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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

My dear Uncle,

Paris. Sept^r. 21. 1830

As the free-and-independent of Lincoln - have so rapidly concluded on the present occasion the exercise of the privilege of free born Englishmen, you have perhaps sufficient leisure to look over two or three square feet of epistolary gossip from this City of Culinary & Constitutional Science. Before, however, I attempt a desultory sketch of the very amusing place & very agreeable population among which I have been for this last month, I will enclose my best love to Aunt Moggie, & best congratulations to her & yourself upon the expected

Gift; I am most sincerely delighted at hearing the Promise of the which I know is nearest your heart. At this moment, I suspect, you are feeling but little interest in Tels of Bookers Scriptus & amended Charters; nor do I believe that at any moment such deeds are very congenial to your political opinions; but perhaps a few anecdotes concerning the "modus operandi" may afford you some amusement. I was not here during the "Grand Week" as the Pamphleteers call it, but got to Paris on the Saturday following; soon enough to see all the great work except the actual fighting. I was detained a week longer than I intended in England, for the purpose of joining my Mother in the Isle of Wight. Mother at Southampton, who we heard terrible rumours from Paris; she speaks of her health having been decidedly improved by the trip, of which I had some fear, as during the two days I was with her she was going through a quantity of bodily & mental exertion which nearly knocked myself up. On crossing the Channel, about mid-way, we shook hands with the return

Steamer from Havre, who confirmed all the reports we had heard, ~~and~~ at 5 o'clock on the Morning of Sunday, I found myself for the first time on French Grounds. The only symptoms then visible of the change which had just taken place were a few of the newly organized National Guard keeping ^{guard} ~~guard~~ at the Quay & Public Buildings, whom Brown Coats & Spectacles, or Blue Smock frocks & Caps, showed that

their present employment was more a matter of Utility than of Ceremony. After a couple of hours sleep in that most delightful of all repositories for wearied limbs, a French Bed, I was awake by a Babel of tongues in the Street, and on looking down some 6 stories perpendicular, obtained a birds-eye view of a very merry & very orderly mob carrying the "Gay Tricolor" in triumph thro' the Streets. The Chatter & Hurly-Burly soon swept by, & having noticed the very little visible interest which the procession seemed to excite in the numerous bystanders (for this Sun day morning, the Streets were crowded with Market Women & Carts, & all the shops open) I was rather surprised to learn afterwards that this insignificant procession was rather an important affair, being the first display of the Revolutionaries colours in Havre, the large & consequential Town, & where the numerous military of the Line had not yet declared themselves; nothing being as yet known of the Kings abdication & flight. I mention this as being quite a specimen of the "modus operandi" of political

2 changes in France; such has been the case through the whole of this, & the greater part of the Great Revolution. A very few individuals take an active & personal part in the affair, & these may be considered as the representatives, or rather the executives, of the great body who stand by & applaud. As I believe you have never trans-navigated the Herring-Pond, I can not stray far to Lionize while I have introduced you to Madame, who in a cap of six ten-inch pills, Curl-Papers, & a dress something between a Morning gown & a "Robe de chambre", breakfasts at the Head of her Table-d'Hôte, & does the Honour of the Board; nor must you remain without some imperfect idea of the manifold comforts of a French Breakfast - I beg pardon, "Dejeuner à la fourchette"; I should have said. It is, in fact, an alliance of the Scotch Breakfast with the French Dinner, and fearful even for the strongest appetite to contemplate, is the array of forces drawn up in double line from one end of the table to the other. Hot-Cutlets, Fish, Cold Meat with Garlic Sauce, Soup &c &c are diluted with tumblers of Vin Ordinaire & Water, a bottle of each of which appertains to every guest. The Vin ordinaire is a weak, sonnick Claret-like Beverage, which coalesces better with water than any other wine, & has also the merit of being drunk at about 20 pence per bottle. When these heavy troops are disposed of, the field is filled with a Cloud of Skirmishers in the shape of vegetables, Potatoes, beans & peas, "dressed" (as Mow says) "all ways, but plain!" then a corps de reserves of Bread, Rolls, Cakes, Butter, Eggs, Tea & Coffee, a regular English Breakfast; the whole crowned with a dessert of fruit the best of which is the melon, a quarter of which "generally devoured, in lieu of vegetables, by every true Frenchman, both at Breakfast & Dinner, & generally between the dishes. The aggregate quantity which a Native consumes at the above meal is astounding; you must however recollect that they rise early; take this, their principal meal, between ten & twelve, & eat only a light, frequently very light, dinner besides, in the 2d hour. I must add Ice, Lemonade, & Segars, which are the work of the whole day. Having satisfied myself, by as many experiments as can be crowded into the space of one breakfast, of the comparability of French Cooking with my English Palate, tho' somewhat doubtful what the Digestion will think of this sudden revolution, we will sally forth into the streets of Havre, one of the Handsomest towns of its Size in France. The principal streets are straight & wide, such as are rarely seen in this County; the Houses of great height which is usual from five to 7 or 8 stories, including attics; the Fronts of every variety of colour, some painted to represent stone work, or marble, others bearing gigantic delineations of the articles sold within, the linen drapers houses hung with long festoons of bright coloured stuffs from the second or third stories to the ground. The market place is crammed with farmers wives, the population of the neighbouring country for 30 miles round, who with their great lumbering carts full of vegetables, fruit & poultry leave their homes the day or evening before, travel all night, appear at 7 o'clock the next morning in the streets of Havre, with their ~~own~~

