

James Hall's Paris Day

In memory of Patrick Cadell (1941–2010)

Iain Gordon Brown

James Hall (1800–54) made a late but most interesting Grand Tour of which a profusely illustrated and charmingly written – but sadly incomplete – journal survives. Italy was, naturally, Hall's goal but his route to it took him through France where he began and ended his Continental adventure and where his distinctive method of 'journalising' got into its unique stride. Hall's time in Paris formed a comparatively brief portion of his whole Grand Tour and his travels through other parts of France occupied less time than his Spanish, Italian, Sicilian, Swiss and German peregrinations. Nevertheless, his boundless curiosity and his matchless ability to record memorably people and places, were amply demonstrated on the roads and rivers of France and in the streets of the capital city. His activity in a single day in Paris is symbolic of the energy, enthusiasm and sheer *joie de vivre* which are the 'hallmark' of an exceptional Scottish traveller.

The journals of James Hall, though late in date as Grand Tour records (the institution being past its glory days when Hall was on the Continent in 1821–2) and incomplete as a series (the volumes for the south of France and Spain are missing) form a remarkable addition to the National Library of Scotland's important and growing collection of such travel diaries. They are also utterly charming. Hall's vivid prose and the immediacy of his record both in word and image – his journals are profusely illustrated – lend to his account a delightful vitality and an immediacy that is both striking and appealing.

Patrick Cadell would have been delighted to buy the Hall journals for the National Library; and in retirement he might have enjoyed dipping into them in search of a tasty article here and a telling anecdote there. Italy is the main focus of Hall's journal, even as the principal goal of any Grand Tour was historically, and remained so in Hall's time, Italy and its great cities. Hall visited Rome, Naples, Florence and Venice and many lesser places in between. Following in his father's footsteps some forty years earlier, he also went to Sicily. Patrick Cadell enjoyed the landscape and history of mainland Italy, and he had, as a young man, also travelled in Sicily. Most Grand Tourists, in Hall's day and before, approached the Continent through a French port; and most saw Paris early in their journeys. Hall was no exception to this widely adhered-to rule. As in Italy and Sicily, James Hall went to places his father, Sir James Hall of Dunglass, an eminent scientist, had visited in France on his own travels in the 1780s and 1790s. For his part, Patrick Cadell – whose own father's experience of France was somewhat different, this having involved the seeking of a point of exit, at Dunkirk in 1940, rather than a port of entry as prelude to some glorious months of pleasure-seeking in the capital – was a very great

Francophile, and a superb French-speaker. Since I – also a lover of Italy and Sicily, and a great admirer of Paris – have previously written on James Hall in Italy and Germany, but have referred only in passing to the Gallic stages of his European travels, it seems appropriate to offer this study of Hall’s French and more especially his Paris experiences. I do so with affection for the places seen, for the dedicatee of this essay and for James Hall himself – a man with whom I should very much like to have journeyed, and to have discussed the daily course of sightseeing over dinner in some Left Bank bistro or Trastevere trattoria.

James Hall (1800–54), a younger son of Sir James and a brother of the ubiquitous Captain Basil Hall, was essentially a dilettante.¹ He was called to the Scottish bar in July 1821 but the very next day left for the European adventure chronicled in his journals.² It was to be the first of several Continental tours.

¹ On Hall see I. G. Brown, ‘Hall, James (1800–1854)’, *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford, 2004), <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/11966>.

² National Library of Scotland: NLS MSS. 27623–37. Hall’s Grand Tour is the subject of my essay ‘Intimacy and Immediacy: James Hall’s Journals in Italy and Germany, 1821–22’, in (ed.) C. Richardson and G. Smith, *Britannia Italia Germania. Taste & Travel in the Nineteenth Century* (Edinburgh, 2001), 23–42. As the title of this collection of essays suggests, the focus of the book is British cultural concern with Italy and Germany: France was therefore left out of the account, but as Hall made his way to those destinations via France some passing mention was in fact paid to that country. I have since given rather greater attention to Hall’s French experiences, as recorded both in word and image, in several unpublished lectures on Hall and his travels. Hall’s Italian travels were not out of the ordinary in terms of places visited; moreover his record is incomplete. His Sicilian expedition was more unusual, and for that his entire journal fortunately survives. Hall’s experience of Germany (reached via Switzerland) was confined to the Rhine and its riparian sites.

