

CHAPTER VII.

Departure from Marseilles—Le Mistral—Inundation of Sand—Orgon—The Alpines—St. Remy—Tarascon—Anecdote of Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu—Bridge of Boats—Beaucaire—Nismes—Roman Antiquities—Amphitheatre—Maison Carrée—The Fountain—Excursion to le Pont du Gard—Table d'Hôte—Journey to Lunel—Muscat Wines—The Vintage—Arrival at Montpellier.

WE had entertained some thoughts of going by water from Marseilles to Montpellier; but on making the necessary inquiries, we ascertained that a voyage on the Mediterranean, however short, would be attended with more difficulties than had entered into our calculations; and we, therefore, thought it advisable to alter our plan, and continue our journey on dry land. Monday, October 21, was the day fixed upon for our departure. When we rose in the morning, we were surprised to find that an entire change had taken place in the temperature of the air: the chillness we suffered was extreme; we had gone to bed in the torrid zone, and we awoke in Greenland. Mons. Auguste told us, that this was a little touch of the mistral, which generally blew after rain, and several showers had fallen in the night. We had no idea that it would be prudent to delay our journey on account of the weather; for we harboured no fears of the mistral; but rather rejoiced that the heat was abated and the dust laid.

We set off about ten o'clock; the wind increased

in violence every moment; and before we had ascended the hill from the town, it raged in a most terrific manner. We looked back on the Mediterranean, no longer the *blue serene*, but a troubled ocean, tossing its ruffian billows to the clouds.

Our postilion had fastened his hat on with two broad leather straps, a very judicious precaution, which a man at some distance before us having neglected to take, his hat presently flew off, and bounded down the hill, hop, skip, and jump; a woman ran after it full speed, and passed us in the pursuit; and as she was right before the wind, her petticoats served her for sails, and she soon got the advantage of the hat, and brought it back to its owner, who was mounted on an ass with a pair of panniers. We concluded, from the appearance of the equipage altogether, that it belonged to the woman, and that the man had been accommodated by her with a ride up the hill. She exercised great authority over the ass, who displayed an invincible dislike to moving forward against the wind, and at last stood stock still. In this dilemma the woman did not follow the carter's example who trusted the affair to Hercules, but pushing him behind with all her might, forced him to proceed, and they all three got safe to the top of the hill. For ourselves, we were in constant apprehension of being blown over; and the cold was so severe, that we stopped under the shelter of a hovel, to get our great coats out of the imperial, where they had lain ever since we

left Tours; and even when wrapped in them, and with the windows all drawn up, we could not keep ourselves warm.

Little splashes of water still remained in the road from the late rain, but the violence of the wind was such, that it raised up clouds of dust, which rolled over the wet. The vineyards were all deserted by the labourers, who had left the vines half picked. The branches were broken, and the leaves turned black, by the withering blast.

We met only a very few travellers, and they were muffled up in great cloaks, and were obliged to use such continual exertions to keep them on their shoulders, that they resembled the figure of the man in the print at the head of the fable of the Sun and the Wind. The wind seemed indeed to be blowing for a wager, and this time with a fair prospect of winning; for although the sun was unclouded, his beams communicated no warmth.

When we reached Aix, we ordered a fire to be lighted in our apartment; and, in the mean while, a woman brought me a chauffe-pied, as my feet, she observed, were probably very cold: but no one, besides ourselves, expressed any surprise at the extreme severity of the weather. This mistral blows sometimes even in the summer; and the people are under the necessity of housing their cattle and sheep. But the spring suffers most materially, and most frequently, from its ravages. Vegetation perishes before its blast; and the da-

mage is often very great. It does not blow in gusts, but with unceasing violence, and affects the feelings in an extraordinary manner; irritates the nerves, parches the skin, and penetrates the very bones. Arthur Young makes heavy complaints of its deleterious effects upon him*. Pliny notices it under the name of *circius*, and observes, that in violence none could exceed it. After having had a touch, a feeling, of this scourge of the south of France, I am at a loss to account for our exposing ourselves to its fury on the following morning. The biting coldness of the air, which prevented our walking out, and the tiresome alternative of remaining shut up in an hotel, with no books or luggage unpacked, and likewise some indications of abatement in the violence of the wind, probably influenced us.

October 22, to Tarascon 60 miles.

We soon found that our hopes of improvement in the weather were fallacious. We crossed the mountains that surround Aix in constant peril of being blown over. The sun shone not in full splendor, but dimly; for the sky had the appearance of being glazed. A thick mist rose in the horizon; and as we proceeded, the country be-

* "At four or five in the morning it is so cold, that no traveller ventures out. It is more penetratingly drying than I had any conception of: other winds stop the cutaneous perspiration; but this, piercing through the body, seems by its sensation to dry up all the interior humidity."—*Travels in France, by Arthur Young*, Vol. I. p. 186, 4to. edit.

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neath us lay buried in a fog so dense as to be impervious to the sight. When we had changed horses at le Pont Royal, we congratulated ourselves on the worst part of the journey being over; for our road now led into the valley, where we expected to be more sheltered from the pitiless wind; but a new danger awaited us. The white stony surface, which requires so much ploughing and digging for the purposes of cultivation, under the influence of this mistral, turns all to powder; and not being confined by any turf or herbage, rises in waves, and deluges the whole land. On descending from the heights, we found that the fog which we had seen before us was a moving ocean of this sand, in which we were immediately so completely immersed, that we were in total darkness; the sand beating like hail with such violence against the windows, that we expected they would be forced in: luckily they were not; but the sand found its way, and almost choked us. We were in utter dismay: the horror of the moment admits of no description; no one spoke; a fearful anticipation of being buried alive crossed my mind. In a few moments the darkness was so far dissipated, that we could discover the horses' heads, and they walked on again, for they had stood motionless. We had taken notice that their eyes were defended by a stiff piece of leather before them, which we concluded was to save them from the action of the wind; but we now found that it was a precaution taken to guard them in the event of an inundation of sand. We rejoiced at their

having bells on, as it might prevent other carriages from running against us; but people acquainted with the danger would not risk it, and we met no one.

