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The Journal of John Waldie Theatre Commentaries, 1799-1830

Title

The Journal of John Waldie Theatre Commentaries, 1799-1830: no. 09 [Journal 5] April 23-August 31, 1802

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/57x2w29v>

Author

Burwick, Frederick

Publication Date

2008-06-18

[Box 3]

no.9 [Journal 5]

April 23-August 31, 1802.

Containing travels in Holland, Flanders, & France in 1802.

Journal of a tour of Holland, Flanders,
and France in the year 1802.

Preface,

In the following Journal without pretending to give a general description of the Countries I have passed thro', I have noted down the employment of my own time and given a short account of those persons and objects, which were most interesting to me with no other view than to enjoy by introspection the first impressions of novelty at an early age; -- indeed it would have been absurd to have attempted any thing farther in a tour of little more than ten weeks duration, during which I visited the Cities of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, and Rouen.

V, 1

[23. April. 1802]

Captain Anderson of the Commerce now lying at Shields and bound for Rotterdam, having taken in his cargo, cleared the Ship at the Custom house, and gone down to Shields to prepare for sailing, there remained no obstacle to our departure but the wind, which tho' a very gentle gale, was from the East.

V, II

[24. April. 1802]

... we sailed delightfully up the broad expanse of the Rhine, passing by numerous pretty villages, each of which was ornamented with a neat spire: from the flatness of the country, the steeples of an amazing number of churches are seen at once. We passed on the left bank the village of Owenheeren, from whence a young Dutch naval officer came on board to take the ship's name, and our names; he seemed very quick and smart, and very anxious to display his french, tho' he affected at the same time to be in a most violent haste. The shore on

each side was very pleasantly diversified by green fields, divided by small canals, in which were large herds of cattle, and various straight rows of trees in different directions.

The Dutch never lose an opportunity of getting any thing -- and where they know they can obtain it by a tiresome importunity, they are far from being deterred by motives of delicacy from asking; at least such was the character of both our Pilots, and the Captain says of most of the lower classes, for they begged beef and biscuit over and above their wages, and as much as they could eat, and were not satisfied till their pockets were also filled.

... we observed a shrimp net attached to the stern V, 13
of all the small hogs and fishing boats which passed us, which catch shrimp as they sail against the tide, and before the wind: for the Dutch lose no opportunity of gaining any thing.

V, 14

... The dykes which defend the land are frequently built upon -- and ornamented by the neatest little picturesque cottages, with groves of trees round them, and in front fine apple, pear, and horsechestnut trees, the roots of which form a good defense from the water; while before the doors are similar piles of tree roots, and bundles of reed for thatch, and thin branches for baskets;

V, 15

for there is nothing in Holland that is not turned to some use; most of the cottages are covered with thatch very neatly put on. and some of them have small tiles -- but I saw no slates, and they are all built of small neat bricks neatly painted and often plastered over and then painted of various colours.

... We then returned to our Inn and I felt myself extremely comfortable, after all the disagreeable accommodations and provisions of the ship; a dutch Inn is, however, very far inferior to an English one; luckily, the female servant could speak a little English, so that we easily made known our wants, tho' nothing struck me as more strange than the harsh, uncouth, and disharmonious sounds which I heard on every side. The Dutch are very neat in their dress and appearance as well as in their houses, and every thing else; but their dress is very grotesque: -- the women however are very good looking, tho' square and of a wonderful circumference of petticoats; they wear mob caps very like quakers

V, 19

and the poorer class have immense flat round straw hats, with a round place for the head, and very large heavy wooden shoes. The men wear very large hats, and immense breeches, which are generally ornamented at the top with round plates of silver; but they are more clumsy, awkward and uncouth, and not near so neat as the women. Among the higher ranks the English fashions are beginning a good deal to prevail.

V, 30

[30. April. 1802]

... The Market Place [in Rotterdam] is a large and very fine oblong square and the Maese comes up to the centre of it; before the river stands on a large pedestal the statue of Erasmus, large as life; the figure is in bronze, and very finely executed, in the attitude of turning over the leaves of a folio. This figure in bronze was accused of frightening horses, so he was barbarously blacked over, which is by no means an improvement to his appearance.

Mr. Heaton took leave of us at his house, and we all walked to the Jews' Synagogue on the Bomplys; their sabbath begins at sun set on Fridays, so we went in to see the service. The Synagogue is a tolerably good building with a great deal of carving, and a large gallery round three sides for the Women, who are kept separate from the Men, and out of sight; the Men are a most curious set with long beards, -- very dirty in their dress and appearance. In the centre is a table on a platform raised and railed round, and against the wall is a Tabernacle with Hebrew inscriptions, also railed in like an altar, and which I suppose is the Holy of Holies. The chief elder and 3 singers were placed on the raised platform, and the high priest was dressed in white, and stood near the altar; he was silent, but the others, as well as all the congregation, made a most dreadful noise; at intervals, indeed, they set up such hideous tones as almost to deafen one; presently, however, the noise ceased, and the three Men on the platform began to sing, in which the congregation joined. They had all three very fine voices, and sung in excellent time, a treble, a tenor, and a bass, -- which had a good effect, as they sang in

V, 32

parts; but whether the words were Hebrew or Dutch I could not tell; alternate singing and bawling constituted the whole service; we left the synagogue before the end of the business.

... ..

[1. May. 1802]

This morning I attained the age of Twenty One years, but my twenty second year was ushered in, in a disagreeable manner, as I was unwell of my old pain in my side: at one o'clock, being rather better, I went out with J. Lamb

... and at six Mr. Lloyd Jun^r, & J. Lamb and I, walked to the Theatre, where we found a very crowded audience, and the piece just begun; however, we easily got our places, which are never taken by those who have none secured, as they are marked by a piece of white paper put on the seat with a pin thro' it. The play was a translation from Kotzebue's Joanna of Montfaucon, and was I thought, and Mr. Lloyd said, tolerably acted: tho' many of the actors were clumsy and uncouth, and often ranted dreadfully, making most discordant sounds. Joanna was acted by a Dutch woman of the name of Oswald, who elegant in her person, and very interesting, had she not contracted the habit of making her breast heave constantly, of which the continual exhibition is both ridiculous and disgusting. The performers were all well dressed, the Music was tolerable, and the

Scenery good. The Prompter sits with his head up thro' a trap door in the centre of the stage, behind the stage lamps, and concealed from the audience by a little screen -- but this is the custom all over the Continent. The wings, and roof scenes were remarkably correct and neat, and managed so as to give the stage exactly the appearance of what was intended to be represented, which is too often neglected in England. On each side of the Stage, instead of stage doors, are figures of Thalia and Melpomene with their different attributes, and very well executed in white marble. The house is neat, tho' in a heavy style, and not so large as ours in Newcastle. The pit is the largest part of the house, and goes entirely under the boxes, of which there is but one row, and above them a gallery goes round exactly the same size. They never changed the scene in presence of the audience, but always dropped the curtain, let down at the end of the acts for at least five minutes, so that

the play was divided into 10 or 12 acts, and took above four hours and a half in representation. There was no after piece, which is never given when a full piece is acted; which indeed I do not wonder at, as they are so long and tedious. The Theatre is under the direction of a Mr. Bingley,

V, 36

an Englishman, and upon the whole seems very well conducted. Adjoining to the Theatre there is a Coffee room, where there are tea and coffee, cakes, orangeade, lemonade, &c., and these are continually brought into the Theatre during the play, to the great interruption of the performance. The Company were a most curious set -- genteel and shabby, were scarcely to be distinguished as they were all very grotesque.

V, 39

[2. May. 1802]

... We went out of the city by the road to Delft, and passed by various gardens, summer houses, and canals, to a place called in English, The flesh pots of Egypt, a tea house and place of entertainment for the citizens, and their wives and families, from Rotterdam. This is a large neat Cottage, surrounded by a garden, separated from the road by a small canal. The house is divided into several small apartments for parties, and near it is a long and neatly fitted-up covered shed for playing at Golf, where a great many of the Men were playing; it is however a different game from that they play in Edinburgh. At the end of the Golf shed a part was detached for drinking and smoking; there were great crowds of people of both sexes, and of all ranks and degrees, and of the most curious appearance. A swing was erected in the middle of the garden,

on which both gentlemen & ladies exercised themselves with great activity and perserverance -- indeed the delicacy of the Dutch Ladies is by no means striking. ...

V, 40

... Various things happened which displayed the indelicacy of the Dutch Ladies to a degree much higher than I had supposed; indeed they seemed highly amused and entertained by circumstances which would have a very contrary effect on an English Lady.

V, 43

[3. May. 1802]

... We all went to the Concert, which was at a distance, at the other end of town; on the road we were joined by two other Dutch Ladies, and altogether were a very curious party. The Concerts for the winter are over, and the band not so numerous as then, and they are all amateurs -- the room was very shabby and the company very vulgar -- in winter I believe they have a better room; the Music was, however, much better than I expected tho' entirely instrumental; some of Haydn's pieces were performed with great correctness of execution, but not much feeling or taste. There were benches or forms

V, 44

for the Gentlemen, and chairs for the Ladies, who here as they do at all places, procure small square wood boxes with holes at the top, and filled with hot turf, which they put under their feet; this very unpleasant custom is generally practised throughout all Holland, and with clouds of smoke from the pipes of the Men, makes the air of the rooms very thick and unpleasant. Both the Ladies and the Gentlemen drank

copiously of Wine, Tea, &c. J. Lamb and I came away at the end of the second act, as we were almost suffocated with the fumes of tobacco, which fortunately is not allowed in the Theatre so much. We went home and played piquet with the German till bed time. Wilkes was not come home, so we could not play at Whist.

V, 45

... The predilection for and attention of all the Dutch to neatness and cleanliness is a very fortunate feature of their character, for the dampness and lowness of the land, and moisture of the atmosphere, require the continual cleaning and scrubbing which is bestowed upon every thing; and also require, with regard to houses, perpetual painting, white-washing, and scouring; -- the houses in the Town especially, tho' shining with paint, and loaded with ornament, are generally awkward and inconvenient within, and their chief merit, is certainly the neatness and order which is universally observable in them.

[4. May. 1802]

V, 46

... We called by appointment at Mr. Lloyd's office, where we saw both the Mr. Lloyds, and walked with Mr. Lloyd Jun^r to Mr. Crawford's elegant house on the Bomptys, and were introduced to him. He was very civil in shewing and explaining his collection of paintings, which entirely cover the four sides of a large square room; unfortunately the room looks on the back of an ugly warehouse and the eye turns with horror from the works of Rubens, Teniers, Potter, Wouvermans, & all the first painters of the Flemish school, to bales of goods, cranes, casks, &c. There are some most admirable paintings, much superior to any I ever saw before -- in particular a Venus and Cupid by Titian, Joseph and the Prophetess Hannah, by a disciple of

Rubens; a very fine winter piece, and some good sea pieces, and I admired some interior scenes of Dutch Cottages by Teniers, Ostade, &c., which for nature, simplicity, and the highest finishing and expression I never saw equalled. There is also an original painting by Paul Potter for which Mr. Crawford paid £1300 -- it is a landscape, cattle and peasants; the figures seem to project, and to be real: indeed it is nature herself, and far exceeded my conception of the power of painting.

V, 58

[6. May. 1802]

The Hague

... In the evening at 6, we went to the French Theatre, the Dutch being closed. In the Vivubourgh, and in the great square below it called the Voorhout, immense booths are now erecting for the fair which begins on Saturday next, and lasts a week, and is the most crowded of any in Holland. The fair is the occasion also of drawing here a troop of French comedians who perform

V, 59

in the French Theatre, which can now no longer boast the splendour, beauty, and fashion which it formerly displayed, when the court of the Orange family was held here. We went to the Pit, which was well filled, but the boxes were nearly empty. The Theatre is neatly fitted up, but small -- the scenery & decorations were very good -- the company much more genteel than at Rotterdam, & an excellent lobby at the Entrance, leading to the Pit and Boxes. There are two tiers of Boxes and a Gallery above; instead of stage doors are two balconies upon the stage, one of which was filled with the family of the Spanish Ambassador. The Piece was La Femme Jalouse by M. Desforges, and Les Folies Amoureuses by Regnard. The actors were tolerable -- the women in particular. Mad. Dorsan,

the jealous wife, is a most excellent actress: she performed the part, which is exactly that of Mrs. Oakley (tho' the distress arises from different circumstances), with great spirit, animation, and judgement -- her face is very expressive, but her figure short and thick. The play is rather sentimental than humorous. -- Eugenie, the natural daughter of M. Dorsan, was pleasingly acted by Mad. de la Croix. -- Gervais, the servant, was well acted by Adrien Morel, and Justine la Sourbrette,

V, 60

with much comic humour by Mad. Baudier. M. Dorsan was but very indifferently acted by M. Depoix the manager, who is very stiff and stupid; but upon the whole the Play was well performed and very interesting -- and the farce extremely laughable, and well acted -- especially by the two servants, Mad. Baudier and Adrien Morel. The performance began a few minutes after six and was over a little past 10. One is detained a very short time between acts, as they merely leave the stage vacant, and do not let down a scene, which indeed is not necessary as the scene is never changed in a regular french play. The appearance of the house and company had altogether a far more lively and genteel air than at Rotterdam -- the centre box projecting from the rest is elegantly furnished with mirrors, and was formerly occupied by the Orange family, but is now used by the members of the present government.

[7. May. 1802]

We went soon after 9 o'clock in a coach to Scheveling, which is about two miles from the Hague. The road winds thro' some trees till it reaches the gate of the Avenue of Scheveling -- which is two miles in length, and bordered by noble trees -- it is very wide, and its long straight line terminated by the

church of Schevelling....

V, 62

... We proceeded by a winding and well shaded avenue of above a mile in length to the Palace. ... We were shewn seven rooms entirely filled with paintings by the first masters, and altho' several of the best have been transported to Paris, there still remain a great number of very beautiful pictures. -- Among the best are a Magdalen by Corregio, which for softness of expression and beauty of coloring is far beyond what I could have conceived it possible for painting to express; also a Magdalen by Titian, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, and a countenance truly expressive of grief, most exquisitely done. The Executioner holding the head of St. John the Baptist, streaming

V, 63

with blood; the horrid countenance of the Man, the sharpness of the knife, and the livid paleness of the head, are most astonishing: this is, I believe, by Spagnoletto. A half length of Christ upon the Cross by Rubens, is very striking. A very large picture, by Cornelius van Haarlem, of the Massacre of the Innocents, is finished with great strength, and makes one shudder even to look at it. There are a number of Landscapes, fancy pieces, and portraits of all the House of Orange, and many great men -- several by Van Dyke -- one in particular by Schalken, I think, of William the Third with a lighted candle in his hand is most admirably done. The long gallery, which leads behind the seven rooms, is filled with old and curious portraits, chiefly of the Orange family. I was so highly delighted with this collection, I shall certainly contrive to see it again on our return.