The surviving Hall journals are fifteen in number. There were twenty-one in the series but, as Hall explains, one additional volume, containing pasted-in, originally loose, sketches, was given to his old Edinburgh drawing-master, J. F. Williams, so the volumes retained in his possession run up to that first numbered ‘22’, though this in fact was the twenty-first in the series chronicling his tour. This *hors série* volume is not now traceable. The set as a whole Hall gave to his sister, Frances, in 1827. The history of the journals from that time until they appeared on the market, without provenance, in 1996 is untraced and unrecorded. The missing southern French and Spanish volumes in fact account for a good proportion of the whole, and their numbers indicate that Hall paid disproportionate attention to his record of those less common Grand Tour destinations. This only highlights the loss sustained by scholarship through the misplacement or destruction of that part of Hall’s complete record. The volumes used in the present article are nos. 2 (MS. 27624), Calais to Paris; 3 (27625), Paris to Bordeaux; 19 (27634), which includes Haute-Savoie and the Jura; 21 (27636), Brussels to Paris; and 22 (27637), Paris to London. Passages, lines, sentences, phrases and single words quoted in the present article have been taken from all these notebooks in an arrangement that mixes or repeats locations, and it is not therefore practical or perhaps really necessary to cite individual folio numbers in the different volumes. The missing books, 4–8, must have covered southern France, Spain and the journey to Italy, probably to Genoa or Leghorn. We meet Hall again in Florence in his volume 9 (27634).

Though he maintained his legal connections and had some interest in politics, art was his passion and he forged an amateur career (if that is not too much a contradiction in terms) as a painter in London. His artistic talent and his idiosyncratic vision showed itself first in the sketches which fill his travel diaries.

Hall's method of journalising was noteworthy. His habit was to record – frequently in the present tense – what he was seeing or doing and simultaneously to draw the scene or activity he witnessed or took part in. This lends to his account a remarkable freshness and intimacy. Sketches are labelled 'D.O.S.' or 'D.I.M.' for 'Done on the spot' or 'Done in motion' – the latter being, for example, drawn sitting in coaches or from the back of donkeys. Occasionally they are drawn from memory ('D.F.M.'). Hall became well known in Edinburgh for his on-the-spot sketching, as during the great fire of November 1824. His writing was vivid and his drawing lively: in both he showed keen appreciation of the humour and absurdity of life wherever he encountered a situation that he could appreciate in these terms. In short, man, method and manuscripts are completely delightful.

In the course of his travels though France on both the outward and the return legs of his Continental adventure, and in the duration of his stays in Paris when both southward and homeward bound, Hall spent many days in the country and its capital. The title of my essay is therefore not to be taken exactly literally: synecdoche is the figure of speech that applies to my method. But the focus of what I have to say will indeed be upon one single day in Paris: a specific chronological period that shows well Hall's character, his keen appreciation of the delights of 'abroad', his pleasure in seeing and learning and tasting, and his inexhaustible enthusiasm for all he took the opportunity to experience. A moment of *rêverie* in a Paris restaurant provides the *raison d'être* for this *mise en scène* of a *gentilhomme écossais, en fête* and *en cours de route*.

Landing at Calais on 22 July 1821 Hall immediately began to draw all he could find: churches, sea-walls and other fortifications, the *hôtel de ville* clock, Gothic ornamentation, the 'footprint' surrounded by fleurs-de-lis³ marking the spot where in 1814 Louis XVIII had stepped ashore to reclaim his kingdom. He sketched the *diligence* ('like two coaches and a chaise glued together') in which he (sitting next the *conducteur* in the *cabriolet*) set out for Paris, and also an English carriage on the road in front of them. He also drew, from behind, a postilion on one of the *diligence* horses (Pl. 1). With his inherited interest in geology and agriculture he noted soil conditions and farming practices. Shop and inn signs were inscribed both in French and English, an indicator of the tourist trade. The commemorative column to the Bourbons at Boulogne was under construction and Hall drew its scaffolding. At Montreuil he bought a small bottle of Vin de Bordeaux and a piece of bread which he proceeded to eat as the *diligence* rolled on. The unevenness of the *pavé* shows in Hall's unsteady writing. The *conducteur* and he exchanged the names of trees in French and

³ This plaque being associated with a commemorative column, the two constituting a sort of double monument or monument within a monument.