We proceeded on our journey in this next to darkness, every now and then standing still so entirely overwhelmed, that we could not distinguish the objects that were close to us. The fate of the army of Cambyses never filled my mind with such horror and commiseration as during the time we travelled in "this darkness that could be felt," for twelve such long, long miles, that "methought the road did grow." Suddenly the sand blew off, and a gleam of light breaking on our right hand, we found ourselves on the very verge of the Durance. We shuddered to think how narrowly we had escaped driving into the river in the dark. The stream rose up in waves and froth, and the sand whirled over it in the air. The high mountains of Orgon, close on our left, towered above the mist, which swept along their sides, leaving them visible only in parts, as momentary gleams of light burst through the shifting sands, with black and hideous shadows quivering with the wind. Altogether the scene was wild, strange, and horrid. We experienced no small degree of satisfaction in entering the town of Orgon, situated at the end of this chain of mountains.

Thus far we had retraced our steps on the road to Avignon; for the direct road from Marseilles to Montpellier passing over a valley of bare flints, called the *Craw*, where no relays of post horses

are provided, we were obliged to return the way we came for fifty miles.

From Orgon to Tarascon we were in no danger of being swallowed up in the sand, the soil being of a very different nature on the northern side of those mountains, commonly called the Alpines, where our road now lay. We kept them on our left hand; and their jagged tops reminded us of the heights near Inverary, in Scotland, which, according to legendary tale, were paved with giants' heads, with their faces upwards.

St. Remy is romantically situated at the base of these lofty hills. We only staid to change horses, and reached Tarascon at the close of the evening, and slept at Les Quatre Rois, a very indifferent hotel, which afforded us no luxuries, except one—a good fire; but that was to us more desirable than any other, for we were benumbed with cold.

In the morning, though this fierce, dry, searching wind still raged, yet its fury was so far moderated as to allow us to walk in the town with safety, though not with pleasure. We gratified our curiosity in taking a view of the famous castle, once the residence of the Counts of Provence. It was here that Cardinal Richelieu received a visit from Louis XIII., in his way from Narbonne. The king and the minister being both ill, were confined to their beds in the same chamber; and Richelieu took the opportunity of scolding his master, and insisting on his confessing all that he had heard against his eminence, from his unfortunate favourite Cinquars, who, with De Thou, had

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fallen into his hands. The king getting better, went to Paris. The cardinal never recovered sufficiently to bear the motion of a carriage. He was conveyed to Lyons by water, followed by his two prisoners in a boat fastened to his own. When he reached Lyons, he was carried by his guards to a house in the Place Bellecour, and the doors being narrow, he was taken in through the window. De Thou and Cinqmars were tried and condemned for a conspiracy, in which they were implicated with Gaston Duc d'Orleans, who betrayed them. They were executed in la Place Terreaux. Nostradamus, the French prophet, of the same description with our own Nixon, is supposed to have predicted their fate fifty years before, in the following lines :

Quand bonnet rouge par fenêtre entrera
 A quarante onces * la tête on coupera,
 Et Thou perira.

Richelieu left Lyons on the day of their execution, in a covered litter, carried by sixteen men bareheaded, in which manner he was conveyed all the way to Paris; the walls of the houses where he halted being taken down, if the doors were not wide enough to admit him lying on his bed. From the first stage he wrote to inform the king of the events that had taken place. This celebrated letter rivals in pith and brevity Cæsar's well known despatch, "I came; I saw; I conquered;" containing

* A quibble on the name of *Cinqmars*, pronounced like *cinq marcs*, five marks, forty ounces.

only these words, "Sire, your troops are in Perpignan; your enemies in their graves."

Louis, who had been apprized of the time when De Thou and his fallen favourite were to be executed, happened to be walking at St. Germain when the fatal hour approached; and looking at his watch, he observed coolly, that he apprehended Cinqmars was not passing his time at that moment very agreeably:—an odious trait in his odious character.

The castle of Tarascon is now used for a prison; so that we had no great temptation to examine the interior. From the court there is a fine view over the Rhone, which washes its walls, to the town of Beaucaire, on the opposite shore. The church of St. Martha is a very handsome gothic building. The town is gloomy, and the mechanics in the streets appeared particularly clownish in their manners, coarsely dressed, and by no means well favoured. The town owes its name to a monster which was said to come out of the Rhone, and resemble a dragon. It was called a tarasque, and its effigy is still hanging in the church.

October 23. To Nismes 21 miles.

The river at Tarascon is divided by a narrow sandbank in its centre, of considerable length; on which a causeway is raised very high. A bridge of boats crosses the river from the town to one end of this causeway; and at the other end a second bridge of boats is fastened, which reaches to Beaucaire. When we came to the water side,

the people advised us to alight and walk: the severity of the wind, however, was more terrible to us than the danger, and we preferred remaining in the carriage: but the *transit* is not an agreeable operation, there being no railing either on the bridges or the causeway; and they are both very narrow.