bright blue bodices, flaming red petticoats, & long flapping caps
as white as snow, contrasting curiously with faces tanned into the
most hideous motley of red & brown that the human complexion ever
presented. The principal streets are no mass of human beings, with
the exception of market women alone mentioned, principally men, differing
little in costume from the middling & lower classes of English on a
Country Sunday, except in the prevalence of the Scotch bonnet or cloth cap
in lieu of a hat; & the smock frock, instead of white, being a bright
blue; there are all waiting with good humoured impatience for
the arrival of news from Paris. Presently the crowd divides to make a
lane for two hundred young, strong built, & good looking men, in
blue cloth trousers, dr. ~~smock~~ frock coat, gathered by round the
waist by a scarlet sash, also of cloth, in which is stuck a brace
of pistols, & tied in a large bow under the left side in which is stuck
a cutlass; on their heads oil skin hats with "Havrais. Juillet. 1830"
and in each hand a boarding pike; a most picturesque costume.
These are National Guards, volunteers from the Port of Havre,
armed & equipped at their own expense, equally with 300 more who
had marched the same morning, starting at four & twenty hours
notice to join their brethren of Paris, in case Charles 10th should
make another attempt from St Cloud to put down his refractory
subjects. As soon as the last hurrah! has subsided, we hear the droning
chant of the Morning Service from yonder church whose ample nave
is crowded with a congregation of at least two thousand persons, but 29
out of 30 women. The chant is sung by very sonorous male voices, accom-
panied by the "Serpent"; very little music of course, but the effect
solemn & rather pleasing. As however I shall have either here or at
Rouen an opportunity of hearing the Catholic Service well performed,
we will defer to another letter an account of it & their churches, and
proceed to the Mairie, or Town House, to see the mustering of the Na-
tional Guard. At this term you must not let any ideas either
of light Horse Volunteers or Militiamen arise in your mind; In
the first place, every Frenchman either is or has been a soldier, &
then men the merchants, shopkeepers & clerks now, have very many
of them been served in the campaigns of Napoleon; & with the exception
of ~~the women~~ ^{the women} here & there a slight obesity of body among the
elder Merchants, & spectacles on the nose of a young clerk or two, there
turn out a gait is as perfectly military, as that of the Lind. That they
can use the musquet with effect, let the Trips & Gendarmes of Paris
testify. In the afternoon arrived the proclamation of the Provisional Govern-
ment, commencing with the laconic sentence "Charles Dix se bent ^{plus} ~~promen~~
rather than ~~the~~ ^{Paris}; il a fait couler le sang du peuple"; the linen
draper immediately changed their festoons for combinations of the Red
Blue & White & the next morning the Regiments of the line drove their
Colonels out of the town, fraternized with the people, & carried the
Tricoloured flag in procession thro' the streets. This morning also the
Daily Paper arrived from Paris, the *Diligence* or "Digne Charles" again