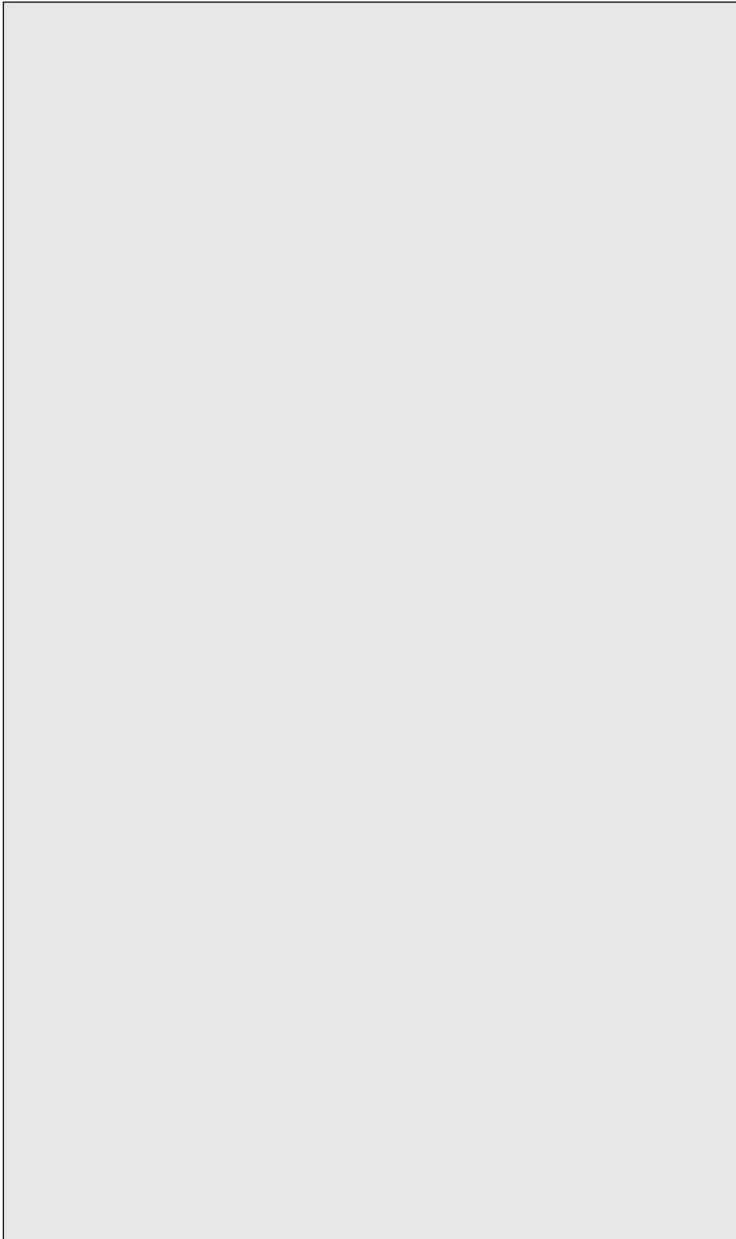


Plate 1 A postilion, wearing his characteristic reinforced boots and not yet struck by lightning, seen from within the *diligence* his horses pull behind. (Sketch by James Hall, reproduced courtesy of the National Library of Scotland.)

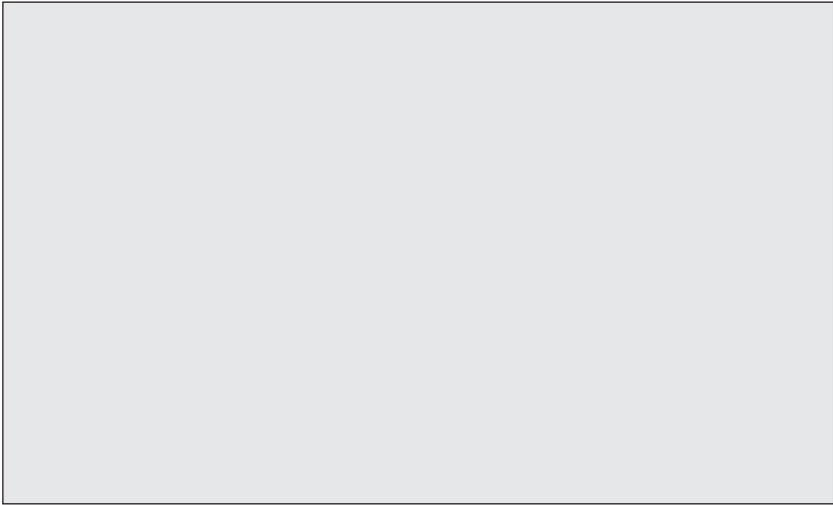


Plate 2 The Beauvais chambermaid, the sketch set in the context of a typical page of Hall's intimate and immediate, on-the-spot and of-the-moment record. (Sketch by James Hall, reproduced courtesy of the National Library of Scotland.)

English. They also began to sing songs and a French love song was answered by Hall's rendition of 'Love's young dream' followed by 'God Save the King' – 'which comprehends almost all my stock'. The party had to walk as the *diligence* moved slowly up a hill.