... The immense and magnificent apartment called the Concert Room is a sort of Octagon. Its walls are divided into compartments and these are entirely covered with paintings

V, 65

on historical subjects, chiefly done by Jordaens. The Centre part of the room is above 60 feet high, and surmounted by a Dome, also covered with paintings, and above which is a cupola, the sides of glass, & at the top of all is a picture of the wife of Ferdinand, Prince of Orange. It is certainly the most magnificent and shewy room I ever saw, but not so pleasant and light as the Chinese room. We took a walk into the Gardens, which are neat, and the Garden in front of the Palace very good, tho' the roof is far too heavy, as is the case with most Dutch buildings, for the rest of the Palace.

V, 74

[10, May. 1802]

We walked with Mr. Van Poelin in the grounds, and observed the workmen, who are making the destined improvements in Mr. Crena's grounds. They have a perservering slow and regular routine even in the most trifling things which nothing can make them depart from, and their dulness forms a curious contrast to the liveliness and vivacity of the French, with which we were this morning very much amused, for about 12 o'clock a great number of large heavy vessels passed down the Rhine, going from Utrecht to the Texel; these were filled with French Soldiers, who were also drawing along the Ships, by walking along the shore, and pulling up the vessels by means of ropes. They were

very dirty, shabby and half starved in appearance, and several of them seemed very much fatigued with pulling, but they were all shouting, laughing, talking, and joking each other, and seemed as happy as of they were going to a wedding, while in fact they knew they were immediately to be shipped off to Santa Domingo, from whence it is most probable not one in ten of them will ever return. They were all talking at once, and several of them addressed compliments to the Ladies as they passed, but I observed none of the [Dutch] workmen even looked at them, or paid the slightest attention to their noise.

... ..

V, 78

[11. May. 1802]

Utrecht

At 1/2 past eight we set out in an open carriage (a kind of low phaeton drawn by two horses on one of which the driver sat) to see Zeyst, the settlement of the Moravians, six miles from Utrecht. We went in an eastern direction out of the city gates farther into the province of Utrecht; the land evidently becoming much higher tho' still level; it is, however, pleasantly diversified by woods, villas, a great deal of

V, 79

corn land, and a rich luxuriance of every kind of vegetation, and is certainly the finest country I have seen in Holland. The greatest part of the way lay thro' an avenue of fine trees; and on every side were pleasant pastures, cornfields, and woods, large old chateaux at a distance from the road; the rye in many places was fully grown, and waving in ear, and the copse woods of elm, willow, and beech reminded me much of those near Windermere; the soil is dry, light, and sandy, and farther to the east (tho' here it is pleasant and fertile) becomes heavy and sandy -- and the country consists of uncultivated sandy forests of

brushwood, but the rich flatness, the abundance of wood, and luxuriant crops in this part, reminded me of Yorkshire, tho' the ditches that divide the fields, altho' no longer filled with water, destroyed the resemblance in the near view. After a charming ride thro' this fertile and pleasing country, we arrived at the village of Zeyst, which of itself contains nothing more than a long paved street with trees, and the church at one end. In the middle of the street is the gate which leads to the extensive settlement of Moravians. The settlement, as it is called, is a very large collection of buildings, upon a regular plan

V, 80

with fine avenues of tall trees, and grass platforms in the areas with neat gravel roads; and the air of the whole is much more like the palace of a prince, than the residence of a number of artizans.

There is one very large central building with four rows of trees leading to it from the gate of the village, and on each side this wide avenue are two large squares with grass platforms, and which appear like immense wings to the central building. The large building in the middle is the residence of the young persons who are unmarried, who live in separate parts of it, and have regular[ly elected] governors, and stated employment. Those who are married live separately in houses in the squares, where they have also shops of every kind. On one side of the left hand square is the general Warehouse, which contains an immense variety of different goods. Different chambers are allotted to different articles, -- for trinkets, hardware, and jewellery -- cabinet work of all kinds -- shoes -- linen -- woollen and cotton gloves and stockings -- toys for children -- writing, and pocket memorandum books --

baskets, boxes &c. -- Books -- confectionary: in short, it is a kind of general storehouse for the surrounding country, where almost

V, 81

any thing may be procured, but the principal articles are by the Moravians themselves; yet in order to finish these completely, and to have others which they find saleable, they are obliged to import goods of various sorts from England, France, and Holland; this they do in order to render their institution a general repository. An Auction was going on in the green of the right hand square; they were selling a vast variety of stone-ware, &c., which the Moravians were buying for the use of their families. In the right hand square is also the church; it has no steeple, and the houses are built on each side of it; it was repairing and an Organ erecting. I don't know in what consists the difference of their worship from the Presbyterian, but they seem a very inoffensive, decent, civil, and industrious set of people. They intermarry only with each other, and have no connection or intercourse with any other sect. Having walked about the place, & bought some trifles in the Shops, we met a German officer, who was very civil, and told the Coachman to drive us back to Utrecht by a different route, which was equally pleasant, being thro' woods, corn fields, meadows, extensive nurseries, and orchards; all the trees, and indeed the whole face of the country, is much further advanced here than in Holland.

[13. May. 1802]

Amsterdam

... At six our Valet conducted us to the German Theatre, in the Amstel Straat, which is at present used for the performance of French Operas, by several of the French troops of Comedians, who have left the French Theatre -- and there it is said are the best -- so that there are two French Theatres which out of opposition to each other both perform on the same night. 30 stivers admitted us into every part of the house; the boxes and pit communicate together; it is a

V, 97

very neat little Theatre, but scarcely so large as ours at Newcastle. There are no Galleries but three tiers of boxes of different prices: most people pay full price, as the difference is very trifling, the opposition of the two Theatres having lowered the price. The Audience was numerous, and very genteel; several very fashionable and elegant women were in the Pit and Boxes: very superior to the audience of Rotterdam; but at the Dutch Theatre here, the audience is much in the style of Rotterdam. The Orchestra was remarkably good -- there were near 30 Musicians, and the band was most admirably led by a Mr. Kuntze, a German, and its execution was far superior to any thing I have been in the habit of hearing. The first piece was Armand et Laura, an opera of one act, & only three characters, the Uncle by Voizel, the Manager -- Armand by Isambert, and Laura by Mad. Kuntze, wife to the leader of the Band; it was well acted, and the music was delightful; the singing was very good; the taste and exactness of their execution, and the harmony of the Duets, and Trios, &c., was charming; the Music by Della Maria was very pleasing. The next piece was the opera of Alexis and Justine in two acts, with a variety of characters of which the

principal were Alexis, Isambert -- Justine, Mad. Kuntze --
and Jacques, by a Mr. Abel. The story is very

V, 98

like the Gentle Shepherd, only leaving out that part of Roger and Jenny. An old peasant and his wife find a boy laid at their door, whom they receive and educate as their son. He falls in love with the daughter (Justine) who returns his passion, and the Scene opens with the happiness of the young people, who are just going to be married; while the old peasant is giving his consent, and joining their hands, and the peasants of the village are assembled to congratulate them, a gentleman arrives who proves himself to be the Father of Alexis, and requires him to leave his humble abode. The first discovery of the relationship is very interesting, and the conflicting emotions of Alexis between duty to his Father, and sorrow at leaving Justine, with the grief of the poor Girl and her parents are very affecting, and was most inimitably performed by Nad. Kuntze and Isambert. There is also a very farcical and laughable love of Justine's, admirably acted by Abel, who wishes to have her, and believes his success now certain. After various scenes pathetic and humorous, Alexis is brought to bid adieu to his humble friends, but his father gives him a pocket book, which he tells him to present to the old people, and which contains an adequate reward for their care of him. Alexis reluctantly presents it to the peasant who will not receive it. The Father then bids his

V, 99

son to open it, and to his equal joy and surprise he finds a written consent to his marriage, as he found his son could not be happy otherwise; this, however, to the Audience is a most pleasing incident, because they are ignorant of his

favorable intentions, and do not know he has been merely making a trial of the affections of the two lovers. The Father then joins their hands, and the piece concludes happily. The Music was indeed delightful, both instrumental and vocal, and was peculiarly well adapted to the various situations of the piece. All the actors sung exactly in time and tune, and the choruses were very pleasing, and particularly striking at the parting of the two lovers, when they were torn by force from each other's arms. Certainly Isambert and Mad. Kuntze are two of the handsomest figures I ever saw. He is tall and graceful, and with a face of the most regular beauty, tho' very expressive, -- with fine eyes -- and the most finished propriety & elegance of action -- in that respect superior to any Actor I ever saw; his voice is pleasing, and very flexible, and he seems perfectly to understand music, but unfortunately has our northern guttural enunciation, a fault which is here so common that it is the less to be attended to. Mad. Kuntze is very like Mad. Frederic, tho' much handsomer; her face is expressive and pleasing,

V, 100

and her figure very elegant, and her manner of singing remarkably animated and pathetic -- indeed, altogether I have seldom seen so elegant a pair as Alexis and Justine. Jacques, the country lover by Abel, had a great deal of comic humour, and added much to the effect of the piece, which on the whole was delightful.

V, 101

[14. May. 1802]

... At half past ten J. Lamb and I went out accompanied by our Guide to visit a Musico, a place of public entertainment very different from the elegance

of the Theatre where we spent last night. This Musico is a licensed Brothel, of which there are numbers in this City; they are under the regulations of the Police, and are therefore not dangerous in point of personal safety. We were much astonished by the novel scene it presented. Groups of Men were drinking and smoking, music was playing, and several girls dancing Minuets, Allemandes, &c., and Waltzing, that is embracing each other closely, and whirling round as fast as possible, and with encreasing velocity, till their strength is totally exhausted. The Girls were, some of them, very good looking, but drest in the most frightful manner; however it must be acknowledged their manners were less bold and masculine than those of a similar character in England, and in general they seemed to have an air of gaiety, which did not appear forced, or the effects of intoxication. I was surprised to mark several Tradesmen with their wives and daughters, observing the scene with great amusement; but I understand it is a very common recreation among the tradespeople, to come, and drink tea, and see the humours of a Musico, but they always retire before any thing very indecent commences, which seldom happens till a very late, or rather a very early hour. We staid for above two hours, and were

V, 103

sometimes amused, and sometimes disgusted with the scene. The Men were very inferior to the Girls, both in dress and manners, indeed they were in general nothing but lightermen and sailors; and to our shame I must confess there nobody of a genteel appearance but ourselves, and two other young Englishmen and their tutor, a young Clergyman who seemed highly entertained at the

scene. We soon got acquainted with our countrymen, and we five danced two country dances with five of the Ladies; some of the Girls were very conversible, and could jabber a little both of English and French. We five English went away together at 1/2 past 12, and left the Ladies and Gentlemen to continue their amusement, which seldom concludes till near daylight. To be admitted to these Musicos, of which there are a great number in this city, it is only necessary to pay for a bottle of wine on entering, but happily it is not necessary to drink it.

V, 106

[15. May. 1802]

... we went to the French Comic Opera in the Amstel Straat, the same we were at before, as Sunderstood the rival Theatre is very inferior. The first Opera was L'Epreuve Villageoise, a very pleasant little piece which was most admirably done by Madame Kuntze and Abel, and M. de la Forgue, who is a very fine singer indeed, of more experience, and more flexibility

V, 107

of voice than Isambert, but inferior to him in person and manner; -- the second piece was Le Secret, with which I was highly entertained by the^a causeless jealousy of Mad. Dupuis, which was admirably performed by Madame Kuntze, whom I never saw equalled for spirit and propriety of action, both in singing and speaking -- we were very much pleased, and above all with a Duetto Concertante of Kreutzers which was inimitably executed on the violin by Mr. Kuntze, and Mr. de la Forgue; it was a most exquisite musical treat, for the two performers were equal in execution, taste, and feeling.

[17. May. 1802] Nieuwendam

... The streets are all paved with bricks, clean as the neatest apartment, and well scoured, and the houses are entirely painted over of various colours, as are the rails, bridges, windmills, &c., indeed every part of the place is so clean, that is it impossible for paint or water to make it more so -- the pavement of the streets was of a fine red and yellow, and in the Inn where we dined, and where there were at least a dozen other parties also dining, it was impossible to discover the least trace of dust or dirt. Every thing internal and external shone with neatness; and the dress of the people down to the poorest was neatness itself; -- but of a most grotesque and curious nature, especially of the Women -- a monstrous hood with a lappet which descended over the shoulders, & half way down the back served at once the double purpose of hat and cloak. It was generally made of black cloth, or silk lined with white or colored cotton, and with a mob under it -- also a very long waist, short apron, & gown, only half way down the petticoat. This dress is the universal costume of the women and children of North Holland, and has been so for these two hundred years past, without the smallest change, which is very singular, considering their proximity to

V, 109

Amsterdam, where like other great cities, the style of dress is changeable. Many of the Women who are rich have a bandeau of wrought solid gold across their forehead, with a star, and ear-rings, and a square piece of gold fastened to the cap, and sticking straight out from the temple, which has a most strange look -- the poorer women have only a few of these ornaments, and theirs are frequently only of silver; all the men have two large plates of gold or silver stuck to the waistband of their breeches.

... In a room above us, were a party singing duets and trios very correctly and pleasantly, which I distinctly heard, as the windows were all open. Almost every one here sings, can take a part and understands the pleasure of harmony -- indeed, from what I have observed, it appears clear to me that a general taste and correctness in Music is much more common here than in England. We left Nieuwendam at seven -- the sun set most beautifully on the water, beside the distant tower of the Great Church of Haarlem, and the moon rose over the suburb of Cattenbourg, to the East of the city. ...

V, 114

... From all we have met with we can at least praise the Dutch Hospitality, which I did not expect to be so warm. They are very honest; and tho' ready to make all they can, they never use unfair means to attain it & are always true to their word; however they do not make much external shew of their wealth, tho' they possess an immense Capital, notwithstanding the requisitions and robberies of the French. -- The Jews however are as dirty and disagreeable in their houses, dress, and manners, as the rest of the people are plain, honest, unassuming, and neat -- they form a most striking contrast, which may be perceived even by the different streets of the town.

[18. May. 1802]

Amsterdam

... I then went to the same Opera Comique I was at on Saturday, and J. Lamb went to some more of the several Glass dealers, who detained him from coming. I sat next a very pleasant man at the Theatre, who explained to me various particulars of the performance. The first piece was La Maison Isolee, in two acts, in which Voizel, Abel, and Mad. Kuntze performed admirably, and the rest of the company were Robbers, Shepherds, Villagers, &c.; but the music I did not think good, nor was the debut of Mr. Deschamps very pleasing, as he is far inferior in voice & person to Isambert or La Forgue. Mad. Kuntze as usual was charming. The next piece was La Fausse Magie, in one act, but as long as the last -- the music is rather in the old style, but very striking, and several airs very difficult and delightful. In this piece Voizel, Deschamps, Mad. Laurent, and my favorite Isambert performed, besides the debut of Mad. Duchatel, who is the first singer of this Theatre, as here they have all their assigned rank, choice of parts, and salary; and Mad. Kuntze, tho' so charming an Actress, (and undoubtedly in spirit, gaiety, and the power of pleasing by acting, she is

V, 120

far superior to Mad. Duchatel) is yet deservedly only second to her -- as Madame Duchatel is far superior in voice and execution. The story of the Fausse Magie is simple and not worth describing, but I can never bestow sufficient praise on the enchanting voice of Mad. Duchatel. She is young but of an elegant figure and person, tho' rather wanting in animation; but she possesses a richness and melodious tone, united to the clearest notes & a great extent of voice, and executes the airs in a style of the highest taste and science; she also possesses an admirable clear fine shake, and in a few years

will, I doubt not, be a very first rate singer; she has not yet the art of drawing breath in difficult songs, -- without allowing it to be perceived -- but this she will acquire no doubt in time; she executed a very difficult bravura, in a most neat and delightful manner -- but the harmony of a brilliant duet between her and the fine counter-tenor of Isambert was really exquisite -- both these pieces were encored, and repeated much to my satisfaction. Isambert also looked and sang extremely well; when dressed as a Gentleman (as he was to-night) he resembles Charles Kemble a good deal, but is inferior to him in expression of countenance.