The town of Beaucaire, in Languedoc, is famous for its fair; not only on account of the variety and quantity of merchandize exposed to sale from all parts of the world, but also from the influx of strangers, attracted merely by the gaiety of the scene, and the revels and amusements that are carried on at the time. But the ideas raised in my mind by descriptions of this fair are by no means so exalted since the complete disappointment of my expectations at Guibray.

A large venerable castle is conspicuous above the walls of the town. The road winds round them, and after ascending a steep hill, we had a view of the spreading valley beneath; the Rhone appearing at intervals, making the best of his way to the Mediterranean. Afterwards, the country is flat, and the road made of gravel or sand. Much arable land appears between olives, mulberries, and vines; and numerous stacks of corn surround the farm houses. We saw some fields of maize; it is not, however, extensively cultivated either here or in Provence, but is planted occasionally in rows, and affords shade to the gourds and melons which thrive between them. By the time we reached Nismes the weather was become per-

fectly calm, but still so cold, that we ordered a fire in our apartment at the Hotel du Louvre, as soon as we arrived. The next morning the air was clear and very warm. A gentleman to whom we had brought introductory letters assured us that we might depend on having fine weather till Christmas; for that, in this part of France, there was always superb sunshine—no English gloomy sky, no fog, no rain. We were soon feelingly convinced that but little dependence ought to be placed on these vague accounts; of rain, indeed, there was “a plentiful lack,” not a drop having fallen for several months, and the excessive dryness of the air, which in England we so much covet, was exceedingly unpleasant: the dust, one of its concomitants, was beyond measure distressing, and the myriads of flies were no trifling nuisance. The kitchen of our hotel was so full of them, that to see across it was impossible; and they swarmed an inch deep on some of the fricassees that stood upon the table*.

An extensive manufactory of silk is carried on at Nismes. The place appears to be flourishing, and very populous, containing forty thousand inhabitants, many of whom are protestants. They have two churches appropriated to their use, and peace is now restored between them and the

* “Flies are the first of torments in Spain, Italy, and the olive districts in France: it is not that they bite, sting, or hurt, but they buzz, tease, and worry: your mouth, eyes, ears, and nose are full of them, they swarm on every eatable If I farmed in these countries, I think I should manure four or five acres every year with dead flies.”—*Travels in France by Arthur Young*.

catholics; but great heart-burnings still subsist, which, I believe, originate more from their dissensions in politics, than from their difference of opinion in religion.

Nismes is rich in objects of great interest and curiosity, possessing the finest remains of antiquity in France—a Roman amphitheatre, of such breadth, boldness, and strength of construction, as to impress the idea of its being the work of a more mighty race of beings than the men of these degenerate days. The magnitude of its gigantic proportions sets at nought the pigmy efforts of the moderns, and their finest buildings are but play-boxes for children in the comparison. The very people themselves seem to shrink to dwarfs as they approach within its shadow. Although the hand of time lies heavy upon it, and human efforts have not been wanting for its destruction, yet its form remains almost entire, the arches perfect, and the walls unbroken, nearly to their original height*. The interior is in a more ruinous state; but still the rows of seats round the area where the spectators sat to view these cruel exhibitions may all be traced. Cottages had been built against this magnificent ruin, within and without, like limpets on a rock; but when Buonaparte came, he ordered them to be cleared off; and it has since been repaired in such a manner as to secure it, as much as possible, from further injury. Those parts of the inside which appeared to be giving way have

* Its shape is an ellipsis, in length 405 feet; in breadth 317 feet, French. A French foot is thirteen inches English.

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been supported by walls, and a door has been put at the entrance, to prevent any future damage from vagrants. But the inhabitants still persist in making it the scene of the most savage cruelty. They bring bulls from the Crau, where a breed of black cattle still subsists in a wild state, and bait them in the amphitheatre ; not with dogs, but men, who display all the barbarity of the Spaniards without their science, fastening lighted torches to the horns of the bulls, and driving them round the area, and tormenting them till they become quite mad with pain and fury.

Mr. Thicknesse, in his Tour, speaking of the amazing size of the amphitheatre, says, that he measured some of the stones, and that they were “seventeen feet in length, and two in thickness ; and most of the stones on which the spectators sat within the area were twelve feet long, two feet ten inches wide, and one foot five inches deep ; and yet,” continues he, “one of these great stones cannot be considered more in comparison to the whole building than a single brick would be in the construction of Hampton Court Palace.” The same author gives a very minute account of another Roman relic, a temple dedicated to Augustus, which stands at a short distance from the amphitheatre, and is called La Maison Carrée. He observes, amongst a variety of other interesting particulars, that “the Maison Carrée has stood near eighteen hundred years, without receiving any other injuries than the injuries of time ; and time has given it rather the face of age than that

of ruins, for it still stands firm and upright; and though not quite perfect in every part, yet it preserves all its due proportions, and enough of its original and lesser beauties to astonish and delight every beholder, and that too in a very particular manner. It is said, and I have felt the truth of it in part, that there does not exist at this day any building, ancient or modern, which conveys so secret a pleasure not only to the connoisseur, but to the clown also, whenever, or how often soever, they approach it. The proportions and beauties of the whole building are so intimately united, that they may be compared to good-breeding in men,—it is what every body perceives, and is captivated with, but what few can define. That it has an irresistible beauty, which delights men of sense, and which charms the eyes of the vulgar, I think must be admitted; for no other possible reason can be assigned why this building alone, standing in the very centre of a city wherein every excess which religious fury could inspire, or barbarous manners could suggest, has stood so many ages the only uninsulted monument of antiquity, either within or without the walls; especially as a very few men might, with very little labour, soon tumble it into a heap of rubbish. The amphitheatre has a thousand marks of violence committed upon it, by fire, sledges, battering-rams, &c. which its great solidity and strength alone resisted. The temple of Diana is nearly destroyed, but the Maison Carrée is still so perfect and beautiful, that when Cardinal Alberoni first saw it, he said, it wanted only *une boîte d'or*,