Arriving at Beauvais, Hall expended some time and care on detailed drawings of two Gothic churches. His journal entry for 25 July indicated his method both of use of time to purpose and of his intense idea of record in word and image: 'The diligence has just arrived. I have taken breakfast and find that there is a place for me to Paris, so that all goes well. Whilst the other passengers are at breakfast I shall take a sketch. See next page.' We turn the leaf and there is Hall's street scene in Beauvais, capturing much in little space. He also drew a chambermaid, 'with her permission. N. B. Another was drawn at her request to be given to somebody' (Pl. 2). And Hall noted a conversation as the *diligence* was getting ready to depart: 'I put my finger to my eye and said to my friend [the maid, presumably] "Il faut pleurer". "Ah", she replied, "C'est moi qui doive pleurer."' Indeed!

Not all the journey was deemed worthy of record: 'No subjects for the pencil yet appear, that is to say nothing picturesque, new or curious.' The distance stones recording the number of leagues to Paris had holes below the numerals: Hall noted that these had held Napoleonic emblems which were to be replaced with Bourbon fleurs-de-lis. Waiting for the baggage examination at the customs barrier at St Denis, Hall took the opportunity to draw the clumsy *diligence* again in the yard of the *Hôtel des Fermes*.

Ten days were spent in Paris on the outward stage of Hall's tour. He was there for perhaps just under six weeks on his way back (the dates are rather unclear from a fragmentary diary). So he had time to get to know if not to love the city. Why he did not like it more I do not know. Most Grand Tourists were impressed (perhaps reluctantly) by aspects of the city, even if they were not wholly enamoured of the place: this last probably had something to do with the fact that Paris was inhabited by the French. Hall's generation had grown up in wartime, with the spectre of Boney as bogeyman. Hall's brother, Basil, fought the French, and his sister Magdalene's husband, Colonel Sir William De Lancey, had died of wounds sustained at Waterloo. France, even post-Napoleonic Bourbon-restored France, still retained something of the character of an enemy land where lived Britain's natural opponents. Hall, though a good Scot, was conscious of no redeeming 'auld alliance' common ground. But he was, nevertheless, an open-minded, keenly observant and omnivorously interested man. He knew what he liked and did not like. Paris seems to have been in some ways the curate's egg among his Grand Tour destinations. And to Paris we shall return when we have accompanied Hall through those parts of France which he saw, initially on the way to Spain, and then subsequently on his return from northern Italy before his route took him through the Rhineland to swing back to Paris once again.

After his initial Parisian sojourn Hall's route took him first to Orléans. The journey was recorded in a fresh notebook purchased from 'M. Guy, rue St Honoré no 305 vis-à-vis St Roch'. This volume ends with Hall's arrival at Bordeaux. The journal shows the diarist fully established in his method of immediate record in word and sketch, and it makes one doubly regretful that the remaining French journals are lost. But we know from a reference elsewhere in the journal that Hall visited Toulouse: Patrick Cadell and he would have had much to talk about over their *cassoulet*! The landscape, the geology, the people and the buildings were of equal interest to the traveller. He had for *diligence* companions a serving French soldier and an Englishman who had served in the British army but who was now, surely unusually, an emigrant to France. Hall had a small French-English dictionary to hand which he used to familiarise himself with the names for objects seen and passed even as the paved road prevented his drawing. But in his twenty-four hours in Orléans he sketched an old painting of Jeanne d'Arc in the *hôtel de ville* as well as details of Gothic churches such as St Croix. He was particularly intrigued by the nearby source of the River Loire, an apparently bottomless spring: his sketches in plan and perspective occupy four pages.

At Tours the cathedral offered subjects for several pages of record, for example the stone 'hand-rail' on the newel of a spiral stair. Hall interested himself in – and of course drew – the vast rudders of Loire barges. He explains that he is now waiting in the *cabriolet* of the Saumur *diligence* for the journey to begin: he draws another vehicle in an old church, 'of very respectable appearance', converted (presumably in the Revolution) to a *diligence* yard (Pl. 3). Evidently Hall's sketching elicited the sympathy of the *conducteur* ('an intelligent

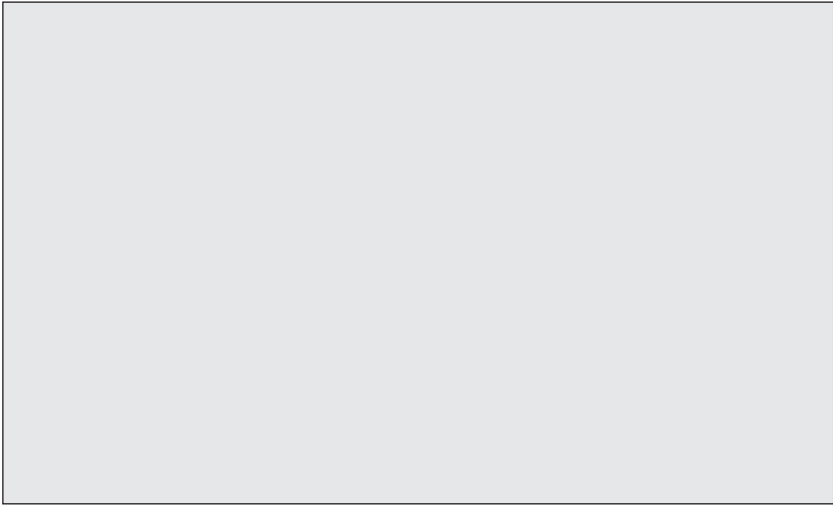


Plate 3 A lumbering French *diligence*, seen with others in a 'bus station' of the day. (Sketch by James Hall, reproduced courtesy of the National Library of Scotland.)

