

themselves with ambitious knaves and intriguers, and became the steps by which these ascended from obscurity to power, and after all found themselves at farthest in the same situation in which the revolution had found them. The claim of nobility had been superseded it is true, but not by that of literary or scientific talents; not even by that of true merit. What has then gained the ascendancy? *Money*, and money alone is become the sole substitute to worth of all kind, and that for a very plain reason. A rich man commands a needy multitude of dependants, gratifies the sensuality of gormandizers, fills the tiresome hours of the idle, dazzles the mob by the splendor of his equipages and the sumptuousness of his liveries; his vanity feeds and encourages industry; his money purchases the praises of indigent poets and pamphleteers, by whom his ostentatious beneficence is exalted to the skies, and his fame spread far and wide. Nevertheless, the whole of his merit consists only in his riches; for let him be deprived of them and he will soon sink to the level suitable to his real worth.

Are not all these recollections sufficient to apply the word "*misfortune*" to the circumstance of my being born in that class? Is it not a misfortune to have been reared up, nursed in and entered upon life with such expectations and enjoyments, and at once to fall from eminence to nullity? Is it not a misfortune for one who has had access to monarchs on the throne; who has dined at the table of sovereigns; who has kept company with princes, and been a welcome visitor in the routs of great men, to see himself now hardly noticed by upstarts who a few years back would not have been looked upon as fit companions for him, according to the then prevailing notions.

Thank God, however, the French Revolution and its awful consequences, without obliterating recollection, have blunted these feelings, so that now the pretensions of many far from offending, excite no other sensation than that of pity for their nothingness under the mask of pride. When in the crowd of these phantoms that borrow their lustre only from the glittering trappings of vanity, I enjoy quietly the amusing sight of flattering flattery.

*Remember
wakes in
all her be-
train,
Awells at
beast sh
the part to*