pour la defendre des injures de l'air; and it certainly has received no other than such as rain, and wind, and heat, and cold, have made upon it, and those are rather marks of dignity than of deformity. What reason else then can be assigned for its preservation to this day, but that the savage and the saint have been equally awed by its superlative beauty?" This exquisite model of perfection in architecture continues still in a state of great preservation; and, all the surrounding rubbish having been removed, it is now kept with the utmost care.

Scarcely a vestige remains of the temple of Diana at the head of the fountain; and the Tourmagne, on a high cliff above it, which was likewise erected by the Romans, has nothing left of grandeur or beauty to distinguish it materially from the body of an old windmill. Its site commands a fine view of the town and the extensive plain around. The fountain is the great pride of the inhabitants. A suite of canals, lined with stone, encompasses and intersects a considerable space of ground laid out for a pleasure garden, in walks and flower knots. The canals are supplied with water from an abundant spring, which sometimes suddenly, and without any rain having fallen in the neighbourhood, pours forth an absolute river. But we were so unfortunate as to see it when very low, and the canals nearly dry. Very few flowers were left in the garden. The seed-pods were hanging in abundance on the Judas tree, which is a particular favourite in France, and planted in every garden; and in the spring the

profusion of its ruddy flowers gives a richness and glow to the scenery, which the pale blossoms of our hawthorns and other common shrubs fail to produce. We observed, that besides those plants which thrive best in a warm climate, roses, and some delicate flowers that cannot endure the rays of a burning sun, grow here in the open ground. They are usually set in pots, for the convenience of being placed under shelter in the heat of the day; nor would they flourish here, but for the shade of the large horse-chestnut trees, which entirely screen the garden from the sun, and render it a cool and agreeable promenade for the inhabitants. The streets in the town are dark and narrow, but those on the outskirts are wide, and planted with trees. The museum suffered no depredations during the Revolution, and is open to the public every day, and, I believe, without any restriction. We were introduced by our friend, and spent a couple of hours in taking a cursory view of this valuable collection of antiquities and other objects of curiosity.

On Friday, October 25th, we hired a voiturier to take us to the Pont du Gard, situated at the distance of eighteen miles from Nismes, near the road leading to Pont St. Esprit. We left our carriage at a small inn, and walking on the side of the river Gard for half a mile, this celebrated work of the Romans appeared before us. The river runs at the bottom of a deep glen, formed by two mountains on its banks. The Pont du Gard crosses the glen from mountain to mountain,

so as to convey water from the summit of the one to the summit of the other, and its arches fill up the space between. Wonderful and magnificent as this structure is, it requires to be seen again and again to form a just idea of its superior grandeur, symmetry, and beauty. It seems to rise before the astonished eyes in majesty and strength; like the genius in one of the Eastern tales, who appeared to the king at first only a dwarf, but increased in stature as the monarch gazed upon him, till at length his giant head ascended to the sky.

The Pont du Gard is 728 feet in length. It is composed of three tiers of arches, six in the first, and eleven in the second, which raise it nearly to its proper height of 174 feet; the uppermost tier being a row of small arches, thirty-five or thirty-six in number. We were at the pains of scrambling up one of the mountains which it links together, to ascertain whether there was any appearance of the stream, which this stupendous aqueduct was built to convey over the chasm, to supply the town of Nismes with its waters, but we could discover none whatever. Its source being at a considerable distance, probably when the remote parts of the aqueduct were broken and neglected, the ignoble rill might find a more vulgar channel, and murmur there unnoticed and unknown, whilst the whole face of the country, in the revolutions of time, changed around, Nismes obtained water from other fountains, and the very purpose of this noble work was forgotten, or only

remembered as a subject of curiosity; but the mighty structure itself has been beheld by generation after generation with increasing admiration and wonder, and stands, amidst the wreck of ages, a proud monument of human power.

Rousseau has most eloquently painted his feelings on seeing this aqueduct. "I took," says he, "a guide to the Pont du Gard. It was the first work of the Romans that I had ever seen. I expected to find a monument worthy of the hands which had erected it; and at the first glance, for the only time in my life, the object exceeded my expectations. It belongs only to the Romans to produce this effect. The appearance of this simple noble work struck me the more from its being in the midst of a desert, where the silence and the solitude rendered the object more astonishing, the wonder greater. This seeming bridge is only an aqueduct. What must be the power which transported these enormous stones so far from their quarry, and brought together the hands of so many millions of men in a place where there is not a single inhabitant! I walked upon the three stages of arches of this superb edifice, which the respect I felt almost prevented my daring to tread beneath my feet. The echo under these immense arches of my steps made me fancy I heard the loud voice of those who had built them. I was lost like an insect in this immensity; I felt in my littleness something of I know not what, which elevated my soul, and I cried with a sigh, Oh, that I had been born a Roman! I remained on

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the spot several hours, indulging these delightful contemplations. I returned absent and thoughtful. This state of mind was not favourable to Madame N——. She had taken care to caution me against the pretty women of Montpélier, but not against the Pont du Gard. One cannot think of every thing.”