person, & very good natured') beside whom he sat, for we learn that he turned and stopped the vehicle for a minute so that his passenger might sketch an old, tall tower which he said (improbably) was Roman and had no stair inside. The journey also shows Hall's own good nature and temper:

It rains with little intermission, but without making me a bit uncomfortable or unhappy: the curtains of the cabriolet serve as an excellent defence. This day's route is the first that has been really rich and new: the road from Calais to Paris, and thence to Orléans is not to be compared to many parts of England either for richness or beauty, but the banks of the Loire below Tours exceed anything I have yet seen. I am delighted to find that I can enjoy it as I do. The only journey I ever made with so much satisfaction was on the top of a stage coach on a fine evening from the borders of England & Scotland near Langholm and Longtown, thro' the woods of the Buccleugh [sic] estate.

His first sight of a ducal Loire chateau put him in mind of home: the arrangement of wood and hill and general appearance of the house (except for its much larger scale) reminded him of Dungleass. Women, 'of a dark complexion & not handsome' were observed, and their style of riding *à califourchon*, like men, noted.

At Saumur the *diligence* left for Angers while Hall was still dressing. He managed to have it stopped, and he boarded it after an argument over his place. Writing up the episode in the *cabriolet*, he decided that the innkeeper had not woken him in time so that he would have to spend another day and night there. Journal entries for 10 August 1821 show Hall's wide and humane

curiosity. He concentrated on drawing an elegant architectural feature (a ‘pyramide’ he calls it, not quite correctly) near Angers when a beggar passes him. The man is apparently walking to Italy and, this established, Hall (who was of course likewise travelling thence) engages him in conversation in the man’s native language. The drawing of the pyramid was interrupted by the presence of an odd-looking boy with the wizened appearance of an old man who sat and taunted the artist as he worked. Hall drew him too. Then he drew a *sabot* worn by a ‘nice peasant’ in whose cottage he sheltered from rain. From fine building, to boy-man, to humble lone shoe: Hall’s curiosity is well demonstrated. The next drawing, though merely occupying an opening of the small notebook, is of a vast subject: the huge slate quarries near Angers, the general view being accompanied by several more detailed studies of access ladders and cranes, and the minutiae of the scene being described even though drawn at very small scale.

On the road (not paved, so better for writing and sketching) Hall discoursed upon the two type of French *diligence*, the *grande* and the *petite*, and how they were hauled and driven. His *cabriolet* companion proved to be a provincial lawyer, or ‘what corresponds to an agent or writer in Scotland’ and ‘the most intelligent man I have yet met in this country’. He had studied as an *avocat* for three years, and the two men discussed ‘the law of Rome, France, England and Scotland in French and Italian’. Between Ancenis and Oudon on the Loire, and perhaps a trifle homesick, Hall contrived to see in the view some similarity to that of Dumbarton and the Clyde: ‘I certainly never was more comfortable and satisfied.’ At Nantes, having sought and been refused permission to view the magazine of the Arsenal Royal d’Artillerie, he consoled himself by drawing Gothic details as (we may imagine) an innocent and harmless antiquarian pursuit that no spy would entertain. But he did not escape entirely lightly:

I was much insulted by a set of boys who had something very bitter in the snarl of their voices. I was angry at the moment but think now that perhaps one should admire such conduct in a Frenchman towards an *Anglais*. At least it is natural that their just enmity should thus appear. From the grown-up people I have yet met with nothing but civility, and, from the women especially, great kindness in giving directions. They have a smile, [are] quite good-natured, and not at all offensive in their faces when I speak to them, and wink to one another for having found a *jeune Anglais*.