[20. May. 1802]

The Hague

V, 128

... dined at five, and at six went to the French Comedy, where the audience was very thin owing to the fair being now over, & the few people of consequence who now reside here being absent. The piece performed was La Mere Coupable, a sentimental comedy of Beaumarchais, which is a sequel to his Marriage of Figaro. It was very interesting and affecting, and was admirably supported by Madame Van Hove, in the Countess -- the rest were indifferent; but she, tho' by no means an elegant figure, or possessed of a graceful action, has certainly great powers of exciting pity and interest. This was followed by Le Tonnelier, and opera in one act, in which the singing was very poor, and seemed more so after the delightful voices of Duchatel and Kuntze, La Forgue, & Isambert, at Amsterdam. I recognized a tune, called in England the Welsh Harper, in one of the airs of Le Tonnelier; the piece was extremely laughable, and was well acted, except the singing.

[21. May. 1802]

We were up at 1/2 past five, and had a delightful walk thro' the wood, from which the splendid buildings of the Town looked beautiful in the morning sun. The morning being very hot, we found the avenues of fine old trees a most agreeable promenade; we arrived at the Palace before seven, and were again conducted thro' the wonders of this charming collection of paintings, amongst which the Magdalens of Corregio & Titian, with the head of St. John the Baptist by Rembrandt, are still the finest, at least in my eyes; but there is also a Holy Family by Rubens, which in our former visit I had overlooked, and in which the figure of Mary is admirable. We were also shewn a small room which does not belong to the Cabinet of Pictures, and contains the portraits of all the Orange family. The Prince of Orange and the Princess, with the Hereditary Prince and Princess, and Prince Frederick Henry are peculiarly interesting from their relation to present times. -- Having again admired the magnificence of the other apartments of this delightful retreat, we returned thro' the wood to the Hague, where we breakfasted, and walked to the Delft Boat at

V, 130

1/2 past nine. -- The day was delightful; we sat on the roof, and enjoyed the prospect of the rich and fertile country on each side of the Delft Canal, and we had the society of a most agreeable conversible Lady of 24 or 25, with two young children, who sat on the outside as well as us. Her conversation was entertaining, but rather pensive, and her countenance very interesting though melancholy. She is a Swiss by birth, but by the fraternization of the French was driven from her home and obliged to fly to her friends in Holland. She advised us very strongly to take Maestricht Spa and Liege in our way to

Paris; she had spent some weeks lately at the Spa, and had met with very pleasant society. We had the pleasure of her conversation all the way to Rotterdam, where a chaise was waiting for her at the Schuyt house. It is very seldom one meets with such pleasant company in a Treekschuyt, for the Dutch are very silent and stupid, so when it does happen it is worthy of record. -- She had travelled much in Germany and Switzerland of which she gave us very interesting accounts and in particular of the horrors of the siege and blockade of Maestricht of which she was witness, as she was in the town during the skirmish.

V, 132

[22. May. 1802]

... went to the Theatre where we met Hoffmeyer; it was very full but we got good places in the pit. The play was a translation into Dutch of Racine's Phædra. The part of Phædra was performed by Madame Van Broome, a most capital actress, and thought by many to rival Mrs. Siddons. Her figure is large and

V, 133

elegant and much resembles that of our inimitable Actress, possessing great powers of voice and action, but, I think, she makes too much exertion at first, and weakens, by that means, the latter and more distressing scenes of the play. She wants a sense of a development and climax. Her action however was so correct and expressive that I almost always understood what was meant, tho' I could scarcely understand a word of the discordant sounds she uttered. Her manner of dying was admirable indeed, and the tortures of the poison were truly dreadful. Hippolitus was performed by a young Man called Hant, who I saw when here before, but he, and all the rest, are far inferior to Madame Van Broome, who is undoubtedly

the Dutch Melpomene. The play was succeeded by a Farce, which I suppose was very amusing, as it excited continual bursts of laughter -- it chiefly consisted of practical jokes on an old Lady and Gentleman by their daughter and her lover. I could not help observing, even in what was called a brilliant Dutch Audience, the shabbiness of the dress of the Men, and the stiffness of that of the women; amongst the younger ladies, and those young Men, who attempt to dress well, the French fashions are much more prevalent than ours; indeed the English residents in Holland are not much liked in general, nor have they much respect

V, 134

for the Dutch, but they keep very much apart from them (indeed entirely so as to society) and have no more intercourse than business requires; among the English themselves a great deal of distrust and party work prevails, and the different houses are very jealous of each other's commercial success, and endeavour to depreciate each other on all occasions; indeed it is impossible to avoid remarking the self-sufficiency and conceit of the Merchants and Brokers here; on the whole however, tho' Dutch Merchants may not conduct business in so complete and compendious manner as the English, they are certainly to be highly respected for their honesty, and strict observance of their word and promise, if not for their liberality and accommodation.

[23. May. 1802]

We called by appointment on Mr. Heaton, with whom, and two other Gentlemen, we went to see the Batavian Institute and Museum, which is in the apartments above the covered walks of the Exchange. There is a handsome Roome of meeting for the Directors, ornamented with pictures of many of them, particularly

a large one of Hœvendyk its founder, who left an ample fortune for the support of the Institution. He was, I believe, a Physician of great eminence in Holland. There is also a Committee

V, 135

room and a room for Lectures, besides the apartments which contain the philosophical apparatus, all which is kept in the highest order and neatness; the greatest part of it is elegantly arranged in Glass Cases. There is also an excellent Library of Books on Natural Philosophy in almost every language -- a fine electrical machine, and a large magnet which carries a weight of 112 pounds, Claude Lorrain Glasses of all tints, and looking Glasses of every form -- a very good camera obscura, which upon a sheet of fine Vellum paper displayed in full view the street before the exchange, with all its houses, trees, ships, canals, and people walking about. Lectures on Natural Philosophy are delivered here in Winter only; for these, Subscribers pay a moderate sum, which is for the benefit of the Lecturer, but the expenses of the Institute and apparatus are entirely kept up by the bequest of Hœvendyk. We had a short walk with Mr. Heaton, and Mr. Harrison, Mr. Heaton's brother, and then dined at Mr. Heaton's, and after dinner walked out to see an Ice Boat, which are used in winter here to carry people and baggage along the frozen canals. They go with a fair wind above 15 miles an hour; they are placed across a large bar of wood, at each end of which is fixed a large skate, and the boat having a sail, they slide along with much greater velocity than they could in water. Mr. Heaton

shewed us two pair of handsome skates which he and Mrs. Heaton use in winter. Many Ladies, both English and Dutch, are in the habit of skating in Winter, as it is a much easier and pleasanter method of using exercise than walking over the ice; in Friesland and Guélderland it is almost an universal practise for the Women to skate. Mrs. Heaton said she could go 13 or 14 miles an hour if the ice was good; and it is very common for good skaters to go in three hours from Rotterdam to Amsterdam which is 48 miles, dine there, and return in the Evening.

[27. May. 1802]

Antwerp

... Antwerp has an ancient grand appearance, and the green embankments of the fortifications, the gothic spires of the different churches, in particular that of the Cathedral, which for lightness, exact proportion and great height cannot be surpassed, also the wide moat & draw-bridge, and the curiously built dark gateway by which we entered, gave us an impression of gloomy and monastic grandeur, which the long narrow streets and ancient buildings of the city only tended to confirm.

V, 149

... the Cathedral ... is very large, and its exterior in a style of highly ornamented Gothic Architecture. The Spire is an immense height and most elegantly proportioned; it rises elegantly to a point by decreasing towers; -- the fine open fret work of the windows, the massy abutments and elegant carving of the doors are admirably rich, while the grandeur and unity of the design, and the exact proportion which all the parts of this noble edifice bear to wach other produce altogether a most pleasing effect. -- The airy lightness, and yet splendid arched work of the interior was perhaps still more striking, as it was filled

V, 150

with people of all ranks, and priests performing masses at different altars; -- the great Altar in the centre of the chancel was occupied by a funeral. The Coffin was placed before the Altar on the shoulders of boys, and numbers of people were kneeling on each side, while the tapers burning on the altars, the Priests reading the service, and the doubtful light afforded by the windows of tinted glass, conspired to form a most solemn picture, and to give a grand idea of the Catholic forms of worship. The Cathedral is now repairing, as it was despoiled of all its splendid altars and paintings by

the French; but as Religion is now again revived, they are to be re-erected, and also a grand new Organ -- but tho' the churches of Antwerp may recover their former splendid appearance, and their former rites of religion, yet [it] is unlikely that the beautiful specimens of painting, of which they have been deprived, will ever be restored to them. We began to ascend the immense Tower of the Cathedral in which are above 600 steps, but we only ascended 450, as the view is said to be the finest from that height, and indeed I found it quite long enough. We reached at length the railing above the Carrillons

V, 151

and Clock, having seen and heard as we ascended the curious mechanism, and deafening noise, of the Carrillons. From this gallery we had an enchanting view over the surrounding country of Brabant to the North and Westm and Flanders to the South; with, immediately below us, the city, its numerous churches, Arsenals for Merchandise, Maisons de charité for decayed merchants, -- the Stadt-house, or Maison de ville &c., with the grand river Sheldt winding thro' a green and fertile plain, terminated by the forests of Brabant, while to the East the river seemed gradually to expand till lost in distance, forming in it Estuary several beautiful islands -- we could easily see the towers of the city of Meehlin, or Malines, to the West, and those of Bergenopzoom to the North; in short the whole country of Brabant & Flanders seemed extended before our eyes like a map, and I think this is upon the whole the finest view we have seen upon our route -- for tho' flat in the immediate neighbourhood, it is finely terminated by rising hills to the West. Descending from this immense height, we went to the Exchange, which is an ancient building

in the Gothic style, and the arches are very finely finished. The Exchange of London is built in imitation of this model; but this being Le Jour du Croix, is of course a Jour de Fête, and no business is done. The Exchange hour is about one o'clock. We saw the Academe Nationale du Peiture et Sculpture, which is in the rooms above the covered walk of the Exchange. Two rooms are filled with picutres, and one with statues, besides the Drawing and Sculpture schools where all who choose it pracyise those arts, and copy the excellent originals, which are here collected from the different churches of Antwerp -- tho' many of the best are gone to Paris, in particular Rubens' famous descent from the Cross, which was formerly in the Cathedral. Some of the pictures are rather injured by time and damp -- among the best are the family of Rubens by himself; also by Rubens, Herodias presenting the head of St. John the Baptist, -- the three Marys weeping over the dead body of Christ, -- Abraham driving away Hagar and her child, who are protected by an Angel, into the desert, -- some very fine heads of Van Dyke also are worthy pf being remembered. Among the Statues, the most beautiful was Venus

V, 153

extended on a Coach in which her elegant form seems to press down the folds of the Couch in a most graceful and natural manner. We next proceeded to the Cabinet de Tableaux de Madame La Veuve Von Lancker, who lives in a very fine house, and obligingly allows all her pictures to be seen by strangers. There are only two rooms filled with pictures of various merits, but all most beautifully framed with the richest gilding. The finest

of them was Christ giving the keys to St. Peter by Rubens, in which the figures are as large as life, and from the strength and brilliancy of coloring and excellent effect of light and shade, seem to project from the Canvas, and the expression of Christ, St. Peter, and the four spectators, is beyond description. The Crucifixion by Rubens, tho' small, is very well done -- there are also several capital & ludicrous Dutch pieces by Teniers, Ostude, &c., and some very fine pieces of game and fruit, &c., by Weenix. There are some capital heads by Rembrandt; but the picture I admired most after that of Rubens above mentioned, was a Town set on fire by robbers, who are carrying off the booty, and pursued by soldiers from the Town. It is a large picture, tho' the figures are much less than life.

V, 154

The time of the conflagration is at night, and the contrast of the Moon, the clouds, and the fire is admirable -- the dreadful confusion of the robbers, soldiers, horses, women, and children, with many of the Men and Women lied [sic] behind the robbers, and in vain crying out to their friends, while the Soldiers and furious horses are trampling down the defenceless women and children, driven from their homes. form altogether a most affecting and grand combination of beauties. This picture is by Phillip Wouvermans, his best as well as his largest work. It is impossible to mention half of those with which I was delighted, as that would comprise nearly the whole of her paintings, excepting a few of modern date, which I am sorry to say are far inferior to the rest. The two rooms just contain 100 paintings, which have numbers affixed to them, and on entering the rooms a catalogue of the paintings with the

subjects and painters' names given.

We then went to the Dominican Church, which was formerly a Convent, and has extensive courts and cloisters, and is highly ornamented in its interior. The great Altar is very superb, being composed entirely of various colored marbles highly worked and of astonishing splendor and massiveness, The Wooden Carving and images large as life, which surround the Church

V, 155

are capital, also those that support the Pulpit, and there are three marble altars which separate the Chancel from the body of the Church. There are numbers of immense pillars, vases, rails, and stairs of the finest marbles, and the splendor of this Church is truly wonderful, tho' not near so large as the Cathedral, and also deprived of the pictures which once added to its magnificence. Adjoining to this Church is a space of ground, containing a most curious exhibition. It is a grotto of immense size, which climbs up the walls of the church, and at various heights, according to their various degrees of merit, are placed different saints and prophets in images of stone, while at the top of all are the figures of Jesus, the Virgin, and the Apostles. In the inside of this curious erection of stones, shells, lime, &c., is a representation of the flames of hell with devils, &c., and in another part of it is the tomb of Christ. It is a strange medley, but is striking at first sight. It is called La Calvaire, and is meant to represent Christ crucified on Mount Calvary; but such foolish and unnatural combinations and representations are only calculated to please Monks and Children.

[28. May. 1802]

...We dined at three, and after dinner we went to take our places in the Deligence, which goes to-morrow from hence to Brussels by way of Malines. We took two places as this seems to be a preferable mode of travelling to the boats which go by the Cana; by the village of Boome, and take 10 hours, while the Deligence is not above seven hours on the road. We put our letters in the Post Office, having paid the postage as far as Calais. We then went to another Cabinet of pictures in the great Square, where there are not above 60, and these are to be disposed of. This

V, 162

contains some very capital pictures, as well as the rest, one of which in particular I was enchanted with. It is not large but is most delicately finished by Corregio, and is indeed a Masterpiece. The subject is a beautiful Woman, reclined under the shade of trees; -- one arm supports her head, and on the other rests a book, which she is reading; while a blue mantle is lightly thrown over the body. -- Nothing can be more exquisite than the attitude, the delicacy and brilliancy of the coloring, -- the elegant contour of the limbs, and the melting expressive languor of her eyes fixed on the book. -- A beautiful Holy Family in Italian landscape by Carlo Marratta, -- a Corps de Garde by candlelight by Rembrandt in his gloomy style, -- and a head of a child by Rubens, are very striking. What is reckoned the first picture in this collection is the Holy Family by Van Dyke, -- the figures are as large as life, and characterised by amazing strength of outline and expression;

but I must confess that to me the Italian school, tho' perhaps not so astonishing and striking, as the paintings of Rubens, Van Dyke, and Rembrandt, is much more soft and pleasing, and in subjects of grief, delicacy, or beauty, far excels the Flemish school, especially in its powers of

V, 163

affecting the mind; but I have as yet seen none of the works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, or Titian, who are more in the sublime style, and therefore more proper to be compared with Rubens, Van Dyke, and Rembrandt, but from what I have seen I much prefer the harmony of coloring, delicacy of expression, and elegant smoothness to any other painter.