A bridge of modern construction is shouldered up to the Pont du Gard, above its first tier of arches. This bridge, about seventy years ago, was rebuilt, and made wide enough for carriages; thus enabling travellers, who were attracted from the direct road by this celebrated ruin, to cross the river, instead of going back a couple of miles for that purpose, as before they were obliged to do. This modern bridge is not perceived at a distance; but the ancient Pont du Gard was calculated solely for the conveyance of water, and no path leads to it from the heights on either side. The tunnel on the top, through which the water passed, is so broken and undefended by parapets, that it would be hardly possible to walk along it; and I am persuaded that Rousseau, who was particularly careful of number one, never thought of putting his foot there. He was just as likely to have heard the voice of the Romans on these great arches, as the echo of his own steps; and both were equally the creation of his exuberant imagination, which never failed to supply him with a foundation as well as a superstructure. In his works, both narrative and speculative, there is one great want, the want of truth; truth as opposed

to error. He might not, perhaps, be guilty of wilful falsehood, merely to deceive others; but he was guilty of a wilful indulgence of self-delusion, both in matters of fact, and in matters of opinion. He delighted to let his feelings beguile his reason; and he was the first to fall down and worship as divinities the golden images which his own imagination had set up. Whether in the present instance this "dreamer of dreams" really did fancy that he was exalted on the highest of the three stages of arches, when he was only pacing quietly along the little bridge affixed to their sides; or whether the whole promenade was an invention to heighten the beauty, and give effect to his picture, is of little moment. The picture in its original language is beautiful.

On our return to Nismes, at seven o'clock, we dined at the table d'hôte, which was prepared for supper, the dinner hour being one o'clock. Several of the company, which consisted of eight men and one lady, were inhabitants of the town. We were surprised to see them regale upon a hare which was not half roasted, and they observed to us, that it was very like English *rost biff*. An entire change has taken place in the taste of the French in this particular; for formerly they roasted their meat to powder, and now it is frequently sent up almost raw. When we had finished our repast, another party arrived from the theatre. On play nights a supper is provided at ten o'clock, and it seems to be the custom for gentlemen and ladies to come in and eat before they go home.

The weather changed during the day, and the vintagers were interrupted in gathering their grapes by a shower, which fell when we were returning from our excursion, and towards night the lightning was very vivid. Every body rejoiced at the prospect of rain, and in the morning it poured in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The storm was so tremendous, that it prevented our setting out early, and we did not leave Nismes till noon.

October 26. To Montpélier 28½ miles.

We passed through Lunel, a flourishing little town, containing upwards of five thousand inhabitants. According to Rousseau, there was only one single house in the place in the year 1738, and that was the inn. Its increase is owing in some degree to the canals, which are cut from the Rhone, the great canal of Languedoc, and the Mediterranean; and all meet here: so that Lunel is become an entrepôt for merchandise from all parts of the kingdom. The vicinity is famous for the vin muscat, called in England Frontignac, from Frontignan, the name of another place where it is likewise made, but reckoned by the French inferior to the vin muscat de Lunel. The best of these sweet wines is the Rivesaltes, which is richer, and has a stronger body than the others, but is not so highly flavoured. The particular taste of the Frontignac, so grateful to an English palate, is not admired in France, where mountain is considered a wine of much better quality, and is always produced at table with the dessert.

An avenue of maples leads to Lunel. After quitting the town, we observed tamarisks in the ditches, and brambles covered with traveller's joy by the side of the road, which for the first part of the way is very bad.

During our excursion yesterday, and our journey to-day, the road was thronged with vintagers: some carrying tubs filled with grapes between two poles, some driving carts laden with them. In the villages the inhabitants were universally employed in the work of the vintage, which after all is a very nasty piece of business. The fruit, covered with dust and filth, and bruised and broken, is stuffed down into tubs, and when brought home is put into a large vat, and the people jump in and tread upon and crush it with their feet before it is pressed. Then they walk out without shoes or stockings, their legs stained almost to their knees with the juice of the grape. Arthur Young says they boil their white wines. We made no particular inquiries into the process, but understood that they let the must remain in the vat for some days, *pour bouillir*, to ferment or work, and they may probably boil it afterwards; for it is not likely so accurate a writer should fall into a mistake.

We had heard so much of the delightful season of the vintage, and the hilarity of the peasantry, we almost thought to catch happiness by seeing such a display of it; but we were altogether disappointed, for during the whole time of the vintage we witnessed no effusions of *gaieté de cœur*, no manifestations of rural felicity, that could compare

with the sportive mirth, the joyous festivity of an English hay-field. But indeed the fancy can hardly imagine a more enchanting picture than England exhibits in the season of hay-making, when the women and children join in the labours of the field, and the whole country laughs and sings with delight. It is not merely the eye that is gratified by the presence of the fairer part of the creation; for we have so connected the ideas of happiness and a rural life together, that the heart shares in the enjoyment. But no sooner is the hay-harvest over, than the women disappear; whilst on the continent they enliven the landscape the greatest part of the year, and the numerous peasantry of both sexes engaged in their rustic occupations, give to the prospect an interest and a cheerfulness which England wants, though it far surpasses France in beauty of country, in the richness of its verdure, and in the variety and lovely combinations of its romantic scenery. Nor is it the climate of England that confines the women to the house; for in Scotland, where it is not more favourable, they are almost as constantly under the open canopy of heaven as their neighbours on the continent. But our countrywomen entertain a notion that the labours of husbandry are inconsistent with feminine delicacy, and degrade the sex; and they would rather spend all their lives in the unwholesome confines of a manufactory, than be seen with a rake or a shovel in their hands. Nay, in some counties, they have resigned even the office of milking the cows to the men; so that

you may travel from one end of England to the other without seeing a woman out of doors, unless it be when the tinkling bell of some neighbouring cotton-mill proclaims the hour of dinner, and a herd of females issue from its portals—but not with the glow of health and innocence on their cheeks, not with content and virtue beaming in their eyes: on the contrary, their dissolute, depraved, and sickly appearance, instead of adding a charm to the scene, is revolting and grievous to the sight, and fills the mind with the most painful reflections.