Hall relished the pleasure of a night drive by moonlight and a day’s run in bright sunshine but without too much heat and dust, as he had feared. Near La Rochelle the *diligence* nearly ran over a tipsy old woman; the *conducteur* yelled at her that she was ‘fou’. Hall was always interested in etymological matters. ‘It struck me at the moment that this French word “*fou*” may be the original of the Scotch expression of the same sound and, I believe, the same spelling.’ So if the Frenchwoman was ‘fou’, Hall himself was ‘unco happy’. He felt that he was getting into his stride as a traveller, having mastered a technique of dozing more comfortably at inns. His curiosity was more satisfied by the

sight of people and the operations of daily life than it had been north of Paris where there had not appeared such a singularity of character. At Saintes on the River Charente he saw and drew his first Roman ruins, notably the bridge and arena, as a sort of *hors d'oeuvre* for what he would see in Sicily and Italy. Here Hall did his bit for archaeological and topographical record and for the popular consciousness of the past: 'I confess I felt a sort of satisfaction when at the bridge from the number of people who collected round me on all sides, although they interrupted the view, because it shewed that the subject had not been often drawn before.' He also drew the crossing of the river on a ferry, the scene being pictured from his seat in the *cabriolet*. From Blaye the steam-vessel *Hirondelle* carried him up the Gironde and the Garonne to Bordeaux, where the mercantile bustle of the city impressed him even as he thought the streets grander than those of Paris or London.

It is to Paris we return to take up the story of Hall's first stay in July 1821. He had arrived in the late evening of 25 July. How he spent the next day we know not. But 27 July may rank as a notable date in the history of Scottish tourism in the city. Hall's record (verbal and visual) is remarkable. Among the major if slightly unusual places visited – unusual in that they would not commonly be on a new visitor's list of immediate priorities – were the Chamber of Deputies (this perhaps foreshadowing Hall's future but ineffectual interest in British politics) and the Institut de France (Pl. 4). Both were duly drawn, with the details being numbered on a key: at the former, we can see the tribune, president's seat and public benches, together with fittings and ornamental accoutrements such as

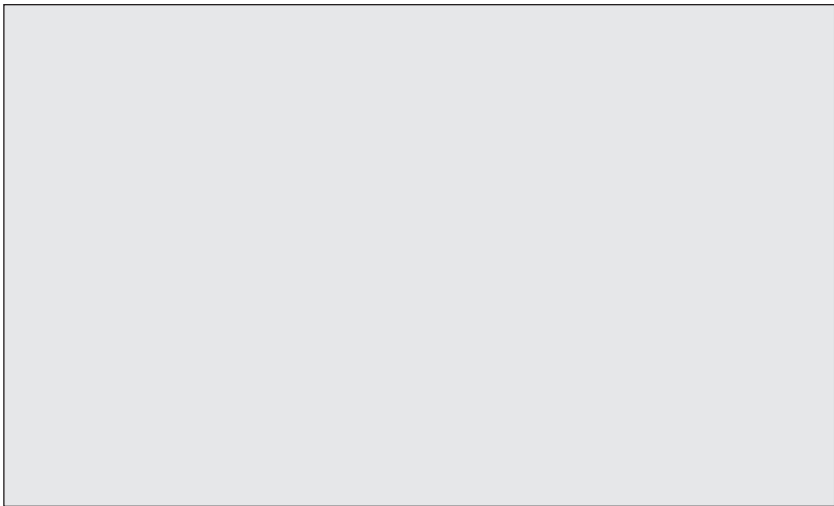


Plate 4 The Institut de France: interior of the main salon, epicentre of French intellectual life since the seventeenth century. (Sketch by James Hall, reproduced courtesy of the National Library of Scotland.)

busts; at the latter, one gets an even clearer idea of the interior of a famous salon which actually appears to be in session. Let us catch up with James Hall at precisely a quarter past six in the evening (his journal is peppered with such neat time markers). He writes:

I am sitting in the house of Beauvillier restaurateur rue de Richelieu, Paris, after having nearly finished a dinner eaten as an experiment of what the luxury of the ‘Grande Ville’ could produce. It was no easy matter to choose the articles amidst the endless variety of the *carte*. I had little else to guide me but the highness of the prices. When an experiment of this sort is to be made (& it ought to be made in a place where it is a boast that it is the only spot in the world where it can be) it should be made in the proper style. I have only to play at billiards in the Palais Royale, to take coffee at Torloni’s,⁴ to go to the Théâtre Français (all which shall be done this day) & then I think the Paris day, which commenced with ascending the column in the Place Vendôme & visiting the Louvre, the Place Louis XV,⁵ the Chambre des Députés & the Institute, this day then will be well finished. Well or ill? Well! For what is done should be thoroughly done!