commenced running; we learnt that the Duke of Orleans was proclaimed
Lieutenant General of the Kingdom; that all was quiet at Paris; that
Charles having shown some reluctance to quit the Kingdom, 12 thousand
of the Parisians had impounded all the horses, gigs, Carriages, Omnibuses,
Hackney Coaches & carts of the Metropolis, & started for St. Cloud for
the purpose of giving him a hint that his absence would be agreeable;
& that nothing of any interest was likely to happen for some days at
least. I therefore crossed a very pretty country to Candebec, about 30
miles up the Seine, where I staid 4 days, among some delightful scenery
within a walk of the 2 fine ruins of St. Wandrille & Jumièges; the former
the prettiest ruined Church I ever saw; the latter perhaps the most
curious, in an architectural point of view. The Church of St. Wandrille
has been of the size of a small Cathedral, about the same style as the
Presbytery of Lincoln, but plainer & lighter; the whiteness of the stone,
sharpness of the carvings, fragments of glass in some of the few remaining
windows, & paintings on the walls, all fact the new appearance of
the whole ruin give it a very odd character to an eye accustomed to the
massive ivy, & weather stains of an English ruin. - I need not observe
that it was in full splendour at the breaking out of the Great Revolution.
At present it serves as a stone quarry to the surrounding district, &
as such will be soon worked out. The Palace-like buildings of
the Abbey remain entire; of vast size & extent, with the gilding & carving
of the great gates still in tolerable preservation, but the courts grown with
weeds, & the building almost uninhabited, in the midst of a laughing
village, it is a much more melancholy object than any actual ruin.
Jumièges has been nearly of the same size; in this latter case, none of
the Church remains, but the Abbey buildings have entirely disappeared.
On the Friday, off by the diligences for Paris. Stopped four hours at Rouen,
just time enough to catch a peep at the interior of the Cathedral,
& great Church of St. Ouen (the latter reckoned one of the completest spec-
imens of Gothic in France) and also to make a rapid perambulation
of the best part of the town, the immediate environs of which are
highly picturesque. Arrived in Paris on Saturday morning, the 7th of
August, ten days after the battle of the Barricades. The French, I am
convinced (& so say all the English who have resided much among them) are
a people of much deeper feeling than we are pleased to allow; & the
circumstances which has given rise among us to that opinion is this; that
they do not suffer those feelings to interrupt the daily business of life.
Hence it was (& not from any childish forgetfulness of what had just occurred
before their eyes) that on the very evening that the firing ceased, the streets
presented exactly the same appearance of every day business that
they did when we ~~early~~ rumbled over their half-replaced pavements
ten days after. In the suburbs, many of the barricades still existed,
enough only having been displaced to allow one vehicle to pass at a time;
in the heart of the town the pavements, which at the corner of every street
had been taken up to form a breastwork, was replaced in a rough
manner; plenty of bullet marks on the walls of the houses, &

a twelve months work for the glaziers, the two last mentioned symptoms still exist, for the French are very slow at incurring any expense for domiciliary dilapidations. The damage, in the present case, will be repaired by government; which is just. The Boulevards are a circuit of very wide & handsome streets, bordered on each side by a row of Elms between the footpath & the road, which surrounds the heart of the city; there are also some exterior Boulevards, which enclose some of the suburbs. Many of the finest Elms on these favourite Promenades fell in the cause of Liberty. The Guard House & Lodges at some of the Barriers were burnt by the mob. The Public Buildings have fortunately escaped pretty well, as very few carriages were fired, Bullet marks are numerous, but do not show much. It is sufficiently curious to see on the Thuilleries & the Hotel de Ville the marks of balls ^{made by the} Cannon of the Mob in 1793 and 1830. Many Englishmen, & some whom I know, were much about during the 3 days fighting; however it a service of any great danger, neither the people nor the soldiers were numerous at any one point, & they firing they kept pretty well among themselves. The wounded on both sides were carried to the hospitals as fast as they fell; from all the wounds being by musket shot, & very close, a great proportion of them have since proved mortal. The dead were buried immediately the firing ceased on the third day. The most authentic accounts now state the number killed on the spot on both sides at somewhat above two thousand; the wounded, at about 8 thousands. The people who fought were altogether but few in number; hardly so many as the Military; & you will naturally ask how they contrived to beat some of the best troops in Europe; in fact, the elite of the French army. The causes are many, & these are some of them. First, the troops of the line scarcely fired a shot; I believe not one, after the first day; and some few of them even joined the people. Secondly, there were few individuals among the mob who had not saved sometimes themselves; the soldiers ~~and~~ acting singly in such circumstances as they were placed in, take much more steady aim than soldiers in line. The hackney-coachmen for instance, a very respectable set of men, who mainly contributed to the success of the day, were, I believe to a man, old soldiers; many of them, of Napoleon. Thirdly, the people had much the advantage of position. On the first day, while the streets were open, the Military led it entirely their own way, but on that night a breastwork of stones, trees, beams, barrels, tables &c. - arose at every corner & in long streets at every fifty yards, so as effectually to prevent the movements of cavalry & artillery, and to afford a most advantageous parapet against infantry. The people also made ample use of that which is called the better part of valour; they by no means despised the shelter of a post or a gateway, & right was they so to do! Verily, Liberty did not disdain to overwhelm her oppressors with stones & furniture & chamber utensils from the garret windows, & many a gallant Saracen of the Royal Guard fell beneath a Coal Scuttle or a Night Table. But, next to their childish ignorance of the state of public feeling, the great mistake the Government made was in attempting with so