The vintage has failed this year, except in Provence and Languedoc, where it is always early, and of course less liable to be overtaken by the winter. The wines however never arrive at the excellence of those of Burgundy or Bourdeaux. But if the best sorts are inferior, the common wines are infinitely better; they have a fuller body, more flavour, and less acidity. The weak wines of Bourdeaux, in a bad season, are little better than a mixture of vinegar and water.

- of his Lordship's Godson, Philip, the late Earl, *Monthly Review* (September–December 1819): pp 169–72, on p. 171.
- p. 121, l. 28: *Partlet*: Chanticleer's wife in the brothers Grimm's *Fairy Tales* (1812 and 1814); the name often refers to a hen. In Shakespeare's time, it generally came to mean a scolding woman, and he uses the term in *Henry IV pt. I* and *A Winter's Tale*.
- p. 121, ll. 29–32: 'Then ... hen!': These lines seem a parodic adaptation from Jonathan Swift's 'Strephon and Chloe' (1734), in which these lines appear as the narrator advises parents to limit their daughters' intake of tea so that a need to urinate will not make them appear so mortal to their enamoured spouse on their wedding night (lines 115–18).
- p. 122, l. 11: *Marius*: Gaius Marius (157–86 BC) was a Roman soldier who served as Consul seven times. In 101 BC, he led his forces against Germanic tribes in a bloody two-day battle near Aix, and his exploits near the town are such that it is unsurprising that Carey would find his name there.
- p. 122, l. 28: *Bouches du Rhone*: literally, mouths of the Rhone, a region of France named after the river's estuary.
- p. 122, l. 29: *Bonaparte*: See note to p. 22, l. 4, above.
- p. 126, l. 14: *Gens d'armes*: Men of arms; now police.
- p. 126, l. 24–5: 'Blue ... heaven': Carey refers to Genesis 1:14, in which God creates light for the sky and seasons.
- pp. 126–7, footnote: 'The grand ... Mediterranean': Carey's quotation is accurate. See J. Boswell, *The Life of Samuel Johnson*, W. Wallace (ed.), new edn (Edinburgh: Nimmo, 1873), p. 296.
- p. 129, l. 1: *Cleopatra*: Queen of Egypt (69–30 BC) from 47 BC until her death; Julius Caesar (see note to p. 34, l. 30, above) helped her gain her throne and she bore him a son, but her personal and political life was more invested with her subsequent lover Anthony (see note to p. 87, l. 8, above), with whom she ultimately killed herself. Discussing Marseilles's boats, Carey references Enobarbus's famous speech about the 'burnished throne' of Cleopatra's royal barge in William Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* (II.ii.201–7).
- p. 129, l. 4: 'Youth ... helm': With 'at' for 'on' after 'Youth', Carey quotes from Thomas Gray's 'The Bard: A Pindaric Ode' (1757), in which Gray's narrator describes how the bards ordered killed by the king nonetheless persist (II.ii.74).
- p. 130, l. 17: *Mons. Auguste*: The owner of the Garni hotel where Carey stays in Marseilles. Not further identified.
- p. 130, l. 28: 'native burghers': Banished Duke Senior speaks this phrase in William Shakespeare's *As You Like It* (II.i.23).
- p. 138, l. 11: *Collot d'Herbois*: Jean-Marie Collot d'Herbois (1751–96) was a French actor who became President of the National Convention in Paris in 1793 but, having plotted against Robespierre (see note to p. 223, ll. 32–33, below), was himself expelled from the Convention in 1795. He was renowned for the cruelty of his mass executions at Lyons in 1793, where he ordered many citizens guillotined as punishment for their revolt and in part as revenge for their previously unfavourable reception of his stage performances.
- p. 141, l. 21: *Mons. Auguste*: See note to p. 130, l. 17, above.
- p. 142, l. 25: *Hercules*: In Greek mythology, this man was legendary for his strength and intelligence, as well as his virtue. Having killed his wife and children while temporarily insane, Hercules then completed twelve tasks King Eurystheus established and thus became legendary; Hercules ultimately became a god. See E. Tripp, *The Meridian Handbook of Classical Mythology*, pp. 275–95.
- p. 144, l. 5: *Arthur Young*: See note to p. 76, ll. 19–20, above.