We know that Hall did indeed ascend the Vendôme column because, characteristically, he made a sketch inside the stair. Other vantage points gained for both the view and the sketching possibilities were the Montagnes Françaises pleasure gardens. Never one to fail to make the fullest use of time, he had taken in this piece of suburban frivolity at the end of long day visiting Versailles and St Cloud. Here, on and over artificial hills, small *chars* ran up and down on tracks with (as *Galignani’s Paris Guide* put it ‘amazing velocity’) as on a roller-coaster. All this Hall illustrated in his customary way, with explanatory keys. He shows us the ‘Illuminated Temple’ from which the cars departed and to which they returned their giddy passengers. He even attempted to sketch as his car plummeted: this is his worst and most unsteady sketch – apart from that he did on Hogmanay 1821 when the worse for drink in Rome. This hair-raising form of amusement was fairly short-lived, and Hall’s record is interesting and unusual. He refers to sitting in the Jardin Beaujon, thus using the name of the earlier proprietor of a garden that was formerly neither so public nor so much fun. He had been joined by an Edinburgh friend and law student, Adam Paterson, for the day at Versailles and they were now together in the pleasure gardens. So much had they enjoyed the switchback ride that they tried to do it again but were turned out of their car for not having tickets instead of ready money. At least, unlike some fairground pleasure seekers, then or now, they were quite willing to pay. In the café below the roller-coaster they ordered coffee and the waiters debated as to whether they were to have cream. One garçon stopped himself in his tracks when about to ask, saying that, as a

⁴ Hall means ‘Tortoni’s’, on the Boulevard des Italiens.

⁵ Hall uses the original name of the great square, which had become Place de la Révolution and subsequently Place de la Concorde, and which under the restored monarchy was to be briefly Place Louis XVI.

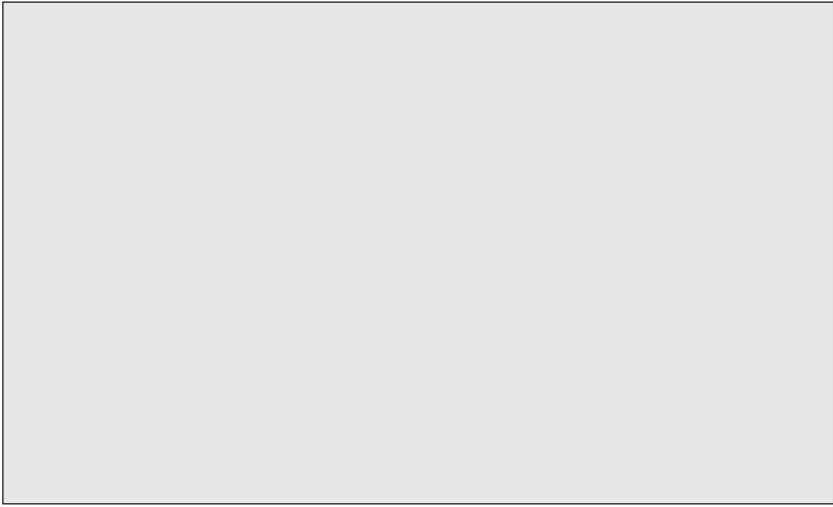


Plate 5 The enormous, though unfinished, elephant fountain (in its wood and plaster form) at the site of the former Bastille. (Sketch by James Hall, reproduced courtesy of the National Library of Scotland.)

matter of course, they would as they were English. ‘We shall now make a sortie in search of more amusements. They are curious but interesting.’

Equally curious and interesting was the extraordinary elephant fountain in the Place de la Bastille. This vast plaster and wood construction was never in fact replaced by the version in more enduring bronze that Napoleon had envisaged. Hall sketched it, and also drew it in its surroundings of the destroyed Bastille (Pl. 5). On the same day Hall drew what he labelled the Iron Bridge of Austerlitz, but which we know as the lovely Pont des Arts. The remaining significant sketch in this first Paris journal is of the Café des Mille Colonnes, a most elegant establishment famous (as its name implies) for its columns but also for an astonishingly pretty barmaid, herself long one of the sights (and sighs) of Paris. This drawing lacks a key; but I think (or imagine) that she can be seen to the left-hand side of Hall’s composition (Pl. 6).

In May 1822 Hall passed in and out of French territory on his way from northern Italy to the Rhine; and he would enter France again in July that year. Voltaire’s house at Ferney, and the tomb he intended for himself (but never occupied) in the church there, were both drawn. Hall’s love of mountains and the rock of which they were formed is evident, especially in Haute-Savoie and the Jura Alps: not for nothing was he the son of Sir James Hall, President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Indeed geological notes of various kinds fill notebook number 19 of the series. It gave him pleasure to stand at the actual confluence of the Rivers Arve and Rhône.

