

**PARIS IN  
1815: A POEM**

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Paris in 1815: A Poem by George Croly

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**GEORGE CROLY**

**PARIS IN  
1815: A POEM**



# P A R I S

IN

1815.

A POEM.

*Rev. George Croly, D.D.*

"Nalla quies intus. . . ."

Nec tamen est clamor, sed parvæ murmura vocis.  
Atria turba tenet, veniunt leve vulgus, eantque,  
E quibus hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures,  
Hi narrata ferunt alio, mensuraque facti  
Crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor."

OVID. METAM. 19.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1818.

WETA



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TO

JOHN WILSON CROKER, ESQ.

&c. &c. &c.

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED

AS A MARK OF RESPECT AND OBLIGATION,

BY HIS FAITHFUL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.





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**P**ARIS, at all times a curious city, had in the latter part of the year 1815 more objects for curiosity than it ever had before, or probably will ever have again. Its public places were crowded with all the armies of Europe. Every man of whom we had been conceiving portraits through the cloud and tumult of the war, was to be met face to face in the streets. The costumes and countenances of almost every tribe from the Atlantic to the Chinese Sea were to be met at every step. Paris was the head-quarters of three monarchs, the greatest military powers of the world, and was in the immediate possession of the greatest chieftain that the struggle which threw all the military talent of Europe on the surface had produced—the only general who had never been beaten, and at the head of the only

army that had gone on from glory to glory without a shade between. The city was at that moment a camp, but a camp which contained the military and diplomatic mind of Europe—a camp of heroes and cabinets. But to those who might not be exalted by the perpetual vision of those grand and swelling sights, there were even more stately contemplations. It seemed as if a day of final retribution had commenced: they stood in view of the scaffold of usurpation; Napoleon's glory had perished like a meteor, and the hour of that guilty, mystic, unreal splendour might be now to pass away for a light of truth and peace which, fed from sources beyond the reach of human passions, was to shine for ever. It is difficult to conceive that this splendid summoning of the world's strength was for the mere purposes of parade. The impulse was so deep and universal, and capable of producing such permanent and mighty effects for the future ages,

that it was natural to believe that Europe was not thus called up as with the voice of "thunders and the trumpet" to return to its old decay.

The proceedings of the allied cabinets, and their effect on the people of France and the earth, here assumed the rank of things done to be felt through a long, perhaps through the latest posterity. The removal of the pictures and antiques from the Museum took place at this time; and, besides the excitement belonging to all changes affecting those incomparable memorials, was not unnaturally borne into the same train of thought which looked upon the war and the triumph only as a portion of the one great system of renovation, in which Providence deigned to show its steps, for securing justice and quiet to future man. The monuments of the revolutionary period were still perfect; the reigns of conspiracy, terror, and atheism, were marked by distinct and