... ..

In our walk thro' the city we could not help observing with regret the vast destructions made by the French; several churches and convents are entirely destroyed -- and their ruins present most melancholy pictures -- indeed every part of the town affords vestiges of former opulence and

V, 164

grandeur, and of present decay, tho' it is to be hoped the time is now arriving when its ancient consequence and rank will again be restored; many of the houses which have so long remained untenanted, are now let and repairing, and the rent of houses daily increases from the great influx of new settlers.

[30. May. 1802]

Brussels

... The Theatre is large, and was very full. We got a good box -- and only paid 3 francs or 2^s/ 6^d for the best places; -- and in the upper boxes it is cheaper -- as also in the Parterre or pit -- a part of the pit is railed off nearest the stage, and is the same price as the boxes, which is the case in all French theatres -- and is called the Orchestra -- as Gentlemen only go to the Parterre, and the other is convenient for Ladies who are not en toilette. The first piece was a comedy called Les Femmes of which I understood but little as we were so far from the stage -- to that succeeded the Opera of Romeo and Juliet taken from Shakespear's Tragedy, and much resembling it in incident, except that the piece ends happily: Romeo not having killed himself when Juliet awakes. I cannot admire the style of serious French music; it is a continual succession of discords, constantly changing the key,

V, 179

and equally destitute of harmony, melody, & expression. A Parisian actress from the Theatre Feydeau, where this Opera by Steibelt was first produced, acted Juliet very well indeed; but the rest were but indifferent. We left the Theatre a little after 10....

V, 180

[31. May. 1802]

... For 13 Louis we are to be taken to Paris, and pay only our own expenses on the road. We go by Mons, Valenciennes, and Cambray, and shall therefore most likely leave Brussels to-morrow. J. Lamb and I, in a Gig, and Pollard on horseback, then went to see the Chateau du lac, or Lachen, formerly the residence of the Arch Duke Charles of Austria. We had a most charming ride for 3 miles thro' fine cultivated lands, with enclosures, woods, and

neat houses, and diversified by pleasant rising grounds. We passed through Lachen village from whence the Chateau takes its name. Ascending by the Montagne du lac, we arrived at the gate of the Park, and entered the Grounds, of which the beautiful groves, walks, temples are now going fast to ruin, and the woods are much cut down, and destroyed; -- the deserted Chateau presents a melancholy memento of

V, 181

former greatness. It is a great pity so noble a building should go to decay. The architecture is in the Grecian style, and very striking -- the Grand Entrance is from the North into a noble hall, and opposite to it on the South side is a grand circular hall lighted from the top by a fine dome. The apartments are lofty and large -- and very numerous, -- the floors laid with different colored woods in compartments, this is the only remains of the once highly finished splendor, as they are despoiled of all their furniture, and ornaments, and the hangings of the rooms are all torn off and destroyed. This beautiful place is, however, now restored to the Arch Duke by the peace with the Emperor, but he is obliged to sell it to a Frenchman within three years; so that it is very likely he may not be able to dispose of it, in which case it will belong to the French Government. It presents a melancholy monument to the devastations of the revolution, which in no place has been more severely felt than in Brussels; formerly one of the gayest and most agreeable courts in Europe, but now no longer displaying any thing but the sad remains of former greatness. The Man who shewed the building had lived long in the service of the Arch Duke and declaimed against the French, and regretted much the banishment of the Imperial Family, indeed

in Brussels the French are with reason much disliked, as before they had possession of it, being the residence of the Arch Duke's court, it was a place of much more consequence than at present. We returned

V, 183

from our ride at half past five, when we dined together, and at seven went to the Theatre. The piece was begun, but we saw the last two acts. It was Les Prétenders, a most beautiful opera in point of music, but the singers were but indifferent, except Mad. de Marchignon, the Parisian Lady, who sung very well indeed. The next piece was Les Amours du chevalier Bayard, which was very interesting and well acted, the roles of Bayard and the Widow especially, and the scenery and the dresses of the Tournament in the last act were very fine; upon the whole I was much more amused to-night than last night. The house was not quite so full. In the next box were the old Gentleman and the French Lady, with whom we were now quite intimate; and they are certainly a most entertaining pair. There is no particular connection between them, as they only met in the Deligence coming from Paris -- the lady is married and is going to Amsterdam to meet her husband. She stays a few days in Brussels for the benefit of the old Gentleman's company, who is going the same road, but is obliged by business to remain here a few days. After the Spectacle, the lady and gentleman (Madame Dieudonné and Mr. de la Selle) accompanied us in a fiacre to our hotel where we supped together, and did not separate till past 12. I

V, 184

was much pleased with their conversation, and delighted by the liveliness and vivacity of Madame Dieudonné, who seemed quite happy and enjoyed our society extremely. About 1/2 past 12 they left us, and I could not avoid being astonished at the

singular affability and good nature of Madame Dieudonné to come and sup at a tavern with three men of whom she knew nothing at all: but french women it seems are not nice in these points, and she and Pollard began a flirtation -- she chose to make the most of the time, as we are all just on the move.

[1. June. 1802]

... I went with Pollard to the Café del Amitié, as it is called. We dined together at 3, and afterwards had a visit from Madame Dieudonné and her lap dog. They sat awhile with us -- she having supposed we should not go on such a bad day, came to see us again -- she left

V, 185

us before six to dress for the Theatre, having first had a little private conversation with Pollard, in his room, to which a sudden indisposition served as pretext for retiring: -- the conduct of Madame Dieudonné, however shameless it may appear, is but too common among French women and, being here a stranger, she was indifferent as to the ideas that might be formed of her: -- her air, manners, and language speak her to be a woman of education -- but certainly if French Ladies are all like her, the nation must be arrived at a pitch of depravity of which I had no idea.

Pollard, J. Lamb, and I went in a Coach to the Theatre and met there Madame Dieudonné and Mr. de la Selle -- and it was amusing enough to observe the well counterfeited astonishment of Madame Dieudonné at seeing us again, in order to deceive the old Gentleman, who believed we were set out on our journey. We had a very pleasant evening at the Theatre, tho' it was in some degree interrupted by the illness of Madame Dieudonné, who fainted at the end of the first piece and was carried out by us

-- she however recovered and returned to the box. I rather think it was merely a pretext to give Pollard an opportunity of appointing another meeting with her; if it was so, she was disappointed, as they met no more after this evening: and if it was a counterfeit illness, it was admirably acted, and the performance in the box was as skilled as that on the stage.

The Theatre was very well filled which is usually the case, tho' it is a large one, and open every evening, which shews the great taste of the people for amusement even in Summer; in Winter another Theatre besides this is open. -- The first piece to-night was *La Femme Jalouse* by Desforages, which I had before seen at the Hague, but was again much pleased with it, as it is a very interesting piece and was much better acted here than there. The next piece was *L'Eprouve Villagoise*, a vaudeville opera, which I had seen before at Amsterdam, and much better performed than here. The music of it is beautiful; in particular one air, sung by Andre, called "Je suis fils unique" -- and another, "Adieu Lisette," by M. de la France; indeed, since we have been at Brussels we have had music in abundance -- as every day at dinner, French boys and girls sing in parts, and play accompaniments, in a very pleasing and correct manner, infinitely superior to any street music ever heard in England.

[4. June. 1802]

Peronne

At Valenciennes, and at Cambray, but particularly at Peronne, we were much shocked by the amazing numbers of beggars who were going about in troops of 20, 30, and 40 -- men, women, and children; but particularly the latter -- owing to the immense population and extravagant price of bread, -- the poor creatures cannot find employment or food; unable to obtain bread by labour, they had many of them walked several miles to

V, 196

Peronne to beg a scanty pittance. It is no wonder the people are discontened, for they have so long suffered the real ravages of war, and, owing to the late frost, which has blighted a great part of the promised crop, and caused, in great degree, the scarcity of food, they are likely to suffer also the horrors of famine.

V, 202

[5. June. 1802]

. . . After a slight supper we went to bed, and expect tomorrow

V, 203

to dine at the famous city of Paris, of which I have heard so much. I can scarcely believe it so near, or that I shall tomorrow find myself in a capital, which of late years has been the theatre of so many extraordinary events, and such astonishing revolutions.

[6. June. 1802]

Paris

Waldie: V, 206

... We found great difficulty in getting admission into the best hotels, as Paris is at present so full of strangers of all nations, but particularly English. At last however we obtained very neat tho' small apartments at L'Hotel de l'Empire, Rue Cerutti, near the Boulevards -- a most excellent situation for all the public walks and spectacles. We also got a remarkably attentive and well dressed Valet de Place. We dined together at five, about an hour after we arrived at the Inn, and at six o'clock made our first sortie in Paris by going to the Theatre Francais de la Republique, a handsome building in the Rue de la Roi, cidevant Rue de Richelieu. It is scarcely so large as Covent Garden, tho' a good deal more lofty. It is very hadsomely fitted up, and well lighted by a large and beautiful circle of lamps hung from the centre, and by the stage lights; no candles are used except by the Orchestra. The pillars of the boxes are rather heavy, and close to each other -- but the effect of the whole is grand, when well filled with spectators. As usual a part of the pit is railed off, and is the same price as the boxes, and there is also a gallery quite round in front of the lower range of boxes, nearly the same price. We got good places in the boxes, near some very pleasant young Ladies, with their Father from the Provinces, and I could not help admiring the undiminished attention they bestowed upon the performance, never speaking, except now and then an exclamation, and between the acts making panegyrical comments. One of them was very communicative to me, as she saw I took an equal interest in it with herself. I had a very pleasant evening, and was highly pleased with the representation of La Coquette corrigée in 5 Acts. It

was admirably acted by Baptiste and Mademoiselle Mezeray, as the Lover and the Coquette, and by Fleury and Mademoiselle Contat, as the true lover & the Aunt.

V, 208

Mad. Contat tho' rather fat is beautiful, and her acting delightful both in sentiment and humour; for the farce was Les deux Pages de Frederic, in which Mad. Contat was admirably humorous as the Hostess, and Fleury in Frederic was most capital indeed -- nothing could be more natural and interesting than his figure and manner in the old King. One of the pages, by Mlle. Emilie Contat was very well done -- upon the whole I was highly delighted. At this theatre only comedies, tragedies, and farces are given, and these are mostly old and acclaimed french writers, tho' some new ones of merit are sometimes performed. No musical pieces are given at this Theatre, or any which require extraordinary splendor of decoration -- but it is always well attended, as they have the best comic and tragic performers.

V, 213

[7. June. 1802]

... We here went to see a Cabinet of Wax of inimitable workmanship, and which represents in the most accurate and natural manner fish, butcher meat, poultry, &c., but the most striking and astonishing part of the Exhibition are the figures of dying men and women -- and an interior cabinet containing the most faithful but horrible delineations of the last stage of a most dreadful disorder. This last is never shewn to Ladies, and the first glance of it was so horrible that Pollard and I ran out of the room directly, and no consideration could have induced me to re-enter it; indeed I never was so shocked by any sight, tho' perhaps such

an exhibition may be a very useful spectacle in such a temple of luxury as the Palais Royal.

From the Palais Royal we proceeded up the Rue de la Loi, in or near which are most of the principal Theatres of Paris. There are nearly 20 Theatres open every night in Paris, but of these several are small, and at an inferior price -- the price of admission to the best is rather below those of London. The principal ones are the Theatre des Arts, commonly called Le Grand Opera, The Theatre Francais de la Republique, where the great Talma performs, the Theatre Favart or Theatre Italien, the Theatre Feydeau ou del'opera comique nationale, the Theatre de Louvois (where a diversity of pieces are represented), the Theatre de Vaudeville where short pieces with singing are given; the Theatre de la Cité, where there are comedies and pantomimes (but not much frequented), and the Theatre Montansier Varietes, in the Palais Royal, where only the most laughable and ridiculous pieces are given, and which is nightly frequented in crowds by the filles de joye du Palais Royal.

... ..

V, 215

After dinner we went to the Theatre Favart Opera Buffa, or Italian comic opera; it is a most elegant Theatre, not quite so large as the Theatre Francais. We got capital seats in the Orchestra; the house was well filled, but not crowded. The piece was La Villanella rapita, in three acts. Several of the Actors and Actresses were very comical, and the music by Paesiello truly delightful, and was admirably performed by a capital Orchestra. None of the Actors had fine voices, but Lazzerini sung with amazing taste and pathos, and Partamagni with great spirit and humour. Signora Strinesacchi is a most charming Actress; there

is a comicality in her figure, and an expressive archness which reminds me of Signora Storace, only she is younger and much prettier. She has an exquisite voice and the most delicate execution; and some of her duets and trios with Lazzerini and Partamagni were admirable. I was delighted with Paesiello's music, and am convinced that for effect no music can be compared to the various and exquisite beauties of the Italian style.

After the Opera we all went to Frascati, a grand suite of rooms in the Rue de la Loi, at the corner of the Boulevard, where every body goes after the spectacles; the admission is gratis, but guards at the door prevent the entrance of any improper person. It is a kind of combination of Vauxhall and Ranelagh; as, adjoining to the most splendidly illuminated and ornamented suite of rooms I ever saw, is a Garden with a broad avenue & other walks richly illuminated with colored lamps among trees, and shades, and pleasant recesses. Here and in the rooms the company, all elegantly dressed, walk about, or eat ice, orgeat, lemonade, &c., at pretty marble tables. It seems like Elysium or some fairy palace. I could scarcely have imagined so enchanting a scene as the crowds of the most lovely women walking amidst illuminated groves, and sitting eating ice in

V, 217

cool shades -- or making still more resplendent the tasteful and superb apartments, where hundreds of mirrors reflected their airy forms. We got some capital ice, and after staying an hour in these fairy regions, returned home to our Inn at 12, after a delightful day.