- p. 144, footnote: '*At four ... humidity*': Arthur Young (see note to p. 76, ll. 19–20, above) makes this observation on the road between Orange and Avignon on 26 August 1789; see A. Young, *Travels in France*, vol. 1, p. 186.
- p. 144, l. 6: *Pliny*: Pliny the Elder (23–79) was the Italian author of *Historia Naturalis* (77), in which he discusses all elements of nature, including the circius wind as 'second to none in its force' (2.66.121).
- p. 146, ll. 11–12: '*this darkness ... felt*': Carey quotes from Exodus 10:21, wherein God tells Moses to reach toward heaven so that darkness will spread over Egypt, 'a darkness that can be felt'.
- p. 146, ll. 12–13: '*methought ... grow*': Not further identified.
- p. 147, ll. 24: *Counts of Provence*: One of many hereditary titles French monarchs held after the middle of the fifteenth century.
- p. 147, l. 25: *Cardinal Richelieu*: Armand Jean DuPlessis, Cardinal and Duc de Richelieu (1585–1642) was a Frenchman who served as advisor to Marie De' Medici (see note to p. 60, l. 20, above) and regent for King Louis XIII (see note to p. 60, ll. 22–3, above); he became Chief Minister in 1624 and effectively ruled France thereafter. He conquered territory for France and centralized its power, unabashedly aligning with Protestant forces to serve his own goals, and furthered the arts in France even while crippling its citizens with taxes. Richelieu was at Tarascon castle in summer 1642 and became gravely ill while there.
- p. 147, l. 26: *Louis XIII*: See note to p. 60, ll. 22–3, above.
- p. 147, l. 32: *Cinqmars*: Cardinal Richelieu (see note to p. 147, l. 25, above) introduced Henri-Coiffier de Ruzé, marquis de Cinq-Mars (1620–42) to French Louis XIII's (see note to p. 60, ll. 22–3, above) court in the hopes of making the young man a favourite of the king. Having succeeded, Henri was not as malleable as Richelieu would have liked, and, indeed, entered into conspiracies with Spain against Richelieu's power that resulted in Cinq-Mars's execution in Lyons in September 1642.
- p. 147, l. 32: *De Thou*: François-Auguste de Thou (d. 1642) was a French magistrate who conspired with Spain and Cinq-Mars (see note to p. 147, l. 32, above) against Richelieu (see note to p. 147, l. 25, above). He was executed for his role in the conspiracy in Lyons in September 1642.
- p. 148, l. 11: *Gaston Duc d'Orleans*: Jean-Baptiste Gaston, duc d'Orleans (1608–60) was the third son of French king Henri IV (see note to p. 41, l. 23). This French nobleman entered several conspiracies against Cardinal Richelieu (see note to p. 147, l. 25, above) and had to flee the country several times upon being recognized for such involvement; he enlisted Cinq-Mars (see note to p. 147, l. 32, above) but left him to die.
- p. 148, l. 13: *Nostradamus*: Michel de Notredame (1503–66) was a French physician and astrologer who gained fame for the predictions found in his quatrains collected in *Centuries* (1555–8).
- p. 148, l. 14: *Nixon*: English Robert Nixon is a folkloric figure and poet also known as the Cheshire prophet; his dates are uncertain, but his first attributed publication seems to be *The Cheshire Prophecy* (1714). See W. E. A. Axon, 'Nixon's Prophecy', *Notes and Queries*, 4th series, 11 (1 March 1973), at Googlebooks, pp. 173–5.
- p. 148, ll. 17–19: '*Quand bonnet ...Thou perira*': 'When the red hat enters by the window / One will cut off forty ounces' head / And Thou will perish'. A search through Nostradamus's prophecies does not reveal this particular quatrain.
- p. 148, l. 20: *Richelieu*: See note to p. 147, l. 25, above.
- p. 148, l. 28: *Caesar*: See note to p. 34, l. 30, above.

- p. 148, l. 29: 'I came ... conquered': Plutarch records that Julius Caesar (see note to p. 34, l. 30, above) wrote the famous sentence in Latin, 'Veni, Vidi, Vici', when reflecting upon his victory near Zela in a letter to a friend. See Plutarch, *Plutarch's Lives, translated from the Original Greek: with Notes, Critical and Historical: and, A Life of Plutarch*, ed. J. Langhorne and W. Langhorne, new edn (Baltimore, MD: William and Joseph Neal, 1836), at Googlebooks, p. 512.
- p. 149, ll. 1–2: 'Sire ... graves': This brief 1642 letter is often quoted; see W. Grimshaw, *The History of France from the Foundation of the Monarchy to the Death of Louis XVI* (Philadelphia, PA: Tower & Hogan, 1829), p. 211.
- p. 149, l. 3: *Louis*: See note to p. 60, ll. 22–3, above.
- p. 149, l. 4: *De Thou*: See note to p. 147, l. 40, above.
- p. 149, l. 8: *Cinqmars*: See note to p. 147, l. 32, above.
- p. 151, l. 12: 'a plentiful lack': The protagonist speaks this line regarding old men having 'a plentiful lack of wit' to Polonius in William Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (II.ii.200).
- p. 151, footnote: 'flies ... dead flies': Arthur Young (see note to p. 76, ll. 19–20, above) makes this observation in his section about climate; see A. Young, *Travels in France*, vol. 1, p. 311.
- p. 152, l. 26: *Buonaparte*: See note to p. 22, l. 4, above.
- p. 153, l. 13: *Mr. Thicknesse*: Philip Thicknesse (1719–92) was a British author who published *A Year's Journey Through France, and Part of Spain* (1777). Carey quotes his description of the amphitheatre, built around 70 AD, in Nîmes accurately, as well as a long passage Thicknesse wrote about La Maison Carrée. See P. Thicknesse, *A Year's Journey Through France, and Part of Spain in 1777*, 2 vols (Dublin: J. Williams), vol. 2, pp. 8–9; vol. 1, pp. 39–40.
- p. 153, l. 16: 'seventeen feet ... Palace': See note to p. 153, l. 13, above.
- p. 153, ll. 25–6: *Augustus*: Gaius Julius Caesar Augustus (63 BC–14 AD) was Julius Caesar's (see note to p. 34, l. 30, above) great-nephew and the first ruler of the Roman Empire. His reign brought peace to the Empire even as he expanded its borders and its developments (such as Roman roads). Recent archeological discoveries date the amphitheatre to AD 90–120, so Augustus could not have overseen its construction; it is now used for bullfighting.
- p. 153, l. 29–p. 155, l. 8: 'the Maison ... beauty': See note to p. 153, l. 13, above.
- p. 154, l. 32–p. 137, l. 1: 'une boîte ... de l'air': 'a gold box to defend itself against the air's insults'.
- p. 155, l. 13: *Diana*: 'Italic goddess' and 'patroness ... of birth'; the temple at Nîmes stands as a ruin today still, but is now thought to have been intended as a library. See E. Tripp, *The Meridian Handbook of Classical Mythology*, p. 200.
- p. 158, l. 6: *Rousseau*: Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712–78) was a French philosopher and writer who contributed greatly to Romantic thought; he deplored civilization as having corrupted natural man and found private property to be a negative aspect of society. He argued in his *Social Contract* (1762) that all individuals should surrender their individual will to the larger good of the whole, and his ideas were seized upon at the start of the French Revolution, even though his private life was not so highly regarded. Carey obviously admires him while not trusting the veracity of his accounts; she quotes from his *Confessions* (1782–9) several times.
- p. 158, l. 7–p. 159, l. 7: 'I took ... every thing': Carey quotes from Rousseau's (see note to p. 150, l. 6, above) *Confessions* quite accurately in retracing Rousseau's visit to Pont du Gard, the Roman aqueduct outside Nîmes. See J. J. Rousseau, *The Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau*, (London: Reeves and Turner, 1861), pp. 208–9.