small a force that which the experience of the former Revolution must have taught them required an army, & vi: the subjugation of the populace of Paris on their own ground. The Swiss, the gens-d'armes (military Police), & the Garde Royale, fought desperately; but they were lost in this Labyrinth of narrow crooked streets, & Public Buildings like small towns. So little had difficulties been provided for beforehand, that on the third morning the men were found completely knocked up by having had no sleep & very little food, for two days & two nights, during the whole of which time they were under arms, a circumstance which I believe does not happen in a Campaign very often. The anecdotes concerning the disinterested behaviour of the people, in which the French Papers have been ever since exulting, tho' somewhat exaggerated, are nevertheless in the main true; it is the character of the Parisian Populace & was much displayed during the Great Revolution. On the celebrated 10th of August the mob formally put to death on the guillotine of the Thilleuirs one of their comrades whom they had detected in pilfering, & with some exceptions, the present Revolution shewed that their character was unchanged by the events of the last 40 years; but ~~of these~~ among those exceptions is to be observed, the very important one of a much greater humanity & forbearance. With the consequences of the Victory & with the summary manner in which the Crown was overthrown, & struck up, in terror, before the eyes of the Bonapartists & Republicans, you are sufficiently acquainted; the Republicans, from all I can hear, are not numerous, the Bonapartists very few; & the Review in the Champ de Mars, last Sunday, of 45 thousand National Guards, ~~belonging to~~ ^{belonging to} Citizens of Paris alone, is a satisfactory answer to any claims of the two abovementioned Parties. This Champ de Mars is a perfectly level plain rather more than half a mile long & a quarter broad, with sloping banks of turf for spectators along each side; at one end the Ecole Militaire, a fine Building, at the other the Seine, whose opposite bank rises steeply in walks & terraces, on the present occasion crowded as now the Banquettes of Turf, with two thirds or more of the population of Paris. The National Guards, composed of Shopkeepers, workmen, Professional Persons, Gentry, Nobles, every class in fact, were as I have mentioned with regard to show of Hairs, nearly all old soldiers, of more or less experience, & their appearance is consequently perfectly military; nearly all in complete Uniform. Lafayette is their General in Chief; there he was, the great Lion of the day, on a white Horse, as he appeared in the same field for the same purpose 29 years ago; but as the Tier observed in his speech to the Troops, "very few of their General's old soldiers are now in the ranks to greet him" - After delivering their new Colours, (surmounted by the Gallie Cock of Revolutionary Fame) the Tier rode along all the lines thro' a running fire of shots which would have done honour to the Lungs of any English Mob. He, "fine looking man, somewhat lusty, of a peculiar & rather handsome countenance, with a profusion of black mustaches sufficient to furnish his son's regiment of Hussars" - He rode well, & looked sufficiently kingly in the field; but his bon is the most unbecoming I ever saw; the thorough English jerk; and all his fine looks in this aspect of things the patriotic spectacle with