This morning we breakfasted with Pollard and a friend of his, Mr. Solley from London. We went to the Grand Opera to take a box for this Evening. I wrote a letter to my Father, and Pollard, J. Lamb, and I then went in a Chaise to the Musée Centrale des Arts, which is contained in the Gallery of the Louvre, adjoining the old Louvre as it is called; but tho' old, it has never been finished, and several parts of it are much gone to ruin; it is however said that Bonaparte means to finish and repair it. It is appropriated to the meetings and exhibitions of the National Institute and other purposes relating to the Sciences and Arts, & is therefore called Palais National des Sciences et des Arts; but in conversation it is still called the Louvre. In some of the lower apartments of the Louvre Palais are contained all the statues, some of which are of the highest excellence, and all are antiques, but these I shall mention hereafter. Above, in the

V, 218

Antichamber, and in the long Gallery attached to it, are contained above 1200 of the finest paintings in the world -- by the first painters of Italy, Holland, Flanders, and France. The Italian school is at the far end or head of the Gallery, the Flemish in the middle, and the French at the bottom. In the Antichamber the paintings are both Flemish and Italian together. It is impossible to describe the pleasure I felt in contemplating so many wonderful works of art -- of many of which I had so often heard, or read descriptions -- but at one visit it is scarcely possible to look at them all, much less to give any account of them. The statues we did not even look at today, being afraid by seeing too many astonishing efforts

of art at once, they might lose their effect, and indeed I only attended to a few of the principal paintings, but mean to be acquainted with all of them before I leave Paris.

... ..

V, 219

Before seven we went to the Theatre de la Republique et des Arts, commonly called Le Grand Opera, where we went to our own box which it was lucky we had engaged, as the Theatre was extremely crowded. It is larger than Covent Garden, but not near so large as Drury Lane, and tho' the most splendid I have yet seen in Paris, does not by any means equal Drury Lane -- and the price of it is little more than at the other Theatres, nor is it necessary to be more dressed than usual to go to any part of it. -- We were soon joined by Pollard, and afterwards by Solley and his two friends. The Magnificence of the Spectacle is beyond description -- beautiful scenes of rocks, woods, halls, temples, flowers & perfumes, and elegantly combined groups of beautiful women, boys and girls, forming varied and delightful combinations, interspersed with the most exquisite dancing I ever saw, by Mad. Clotilde, Mad. Gardel, Taglione, Albert, &c. -- every thing is in the most splendid style, and accompanied by a powerful and admirable Orchestra. All

V, 220

this combines together like enchantment, and the Opera was peculiarly calculated for the display of fine scenery and dancing. It was -- Iphigenie en Aulide -- the Sacrifice of Iphigenie was superb. It was acted with great spirit and intelligence by Cheron in Agamemnon, Lainée in Achilles, Mad^e Latour in Clytemnestre, and M^{de} Cheron in Iphigenie; the only draw back on the pleasure of this entertainment is the disagreeable style of the music, which tho' faultless in the performance

of the Orchestra, and of most admirable harmony in the Choruses, -- yet the airs and recitative are very displeasing, being a continual succession on unmeaning squalls and discords, and a seeming contest between the performers who should exert their lungs most -- nothing could be so contrary to any discrimination or delicacy of execution than the continual climax of noise attempted every moment, till the ear is harrassed with discords. Gluck himself would be furious if he could hear this painful contest destroy his music. Some of the Singers, especially the two ladies and Lainée, had fine clear and powerful voices, and could they quit that barbarous style, and adopt the delicacy and refinement of the Italians, would become excellent singers, but at present it is no pleasure to hear them.

The Ballet of Le Retour du Zephyne

V, 221

which followed the Opera presented the most exquisite dancing I ever saw; and the scenery was truly characteristic, appropriate and grand. The Music of Iphigenie is by Gluck and the choruses and orchestra part very fine; sometimes there were above 500 on the stage at once; indeed I never saw such splenbr of orchestra, decoration, scenery, dresses, and dancing. Vestris, the first dancer in the world, is here but did not perform to-night. ...
[9. June. 1802]

As yet I can form no general idea of this wonderful city, and being in a constant

V, 222

whirl of occupation, I can scarcely describe all its individual wonders. Besides all the Theatres, which are constantly crowded even in this warm weather, there are the Gardens of Tivoli, &

Hameau de Chantilly on the plan of Vauxhall, and various other promenades, which in the evenings are constantly crowded with horses, carriages, and pedestrians; -- all the exhibitions of the city, and the public walks, and cafés are filled during the whole day, so that to me it appears, that the continual and incessant occupation of the Parisians is amusement, which is the first object in the morning and the last at night.

The women are remarkably elegant and neat in their forms, and take care to display them to advantage; tho' I think they would gain more by leaving something to the imagination, than by making a display of so large a portion of their beauty. Their manners are free, easy, and pleasant -- and, when they cease from their favorite employment of flirting, their conversation is spirited, rational, and entertaining -- and even in their attachments and love affairs, they don't attempt that secrecy, reserve, and concealment so natural to the English women, whom certainly they much excel

V, 223

in vivacity and animation of manner, and in general conversation, and yet there is no want of modesty or delicacy, so that their society is truly delightful -- indeed, the company of the French whether male or female is a sure antidote to ennui.

... We then drove to the Pantheon on the South side of the river, in the Fauxbourg St. Jaques. It is a most magnificent building, begun about 50 years ago and intended for a church -- tho' never used for that purpose. It is now to be converted into a Museum for the reception of monuments to great Men

V, 225

... The Pantheon is the highest building in Paris, and from being near the extremity of it, we had a fine command of the country to

the West, and the river, as well as the City. Descending from our airy

V, 226

height, we went down into the Subterraneous Church below the grand building, and its arches and cloisters are massive and imposing. There are to be interred in the tombs the bodies of famous Frenchmen; at present it only contains the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, and those are only erected in a temporary manner: but they contain the real remains of those two celebrated characters. I approached them with reverence, and felt a pride in being along with them, even in the silent solitude of the vault of death.

We went from this noble and beautiful building to the Observatory, which is at no great distance, tho' quite detached from the buildings of the city. ... the chief curiosity of the Observatory is a winding staircase of 200 steps all below ground -- and from the bottom of these steps, diverge long alleys and passages, forming to a stranger, from the similitude of their appearance, a gloomy and inextricable labyrinth.

V, 227

These streets, as they are called, extend several miles underground, under the city of Paris; they were originally formed to obtain stones for building, as they lay too deep for digging a quarry; they formerly communicated with the Val de Grace, a church on the other side of Paris, but during the revolution the communication was intercepted and blocked up. Stones are no longer taken out here as it was thought it might endanger the foundations of Paris. The Glare of the Torches which lighted us thro' these gloomy abodes of damp almost made us imagine

ourselves transported to the Infernal regions, & the woman who lighted us, turning a corner suddenly with Pollard and me, left J. Lamb behind, who took a wrong turn and was soon lost in total darkness -- and he vainly endeavoured to find us out, tho' we were very near. He was however soon extricated by the woman with the torch, and we ascended again to the light of day, having been this morning at the greatest height and lowest depth of Paris. ...

We next proceeded to the manufactory of the Gobelins, so called from the first inventors of it. It is now carried on by the Government, on account of the great beauty

V, 228

of the Tapestry made at it, for it yields no emolument as the expense is so great, and it takes so much time to make a piece of any size, and the workman who are capable of executing it are so few in number that the Tapestry is necessarily too expensive for general sale. There are now about 80 workmen. A large piece (generally historical) takes five or six years in making. There are two ways of working, but the best method is to place the threads which form the basis of the work in a machine, so as to be tight drawn in an exactly upright position: upon these threads the pattern or outline is traced with a pencil -- and this is a very difficult part -- the picture copied from, is behind the workman, and the frame of threads before him; after that, all the shades of worsted or silk (whichever kind of Tapestry it is) are drawn across as required. The other way (which was the original plan) is to place a horizontal board with the outline traced on it, on a Table, and to have the frame above in the same position, and work from the pattern below; but this requires the workmen to be constantly in a stooping posture, which is both inconvenient and unhealthy. They begin always at the bottom

of the Frame, and from the bottom of the picture, first -- by putting the clues of silk or.

V, 229

worsted thro' the upright threads. It was curious to see the half legs and feet, chairs and tables, houses, trees, &c., gradually ascending and growing taller. Nothing can exceed the richness and beauty of the colors, or the delicacy of the workmanship -- indeed, could the colors be rendered equally durable, this art would be almost equal to painting -- but the colors fade after a series of years, if exposed to the Sun. It is astonishing with what exactness they copy every expression of features, turn of limbs, or the least fold of drapery in the paintings -- and the richness of the coloring, and the powerful expression of the figures, are truly wonderful. All those pictures not disposed of are hung in a Gallery and two small rooms. Some of them are very large and all of them most admirably executed; but I think the finest is the expulsion of Athalia from the temple of Jerusalem, in which there are not less than 200 or 300 figures as large as life; the young King Joas is placed upon the throne -- and Athalia driven out in disgrace -- the fury and revenge of her countenance and figure are beyond conception -- and exactly convey her character. The Assassination of Admiral Coligni, in which there are only 3 or 4 figures as large as life, is most dramatically done. The glare of the flambeaux on the horrid countenances

V, 230

of the Assassins, the dignified resignation and fortitude of the unhappy Coligne, are inimitable. I was highly delighted with the whole of the pictures, and the more so from not

expecting to find them animated by the fine expression of paintings, which they certainly possess in the highest degree. ...

V, 232

... we went to the Theatre Favart, Opera Buffa, to witness the troisieme debut of Madame Rolandeau, a french Lady, but Italian singer; the audience was very numerous, and elegant, and Signors Raffarelli and Parlamagni were excellent in the Doctor Bartholo and Figaro -- the piece was Il Barbriere di Siviglia, the Music by Paesiello and very beautiful, but was not

V, 233

adequately supported by the singers, for I thought very little of Madame Rolandeau in Rosina; her voice was good, but she did not possess the ease, grace, archness, and delicate execution of Signora Strinasacchi. I was however much less entertained than the last time I was here-- and being completely tired by the various wonders of the day, we did not go to Frascati, but returned to our Hotel.

[10. June. 1802]

V, 241

... I was fixed to go to the benefit of Goyon, one of the dancers at the Grand Opera, which was a grand Concert with Dancing, &c., at the Theatre de Louvois, in the Rue de Louvois, near the Opera house. We went there immediately after dinner. The Concert began at eight but we did not get home till near 12, as the ballet of Lucas and Laurette, which followed it, took up a great deal of time. There was no singing

V, 242

in the Concert except by Garat and Madame Brancha -- the former sings with great taste in the Italian style but has no voice, and the latter has a fine loud voice but little taste or delicacy.

A duet between them was, however, delightful; and a solo on the violin by Eleve de Roland was very good. Several of Haydn's Symphonies by a full and most capital band were delightful indeed. I never heard full pieces in such style before, and it was astonishing with what ease and execution such an immense number of instruments performed at once. After that we had Lucas and Laurette, a Grand Ballet, in which was most excellent dancing by the performers of the Opera, in particular Vestris is extraordinary. I never saw such elegance, grace, and lightness united to such agility: every movement expresses something; and Madame Gardel's airy figure is a charmingly graceful complement to lithe vigor of Vestris. The grotesque dances with wooden shoes were diverting; certainly at this Concert instrumental music and dancing had attained their highest excellence -- at least I never saw any thing to equal it.

[11. June. 1802.]

V, 246

... having ordered our carriage, at half past seven we drove to the Grand Opera, taking with us the American [from Philadelphia]. The Opera was just begun, and we were joined immediately by Pollard, Strange, and Solley. The house was very full. Semiramis was the Opera -- and the Music by Sacchini's pupil, Catel, was very fine and much better than the last night it was performed; it had its first performance only last month. Semiramis was adapted from Voltáire and story of the Opera was very interesting; the scenery, decorations, and dancing were superb, and Madame Maillard in Semiramis acted admirably, and in singing exerted herself to such a degree as made me happy that she escaped without bursting a blood vessel. The descent of Venus and Cupid from the clouds was a most beautiful scene. Vestris and Madame Gardel danced most

elegantly in the Ballet of Telemaque, he Telemaque, she Eucharis, and Madame Latour, Calypso. I was much more pleased with the Grand Opera to-night that last time; certainly

V, 247

a more splendid spectacle cannot be, if a little more musical taste was added to it. ...

[12. June. 1802]

We breakfasted with Pollard and all went to the Museum afterwards, where J. Lamb left Pollard and me, and I began to examine more minutely this admirable gallery of which it is impossible to attempt any description, or even catalogue of the most striking -- there are so many which to me at least appear perfect, and far beyond any idea I could have formed of the high excellence to which painting can be carried; they represent all the most famous scenes of sacred, profane & heathen history; indeed, on every subject and by every capital painter are here to be found the most finished pieces in the world; -- it is impossible to forbear mentioning, as my three favorite pieces, and indeed they certainly are preeminent in excellence, the Holy Family by Raphael, the placing of the Body of Christ in the Sepulchre by Michael Angelo da Caravaggio, and the Descent from the Cross by Rubens; they are all large as life, the 2 last rather larger, and seem to me, the most accurate representation possible, far superior in effect to any thing the imagination can form, and in every mome[n] of observation some new beauty

V, 248

is discovered, so that the eye is never weary of contemplating their admirable harmony of colors, design, and grouping. I staid at the Museum from one o'clock to four. J. Lamb joined me there at 2. I have not yet seen more than half of the pictures, as

I have looked so much at those with which I was most struck. I observed among other pictures the original of the painting above the chimney in our dining room at Newcastle -- it is the death of Eurydice by Nicholas Poussin; and I also saw the original (by Vernet) of our large moonlight piece, and the original (by Teniers) of the Dutch landscape in Mrs. Rawlinson's dining room at Newcastle; but how inferior did even the originals of these paintings appear to many others! -- I have not yet begun to examine the statues, as I wish first to be a little better acquainted with the pictures.

... ..

The Palais Royal is said to contain above 2000 of the Cyprian Sisterhood, and the Theatre Montansier, its gallery, and

V, 249

coffeerooms are the nightly resort of these ladies; tho' they go to all the others, yet there are always the greatest number at this. There are a number of very elegant and beautiful women among them, and they have all an air of smartness, vivacity, and good humour, which renders them very attractive, and the ease, and neat manner with which they begin a conversation with any body near them is very pleasing -- they certainly keep up a happy medium between impudence and that affected modesty or brazen assurance both so disgusting in ladies of the same profession in England; they all seem so amused with the play and talk of it with so much neatness and good remarks, that I was agreeably disappointed, as I certainly neither expected to find them so pretty or so intelligent -- their greatest fault is the indecency of their dress, by which I think they lose more than they gain. ...

The Theatre [Montansier] itself is large and of a long oval shape, but very dirty; -- we got good seats near the stage. The pieces here are generally 3 or 4 in number, all of one act; on purpose, I suppose, that the votaries of Venus may have time to walk about and make assignations. The pieces here are generally

V, 250

what are called Proverbs, and are very entertaining, the most farcical and ludicrous being reserved for the last -- but tho' this is so much the resort of the frail fair and their lovers, there is never any thing immodest represented on the stage, and the audience are always perfectly quiet during the performance. The first piece to-night was Eustache chez lui, ou Qui a la boira, very entertaining, in one act; the next was a Vaudeville in one act, called Lui meme, the music of which was remarkably pretty and Mademoiselle Caroline, who acted Lisette, has a delightful voice and a great deal of taste in her execution -- more than I have heard in any French singer; the lively French music is certainly as pleasing as the serious is disagreeable; but the chief attraction of Mad^{lle} Caroline is her acting, which is charming: her eyes are the most expressive I ever saw, & her smile enchanting; indeed, I have seldom seen so fascinating a countenance and manner; tho' she is rather too thin if anything. The next piece was a Turkish Vaudeville -- called Le Peaude l'Oars, but very laughable tho' very ridiculous. The last piece was Le Greffier du Vanguard, in which Brunet was irresistibly comical; upon the whole, I was much pleased and entertained.