- p. 159, l. 23: *Rousseau*: See note to p. 158, l. 6, above.
- p. 160, l. 9: '*dreamer of dreams*': Carey references the description of a prophet in Deuteronomy 13:1.
- p. 162, l. 23: *pour bouillir*: to boil or ferment.
- p. 162, l. 32: *gaieté de coeur*: gaiety of heart.
- p. 165, ll. 11–12: *Madame George*: Owner of the house in which Carey stayed in Montpélier.
- p. 166, ll. 17–18: *Mademoiselle Georges*: Marguerite Joséphine Weimar (1787–1867) was a French actress renowned for her performances in tragedies. She was also a mistress to Napoleon (see note to p. 22, l. 4, above).
- p. 166, l. 19: *Agrippina*: Wife (c. 15–59) of the Roman emperor Claudius and mother of Nero (see note to p. 87, l. 19, above).
- p. 166, l. 19: *Racine*: Jean Racine (1639–99) was a French dramatist and poet who was initially in favour and later fell out of favour with the French court; he is renowned particularly for the feelings of his tragedies.
- p. 166, l. 20: *Britannicus*: 1669 drama by Racine (see note to p. 166, l. 19), named after its protagonist from Roman history (see note to p. 87, l. 19, above).
- p. 166, l. 25: *Spectator*: This publication, begun by English Joseph Addison (1672–1719) and Irish Richard Steele (1672–1729), appeared daily 1711–12. It was widely read and provided its readership with talking points of the day and societal discussion points. Carey notes 'the art of listening well' as 'one of the most essential requisites in conversation', but these exact words have not been further located within the journal.
- p. 166, ll. 29–30: *Mrs. Siddons*: Sarah Siddons (1755–1831) was an English actress hailed as the greatest female actress of her age after her 1782 Drury Lane appearance; her last appearance was as Lady Macbeth at Covent Garden in 1812. She excelled particularly at tragedy.
- p. 167, l. 1: *Mademoiselle Georges*: See note to p. 166, ll. 17–18, above.
- p. 167, l. 5: *Nero*: See note to p. 87, l. 7, above.
- p. 167, l. 6: *Mrs. Siddons*: See note to p. 166, ll. 29–30, above.
- p. 167, l. 14: *Young*: Edward Young (1683–1785) was an English poet and priest, renowned particularly for his *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts on Life, Death and Immortality* (1742–45), which he wrote following the death of his second wife. The long and sometimes disconnected sequence of poems earned him great renown; William Blake illustrated it in 1797. His stepdaughter, Eliza Lee, married to Henry Temple, was buried in Lyons in 1736. See 'Henry Temple', *ODNB*.
- p. 167, ll. 14–15: *Night Thoughts*: See note to p. 167, l. 14, above.
- p. 168, l. 17: '*rack of heaven*': This phrase appears in many sources, including line 498 of book ten of Virgil's *Aeneid* and part ten of the conclusion of Sir Walter Scott's (see note to p. 416, l. 10, below) *The Vision of Don Roderick: A Poem* (1811).
- p. 171, l. 17: '*Indus to the Pole*': Carey quotes line fifty-eight from Alexander Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard* (1717); see A. Pope, *The Complete Poetical Works of Alexander Pope*, ed. H. Boyton (Boston, MA: Houghton Mifflin, 1903), pp. 110–15.
- p. 171, footnote: *Thicknesse*: See note to p. 153, l. 13, above. Carey quotes accurately (II.86).
- p. 172, l. 2: *Shakespeare*: English playwright (1564–1616) whose influence has been long-lasting. Carey refers to many of his works frequently throughout her text.
- p. 172, ll. 4–5: '*knit up ... care*': Carey quotes the protagonist's fear that sleep will not reward him in the future as it is purported to do in this line in William Shakespeare's *Macbeth* (II.ii.41).
- p. 173, l. 4: *English author*: Not further identified.