragged coats—were continually coming in contact with the brilliant and laced officers of the consular army. The *émigré* returned home, conversed quietly with the murderers of some of his kindred. All the porters, who were great partisans of the late M. de Robespierre, regretted the *spectacles* of the *Place Louis XV.*, where, as my own landlord in the *Rue de Lille* told me, “they cut off women’s heads, whose necks were as white as a chicken’s skin.” The *Septembriseurs*, having changed their name and their quarters, had become dealers in baked apples at the corners of the streets; but they were often obliged to give up their calling, because the people, who recognised them, upset their stalls, and were disposed to abuse them. The revolutionists, who had become enriched, began to keep establishments in the large hotels in the *Faubourg St. Germain*, which had been sold. On the way to be created barons and counts, the Jacobins spoke of nothing but the horrors of 1793, and the necessity of chastising the working classes and putting down the excesses of the mob. Bonaparte, putting Brutuses and Scævolas in his police, was preparing to bedeck

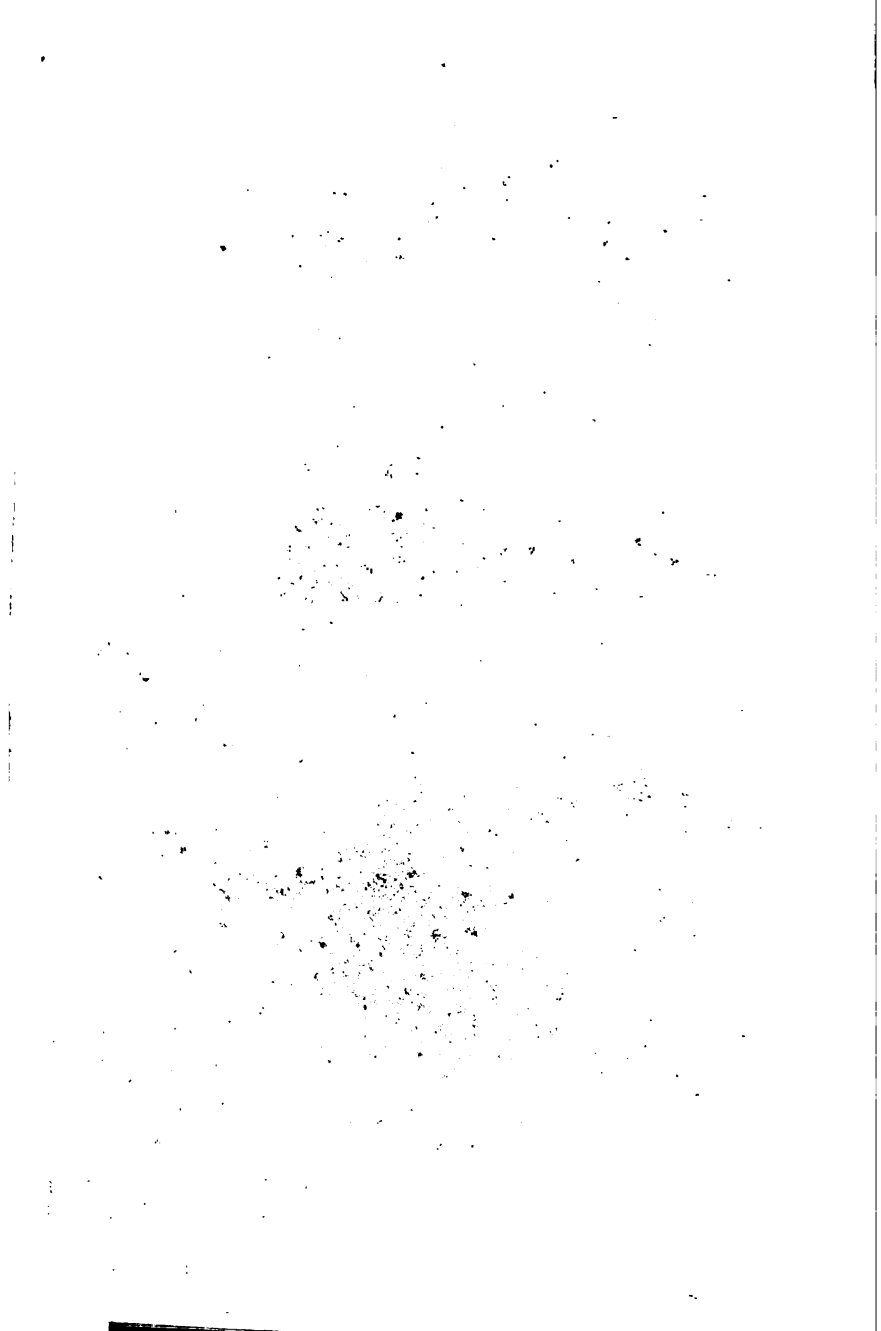
them with ribbons, to bedaub them with titles, to force them to betray their opinions, and to dishonour their crimes. In the midst of all this, a new generation shot up vigorously, sown in blood, and growing up, no longer to shed any except that of the foreigner: from day to day, the transformation proceeded of republicans into imperialists, and of the tyranny of the whole into the despotism of one.

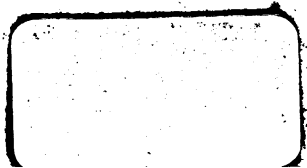
THE END.

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