[13. June. 1802]

... We dined at Very's and after dinner went to the Theatre Francais de la Republique to see a new tragedy (or rather an old one altered from Pradon) brought out for the first time, called Venceslas. We got good places tho' the Theatre was very full; the piece was well received, and at the conclusion the Author was called for and handed on to the stage by the principal actors, Talma, Monvel, and Madame Vanhove. He made his bow amid peals of applause. The plot of the play I thought very defective, but there were some striking and interesting situations in it: but its conclusion was unsatisfactory; if good acting could have made it succeed, this piece could be in no danger; indeed, I think the talents of the actors saved it. The strong voice and grand demeanor of Talma, & his exquisite expression of the violent passions of Ladislaus formed a fine

V, 258

contrast to the pathos and feeling of Monvel in the old King Venceslas; they were both capital, as well as Madame Vanhove in the Princess. Madameiselle Volnais looked beautiful in Theodora, but her voice is too weak for Tragedy. After the Tragedy was performed a pleasing little piece called La Pupille, exactly the same as Murphy's farce of the Guardian; and very well acted, in particular by Madlle Volnais, who was pleasing, natural, and impressive -- in comedy she is a charming actress and her youth renders her more interesting.

... ..

Paris has certainly arrived at a most unparalleled height of luxury and dissipation of every kind, which too often degenerates into licentiousness and depravity; but owing to the admirable police established here, there is far less of robbing,

murdering, housebreaking, and other great crimes, than in England,
and seldom

V, 259

or ever those riots and disorders which nightly disgrace the
streets of London. Tho' all are here in pursuit of pleasure,
they do not disturb and annoy each other in their search for it.

... ..

[14. June. 1802]

V, 262

... At seven we went to the Theatre de Vaudeville and found
a well filled house, tho' we got a box near the stage. It is a
small but high -- almost in the shape of a half moon, and re-
markably neatly and elegantly fitted up; there are three tiers
of boxes, besides those on a level with the Parterre and Orches-
tra, and besides the Amphitheatre at the top. There were several
ladies of the Palais Royal -- I sat next a very intelligent young
Frenchman who gave me the necessary information about the actors;
all the pieces performed here are musical, and of 1, 2, and 3
acts. The first piece was L'Ecole des Mères, which was exactly
the story of Cinderella dramatised. The second was Favart, ou
Champs Elysées; Favart was a great Author of Vaudevilles but is
now dead. The third was Les Jeunes Maries, which was very enter-
taining and laughable, tho' very ridiculous. In all the pieces,
there were nearly the same actors; but I did not think much of
any of them, tho' in duets, trios, &c., they sung extremely well,
yet none of them sung well alone, or at least with any particular
distinction. The Music was very pretty, and the Orchestra excellent.
Upon the whole, the Vaudeville is far superior in neatness and
elegance to the Montansier, but inferior in Actors. At half past
ten we drove to Frascati, which was very crowded, as the night
was fine.

[15. June. 1802]

... The whole [Jardin des Plantes] is admirably arranged, and together with the various contents of the gardens, which

V, 266

I have before enumerated, contains everything relating to the Study of Natural History; and indeed either alive or stuffed, dried or in a state of vegetation, almost every production of Nature. We staid above two hours at this grand collection, and then drove to the Grand Opera, where we were rather late, as it is a great distance from the Jardin des Plantes; -- we got, however, very tolerable places in the Orchestra, and had agreeable and amusing people near us as usual; it was crowded and hot; but being near the Stage, I saw the Actors and Actresses better than the last two times I was there, tho' the scenery and grouping are not seen with so much effect as from the front boxes. The Opera was Gluck's famous one of Armida, taken from Tasso, in 5 Acts; the Scenery and Decorations were beautiful beyond description, especially the Temple of Pleasure, and the Infernal regions. The Dance of Devils with lighted torches was very striking, also the elegant dancing of the women of Armida round Rinaldo when he is asleep; and the descent of the Loves and Graces from the Clouds -- and, at the end, the carrying off to the Infernal regions of Armida by the Sorcerer, was admirable; indeed, the beauty of the Scenery could only be exceeded by the elegance and variety of the dances in

V, 267

which Madame Gardel was truly charming. The music from the Orchestra was delightful, and the choruses were good; and I was much pleased with the duet in the last act between Rinaldo and Armida; but it is impossible to become reconciled to the

squalling of the recitative and simple airs. -- Lainée (Rinaldo) has a very tremendous tho' loud and hoarse voice. Madame Brancha (Armida) has a strong clear voice and is a very expressive Actress.

...

[16. June. 1802]

V, 269

... The House [Malmaison] itself is low but neat and elegant, tho' without any pretensions to magnificence. It was the property of Madame Beauharnais before she married the First Consul. It is not above 200 yards from the road, the side of the house facing the road, and I saw the lawn before the house, where I vainly sought a glimpse of Bonaparte. A double porters lodge well guarded defends the avenue leading to the house, which none but intimates can enter; but in a short time I understand the Consular family are to remove to Saint-Cloud. The First Consul and his Brothers often go to the woods of Saint-Germain to hunt and shoot, and that with the Opera is the only amusement her partakes in. Passing Malmaison we saw a large house on the descent of a woody bank above the road, which is called Lucienne and was the residence of the famous Madame du Barry, the mistress of Louis the 14th. We next came to the astonishing Machine of Marti, which was constructed by Louis the 14th to convey to Versailles (two leagues off and on higher ground) the waters of the Seine. This Machine is about a mile from the village of Marti, and is the most wonderful piece of Mechanism I ever saw. I judge of

V, 270

it by its magnitude and the effects it produces, for the Machinery is too large and complicated for me to attempt to give any idea of it. The Water is raised by means of 14 immense wheels, each 108 feet in circumference, into very

large lead pipes, and by means of pumps &c. it is forced up the pipes which ascend the hill, at the top of which it is received into reservoirs, which are 300 feet above the water: after which it is again raised by wheels and pumps to the height of 200 feet more, and is received by an immense aqueduct, which is supported by a long line of fine Arcades which bear it into a hollow way by which in a very gentle descent, it reaches Versailles where it is used, and divided into various channels for the Town, the Palace, and the fountains and ponds of the Gardens. In going we only saw the Machine in the river where the water is first stopped and raised as in an immense mill; but afterwards in returning, we saw the aqueduct and Machines there which are much the same as those below in the river; at a distance the Aqueduct has the appearance of a magnificent castle on the top of a hill. ...

V, 273

From Malmaison we drove directly to the Theatre Feydeau and arrived there a little before seven, after a long excursion in a very hot day. The French comic Opera is on the same plan as the English exactly. The Theatre is large, elegant, and neatly fitted up; its architecture is in the style of the Theatre Francais, but not so heavy and not so large. The house was very full, but we got good places near the stage in the Premiere Galerie. Near us were several smart Actresses of the Theatre who did not perform on that evening, but were well disposed to talk to us and be amusing. The first piece was D'Auberge, and opera in 3 Acts, very amusing, and taken from the Comedy of She Stoops to Conquer. The next was Le Deux Petits Savoyards, where a benevolent man who takes a fancy to the two destitute Savoyards discovers them to be his Nephews. The Orchestra is capital,

and the Music of both pieces was expressive, lively, and pleasing.
French Music in any thing

V, 274

humorous, comic, and lively is delightful, but its screeching is insufferable in the grand and sublime movements of serious opera. The Operas here are so amusing and well acted, and the music so good, that they make up for the want of the Scenery decorations and dancing of the Grand Opera. Madame St. Aubin is not handsome but sings with great sweetness and taste, and her acting is inimitably arch and pathetic -- she has more humour and not so much force in the pathetic scenes, but on the whole she reminds me much of Mrs. Kemble. Ellevion also is an elegant figure, and sings with power and taste, much more so than any of those I have heard at the Grand Opera. Matrin has a most pleasing and delicate voice, and sings with most powerful execution. He is far the best male singer I have heard in France. His Bravura was admirable, and the most dazzling solo of any thing I have yet heard in the French style of Music. Upon the whole I was highly pleased with the Feydeau, and shall take the first opportunity to pay a visit to it again.

[17. June. 1802]

V, 278

... We went this evening to the Theatre Louvois, which was well attended, and we had good places in the Orchestra. The first piece was Le Cousin de tout le monde, a lively farce of one act, in which the humour of Picardine in the eating Garcon was admirable mimicry. The next was a new piece, performed for the first time to-night in one act, written to display in a noble point of view, the character of the author of De'l'Esprit -- Helvetius is a very interesting and pleasing piece. Bernard, a young poet, satirizes Helvetius in some verses which he reads

to Helvetius himself without knowing who he is. Helvetius nobly returns him good for evil and is the means of uniting him with the lady he loves. This completely cures him of his talent for satire, and the piece conclude. The sentiments were fine, and the verse elegant and neat, tho' it was sad to see satire so easily vanquished; on the whole I was much pleased with the piece, which was received with thunders of applause, and the author loudly called for; he, not being in the Theatre, Picard came forward and said it was by his friend Andrieux, the author of Les Etourdis, which they were just going to act. Nothing could be more admirable than the acting of Devigny in Helvetius, Picard in the old Gentleman, and Madame Mole in the Mother of the Poet. The Etourdis is a most amusing and laughable piece of three acts;

V, 279

the chief incidents arise from the ticks played by a Nephew and his friend on an old Uncle; the friend writes the Uncle word that his Nephew is dead, and requests him to send money to defray the expenses of his funeral -- which the Uncle does, and follows it to Paris bringing with him his disconsolate daughter who thinks her lover is dead; nothing can be more comical than the rage of the Uncle, and the pleasure of the young Lady when the truth is discovered -- the amours of the valet and landlady are also truly laughable; indeed, I never was more amused -- in particular with the scene where the Nephew appears as a Ghost to all his creditors, who, thinking him dead, are come to claim payment of his debts from the old Uncle. This is irresistably laughable, and was admirably acted by Closel in the Nephew, Picard in the Valet, and Mad^e Mole in the landlady. This Theatre is upon a very respectable footing; the Actors are remarkably good, and it is the next

best to the Theatre Francais for comedies; tragedies they never attempt. The Actors are composed chiefly of those who were formerly of the company at the Great Theatre Odeon, and who did not obtain engagements at the Theatre Francais to which most of them resorted after the burning of that elegant Theatre.

[18. June. 1802]

V, 282

... We drove back to our end of the town and went to see La Fantasmagorie de Robertson, which is exhibited in the court of the ci-devant convent des Capucins near the Place Vandome, but has also an entrance from the Boulevardes. There were a great number of people -- and the amusements were of various kinds, but all excellent in their way. -- At first going in, the company amuse themselves with the curiosities in the room, which are philosophical deceptions of various kinds, views of London, Paris, &c. through glasses, and several curious pieces of machinery, such as fleas drawing coaches &c. After that was displayed by Mr. Robertson, the phenomena of Galvanism, with the pile of zinc and silver; to this succeeded some very wonderful exhibitions of fire and water, forming flowers of the fire in the centre, & the water playing round it -- sometimes the fire served as the Centre of the flower, and the water formed crowns, lilies, umbrellas, &c.,

V, 283

but the most curious was a column of water frequently carrying to the top of the room, a balloon, and after that a candlestick with 10 or 12 lighted candles. After that the lighted candles were surrounded with a flowing fountain of water, and all were extinguished one after another, not by the water, but for want of air. An egg was also raised to the top of the room and

supported there, the water boiling round it -- indeed these very ingenious deceptions seem almost like magic. We heard the Invisible Girl, who answers any question put to a kind of glass tube in the middle of a small room; and the answer seems close at hand; this is a trick of Ventriloquism, as we were told by the Ventriloquist himself, a Mr. Fitzjames who is a most astonishing performer in that way. He gave amusing dialogues in his own, and several feigned voices, which had I not known, I should have thought were in another room, and in different directions. He combines the talent of changing his countenance in as many ways as his voice; dressed like a monk with a candle in his hand, he gave several curious exhibitions and dialogues -- the most infinite variety of tones of voice, and contortions of countenance I ever met with; frequently at the same time

V, 284

one eye and side of the face would be laughing, & the other side crying in the most dismal manner. I never was so much astonished by anything as Fitzjames' Ventriloquism, and Grimace, and he is said to be the most capital Ventriloquist existing, and the effect he produces is much aided by his extraordinary variations of countenance. Fitzjames is an Irishman, and would be an excellent comic actor. What he gave us this evening is called Le Reveil des Moines, and the sounding of the Convent Bell was admirable, and must require a most astonishing strength of lungs. After the Ventriloquism was over, the company adjourned to another room where the lights are extinguished and the Phantasmagoria are exhibited. I never saw anything so striking, and the distant sound of Musical Glasses added to the effect. The Thunder and lightning, the grisly phantoms and death's heads, the ghosts

rising from tombs, phantoms flitting thro' the air, dark figures gliding thro' the aisles of Gothic churches form a combination of horrors, while the phantoms advance towards the audience as if they meant to swallow them up. Various subjects are exhibited: Young digging the Tomb of his daughter -- the heads of Rousseau and Buffon -- the figure of Diogenes in his tub -- Alexander -- and Cupid extracting his dart from the heart of a beautiful woman.

V, 285

The last is peculiarly beautiful: The subject is Peace returning with the attributes and productions of France and the figure of the First Consul in uniform & large as life standing by her. This representation was said by every one to be very like the First Consul, which I am glad of, as I don't think we shall see his real body. The principle of the Phantasmagoria is the same as the Magic Lanthorn and produces the effect by letting the light fall on the objects in a particular manner. Robertson, the inventor and exhibitor, is a Scotchman, but speaks French very fluently and well. One Lady was so much affected by the horrid phantoms advancing towards her, as to faint and be carried out.

[19. June. 1802]

... To-day I attended particularly to the Salles des Antiques, which contain the statues. This collection, tho' not so numerous as the paintings, is equally excellent. They are

V, 286

all Roman or Grecian Antiques, and a great many of them have been recently brought from Italy. The first room is the Salle des Hommes illustres -- to the left of which is the Salle des Saisons. To the right is the Salle des Romains, and beyond

that is the Salle de Laocoon, and lastly the Salle de Apollon. ... It is impossible to attempt any description of this exquisite collection, the beauties of which to be conceived must be seen. I will only mention the names of those with which I was most delighted -- and at once the most inexperienced person must see them to be perfect. The Apollo Belvidere. Laocoon, and his two children devoured by a Serpent. Venus rising from the Bath. Hercules with the spoils of the Hydra. Diana with the Grey-hound. A figure of Adonis in Parian marble. A figure of Antinous in [Parian marble]. Discobolus. In point of merit they stand as I have mentioned them in order. But the two first exceed every thing; it is impossible to find the smallest fault in the figure of Apollo which is fashioned in the most perfect mould of ideal beauty, while the lovely limbs and swelling breasts of Venus are inimitable,

V, 287

and equally great in contrast the twisted serpent fixing its pointed teeth in the father's side and wrenching the delicate flesh of the unfortunate children who recoil with piercing cries, while in the stronger muscles of the figure and face of Laocoon, contending bodily and mental agonies are most forcibly expressed.