Switzerland, the Rhine descent and the Low Counties behind him, James

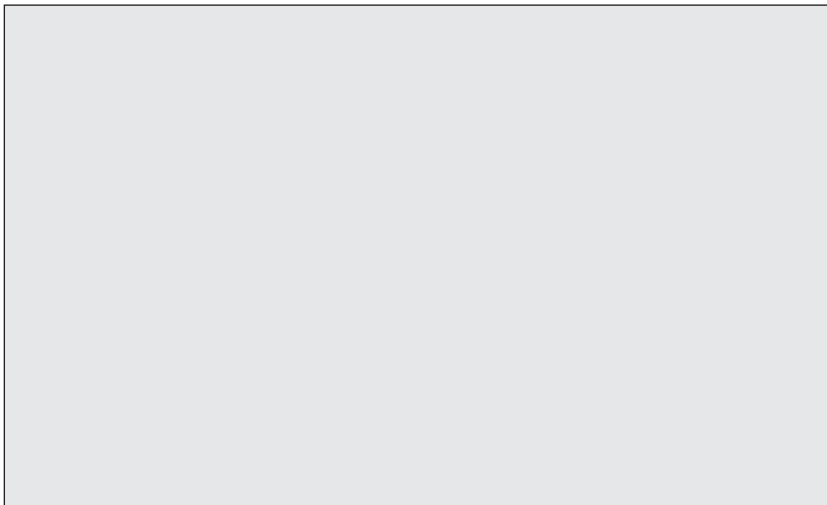


Plate 6 The Café des Mille Colonnes, one of the most celebrated and elegant in Paris. (Sketch by James Hall, reproduced courtesy of the National Library of Scotland.)

Hall re-entered France near Valenciennes where his curiosity led him to stick a thread of lace into his notebook and to note ruefully that the trade was in decline and that the young women did not wish to take it up. Very much less evidence exists in notebook number 21 to tell us how he passed his weeks in Paris on this second visit. He must have been tired, mentally as well as physically after such a long and intense Grand Tour where the Spanish section alone must have been both taxing and more unusual than any other part. We know that he had his Geneva watch repaired (which, as it must have been only weeks old, does not say much for Swiss workmanship) and that he went to the Salle Luvois to see the great François-Joseph Talma play Metastasio's *Regulus*, having taken the best seat in the house: he wrote this in his notebook while sitting there. And he frequented scientific circles, noting as it happened an occasion when he saw Joseph Louis Gay-Lussac preside at a convention and in conversation with other scientists. He had contacts, too, at the Jardin des Plantes. The little chaise he drew on 16 August was a far and speedy cry from the lumbering *diligences* of his French travels the year before.

But the *diligence* would claim him for the last time when he left Paris, though before that there was a coach that ran from Paris to St Denis. This he needed to use in dealing with luggage. In one of his most precise notes of time and place he recorded: 'Rue Montmartre. 7 P.M. 20 mins. Sunday 18 August 1822. My journey homewards commenced four minutes ago. *Dulce videre domum.*' The vehicle, as he could say with a wide experience of travel in Mediterranean Europe behind him, was 'worse than mule back or ass back for writing in or on.

I have tried all three, and call on this page to bear me out. This vehicle is what they call a *pot de chambre*.⁷ He would have preferred a fiacre, but only 'parties of pleasure' hired them.

James Veitch, younger of Elliock, a newly called fellow advocate and son of Lord Elliock, with whom Hall had travelled for most of his 'gap year', parted from him at Paris. They had not meant to team up but:

our fellowship of travelling [was] begun above a year ago very accidentally & kept up with cordiality ever since. We started in the same vessel from Edinr., each full of notions and resolutions to travel alone, as the only way to learn the language, & and so on. But we soon found by experience that 'words are words', in short that it was all my eye to talk of travelling alone, and so we flew to each other's assistance, & all was well.

In the *diligence* Hall met an agreeable Englishman with whom he discussed 'Paris and Ld. Londonderry for a couple of hours.' 'After various changes of opinion and a fourth visit to their capital Mr Walmesley has made up his mind that the French are detestable.' For his part, Hall thought the same of Amiens' Gothic cathedral, nothing near so good as that of Beauvais, but rather 'impure and ill-finished'. However a strained neck, due to a failed attempt to sleep, may have affected his judgement not to mention his ability to look up. From near Boulogne could be seen the English coast: 'Once more the white cliffs of my native island are in sight! The sun has just risen. "My native land, good morrow."' A rough drawing of the pillar at Calais marking the spot where the restored Louis XVIII stepped ashore in 1814 is labelled 'D.I.M. My last sketch abroad.'

The steam-packet *Talbot* conveyed Hall to Woolwich. Excitement is conveyed by the journal entry, 'St Paul's is in sight! Hip! Hip! Hip! Huzza!' Patriotism reeks from every remark. And once on London soil, reflections come thick and fast:

Now I feel for the first time fairly out of the scrape of a foreign tour. In a British hackney coach rolling along from the customs house to St James's Street, with all my baggage about me, and the labours of the year, in the shape of this journal and sketchbook, secure from the long dreaded hands of the enemy.

We may be glad indeed that it survives, in part at least, to offer instruction and afford pleasure to readers after 190 years.