a filial observance which does more honour to their moral instruction than to their dancing Master. This however is a fault on the right side now; he is immensely popular in every respect, but nothing gives so much pleasure ~~as~~ as his bourgeois manners. He walks about arm in arm with his Architects; trudge down the Rue St. Anne with an umbrella under his arm, unattended, &c. went to the opera with his whole family in plain carriages & pairs; this gave great delight; in fact the whole army of daily papers (they are here the fair representation of the opinions of that most numerous middle class, who have now the power in their hands) are crying out with one voice for the discontinuance of the unlife & expensive ceremonies of the old Court; & the Roi-Citizen seems well disposed to take the hint. I need not observe to you that such proceedings as I have quoted above on the part of ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} Anointed would have ~~been~~ satisfactory evidence of sanity in any King of France until the latter end of the last July. Every Count in the Tuilleries would have fainted, old Talleyrand himself would have affected to do so, if Charles X had ~~crossed~~ travelled the seventy five yards of pavement, which separates his Palace from the Theatre Francaise, with less than six hours & ~~two~~ ^{two} aid-du-camps.

Oh! that Charles X. were as amiable, as the newspapers had it five years ago, or as ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} he is styled now in the Heraldry of the Circulationists "Charles X, par la grace de Dieu ex-roi de France" could be he here every morning, to contemplate the variety of manners which his image will be handed down to the ridicule of Posterity one evening, to laugh in spite of himself at the fun which his proceedings create among an audience who are singularly quick at catching the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} & great satire of their comic dramas. Theatre of course, is playing its "Pièces de Circonstance", a scenic representation of the three months' days, seasoned of course with a Love Affair & in Tricoloured Dragoon & Matrimony. The Framework of the Piece is a representation of the Streets of Paris & their Barricades; much Gunpowder, Rites & Catapults & all that sort of thing, not so well given as it would be at a Theatre in England. But we should in vain attempt to extract from the brains of our present race of Dramatic writers any thing like the continued dropping fire of Purs, Epigrams & Double Entendres with which the whole dialogue is seasoned, even if we could collect an audience sufficiently literary & sufficiently quick to enjoy this refined and delicate satire. Not that there is ~~the~~ any lack of broad puns & practical jokes to boot, for the less elegant minds of a very mixed audience; puns there are, not over delicate, & for practical jokes, take the following as a specimen; remembering then 5 weeks ago the police would not allow the Monk in Rome & Juliet to appear on the Stage in his sacerdotal Habit, for fear of exposing the sacred garb to contempt in the eyes of the profane. "On a changé tout cela" with a vengeance! At the Vaudeville, which has got up the best "Pièces de Circonstance" of those I have seen, an unfortunate Jesuit is introduced in his black robe, taking refuge from the approaching mob in a Cooper's Cart which Cart is by ^{the} ~~the ^{the} ~~the (ignorant of its contents) rolled to the nearest Barricade, & our ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} friend is then unintentionally compelled to perform the very unclerical duty of a Breastwork against the Trips Musquetry. This tickled the audience immensely. I must observe that I have yet heard, and~~~~

Religion considered "her se". I may say nearly the same with regard to the
 Journals. The work people have been somewhat fidgety this last fortnight; this
 is natural enough, inasmuch as they are only party who actually effected the
 Revolution & the only party (except the priests) who will reap no benefit from it.
 They march about a little at night singing the Marseillaise, which is again the
 National Song, & the other evening a select detachment of 3 hundred called upon
 the worthy Minister of Police (M. Girard de l'Air, a man much respected) &
 very civilly requested the immediate destruction of all machinery, & the banish-
 ment of all foreign workmen. The minister rewarded their respectful behaviour
 with some very good political economy; told them that what they asked was unfortunately
 quite out of the question; that in any thing reasonable he should be always glad to
 serve them, called them "mes enfants" & told them to go quietly home to bed;

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Rev. H. W. Vinton,
 Washington,
 near Lincoln.



which they did. The next day he placarded some more Political Economy, as
 did also General Lafayette, who added moreover at the tail of his affiche
 a gentle hint about the bayonets of the National Guard; since which they have
 been tolerably quiet. Both the Men at the Head of Affairs, and the National Guard who
 have the power in their hands, have had sufficient practices in these things during the
 last 40 years, to know exactly what to do in such cases. I am just starting for a
 north tour in Normandy. Should you find leisure to give me a line in that
 line, it will await my return to Paris, if directed to Monsieur. Monsieur J.
 H. Hawkins, Hotel de France, Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, Paris. Should
 this afford you any amusement, you shall have the sequel of my peregrinations
 immediately on my return to England which will be about the middle of October.
 With best love to yourself & Mary, Believe me your affectionate Nephew J. H. Hawkins.