... ..

V, 288

We then made the tour of the Palais Royal, and went to the Theatre Feydeau, where there was but a thin audience, a circumstance I have seldom observed. The first piece was L'Auteur dans son ménage -- very laughable and good music, but no good singers. The next was the Chateau de Montenero, which was but stupid -- indeed there were none of the best actors in either of the pieces. I regretted much that neither Ellevion, Martin,

or Mad^e St. Aubin appeared, and this was probably the cause of so thin a house.

[20. June. 1802]

V, 298

... [we] alighted at the Grand Opera, where we got good places in the Orchestra. The Opera was the Caravane de Caire, and the Ballet Le Deserteur; in the former the scenery and dancing were as usual excellent, and the music was prettier than common -- it is a pity that such a capital Orchestra should accompany such poor singers. The Ballet of Le Deserteur was charming, with Monsigny's Opera transformed by the designs of dance. I can conceive no dancing equal to the elegance, agility, and ease of Gardel, Felicite, Chevigny, and Louise -- and of the men, -- Duport (a youth of 16) and the Deserter (whose name I have forgot) are most admirable dancers; indeed all the figuranti, both men and women, are admirable, and form most beautiful combinations and groupes in the highest degree graceful, & picturesque.

[21. June. 1802]

V, 301

... At 1/2 past 6, J. Lamb went to Academie des Chevaux to see the exhibition by M. Franconi, &c., of equestrian exercises, and I went to the Opera Buffa to see the first representation of L'Inganno Felice (the happy deceit), a new opera by Paisiello. The house was very crowded but as I was early I got a good place, and had as usual some very communicative people near me. The Opera was not over till 1/2 past 11, which is very late for the Theatres here; the music was enchanting and the opera itself very amusing. I have not had so much musical pleasure since I have been in Paris -- nothing can exceed the beauty of the Italian music, especially of the vocal kind, and above all by Paisiello. Signora Strinasacchi is a most exquisite

singer; her voice is clear, distinct, and soft, and her acting playful, easy, and natural. Parlamagni was in excellent voice -- his bass notes are capital. Signora Parlamagni also sung very well, and I was delighted with Lazzerini, who has a fine counter tenor voice, very soft, but clear and distinct, and with most delicate execution. Two Solos by Lazzerini, a solo by Strinasacchi, a duet by Lazzerini & Signora Parlamagni, and a duet by Strinasacchi & Parlamagni were admirable indeed, and all were encored.

V, 302

Indeed, the whole of the music was exquisite. The Music, the Orchestra, and the singers were all equally delightful. A Quartetto in the first act by Strinasacchi, Lazzerini, Parlamagni, and Signora Sivesti was also delightful, and the Finale was a charming composition. The House was full in all parts, and the Opera was received with the loudest applause; it is indeed highly entertaining, aided by the acting of Parlamagni and Strinasacchi, but the exquisite music of Paesiello would make any thing pass.

[22. June. 1802]

... we went to the Bibliothèque Nationale, Rue de la loi, opposite to the Grand Opera ...

V, 303

From thence we went to the Louvre ... I was much struck with the angel Michael overthrowing the Devil by Raphael and the Burial of Christ by Titian, both the size of life and of astonishing force of expression and coloring -- indeed every day discovers new beauties, and every day

V, 304

my old favorites become more and more exquisite: sometimes when looking long at one painting it may almost be imagined to become a reality.

... We dined at Very's with Solly and went to the Theatre Francais to see Andromaque, where as usual there was a full house. Andromaque is a noble tragedy, & was inimitably acted -- tho' there is more pomp, declamation, and action than real feeling in French poetry and French tragic acting, yet in several parts the great physical powers, nature, and strong feelings of Talma had a great effect. Talma is a most capital actor -- his figure, voice, and acting are commanding and grand, and his madness was terribly real. I appreciate Racine more having seen the play in the original French, and having witnessed the torment of the conflict realised by Talma -- the contending emotions of Love, resentment, and passion were well portrayed by Damas in Pyrrhus. Madame Vanhove was a charming Andromaque -- she acted it with real feeling and

V, 305

was irresistibly affecting in her pleading to Pyrrhus. Mademoiselle Fleury is handsome and a good figure -- but has not powers, tho' her judgment is good, equal to the fury of Hermione. Perhaps I was less pleased with her than the rest from the remembrance of the astonishing excellence of Mrs. Siddons in this character. After the play there was a very pretty drama from Kotzebue called Les Heritiers, which contains a pleasant mixture of pathos and humour, and in which the chief incident is the meeting of two Brothers, each of whom for a long period of years had supposed the other dead. It was admirably acted by Duganzon and Michon, the two brothers and Mlle Gros and Baptiste Cadet, the young lady and the servant. Upon the whole I was highly delighted with the Theatre to-night -- especially with Andromaque.

After the Spectacle we went to Frascati where there was a grand fête to-night, and three francs were paid for admission. The apartments and gardens were crowded to an overflow with elegant Ladies and well dressed Gentlemen. The Garden front was entirely covered with colored lamps, forming quite a sheet of flame, and the Grand Avenue of the Garden formed a bright stream of many colored lights. The trees, arbours,

V, 306

rocks, grottoes, &c., were all sparkling with light and the apartments within were unusually splendid. The Music was placed on one side of the Garden above the Grotto. The company having paraded an hour in this paradise and taken a sufficient survey of each other, a Grand Exhibition of Fireworks was displayed, consisting of bombs, squibs, crackers, rockets, wheels, -- a splendid castle besieged and destroyed by roman balls, and concluding with a thundering report and an immense discharge of rockets and white fire. This had a magnificent effect in the Garden, which of itself was resplendent with light, forming a beautiful contrast to the dark shades of the trees. We got home at 12 o'clock, and I found a letter from my Father with good accounts from home. He had received my last letter from Paris, but not that from Antwerp. We shall not now leave Paris for some days longer, which I am glad of -- as my Father seems to wish us to endeavour to form here some glass connections, which may be useful, when a Commercial treaty shall be established between France and England.

[23. June. 1802]

V, 307

.. we then returned to the Quai de Voltaire to endeavour to get our French passports, but without success. Crossing the River in a boat to the Louvre, I staid 2 hours as usual among

its never failing treasures. Today I attended to the pictures of the French Masters, particularly those of Claude Lorraine and Vernet are the most beautiful landscapes in the world. I also took another survey of the Statues, & am never weary of contemplating the exquisite proportions of the Apollo and Venus, and the dreadful agonies of the groupe of Laocoon.

... We dined at usual at Very's, and at six returned to the Louvre, where the Seance de l'Institut National was held ...

V, 308

The Secretary was particularly civil in admitting us as we had no billet from any of the Members. The subject of the debate was whether or not pulmonary consumption be contagious: -- but it was impossible to attend to it, as the room was so large, and the buz so great, I could not hear; and indeed my attention was engaged by the communicativeness of the Secretary, who was so obliging as to point out to us the different members -- at least all those of great celebrity. De la Lane, the Astronomer, is a very diminutive old sickly man with a bald head, but with a very acute countenance. De la Grange, De la Place, and Count Rumford have much of the Gentlemen in dress and manners. Chaptal is an intelligent man in black, about 40, with his hair dressed & powdered, as indeed have all the others I have named except De la Lande. Chaptal is

V, 309

Minister of the Interior, and Head of the Institution for promoting Commerce and Manufactures. Fourcroy is a little stout good looking Man with a cropped head, under 30, and with a very intelligent look -- we also saw Guiton Morveau, Berthollet,

Vauquelin, and Bougainville who has lately made a voyage round the world -- there were several distinguished Danes, Spaniards, Germans, &c., present also. ... The assembly then broke up at eight o' clock, and we then went to the Theatre Montansier, which was a quick transition from science and philosophy to nonsense and folly.

The first piece was over -- but tho' the house and café were very full, we got tolerable places. The first piece we saw was called Ferat ou les Noces,

V, 310

in which Mad^{lle} Caroline was charming both in acting and in singing; the next was Misanthrope cadet -- a burlesque on the Stranger in which Brunet was irresistibly ludicrous: his humour and comical faces are exactly suited to broad farce.

The Café was crowded with the Ladies of the Palace who were as usual very lavish of their charms; on the whole, however, the Montansier is no great favorite of mine: for tho' the entertainments are irresistibly laughable, yet there is un peu trop de rire et aussi un peu trop des beautés des dames; yet in conversation the Ladies are lively, pleasant, entertaining, and not at all vulgar; they make many clever remarks, and are much more reasonable and well informed than would be supposed from their appearance and habits.

[24. June. 1802]

V, 312

... [we] went to the Theatre Feydeau, but were so long in sauntering there that the first piece was begun before we arrived. The Theatre was very crowded, so much so that we could scarce get a decent place. I got at last squeezed into the premier Gallerie, and sat on a stool. The Theatre being so very full,

and so handsome a building, looked most magnificent. The next piece was the first representation of a posthumous Opera by Della Maria; the airs were some of them very pretty, and the harmony of the Duets and trios, &c., beautiful -- it was admirably acted by M^d. Pingenet, M^d. Garaudan, M^d. St. Aubin, and Ellevion -- especially the two last were charming; the music was admirably performed by these two, and a duet between them was delightful, but the

V, 313

Opera itself was silly. It was received however with unbounded applause on account of the music and performers.

[25. June. 1802]

V, 314

... We dismissed our Cabriolet and went to the Theatre Francais, which was rather thin. The play was Turcaret, a most curious, laughable, and entertaining comedy by Le Sage. It was admirably acted by Dugazon, Baptiste aine, and M^{lle} Mars ainée, M^{lle} Emilie Contat, and M^{lle} Desbrosses. Nothing could be more truly comic, humorous, and laughable than the ruthless greed and childish need of the coarse but compassionate Turcaret as played by Dugazon, and M^{lle} Mars in the fine lady was admirable. The next piece was Les Folies Amoureuses by Reynard, which I recollected seeing at the Hague, tho' nothing

V, 315

like so well done as it was to-night by Dugazon, and M^{lle} Mars Cadette, and Emilie Contat. I never was more entertained than by the tricks of the Valet (Dugazon), and the counterfeit madness of the Young Lady was inimitably done by M^{lle} Mars cadette. Dugazon is excessively comical -- his figure and manner reminded me much of Quick.

After the play we walked to Frascati, where there was the

usual number of good company, and which was as brilliant as ever; in particular I observed on this evening a great number of newly arrived handsome English Ladies.

[26. June. 1802]

V, 316

... We then returned to the Theatre [Favart] which was not very full. The Opera was L'Impresario in angustie, in 3 Acts, the music by Cimarosa. Lazzerini was not in good voice, and tho' his taste is exquisite, he did not seem able to display his powers so well as the last night I was there. He acted the Music Master. Parlamagni in the distressed Manager was very comic and sung

V, 317

admirably; indeed the Opera was well performed throughout. Signora Parlamagni was particularly excellent -- but Signora Bolla was the grand attraction; she is very beautiful, and has a charming taste in recitative; but wants the animation of Strinasacchi, and there is a sharpness of tone in her voice which is not pleasing. Her person and manner are very prepossessing, and by the modest elegance of her dress, one may see what country she has been in lately -- she has been, I believe, long at the Opera house in the Hay Market. The Opera as usual was great nonsense, but the music was beautiful, spirited, and scientific, tho' not possessed of such enchanting melody and sweetness as that of Paesiello. Two songs by Bolla, two by Lazzerini, a duet between them, and a song by Signora Parlamagni were the best.

[28. June. 1802]

V, 322

... J. Lamb and I walked a good while in the Jardins des Tuilleries under the shade of the lofty trees, where it is always cool, and the resort of numbers of people at this hour, and in

the evenings. We then went to Very's as usual, and from thence to the Palais Royal -- where we observed a great variety of the disciples of Venus, in all kinds of dresses to appeal to every whim, some of them in Men's clothes. We read the English papers, and took ice at the Café Anglais, and then walked up to the Theatre Louvois, where there was as usual a very numerous audience.

It is impossible not to be astonished at the circumstance that near twenty theatres are every

V, 323

night constantly attended, even in this hot weather in the middle of summer -- this of itself sufficiently shews the fondness of the French for theatrical entertainments -- indeed they are with them a constant subject of attention, consideration, conversation, and disputes -- they have more serious quarrels and debates about the comparative merits of Talma, Fleury, & Monvel, of Mesdames Maillard or Brancha, of Vestris, Clotilde, Gardel, &c., than about the government, Bonaparte, or the state of the Nation; these are subjects on which it is not only dangerous to speak, but for the discussion of which the French have no taste, or their minds are seldom employed in such considerations.

I was very well entertained this evening at the Louvois. The first piece in 3 acts, called La Conjecture, is droll, and Picard in the Newsmonger was admirable -- nothing could better express the profound wisdom and certain intelligence of events of which he imagined himself possessed; and the solemnity of his manner was truly comic. All the Actors and Actresses of this Theatre, if not of the highest excellence, are very respectable, and for Comedy it ranks after the Theatre Francais.

We walked about in the Café as it was very hot -- and then saw the second piece. It was

V, 324

Le Collateral, which was very entertaining and admirably acted by Picard in the Counsellor, Mad. Hebret in the Actress, Barbier in the Actor, and Vigny in the Nephew. Upon the whole I was highly amused, -- we did not go to Frascati after the play, as it began to rain.

[29. June. 1802]

V, 325

... We left the Jardin des Plantes at 1/2 past six and drove thro' the Town to the Palais Royal where we walked awhile -- and then went into the Theatre Montansier, which was very crowded, particularly by the Cyprian Corps, who were as usual quite al fresco. We got very good places to see the performances, which consisted as usual of three short entertainments. Between the pieces, the Café and staircases were very crowded. The first piece was a speaking Harlequinade, which was by no means interesting; the next was a Comic Opera of one act, represented for the first time, called Les Deux Voisins. Brunet played the Fop Apprentice very well indeed, and the rest of them were tolerable: it was received with great applause, and tho' it was great nonsense, I was much pleased with it, as the music was remarkably pretty -- and the choruses excellent. The next was Le Desespoir de Jocrisse in two acts; certainly I never before saw such nonsense, yet I never laughed so much at any thing; indeed the whole

V, 326

house was convulsed with laughing, for it was impossible to resist the blunders and mistakes, which Brunet in Jocrisse

(the silly servant) makes in the absence of his master; he is at last so frightened by his blunders, that he thinks he cannot be worse off -- and crying "Cela m'est egal! C'est egal!" he breaks all the China, furniture, &c. Meantime the lover carries off the Master's daughter, of whom Jocrisse had the care. His Mother and Sister scold him so much, that he resolves to poison himself and them also, and takes some poison -- but which proves only to be spirits so marked by his Master to prevent his drinking it; the scene that ensues on the Master's return is admirable. I never laughed so much at any thing, tho' nothing can be more ridiculous; but the attitudes, countenance, and voice of Brunet in Jocrisse would provoke to laughter the most rigid stoic.

[30. June. 1802]

V, 327

... J. Lamb and I went in a chaise to the extremity of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine by way of the Boulevardes. There we saw the Manufactory of Plate Glass, which is on a very large scale; the Glass however is not made here, but is sent here in a rough state from Alsace -- and here it is polished and sold. It is polished by large flat stones and sand and water, and is done by hand entirely, tho' I should think it might be less expensively and more expeditiously done by machinery. We saw a plate of Glass fixed on the compost of metals -- this is done by Mercury, which is poured on a fine tin plate (laying in a hollow table), and the mercury and tin form an amalgam in a short time, and because of the superjacent mercury the plate of Glass is laid on, the amalgam adheres to it, and the Glass is finished. The work is very unwholesome, as so much mercury, red lead, &c., are used. We saw the Magazine where the Glass is kept for sale,

and where there are immense large plates polished but not tinned; this last process is so expensive that they only do it when particularly ordered. There are above 700 Men employed here in

V, 328

polishing, or as they call it estaminettant, besides those at the Glass Manufactory at Alsace.

... We went to dine at Very's at five where we met with Solly, with whom I had as usual much conversation about plays -- he is a great critic and amateur -- and his conversation is so entertaining that I regret not seeing more of him, but his acquaintances are so numerous and his engagements so many that we seldom meet. Boyes, Lamb, and I went to the Theatre Francais after dinner, where there was a very good house, and where I was much pleased by the representation of "Eugenie," a very affecting sentimental comedy by Beaumarchais. It turns on the distress of a french young lady who is forsaken by her husband (an Englishman) and succeeds in

V, 329

recovering his affections by the nobleness of her conduct. Eugenie was charmingly acted by Md^{lle} Mars ainée - the rest were all tolerable, but none capital. The "Medicin magré lui" was the afterpiece and was very entertaining.

[1. July. 1802]

V, 330

... We dined at the Inn at half past four, and left Versailles a little past five. We drove directly to the Theatre Francais... J. Lamb and I went to the play, but could get no places in the pit or orchestra, it was so crowded; so we ascended to the second boxes where we were very well off; but it was excessively hot. The play was Corneille's tragedy of Cinna, and it was most admirably acted by Monvel in Augustus,

Talma in Cinna, Despres in Maximus, and M^{de} Bancourt in Emilia. Monvel has much feeling, and his scene where he pardons the conspirators was capital -- but he wants variety and his manner is not prepossessing. Nothing can do justice to the energy and force of Talma, who keeps one constantly admiring; tho' he seldom gives way to his feelings, at least he never overpowers one with noise -- and his voice, figure, and action are all perfect.

Despres was sufficiently

V, 331

impressive in Maximus. M^{de} Bancourt goes too suddenly from one extreme of her voice to the other, but in some parts gave her speeches with great spirit and effect. Her figure is large but elegant, and her face is good, but her action is stiff and monotonous; she is far inferior to Mesdames Fleury and Vanhove; for natural vigor, I cannot but prefer the Antique characters of Shakespeare, or even Racine, over Corneille's Cinna; indeed the play is declamatory, and to me by no means so interesting as Andromaque, tho' there are some fine sentiments in it, and long orations by Monvel and Talma. It is not near so agreeable to the ear as Racine's harmonious numbers. The farce was La pupille, with which I was highly delighted again, tho' I saw it only a short time ago. Lacase in the guardian -- Armand in the fop -- Md^{lle} Desbrosses in the waiting maid, but above all Md^{lle} Volnais in Julia was charming -- she grows more beautiful and more interesting every time I see her, and would be altogether irresistible were it not for a little of the whine in her voice.

[2. July. 1802]

...Boyes and J. Lamb and I met at Very's at half past four; we also met Solly. J. Lamb had seen a carriage in the Rue de Thionville which he thought might suit us to go to Havre and Dieppe. J. Lamb went to the Theatre Francais after dinner. Boyes and I went to the Grand Opera, to the boxes where we got excellent places. Boyes had not been there before and was much pleased with the dancing; however he was tired long before the conclusion and went home. I had a very agreeable communicative Frenchman beside me, and some French ladies

V, 334

of the highest ton before me, and several English ladies near us. Between the Opera and the ballet, I met John Brandling who has been here about a week, and says he intends going to the South of France in a short time. My Frenchman pointed out to me in an opposite box, Cambaceres the second Consul, a large dark ugly man, with a dark blue coat and a little powder in his black hair. The Opera was Semiramis with which I was again much pleased, tho' I can't much admire the music, and Madame Maillan is far too fat. M^{de} Brancha in Azema is very well and sing prettily. Roland in Arsace is very tolerable, and Cheron very disagreeable in Assur; but the scenery and dancing are beautiful, especially the Warrior dance. -- I never saw the Opera more brilliant and more crowded. The ballet of La Dansomanie succeeded, in which Gardel displayed great powers on the Violin, and Clotilde, Deprés, Soigny, Felicite, Louise, Chevigny, &c., were admirable. Nothing I ever saw could equal the elegance, grace, and ease of every motion; the light and airy figure of M^{de} Gardel seems rather to fly than to touch the ground. We must allow that the French have brought the art of dancing to the highest perfection.

[3. July. 1802]

...At 1/2 past one I took my leave of the Museum, the receptacle of the finest productions of the arts, and went to Mr. Le Moines where I met J. Lamb. We went in a chaise with Mr. Isnard to the Louvre where we were shewn as a great favor the workshop of David, who, whatever may have been his conduct, is certainly the finest painter now living. He was not there himself, which I regretted; there were

V, 341

several unfinished pieces but only two large paintings; for one of them he was offered £1500 but refused it, as he says they will be of more value to his family after his death.

The above sum was offered for the "burial of the Son of Brutus": the gloomy meditating countenance of Brutus -- the sister sinking with grief, and the funeral ceremonies, are very fine, -- but too much of the centre of the picture is occupied by a pillar, and I prefer the picture of the 3 Horatii swearing to revenge their sister -- their father gives them their swords, and they hold out their hands and swear, while behind is the Sister, leaning on her friend in grief. The countenances and figures of the young Men and the Sister are beautiful. These pictures are both large as life. We were taken to see the parting of the Sabine and Roman army, a very large picture in a most magnificent frame by David also -- and which is publicly exhibited. The composition is very grand, and the crowd behind of soldiers, women and children, &c., makes a fine scene, while Romulus and Tatius in the front, and the women parting them, is a capital group, -- the picture is just taken at the moment when both parties are weary of battle and the women succeed in reconciling them to each other. Upon the whole I was

highly gratified by the works of David, which of modern paintings are the best I ever saw, tho' there is an unpleasant hardness and rawness of coloring, which is, however, atoned by the powerful expression, force, and nature of the figures; it is difficult to give any idea of the beauties of painting and sculpture, however strongly they are felt and remembered: -- but the Paintings and Statues of the Museum, and even those of David must be seen in order to feel their astonishing excellence.

It is, however, much more easy to appreciate the present state of Music at Paris than of painting -- the style of French serious Music is generally drawling, violent, and unpleasant; discords are too often introduced, and their effect is lessened by seldom or ever hearing the contrast of a beautiful air: their music in parts is always good as they are masters of harmony, and the poorest singers in the streets are so well accustomed to sing in parts as to make it delightful harmony. Of late the style of the French Music is a good deal changed; the comic and lively airs are still universal, and they are certainly the best of French Music, -- but instead of the crash of chromatic flats, and sharps, is now introduced the softness of the Italian method, but this does not suit their inharmonious language, and all their attempts at this kind of composition are far inferior to the soft melodious strains of

V, 343

Italy. Certainly some of the Operatic music of Gluck, Sacchini, Gretry, &c., is very original, grand, and impressive, but this, tho' composed for French Operas, is more allied to the German style than the chromatic involvements of the French manner.

Of the state of the French literature, I have had little opportunity of judging. There are no longer those authors of genius, who shone in the age of Louis 14th & 15th, and even Rousseau perished before Louis 16th, but there are still many excellent writers, particularly among the members of the National Institute, who, it is acknowledge, have thrown great light on many of the sciences, especially chemistry -- and also in poetry, novels, and plays, whatever may be the quality, the quantity published is incredible; -- indeed, the taste for reading works of amusement has now so much increased in France, as well as in England, that it is not to be wondered at; and where so much is published, there must be a great quantity of nonsense; -- on the whole, however, the French make a very distinguished figure in the literary world, and are at least equal to any other nation in science and literature.

I have given a particular account of each of the principal theatres, besides which are numerous smaller ones for Melodramas and Pantomimes, and it must be allowed that Paris is unrivalled for the variety and perfection of its dramatic amusements: yet

V, 344

except the Theatre des Arts, or Grand Opera, which is not much larger than Covent Garden Theatre, there are none of large size, or superior elegance, tho' several are neat and well adapted to the performances for which they are intended, and there is a completeness and ensemble in all their theatrical exhibitions, which is not to be found elsewhere. Indeed, the Theatres are what the French most value themselves upon, and think unequalled by the rest of the world. Certainly Paris is a "chef d'oeuvre" as a gay and pleasing place of abode, and it is impossible not to repay with esteem and gratitude the cordiality and civility of its inhabitants to strangers.

... I went to the Italian Opera to take my leave of the entertaining and delightful spectacle of Paris. The house was very full, and I was highly pleased with La Molinara, an opera in two acts with most beautiful music by Paesiello. It was

V, 345

admirably acted by Lazzerini, Parlamagni, Rafanelli, Signora Parlamagni, and Signora Strinasacchi. A solo by Lazzerini, and a duo by him and Strinasacchi were delightful. The Opera was succeeded by an interlude called L'Avaro, in which Bianchi, a new comic singer from Berlin, performed; he has much humour, the music was good, and his singing very pleasant. It was with regret I took my leave of this charming Opera, and of the other gaieties of Paris, but there is at present no help for it. I have only to hope another time I may make a longer stay, and have more opportunities of seeing the Society and manners of Paris, as at present we have been entirely occupied by the numerous curiosities which it affords.

I found J. Lamb at home on my return from the Opera, so we paid off our bills, and our very intelligent and obliging valet de place Marion, and ate together our last Parisian supper at L'Hotel de l'Empire, Rue Cerutti.

[4. July. 1802]

V, 348

... tho' at almost every change of horses, we had abundance of cherries, strawberries, &c., which were very cheap and good, and helped to comfort us for our bad breakfast at St. Germain, where the landlady brought us about six grains of tea in a pot with water, all of which I poured into the slop bason, thinking it was only to warm the pot, and too late found out it was intended for our breakfast.

... the poverty of the inhabitants is apparent in all the villages, and is hard to be accounted for except by the evils of the revolution, for the luxuriance, fertility, and immense produce of grain and fruit which this country evidently affords out at least to keep its inhabitants above abject poverty.

[6. July. 1802]

Le Havre

V, 355

Before arriving at Havre, we passed thro' the neatly built little town of Harfleur where there are several large cotton works. Near Harfleur we had a charming view of the sea, the finely cultivated opposite shores of lower Normandy, the wide estuary of the Seine, appearing like a lake in the midst of the woody hills covered with villages and chateaux, while before us with a hill and lighthouses to the right was the town of Havre, the situation of which at the mouth of the Seine seems admirably adapted for commerce. I now for the first time in my life saw the English Channel, which was curious enough, being an Englishman, to see first from the coast of France.

V, 357

... After dinner we walked on the pier; the afternoon was beautiful, and the sun set in a most splendid sky upon the sea, -- with a magnificent effect. We were obliged, however, to leave this noble spectacle and go to the Mairie, where the people were very civil, and immediately put their signatures to our passports. From thence we went to the Theatre, the exterior of which is neat, and within it is handsomely formed, but is extremely dirty, and without any seats in the pit; this, I believe, used to be common in French Theatres but is now much disused. There was as usual a numerous audience. The play was L'Optimiste ou L'Homme content du tout; after this was a vaudeville in which the singing was wretched -- one or two of the actresses were very well in the

play, and good looking; the Optimist was also decently acted, and the characters well drawn, a pleasing picture of benevolence and contentment -- but the piece is entirely sentimental, and its dullness was never relieved by any sparks of wit, humour, or invention.

We went home to our Inn, and had some fruit for our supper in the public room, where there was a very communicative and intelligent Frenchman, tho' of a most bacchanalian and red-nosed aspect, who speaks English remarkably well indeed, and is here as well as

V, 358

ourselves waiting for the Packet. He is an inhabitant of Paris, and is merely going to England for a visit to some friends in Hampshire, -- he related to us several interesting particulars relative to the revolution. He said had the King been more firm and resolute, and come out boldly before the people, and not given up his authority to the National Convention, the people would have supported him, but his disposition was too placid and weak for times so turbulent -- which were originally brought on by the pride and ill conduct of the Queen, and the other branches of the Royal Family, which the King had not strength of mind to prevent; the scenes which were displayed at Paris before and after the execution of the King, exceed in horror every thing I ever heard of; -- the Gardens and passages of the Tuileries and the Place de Carousel were covered with heaps of dead Swiss and French Guards, and the beautiful fish ponds of the gardens were often filled with blood and dead bodies. After the execution of the King, a silence of horror for the past, and terrors for the future, seemed to pervade all Paris for many days;

but interesting and copious as were the details of our red-nosed friend, they only recapitulated horrors already too well known -- and over which it is better to draw the veil of oblivion.

[8. July. 1802]

V, 364

... we walked along the quay again at sunset; returning to our Inn, we were stopped by a pair of shabby little girls, not above 14, who offered themselves to us in crude and simple terms; we discouraged them, giving each 2 francs and urging them to return home. This, I think, is less the effect of imprality than of long aggravated poverty.

At the Inn, we met with Boyes and several others waiting for the Packet; we joined them, after J. Lamb

V, 365

and I got our supper, and held an argument about French and English, Voltaire and Dr. Johnson, &c., in which many very ingenious ideas were started on both sides. Boyes is certainly one of the best hearted and best tempered young men I ever met with and, tho' greatly prejudiced in favor of his own country, has good ideas on many subjects, which are more the result of his own reflections than of reading. The more I see of him the more I like him -- was it not for his society and for the amusement so amply furnished by Mr. Steine, the Irishman and Scotchman, our time would pass very heavily, -- but tho' kept here in a kind of prison much against our will, I do not feel the least tired of it, but on the contrary, there is almost always something going on from which one may extract entertainment; this evening in the street a man and woman sung duets very well, the latter accompanying their voices by a jingling instrument like a bad

harpsichord, but the name of which I do not know -- the music was however far from being unpleasant, tho' the various odours of the spectators made it impossible to stay and listen to it.

[9. July. 1802]

Southampton

V, 370

... It was with great pleasure I landed on my native shore, indeed it is a happiness to land on any shore, and escape from the miseries of a ship. When we landed I was so weak I could scarcely stand or walk, so much was I, and indeed several of the others, exhausted by the voyage.

[11. July. 1802]

York

V, 372

... At the York Hotel we found civility and very good accommodations after a most pleasant day's journey, which I regret is the last of our travels with our most pleasant companion Boyes, of whom we took leave with much regret, and sincere hopes of meeting again -- but as much as I regret the loss of his Society, I am still more sorry that our delightful tho' short visit to "La Belle France" is ended, and that it is but too uncertain whether or not I may ever have it in my power to return to the splendours and fascinations of that Palace of Pleasure and Gaiety,

Paris.